

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."



AUTUMN LEAVES

PUBLISHED FOR THE YOUTH OF THE
REORGANIZED CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

Vol. 4.

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

1891.

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Mabel Hall del. '90

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

JANUARY, 1891.

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LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price \$1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

NOTICE.

BELIEVING that the interest of the work and the good of the young will be enhanced by the preservation in book form of two serials which have been appearing in the "Leaves," namely:

With the Church in an Early Day,"

AND

"Pattie, or Leaves from a Life,"

we wish to say to all Saints interested in this, that we are now making an effort to have them published, and shall do so just as soon as sufficient encouragement is received. We will be able to issue these volumes at \$1 each, neatly bound in cloth, printed on good paper, and containing the likeness of the authors, provided a sufficient number of names are received in advance to justify the beginning of the work.

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THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

I WAS lately visiting a young mother who seemed to get along so easily with her little ones that I asked her secret. She said: "Last Christmas mother sent me the *Mother's Portfolio*, and it has been a perfect mine of wisdom and helpfulness to me. I had regretted very much that I could not send Paul and Jessie to a Kindergarten, for I am an ardent believer in the value of its teachings; in the symmetrical training of eye and hand, of head and heart. Here was a Kindergarten teacher come to me, and I have found it of untold value to me in surmounting many of the difficulties to be met with in the everyday life of the children." Then she showed me the book. It contains four hundred pages, with many beautiful illustrations, and is replete with helpful hints. It has a series of typical lessons for every day in the year, on seeds, plants, flowers, insects, birds and animals—which read like fairy stories—songs with music for the wee ones, and much more that busy mothers will find to be just what they need.

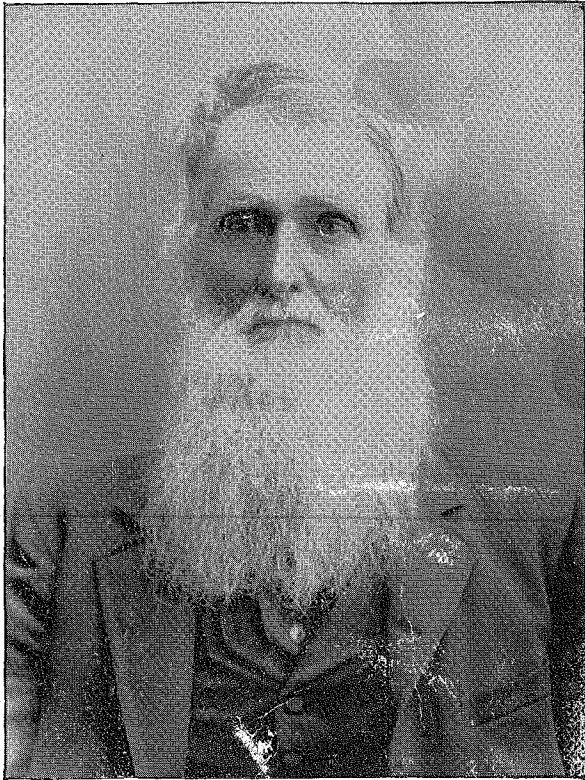
The mother armed with this *Portfolio* will not be puzzled when she hears the familiar sound of "Mamma, what can I do?" for all the time he is doing the things herein taught, he is being trained in the right direction to prepare him to take up school work when he is a few years older.—*Maida McL. in Farm and Fireside.*

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ELDER JOHN BRUSH.

(See page 21.)



THE YOUNG HUNTSMAN.

(See page 33.)

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AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, JANUARY, 1891.

No. 1.

OBSERVATIONS.—No. V.

"The world, O Father! hath not wronged,
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still with every added year,
More beautiful Thy works appear!"

WHEN our magazine was yet unpublished we announced very plainly our intention of obtaining the best matter for its pages in our power to obtain both original and selected; for we are called upon to remember that the world in which we live is not only a very large world, but a very busy, active world; and it is the duty of every Latter Day Saint, to a certain extent, to know something at least of what is going on in the world. For this reason the Lord made it obligatory upon us to gain information, and good books were specified as one of the sources from which this information was to be obtained.

Mr. Stanley, as doubtless every one who reads this already knows, has recently written a book entitled, "In Darkest Africa," but we doubt if one in ten who read this know that another book has been written and has just been issued from the press entitled, "In Darkest England, and The Way Out." The first will bring its writer untold wealth as it will also convey to those who read it a fund of information which has been obtained by him at the outlay of intrepid daring, the lives of hundreds of his followers, and at no small expense of time and treasure. Civilization will be enriched with knowledge of parts of a country heretofore unknown, and there will rest upon the civilized world one added obligation—that of giving to that heathen land even as they have received.

But this other book—what is the char-

acter of its contents. There are in it no wild, romantic adventures; no tribes of people are spoken of whose language is not our own, no hair-breadth escapes from impending death, nor daring achievements with weapons of war—none of these; but there is brought before the mind's eye of the reader a vast army of the unhoused, unfed, unclothed poor. Sick, homeless, suffering, destitute, abandoned, sin-laden, corrupt, debauched and plague-smitten outcasts of society march in a long procession before us, and we are asked to look upon them and as we look to remember that the "Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." . . . "not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." And let it be borne in mind that it is no imaginary picture to which our attention is directed, but a living, breathing, stern reality with which the writer has come in contact; yes, is coming in contact every day and hour.

"And who is the writer?" I hear you ask.

We answer, General William Booth, the originator and organizer of the Salvation Army. Yes, it is none other than this remarkable man of whom we are writing; and lest some of our readers should have imbibed (as we ourselves acknowledge to having done) an unjustifiable prejudice against these people, we ask you to lay aside that prejudice and let us examine for a few moments the character of the work this people are doing. We are not now looking at their faith as measured by the standard of God's word, for we know that they have not the doctrine of Christ, and therefore can not abide in it; but are they any worse

in this respect that the very respectable denominations by which we are surrounded and to whom the best and most orthodox of us yield a certain amount of deference over and above what we are inclined to give to those who march through our streets to the sound of martial music, and with regulation hats and bonnets?

But it is not of their doctrine we come to inquire. James wrote something about the necessity of faith and *works* being united, or going together; and it is of their works we wish to know. Let us, laying aside all prejudice, give a few moments to looking at the Salvation Army through the glasses of another—W. T. Stead, editor of *The Review of Reviews*. He says:

A MIRACLE OF TO-DAY.

What is the Salvation Army? It is a miracle of our time. It is the latest revelation of the potency of the invisible over the visible, the concrete manifestation of the power of the spirit over matter. Of this there are many illustrations, but for the present I will content myself with one. Twenty-five years ago the Salvation Army consisted of one man and his wife, without money, without influential friends, without even a place of worship they could call their own. To-day the Salvation Army, built up out of the poorest members of the community, has 9,000 officers, who carry on operations at 2,864 centers of population scattered all over the world, and who raise every year for carrying on the Salvation War no less a sum than £750,000. Three-quarters of a million sterling per annum is four per cent, upon a capital sum of £18,750,000. Supposing the revenue does not fall off—and hitherto it has steadily increased—eighteen millions may be regarded as the cash value of the endowment created by the Salvation Army out of nothing in twenty-five years. A tolerably substantial miracle this. . . . A miracle also that is absolutely unique. No religious organization born in these late years can show anything approaching to such material results within so short a space of time. I say nothing here as to the merits or demerits of the spiritual thaumaturgy which has developed so extraordinary a power of evoking this pacetolean stream from the barren rock of a

materialistic and unbelieving generation. I simply note the fact and pass on, remarking that if General Booth be altogether mistaken in his theory of the universe, the work is even more miraculous than if he is right. For if we grant to the uttermost all that materialist and agnostic ever claimed, grant that man dies as the beast dies; that Christ and His apostles were but personifications of the Sun and the twelve signs of the Zodiac, that prayer is a futility and the idea of invisible spiritual influence is as much an exploded delusion as the "science" by which the augurs foretold the issue of a campaign from the entrails of chickens, the marvel and the mystery of the work which Mrs. Booth and her husband set on foot are more marvelous and more mysterious than if these, our hypotheses, be correct. How came it that two unknown, insignificant units in the East-end of London, in no way distinguishable from any ordinary commonplace Methodists, such as may be found any day by the score in White-chapel or in Westminster, should to-day be able to show over nine thousand picked men and women in the flower of their youth, and in the ardour of an enthusiastic zeal, who are devoting their lives, on mere subsistence wages, to preaching and teaching in all parts of the world the faith that was taught them by the Booths? And wherever they labor they raise up others, fashioned in their own likeness, whose nature undergoes a sudden and an almost inexplicable change.

"DRIVELLING SUPERSTITION?"

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, a remark made to me by a leading free-thinker and eminent politician when we were discussing the work of the Salvation Army before its immense development over sea had more than begun. "We have all been on the wrong tack," he said, emphatically, "and the result is that the whole of us have less to show for our work than that one man Booth."

"Whom do you call 'we'? I asked.

"Oh, we children of light," he said, laughing; "Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, Frederic Harrison, and the rest of us who have spent our lives in endeavoring to dispel superstition, and to bring in a new era based upon reason and education and enlightened self-interest. But this man Booth has produced more direct

effect upon this generation than all of us put together." I suppose I must have seemed pleased, for he went on hastily, "Don't imagine for a moment that it is his religion that has helped him. Not in the least. That is a mere drivelling superstition. What has enabled him to do this work is his appeal to the social nature of man. He has evoked the potent sentiment of brotherhood. He has grouped together human beings in associations, which make them feel they are no longer alone in the world, but that they have many brethren. That is the secret of what he has done—that, and not his superstition, which is only a minus quantity."

THE SECRET OF POWER.

Whatever truth there may be in this judgment as to the cause of the Salvation Army's success, it is a notable tribute from the agnostic camp as to the reality and value of its work. Nor is it only from the agnostic camp that this is recognized. The *Church Times* (May 23d, 1890) a high church organ, referred to the comparative achievements of the various religious bodies, declared that the growth of the Salvation Army threw into the shade all that had occurred in our time either in the Catholic or the Protestant world. Said the writer:—

When we compare the so-called "Catholic advance" of the Pope in England with the Salvationist advance of the other international commander, the General, in England and all the world, the Pope has to be content with a very much lower place. What a very poor story is the glowing chronicle of the *Tablet* in comparison with the glowing chronicle of the *War Cry*. In the vulgar and imposing category of mere quantity the Pope lags far behind the General. In the spiritual category of quality, if the Kingdom of Jesus Christ be especially the Commonwealth of the poor, the victories of the General are more stupendously brilliant in every way than the triumphs attributed by the *Tablet* to the last two Popes. None are more ready to do honor than we are to the devotion of so many Roman clergy and sisters to the service of the poor. They have done, as Calvinists and Methodists have also done, much for the poor. But the Pope cannot boast in his *Tablet's* triumph-song, as the General

can boast in his *War Cry*, that he has done almost everything for the poor by the poor.

LORD WOLSELEY'S TESTIMONY.

It is only those who do not know and who never inquire who can doubt the reality of the effect produced upon the lives of multitudes of men and women by the work of the army. Lord Wolseley told me that he had been immensely impressed by an incident which occurred in his own experience some years ago at Grantham. He said:—

"I was down on a visit to Mr. Roundell, and we put up at a hotel in the market-place. In the evening I noticed a crowd, and, inquiring what it meant, I was told it was the Salvation Army. I went out and stood on the outskirts of the crowd and watched what went on. I was immensely struck by the earnestness, the fervor, and, above all, by the success of the young women who conducted the meeting. I heard them many times and always with the same impression. They were much talked about, and every one whom I met assured me that the change they had produced was quite marvelous. Mayor, magistrates, the clergy, all assured me that all the time I was there the public-houses did next to no trade, and they might as well have shut up. Now, as I was there for a fortnight—even if we were to suppose that the old state of things was re-established immediately after, which, of course, was not the case—this struck me as very remarkable. If a couple of girls can come into a place like Grantham, and for the space of a whole fortnight, practically suspend the sale of drink in the town, they are not people to be despised. It is very wonderful. Such work cannot fail, in the long run, to command universal recognition, even from those who now, from ignorance, and prejudice, are among those who sneer at the Salvationists."

Lord Wolseley but expressed what almost every one else has felt, when confronted by one of the many moral miracles of the Army: "No one could have been more prejudiced against the Army than I;" a rising novelist, of agnostic tendencies, said the other day: "But when I went in and out among the people in the East-end I had to give up. There was no getting over the evidence of the work they

did, which no one else even seemed to try to do. I have been filled ever since with such immense admiration for General Booth, that I almost believe he can do anything he decides to take in hand."

MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

It is now nearly twelve years since I made the acquaintance of the Army, and as there is nothing like personal testimony as to one's own experience, I may as well set down here how it was I came to believe in the Salvationists.

"The Hallelujah Lasses are coming July 6th," was the announcement which was placarded about the streets of thrifty, tidy Darlington about midsummer, 1879. Respectable Darlington felt shocked, but a great crowd gathered in the market-place "to see the lasses," and, after a brief service in the open air, in which the young women sang hymns, prayed, and delivered brief, vigorous addresses, followed them, as they marched backward in a long, straggling procession down Northgate to the Livingstone Hall. It was Sunday afternoon, and the spacious, draughty, ugly hall was crowded to the doors. At night there was another service, indoors and out, and the same thing happened. And more wonderful still, the hall was crowded every night all that week, and for several weeks after. It held from 2,000 to 2,500 people. At first respectable Darlington held aloof. Then the emissaries of Respectability ventured down, in sheer curiosity, to see what was going on. They returned puzzled. Nothing was going on. No dancing, no extravagance, no tomfoolery, no sensationalism. The two girls, Captain Rose and Lieutenant Annie—one two-and-twenty, the other eighteen—conducted a religious service, not unlike an early Methodist meeting, with hearty responses, lively singing, and simple gospel addresses, brief and to the point. The penitents' form and the after prayer-meeting, in which the lasses, going from seat to seat, personally addressed everyone who remained as to their spiritual welfare, were the only features in which it differed outwardly from an ordinary mission revival service. But the odd, miraculous thing that bothered Darlington was the effect which it had. All the riffraff of the town went to the Livingstone Hall, and many of them never returned the same men.

"BLACKGUARDS TURNED CONVERTERS."

My farm-lad, Dick—for in those days I had my three acres and a cow—used to attend regularly. "It's as good as a the-ayter," he told me. "You can go in when you like, and if you want a drop or a smoke in the middle, why out you come, just as you please. But there's some of the biggest blackguards turned converters now." By "converters" he meant converts, but his word was true, for all the Salvation Army converts are converters, and that is the secret of it. The drunkards and wife-beaters, betting men and rowdies, great rough puddlers, and men who used to spend their Sundays regularly in the police-cells, were no sooner brought down to the penitent form and "saved" than they were set about saving others.

At the Livingstone Hall a man who had given his wife a black eye the month before would give out a hymn; an ex-drunkard would tell his experience; a converted convict would deliver an exhortation, and half-a-dozen corner men would take the collection. Drunkenness began to dry up. You could hear a dozen cabmen waiting for fares at the station, singing Army songs, and the police had many cells empty on Saturday nights.—One of these converts was a notorious fellow, reputed to be the strongest man in Darlington. A burly, broad-shouldered Hercules was Knacker Jack; violent, given to drink, and very brutal. Great was the amazement when Knacker Jack went up to the penitent form, and immense the sensation when he stood up to give his testimony. The event was duly announced to me by Dick. "Knacker Jack's a converter now. 'E's a rum 'un!" said he.

"Are you not going to turn converter, too, Dick?" I asked.

The lad, who was an odd character in his way, replied, "'Tain't no use, sir, for me to be a converter, 'coz, when I cut the grass for the pony in the planten, them midges bite so hard I can't help sweerin'. And it's no use bein' a converter if you keep on sweerin'!"

WHAT I SAW AT DARLINGTON.

At last I went to see the girls who had turned Darlington upside down. I was amazed. I found two delicate girls—one hardly able to write a letter; the other not yet nineteen—ministering to a

crowded congregation which they had themselves collected out of the street, and building up an aggressive church militant out of the human refuse which other churches regarded with blank despair. They had come to the town without a friend, without an introduction, with hardly a penny in their purses. They had to provide for maintaining services regularly every week-night, and nearly all day Sunday, in the largest hall in the town; they had to raise the funds to pay the rent, meet the gas-bill, clean the hall, repair broken windows and broken forms, and provide themselves with food and lodging. And they did it. The town was suffering severely from the depression of the iron trade, and the regular churches could with difficulty meet their liabilities. But these girls raised a new cause out of the ground, in the poorest part of the town, and made it self-sustaining by the coppers of their collections.* Judged by the most material standard, this was a great result. In the first six months 1,000 persons had been down to the penitent form, many of whom had joined various religious organizations in the town, and a corps or a church was formed of nearly two hundred members, each of whom was pledged to speak, pray, sing, visit, march in procession, and take a collection, or do anything that wanted doing.

THE LASSES AND THEIR WORK.

"It will not last," said many, and dismissed the miracle as if it were less miraculous because it was not capable of endless repetition.

I sat next a young mechanic one night in the meeting, and asked him what he thought about the business.

"Dunno," he said, "they're a queer lot."

"Do any good?"

"Mebbe. There's Knacker Jack—I know him."

"Well, has it not been good for his wife and bairns?"

'Dunno'. But I work in the same place as him, and it has been good for his horses. He used to strike 'em and knock 'em about dreadful. But since the lasses got hold of him he has never laid his hand on 'em."

Suppose that it did not last, and that the converts only stood so long and then fell away; then, for so long as they stand, a great and beneficent change has been effected, in which all surroundings share—from the police to the horses.

It was my first personal experience of the Salvation Army and its methods. Born and bred among the quieter Congregationalists, I had some prejudice against noisy services, but here was a stubborn fact which I could not get over. There was the palpable, unmistakable result, material and moral, which before July, 1879, would have been declared utterly impossible—a miracle not to be wrought by man, no, not if all the churches and chapels in Darlington had combined to open mission services in Livingstone Hall. And the only visible means by which this result was brought about was these two girls, neither of them well educated, both delicate, and without any friends or material resources whatever.

THE GENIUS OF THE GENERAL.

The first letter I ever wrote to headquarters was a brief note to the General complaining of the cruelty of sending two such frail young women—one of whom seemed threatened with consumption—to undertake such exhausting work. I added, what I fully believed, that if they broke down and died he would deserve to be indicted for manslaughter. The General's reply was characteristic: "You would never do for a general," he said. "A general must not be afraid to spend his soldiers in order to carry a position." The girls, however, did not break down. Captain Rose, the more delicate one, on whose behalf I had written to headquarters, is now the mother of a bouncing family. She has been to the Cape delivering the message of the army to Boers and Zulus, and is now busy helping Mrs. Bramwell in the rescue work.

Since that time I have been more or less intimately acquainted with the Salvation Army in London and in the provinces. I have been in the dock with Mr. Bramwell Booth, and have been more or less intimate with all the family. I have often been tempted very strongly—of the evil one, I always maintain, much to the scandal of these good people—to leave my appointed work and join the Army. I have never been more than an outside

*The total expenditure, including everything, was about £400 a year.

supporter. But I have been brought close enough into contact with them all to be able to form a fairly accurate idea of the measure of their capacity, the range of their ideas, and the force of their mental energy. A journalistic career of twenty years has brought me into close quarters with an immense number of the ablest men and women of our time, and I have no hesitation whatever in saying that in the whole sweep of my acquaintance I have not met more than half-a-dozen men—British, European, or American—crowned or uncrowned, prelates, statesmen, soldiers, or workers, whom I would rank as the superiors in force, capacity, and initiative with General Booth, Mrs. Booth, and their eldest son. Whether or not General Booth be, as Lord Wolseley declared, the greatest organizing genius of our time, he and his family constitute the most remarkable group of men and women that I know.

AND OF THE FAMILY.

There have been great men and famous men who have founded great and world-wide organizations, but General Booth is the first one who has at the same time reared a family for the express purpose of carrying on and perfecting the work which he has begun. Perhaps the secret is to be found in the fact that the Salvation Army is quite as much the work of his wife as it is of himself. The Salvation Army believes in heredity; it believes in training; and both beliefs find strongest confirmation in the extraordinary capacity of the whole family. Consecrated from the cradle to the service of the Army, they have without a single exception—and there are eight of them—devoted their lives to the cause. All differ, but all possess some measure of the extraordinary gifts of their extraordinary parents. Physically they are far from robust. There never was such a set of cripples who did such heavy work as the Booth family. Mrs. Booth, who is now dying with cancer, all her life through suffered from an affection of the heart, which often prostrated her for hours after addressing a great meeting, and has repeatedly laid her aside for weeks together. Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, the Marshal of the French Salvation Army, suffers from weakness of the spine. Mr. Bramwell Booth for years was such

a sufferer from heart disease, left by rheumatic fever, that he could not lie down even to sleep. Mr. Herbert Booth suffers similarly.

Mr. Bramwell Booth, the eldest, is now thirty-four years of age. There is no more striking characteristic of the Army than the youth of all its officers. Mr. Ballington Booth, when he went to conduct the campaign in Australia, was only twenty-six. Miss Katherine Booth started on her forlorn hope to indoctrinate atheistic Belleville with the gospel of the Salvation Army when only twenty-one. Miss Emma Booth took charge of the Training Home when little more than a child. The majority of the 9,000 officers are under twenty-five. It is an Army possessing all the fervour, the enthusiasm, and the confidence of youth.

Weak and ailing though they are, they have an infinite reserve of energy and "go." Trained almost from childhood to handle all the practical details of administration and finance, accustomed every day to deal with men and women as individuals and in masses, there is not a member of the family now in the field who would not, if the occasion should unfortunately arise, be much better prepared to take over the duties of commander-in-chief than General Booth twelve years ago seemed prepared for the direction of a great world-wide religious organization.

MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

Around the family are grouped an exceedingly competent staff. The most novel and instructive feature of this religious army, not of celibates but of married folk, is the extent to which the institution of matrimony ministers to the success of the organization. Hildebrand, by dooming the priesthood to celibacy, created an effective force of ecclesiastical Mamelukes; but General Booth has made marriage one of the corner-stones of the Salvation Army. He has not only got sons and daughters of his own to succeed him, but he has made marriage alliances which double the fighting force of the family. The wife of the Chief of the Staff, but the other day a doctor's daughter from South Wales, is now at the head of the largest system of rescue homes for fallen women in the world. The wife of Mr. Ballington Booth, the daughter of

an English clergyman, is now with her husband directing all the operations of the army in the United States of America. The third son has just married a capable and gifted Dutch lady, notable as their first marriage outside the English-speaking pale. Of the daughters only two are as yet married. The elder, usually known as the Maréchale, married a Quaker from the North of Ireland, upon whom has devolved the task of directing the Army Corps stationed in France and Switzerland. The younger married Mr. Commissioner Tucker, of the well-known Anglo-Indian family, and upon the two has devolved the organization of the marvelous missionary operations of the Army in Hindostan. From these marriages have sprung a numerous progeny, all of whom have been consecrated and dedicated to the Holy War before they left the cradle. I do not know any other family as numerous which has succeeded in infusing into every one of its members, their wives and their husbands, the enthusiasm of its founder.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN THE ARMY.

Mr. George Meredith remarked to me one day that one of the most brilliant proofs of St. Paul's genius was the discovery that women could be employed with effect in the service of the Church. If this were his discovery, the Apostle must have been much troubled in these later times to note how his injunctions to the Corinthian Church have been used to cripple the female ministry ever since. The Salvation Army, as befits an organization largely founded by a woman, is in no bondage to Corinthian standards. It follows the Apostle's example, and in one of its earliest rules and regulations we read:—

As the Army refuses to make any difference between men and women as to rank, authority and duties, but opens the highest positions to women as well as to men, the words "woman," "she," "her," are scarcely ever used in orders—"man," "he," "his," being always understood to mean a person of either sex unless when it is obviously impossible.

The extent to which the Salvation Army has employed women in every department of its administration has been one of the great secrets of its strength. No religious body, with the exception of

the Society of Friends, has ever accorded to both halves of the human race equal rights in the affairs of religion. The Army did this from the first, but it was not till 1875 that the absolute equality of the sexes in all the departments of the administration of the Army was solemnly and formally affirmed. It may only be a coincidence, but, if so, it is a curious one, that that year marks the beginning of what may be called the phenomenal expansion of the Salvation Army. If Salvationists had rendered no other services to humanity and civilization than that which is involved in revealing to the world the latent capacities and enormous possibilities of usefulness that lie in womankind, they would have deserved well of their generation. This, however,—which seems to be one of the crowning glories of the Army—has been a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to many. Among others who were much scandalized by the female ministry was the late Canon Liddon. He was on all questions relating to the employment and enfranchisement of women a hopeless reactionary. I do not remember any man in the whole circle of my acquaintance who was so resolutely opposed, on principle, to women appearing in any public function whatever. To do him justice, Canon Liddon was logical; he had no tolerance for the monstrous absurdity of those who declare that it is perfectly right for a woman to sing in a concert or act on the stage, but that she is demeaning herself if she speaks on the platform or in the pulpit. Canon Liddon confounded in one comprehensive anathema all attempts to bring woman before the public. He was still in what may be called the zenana stage, and held resolutely to that perversion of a sound doctrine, which, instead of asserting that woman's sphere is her home, maintains that woman's only sphere is her home.

CANON LIDDON AT A HOLINESS MEETING.

I remember well the only time when, so far as I know, Canon Liddon ever attended a Salvation Army service. It happened rather unfortunately. The Sunday before he had been preaching one of his great sermons under St. Paul's dome, the theme of which was the duty of woman to remain strictly within the domestic sphere. He deduced this some-

how or other from the example of the mother of our Lord, and was, therefore, more than ordinarily charged with prejudice against the assumption by woman of the functions of teacher or preacher. We had often talked about the Salvation Army, and he had expressed his curiosity and interest in the new organization. I offered to take him to a Holiness meeting, which was then being held at White-chapel, one Friday night. It was late in the year, I think, of 1881, and it was quite dark when I got him into a hansom at Amen Court, and drove off eastwards. When we were passing St. Paul's I remember a somewhat amusing incident. Canon Liddon had no sooner seated himself in the hansom than he began to take off the white collar which is the distinguishing badge of the cleric. "I hope you will not think," said he, pleasantly, "that this savours of a lack of moral courage," but, he added, as he carefully adjusted his black necktie, "people are so troublesome, and correspondence is such a burden to me. If I were not to change my collar I would be sure to be recognized, and all next week I should be bothered by good but mistaken people, whose letters I could not ignore, either protesting against my attending a service of the Salvation Army, or inquiring if it was true, and, if so, why. It is, therefore, only for the avoidance of useless friction that I make this change." At last we reached the spacious and well-lighted hall, and in order to minimize the possibility of being recognized we took up our seats, in a remote corner beneath the gallery. What was our consternation before we had been seated five minutes to see a clergyman of the Church of England clambering over the forms towards us! When he reached us he said, "Oh, Canon Liddon, I am delighted to see you here!" The disguise had not been effectual, but I never heard whether the recognition had occasioned him any subsequent inconvenience.

HOW IT AFFECTED CANON LIDDON.

The meeting was of the ordinary type; there were testimonies, prayers, and lively singing. Among others who testified was a girl in a Salvation Army bonnet and the regulation dress, and a stoker, fresh from some steamer in the London Docks, whose grimy face did not prevent

him taking part in the service, much to the delight of the good Canon, who sighed as he said, "We could not get such men to St. Paul's." When we left, we walked back through the City. Canon Liddon was deeply impressed. He was at first somewhat silent, but after a time he said, "It fills me with shame! I feel guilty when I think of myself." He continued musingly, "To think of these poor people with their imperfect grasp of the truth! And yet, what a contrast between what they do and what we are doing? When I compare all the advantages we enjoy, we who possess the whole body of truth, and see how little use we make of it, how little effect we produce compared with that which was palpable at that meeting,—I take shame to myself when I think of it. Of course," said he, "I did not like the women speaking, although I was prepared for it. I have the misfortune," he added, with the sly humour which ever characterized him, "I have the misfortune, you know, to agree with the Apostle Paul on that question." This was, of course, sufficient to bring on an animated polemic. Canon Liddon objected strongly to the theory that the Apostle's prohibition of women teaching in church was a temporary mandate of local application only in force in Corinth and the Greek cities, where for a woman to be heard in public was almost equivalent to her enrolment among the class of courtesans, and utterly inconsistent with his own recognition of the women who prophesied and taught among the Jews. Such a doctrine, he said, would carry us very far. Almost the last conversation I had with him this year was on the same lines, his objection this time being called forth by what he considered the dangerous tendencies of "Lux Mundi." The chief point, however, round which that discussion raged nine years ago was his stout assertion that the Salvation Army had only a small part of the truth. I agreed, for all human beings only know in part; but I said, "Surely you must admit that they have got the essential truth?" He replied, "I no more recognize essential truth than I do an essential horse. All truth is essential. You can no more divide it than you can divide a horse. A horse has head and legs and tail. It would be just as absurd to speak of an essential horse with one leg as of essen-

tial truth which is not all truth." "But surely," I said, "you don't mean to say that you have grasped the whole body of truth?" And thus it went on until we came to Amen Court, where we stood in the cold night air arguing whether the limited truth of the Anglicans was not just as far short from the corpus of the whole body of the truth as the creed of the Salvation Army. I remember that conversation as if it were only yesterday. When we at last parted Canon Liddon had caught such a cold that next day he could not use his voice.

It is not our purpose to enter into the details of the organization of this army, and here for the present we bring our observations to a close, intending, however, to resume them in our next issue, giving our readers a short review of the book to which we have only briefly referred. We commend to our thoughtful readers the assertion of Canon Liddon, "All truth is essential;" and fully believing and endorsing the sentiment, we come to inquire if it does not behoove those who are seeking truth, desiring to be free from error, to investigate, and when satisfied that results are good and altogether to be desired, to go to work earnestly to obtain those results? There are times when there comes over us such a sense of how infinitely we as a church are living beneath our privilege, that there is

nothing reconciles us to the apparently little progress we are making, save the history of the past—the terrible wreck and ruin brought upon the church in the day of her prosperity and power, when her converts came to the fold by fifties, hundreds and thousands. But remembering the infinite patience of the great God, we wait in hope, knowing that the time must come (unless we forfeit our right) when God will say to the waiting camp of Israel, "Strike your tents and move forward!" Not only this, but he will endow them with a clearer conception of his truth and with the power Bro. White saw in his vision, and then we will know it has not been in vain that we have waited for our God.

In the meantime what relation do we occupy to every such work as the one we have been considering? Shall we, as did the apostles of old, forbid them, because they follow not with us? Jesus said, "Forbid him not; for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part."

Let us take the advice of Jesus and bid the whole world Godspeed in the good it is doing; for while truth is a unit, we yet believe it possible to have light in different degrees and to follow on that we may apprehend the truth which shall make us free.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING.

"Christian men, rejoice and sing,
'Tis the birthday of your king!"

SLANG the choir of St. Stephens, rehearsing, on Christmas eve, for the service of the morrow. Their voices rang out with good will. Higher and higher pealed the clear sopranos, while first the tenors and then the bases followed in winding fugue—

"'Tis the birthday—the birthday—of your king."

The groined arches of the high, dimly-lighted roof seemed full of answering notes, which echoed back the strain, as the angels answered one to another in the wonderful chorus of that first birthnight in Judea.

But the faces that belonged to the voices were not angelic, any more than the souls which they veiled; and one among them wore the unmistakable look of human preoccupation and worry. It was the face of Emily Gale. She was the second soprano in the choir, and her voice was, perhaps, best of all, though not so powerful as that of Mrs. Feltue, the first soprano. But, though she sang with the rest, and her tones were true and sweet, the words she was singing meant little to her mind just then. She scarcely recognized their intention; for any good they did her they might as well have been *do, ra, sol, la*.

Of what was she thinking? Of what

should a good girl with real religious convictions, with a wise desire to lead the Christian life, and rather a higher ideal than most girls have of what that life should be, be thinking on Christmas eve?

How hard to say. How impossible to thread the intricacies and subtle complications of human thought, while, left to its own will, it shifts and fluctuates and drifts this way and that, with all the quickness and irresponsibility of dream. As well attempt to lay down fixed laws for the movement of a fog-bank as for an idle mind or an over-full one. Thought has a liberty of its own with which no outside conditions interfere. The mouth may be ever so full of godly words, and yet the inward life be living in a totally different and very mundane world. Is was so with Emmy Gale on this Christmas eve.

Emmy was thinking, not without an accompaniment of dimly-felt self-reproach of what had occupied her time and strength for two months past—namely, her Christmas presents.

She was a generous little creature. She loved to plan and contrive. She loved to give pleasure, and she had a strong taste for surprising people. To devise a treat for some one she loved, to work it out privately, and at last spring it on its happy recipient was delightful to her.

It had always been so; but this year—for various reasons—her Christmas preparations had been particularly onerous. There were not only her own family to be considered—her father and mother, Clara, her married sister, with her husband and children, Tom, eldest of the family, with his wife and children, Eunice and Gay, Jack and Harry, and a series of cousins, intimate friends and schoolmates—these she had always had on her list; but besides these there was Roger's family. Roger Carew was her lover; they had been engaged since early June, and his people had received her with open arms. They had been as kind as they possibly could be, and they must all be remembered. In addition, there were certain friends, to whom, for particular reasons, Emmy longed to show special kindness. Poor Alice Lathan must have a gift, because she had lost her baby, and was feeling so very sad, and so must little Dolly Prime, whose father had been killed in such a sorrowful way. And

dear Lucy Haliburton, whose husband had lost all his money, and who was feeling so troubled and straitened. Every generous heart knows this longing, to give out of superior comfort, or blessed exemption from pain, something to cheer lives which seem unduly overshadowed. Then there were the servants, of course, to be remembered, and a list of pensioners who would expect something; and so it went until Emmy's list was longer than the moral law.

Now, to produce forty or fifty gifts, suitable, sufficient and kept secret to the last, out of limited time and a rather slender purse, is a difficult task, as may be easily seen, even for hands and hearts as willing and as executive as were dear Emmy's.

Early and late had she worked and toiled, stinting herself in sleep and exercise, and all manner of wholesome little pleasures, because these things took time. She had become thin and pale. A worried little pucker had grown into her smooth forehead, an irritable tone into her soft voice; but she had achieved the well-nigh impossible. All the presents she had planned were ready in time. There they lay, folded in white, ribbon-tied parcels, in her bureau drawers—the lovely, lace-like shawl for her mother, the pretty, maroon and blue *couvre-pied* for Mrs. Carew, the illuminated text for Roger, on which she had expended such loving wealth of decoration, the books and games for the little ones, the pine pillows, the embroidered sachets, the hand-painted cards—there they all were, each with its little message of love written upon it; but where was she? Singing the praises of that new-born Lord, in whose name and for whose sake all these kindnesses had nominally been done, with a mind too weary to attend, with thoughts that aimlessly strayed, and a sense of spent and baffled lassitude. It was a sorry frame of mind and body in which to begin the blessed birthday.

"Now we'll just go over 'When Shepherds Watched' to the new music," said Mr. Stephens, the choir-leader.

"I love that hymn. Don't you?" whispered Phœbe Anderson to Emmy, as they ended.

"Yes; it's lovely," responded Emmy, mechanically. Then a pang of conscience smote her. The hymn was lovely, no

doubt; she always had been fond of it, but she was conscious that at the moment she did not care for it in the least.

"What is the matter with me that I am so dull and indifferent?" she said to herself. "Somehow I don't seem to have the least bit of Christmas-feeling this year. It is very strange; for I never worked half so hard to make it beautiful before." Tears rose to her eyes.

Ah, Emmy! that is the very thing. The too-much kills equally with the too-little.

Dreary and depressed, she went home. Everybody was arrived except Roger, who had telegraphed that he should be detained in the city until morning, but would certainly be up in time for the Christmas dinner. This was a severe disappointment. Emmy had looked forward to the Christmas service with Roger. She was more disheartened than ever. Her head began to ache. The children's wild excitement over their stockings, her brothers' and her sisters' laughter and jokes, the noise and glee of the just reunited family-circle, jarred on her mood. As soon as possible she made an excuse and went to bed, where, after a long fit of nervous weeping, she fell asleep.

"What is the matter with little Em?" demanded Harry, the youngest brother, whose favorite she had always been. "I teased her a little about Roger, and she looked as if she was going to cry. Nothing wrong there, I hope."

"Oh! no," his mother replied. "She's sorry about his coming so late, of course; but she understands that he can't help it. It's all right."

"But why does she look so forlorn?"

"I think Emmy must be going to be ill," said Clara. "I could hardly get her to take any interest in the baby. She's so fond of children, generally, too; and this is the prettiest one yet. Do you think she is feverish, mother?"

"Oh! no! I don't think so. She's rather worn out with her Christmas work; that is all," answered Mrs. Gale, comfortably; as if it was the order of things that girls should be worn out with such work. And unfortunately it is.

Emmy's sleep was heavy, but not quite refreshing. One night's rest cannot undo the effect of a long strain of overwork, and she woke with a sense of deep-seated fatigue. The bright morning greetings

could not cheer her; the children's rapture of merriment only half moved her. The little gifts, over which she had spent such time and pains, suddenly seemed to sink into insignificant valueless objects, which, now that their moment was passed, could be of no pleasure or use to anybody. Mechanically she received everybody's kisses and thanks; mechanically opened her own parcels and wrote and said the words of gratitude; but there was no real enjoyment in it all. Poor Emmy was too tired to enjoy!

Church followed, with the beautiful Christmas service, the "Angel Chapter," the hymns and anthems, the proclamation of the good news to man, the aroma of evergreen wreaths and flowers. The feast was spread for all, as the joy was given to all, and young and old came reverently to worship the Child who, on Christmas day, was born for the healing of the nations. Emmy too worshipped. She bent her heart to it as a task. She joined in prayer and praise; but, even as she did so, she missed the something which had always been hers before—the glad impulse, the conscious happiness in her own individual share of the salvation wrought for all human souls. Sorrowfully and penitently she again asked herself why this was so? Why was she losing the rest and fullness of the Christmas day?

She went home in a veil of melancholy, which she could not conceal. Her spirits utterly flagged as the day wore on. She was even sharp to the children; and they, used to counting on aunt Emmy as their special property, resented the change deeply.

"Do you suppose it's 'cause she's engaged?" said one of the little girls.

"Well, if it makes one cross to be engaged, I'm not ever going to be married," observed the younger Clara, with a toss of her golden head. "There's no fun, if it makes you feel cross. I shall be an old maid."

Clara was just seven.

"I don't care if she is engaged; nobody has a right to be cross on Christmas day," declared sturdy little Tom. "It's wicked not to be kind. The Bible says so."

"Yes, its ortly wicked indeed," piped little Emmy, her aunt's namesake, and, taking in her arms the new doll, over whose outfit the elder Emmy had spent so

many hours, she trotted off in search of her misguided relative.

"I,se bwrought her back to oo," she said, putting dolly into Emmy's lap. "I don't want her any more."

"But, little Emmy, why not? What can you mean, darling? I thought you liked Mabel. Don't you remember you said this morning that she was the nicest doll you ever had? And I took such pains to make her pretty for you."

"I did like her; but I don't any more."

"But why not?"

"T'ause oo's tross wiz us, and Clara says it t'ause oo's endaged and I don't want an aunty that's endaged, and I don't want Mabel."

It cost Emmy some pains to comfort her pet, and restore her liking for the doll; but at last she succeeded. Little Emmy ran away to tell the others that Aunty wasn't "tross," after all, and her aunt went up stairs to dress for dinner. She took infinite pains with her toilette, but was conscious that she did not look as well as usual. All her innocent expedients, the daintily fluffed hair, the silk gown, the exact brown that went with her eyes, the lace frills and the bunch of tea-roses in her breast, could not disguise the paleness or the jaded circles under her eyes. Roger glanced anxiously at her face as he kissed her, and ventured on one hurried, "My darling, are you ill?" But his train had come in after time, as trains so often do on holidays; there were only a few moments to make ready for dinner, and he was forced to hasten up stairs.

The joy of seeing him brightened Emmy and made her look more like herself; but as the long dinner went on and the room grew hot, and the fun more fast and furious, she flagged again, and the weariness stole back into her face. It was a pretty dinner, and Emmy, who was half house-keeper with her mother, had taken great pleasure in the ordering of it. It was she who had rubbed the red apples to a glass-like polish, and combined them so prettily with white grapes and ivy leaves for a center-piece to the table. It was she who had mixed the *mayonnaise* for the chicken salad, had flavored the mince pies, dropped the geranium leaf into each finger bowl, and deftly tied the little nosegays of chrysanthemums and late roses, which adorned the plates. The great Christmas cake was hers also from its first inception

to the motto on its frosting; and so was the "paper pie," with its bonbons and rhymes and host of comical trifles, which crowned the feast, and seemed to the children by far the most satisfactory feature of the entertainment. All these things had taken time—Emmy's time—and the result was, that, while the others ate and admired and enjoyed, she sat by with a resolute, forced smile on her lips and an unmistakable look of suffering on her brow; out of tune with the general mirth and satisfaction.

Roger's spirits sank in unison with hers. He had earned his holiday by hard professional work, and had come up prepared to enjoy it; but how could he enjoy anything when his Emmy—the girl he loved—was looking so? In his pocket was a Christmas surprise for her, a locket with a turquoise fly, over the choosing of which a good deal of loving solicitude had gone. He had enjoyed thinking just how she would look when he gave it to her; but his heart had suddenly grown heavy, and he no longer remembered the locket. What was the matter? he was asking himself.

"Games! We must play games!" cried little Tom, as the party streamed back from the dining-room into the evergreen-hung parlor. "Everybody plays Blind-man's Buff on Christmas. Don't they, Aunt Emmy?"

But Emmy had disappeared. Roger, watching his chance, had drawn her into the little room which Mr. Gale called his study. There were lights there and a gay little fire. Roger shut the door. At last they were alone.

"Sit down and let us have a talk," said Roger. "I have hardly had a minute with you yet. Are you ill, Love? Is anything the matter? You look as if both might be true."

"No; I am only tired," said Emmy, leaning her head on his shoulder, with a sense of comfort. "Not ill at all, Roger."

"But what can you have been doing to make you look so, Emmy? Did you have to do it, dear?"

Emmy did not answer immediately. Somehow, with this simple question of Roger's, the full fatigue and folly of what she had done seemed to break over her, like a great wave. Did she have to do it? No; she had elected to do it. It was all her own choice, her own fault; she

could blame nobody. But what a pity it was! She astonished Roger by suddenly beginning to cry.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed in alarm. "Emmy, you are keeping something from me. Tell me what it is."

But Emmy was past telling. The reaction after her long over-work had fairly come, and she could only sob, with now and then a futile attempt to assure Roger that nothing was the matter; nothing at all, really, really; would he please not to look at her, or be sorry; but just go away, and she would get over it soon.

"I am only sil—ly," declared poor Emmy. "Please go and enjoy yourself, Roger." An invitation which, it need not be said, Roger was by no means inclined to accept.

At last she grew calmer. Tears had cleared her mood, and relieved her exhausted nerves, as thunder clears murky air. She could speak now.

"Roger," she said, solemnly, "I am a fool."

"Oh! Was that it?"

"Yes; and I advise you to break off your engagement with me. It is dreadful for a man to have a fool for a wife. You ought to marry somebody wise."

"There is a good deal in that," declared Roger, relieved to see his sweetheart returning to her natural manner. "But pray what have you done that is so dreadfully silly?"

"I have spoiled my own Christmas, and yours, and everybody's else."

"I don't believe it. Mine isn't spoiled, anyway. But what do you mean?"

"I took it into my head that I would do about twice as much as I possibly could to make the day go off pleasantly; and I did it. If I had had two heads and three backs and four pairs of hands, and if the days had been thirty-six hours long, instead of twenty-four, it would have been easy enough; but, as I hadn't, it wasn't. So I went on trying at the impossible, and half-killing myself, and thinking how pleasant it was going to be; and now Christmas has come and everything is over, and it hasn't been pleasant at all. It's been miserable! I feel so tired out that I can't enjoy myself at all."

"It is too bad!" declared Roger, smiling tenderly at her.

"But it isn't only being tired. I've been wicked, too"—Emmy went on—"I

was so cross with the children this afternoon that they all noticed it! And in church, Roger, I couldn't make myself care, or put any real heart into the service. It might just as well have been Satan's birthday, for any good it has done me."

"That's a strong way of putting it," began Roger. He couldn't help laughing at the expression of Emmy's round, solemn eyes, as she made this startling statement; but he spoke seriously. "I've had one or two thoughts on this subject of Christmas-keeping of late. Would you like me to tell them to you, Emmy?"

"Yes; please do."

"Well, it seems to me that we have somehow got away from the original idea of the true way to celebrate the day. I suppose the giving of presents began with the doles to the poor which were given out in the old monastic times."

"Very likely, though, I never thought of it before."

"Then the Dutch invented St. Nicholas and Kriss Kringle, and the Germans established the creation of Christmas trees; and we borrowed their ideas and combined with them the English custom of a feast with beef and plum-pudding and all the rest of it, and added some little features of our own—such as hanging up stockings in the chimney corners."

"But don't you like all these things? They always seemed to me such pretty customs. I don't see how they can be wrong."

"They are not wrong at all. On the contrary, they are good, because they turn the day into a special festival for children, and make them love it above all the other days. The wrong has come with the overdoing of it, as it often happens."

"I think I see what you mean," said Emmy thoughtfully.

"Plenty of good things run to seed in just that way," Roger went on. "First a lovely idea full of meaning; then such a wear and tear and exaggeration of the idea that the meaning is forgotten. The old Christmas theory was excellent; but, if American women have got to kill themselves in making presents for everybody they know on that one day of the year, and break down and lose all their own pleasure in it, and be 'cross,' why I think the custom had better be given up."

"But what a pity that would be! Christmas is the sweetest day of all we have."

"So it is. But we needn't give it up, if only we are content to be sensible about it. Let us make a resolution for ourselves, Emmy; that, when we have a home of our own, we will do things better; will make the day as happy as we can, and have a beautiful time; and will give presents, too; but only just so far as we can manage it without losing our own share in the day. Whatever we do, let us keep ourselves fresh enough to enjoy it, and get the good it is meant to bring.

Do you see what I mean, dearest? And will you agree?"

"Indeed I will. I never want to be so foolish again; or to spend such a bad, bad, miserable Christmas!"

Their lips met in a long kiss. Then Roger tied the locket with the turquoise fly round Emmy's neck, and they went back to the others.

The children are not yet done wondering what it was that Uncle Roger did to Aunt Emmy to make her "all nice again, after she had been so sort of horrid all day."

—The Independent.

A CHRISTMAS VISION.

In the grate a glowing fire, fragrance on the genial air,
 Pictures, china, quaint recesses, books and statues everywhere;
 And the Christmas garlands twining, green and glistening round the frame,
 Where the sweet Madonna brooded o'er the Child, a King who came.

Who had called her? Some one, surely, for she seemed to rise and go
 Outward, furred and hooded quickly, through the biting sleet and snow;
 Some one led her, bore her onward, bade her look, and wondering see
 How her fellow-creatures wrestled with earth's pain and misery.

Weary women, oh! how weary, bowed with never-ceasing care,
 Men who struggled, ever losing, in a combat of despair;
 "All your life," she heard a whisper, "you have fed on honey dew,
 Roses, lillies; these were waiting, for a helping hand from you."

On again, and ah! the pity, on a lowly couch a child.
 Crippled, white, and drawn with anguish, yet the lady thought it smiled,
 "Wherefore?" One beside her answered: "Heaven for such as thee is bright,
 And this little one is passing to that happier home to-night."

Yet another darker precinct, and she found her tearful eyes
 Turning round from frowning faces, with a shuddering surprise;
 Faces marred with evil passion, furrowed with the blight of shame;
 "Nay," the angel murmured, lowly, "'twas for such the Savior came."

Then again, with wing on sweeping, swiftly passed her seraph guide,
 And she stood where little beds were ranged together side by side;
 Here were dimpled children sleeping, but no mother's kiss they knew.
 "Orphans," stole the heavenly whisper, "left to care of such as you."

It surely was a vision, for the lady had not stirred,
 Not a sound had broke the silence, save the twitter of a bird,
 In a cage with golden wires, but the lady heard a cry,
 Heard it in her soul, and answered: "Master, Christ, lo! here am I.

"All my days I've spent supinely, thinking of myself alone,
 Little caring for my neighbor; late I'll labor to atone.
 Let my hand be open ever, let my ear attentive be,
 When Thy little ones are faltering, let me lead them, Lord, to Thee."

If it was a dream I know not, God has many and subtle ways
 To reveal His love to mortals, that their hearts may sing His praise;
 But I'm sure I heard the angels choiring in the midnight sky,
 Of this Christmas, sweetly, strongly: "Glory be to God on high!"

—Margaret E. Sangster in Demorest's Magazine.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

PART I.

HIS CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

I AM not so vain as to think that I can fully write the life or biography of the great and good man. Too little is known of him, at least by me, to do the subject justice, even were I competent. His work, however, has been so closely connected with the theme dearest to my heart, that, in the past I have been eager to learn as much of him as possible. Having gathered a little here and a little there regarding him, his people and his country, I will take pleasure in compiling it; and, if by so doing others are benefited, I shall be gratified.

He was a person of sufficient importance to call forth the voice of inspiration concerning his work, even before he was born—some of the things said of him prophetically we may refer to hereafter.

He was, as is generally supposed, born in the town of Hebron, in Palestine, a few months before the birth of our Lord. He was the son of Zacharias, a Jewish priest "of the course of Abia," and of Elizabeth, a cousin of Mary, the mother of Christ. Being entitled to the office of priest, according to the Jewish law of lineage, and also being of a prominent family, he naturally commanded more respect among the Jews than did Jesus; and of him it was said: "The people believed that John was a prophet."

The Christians also revered him because he was the forerunner of the Lord and was commended by him. So his popularity was then great, and has continued so until this day, although among the priests whose authority he rejected and who were jealous of his popularity it was said: "He hath a devil."

From an early day, he was considered in England the model Saint, and great

festivals were held on St. John's day (June 24th), which was dedicated to him.

Hebron, the place of his birth, is twenty-one miles south-west of Jerusalem, situated in the narrow valley of Eschol, famous for the large clusters of superior grapes of the same name, as well as for olives and other fruits. Around this historic city are broken hills, divided by rich fertile valleys, rising sometimes to the altitude of three thousand feet above the Mediterranean sea. This is, doubtless, the "hill country," where Mary visited Elizabeth.

East and south of Hebron lies the great "Wilderness of Judea," which is a barren uninviting country known in Bible times as "Negel, or South country." From Hebron northward and westward it is but little better during the rainless season; but, in the spring, the bald, grey rocks which have so long been a monotonous sight are covered with green verdure and beautiful flowers; while down the ravines, until now so dry, rush torrents of sparkling water, all of which disappear at the approach of the heated season. The soil on these hillsides is universally thin and scanty, producing verdure in abundance while wet with the rains of spring, but quickly drying when the scorching rays of the sun penetrate the shallow soil, impressing one with the aptness of the expression, "The grass which *to-day is*, and *to-morrow is* cast into the oven."

In this sometimes romantic and sometimes monotonous place, was spent the childhood of John. No doubt he often wandered over these hills in company with his childish companions, now gathering the sweet cyclamen, peeping from the roots of trees or from the hillside rocks, now pausing to admire the great clusters of "white briar roses," which everywhere abound; or, looking towards

Jerusalem, the spot towards which the eye of every Jew lovingly and with reverence turns, he saw the gold-bedecked pinnacles of the majestic temple, reflecting the rays of the morning sun.

While a feeling of awe stole over him at the sight of this sacred structure, he probably received from the Holy Spirit, which was to fill him from the hour of his birth, the first impressions which finally weaned him from the ritual of temple-service and enabled him to see the utter emptiness of the formal rites by which the priests and Levites thought to find favor with God. We think this is no overdrawn conclusion, for we are assured that he was ordained by an angel when but eight days old. If so, he was doubtless attended by angels afterward, for surely he needed, in view of his future great work, other instruction than he would get from his parents.

Though they were righteous and feared God, they were living in an age when (in consequence of the condition of the people as described by Christ, "Making the word of God of none effect through your tradition") it could hardly be expected that they would be able to mould the mind of the boy for the important work to which he was appointed; hence the necessity of these divine manifestations.

John, unlike Jesus, was not born of lowly and indigent parentage. He was of one of the first families of Judea. The only son of his parents and the son of their old age, he would naturally be indulged, petted, and his every fancy gratified. It was unnecessary for him to learn any trade or avocation, for he was born a priest, and his business was to minister at the altar. He only must be pure, and to be that he must become so simply by outward acts of purification according to Jewish custom, as dictated by the Rabbis. If he ate with unwashed hands, or returned from the market without washing he was defiled. Should he touch a dish of clay or pottery, the inside and bottom contracted, he was unclean. There were six kinds of water he might use for purification, all differing in degree of virtue. First, the water of a pool, pit, cistern, ditch, or hill water that had ceased to flow; second, water that still flowed; third, collected water, to the amount of forty seahs; fourth, spring water, to which had been added drawn water; fifth, flowing

water which was warm or impregnated with minerals; and sixth, pure spring water.

Hundreds of equal or more absurd things were to be daily observed among the common people, to say nothing of the endless ritual of temple-service with which John, as a prospective priest, was expected to become familiar. His anxious parents, wishing to see him an accepted and honored priest, sought diligently, no doubt, to impress these means of purification upon his growing mind.

Even this, however, was not enough; he was to be no common priest. He was to be called the "prophet of the highest." He was to "be great in the sight of the Lord," so he must have more than a common preparation. His parents must dedicate him as a "Nazarite" for life. "The Nazarite," says Geikie, "was required to abstain altogether from wine and intoxicating drinks, even from vinegar, or any syrup or preparation of the grape, and from grapes themselves and raisins. No razor was to come upon his head; he was to be holy and to let the locks of the hair of his head grow.

To guard against any legal defilement from a corpse, he was to go near no dead body, even if it were that of his father, mother, brother, or sister; because the consecration of God was on his head, and, if by chance, death came where he was, the defilement could only be removed by a seven-days' uncleanness, to be followed by shaving his head and presenting a special "tresspass-offering." "Thus especially 'holy' the life-long Nazarite stood on an equality with a priest, and might enter the inner temple."

As a Nazarite, when he accompanied his parents to the temple he had access to the inner courts, and from the first appearance of light when the watchman upon the walls cried: "Priests, to your ministry; Levites, to your stations; Israelites, take your places;" until the last evening rite was performed, he had opportunity to observe the conduct of those who ministered at the altar as God's high priests. His keen eye must have observed their pride, corruption and insincerity, as well as the hollowness of the ritual service. While he revered the temple of his God, how his righteous soul, stirred by the Holy Spirit, must have revolted at

the corruption there, made as it then was "a den of thieves and robbers."

Returning to his quiet home at Hebron, he would carefully and sorrowfully reflect upon these things, doubtless questioning the necessity of first one rite and then another; until, tired of this daily routine of perplexity and doubt, he resolved to quit his comfortable home, the society of friends, the pleasure of social life and retire to the wild solitude of the desert "to be alone with God."

While coming to this conclusion, what mental struggles he must have passed through, as he saw one by one the sacred things of his fathers sinking into nothingness! For it is well-known by some that, even under the influence of the Holy Spirit's promptings, the traditions of childhood, the teachings of revered parents and honored spiritual leaders, even though manifestly wrong, are not abandoned by the human mind without a struggle that tries men's souls.

With these considerations, we cannot be surprised that some of the forms and ceremonies of the times still clung to John in after life, which Jesus so mildly disapproved in the following language: "No man putteth a piece of new cloth onto an old garment;" and, "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles."

About one mile from Hebron, by the side of a pure well of water, surrounded by vineyards, solitary and alone, stands a giant oak, one of the largest in Pales-

tine. In imagination we see John wending his way thither to rest from the heat of the sun. There, in silent and painful meditation he contemplates the dark and spiritually benighted condition of his people. But, anon, a ray of joyous light shines in his thoughtful countenance as he thinks of the promised Deliver, whose coming he is assured is near. His mother has told him the circumstance of Mary's visit, of the cheering testimony then received, and of the prophecy of the good man upon his own head, "Thou shalt go before the Lord to prepare his ways." He has heard the experience of his father with the angel at the altar, and now as he pours forth his soul in agonizing and anxious prayer, the whisperings of his constant teacher, the Holy Spirit, tells him that he must soon begin his work; but oh, how to accomplish it!

Surrounded as he is, the mental struggle is intense. Can he fill his appointed mission without resigning his place of birthright as a Jewish priest? Or must he declare against the corruption and apostasy of the times, and abandon the religion of his fathers?

Still undecided, doubts and fears causing intense mental anxiety, yet calmed and cheered by the Spirit's presence, he seeks the wilderness solitude where he can learn of God, undisturbed by influences of social and religious life in Hebron and Jerusalem.

To be Continued.

SPIRITUAL REMINISCENCES.—No. 2.

IN THE LIFE OF SISTER ANN DAVIS, OF LYONS, WISCONSIN.

WRITTEN BY F. M. COOPER.

SOME time after the incidents recorded my father made arrangements to move up to Missouri. We were all intending to go with him with the exception of my sister Jane, whose husband was opposed to the work. We all felt very sad over the matter, and frequently held extensive conversations as to what was best to be done under the circumstances. One day sisters Mary and Jane were engaged in conversation with me in my father's house on the subject of our moving to Missouri and leaving Jane behind, when

it was suggested that we would pray over the matter there and then. We all united in prayer before the Lord; the gift of tongues rested upon me and the interpretation was, "Tell Jane to get ready to go up to Missouri, for she will go."

Mary and I rejoiced over the reception of such a glorious message, but Jane seemed to doubt it. She said she could not see how it was possible for her to go, and she could not see any prospect of the way being opened. Mary said she was certain that Jane would go, even if an

angel had to carry her by the hair of the head.

Preparations were moved forward until the arrangements for starting were completed, without the development of any circumstances pointing to the fulfillment of the prophecy relating to Jane's accompanying us to Missouri, and when the morning came for us to start we bade farewell to friends and neighbors, leaving Jane behind with the rest. The first day's travel was marked by no special incidents except that my folks spoke about the prophecy which I had given, declaring it to have been a failure. But mark my glad surprise when, on the second day, a wagon drove up to us, containing my sister, whose husband had consented to her going with us, and had promised to follow her the next autumn. We all rejoiced to have her with us, and were happy in the glorious realization that God is able to fulfill all of his precious promises, though our restricted powers cannot see how it is to be done.

We landed in Far West, Missouri, September 2nd, 1838. Persecution by the mob began that very winter, and they frequently searched my father's house, and were very insulting in their deportment. They also searched other houses of the Saints, including that of President Joseph Smith, who at the time was confined in Liberty Jail. Joseph's confinement in prison, coupled with the ruthless invasions of the mob, caused his scribe, Elder James Mulholland, to seek a place of safety for important church papers in his possession. Among the papers in Mulholland's keeping was the manuscript of the Inspired Translation of the Bible, the revelation on the rebellion, etc., etc. Bro. Mulholland requested me to take charge of these papers, as he thought they would be more secure with me, because I was a woman, and the mob would not be likely to search my person. Immediately on taking possession of the papers, I made two cotton bags of sufficient size to contain them, sewing a band around the top ends of sufficient length to button around my waist; and I carried those papers on my person in the day-time, when the mob was round, and slept with them under my pillow at night. I cannot remember now the exact length of time I had those papers in my possession; but I gave them to sister Emma Smith,

the prophet's wife, on the evening of her departure for Commerce. It seems fitting for me to say, with regard to the revelation given Decéber 27th, 1832, on the late war, beginning with the secession of South Carolina in 1861, that it was in my possession, among the other papers, in the latter part of the year 1839. I had ample opportunity of knowing this fact, as I read the said revelation time after time, and it read then just as it does now, in the published copies now read. While enemies to the latter day work may claim that the revelation concerning the late war, was produced just before or subsequent to the rebellion, I personally know that it existed as far back as 1838, and there can be no grounds to doubt that it was given on the exact date which it now bears.

None but those associated with the church in those early days can realize the persecutions, deprivations and sorrows the Lord's people experienced at the hands of a ruthless mob. The country was filled with lawless men who subjected the Saints, in many instances, to indignities which were not only hard to be borne, but which were a lasting disgrace to a people who professed civilization. Instead of the future presenting us with even a dim hope of deliverance, it seemed prophetic of our extermination, as the conservators of the law were found with mobocrats and murderers. Under these circumstances, I frequently prayed to God that the way might be opened for the escape of his people, as Missouri had risen in arms to either expel or exterminate us. One night, while my mind was greatly exercised over the state of affairs, I engaged in earnest prayer to the Lord, and was soon wrapt in vision. While in that condition I heard the voice of Elder R. B. Thompson proclaiming, "Tell the church at Far West that a standard is set up in Illinois for them to gather to." I also saw in the vision a beautiful pillar, representing the standard of gathering. It was but a few days subsequent to this vision that word was received at Far West from Elder Thompson, informing the Saints that a place of safety and gathering had been provided in Illinois. It was immediately after the incidents before narrated had occurred that Captain Bogart made his celebrated threat that the decree had gone forth from his

mouth and should not return void, that if every Mormon was not out of the county by the fifth of the following April he would drive them out. As the Lord had opened a way of escape to Illinois, I had but little fear of Bogart's threat being executed. Shortly after publishing his boasted threat, he became involved in a political quarrel, on an election day with a man by the name of Beatty, and Bogart drew a pistol and shot Beatty, who soon after died. The murderer made his escape from immediate arrest, but one thousand dollars reward was offered for his apprehension. I do not know what became of Bogart, but I am certain he never again made his advent into that country to disturb the Saints.

We left Far West May 19th, 1840, and located near the Mississippi River, five miles above Nauvoo. It was while living near Nauvoo that I experienced some of the greatest, as well as the saddest changes of my life. My loving mother died Monday, August 9th, 1841; my brother, Jacob Scott, died August 1st, 1842; my father, who had been the strong support of my life, was removed by death on the second day of January, 1845, in the sixty-third year of his age.

The following October I married Mr. Charles Davis, a resident of Nauvoo, who was also a member of the church. We left Nauvoo May 28th, 1846, and came to Voree, Wisconsin, where J. J. Strang was located. We soon became disgusted with Strang's teachings and actions, and refused to have anything to do with his church organization. Those days were dark and cloudy to us, and we could not see any light in any of the so-called organizations which bore the name of Latter Day Saint; but we felt that God, in some way, would preserve his truth on earth, and bring forth his work again in his own good time.

It was during this time of my isolation from the then existing organizations that the Lord showed me, in a beautiful vision, the coming forth of the church again, with the present Joseph Smith as the prophet-head. Troubled as I was over the breaking up of the old organization and the subsequent darkness which settled down upon the church like a pall, I felt that God only could comfort me and give me light under the distressing circumstances.

In answer to earnest supplication the Lord gave me the following vision: I saw a beautiful highway, extending eastward and westward, as far as the eye could see. It was elevated several feet above the surrounding country. The surface of the road was very smooth and hard, while the sides were covered with beautiful grass. The road was very attractive to the eye and constituted a desirable way on which to walk. As I stood, looking with admiration upon this beautiful highway, I saw a man ascending to the top, holding something in his hand like a rod. As he turned towards me, I recognized him as Joseph Smith, the son of the Prophet.

I also discovered that the rod he held in his hand was a prophet's wand, which he used in beckoning to a crowd of people who stood upon this beautiful road some distance off from where Joseph stood. On the small end of the rod was a beautiful, white pendant. This pendant was attached to a white silk cord, about half the length of the rod. The wand was very white and clean. Joseph seemed happy as he held the wand in his hand and inspected it. He would wind the silk cord around his body and then beckon with the wand to those in the distance to quicken their pace and hasten on their way.

They soon came up to where Joseph stood, and then all started westward with the Prophet at the head. The people looked happy and peaceful. Many of them were very large, and were clothed as if to resist inclement weather. The step of the moving mass was not rapid, but the steady, heavy, tramp, tramp, tramp, indicated both endurance and determination.

The foregoing vision was given me in 1847—thirteen years before Joseph took his place at the head of the church. Just before the reorganization was effected, I dreamed that if three of the brethren—Jason W. Briggs, Zenas H. Gurley and Reuben Newkirk—would unite before the Lord in faith, he would tell them what to do to bring forth his work again. Those brethren subsequently discarded all the claims of professed church leaders, and made a solemn covenant with each other before the Lord, that they would follow the written word in connection with the Holy Spirit. From this

small beginning arose the Reorganization.

An incident occurred in my family history, while living near Nauvoo, which shows the Lord's faithfulness in fulfilling his promises, though years may be necessary for their accomplishment. After the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri my sister Mary Warnock went back to Canada. We all felt very sad about her leaving us and the church at Nauvoo, as we desired her to remain with the church. Some time after her return to Canada, while I was praying in her behalf, the Lord conferred upon me the gift of tongues, the interpretation of which was that my sister Mary would return from Canada, come back to the church, and that I should see her with part of her family drive into my own door-yard. This knowledge was revealed to me while my father was yet alive, and when I told him what I had received he wrote it immediately to my sister, who had our father's letter with her when the promise of the Lord was fulfilled here at Lyons, a number of years ago.

At the time I received the communication I was unmarried and had no home of my own. My father died, the church broke up at Nauvoo, and I married and moved to Wisconsin. The Reorganization was a success, and my dear sister with part of her family drove into my dooryard here at Lyons, Wisconsin. She had returned to spend her last days with the church of God. Thus I lived to see the fulfillment, in detail, of the prom-

ise the Lord had made me thirty years before.

I united with the Burlington, Wisconsin, branch of the Reorganized Church, September 3rd, 1871, though I had been in sympathy with the movement from the first. I have ever rejoiced in the work of the Lord, and I feel truly glad that I have lived to see the promises, made to me, fulfilled, in Joseph standing at the head of the work of God on earth, and the prosperity which is crowning the efforts of the Reorganization.

I have received many evidences of a divine character that the church as it is, is the church of the living God, and that it is moving on according to the Lord's will.

I am now in the eighty-sixth year of my age, and, no doubt, this will be the last public testimony I shall ever give. It is therefore with pleasure that I bear my testimony to the work of the Lord; and I feel thankful, while standing in the shadow of another world, that I enjoy above all things else the consolations of the gospel of Christ. I rejoice to see and hear of the Lord's servants working so faithfully in his vineyard, endeavoring to accomplish his work, and I hope they will succeed.

I hope the people of the Lord will be faithful in accomplishing the work committed to their trust, and, at last, that we all may meet in the eternal kingdom of God, and reign with Christ our Lord forever upon the earth. Amen.

WHICH OF THE TWO.

I saw a woman beg in the street
On Christmas Day for bread to eat;
The city's chimes were ringing then
Peace on earth, good will to men.

I saw a churchman, sleek, well fed,
Pass by the woman, and he turned his head;
The crumbs that fell from his table that day
Would have feasted the beggar he turned
away.

Following the churchman came
A woman whose brow was stamped with shame;
From out of her purse a coin she cast,
And the beggar blessed her as she passed.

To the church the sleek man went his way:
The woman of shame would have blushed to
pray:
Yet which of the two the more blessed will be:
Magdalen, scorned, or the proud Pharisee?

—Chicago Tribune.

ELDER JOHN BRUSH.—No. I.

BY TWO FRIENDS.

(See Frontispiece.)

WITH this issue we are pleased to be able to begin the presentation of a few incidents in the life of an aged friend and counselor, Elder John Brush. Having passed through hardships such as the hardest among us would shrink from to-day, he is yet almost erect in carriage, enjoys a fair degree of health, and retains his powers of mind to a wonderful degree.

The following incidents, with the exception of the closing testimonials which children and friends have desired us to add for the sake of the young, were recently narrated by himself to the writers; and while we know that we cannot do justice to the scenes portrayed, not having been present, we yet feel that their narration even in this manner, may prove of interest and benefit to many.

Elder Brush's father, Nehemiah Brush, was of Scotch and English descent, and possessed a strong physique, indomitable courage and a strict moral character. He served for nine years under "Mad" Anthony Wayne in his struggle to subdue the Indians in Ohio, and afterwards in the war with Algeria, was a prisoner of war for over a year among the Turks, being released by Decatur in 1803.

His wife, Martha Maxfield, was of Hollandish descent, and was raised on the Mohawk among the Dutch in New York. As was the case with quite a number at that time, she was a visionary woman, relying much on her dreams and visions for instruction and guidance. In this manner she was often warned of sickness or trouble among absent relatives, and guided in her plans and labors for the future. Both the father and mother were faithful members of the Methodist church, at that time the strictest and most spiritual of all the churches, and in this faith were their children taught.

Elder John Brush was born in Conneaut township, Erie county, Pennsylvania, May 22nd, 1815; at a time when that country was overrun with bears and wolves. Born thus on the frontier, his path has ever been traced among those laying the foundation of civilization, and in his character we find all the elements

necessary to the successful accomplishment of such labors, yet tempered withal by a tenderness and consideration for the weak and the young that is rarely found in men of even the most delicate rearing.

When about ten years old his father, moved by the desire to go still further west, emigrated to the far away wilderness of Illinois, settling in what is now Fulton county a few miles from the Illinois river. To show the sparsity of settlers there at that time, Bro. Brush states that there were but thirty men living within a compass of eighty miles square. But settlers gradually began to come in, however, and about six years later, in 1831, Elders Levi Hancock and Zebedee Coltrin, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints stopped a few weeks in the neighborhood, on their way to Missouri, and preached the true gospel of Christ. This was readily accepted by Bro. Brush's father and mother with about twenty others, and from that time on the history of the family lies mainly with the Saints.

In May, 1832, Bro. Brush, then a boy of seventeen, enlisted under Major Stillman and served through what is known as the Black-Hawk war; but in the fall of the same year, as the Saints were beginning to collect in Jackson, county, Missouri, the family thought it best to follow them, and in October they arrived at Independence and camped the first night on the temple lot.

Independence then contained about twenty families of Saints, though several settlements were being formed outside of Independence from five to ten miles away. The family of which we are writing joined those located about six miles west of Independence on the Big Blue river, where there was plenty of timber to make their houses and fence their farms. But while the timber was all needful for these purposes, it put the settlers to the necessity of clearing their land before crops could be raised, and shortly after arriving Bro. John tried to add to the supplies of the family by hauling corn from Jackson county to the Shoshone Indian Nation, about twenty-five miles away.

As yet he had not obeyed the gospel, but for some time he had been studying over the problem as to whether or not the Saints had the truth. One night, therefore, when hauling corn as above mentioned, he turned out his cattle as usual to feed, ate supper, made his bed under the body of the wagon, and lay down to think the subject over. At last he concluded that if they had the truth he wanted to share in their joys and labors; and he then earnestly prayed the Lord to manifest unto him whether they were right.

Almost immediately he fell asleep and dreamed the following dream:

"I thought I was among a great collection of Indians and began preaching to them in their own language, first talking to their head men and then to the tribe. They believed my teachings, and I then saw near by, under a bank, a beautiful pool of clearest water. I went down to the water and the Indians followed, when I took one in and baptized him in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. As I finished, a strong light shone upon me, and looking up I saw a shining angel on the bank who said: 'Thus will I be a witness to you in all your administrations.' In this way I baptized about four hundred persons, the light from the angel being so strong upon the water as to make it almost impossible to see each person as he or she went under. When I awoke, to my great astonishment I was still speaking in the Indian tongue, and I continued so speaking until I was fearful I had lost my natural language."

This phenomenon of speaking in another language returned several times during the trip, and Bro. Brush could no longer doubt that the Saints possessed the truth and the powers of the gospel of Christ.

On returning home, at the earliest convenience he was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, Solomon Hancock officiating in both ordinances. By the manifestations he had received he knew that upon him had been conferred the gift of tongues; but at the testimony meeting at the time of his confirmation, Satan tempted him to doubt this knowledge. In a short time, however, he felt so filled with the Spirit that to rise and talk seemed the only relief, and he did so, speaking in tongues for a

considerable time, not realizing where he was or to whom he was speaking. But when done a realization of his position came upon him and he dropped into his seat, covered with confusion because of his bashfulness.

From this time on the gift continued with him, and was often manifested to his own comfort and the upbuilding of the Saints. In this manner the blessings of God seemed to be poured out almost universally among the Saints during that winter and spring, little children as well as the middle-aged and old speaking and prophesying by the power of God. To this period Bro. Brush looks back with the deepest pleasure; for although the Saints were poor, being new settlers and so far away from mills and manufactories, they were yet happy; and there were no quarrelings or dissensions among the masses that he knew of.

The officers of the branch at his settlement visited the Saints regularly every two or three weeks; the priest enlightening and counseling the families; the teacher rooting out, smoothing away, and helping to settle the very beginnings of difficulties between members; the deacon attending to the wants of the needy, assisting them to obtain that wherein they lacked. It is his testimony also that the Saints were discreet in their intercourse with non-believers, and that they did not disobey the laws of the land. That they did not obey perfectly *all* the commandments of *God* is probable; but the character of their social and religious relations when thus in their gathered condition was so far above anything he has before or since seen, that he can but look back to those times with the tenderest emotions.

But this unity of faith and works was distasteful to their non-believing neighbors, because the original settlers of Missouri were slothful, and they could not tolerate the push and energy of the Saints. Their applications of machinery and other inventions for facilitating labor were looked upon with disfavor, and because of the unity of their belief it was feared that they would gain political control of the country. In all of this opposition the people were continually being stirred up by their spiritual leaders, who did not like the non-salary teachings of the Saints. They began their persecutions first by prohibiting them from voting, and then

by trying to expel them from the country.

Finally, in the fall of 1833, a delegation of these non-believers came to the Saints on the Big Blue, as well as to the other settlements, and told them if they would go up to Independence on the following day and deliver up their arms they might remain unmolested where they were. This the Saints complied with in good faith; but the very next day after they had so done about seventy-five or one hundred armed men rode into the Big Blue settlement, ordering every Saint to leave within two hours or he would be killed.

Imagine the conditions of the order! *Two hours* in which to make every arrangement to leave their homes forever!

Among Bro. Brush's neighbors there were but four wagons to carry all the necessities for one hundred and thirty persons. It was November, and very few of the children had shoes to their feet. The four wagons would carry scarcely anything more than the blankets they needed, and leaving all that they had of furniture, cooking utensils and clothing in their houses, with a few provisions and what bedding they could carry, they took up their journey sorrowing.

Taking up a southerly direction, they traveled about six miles, when night overtook them. After pitching their camp as best they could and eating a bit of supper, they were called together as one family by Solomon Hancock for prayer to the Lord; and they asked, if it was His will that this trial should come upon them, that they might have strength to bear it without complaint.

The next day, still going south, they traveled about fifteen miles over a burned prairie. The bunch grass on being burned off leaves very hard, sharp stubs above the surface, and not a child's foot was there at night but was torn and bleeding; yet not a complaint was uttered. Morning and evening they continued to call upon the Lord in prayer, and the next day they traveled about fifteen miles further, still without meeting a person they could call their friend, or knowing what the end of the matter would be.

On the third night of their journey they stopped near a small house owned by a man without family, and after a short time it began raining very hard. The women and children huddled into the one

room of the house, sitting on each other's laps in order to find room, while the larger boys and men leaned up against the house and wagons outside, with the rain streaming down their backs until morning.

After breakfast they again took up their journey, but the whole land seemed flooded with water. Coming to a sag, or slough, they found the water from ankle to waist deep for a distance of a mile and a half, and this all of them were compelled to wade through. Nearly every person carried a child, and some women carried two children the whole mile and a half without being able to put them down and rest. When we repeat that the time was November, and that upon the following night it snowed two inches, it will be realized how cold the water was, and what a trial it must have been, especially to those who were delicate in health.

The camp was made that night at a point of rocks under a bluff, and for breakfast was eaten the very last morsel of provisions to be found among them. When this was finished, Solomon Hancock called the Saints together and solemnly said: "Brethren, the time has now come when we must ask God for our daily bread; for except he provides, our bones must be left here to bleach on these rocks." "Amen," said many, "unless the Lord provides, so be it."

They then knelt in prayer, nearly all the grown people taking part. About an hour afterwards they spied coming towards them a man on horseback, crossing the prairie from the west. On nearing them he saluted them and spoke thus: "Friends, I have heard of your sufferings and have come to assist you. If you can get over to my place, which is five miles to the west, I think you will be able to obtain needful food. I have some potatoes that need to be dug, and if you will give me one-half, the rest shall be yours for the digging. I also have a large stall-fed ox which may be yours if you will split me some fence rails; and if you have any money I will see that you get some corn meal at a mill not far distant from me."

O, our Father! was there a Saint there in all that band that then could say thou art not a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God? Not one! All felt that

the man was sent to them in answer to prayer, and all were rejoiced that they had come in remembrance before their God.

Immediately a collection was taken up in order to send for the meal, and though every penny the Saints possessed was brought forth, including keepsakes, but a little over five dollars was raised. One wagon was then sent to the mill and the rest of the Saints immediately began to take up their journey.

"But how did the little barefooted children accomplish the task of crossing the snow?" you ask. The answer is, by aid of the bunch grass. Running on for a time as long as they could stand it, they would step on a bunch of the tall grass, bending it to the north, and stand there in the sun until they felt the blood course through their feet again. Then they would take another run, and repeat the process as before.

At last the distance was covered, and

immediately all set to work. The young men dug the potatoes, the old men dressed the beef, and the women prepared the camp as best they could. But it was eight o'clock that night before any one got a bite to eat, and by that time all appreciated it to the full. It is Bro. Brush's firm conviction that no supper ever tasted better, for it was seasoned with the best of sauce—hunger.

Several of the good man's neighbors dropped in during the course of the evening to look at the "Mormons" for themselves; and on finding how destitute they really were their hearts seemed turned towards them. Immediately they would go home again, and both men and women returned bringing cooking utensils, clothing and provisions, so that within twelve hours after almost utter destitution, all the Saints were made comfortable and were exceedingly thankful to their heavenly Father for his tender mercies.

To be Continued.

BORN, CRUCIFIED, RISEN.

The shadows of evening were silently creeping
Through Bethlehem's streets, as there stopped
at the door,
Of its hostel two travelers, anxiously seeking
For shelter and food till the long night be
o'er.

But the gate-keeper answered, "The house is
o'er flowing;
The chambers, the court-yard, and even the
roof;
Not an inch of the place can we spare for you,
Joseph;
Just glance at the people who wait here, for
proof."

"But I and my wife have been riding since day-
break,
And Mary with weariness now is o'ercome;
If no shelter to-night I can find for my dear
one,
To-morrow may find her in death cold and
dumb."

The gate-keeper pondered; and slowly he an-
swered,
"Tis cruel to leave her to die of the cold;
But we've never a nook nor a corner to give
you;
But wait! in the barn you may sleep with
the fold."

So there on the straw with the kine sleeping
round them,
Adown on the floor lay the travelers worn;
And there, just as midnight was throned in the
heavens,
To Joseph and Mary an infant was born.

And, lo! in the heavens a wonderful glory,
Whose lightness exceeded the sun's brightest
rays!
The mountains, the valleys, the hilltops were
flooded;
And list! what a chorus of jubilant praise!

From the ground where they lay, o'er their
flocks vigil keeping,
The shepherds, affrighted, the splendor be-
hold;
The portals of heaven are suddenly opened,
And forth come the angels with harps of
pure gold.

Adown on their knees fall the shepherds in
terror;
But sweet from the midst of the throng
comes a voice:—
"Fear not; for glad tidings we bring to all
nations,
The Christ-king is born! Fear ye not, but
rejoice!

By this ye shall know him; in swaddling
clothes lying,
He sleeps in a manger, the place of his birth;
From sinning and death he for aye shall re-
deem you,—
His kingdom shall reach to the ends of the
earth."

Then thousands of seraphs caught up the glad
anthem,
"On earth peace forever and good-will to
men!"

Loud swells the glad chorus; then suddenly
ceases;

The heavens are silent and dark once again.

Now hundreds of mystified people are throng-
ing

To gaze on the Christ Child, from near and
from far;

The shepherds adore him; and here are the
Wise Men,

Directed and guided by Bethlehem's star.

The sweet Mary-mother in wonder beholdeth

The throng that fall down to the Babe on her
knee;

The men of the East at his feet lay their treas-
ures,—

The promised Messiah, the king yet to be!

Years pass. Through the streets of Jerusalem
toiling,

Urged on by the soldiers with weapon and
jeer,

Spit upon, bruised and bleeding and stripped
of his garment,

Comes Bethlehem's king, at the point of the
spear.

He comes to be crucified. He and two others,
Himself in the midst as the worst of the
three;

Through his feet and his hands are the cruel
nails driven;

Thorn crowned; pierced with spears; King
of Heaven is he!

Ah, Mary! thy piteous heart is near breaking
As thou seest on the cross the dear son that
thou bore;

But his shame and his tortures will soon all be
ended;

He speaks—"It is finished!" The agony's
o'er.

The heavens grow black with a terrible dark-
ness;

The veil of the temple is rended in twain;

The thunder bolt falls; fierce the wild light-
ning flashes,

And shuddering nature seems groaning in
pain.

Christ is dead; and his toiling and suffering
over;

His body is tenderly laid in the tomb;

The few who are faithful are left without guid-
ance,

Their hearts filled with sadness and covered
with gloom.

But he said, "Though I go, I will come again to
you;

In God ye believe; believe also in me,

I go that for you I a place may make ready—

That where I am dwelling, you also may
be."

"Christ is risen!" their doubt and their sorrow
have vanished;

They have seen in his fingers the print of the
nail;

They have looked at the wound in his side; he
has told them

His blood over sin and the grave shall avail.

Years after, once more heaven's portals are
opened

And one of his faithful is taken above
To see on the throne of the Father in glory

The Lord of his life, and the Christ of his
love.

Ten thousands and millions of angels adore
him,

Unceasingly singing the praise of his name;
"Salvation and honor and glory and wisdom

And riches and power to the Lamb," they
proclaim.

And John, as he looks on their robes white and
shining,

The harps of pure gold, and the palms in their
hands,

And the star-gleaming crowns, is with awe
filled and wonder,

For countless they are as "the numberless
sands."

"These are they that have come up through
great tribulation,

Whose robes in the blood of the Lamb are
washed white;

Here are tears never more; never sorrow nor
sighing;

With Jesus the Christ all is glory and light."

O sometime, my friends, and it may be to-mor-
row,

The gateways of heaven will open for you;
You shall stand at the throne of your mighty

Creator.

And for every act give account just and true.

It may be this evening Christ Jesus stands
waiting,

And patiently knocks at the door of your
heart.

O, open and give to him welcome and shelter,
Beware how thou biddest thy Lord to depart!

Do not crucify Christ; Can you feel on this
Christmas

The blessed Redeemer is born in your soul?
Then safe may you rest though the heavens be

rended,

And over your life should eternity roll.

"Behold, I come quickly; and he that is right-
eous

Before me shall stand and be more righteous
still;

And he that is filthy shall be yet more filthy."
To-night thou may'st choose which thy re-
cord shall fill.

And all those who dwell in the heavenly city
Must enter with robes pure and white as the

snow;

Without it are liars and all who do evil;
Within, life and glory; without, death and

woe.

Are you ready to sing with the host of redeem-
ed ones?

To trust in his promise, and happiness find?
To-night you may join in the glad Christian an-
them

For Christ the Redeemed is born to mankind!

—Selected.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY AUNT EMMA.

SOME would have thought it a very poor Christmas indeed that was had at the Leland's, but they thought it very nice and were really happier in the enjoyment of their simple gifts obtained by loving fore-thought and sacrifice, than the "favorites of wealth" with their costly gems; for these had only to put their hands in their pockets and produce the money to purchase whatever their fancy suggested, without knowing the sweetness of genuine giving, which calls for self-denial.

The summer months had scarcely passed when Mrs. Leland began to plan for a pleasant surprise for each member of the family—Papa, Fred, Mira and May—at the coming Christmas.

Gold collar buttons had just made their appearance in the showcases at the jewelers' shops. "How neat and pretty they are," thought Mrs. Leland when she saw them while paying one of her rare visits to town; and from that time she set her heart on getting one for her husband's Christmas present.

There were various styles and qualities. She looked them carefully over and decided on just the one she would like to get, the plain pure gold. There were many just alike on the same card. She priced them and was a little surprised to learn that they were three dollars and seventy-five cent.

"Will you take one?" asked the clerk.

"Not now," she replied; "but I think I shall sometime between now and Christmas."

At the same time she wondered if their limited means would permit such a luxury. "I shall try very hard," she said to herself, "and save every cent I can"—she was going to say, "cut down household expenses," but smiled at the thought; for how, indeed, could she make them any less.

They had seen better days when Mr. Leland was in a prosperous business, but that business took him from home almost constantly, and for the sake of more of each other's society they had voluntarily relinquished their social position, their cozy little home, their friends and relatives, gone to the far west and made a

home among strangers, to start in life again; feeling that it would be far easier to do so in a new country apart from their former associates, and where all would be on the same footing, and where they could grow with the country.

For a time Mr. Leland's soft, white hands contrasted strangely with the wild surroundings of their new home, and plainly indicated that they had never known manual labor. Mrs. Leland had been raised in a country village, and had been taught in the various branches of domestic economy. At an early age she was pronounced a "good cook"—yes, a very early age indeed; for she was only two-thirds through her "teens" when young Harold Leland came into the neighborhood, and, ere another year had fled took her away as his bride.

During the succeeding years they had been in easy circumstances, and she could afford to hire her work done and give her own time to the care of the little ones who had been given them. So until they came to make their home in the western wilds she had known nothing about hard work. But since their coming, both had worked hard. Mrs. Leland realized the value of her early training; still she found herself a novice in many things she was now called upon to do. All manual labor was alike new to her husband.

Fortune did not readily smile upon them, and many times they would have felt almost discouraged but for the sweet solace they found in each other's society, which more than compensated for the loss of other comforts. So they struggled bravely on, cheering and comforting one another in their new trials. But the darkest days were now past, and though Mrs. Leland still found it necessary to deprive her family of every luxury and use with economy the very necessaries of life, she rejoiced that she had a little more to make merry with this Christmas-tide than the last, and that she would be able to give a pleasant surprise to each one of her family.

As for herself, she did not expect anything. The children were too young to think of getting presents for their parents; besides, poor dears, they had nothing to get with. And her husband was

not taking the compensation for his work in money; so he would not have money to buy any presents. These were her thoughts on the subject, and I fear she felt something akin to a selfish triumph in the conclusion that while they would rejoice in the gifts, her joy would be far greater in the pleasure of giving, and that, too, without taking from her husband's hard-earned money; but what she had obtained by her own ingenious planning.

When she had set her heart on getting the collar-button, she set her brain at work also to devise means of obtaining the money to pay for it. She knew of two gentlemanly bachelors who lived quite near who hired their washing done, and were not always pleased with the condition of their white shirts. Mrs. Leland felt no doubt in regard to her ability in that line, even for the most fastidious; for her husband had never worn a coarse or colored shirt since she had known him, until the past year or two; and though in times past she had never been her own maid-of-all-work, she preferred to do her husband's shirts herself, that being her forte, and thereby rendered herself quite proficient.

She smiled as she fancied what her old associates would say if they knew she had to take in washing; but that mattered little to her at present. So when opportunity offered she made known to them that she would undertake to do their white shirts for them if they chose to send them to her, and in that way she gathered up the money.

When she went to make her purchases she was happily surprised in only having to pay three dollars, which left seventy-five cents extra to spend for the children. When all were made she came home feeling very happy.

While Mrs. Leland was thus planning and working for the pleasure of her loved ones, Mr. Leland had not forgotten that Christmas was approaching, and resolved to give his wife a surprise. "It has been so long," he said, "since I bought her a dress; I must get her one for a Christmas present; her old one has been made to do service quite long enough;" and his mind ran back to the time when he had bought her a beautiful, blue silk and smuggled it into the house and locked it in his own bureau drawer till her birthday.

"But," thought he, "how shall I manage

to keep one out of her sight till Christmas day? I shall have to get it when I have an opportunity of going to town, which may be weeks before the holidays."

The house was so small that he knew his wife would necessarily have to resort to every nook and corner many times in a week, and it would be quite impossible to conceal so large a parcel.

But he found a better way was provided when the time came. He chanced to see his sister in town when he went to make his purchase, and took her into the conspiracy. She went with him to select the dress. It was not a blue silk this time, but a plum colored alpaca; still it was pretty, and as nice as their circumstances and surroundings called for.

"Now Harold," said she, "let me take this home with me. I have a pattern that just fits Millie. I will have it made and send it up by mail just before Christmas." So Mr. Leland thanked his sister and left the parcel with her.

When he spoke of getting something for the children, she said, "Never mind Harold, I have a nice present for each of them, and will send them all together."

"Very well," said he; "I will get some fancy candies and nuts to fill their stockings with;" and at the same time he made a few extra purchases that they might have a Christmas pudding and a few other luxuries on that festal day. These Mrs. Leland carefully laid away without exciting the children's suspicions.

The day before Christmas the children were all excitement, watching their mother as she made and fried the doughnuts;—and such bursts of exclamation when she brought out the raisins to pick over for the pudding on the morrow! How they chatted together, plied their mamma with questions and hugged each other and laughed in their gleeful anticipations of the feast they would have on Christmas, and wondered if Santa Claus *ever* came away up where they lived. Mrs. Leland told them that she had no doubt he would go wherever there were little children who looked for him and loved to talk about him. She, too, entered into the full enjoyment of the day of preparation and anticipation, for there was little indeed to break the monotony of their lives.

It was getting late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Leland had gotten about through

with her day's work, except a few extra touches here and there to make the scantily furnished house look as nice as possible, that all might enjoy the Christmas eve, when the mail carrier, who came that way only once in a week, left a very bulky parcel addressed to Mrs. Harold Leland. Across the corner of the parcel was written in bold characters, "Not to be opened 'till Christmas morning."

It was hard to tell who was most surprised and delighted, Mrs. Leland or the children who danced about her in gleeful delight. It was something so rare to them in that new country; Mrs. Leland herself could scarcely remember when one had come before.

"Why don't 'oo open it, Mamma?" asked little May.

"It can't be opened till Christmas morning" said Fred, who was eight years her senior, and whose honest heart never suggested the thought of doing other than according to instructions.

"Why?" asked little May.

"Because," said Mamma, "dō you not see these big letters saying, 'not to be opened till Christmas morning'? If Santa Claus sent it, he would be greatly displeased if we did not do as he said."

"Oh," said Fred, "I hope I will be awake when it is opened."

"So do I," said Mira.

Mrs. Leland told them she would not open it till all were present to see its contents. Then Fred proposed that whoever awakened first in the morning should awake the rest, which was agreed to by all; and the parcel was placed on a chair near Mamma's bed.

When Mrs. Leland took the parcel from the mail carrier and brought it into the house he joined in exclamations of surprise and wonder as to its contents; but saying he was in a hurry to get his work done, soon made his escape, lest his wife should discern that he was not so much surprised as the rest.

At the evening meal, the table was graced with some of the good things prepared for the occasion which was enjoyed by all, and at an early hour the children hung up their stockings and went to bed.

It is really too bad that little children have to go to bed so early on Christmas eve, the very time when everybody's heads and hearts are so full of pleasant

anticipations, that there is no room for sleepiness. Little Mira said that if they could only get to sleep it would be a good deal better, for then they would not know that they were waiting for morning to come.

Sleep came at length to the happy household, however, and parents and children were alike oblivious to both joy and sorrow till the morning dawn shed its light over the earth. Just enough had crept into the house to make every object in the room clearly discernible, when Mrs. Leland was awakened by a warm kiss pressed on her cheek and, "A Merry Christmas, darling!" whispered in her ear. The greeting was returned, and as they were considering whether to call the little ones so early, they heard a murmur of voices in the small bed across the room. Two little heads with tumbled flaxen hair, and half-closed eyes, popped suddenly up from the pillows, and as they sat up in their bed rubbing their eyes to get them fairly opened, Mrs. Leland called out, "Merry Christmas, children!" Just then Fred shouted the same from the adjoining room, while he was making all haste to get into his clothes.

The little girls had quite forgotten about their stockings, for the first sight which greeted their opening eyes was the large, paper parcel still resting on the chair. They ran across the room and crept into Mamma's bed, to keep their feet warm, they said, while they were looking at what was in the "big bundle; for we cannot wait till the fire is made—it is Christmas morning now!"

Fred's exclamation of "Oh girls, just come and look at your stockings!" soon took them out again; but in less than two minutes they were back, with faces all aglow, holding up their stiff knobby-looking stockings. Out of the top of Mira's peeped a grey-striped pussy that was not at all alarmed at the sight of the green dog with a red tongue hanging out of his mouth, as if panting from the exertion of trying to get out of the top of May's stocking; and Fred's bounding ball came rolling in close at their heels.

"Oh, don't get up Mamma," said Mira, "till we see all that is in our stockings!"

"But we want to get this parcel opened," said Mrs. Leland.

"Let's open it right here," persisted Mira.

"It's Christmas morning, Millie," said Mr. Leland; "let the little ones have their way."

So Mrs. Leland yielded to their request, and entered with them into all the enjoyment of childish eagerness to learn the contents of the sundry little parcels that were crowded in the stockings. Some were rolled up in so many papers that little May said she guessed Santa Claus had more paper than candy. But it was great fun getting them all unrolled, each one comparing his with that of the other to see if they were just alike.

Mrs. Leland, while sitting up in bed, commenced to undo the big parcel. The first article was a plain, neatly made wrapper "From Aunt Meg." "Oh, how nice to have a new wrapper for Christmas morning!" said Mrs. Leland; "just what I wanted." Then came two pretty little pressed flannel sacques for the girls—Mira's was blue and May's was red—made to hang loose, and all scalloped and pinked and braided elaborately with white silk braid. "Oh!" "Oh!" was all they could say when they saw those beautiful little garments, and they fairly hugged them in their delight,

Then there was an envelope, containing a brief letter from "Aunt Meg," telling who each present was for and sending love and Christmas greetings; also a very tiny little parcel for Fred. She had intended it for her brother, but when Mrs. Leland took her into confidence, while paying them a visit a few months before, about what she intended to get for her husband, she resolved to give it to Fred. True, he was rather young for such a present to be useful but it would keep.

"Oh, just look!" said Fred; "a gold collar button!"

But Mrs. Leland was busy just then looking at the new dress which she held up to her admiring gaze.

SAN BENITO, Cal., Nov. 22d, 1890.

As she glanced from the dress to her husband (who had made a warm fire and was by the bed) she saw by the twinkle of his eye that he had made its acquaintance before.

"Oh, you rogue!" she playfully exclaimed, to keep a secret from me, your lawful, wedded wife! Never mind, I will be even with you yet!"

She could keep her secret no longer, and feeling much like a happy child herself, she skipped out of bed and in long gown and bare feet, ran across the room and drew from her trunk the hidden treasure, the hard earned collar button, and brought it to her husband.

Now it was his turn to be surprised, and pleased too. "How in the world did you get it?" he asked.

"Where there is a will there is a way," she answered.

"Oh, what a merry Christmas this is!" cried the children. "I wonder if anybody is as happy as we are!"

"I am glad," said Fred, "that Pa's collar-button is lots nicer than mine; for he ought to have a nice present."

And Mr. Leland was quite as well pleased with his present as either of the children.

It truly was a very happy little family that gathered around the breakfast table that morning. Though the meal was not sumptuous, Mrs. Leland always managed to have some little treat for Christmas breakfast. The house, though small and almost rude in its construction, was clean and orderly; all work having been done up the day before and everything prepared as for Sunday; nor did they forget to render fervent thanks at the family altar, to the Giver of all good gifts for the portion they had received, and especially for the gift of his dear Son; whose coming into the world was the herald of "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

GOLD LOCKS' SEASON.

"It is winter on grandpa's head,"

The little girl, Gold Locks, said,
As, perched like a bird on the round of his chair,
She brushed and patted his soft white hair.

Then, tired at last, she crept

Into his arms and slept;
And her cheeks grew red as a rose, so warm
Was the nest of his close enfolding arm.

Before she scarcely woke,

Or opened her eyes, she spoke:

"I feel your heart beat, grandpa, dear,
And it's just as hot as summer here."

Ah, loving thought! We smiled;

At the wisdom of the child,
For though snows do lie on his dear hair,
His heart has only summer there.—*Sel.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER R. C. EVANS.

(Written expressly for Autumn Leaves by request of the Editor.)

WHILE visiting the Niagara Falls in August with Bro. R. Longhurst a doctor called on me to deliver a speech before a party of visitors. We were in the public park near the falls. The question was asked, "Is there a God?"

I took for my text the flowers at my feet, the trees at my side and the Niagara Falls before me, and felt that nature brought us up to nature's God and gave to dark infidelity the lie. All felt well, and some who were present, I am informed, are anxious to have me go and preach where they live. Let us pray that the few words spoken there may, like the little Hebrew maid's, find a lodgment in some noble heart, as hers did in the heart of the captain of the Syrian army.

In September my little boy, six years old, was playing around a horse when he was kicked in the face, turning him completely over. He was thrown some feet and alighted on his forehead, the gravel taking the skin off his forehead and nose to the bone. They picked him up and carried him home. When he reached the yard gate he said, "Please sir, let me down. I'll walk, 'cause if my mamma sees you carrying me, all over blood, she will think I am killed."

They helped him in. I happened to be at home and met them at the door. The child was covered with blood. I undressed him, laid him on a table and washed him clean, and saw that one calk of the horse's shoe had cut a deep gash right into the jaw. The other calk cut him near the right eye. By the time he was washed, a number were in the house, several of whom said, "Oh, do go for a doctor to sew up those wounds!" Others said, "Get some plaster and bind the cuts together." Some said one thing and some another, when little Willie opened his eyes, looked at me and said, "Papa, please do not go for a doctor, but just 'minister to me with Jesus' oil, and God will make me better."

The child's faith made me strong. I told my Lizzie to get the consecrated oil, which I poured into a bowl, saturated some clothes and bound up his head; then put him to bed. We had hard work to keep him awake. About two o'clock

in the morning he began to say all manner of strange things. I saw that he was in a great fever and feared it was going to his brain. I went into a dark room alone and prayed that God would bless me with the spirit of faith. I felt blessed, came out, administered to him as the law directs. He went off into a sound sleep and awoke next morning about nine o'clock, got up and dressed himself. We kept him in the house for a few days, and then we let him out to play. The wounds healed and there is no scar on his face now.

In October I baptized Mrs. George Clayton in St. Thomas. For years she was troubled with fits, but since her baptism has never been troubled with them, and enjoys better health than ever before.

I wish to draw this autobiography to a close, so will pass over the many other things that I have seen and heard, and will conclude by giving the reader an account of two more miracles, then give one testimony in defense of the Book of Mormon, when I will close.

Bro. and Sr. Robert Longhurst were the first to unite with the church in Vanessa, Norfolk county, Ontario. About one year after I had baptized them, Sr. Longhurst gave birth to a little girl. Shortly after the baby was born, Dr. Taggart, of Waterford, was called in and told Bro. Longhurst he did not think the child would live till morning. She was a weak little girl, and was born a cripple. One of her feet, the doctor said, would always be crippled, if she lived. There did not seem to be any ankle-bone—at least they could feel none. When the child would stretch out, the little foot would lie up against her limb.

Since writing the above I wrote the parents of the child, asking them to write the account of the baby's foot, and I here insert the reply: "Doctor Taggart was here shortly after the baby was born and said he did not think it would live till morning; and when he examined the foot, he said: 'The child, if she lives, will never be able to use it as it is.' He advised us to have it operated on as soon as the child got strong enough and offered

to go with us to the best physician in Toronto, at the same time telling us he would not attempt to operate on it himself. He said the best physicians could never make the joint perfect, but that she would always be a cripple.

"It grieved us much to think that our only girl would be a cripple for life. We had obeyed the gospel and decided to place our darling in the hands of the 'Great Physician!' Brn. J. H. Lake and R. C. Evans administered to her as the law directs, and each morning I would anoint the foot with the consecrated oil. We felt to have her administered to again, and Elders R. C. Evans and W. J. Smith anointed the foot with oil, Bro. Evans praying aloud. As they placed their hands upon her, after the prayer was over, Bro. Evans told us he felt the child would be healed, and it was so. The child is now alive and well; no one, not even the doctor, can tell the difference in the two feet. Dozens of people know the condition the child was in, and that it is now perfect in every joint. Some time after the administration the doctor came, pronounced the foot and ankle perfect, and said: 'There has been three-quarters of an inch of bone formed since birth, but I do not know by what power it is done. This much I know, the child was a cripple, now she is healed.'"

The parents of the child are still living in Vanessa, Ontario; and Doctor Taggart still resides in Waterford, same county.

I wish to relate one more case of healing. Sr. George Everett of London branch, had been afflicted for five years. Some five years ago she felt a small lump in her right breast. She felt pain at times and the lump became hard, and continued to grow till it was as large as a small hen's egg. By this time her breast had swollen to more than twice the size of the other, and many thought it was a tumor; others a cancer. Bro. Everett and others advised her to go to a celebrated doctor and have the lump cut out; but one day she was impressed to be administered to according to the law of God. She sent for me, and I administered to her, and the Spirit of the Lord fell upon us, so that all in the house were blessed. The pain ceased, the swelling subsided and she felt well again. The second morning after the administration

she examined the place and could feel no lump. Some months have passed away, and she yet feels all right. This afternoon, while talking with her, she said: "Bro. Richard, you have my consent to tell to the world that I was healed by the power of God."

A short time ago Bro. Frank Falkner of this city, was taken very sick with brain fever, and other afflictions. He became delirious and it took five strong people to hold him, and in trying to get away from them he broke the bed down. The doctor gave him morphine to put him to sleep, but it took no effect. Elders Lake and Howlett administered to him and at once he was restored to his right mind. He continued to be sick, however, and while walking or talking would go into a sound sleep in a moment. Elder Howlett and I administered to him, and he felt some better. Two weeks ago he came with his mother to church, and while walking about half a mile he went to sleep on the street five times before he reached the church. We administered to him there, and he was entirely healed, and has never since had an attack. His wife, who was an educated Roman Catholic, saw the hand of God in this miracle, and has since been baptized. I baptized her last Friday night.

I wish now to give the reader an account of a vision I had concerning the Book of Mormon. One Sunday night in the month of November, 1885, I was preaching on the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon. While the first hymn was being sung the noted detective, Hodge, and his wife came in. I had never spoken to them at that time, and I think it was the first time they had ever been to the church. The meeting closed and all retired to their homes. After reaching my home, I thought how thankful I would be if God would give to me a special evidence with reference to the Book of Mormon. I believed from the testimony of the Bible, American antiquities, etc., that the Book of Mormon was a revelation from God; but I longed to be able to say, by some other way, that I know it is of God.

Time came to retire, and we bowed in prayer around the family altar. While in prayer I was carried to a cooper shop, where I saw a man, whom I seemed to know was the Prophet Joseph Smith, in

the act of wrapping up a set of plates in some old garment. He placed them in a pile of straw, or something else, and left them there. I saw the plates—or a small part of the end of them—and felt convinced that those were the plates on which were written the word of God contained in the Book of Mormon. Judge of my joy, dear reader, when some seven months after I read the life of Joseph as written by his mother, and from that book learned that Joseph did at one time hide the plates in the loft of a cooper shop, placing them in a quantity of flax to hide them from a mob.

While in the Spirit I seemed to be carried from the cooper shop to the city of London. I stopped before a large brick house opposite the court house, opened the door, went through the house and came to the stairs leading to rooms above. I went into a room, saw a woman bowing at her bedside, and heard her praying with reference to the latter day work, and asking God to give her evidence concerning the divinity of the Book of Mormon. After listening to the prayer and noticing the room, I recognized the woman to be Detective Hodge's wife. I turned, left the room, and found myself bowing at my bedside, where I had gone to pray with my wife, I told her all I had seen in my vision. Dear reader, I would have given all I had in the world if I had dared to go to Mrs. Hodge and tell her all and ask her if she was praying; but fearing that I might be deceived by a false spirit, I decided to let time unravel the mystery.

The next night there was a meeting at Sr. Hunt's residence, and I attended the prayer meeting. The house was crowded, and, to my surprise and joy, in walked Mrs. Hodge.

I felt the Spirit rest upon me, arose, and addressing her, I said, "Madam, I wish to relate to you a vision I had last night. You are the only person on earth who knows as to whether it is true or false. If false, I wish you to denounce it before this congregation; if true, I wish you to say so in this meeting. I then described the house, both inside and out; the winding stairs, the way up to her room, the furniture of the room, the clothing on the wall, and even the quilt on the bed. I also described her appearance as she prayed, and repeated to her parts of her prayer.

To make a long story a short one, let me say that Mrs. Hodge in tears acknowledged that all I said and described was correct. The next night, if I remember rightly, I baptized her, and one week after I also baptized her husband, and soon afterward baptized his uncle, and later on, Elder Howlett baptized the detective's sister.

This, with many other evidences that I have since received, proves to me that the Book of Mormon is of divine origin, and that Joseph Smith was a chosen servant of God.

Dear reader, I do not wish you to think that I have embodied an account of all the miracles I have seen; nor that I have written of all the blessings kind heaven has showered upon others in my presence; for like one of other days, I can say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." I have written this short sketch by request of the editor of *Autumn Leaves*, with a prayer that God will use it as a means to strengthen the weak, cheer the faint, convince the doubting ones, and inspire with greater zeal the soldiers of the cross, all along the line.

Whatever faults may be found in the composition of this, my first sketch, I trust they who criticise will deal kindly with me, remembering that the most of the learning I have has been acquired after hard days' work.

I have written concerning my own experience, not that I desire honor of men; for none know as well as I how ignorant and weak I am. I do not wish the reader to think that I desire notoriety, only as the work performed by "our Father" through me, his weak but trusting child, will bring Him praise and glory.

The reader may praise or censure me. I will try and bear it, if only my testimony will cheer the pure and bring glory to God.

"Praise gratifies and censure pains" me; but I value both as mere gauges of my work—indexing the amount of good I may or may not hope to effect. I wish to be popular. That is natural, and, surely, pardonable; but I desire it not as an end, but as a means to an end—usefulness to my fellow creatures. I love my race, I honor my race—I believe that human nature, supplemented by Christianity, is capable of attaining nobler

heights than Pagan philosophers and infidel sages ever dreamed of; and because my heart yearns toward my fellow creatures I want to clasp one hand in the warm, throbbing palm of sinful humanity, and with the other hold up the lamp of gospel light that God gave me to carry through this world, and so struggle onward and Zionward with this generation of men and women.

In order to fill my mission I have left home and loved ones, and am now a wanderer and a pilgrim, preaching the gospel as I understand it; and so urgent are the calls for preaching that it is only for a few days at a time that I am with my family.

I am striving to be one of the pure in heart, that by and by I may see God and dwell with the pure and the good.

I have my faults, and a contemplation of them at times causes me pain; yet I try to keep my lamp trimmed, so as to reflect a little light on the dark path of human experience. As a pilgrim toiling

Adelaide St., LONDON, Ont., March 7th., 1890.

through a world of sinful temptation, and the night of time where the stars are often shrouded, I cry to those above and beyond me, "Hold higher your lights, that I may see my way;" and to those behind and below me, "Brother, sister, come on; 'come up higher.'"

Ah! these steps of human life are hard enough to climb when each shares his light! God help us to help one another!

Dear reader, I have related the above as near as my memory, my diary and the testimony of those concerned have enabled me. Knowing that I must meet you at the bar of God, and meet all I have said, I bear my testimony in the name of my Master, that I have endeavored to tell the truth. May you and I so live that we may dwell with God in sinless eternity. May we be able to say:

"When the last brave word is spoken,
When our work on earth is done,
When the glass of life is broken,
And the sands have ceased to run,
When our deeds have been rewarded,
Both the evil and the good,
May we each have left recorded,
We have done the best we could,"

THE YOUNG HUNSTMAN.

(See Illustration.)

BY ELEANOR.

SUCH a droll little body he was, with large blue eyes so earnest yet so tender and true; bright fair hair which his mother loved to brush and twine about her fingers. He was the darling and pet of the household. Indeed, it was his father's complaint that mother and the girls were making his boy effeminate and cowardly by over petting.

But Johnnie, in his own estimation, was a brave and mighty hunter, and woe betide the chicken, stray dog or cat that came within range of his pop-gun. How comical he looked when the little fat legs tried to walk with long strides like a grown up Nimrod, as he shouldered his little wooden toy gun and whistling to Fido, his little dog, he marched bravely away in quest of game. And mamma smiled fondly and the girls giggled at the pretensions of courage and importance displayed when "Cupid," as they called him, went hunting. Bright eyes, sunny

tresses and red cheeks all vieing with each other under the old slouch hat, and a little red scarf that mamma's gentle hands had twisted about his neck.

To be sure, Johnnie obtained plenty of game; the quails, snipes, rabbits and musk-rats seemed fairly to tumble over each other to get into the traps he set for them; and almost every day he could be seen trudging homeward, his arms laden with the spoils. But Johnnie often sighed because there were no larger game to conquer, for which he was bantered by papa and the big brothers.

"Never mind, Johnnie," said papa, "if there was anything in the woods big enough to eat you, mamma would never let you go hunting at all."

But there came a day when Johnnie's courage should be put to the test and it is of this that I am going to tell you.

It was one morning early in spring just after breakfast, when his papa said to him,

"Johnnie, I want you to go to Uncle John's and ask him to come and do some hauling for me this afternoon."

"Yes sir," said Johnnie, putting on his hat and picking up his gun.

"Now, Johnnie," said his father with a mistrustful glance at the gun. "There must be no loitering by the way; go there quickly and return at once, for I have another errand for you."

"Yes, sir," repeated Johnnie, and started away whistling.

Uncle John lived two miles away, but Johnnie often went there. There were some strips of woodland along the way where the robins and blue jays were busily engaged building nests among the tender green leaves, but the pop-gun was popped but once or twice on the way; first at a toad that hopped right in the path, and what boy with a pop-gun would not have done it? Next it was a gray rabbit that ran across the road as if tempting him to give chase. "O dear!" I wish I had time thought Johnnie. But he had always been a reliable boy and he kept bravely on his way, and soon came to the cross roads whence he could see Uncle John's house just a little further on straight ahead. Around the corner on one of the other roads a large bull was standing sullenly stamping the ground seeming very cross, and indeed, he had the reputation of being a very savage animal; but his head happened to be turned away and he was so busy kicking the dust into his own eyes that he did not see our little huntsman with the red pop-gun who slipped quickly past him.

Johnnie reached Uncle John's in safety and delivered his message to Aunt Hester who was washing the milk-pans at the pump. He stood there a few moments answering the questions that she asked him, got a drink of water and started for home.

"Why, Johnnie, are you not going to wait and ride back with Uncle John?" asked Aunt Hester.

"No ma'am, papa wants me to come home right away," said Johnnie, but he did not mention the presence of the bull at the crossing or she would not have allowed him to depart, I think.

The animal was still there pawing the dust and making a great noise. Johnnie hoped he could give him the slip as easy as before, but he was not to be so fortun-

ate this time, for just as he passed the corner the mad creature saw him and made a dash for him with head lowered. Johnnie ran for the nearest strip of woods which he reached closely followed. He knew that his little fat legs could not carry him out of danger by running and he could not climb the big trees, so he did the next best thing, he climbed into a large hollow stump. The angry beast could not reach him there, and it made him angrier than ever. How he bellowed and pawed the ground as if to say: "That's the way I should serve you if I had you in my power."

Johnnie sat down in the bottom of the stump and kept very still, hoping the creature would be attracted away soon by something else, but he was not; and there he staid watching the stump as patiently as a cat watches the hole where it has seen a mouse disappear. So the hunter was hunted, and the trapper trapped.

Bye and bye Johnnie got quite tired crouching down in that dark, damp stump; he could not stretch out his feet and dared not stand up. He began to get very hungry too as time passed on. He could hear wagons pass by and wondered if it wasn't afternoon. He was sure it had been a very long time and one of those wagons must have been Uncle John's; but he was too far from the road to call for help, they would not hear him, he thought.

Meantime at home his absence had been commented on because his father wanted him, as he had told Johnnie, but it was supposed he had waited to ride back. It would be easy for Uncle John or Aunt Hester to persuade him to remain, they thought. But directly after dinner when Uncle John drove up and Johnnie was not with him, neither had he seen him; then much wonder and some anxiety was expressed.

"Oh, he is probably with some of the neighbor's boys hunting rabbits," said Uncle John.

"But that is not like Johnnie to go off and stay when he was told to return," said mamma.

"There mother, didn't I always say you were spoiling the boy!" exclaimed his papa. "You put entirely too much confidence in the child. I know boys better, 'out of sight, out of mind.'"

Then he and Uncle John drove off to

the field and thought no more about it. But mamma did not appear convinced, whether because she understood her child's nature better, or the tender mother love instinctively felt the danger that menaced him, I know not, but I saw her take her sewing to the window and sit where she could see up the road. And as the long afternoon passed I noticed her drop her hands into her lap, now and then, and gaze anxiously out. The day waned to evening and still no little figure in slouch hat met her vision.

Six o'clock came, the lamps were lighted and the men came in and took their places around the supper table, and his papa noticed that Johnnie's chair at his side was empty.

"Hasn't that boy got home yet?" he exclaimed.

"No. I can't think what has happened to him," answered mamma.

"Happen! What could happen to the child? He has played truant and quite likely is afraid to come in. He is around somewhere, no doubt."

"No, father, he is not around or afraid to come in. You know it is not like Johnnie to play truant."

"Well! well! mother don't fret, I'll ride up with Uncle John and look for him. I dare say he is all right."

Just as they were about to arise from the table the door opened softly and the little huntsman stood before us, such a grave, apprehensive look on the little face quite foreign to our gay little cupid. And for once his hands were empty of game.

"Well, Johnnie, what have you caught to-day?" asked Uncle John, jokingly.

"Nothing, sir;" said Johnnie, as he sat soberly down by the fire and stretched out his hands to the warmth, for it was quite cool.

"Say, aren't you afraid you will catch something yet?" whispered his brother Joey.

But Johnnie made no explanation, or reply to either questions or banter.

"Have you been to supper, dear?" asked mamma.

"No, ma'am."

"Then come to the table while the things are warm."

Johnnie obeyed and ate as if famished.

Uncle John departed for his home and papa went out to the barn; then mamma

took the opportunity to mildly remonstrate with the little fellow.

"Johnnie you never played truant before and I am so grieved and surprised. I think if you knew how uneasy I have been for you, you would never do so again."

Johnnie's little lips quivered and a sob almost choked him, but he remained silent and went on with his supper.

"Why, Johnnie! you seem so very hungry, didn't you have dinner?" she asked as the big slices of bread and butter, and plate full of potatoes quickly disappeared.

"No ma'am," answered Johnnie, quietly.

"Why, my dear boy, where have you been all day?"

Still no answer, and she ceased to question him. I do not know what took place between Johnnie and his father, but I know the latter was one not likely to overlook such a flagrant case of disobedience and truancy as this seemed to be, and I have reason to think that Johnnie did not escape lightly, especially as he offered no explanation. But after that the subject was not alluded to.

A few mornings afterwards I arose with a feeling that the wheels of life had all run down. "You need exercise," said Johnnie's mother and she prescribed a walk up to Uncle John's, to which I consented. So after breakfast I tied on my bonnet, took my parasol,—for it was a warm, bright day—and set out. I had not proceeded but a short distance when I was suddenly confronted by our huntsman.

"I wouldn't go up to Uncle John's if I were you," he said as he waylaid me.

"Now, why?" I demanded; for it was an unheard of thing most extraordinary when Johnnie would not go to Uncle John's.

"O, cause that big cross bull of Mr. Weaver's is out in the road and he might chase you. Of course," and he drew his little body up as tall as he could, "a boy like me might get away from him, but maybe you couldn't."

"That's so," I said, then a sudden thought coming to me I asked, "Johnnie, did he chase you that day?"

"Well, I'll tell you if you won't tell my mother."

"Why not?"

"O, she would worry about it, and she'd be afraid to let me go any place alone any more."

"Then I won't tell her."

So he told me all about it. The animal had kept him all day, until after dark when he managed to climb out without attracting attention. "I could hardly walk at first," said he, "but I kept behind the trees in the dark until I got out to the road and then I ran all the way home."

"Did you tell your papa about it?"

"No ma'am."

"Why not, Johnnie? He would not have punished you for staying away if you had explained."

"But he would have told mamma and she would just fret."

"Why Cupid, you darling, you are a hero!"

"O pshaw, that wasn't anything but Mr. Weaver's old Durham," he said as he darted away, but paused to ask:

"You won't go to Uncle John's to-day?"

"No, I believe not."

"Nor you won't tell mother?"

"No."

I did not tell her, but I thought the boy who could take unmerited punishment for truancy after such a day of hardship, to save his mother's feelings was the bravest of Nimrods. I always had a great respect for the young huntsman after that. It was Bayard Taylor, I think, who wrote:

"The bravest are the loveliest,
The loving are the daring."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

They said "She is dead;" but I could not brook
Again on that marvelous face to look.
Then they took my hand and they led me in,
And left me alone with my nearest kin.

Alone once again, in that silent place,
My beautiful dead and I face to face!
I could not speak, and I could not stir,
But I stood, and with love I looked on her.

With love and with rapture and strange surprise,
I looked on the lips and the close, shut eyes,
On the perfect rest, and the calm content,
And the happiness there on her features blent.

And the thin, white hands that had wrought so much,
Now nerveless to kisses and fervent touch;
My beautiful dead, who has known the strife,
The pain, the sorrow, that we call life.

Who hath never faltered beneath her cross,
Nor murmured when loss followed swiftly on loss,
And the smile that sweetened her lips away,
Lay light on her blessed mouth that day.

I smoothed from her hair a silver thread,
And I wept, but I could not think her dead;
I felt, with a wonder too deep for speech,
She could tell what only the angels teach.

And over her mouth I leaned my ear,
Lest there might be something I could not hear,
And out from the silence between us stole
A message that reached to my inmost soul:

"Why weep you to-day, who have wept before,
That the road was rough I must travel o'er?
Why mourn that my lips can answer not,
When anguish and sorrow are both forgot?"

"For Oh, all my life, I have longed for rest;
Yes, e'en when I held thee upon my breast;
And now as I lie in a breathless sleep,
Instead of rejoicing you sigh and weep.

"My dearest, I know you would not break
If you could, my slumbers, and have me wake;
For though life was full of the things that bless,
I have never till now known happiness."
Then I dried my tears, and with lifted head,
I left my mother, my beautiful dead!

—Selected.

THE FATHER'S GREETING.

BY RUTH.

HE wended his way home at the close of day as the lengthening shadows fell athwart his path. "The birds had sought the sheltering trees;" the herds had gone lowing home; the man had finished the labor of the day, and with tired steps but a peaceful heart, he neared the dear spot he called home.

On the green sward before his door, played his children; three merry little active ones, who sprang up with shouts of glee at sight of him. They loved their father with the unfeigned and undisguised love of childhood, and in the exuberance of their joy, they ran to meet him. How the father's heart thrilled in responsive love! How his face lit up with smiles of welcome!

But hark! What is that pitiful cry that strikes his ear like a discordant note in the sweet harmony of his children's voices? 'Twas the cry of the youngest child, the chubby little one, who, unable to keep pace with the others, fleet of foot, was left behind, and from her came the pleading wail in shrill childish treble, "Wait for me," repeated several times and ending in an outburst of genuine childish grief. (Think not lightly of children's troubles; they are all that children can bear, and proportionately they are as great as our own).

She was distressed. . . She was doing her best, exerting herself to the utmost, and yet she could not keep up with the others.

The father, coming down the green lane, watched the little scene with more than a passing interest. His heart was moved for the little one in her trouble, though it was but momentary, and he watched to see if her sisters could fail to be touched by her cries.

They ran on a few steps and then, with a "Let's wait for her, Jessie" they turned and caught the little one by the hands, and the three trotted contentedly and patiently forward, not so fast as the older ones might have gone without their little "burden," but just as fast as she could go.

They reached their father, they received his smiles of welcome, they clustered round him and clasped his hands, not knowing, not realizing in the innocence of their hearts, that they could not have been thus welcomed, that there could not have been for them such smiles of gladness and love and approbation, had they come to him and left the little sister crying behind them. The father's heart, saddened by the selfishness of his children, could not have given the warm greeting they desired and expected, and instead of the happy little group that went home that summer evening, there would have been over all the shade of sadness.

Jesus, while traveling about with his disciples, taught his beautiful, effective lessons from the simple, ordinary things

about him,—the lily that swayed and nodded in the wind, the sheep that fell into the pit, the plain black loaves of barley bread,—these and many another have come down to us as the subjects of lessons that served to teach truth and illustrate principle.

Yes, and from His lips too came the words that taught us that we must become as a little child, if we would enter the kingdom of God.

There is a sense in which we are the children of God. With some life is in its morning; with some it has advanced to noon-tide, and with others the day is declining and the shadows are lengthening; but for us all there is the home-coming, the meeting with the Father, "when he cometh at the setting of the sun."

What shall the meeting be? Shall we be received with approbation? Shall we hear the words, "Thou hast done well?" If so, it will be because we have learned to put away selfishness in all forms. And how many forms it has! The majority of the troubles of to-day, great and small, have their origin in the selfishness of the hearts of men, and thinking minds discover the sin of this age in the love of self.

"The happy Christmas time" is here. The children will say "Merry Christmas," and friends will wish you a "Happy New Year." But while the tables of some will be laden with plenty, will there be none—Oh, there will be many—who would gladly take the remnants of the feast, the crumbs from the table. And while the "favorites of wealth" may lavish upon their friends and receive in return, beautiful and costly gifts, will no unfortunate child of poverty *suffer* for the bare necessities of life.

Will no petted beauty survey with complacency her new plush or seal-skin wrap, worth perhaps fifty dollars—it may be hundreds—while the girl who earns her own living and helps at home shivers as the cold penetrates her thin jacket?

The selfish heart measures everything

by the value it is to self. Even the Christmas day, ostensibly observed in honor of Christ, in many instances serves to prove how his teachings can be ignored. They make their feasts and gather in those who do not need; the destitute are forgotten. Did Christ so teach?

And what of that life that began on earth that Christmas day so long ago? Why was it ever lived; for a selfish purpose? Ah, no! That life from beginning to end testified that, "'Tis more blessed to give than to receive."

Give of your abundance, if you have it, but if you have not, there is many an opportunity to make the world brighter with little gifts, for after all the spirit of the giving is much in itself.

I remember one Christmas when the gift that brought the deepest pleasure to me was just a loving letter from a friend. A lady told me that one year among a number of holiday gifts received by her the one that touched her most was just a little card with a tender inscription.

I knew a poor woman who on Christmas gave her poorer neighbor a head of cabbage. It reminded me of the widow's mite, of which the Savior declared that it outweighed the gifts of the rich. I am sure that head of cabbage would at least balance many a fat turkey, plush album or toilet-case.

Christmas is the poor man's day, and though all the world may forget him and go on in careless enjoyment and selfish pleasure, the great tender heart of the Father loves him and yearns for him, and "dear unto God are the prayers of the poor;" and as we cast aside all weight that we may run the race of life well, let us beware how we turn aside from the hands stretched out to us for help; for is it not written, "But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

THE PIVOTAL QUESTION.

Said Joe to Sam, in fierce debate

Upon the woman question:

"You've answered well all other points,

Now here's my last suggestion:

"When woman goes to cast her vote—

Some miles away, it may be—

Who then, I ask, will stay at home

To rock and tend the baby?"

"Well, since the question seems to turn

On this as on its axis,

Just get the one who rocked it when

She went to pay her taxes!"—*Sel.*

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EDITOR'S CORNER.

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth, peace; good will to men."

With the return of the Christmas tide there breaks in upon every reflecting mind and wells up in every tender heart, sweet thoughts of this heavenly melody, chanted upon earth by angel voices in the now long ago. What a confirmation to our faith! What a promise of the time yet to come!

We glance back over the history of the past and there rises up before us one continued scene of "man's inhumanity to man." We look abroad upon the earth to-day—the fair, beautiful earth—and, wherever the curtain is lifted, we see the same wrongs, the same selfish aims and desires which have actuated men from the time of the fall; and yet the song of that heavenly choir was a prophecy and God's truth is pledged to its fulfillment.

More centuries than the earth has waited since the birth of Christ for the fulfillment of this pledge, she had waited for the fulfillment of one long ante-dating this, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." And to-day she is waiting still. Oh, the great and abounding patience of our God!

It is well for man that by each revolving year he is once, as the days go by, brought face to face with that other declaration: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder." . . . Of the increase of his government and peace there is no end."

Prophets and Saints of God waited long for his coming and many slept in the dust of the earth. Upon the mountain-tops and in the valleys, holy men and seers watched for the star which should appear; and children in turn took up the watch bequeathed them by their fathers and kept the altar fires of their faith ablaze. But when the wondrous star rose in its brightness and angelic choirs chanted "Glory to God in the highest," then while a multitude of the heavenly host joined them and the skies were rent by their acclamations, the humble shepherds wended their way to Bethlehem intent only upon seeing the heavenly babe and offering to him their soul's adoration. Yet the years have multiplied and vanished; what matter! God had remembered them and the long-expected Savior—the Prince of Peace—had come. What could they now

expect but that he would sit upon the throne of David, his father, and rule over their enemies while he exalted his own people? Bitter disappointment, and yet added years of waiting; for he was with them only as "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

"If I go I will come again," was the comforting promise given to the few humble, faithful followers gathered around him in after years, who sorrowed most of all at the thought that they should see his face no more."

But how the years have come and gone since then and the nations still learn war. Man is still unjust and grasping with his fellow man. Kings sit upon gilded thrones, surrounded by wealth, pomp and power, albeit thousands of their subjects live and die under conditions infinitely worse than those of the beasts of the field, and the weary, sorrowing ones of earth ask, "Where is the peace? Where is His government, that government and peace of the increase of which there is to be no end?"

Waiting, weary ones of earth, lift up your hearts and rejoice, for already the east is roseate with the promise of dawn. Already the thoughtfully observant ones can discern the hand-writing upon the wall, and the nations, rulers and peoples upon whom God in his boundless patience has waited so long, have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. God is even now "marshalling his armies," and let it thrill your hearts to know that they who wait upon the Lord shall soon know they have not waited in vain.

"Peace on earth, good will to man" is the spirit and genius of the gospel. Let it move your hearts at this Christmas tide as it never moved them before; for we tell you, and our soul rejoices in the fact, that the time is very near when those who love the Lord will realize in its height, length, breadth and scope one grand declaration of Jesus, "One is your Master, all ye *are brethren*." Is there a tender, loving heart which can enjoy the good things of this life, ease, plenty and comfort, while kindred lack and go unhoused, unfed? How dwelleth the love of God in such a heart!

Let us not chide the long-suffering and patience of God, but chide rather the selfishness of our own hearts, our unwillingness to learn of him, to be alike, to follow him; the complacency with which we sit down to our feasts, sur-

rounded by friends and neighbors who can repay, and taking no thought for the poor and destitute of the earth. Our own are warmed and fed (and this is pleasing in God's sight) but have we no heart to feel for those who have no home no love, no shelter from the blasts of winter and the more cruel deceitfulness of man; whose very want and poverty make them a prey because there are so few to plead the cause of the poor, so few to feel that their very inability to care for themselves is the strongest claim they have upon our sympathy.

"In the fullness of time God sent forth his Son." The heavens rang with praise and to man the proclamation of peace was made! God spake and it was done! To this time the Christmas-tide bears us back and we repeat the song of the heavenly host:

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth, peace; good will to men."

This is the spirit of the day we celebrate and by the power of this spirit we look forward to that other *fullness of time* when "the government shall be upon His shoulder . . . of the increase of his government and peace there is no end." When God shall endow his servants with power as of old, to discern the thoughts and see clearly the actions of men, and his judgment shall begin at Zion

Peter wrote in his day, "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God; and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?"

When God promised to Abraham and his seed after him the land of Caanan for an everlasting possession, four hundred years were reserved that the cup of iniquity the people were filling might be filled to the brim, and when this time had elapsed the Israelites were permitted to enter in and possess the land. In his own time and own way God will redeem Zion; but let it rejoice every heart that loves righteousness and truth to feel and know that when the judgment of God begins at his house only the *pure in heart* can abide that judgment, for then Zion will truly be "the pure in heart."

With the return of every Christmas-tide we are brought nearer to this glorious consummation and because of this, because God has promised that upon the shoulder of Christ the government shall rest, let us join the anthem of the heavenly choir and sing with the Spirit and with the understanding, "Glory to God in the highest," and not this only, but let each one of us open wide the door of our heart that the blessed Spirit of the Master may enter in and that Spirit will teach us the meaning of the words, "Good will to men."

ENTERING upon a new volume with this issue the AUTUMN LEAVES greets you with the joyous gladness of the Christmas-tide and the abounding hopefulness of the glad New Year. As we have searched the stream of current literature in the past years for the leaves floating upon its bosom which should make our pages brighter or better for your perusal, so shall we do in the future, and that the object we are seeking to accomplish may be attained, is our earnest wish and that it will be, is our unshaken faith.

From time to time we have said to those upon the battlements, "Watchman, what of the night?" and have rejoiced in giving you the cheering answer borne back upon the breeze:

"The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled;
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world."

And we shall still rejoice not only in giving you these answers, but in presenting you with the strong testimonies with which we are from time to time favored, doing so that God may have the glory for what he has done for us and that man may praise him for his wonderful works to the children of men.

We closed our last volume with a subscription list, showing a liberal support from our patrons and friends. We enter upon this volume with the firm determination of doing in the future as we have done in the past, all within our power to do, that the magazine may be worthy of your continued support. We ask you to aid us not only as subscribers, but as contributors. Trusting that those who are traveling to preach the word will remember us when they have that which it is of general interest to record.

We regret that a combination of circumstances has compelled us to postpone the sending out of our premium until the middle of January. The delay has been unavoidable, but the engraving will reach you and your pleasure in possessing so fine a portrait of one who has served you so faithfully and whose locks are growing gray in the service of the Master, but whose heart is still strong and his faith and zeal unabated, will richly repay your waiting.

We call your attention to the advertisement of Brethren Etzenhouser and Crick, editors of the *Independence Gazette*, on the cover of our magazine; not doubting that many of you will wish to avail yourselves of the very liberal offer and thus secure a view of the ground sacred to many a heart.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSELLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

COLDWATER, Mich., Nov. 1890.

Dear Friends of the Correspondence Column:—We have a worthy band of Saints up here at Coldwater, and they are all bright and healthy, indicative of the smiles of kind Providence resting on them; and as I am the only invalid among them, there must be something lacking on my part; so I thought I would begin to act and see where the trouble lies; and though I rise or fall, I wish my testimony of the truthfulness of this work to stand when the hand that penned this is folded, and I am invisible to mortal eye. This gospel is the work of divine hands, and is the power of God unto salvation unto all that believe.

Viewing a brilliant, glowing sunrise, brought vividly to my mind the thought of how beautiful and grand will be the morn of the first resurrection, when all those who shall have part therein, will rise in transcendent radiance, to bask in the delightful effulgence of a never ending eternity! How superb and glorious, those immortal, celestialized beings will appear! Shall we see as we are seen, and know as we are known? If I am permitted to stand with the redeemed, I think I shall recognize the bright countenance of my father, who was a strong defender of this latter day work, together with that vast throng of noble workers who have toiled through past ages for this same gospel which is being proclaimed in our day, and under the same glittering luminary that gilds the morning for us. That day in my opinion will be the happiest the righteous ones have ever known, when they awake in the likeness of the Savior.

What thoughtful mind and noble heart would not put sinful amusements and fictitious reading in the back ground, when contemplating the promises to the faithful ones who endeavor to keep the commandments of the omnipotent Ruler, whose injunction is, "Put away light mindedness."

Amusements are very seductive and alluring; but when we consider the shortness of human duration in this state of probation, and the enduring eternity which will face us in a different state after a while, we should study Paul's advice when he says, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, pure, lovely, and of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Novel reading was my chief delight for some few years, but I think I am getting over it. I find it does not give a healthy or solid tone to the feeling and mind, as the perusal of sound and sacred books. The autobiography of Bro. Evans is just inspiring. It almost makes me wish I were an elder, that I might help roll on this gospel of the kingdom; but I find that if we are able and willing, we can help in our own sphere. I feel grateful when I think of the many energetic, live workers, the Lord has on his side, yet only a few compared to the teeming millions that throng this majestic continent.

Trusting to be found among the zealous number, I remain your sister,

CYNTHA SCOTT.

SANILAC, Mich., Nov. 1890.

Dear Readers:—Since the *Leaves* is published in the interests of the church, and as I am desirous of doing all I can for the advancement of the cause of Christ, I thought I would enter a few lines upon its pages.

I see much of late in regard to the kind of amusements that we as children of God should indulge in. It seems to me that our amusements should be in serving God, perusing his holy word, gaining wisdom and knowledge thereby, that we may prepare for a better life hereafter, which is eternal. God has said that we should serve him with all our mind, soul, and strength; and, therefore, if we should engage in banquetings, revelings, etc., it would have a tendency to draw our mind away from the things pertaining to our eternal welfare, and cause us to neglect a great portion of the duty we owe to God. Then Satan would get a foothold and probably overcome us. Christ has said, "Love not the world, neither the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."—1 John 15th verse.

Therefore, dear reader, if we desire to have the love of God reign within our hearts, we must lust not after worldly things, but must seek to do the Father's will in all things. He has said that we should watch and pray, for in an hour when ye know not, the Son of Man shall come in power and glory; and if he should find us engaged in the ball-room, or in the giddy dance, or anything of the kind, I am afraid he would disown us, and not acknowledge us as his. Therefore, dear readers, let us abstain

from every appearance of evil, and watch for the coming of the Son of Man.

My prayer is that we may one and all prove faithful to the end, that we may be accounted worthy to enter in to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

I was baptized April 18th, 1890, and am not sorry I ever obeyed the gospel; and by God's grace, I am determined to stand firm till the Savior shall come to bring his ransomed people home.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain a brother in Christ,

FRANCIS O. BENEDICT.

Dear Readers:—It is with pleasure and profit that the writer reads the articles in *Autumn Leaves* upon the various subjects therein presented; and he is led to the conclusion by what sometimes appears, that pleasure and amusement are so closely connected with doing nothing, that the line between them can scarcely be discerned.

Pleasure to be of value to us should be profitable; if not, our time spent in it is wasted; and if we but observe to see what kind of fruit is produced, we can readily learn to what extent it has been for our benefit. "Men are that they might have joy" (B. M. p. 58), and all that we do should benefit some other or ourselves. God intended that "the earth and all things on it should be to please the eye, cheer the heart, gladden the soul" of mankind. Who is benefited by a game of cards, checkers, or many games of similar kind? Whose eye is pleased, whose heart is cheered, or whose soul gladdened by the time so used? Let all that are continue in them so long as such is the result. We should not neglect our duty to indulge in that which is merely pastime. Have we stored our minds with a knowledge of what is in God's word? the history of our own country and foreign lands? also of physical and moral culture? and all knowledge for our benefit? If not, our duty is left undone, for we "shall be glorified in truth," which "is a knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come."—(D. and C. p. 251). Ask of the countless number who have their names inscribed on the banner of fame, who have wrought nobly as reformers, statesmen, philanthropists, lecturers, authors, and men and women in all the higher departments of life, where and how they spent their time, if it was not struggling against the hardships of life, under unfavorable circumstances, seeking for *knowledge*. Every barrier that stands between

an individual and knowledge must be cast down. The redemption of mankind is in knowledge, not in ignorance.

To seek to turn the mind from pleasure that is not profitable, it is not necessary to burn the cards and checkers, or with threats of severe punishment demand that your son or daughter cease keeping company with those who are not elevating in their character; but rather by cultivating the desire for good books, and the society of those whose influence is such as to develop the better nature of the individual—that which is of a pure and lofty character. The writer has been surrounded during much of his youthful life with such means of pastime that his opportunities for indulging in them have been many; but my pleasure taken in good books was of such a nature that it crushed out whatever of desire there might have been for the other. The best and most pleasant way to have the young refrain from unprofitable pleasure is to cultivate that which is good and pure, seeking to gather the flowers that grow by their pathway.

It is often a perplexing question to know the best way to get the young to become interested in good books; and while the writer does not have a new and untried method to present, he may, possibly, suggest something that might aid in the matter. Of prenatal education it may not be prudent to write, as it might unintentionally hurt the feelings of the fastidious and tender ones; and although it is the very best time to begin, the writer must refrain from any exposition of that very important subject.

The kind of reading must necessarily depend upon conditions, for what would be food for one would be husks for another, at least in laying the foundation. To say that a person should discard fiction entirely is one extreme, to indulge too freely is another extreme. If by judicious reading of fiction a person could be led to grasp that which was of a better quality, it is certainly permissible; but on the other hand if it should have the opposite effect, it should be discarded. Who shall be the judge in this matter, when a person is at the entrance of these two roads? Shall it be the novice, whose knowledge of books and men is only very meagre? or shall it be the one who knows not all the peculiarities and tendencies of the youth whom the decision will affect? Shall it be done by some inflexible rule that has not its foundations laid in reason? No. This cannot be. It would destroy more minds than it would build up. The person to sit in judgment must have sufficient knowledge of human nature and of

books before he can act with proper wisdom; and all others should refrain from attempting to guide when they have not proved their right to that position by an exhibition of the fruit of their labor.

The writer's experience may be different from some others; and if it should be of any worth to the reader, it will be a sufficient apology for having thus been personal. My parents were very fond of reading; and there were always good books and papers in our home. My mother always spoke in terms of condemnation of novel reading; and my father, although he indulged in it at his work to pass away the time of many lonely hours he had to spend because of the nature of his employment, never encouraged me in it; nor did he use any harsh means to prevent me from reading such matter. And he was always willing to talk of matters of history, of which he was very fond. The writer has not read more than perhaps a half-dozen fiction works in his life, excepting what was read from the Sunday-school library. The first books that were of much interest were those of the reformation, which were accounts of the personal adventure of many of the heroes of that age. At about the age of sixteen I became greatly interested in the heroes of the revolutionary war, of the exploits of Washington, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, Marion, Sumter, "Light Horse" Harry Lee, and others. It seemed never to tire me. For the history of our country my love is very great, and travels, histories, books of moral and physical law, hygiene, and religious writings, all are very interesting to me; and there is no craving for fiction, although it is within my reach daily. Talk of the matter contained in good books to the young, and their minds will be drawn in that direction.

PAUL PARKER.

Bro. Gunsolley and Readers of the Correspondence Department.—I have often wondered if we could be called a prejudiced church or people. We often hear our elders say, prejudice is being removed at such and such a place, and we hope to do a good work there, and they want the people of the world and of other churches to lay aside their prejudice and come and hear what we have to say for the gospel as we understand it. Should we not be just as willing to lay aside our prejudice and go and hear their side of the question? I know Latter Day Saints who will refuse to go to a sectarian church, and yet blame members of that same church for not coming to hear our elders preach. We claim we are better able to tell what we believe than

any one outside of our church is. And we feel very bad when we hear some one who has never heard a sermon by one of our elders and knows nothing whatever of our belief tell something basely untrue of us and our teachings. Even when it is done through ignorance we will say they might put themselves in a position to know better. Should we not feel just as bad when we hear a Latter Day Saint tell something he knows nothing about concerning other denominations? For they too could put themselves in a way to know by going to hear what others have to say for themselves. It does not hurt us to go to other churches if by so doing we neglect not our own, for even if we only hear a good practical sermon or a good lecture, we may learn some good, perhaps. Surely we should be able at all times to discern the good from the evil. Besides, if we go to hear others we may, by so doing, persuade others to come and hear us. Then, too, if we are asked, "How did you like the sermon?" we can kindly answer by showing them wherein we differ from the minister who spoke; and in such a way we often have a chance to tell our belief and place ourselves in our true light before those who probably never would know that we really are striving to keep God's laws, but instead would always look upon us as a despised people.

I know of one worthy brother in the church who lays aside his prejudice and attends regularly a bible class in one of the popular churches. By so doing he often brings members of that same church to hear our ministers, and has been the means of bringing some worthy ones into the true fold. Could he have done so by never going to their church and by merely asking them to lay aside their prejudice? I think not. We should always remember the golden rule; and if we want others to come to our church, we must go to theirs, and not go merely to find fault either, but if they have a degree of light give them credit for it. As the honey bee flits from flower to flower, extracting the sweets from each, we too should extract the good things we may hear from other ministers and let the bad pass from our minds.

I find it a good plan when I go to other churches to just put myself in the same position I should want one of their members to assume were they at our church. That is, whatsoever is true, whatsoever is written in the word, whatsoever is gospel, no difference whether the language is flowery and eloquent, or whether it is told in a broken language and by a humble unlearned man of God. Be willing to admit the truth and take all the good there is offered, regardless of what the creed may be.

Readers, do you agree with me? Is it right for us to attend the sectarian churches? I would love to hear from some of you who are better able to handle this question than I am.

That all Latter Day Saints may be as fair and unprejudiced as we ask others to be is my prayer. E. M.

No. 50 York-st., CHÉETHAM,
MANCHÉSTER, Eng., November, 1890.

Dear Readers :—I am anxiously awaiting the arrival of this month's *Autumn Leaves*. It seems a long, long time since I read last month's number. After reading our magazine I often wish it could be a few pages larger; but we must be content with what we have already and endeavor, by putting our shoulders to the wheel, to prevent that from escaping us. I am sure I do not know how I could do without our beloved paper; for each time it comes it seems to bring me a message of comfort and joy. The instructions and encouraging letters I see from time to time in it make my heart rejoice and strengthen me, so that I am enabled to press forward to the conflict with renewed vigor.

None of the Saints, either young or old, ought to be without it; and I am sure that if those Saints who at present do not read would peruse only one number of it, never again would they let such a precious treasure escape them. I am confident that God will indeed bless with abundant blessings those who are in charge of this inestimable magazine. They are indeed our ministering angels, giving unto us a "feast of fat things."

We cannot estimate the good such papers as *Autumn Leaves*, *Herald*, etc., are capable of doing, not only to those inside, but also to those outside the fold. To those readers outside the church, it must unquestionably produce interest in our work; for, bearing in mind the words of our Savior that a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, and furthermore, that every tree is known by its fruits, they must conclude, if honest, the source is good and their conscience naturally charge them to investigate the matter. If they are sincere, they will surely listen to that inward mentor. If they are not sincere, then all we can say is that insincere men are not required in the church of God, but those only who "dare to do right" through weal and woe, and who dare to be as resolute in God's service as Daniel was. May many such be found!

But not always do those even in the church

do everything in accordance with God's will, at least that is my own experience. As each day rolls on, I find out how liable I am to sin, and often do I neglect my duty; but still I am not discouraged, for by the help of God I hope to come out conqueror. We cannot be too careful in even seemingly trifling things, for Satan and his hosts are always on the alert and are straining every nerve to entangle us in their meshes. But there is no fear of him succeeding if we only endeavor to live righteously before God and to cultivate that greatest of all boons, the Comforter, which will effectually cleanse our minds from all corruption, and give to us that peace and joy to be alone obtained from its presence.

We, as Saints of God, should be careful to avoid even the very appearance of evil, for the world is ever ready to hold us to ridicule at the slightest error of ours.

Again, there is another matter. If we are in the habit of doing anything, such as smoking, etc., which is likely to cause another brother to fall, let us, not only for that brother's sake, but also for ours, put it to one side lest through our example that brother goes astray and we have to answer for it. Smoking, drinking and the like are things most calculated to drive us from the great and glorious word of the Lord and to put us under Satan's power. Therefore, brethren, let us entirely put these habits to one side and determine with the help of God to turn over a new leaf.

The work in this part of the Lord's vineyard is rolling on steadily and souls are being added to the kingdom. The little stone cut out of the mountain without hands is truly extending itself and we know that it will not cease growing until it fills the whole earth. In Manchester here we have a branch of from 120 to 130 members and are still increasing. Our meetings are blessed with God's Holy Spirit, and we, indeed, have many joyous times together. I believe that we are all endeavoring to the best of our ability to follow in the footsteps of our Lord and Master. May all true Saints, wherever they may be, have the true blessings of God poured upon them.

And now, brethren and sisters, let us gird ourselves with the armor of righteousness and strike out boldly with the sword of truth, never ceasing, never wavering, till our mission here is fulfilled. That God will bless and sustain us all, is the humble prayer of your brother in the cause of truth and righteousness.

ERNEST R. DEWSNUP.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

THE Christmas spirit is in the air. It comes before and lingers after, like a halo, round the day we keep sacred, commemorating the birth of the lowly One to be exalted, who should save his people from their sins. It seems wafted to us from every direction. Now, the church bells bring it, as they call together those who have been practicing sweet anthems for Christmas eve. As we pass along the street, it breathes to us from decorated, gift-laden stores, and from fragrant evergreens, awaiting their time to make bright eyes sparkle, in happy homes or at Sunday-school gatherings. We catch it from jingling sleigh bells, as their wearers bear merry parties to and fro, and from the children, as in groups or singly, they dance along on errands for older people, or carrying out pleasing little plans of their own. Here, it comes from cosy rooms where sweet surprises have been planned and carried almost to their fulfillment, and there, from savory kitchens where, for their crowning feast of all the year, many good things are preparing.

And what means it all? Let us be on our guard lest the bustle of gift making and feast preparing crowd out from our hearts the holy, comforting thoughts of God's great Christmas gift to man, which never wears out, never grows old, is good in every time and season, and was so as well to those who looked forward to the brightness in the meridian of time as to us who look back upon it.

Are there any who feel that their way is hard and that for them there is no part in all this rejoicing? Let no heart shut it out. Christ died for all. Have we much or little of the good things of this world, are our hearts light or heavy, the glad story is as true for one as for another. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," and may his peace, of which the angels sang, be to "those that labor and are heavy laden."

As we partake of this joyous spirit, in honor of the Savior's birth, shall we not consider the sacrificing helpfulness of his life, and look around us to find whom we may help? Do we remember that Jesus said, "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind," those whose lives lack comfort and brightness? May love be in our hearts and homes, and overflow to all God's children, that the good cheer which so abounds in many homes may be shared by those less fortunate. "Every good and every perfect gift is from

above," and "it is more blessed to give than to receive," so while we rejoice in the blessedness of giving, let us remember from whom comes the privilege, and whether we give or whether we receive, return to God our thanks.

With thoughtful, loving care for the living, to whom we can minister, and tender memories for the dear ones passed beyond the need of that which we can do, to whom we may never more bring Christmas presents, let us be faithful to our charge, and whether in home ministries or in duties outside the home, carry with us the spirit of our Master, who came, the Babe of Bethlehem, who lived and died that in him we might have life and have it more abundantly.

In their holiday merry-making some of our young people may find use for the following receipts for home-made candy, given by a Toronto confectioner, in *The Canadian Queen*:

MOLASSES CANDY.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a small egg, one table-spoonful of glycerine. Put these ingredients into a kettle, and boil hard twenty or thirty minutes; when boiled thick, drop a few drops in a cup of cold water, and if the drops retain their shape, it is nearly done, which will be when it is brittle; do not boil it too much. Have pans or platters well buttered, and just before the candy is poured into them, stir in one half tea-spoonful of cream tartar, or soda. If flavoring is desired, drop the flavoring on the top, as it begins to cool, and when it is pulled the whole will be flavored. Pull till as white as desired, and draw into sticks, and cut with shears.

FRENCH CREAM CANDY.—Four cups of white sugar, one cup of hot water, flavor with vanilla; put the sugar and water in a bright tin pan on the range, and let it boil without stirring, about eight minutes, and if it looks somewhat thick, test by letting some drop from the spoon, and if it threads remove the pan to the table, taking a small spoonful and rubbing it against the side of a cake bowl, and if creamy and will roll into a ball between the fingers, pour the whole into the bowl and beat rapidly with a large spoon or porcelain potato masher. If it is not boiled enough to cream, set it back upon the range, let it remain one or two minutes or as long as is necessary, taking care not to cook it too much. Add the vanilla (or other flavoring) as soon as it begins to cool. This is the foundation for all French creams. It can be made into rolls and sliced off, or packed in plates and cut into small cubes, or made into any shape imitating French candies. A pretty form is made by coloring some of the cream pink, taking a piece about as large as a hazel nut, and crowding an almond meat half way into one side, till it looks like a bursting kernel. In working should the cream get too cold, warm it.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—Use French cream, and form it into small cone-shaped balls with the fingers. Lay

them upon oiled paper to harden until all are formed. Melt one cake of baker's chocolate in an earthen dish or small basin: by setting it in the oven it will soon melt; do not let it cook. To keep the chocolate hot, it is well to have a hot soapstone, and place the basin with the chocolate upon it. Take the balls of cream one at a time on a silver fork, pour the chocolate over them with a teaspoon, and when well covered, slip them from the fork upon oiled paper.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of water, let it boil, till it crisps in water (or the same as French cream), take off and stir till it creams. One grated cocoanut stirred in after the candy is beaten to a cream, make in good sized cakes, but thin. Reserve about two tablespoonfuls of the cream, add a little cocoanut and enough cochineal syrup to color it pink, and drop a little upon the center of the cakes. Work very quickly, else it will cool.

NUT CREAMS—Chop Almonds, hickory, butternuts, or English walnuts, quite fine, and mix into French cream, forming into balls, bars or flat cakes.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One cup of grated chocolate, one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of milk, a piece of butter the size of a small egg. Put all the ingredients in a kettle to boil, adding one tablespoonful of glycerine, and boil fast. When nearly done add the chocolate; test it by dropping into cold water, and when done pour into buttered pans. When cool mark into blocks with the back of a knife.

FRUIT CREAM.—Add to French cream, raisins, currants, figs, a little citron, chopped and mixed thoroughly through the cream while quite warm. Make into bars or flat cakes.

WALNUT CREAMS.—Take a piece of French cream the size of a walnut. Having cracked some English walnuts, using care not to break the meats; place one-half of each nut upon each side of the ball, pressing them into the ball.

VANILLA SUGAR CANDY.—Two pounds of granulated sugar, two-thirds of a cup of water, one-third cup of vinegar, butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of glycerine, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Boil all except the vanilla without stirring, twenty minutes or

half an hour, till crisp, when dropped into water. Just before pouring upon platters to cool, add a small tablespoonful of soda, or cream tartar. After pouring upon the platters to cool, pour the two teaspoonfuls of vanilla over the top. You can pull it beautifully white. Draw it into sticks the size you wish, and cut off with shears, into sticks or kiss-shaped drops, to suit the eaters. If you can succeed in keeping it a week, it will become creamy.

WINTERGREEN CANDY.—Make the candy the same as the vanilla, and after it is poured upon the platter to cool, drop over the top one or two teaspoonfuls of wintergreen essence to taste, and color pink by dropping a few drops of cochineal syrup either in the boiling candy or on the top with the flavoring. Make into sticks or kisses.

BUTTER SCOTCH—One cup of brown sugar, one half cup of water, one teaspoonful of vinegar, piece of butter the size of a walnut. Boil about twenty minutes; flavor if desired.

PEA-NUT CANDY.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one of vinegar. Put into a kettle to boil. Having cracked and rubbed the skin from the pea-nuts, put them into buttered pans, and when the candy is done, pour it over the nuts. Cut into blocks while warm.

HOARHOUND CANDY.—Steep one tablespoonful of hoarhound (dried leaves) in one-half cup of water; strain and add one pint of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil without stirring, test in cold water, and when brittle pour into buttered pans, marking off in squares, while warm with the back of a knife.

POP-CORN BALLS—Two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of a small egg. Make the candy in a large kettle, pop the corn, salt it, and sift it through the fingers, that the extra salt and unpopped kernels may drop through. (It will take four quarts or more of corn that is popped.) Then stir all the corn into the kettle that the candy will take, heap it on buttered platters, or make it into balls.

"Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast."—*Shakespeare.*

REVELATION.

BY SISTER ABBIE AUGUSTA HORTON.

In quest of saving truth, we must confess,
Or heaven-inspiring lore,
Conceptions perfect, wisdom more,
No skill of man insures success.
The peaceful thought that love bestows,
The trustful thought that fear foregoes,
When prayed for, lived for, comes to bless.

Spirit of Truth! O, is thy mission bright
To cleanse, to save from ill?
Then like o'erflowing spring, us fill
With promised measure of delight.
Pure thoughts, that far-reflecting shine,
True thoughts, unfolding and divine,
Thou freely giv'st to souls upright.

No more with doubts we eat the bread of life
Remorseful, and with fears,
For lo! an angel bright appears!
Let heaven and earth with joy be rife,
For, blessed thought, Man may invoke
Revealed thought! O, Savior, Rock,
From Thee, life, light, we now derive!

'Tis Mercy's light burst from the sky,
Sent forth through faith and prayer;
Truth, springing up, greets Mercy fair,
Who love-enthused, to earth doth fly;
Again this thought man has received—
This glorious thought, tho' earth-conceived,
Revealed is Immortality!

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

O Night of nights! O Night
Desired of man so long!
The ancient heavens fled forth in light
To sing thee thy new song;
And shooting down the steep,
To shepherd folk of old,
An angel, while they watched their sheep,
Set foot beside the fold.

It was so long ago;
But God can make it now,
And as with that sweet overflow,
Our empty hearts endow,
Take, Lord, these words outworn,
Oh, make them new for aye,
Speak—"Unto you a child is born,"
To-day, to-day, to-day!

—Jean Ingelow.

If, when the old year glides away
A weary wraith, in the snow and the cold,
We could but begin in the New Year's Day,
A clean new life, and could drop the old—
Old sins, old shames, old thrusts of pain,
And the myriad things God only knows;
And into the sweet year, clear of stain
Could step with the freedom of full repose,
What blessings untold would to us be given!
Scarce in our hearts would be room for Heaven!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Christmas is coming! A Christmas that will be like no other that has ever dawned, and like none we shall see again.

No two were ever alike, and each is the best that ever was.

That is the children's creed, and at this season the children are all in the right, the callous critics all in the wrong.

A graver, sweeter phase of happiness comes to him who looks below the surface of the tumultuous joy the child does not fathom. It is not the thought of what he is to receive, but what he is to *give* that brings him most delight. Each Christmas, with its preparations and surprises, is a course of training for the highest plane of human living. The men who decry as puerile the observance of the anniversary, and with a sort of strong-minded assumption of superiority to popular weakness, flaunt the fact that "we don't make much account of Christmas at our house"—have surely never taken into consideration this branch of practical tuition in self-denial for others' good, the study of others' happiness, the cultivation of generosity in thought and deed. It is a factor in the work of the world's regeneration. Those of us—it is one of the hopeful signs of the times that the number increases steadily—who do "make much of Christmas," trace with reverent gratitude the analogy between the free and loving bestowal which is the pre-eminent feature of our Chief Festival, and the Event it commemorates.

To give up without compulsion, to give out of that which we have and prize, that others may be enriched, is to grow into Christ-likeness and Christlike living. Christmas is an object-

lesson in the diligent practice of noblest graces. The interchange of gifts between friend and neighbor is a token of universal brotherhood, a pledge of a common faith and hope. Nor, be it noted, is it the intrinsic worth of the present that constitutes value and significance. It is the act of giving—the passing over from hand of donor to that of recipient, of the thing seen and temporal, which denotes the existence of that which is unseen and real.

The heart that does not bound at the call, "Christmas is coming!" is hopelessly sad or hopelessly selfish. As little children, let us hearken and be happy; as men and women who have fought, suffered, lost and won battles of which our darlings do not—as yet—thank God!—dream, let us catch in the shout that is sounding around the globe, the echo—never quite spent in the world's darkest middle-age, never so clear and thrilling before in the earth's history as on this Christmas eve—of the angel's song:—

"Glory to God in the highest!

And on earth peace good
will to men."

—Home Maker.

CHRISTMAS CARDS MADE AT HOME.

Beautiful Christmas cards can be made at home with little work or expense. The foundation is a cream-white card about six inches wide and four long. On the right-hand side of the card arrange a cluster of golden-rods, held in place by a narrow ribbon taken from the back of the card over the stems, then back through a second hole and tied in a bow on the back. The mottoes are painted in one color with a fine-pointed brush. It is well to practice on the lettering with an extra slip before beginning on the card. The motto may be changed to suit the taste of the worker. Golden-rod dries well and keeps its color so long that

it is one of the best of flowers to use for such cards. A sprig of holly is very appropriate. A small sprig of evergreen mixed with red berries is pretty. Another pleasing card can be made by using pressed ferns and pansies; the latter when pressed will keep their color well. A charming card from Scotland had a bunch of heather fastened in the center, and the word "Christmas" and date written below.

Any person who paints can make an attractive card by fringing a piece of silk five inches wide and seven long, to the depth of a quarter of an inch. On the silk is painted any design and motto that may be selected; after which it is fastened to a card a trifle larger by narrow ribbons passed through holes in the card and tied in tiny bows on the right side. Only two bows in opposite corners will be needed to secure the painted silk to the card.—*Am. Agriculturist*

HOW TO DRESS THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The following suggestions are equally adapted to a large tree intended for a school entertainment, or a smaller tree at home. First select a tree of a suitable size and good shape. Place it firmly in a tub, keg, or bucket by nailing several wooden braces across the tub from side to side, close to the trunk of the tree, and filling it with sand, stones, or bricks. Cover the top of this base with moss, or bits of evergreen, and wrap a piece of bright cloth around the sides of the tub or keg.

Various kinds of pretty ornaments for Christmas trees can be bought at the shops, but very good ones may be made at home for a trifle. The decorations must be showy and bright, but need not be as neatly made as if they were to undergo close inspection. Cranberries and popped corn strung on a thread, and looped from branch to branch, are quite effective. Chains made out of gold and silver paper, are used in the same way. Cut a number of ovals about two inches long, and remove the centers to make rings. Join these into a chain by slipping a narrow strip of paper, three inches long, through two rings, and gluing the ends together. Join on another ring with another strip of paper, and so on. Cut out of cardboard as many stars, crescents, and "butterflies" as will be needed, and twice that number out of gold and silver paper, and paste the latter on each side of the cardboard. Pass a black thread through a point of the stars and crescents, and tie in a loop by which it is hung on a tree. Out of blue, yellow, white, and red tissue paper make tassels by cutting the paper into tiny strips. Fasten a bunch of these to the "butterflies," by passing a cord around both. Small candles, for lighting up the tree, may be fastened in place, when the regular candle holders are not to be had, by bending a small-sized hair-pin over the branch, points up, and pressing the candle down on the pin. The work of ornamenting the tree can be done by the whole family, but the presents should be given to a person of decorative taste and skill to hang in place on the tree.—*Am. Agriculturist*.

"A DECORATED COVER"

With a letter or telegraph pad is a substitute for the Christmas card. Take off the usual stiff back and put one of Bristol board or water-color paper, with a sheet of blotting beneath. Write a suitable legend in fancy lettering on the card back; or, if possible, paint a cluster of flowers or a suggestive sketch. For a letter pad we have seen these broken sentences: "A Letter 'Timely Writ,'" "Vex Not Thyself with Thinking what to Write, but Write what Thou dost Think,"

"Out of the Abundance of the Heart." For a telegram pad the following would be good: "I'll Put a Girdle 'Round the World," "Quick as a Wink." This would be a good present for a man of business. Fasten the covers to the pad by a narrow ribbon passed through holes made at each corner of the top and tied in a bow above. Have the ribbon quite loose, so the cover can fold back."

EYE-GLASS CLEANER.

"Cut a little larger than a silver dollar, two circular pieces of soft chamois skin. Button-hole them around the edges with shaded embroidery silk. Paint on one side a little floral design, and over all the surface of this piece not covered by the design, touch here and there with the darkest color of the paints to give a shaded background to the flowers. Tie the two pieces of chamois together with narrow ribbon."

"WONDER BALLS"

Are a nice present for an older sister or mother. They are made by winding a skein of wool or yarn into a ball and hiding little presents here and there. Take one present for the foundation of the ball and wind till covered, then put in another, cover that, and continue in that way until all the presents are hidden."

CASE FOR A SAND-BAG

Within two or three years the use of heated sand-bags in place of freestones, or the more comfortable but sometimes treacherous rubber water-bags, has increased in popularity to such an extent that it is needless recounting their merits; but to those who have never used them we would say that, besides retaining heat a long time and being easy to handle, their greatest recommendation is their easy adaptability to any spot or position in which one may wish to place them. Some have an assortment of them on hand, from the long roll and small square ones for the sick-room, to the comfortable "foot-warmers" for general family use. The sand-bag itself is only a plain, oblong case of stout twilled drilling or thickly-filled flannel, so thick and firm that none of the sand can work out through it, and yet soft and yielding; it should not be filled quite full, as that makes it too solid and hard. They are so often soiled by coming in contact with the stove or some of its furniture that it is best always to have one or two cases into which the bag may be slipped after being heated.

Is made of cream white linen toweling, soft and thick; it is a plain case a little larger than the bag, open at one end where the front and back are both rounded off to form short flaps, which are folded one over the other and held in place by a button and button-hole. On the front side the following suggestive lines are worked in outline stitch with coarse red marking cotton:

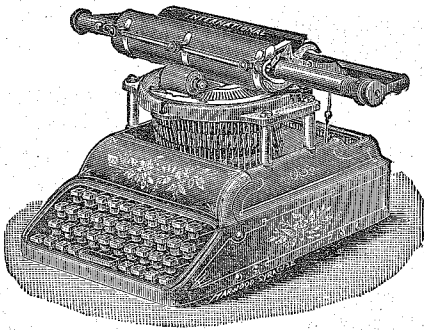
I bring thee hot sands,
Hot sands from the shore,
All golden and glowing,
So shiver no more.

Should the case be a small one the inscription might be only:

I bring thee hot sands,
So shiver no more.

The cases are sometimes made of pretty-colored flannel, embroidered with silk, but the toweling or soft canvas, or denim, is better, for they may be washed without injury.—*Youth's Companion*.

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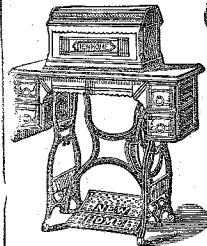
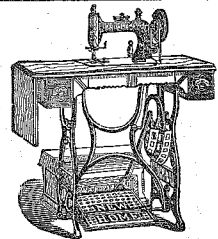
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Again we repeat that we can not afford to issue a large edition above the number of subscribers, and it is absolutely necessary for those who desire the complete volume to subscribe in time for their names to be on our list by January 1st, 1891.

To the friends who have so faithfully and disinterestedly worked for us in the past we would suggest that with the splendid premium we offer, your labors this year ought to be more successful than in the previous ones. With thankfulness for past favors and large hope for the future, but above all with a firm reliance upon Him whose we are and whom we are endeavoring to serve, we shall enter upon the work of volume four feeling sure that our friends will render to us all, and more than we can merit.

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FEBRUARY, 1891.

Vol. 4.

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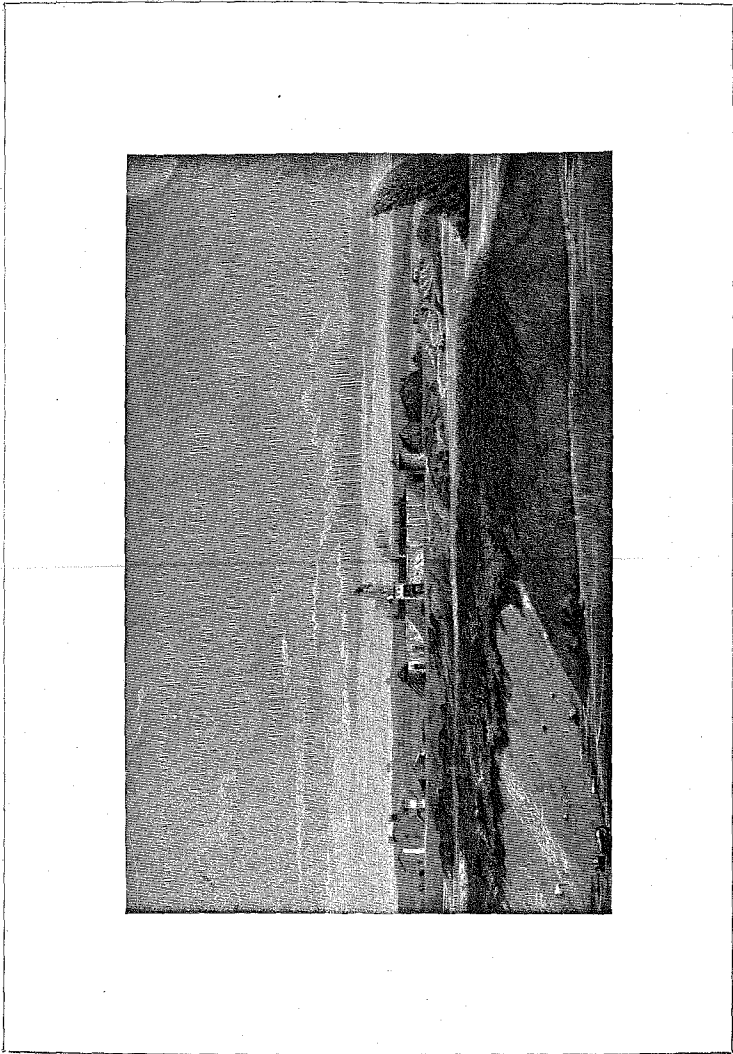
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VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, FEBRUARY, 1891.

No. 2.

CIVILIZED AND ENLIGHTENED MAN.

BY SR. MINNIE MADER.

MAN is the crowning work of creation. To him is given intelligence to utilize whatever of nature's provisions may be necessary to his welfare. He is endowed with a mind capable of development which, if properly cultivated, may acquire such a degree of knowledge and understanding as will enable him to make most intricate researches. The capabilities of man in his most enlightened state are not fully appreciated by the masses, or more would volunteer to spend their lives in useful study for the benefit of themselves and the world. Much depends upon the training, for the more thorough the development the greater the mental power.

God has endowed man with mental faculties and placed them under the government of fixed laws. He has also provided the necessary means by which these faculties may be developed, and his mind thus become the receptacle of vast elements of power. Civilization and enlightenment are the illumination of the mind to such an extent as to create a lofty, intellectual, moral character—some of the most desirable qualities that man may possess. They include the universal knowledge and understanding of man from the illiterate and unobserving to the most highly educated men who have ever appeared on the stage of action.

Limited civilization creates in man an impulse for advancement; and though gradual, if persevered in it tends to elevate and lead man to a higher plane of thought and action. Step by step he advances through life, gathering all the useful knowledge within his reach; and the more extended his understanding, the greater are his desires to investigate.

Education, a power that moves the world, is indispensable to the progress of civilization. By this we mean education in its broadest acceptation—the development of the mind, not in material things only, but in all elevating attainments which lead to morality and enable man to appreciate the wisdom and goodness of God.

The mind is continually acting, either gaining in its upward course, or descending by admitting and indulging in the evils that enter wherever the slightest chance is afforded. In order then, that man may thoroughly educate himself he must labor diligently, though not unmindful of fatigue; for by so doing the physical part of his nature may be abused. He should wisely and steadily direct his course toward the goal.

It matters not how bright the mind or how great the natural endowment, without systematic and wisely directed effort little is gained, and as time passes the mental powers will become dwarfed and incapable of performing what was once in their power.

When we consider what man has accomplished towards benefiting and civilizing the world by investigating and laying down laws, originating and carrying out plans which were at first regarded, even by the most learned men, as beyond possibility and reason, we are astonished at the superior wisdom, the infinite resources and the sublime heights which may be reached by the human mind.

If we study the histories of the various nations of the world we see that they differ in the degree of their civilization, some rising scarcely above the degraded depths of barbarism, mere babes in en-

lightenment; some reaching the intermediate stages, while others occupied the greatest heights in learning, consisting of education in art, literature and science. Their progress was not always of the same rapidity; some progressed gradually, others rapidly, some rising as others fell; hence different nations successively took the lead in civilization and power, and various cities at different times became the seats of learning. Here lived great philosophers, astronomers and other learned men who have studied with zeal, each day adding to their store of knowledge and aiding the surrounding nations by their works, some of which have been preserved to the present day.

Present civilization is the result of constant labor. The literature which supplies the whole civilized world is the result of the close application of diligent minds of every age. It has a great effect upon the people. Its influence may be good or bad, according to the purity of its character. If moral, it will be a lasting benefit; but if immoral, it is almost sure to lead to the nation's degradation. This is the reason, then, that so much care should be exercised in selecting our reading matter. The mind is of such structure as to take cognizance of all that passes through its sphere, and whether good or bad, an impression is left which takes a stronger hold inasmuch as it is repeated; and as it is possible for this impression to become a characteristic to follow us through life, how careful we should be to guard the mind from any wrong influence!

True enlightenment creates in man an elevated spirit. His morality increases with his understanding, and if interested in those surrounding him, he may do much good by influencing them in all that is right and desirable. This we see exemplified in the deep interest taken in the advancement of learning, the establishing of schools, perfecting laws, and founding of governments upon principles reaching nearer to perfection as seen in the United States.

The character and intellectual capabilities of man are frequently revealed in his countenance and general appearance. Uncivilized man lives in a degraded state and this degradation writes itself upon his countenance. His wicked eye and his features tell the tale of cruelty and viciousness. Seeking for naught above

the life he lives, his mind becomes an uncultivated waste; and as impure thoughts originate in it and urge him on, further and further, unto the utter darkness existing where learning is neglected, no attempts are made toward enlightenment. Like a garden of weeds the longer it remains in its uncultivated state the greater the evils that gain a foothold.

He has no desire for learning. Education is to him an unknown theme; all his desires seem bound in the hope of outdoing his companions in bravery and inhuman deeds. His conscience is as though it were asleep, awakening not even at the most horrible crimes which, to a civilized man, would be heartrending; many times committing them for no other purpose than to satisfy his own wicked caprice. Often having no place that may be called his home, he wanders from place to place, and as he pursues his course his degrading influences have a great effect upon the morals of the people with whom he associates.

Bravery and fortitude form a large part of the character, of the semi-civilized, especially of the most barbarous tribes, who delight in showing their indifference to pain and their willingness to approach danger or withstand the greatest bodily suffering that can be inflicted, often for no sensible purpose. Upon this depends their rank in war, also their popularity, as those who possess the greatest amount of this stoicism are held in the highest estimation by their fellows. We can readily imagine the resulting evils of such a state of humanity. The corrupted mind, caring not to feast upon the knowledge within the reach of diligent and desirous workers, pursues its downward course of degradation. Morality vanishes with education, while viciousness and all its attending evils enter, take their place and gain complete control, corrupting and debasing the mind in its descending course.

Ignorance is destructive to a nation. It introduces an influence of a degrading character, which weaves itself about the morals of the people until, finally, it chokes out all the good, and the nation growing weaker now falls; its government, its educational and religious interests crumble into ruins, and but mere traces of a once enlightened race remain.

A truly educated and thoughtful man

is never at a loss to know how to occupy his leisure hours; he has no time to spend in idleness. There is always work for willing hands and food for the diligent mind; but the wilfully ignorant man spends his time in idle conversation. Unacquainted with that which should interest him, he is unable to converse intelligently about it, or receive any of the benefit so derived. The educated man may be a benefit to all; but the willingly uneducated passes through life without improving himself or others. While one is able to appreciate and enjoy the wonders of the universe, to investigate and discover the various phenomena; the other, not understanding them, is unable to appreciate even the most wonderful. The former, realizing the benefits of education, takes an interest in the work of intellectual improvement; the latter, unable to realize what he has never known, remains inactive in the extension of learning. It is the same with nations: the educated are ever improving; the uneducated make little or no effort to advance.

While in one there is an influence at work, in the other diligence and industry are almost entirely wanting. This may be shown by comparing Greece in the time of its greatest learning with the uncivilized races of Africa and other countries. While the one collected vast stores of knowledge, founded libraries and improved in many ways, the other retrograded.

The benefits of education are innumerable. In every occupation of life it is indispensable to our thorough success, and nowhere is it more needed than in a country where the people are the government. This being the case in our country, how necessary it is that we should apply ourselves most diligently in the development of our minds that we may

LAMONI, Iowa, June 28th, 1888.

help to make our government the most enlightened and firmly founded of any that has ever existed. May we let no good opportunities pass unimproved, but when disposed to seek pleasure or indulge in idleness, consider the consequence resulting from neglect of duty in this respect. It has been said, and wisely too, that "We must educate or we must perish." We may rise to intelligence, greatness and morality; but all these are the results of intellectual and moral development.

All should seek to obtain a good education. No one ever neglected this important duty who did not regret it in after years. The work should begin in youth, when the mental powers are free to act and before the mind is occupied with the sterner responsibilities of life, and should continue through life; for no one becomes so well educated but that he may learn more. The greatest height that man has attained is limited in comparison with what is yet to be learned.

Let us put forth every effort to advance and avoid no duty, leave no good work undone that is within our power to do; and if after so doing we fail, it is no disgrace, but should make us more determined than ever to finally succeed.

Life is but one unbroken term of school. How important, then, that we take advantage of every afforded opportunity! Though our knowledge may never equal that of great women and men before us, we may do a humble work, which in our sphere is truly as great, and the results will be ample reward for our labor. For what is greater or of more importance than the proper development of each faculty bestowed upon us by our Creator? This development includes our mental, physical and moral natures; and if one is neglected, the others suffer with it; for it is so ordained of God.

THE LITTLE WIFE AT HOME.

The dear little wife at home, John,
 With ever so much to do,
 Stitches to set, and babies to pet,
 And so many thoughts of you;
 The beautiful household fairy,
 Filling your house with light;
 Whatever you meet to-day, John,
 Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary,
 You needn't be cross or curt:
 There are words like darts to gentle hearts;
 There are looks that wound and hurt.
 With the key in the latch at home, John,
 Drop the trouble out of sight;
 To the little wife who is waiting,
 Go cheerily home to-night.—*Sel.*

HINTS ON DOMESTIC LIFE.—No. IV.

BY ALMIRA.

IF parents wish to have their children respected by others, they must so dress and educate them that they will command respect. Not to make them appear like butterflies and duds, but to dress them respectably and according to their means and teach them to be respectful and honest toward both rich and poor, good and bad. Place all the confidence in them they will conscientiously bear, and teach them to confide in you. Such a course would have saved many from profligacy and ruin.

We have been disgusted and even pained, to hear parents laugh on hearing their children mock and ridicule others, who, in fact, were their superiors. It is a low, selfish, unrighteous act to have sport to the injury of others, whether they are our superiors or inferiors, our friends or foes.

If you frequently tell a child he is bad and treat him accordingly, it will have a tendency to make him bad; also if you want him to be a dunce, tell him he is one till he believes it, and then in all probability others will believe it. Fear and doubt are enemies to effort, but faith and trust are its friends; and as thoughts and beliefs of people are shadowed, or reflected on the minds of children, it is of the greatest importance for all to overcome their evil thoughts (or those which shadow) and cultivate the pure (which reflect) that the youthful mind may be held in the light of truth, from which may be cast other reflections. Children are good mirrors—rather unpleasant, however, sometimes, but not always accountable.

No time in one's life when the help of God is more necessary than when she is rearing children. No time in which she needs more trust, no time in which she needs more wisdom. No woman is thoroughly qualified for this God-given work unless she keeps his physical and spiritual laws and trusts him with all her heart.

Yet sometimes we meet a mother, who neither claims to be educated nor religious, who either from instinct or from childhood influences is better qualified for her work than some who make such claims—but the path of knowledge is

more safe and reliable than the path of ignorance.

Next, an idea that should be observed especially by the inexperienced: The state of the mother's mind before birth has a lifelong influence over the mind, and consequently the doings of the offspring; also as the state of the mind has an effect on the blood, it consequently has a marked effect on the natural food of the infant, both to its mental and physical good or hurt. If mothers understood such points and governed themselves accordingly, it would be a much more pleasant task to take care of the little flesh-clothed spirits than it now is. They come to spend only a few days of their probation, at most, under our supervision, why then cannot we make them enjoyable? "Children obey your parents," says Paul, and he also says, "Parents provoke not your children to wrath." Our heart has often been sorely pained on hearing injudicious language used by parents to children, and also on witnessing the infliction of improper punishment. Such parents first cause the evil disposition of the child, in a great degree, then aggravate it, then improperly punish it, seemingly just to gratify their own evil temper. Oh, what discipline, and what an account to render! Such people will be angry if a teacher should judiciously and conscientiously punish one of their children—"consistency is a jewel"—would that all might attain it! Christ, when asked who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, set a little child in their midst; so we see that he considered a little child more pure than his disciples. And truly they are more pure than we large children are for they have only their hereditary errors, while we have both our hereditary and our acquired ones. The sin of sowing the seed of error in the minds of children and youth must be a gross sin in the sight of the Creator; yet it is sown in modern days, and it was sown anciently, which thought leads us to almost exclaim: It would be better for the little ones to die in their innocence, than to live and be contaminated by the evil influences of their parents. But our

theory is:—it was and is the Creator's design that we should so live, and fill our mission on the earth in such a manner as to hear the welcome, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

The best men of every nation had praying mothers, teaching mothers, working mothers, that worked in harmony with their prayers. God will do his part, but we, like Moses and Joshua, must step down to the water's edge first and then wait to see the salvation of God.

We are a wonderful piece of machinery, and how many of us know how to properly run that machinery?

Would any one, could any one who knows so little about an engine be hired to run one? Certainly not. And why? Because he or she does not understand the business, and consequently there is no prospect of success either to the employer or the employee. In like manner the lack of understanding the theory of the reproduction of the physical body, and the proper way that it should be run is the reason why there are so many physical failures and so many mental failures.

For illustration: A delicate, injudiciously trained young lady marries, she is neither mentally, physically nor domestically qualified for her task, consequently she droops and dies. She leaves delicate offspring that may soon follow

her, or perhaps may stay years dragging out a life of suffering—the former case seems to be preferable to the latter.

Was it God that robbed that child of its mother? Did he cause the failure in the case of the child? Or was the fatal result in both instances caused by a lack of knowledge?

The spirit will not stay in its material home when it is no longer a suitable habitation, but returns to its Creator and rests till the time for it to be clothed with its spiritual body. It is not His work to take care of the material. He created it for our use and entrusted it to our care—we are its salvation or its ruin, according to our understanding and desire. Such is the privilege and agency of each individual. Of course circumstances have some bearing, but that does not change the fact of the plan.

Again:—Young, and even old people, may form vile and careless habits, and in consequence death follows. Is it Providence that caused the death, or is it ignorance and folly?

If we only observe, we shall see instances of the kind on the right hand and on the left, and possibly very near us, and the result is, comparatively only a few enjoy the strength of manhood and a less number live out their allotted three score and ten. Then the conclusion of the whole matter is: "Man, know thyself and fear thy God."

MY FATHER.

"HE IS NOT DEAD, BUT GONE BEFORE."

Though far from childhood's hallowed home,
I now am forced to roam,
And for the poor, lone orphan girl,
Earth holds no dear, "sweet home."

I know that in life's rugged way
I walk not all alone;
The smile of the Almighty One
Has o'er my pathway shone.

And though they say my father's dead,
I cannot think it's true;
I feel his presence at my side,
As life I journey through.

And when temptations thick assail,
To lead from right aside,

I feel as in the days of old,
My hand within his glide.

With gentleness he leads me o'er
The roughest of the way,
And teaches, when my spirit faints,
My chastened heart to pray.

I still look on the smiling earth,
And call it very fair,
Because where e'er I roam I feel
His presence in the air.

In all life's weary toilsome task,
My heart unwearied sings;
For ah! sweet bliss, this brow of mine,
Is fanned by angel's wings.

—Selected.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
 And morning in the young knight's heart,
 Only the castle moodily
 Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
 And gloomed by itself apart;
 The season brimmed all other things up
 Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the dark-
 some gate,
 He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the
 same,
 Who begged with his hand and moaned as he
 sate;
 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came.
 The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
 The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and
 crawl,
 And midway its leap his heart stood still
 Like a frozen waterfall;
 For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
 Rapped harshly against his dainty nature,
 And seemed the one blot on the summer
 morn,—
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
 "Better to me the poor man's crust,
 Better the blessing of the poor,
 Though I turn me empty from his door;
 That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
 He gives nothing but worthless gold
 Who gives from a sense of duty;
 But he who gives a slender mite,
 And gives to that which is out of sight,
 That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
 Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
 The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
 The heart outstretches its eager palms,
 For a god goes with it, and makes it store
 To the soul that was starving in darkness
 before."

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
 The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
 The river was numb and could not speak,
 For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
 A single crow on the tree-top bleak
 From his shining feathers shed off the cold
 sun;
 Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
 As if her veins were sapless and old,
 And she rose up decrepitley
 For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
 For another heir in his earldom sate;

An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
 He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
 Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
 No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
 But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
 The badge of the suffering and the poor.

"For Christ's sweet sake I beg an alms;"—
 The happy camels may reach the spring,
 But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
 The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,
 That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
 And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
 In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said: "I hold in thee
 An image of Him who died on the tree;
 Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
 Thou also hast had the world's buffets and
 scorn,—
 And to thy life were not denied
 The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
 Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
 Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
 And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway
 he
 Remembered in what a haughtier guise
 He had flung an alms to leprosie,
 When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
 And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
 The heart within him was ashes and dust;
 He parted in twain his single crust,
 He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
 And gave the leper to eat and drink,
 'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
 And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty
 soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
 A light shone round about the place;
 The leper no longer crouched at his side,
 But stood before him glorified,
 Shining and tall and fair and straight
 As the pillar that stood by the beautiful gate,—
 Himself the Gate whereby men can
 Enter the temple of God in man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from
 the pine,
 And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the
 brine,
 Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
 With the shaggy unrest they float down upon

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
 "Lo it is I, be not afraid!
 In many climes, without avail,
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
 Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
 This crust is my body broken for thee,

This water His blood that died on the tree;
 The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need;
 Not what we give, but what we share,—
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

—James Russell Lowell.

RABINOWITZ AND HIS MISSION TO ISRAEL.

Meeting at Exeter Hall, London, England.

IF our readers have as deep an interest in the Jewish movement, headed by Joseph Rabinowitz, as we believe they have, they will be pleased to read the account of his work, given by himself, which we append below. The party transmitting this report says of him: "He is unfettered in his work by any committee, and must remain so, or the work will be injured. His London Council, associated with our brethren in Scotland, only counsel him, pray for him, and assist him, but do not control him."

If Israel is to be "borne upon the shoulders of the Gentiles," where shall we find a stronger example of it than this? In all ways they assist his work, but in no way do they control it; and he is not a member of any one of their churches. This it is which from the first has attracted our attention to the movement as being peculiar, differing from all others.—ED.

MY dear brethren and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ, our Messiah, before all I thank my God in the name of Jesus Christ, that He has enabled me once more to come into your midst, and I rejoice to be able now to testify before you that the Lord has shown to me that my people, the people of Israel, are not gone. Though there are many who would say, like the servants of Jairus who went out to the Lord Jesus Christ to fetch him that he might save his child, "Do not trouble the Master, the child is gone," our Lord is himself life, and gives his life to all who believe in Him. Our God is love. Our God is the God of the living, and not of the dead. And the love which I am now experiencing among you, the love which you show to me, is a testimony to me that my people is still to come to life, and that without Him we do not live, and cannot live.

Therefore I will be now rejoicing with you, and I feel happy in telling you what the Lord is doing through me there, and without me, among my people in Russia.

Now, do not expect of me details of that work which the Lord has entrusted to me, though our movement is the out-

come of all the labors of all the churches which have been trying to do something among God's people. But my position is somewhat different from those which the other laborers until now have had among the Jews. My position is quite peculiar. You are accustomed generally to hear on such occasions how many souls have been brought to the Lord—who those converts are, whether men or women, and what was their position, and what shade of faith they had—whether they had strong, or weak, or bad faith. My position there in Russia I can compare with one who went out to the ocean in a ship, and has suffered shipwreck. All of those who are shipwrecked try to get some firm ground where they can save themselves, and now if one of them who are there struggling for their lives at last finds some firm ground or rock on which he saves himself, the moment he himself feels sure, firm ground under his feet, being on the rock, he tries to shout to those who are still struggling in the sea; and then being drawn in love towards his perishing brothers, those whom he cannot reach by the shouting of his voice, he tries to raise something—to raise a stick,

to raise a flag—in order to attract those perishing people that they should come near the rock.

And that is my position. Russia is that ocean, and the Jews there are like shipwrecked people, and since I have been saved on the rock, which is Jesus, I have tried to do what that man of whom I was speaking tried to do. At first what I did after I got a place where we could come together for worship, and where I could proclaim the everlasting gospel, was to try to shout to all those who surrounded me, and attract them, that they might come also to the same rock which I found.

And besides my preaching there the gospel in that place of worship, I tried to scatter sermons and addresses and pamphlets in order to attract those who were far off, that they might also come to the same Lord in whom I believe.

And now before I shall tell you about all the experience and about what is going on there, I will just bring before you, to illustrate what I have said, some circumstances by bringing before you the contents of letters which are constantly reaching me. I cannot bring before you, of course, the full contents of all those letters, because some of those letters are most difficult to read, but I will bring before you something of it, by which you will see how the work has been blessed to many Jews. Letters have reached me which show that others have taken example from me, that they have now begun to work in some way like me among their brethren in different towns of Russia. Their letters tell me of sufferings which they have to endure for Christ's sake—that they have been already put out of the synagogue, and they think that I, being at Kischeneff, and having got the permission of the government to have this place of worship there, I must be also able to protect them and to help them against their enemies.

Another writes to me that he is now very old, expressing himself in a very quiet way. "Nine and ninety parts of me are already dead, and only one part of me is still alive, and I would so much like to come to your place and live among those believing brethren, that I might spend the few days which remain to me among you, and at last die in peace in the Lord there."

Many letters reach me from young men who are still with their parents, and who tell me that they believe, but are kept back by their parents, and now they call upon me to come there and take them away that they might follow out their belief. Many, especially among the Jewish teachers, write to me from the Crimea and from the Caucasus, and ask me that I would send them New Testaments and sermons in order that they might themselves learn better about Jesus Christ, and that they should be enabled thereby to teach others as well.

Then there are others, baptized Jews, there in my neighborhood, as well as in many other places in Russia, and they write to me and ask me how all those Jews that are baptized can become one united body, in order that they might not any more be obliged to be ashamed of the name of Israel, but rather as Israel glory in the Lord Jesus.

Just by these few instances which I have brought before you, you will be able to conceive what is my work there among my people Israel, and how I am doing it. And you will thereby see how important that place is where I am living, and that I and you with me should try all we can to go on and penetrate more and more in order that my place should become the central place where all those Jews might look who are yearning for the salvation of Israel, as well as those who have already found the Lord.

Many of the letters which reach me contain questions. They ask me after they have received the Lord what they are now to do. "Are you allowed to baptize us?" or "Which church would you advise us that we should go to to be baptized into it?" And thus I am answering them that I can only do what anyone might do where fire has broken out, and is shouting to the people that are in the house which stands in flames. "Save yourselves, save yourselves," without being able to tell them, "Save yourselves by this window," or "by that door," but I will shout, "Save yourselves! save yourselves!" And that of course also is what our brother the apostle Peter did when he wrote in his address, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation," for we have no other name by which we may be saved than one name, the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Hebrew-Christian.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

WE remained at Panama one night, and the next morning I started with a companion on foot for Cruses, at the head of the Chagres river, most of the passengers hiring horses. While traversing this route I thought of the passage in the Book of Mormon which speaks of the distance between the east and the west seas, as being a "Sabbath days' journey for a Nephite."

We must have been upon a considerably wider portion of the "narrow neck of land," for it took us the greater part of the day to reach Cruses, and then we were only at the head of the Chagres river, reckoned, I believe, to be about sixty miles from the Atlantic ocean. After staying all night in a native hut, six of us hired a boat to go down the river. The current being quite swift, there was not much need for the pulling of oars.

The tropical trees and vegetation on each bank of the river was so dense that the eye could not penetrate it. The banks themselves were some five or six feet high the most of the way down, and I wondered if the boat should spring a leak, or any accident should happen and we have to leave it, how we would get out of the river. Indeed, if such a thing had happened we would not have been food for sharks, but for alligators; for the water abounded with them; we could see them sunning themselves on logs, at intervals, all the way down the river. We arrived at Chagres when the sun was well down towards the western sky.

We stayed at the hotel three days waiting for the steamer, before we embarked for New York City, where we arrived about the latter part of July.

We changed the gold dust for its equivalent in coin, and did not stay in New York over night, but left at five o'clock the same day on the splendid steam-boat, "Sir Isaac Newton," bound for Albany. Our steamer was laid up at the wharf there when we awoke the next morning.

From Albany to Utica was but a few hours run on the cars and then out on that same turnpike, spoken of in the earlier part of this history, to where a family of my relatives lived.

The excitement occasioned by my re-

turn somewhat subsiding, my thoughts turned to their polar star, who resided some four miles further up the Saquoit creek. An uncle by marriage accompanied me there, and went into the factory to tell my betrothed she was wanted at the house of an aunt where I was stopping. That meeting, dear reader, was between two fond hearts, and upon its privacy we will not intrude. I thought that was an exceeding long time to be separated; but now, after living together for forty years, she has left me this time, and I know not the mind of the Lord how long the separation will be. Our courtship was not very long this time, for we were married on the 21st of August following.

Nothing out of the ordinary routine of married life occurred to be of sufficient interest to the reader to record. We were married by an Episcopal Methodist minister in the year 1850, in New Hartford, Oneida county, New York. We lived there two years, and then moved to Tioga county, near the town of Owego, New York.

While here I began to seriously consider my situation before God, wondering if the church would ever be cleansed from that abominable pollution by which it had become contaminated, or whether God had utterly cast them off. If so was that the end of it? Oh, it could not be that all those who had not entered into that vile abomination were cast off! Surely God would remember them, and again organize his church upon pure gospel principles.

But not hearing anything of the Latter Day Saints, and being inclined to reverence and serve my Creator to the best of my ability, and realizing that I was accountable for the example placed before my children, by the force of will power I quit swearing. I had become strongly given to that habit; and, willing to acknowledge the hand of God for blessings received, I began to pray in a Methodist weekly prayer meeting over which my wife's father presided. I did not connect myself with that church, but reasoned with myself this way: "I can worship my God in the Methodist prayer-meeting. I

do not need to endorse everything they say. God will hear me there as elsewhere, and I will show before the world that I am tired of serving the devil, and desire to serve Him to whom I owe life with all its blessing, and the hope of eternal life through Christ."

I continued meeting with those people for the above purpose for several months, but incurring their condemnation because I did not on one or two occasions pray when they called upon me, it brought about a rupture by my telling them distinctly what my faith was, which, of course, they could not endorse; hence a coalescence could not obtain.

We had been married seven years when a circumstance transpired which wrought a change in the determination of my wife. She had been opposed to moving out west till then, and I had given up trying to persuade her. Now she was willing to go, and remembering the old adage, "Strike while the iron is hot," we sold out our little farm, and moved with our two children to Abingdon, Knox county, Illinois, where my only brother lived. We had not been there long before my brother introduced me to a man by the name of Moore, whom he said was an old Latter Day Saint. Of course that was a key-note that struck a chord in my heart, and soon we were fast friends. I had not until this introduction known anything about Baneemy, or Charles B. Thompson; but soon after forming this man's acquaintance, he introduced the claims of Baneemy as being the man called of God to carry on the work begun by Joseph Smith. He loaned me some of the books published in its interest, from which I learned that Baneemy claimed that to Joseph Smith was only revealed the gospel and church organization, which was all right in its place; but God had revealed to Baneemy a superior law, and a superior organization, and that order was going on to perfection. I remember thinking, while reading this superior (?) law, that it was either a plan to try men's faith, or it was a deep-laid scheme on the part of Baneemy, for self-aggrandizement.

I fell in with it for a time, but soon developments occurred which proved my last thought to be correct. The reader will remember that I had once before been deceived, and now Bro. Moore and myself both determined to have nothing

more to do with anything which professed the name of Mormon.

Shortly after this, Brethren E. C. Briggs and Reuben Newkirk visited me. I was then at the depot in Abingdon, and Bro. Briggs acted as spokesman, introducing the claims of the Reorganization.

Still smarting under the deception just mentioned and adhering to my resolution, I hardly treated them civilly, and told Bro. Briggs plainly that I had no desire to hear anything about it. He inquired if any more old Latter Day Saints lived in that neighborhood. I directed him to where Bro. Moore lived. I learned from Bro. Moore the next time he came to town, that he had been visited by those brethren, but took no interest in them. His wife told me, after we had all joined the church, that she believed every word they said.

The next spring Bro. Moore moved to St. Joseph. In the summer on going to the post office after my mail the postmaster gave me a number of the *True Latter Day Saints' Herald*, published at Cincinnati, Ohio. I opened it and commenced to read something that claimed my attention and I read the article out before I entered my home.

There was a feeling produced in reading that article which brought a degree of conviction to my mind. Entering the house with the *Herald* in my hand, my wife perceiving it tried to snatch it away, saying, "I wish I knew who sent you that; I would give him a piece of my mind. I have been trying to keep them from you and have succeeded until now. I have quite a number of them at the bottom of the large box. I took them out the other day and lifted the stove-plate, and was about to put them in the stove when something appeared to stop my arm. I could not accomplish it. I said, 'I will hide them where he cannot find them, and placed them at the bottom of the large box.'"

I said to her, "You must not burn them; there may be something good in them."

The same numbers of the *Herald* were sent to Bro. Moore and she had those concealed with the ones sent to my address.

The next February, 1860, I quit the depot and moved to a small place I had bought for a home. Bro. Moore moved back late in the fall to Abingdon, to take

charge of his father's farm, about a mile from where I lived. The first time he passed our domicile I called him in and presented him with the *Heralds* sent in his name, saying, "William, here are some *Heralds*, published by what is called the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and the matter they contain seems to have the right ring to it. He smiled incredulously, but took them and proceeded on his way home. In a day or two he came to my house and we had quite a talk, the result of which was that he agreed to go to Henderson Grove, at which place as we learned from the *Herald* there was a branch of the church. He went to find out what he could about the church.

When he returned he had met Bro. Zenas H. Gurley, Sr., who reported the branch to be in a cold or backward condition. He said Bro. Gurley had appointed a meeting to be held in two weeks, which proved to be the first Sunday in 1860.

We started on Saturday to go to Henderson Grove, a distance of eighteen miles, in one of the coldest days in my experience. I know that I suffered severely. We got along very well until we entered the grove, and took what proved to be a timber road, but Bro. Moore affirmed that he knew the route, and did not feel like turning back, and though the snow was about eighteen inches or two feet deep, he kept on what proved to be a correct course, floundering in the snow, sometimes running against a hidden stump of a tree, half upsetting the sleigh, causing us to get out and lift the sleigh off and place it on a level. We had also to let down fences frequently, but finally emerged into the road at Uncle Jacob Brown's, where we arrived a little before sundown.

Mother Brown had supper under way, which had a very solacing effect to a half-frozen, hungry man, and the kind reception extended added to the feeling.

Bro. Moore being an old acquaintance of Father Brown, after introducing me, fell into conversation with him about old times, which both appeared to enjoy. Supper having been announced, and partaken of, the conversation again turned upon old times, and the vicissitudes endured consequent upon the disruption of the old organization.

Mother Brown, preparing to clean up

the table, going to an old fashioned fireplace to place a skillet on the coals, stopped in the center of the floor, holding the utensil in her hand and said, "Bro. Stafford, can't you sing,

"Oh, stop and tell me, Red Man,
Who are you, why you roam?"

I answered that I had sung it some.

She said, "I knew you could sing it," and begged that I would sing it for them.

"Yes," said father Brown, "Won't you sing it for us, please?"

I engaged in singing it more to please them than otherwise, with no remarkable feeling till I came to the verse,

"I once was pleasant Ephraim
When Jacob for me prayed,
But O, how blessings vanish,
When man from God has strayed,

when my whole system was agitated by a power that I knew was the Holy Spirit, for I had often felt its influence when striving faithfully to serve my God. It settled upon my head and permeated my whole being, showing me, as one of Ephraim's children, what I had lost in straying from my God. I sang the remainder of the song under that influence, and all the evening until the small hours (the brethren did not seem to note the time) that state of mind continued.

In the morning when not fairly awake, before I could collect my thoughts to know where I was, these words came into my mind, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" "Go tell John that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed . . . and blessed is he that is not offended in me." The reader will please remember that we had gone on an investigating tour, were not satisfied as yet that the Reorganized church was what we were seeking for, as the true Church of Christ.

This question of John, and the Savior's answer, attended with the same power as on the previous evening, seemed to have a peculiar application to our case, and as Jesus had said that, "These signs shall follow them that believe; in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," and we had read in the *Herald* that signs were following the preaching of the word by the elders of

the Reorganization, and, above all, the witness of the Holy Spirit in both instances, convinced me that I did not need to look further; that I had found the true Church of Christ; and I resolved to renew my covenant with God to serve him, by his help, the rest of my life.

As soon as Bro. Moore awoke I informed him of the testimony I had received, and of my determination to look no further, and to unite with these people. He had come to the same conclusion. The meeting which had been announced for eleven o'clock on Sunday, was to be held at Bro. Brown's. About ten o'clock Bro. Zenas H. Gurley arrived, and soon after the members of the branch began to assemble, many of whom came from a distance in wagons. I cannot say that the meeting commenced at the appointed time; for it was nearer twelve than eleven. Bro. Gurley preached on the gathering of Israel, about two hours. Had an intermission of about an hour, and then a prayer and testimony meeting was held, which did not last as long as the preaching. Only a few members spoke, and as my memory serves me now, it was a dull meeting.

Bro. Moore and myself signified our belief in and desire to unite with the Reorganization. The elder said that we could be received on our original baptism, but we desired to renew our covenants by rebaptism, and as it was extremely cold weather, deferred it until more suitable time.

Another meeting was appointed one month from date, and as we had to go about eighteen miles we started home immediately after meeting. We felt happy and joyous on the road, notwithstanding the weather, which caused one or the other, and sometimes both, to get out by the sleigh and run to keep warm and arrived home about an hour after dark. Meetings were held monthly till April, when Bro. Moore and myself were baptized and confirmed, and ordained to the office of elder when confirmed. There was a good feeling in the meeting; the Saints seemed to get warmed up; they had been getting on the background, not holding their regular meetings before our advent among them. Meetings began to be held every two weeks, and became seasons of joy and comfort, for the presence of the Spirit was sensibly felt, and

some of the visible gifts, such as tongues and interpretation and prophecy were manifested. I never shall forget, when Father Gurly was praying at the water side previous to baptism, how I inwardly prayed that I might so live as to never require that ordinance to be again performed for me.

But speaking of the ordination, it was quite a trial to me for some time; for I knew that I could not stand up a minute before a congregation without getting confused, and I knew that God knew it. How then could it be that I was called of him? In this state of mind I remained for some time, praying earnestly to God to make known unto me whether my ordination was from him or not. It pleased God to settle my mind upon this question in the following manner: I dreamed that a large concourse of people had assembled for the purpose of hearing Bro. Joseph, the Martyr, preach in an open space or prairie country. A wagon from which the horses had been taken away was placed for the speaker to stand in, in which appeared to be four seats, but who sat in the seats behind Bro. Gurley and myself I have no distinct remembrance. I remember rising on tip-toe to see the size of the congregation, but could see no end to the numbers assembled. I remember also that in my dream I knew Bro. Joseph was dead, and I began to wonder why he did not come; and presently I heard a murmur, and saw an opening was made by the people on the left to let some one come through, which proved to be the Seer.

I said to Bro. Gurley, "There he comes; I know him again; it is he." He came to the wagon, and of course I thought he would come to father Gurley, he being one of the twelve, but he came across the tongue to where I was seated, and thinking that the wagon being full somebody must give up their place to him, I arose just as he got round the wagon, and said, "Here, Bro. Joseph, come and take my place; I will get out." He placed his right foot on the hub of the wheel, and took my offered hand in his, and as I was taking my hand away he held on to it, and looking direct in my eyes said, "Preach the word; preach the word; preach the word." Then the scene of my dream changed.

In a few months after this I attended

a conference at Fox River, and having gone with a brother who desired to leave before the close, I had to go with him. We had stopped at old Father Rogers', and partaking of an early breakfast, went down to Bishop Rogers' to bid the brethren "good-bye." After shaking hands with several of them the present president of the church came out on the porch and had commenced to wash preparatory to breakfast when I started toward him saying, "Bro. Joseph, I must leave. I am a creature of circumstances, and must go, although I would like to stay with you till conference is out." He met me on the porch, we shook hands

and like, as with his father, I was taking my hand away when he held to it and said, "Preach the word, preach the word, preach the word." This was a confirmation to me, the son in his presiding capacity on earth repeating the exact language, in the exact manner and in the form of a command dictated by the Holy Spirit, as his father had done in the dream, was convincing proof to me that I was authorized of God to declare his word. There could be no collusion in the matter, for I had not told any one the dream; so the son could not have known by human agency what his father had said in the dream.

To be Continued.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY YES.

BY "NEELY."

OFTEN, perhaps, as you have been passing up from childhood to manhood you have received advice from a fond and affectionate mother in the following words, "Have courage, my boy, to say no;" which if strictly heeded, will keep one from all the impending dangers and frivolities of life.

The mother who has passed through the repeated trials of life; and has observed thousands of the fair, unwarned sons of earth plodding their way down the broad road toward the home of the unrighteous, wishes from the depths of her heart to see her sons rise far above such degrading habits as are indulged in by the ungodly; so they are instructed not to receive any of the invitations to participate in the pleasures, so-called, which will detract from their spiritual life, which is hidden with Christ in God.

I will give a few thoughts from a brief experience in the glorious cause of Christ, trusting that they may bring joy and consolation to many of the readers of *Autumn Leaves*.

It is a marvelous thing to observe in a life the results that follow in compliance with or disregard of that all-important injunction, "Have courage to say yes, or no."

I will take the first in narrating my short experience in the work we love so dearly.

It was near the beginning of the year 1886 when first the sweet sound of inspiration reached the ear of this wandering boy, and as the acclamation burst forth in an unknown tongue, to me, with my limited knowledge of the sacred word which now has become so dear to me, it was, as near as I can express it, like "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," but when the interpretation came, it was so full of meaning and encouragement that I was determined to examine the Scriptures, to see whether these things, strange to me, were true or not, and to look more earnestly after the welfare of my soul.

In a few short days I awoke to a sense of the duty which I owed to my Savior, and was translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of Christ by passing through the waters of regeneration; and in the act of obedience what a change of life seemed to be brought about. The bright prospects of a future home in the many mansions of our Savior, and the thousand years of peace and happiness during the great Sabbath reign with our loved ones on earth, seemed to burst upon my view, as all nature joined with the few observing Saints in the heart-swelling chorus of,

"Repent and be washed clean from sin,
And then a crown of life you'll win,
For the day we seek is nigh is nigh at hand."

Those days, with many thereafter, were

sweeter than "honey and the honey comb;" for the guardian angel brought a peaceful influence which, night and day, seemed to pervade my being.

The pathway now looked to be as smooth and bright as when the full moon bursts forth from behind the dark clouds and shines upon the quiet lake; for then I had never realized the force of these words, "You shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." Now I can plainly see the reason why. I was but a babe in the gospel, and needed the sincere milk of the word that I might grow stronger before I reached the rugged pathway of life with its numerous temptations and besetments.

By a strong determination to live a life of uprightness and devotion and frequent meditation upon that glorious sermon on the mount, there came a burning desire within my bosom to carry the glad message to the nations of the earth who were in such gross darkness.

As I meditated upon the scene, two large mountains appeared before me that I hardly knew how to get over. One was, "Who was going to send me?" and the other, "My limited education." I had read in the word, that certain men were instructed to pray the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth more laborers into the vineyard, and many were called, ordained and sent forth with that message of "Peace on earth, good will to men;" and although I had not the learning, I felt quite confident that he who inspired and qualified the illiterate men of Galilee, would still furnish his young servants with sufficient knowledge to rightly represent his blessed work.

With this view before me I offered many a childlike prayer to Him "who giveth liberally to all men and upbraideth not," that if I was required to do any special work for him, if he would only make it known in his own way I would promise to do my best in holding high the banner of truth wherever my lot might be cast.

I went so far as to ask the Lord in secret that if he wanted me to preach his precious truths to the nations, to call me out by name and give me a perfect knowledge of his will concerning me, and then I was ready to go wherever it was deemed necessary; and if I received not this knowledge I would still try to live an

upright life, but would never take the honor upon myself to perform the sacred ordinances of his church, unless called as in days of old.

A few short and pleasant weeks passed quietly by and I felt that my time to begin preaching the gospel was near at hand, but still I patiently awaited the answer to my prayer. One beautiful Sabbath day we all assembled as was our usual custom, for prayer and testimony, and the hearts of all the Saints seemed to be filled with a peaceful and heavenly influence. The meeting proceeded, and shortly the long and patiently looked for answer came accompanied by such heavenly light and consoling thoughts that we all wept for joy with one accord.

The following is the beginning of what was then given: "Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant, [calling me by name], I have heard thy prayers, and inasmuch as thou hast desired to preach my gospel, behold, if thou art faithful, thou shalt be called to go to the islands of the sea," etc.

And let me say to my dear young companions in the work of Christ, that I am now fulfilling those words in this far off land.

It was a season of joy to me to know that my prayer was answered and a portion of my future labor was now laid out before me; and I felt determined to do all in my power to fulfill the promise I had made to the Lord. About two months after this instruction from the Lord, I was called and ordained to the eldership; and there were many witnesses to the divinity of the call, which gave greater evidence to the work I was called to perform.

Without experience, having never held any office in the church, I prepared and started with Bro. J. W. Wight to the general conference of 1888, with the intention of spending a few weeks with him, and then returning home and spending a year or two at school; but my work was all arranged by the unseen hand and was beginning to be developed otherwise than I had planned.

The Lord showed me by dream or vision, that I was to go on a mission with Bro. Wight, and we were all alone as we crossed the great deep; but notwithstanding all this, my mind had not yet caught a glimpse of the work which was so near.

Bro. Wight was appointed to Australia,

and Bro. J. R. Lambert asked me what I would do, and I said I intended going to school for a time, and prepare to labor in in the vineyard. After this we parted, and I went about one and a half miles to where Bro. Wight was and told him of the great mission now lying before him of which he had not as yet heard. It caused a deep feeling of sorrow for a few minutes, but it soon passed away; and peace and gladness filled his bosom. My future labor now came vividly before my eyes, and the time to leave all that was near and dear on earth, for the cause of Christ was near at hand, and I tried to comfort Bro. Wight by telling him of the many things that had been shown me of the Lord, and how I felt quite confident that I would be appointed with him.

No doubt, at the time, he thought it strange in me to talk as I did, when there were plenty of experienced elders around and ready for the conflict, only waiting for their appointments to the various parts of the world; and I without learning or experience, talking about going on a mission so far from home and amongst strangers. But I quietly told him of the heavenly manifestations which had been shown, and of the promised message that I was to carry to the islands of the sea; and now the way seemed to be opening just at the proper time.

We then agreed that nothing should be said relative to these matters; that we would see if the apostles were moved by the same spirit that had revealed the hidden mysteries in times past and gone, which I felt quite confident would be the case; and so I consoled myself with the thought of having to go to Australia.

We started from the house to the afternoon meeting, and on our way we met Bro. Lambert who informed me that I was appointed to accompany Elder Wight to the islands. Now came the great struggle within. What could I say now? Would I refuse to go after such evidences, or would I consent? The still small voice seemed to whisper, "Have courage, my boy, to say yes," and I tremblingly said, "I will do my best."

The scene which soon appeared before my mind I cannot find words to describe, for I had never been away from home more than two weeks, excepting at the conference, and now ten thousand miles from home, and that for three years and

perhaps more, among entire strangers, was to be my lot! Would I say no after the Father of all comfort had been so good and kind to me? Ah! no. I must now put my hand to the plow and never look back, but with indefatigable energy press my way onward, and, if possible, save myself and those who might hear me.

An old acquaintance of mine, hearing of my calling to the ministry and knowing of my limited education, said, in a tempting way, "Well, what are you going to do?" I said, "He who called me is able to provide and sustain;" that there was "no use of my trying to run away; for Jonah, a far wiser man than I am, tried it, and made a complete failure; so I think I had better go at first call."

He seemed to be perfectly satisfied with the answer, and wished me success in the great undertaking; and, as the time drew near for our departure, the thoughts would come again and again, "Oh, how can I have courage to bid my friends and relatives a final farewell for three years, and perhaps forever!" I felt sorrowful for a time, but the sorrow was soon turned into joy; for that fostering hand of a merciful and loving Father brought peace and comfort to my heart, and bright rays of hope appeared in the future which brought the assurance that His grace was sufficient to uphold and sustain in every time of need. And in my darkest hours, the Lord again spoke peace to my troubled soul by the gift of tongues, through one of his servants, which peace, like the living fountain, still gushes forth as fresh and free as the day it was given.

While the brother was speaking in tongues, the great future was opened to his view, and he was permitted to see the work we would accomplish, if faithful; and our safe return to our native home. He saw the vessel which was to bear us to foreign climes speeding its way across the great Pacific ocean, surrounded by a beautiful light from heaven. Then suddenly appeared Australia, and we were seen delivering our message to the people, and he said in a comforting way, "I will go before you and behind you, and give mine angels charge concerning you, that no harm may befall you; and you shall return with songs of everlasting joy, bearing many sheaves."

Do you think I should doubt or say no,

after such manifestations of kindness? The Lord had fulfilled his promise, and now I was to fulfill mine; so I took courage and started, realizing that under the hand of a loving Father there was protection, and that he would supply our

— NEW SOUTH WALES, Australia.

daily wants if we were only true to our high and holy calling.

Let me say then, dear brother,
Wherever you go,
Have courage to say yes,
And have courage to say no.

WINTER APPLES.

What cheer is there that is half so good,
In the snowy waste of the winter night,
As a dancing fire of hickory wood,
And an easy chair in its mellow light,
And a pearmain apple, ruddy and sleek,
Or a jenneting with a freckled cheek?

A russet apple is fair to view,
With a tawny tint like an autumn leaf,
The warmth of a ripened corn-field's hue,
Or golden hint of a harvest sheaf;
And the wholesome breath of the finished year
Is held in a winesap's blooming sphere.

They bring you a thought of the orchard trees,
In blossomy April and leafy June,
And the sleepy droning of bumble-bees,
In the lazy light of the afternoon,
And tangled clover and bobolink,
Tiger-lilies and garden pinks.

If you've somewhere left, with its gables wide,
A farm-house set in an orchard old,
You'll see it all in the winter-tide
At the sight of a pippin's green-and-gold,
Or a pearmain apple, ruddy and sleek,
Or a jenneting with a freckled cheek.

—Selected.

ELDER JOHN BRUSH.

BY TWO FRIENDS.

CHAPTER II.

IN our last chapter we left the little band of Saints of which we are writing, enjoying the things so plentifully provided by the good Samaritan (whose name, by the way, was Butterfield) and his tender-hearted neighbors. The hearts of all seemed verily turned towards them, and provisions of all sorts—chickens, turkeys, bread, and corn—continued to pour in upon them until they most gratefully protested and sent them home again that there should be no waste.

On the second night after arriving at Mr. Butterfield's, a strange thing happened, which was a marvel and a wonder throughout the land. The Saints assembled for prayer, as usual, and on rising to their feet witnessed a peculiar sight. Numbers of stars had begun to fall and continued to increase until the whole heavens were streaked with their shining trains. For hours this phenomenon continued, presenting a joyful sight to the

Saints; for to them it was a glorious witness from God in heaven that he was remembering his people and would cause their persecutors to know that he was displeased with what they had done.

And that they were right in taking this view of it was verified by those who visited their camp, for from them they heard that the scene had been one of terror to those who had helped to drive out the Saints. Pricked in their hearts they could not sleep, but ran from house to house, talking over the strangeness of the sight and crying, "Send for the Mormons quick, and bring them back, that a terrible calamity may not come upon us."

But as morning dawned and the great display ceased, they were ashamed to openly confess that they had done wrong, by restoring the Saints to their possessions, and so it was never done; but from that time on, for several years, they were not so fierce toward God's people, outwardly treating them in a friendly manner, though never repenting sufficiently to

acknowledge their wrong or embrace the truth.

And right here, before we again accompany the Saints, perhaps it would be as well to trace out events so far as we know concerning the mob. Campbell, the first inciter against the Saints, went over to Clay county before the eviction, with five others, to talk up the matter of "getting rid of the Mormons;" and on their return all six were drowned while crossing the Missouri river. After this, James Wilson, a Methodist preacher, the Overman brothers, farmers, and a man named Cockerel, a grocer, took up Campbell's work and brought things to a focus. It was these men who asked for and received the arms of the Saints just before they were driven out, and they headed the mob that drove them out.

Again: After the Saints had been driven from their homes, these and other persons who had been their nearest neighbors, pillaged their houses of what furniture they had, killed their hogs and cattle, and harvested the corn which they had raised, causing their homes to become deserted wastes; and this was the condition in which Bro. Brush found the settlement, on returning two months after being driven out. Not a single article was left of value to the Saints that he could take with him on his return to their settlement.

And were these acts to go forever unrewarded? A few years ago Bro. Brush met an old resident of that country, an agent of the *Kansas City Herald*, who told him that the sufferings of the people who lived at that place during the civil war were too great to be recounted. Scarcely a single one who had resided there during the time the Saints were driven out was left at the close of the war; and it was his statement that just thirty years to a day from the time they were driven out a big battle was fought on the banks of the Big Blue, where the Saints' old settlement had stood, with great loss on the side of the Missouri Confederates. He further stated that those who survived were not permitted to remain there, but were driven out with the loss of all their property, they themselves being obliged to seek new homes in Texas and other southern wilds amidst the greatest sufferings.

News soon came to the camp of the

Saints that most of their former settlement had gone north across the river into Clay county, and longing to be with those of like faith, the Saints at Mr. Butterfield's began as soon as they could to follow them. Crossing the Missouri at William's Ferry, below Independence, Bro. Brush's father and mother found a stopping place in what was called Father Chase's Settlement, situated on the bluffs along the north side of the river; and here they made their home until spring.

Hastily constructing log houses (mostly of only one room) from the timber that grew along the river, the Saints were soon sheltered from the cold; but they had little other comfort. Winter was upon them and they had no other resource but to find work among the settlers here and there, in order to purchase food. Bro. Brush, who was now nearing nineteen years of age, grubbed brush, split rails and worked in a brickyard until the spring opened, averaging about ten dollars a month in payment for his labor; and this was about the average of the earnings of the rest. They thus kept themselves from starving, but many died from severe exposure and the lack of those things that were needed by the delicate and the weak. At that time "domestic" was twenty-five cents a yard, calico was forty cents, and other things accordingly high in price, so it will be seen that not many comforts were to be had in the way of bedding and clothing. Nearly all the children who were not obliged to work out of doors went barefoot all the winter, and were therefore compelled to remain in the house the most of the time.

But notwithstanding their physical privations the Saints in the main were united spiritually; and though they did not have a regularly organized branch, they had preaching and prayer-services, and quite a number of their nearest neighbors were added to the faith. Father Chase being the oldest elder in the community, took the lead in spiritual matters and called upon all those who had been ordained to offices in Jackson county to come forward and work in their offices. This they willingly did and the Saints were regularly visited, all maintaining cheerfulness under their trials and looking for the speedy redemption of Zion. But this they expected would be brought about miraculously by our Heavenly Father,

not as yet understanding that the Saints also had a part to do, which they must faithfully perform ere this could be accomplished.

As spring opened all began to cast about for places whereon they could raise provisions for their supply during the coming year, and Bro. Brush's father and mother and about fifteen other families succeeded in renting some fenced, but otherwise unimproved land in the southeast corner of Clay county. Here they again built houses and proceeded to put in crops, living and working hard until their crops were harvested. These, however, were generally very good, and the succeeding winter was passed in greater comfort.

Father Morley was chosen president of the branch in this settlement, and the settlement was called after him. The officers were active and faithful; gifts and blessings were manifested here the same as at Father Chase's and in Jackson county, and the Saints lived once more in the quiet enjoyment of the faith they had embraced. Here the main body of the settlement continued for about two years, but as soon as the corn was harvested Bro. Brush left his father and mother and went down to Chariton county to obtain work for the winter. On his arrival he hired out to a brother in the church by the name of Faucett, and with him he continued for over a year.

In August, 1835, in the twentieth year of his age, he was married to Bro. Faucett's daughter, Catharine, at the time but a little over fourteen years old, the young couple remaining with her parents until the following spring. By this time Bro. Brush had accumulated property consisting of a horse, two cows and some household furniture; and in company with his father-in-law's family he moved up to the new settlement at Far West, in Caldwell county, which the Saints were then beginning to form. Shortly after arriving he went down to Father Morley's settlement and brought up his father and mother, and together the three families entered eighty acres of land on Plum creek, about six miles west of Far West.

Again they built houses and again began to plant their crops. Caldwell county was a vacant country, set off by some provision of the legislature for the

Saints to enter and occupy, and for several miles on either side of them there were neither friends nor foes. Because of wandering so much the Saints of course were still poor, but they manifested a spirit to share with each other what they did have, and no one felt above any other. For example, during the summer Bro. Brush's two cows gave an abundance of milk, yet his wife never made a pound of butter; for there were so many families that had no cows that all the spare milk was given away. Whoever had dried fruits, wheat-flour or any other luxuries in the way of provisions set them aside for the sick and the feeble, and thus did they seek each other's welfare.

Bro. Brush and his relatives and most of the others had brought with them enough corn meal to last until late in the summer, but at last this was giving out and they started out to obtain a new supply. Going over into Clay county, they succeeded in buying thirty bushels of corn, but the next proposition was to get it ground. The Saints as yet had no large mills, and so they went to the mills of others before returning to the settlement. But everywhere they went the mills were full of work, and the owners refused to grind their corn. One man, however, told them that when he had no other customers they could get theirs ground; but that if he gave them a chance to get theirs ground while others were waiting he would lose all his trade. As this seemed their only chance, the brethren concluded to wait; but after staying three days, during which time the mill was not idle day or night, they concluded they would have to try some other place.

For nine days they continued thus to haul their corn around, but at last, feeling that it would never be ground if they waited for outsiders to do it, they started, heart-sick, for home. They then heard that about twelve miles from Plum creek a brother owned a little one-horse mill that would grind out about ten bushels of corn each twenty-four hours. To him they went and he at last permitted them to come once every two weeks and grind out *one bushel* at a time; and this was all he could do in justice to others in as needy a condition. With this the three families were obliged to be content, piecing out with hominy and parched corn until the new corn was old enough to be

grated by hand. After this the water-mills started and all were enabled to get meal for the winter.

Dear reader, in this chapter we have shown you some of the physical privations which the early Saints were obliged to suffer for their faith's sake; and yet how great was their cheerfulness and how ready they were to sacrifice one for another!

We have been thus particular according to Bro. Brush's desire that the young may

see how far the spirit of selfishness that is abroad in the world to-day is out of harmony with God's will; and this will be better understood when we remember that it was said of even these of whom we are writing, that there were "contentions and jarrings among them," and they did "not [all] impart of their substance as becometh Saints" to the poor and afflicted among them.

May God help us to understand and obey the laws of brotherly love.

SINCERITY SEEKING SALVATION.—No. I.

BY ELDER T. W. SMITH.

SINCERITY becoming concerned about the eternal welfare of his soul, and being young and inexperienced, sought counsel of various friends of his father's family; and as among these friends were several ministers, or preachers and pastors of different churches, he thought, of course, that as they claimed to be the ambassadors of Christ, or representatives of his church, that they could and would clearly show him the way to escape the wrath to come, or the judgment of God which he had heard was to be executed against all who were sinners, one of whom he realized himself to be.

He had heard on the streets of the city where he lived, officers and privates of what was called the "Salvation Army," declaring amidst the noise and confusion of singing, praying, talking, drum-beating, etc., that they were saved, shouting at the top of their voices, "Glory to God, I am saved!" And, finding opportunity to speak to one of the captains of the Army, he asked what they had done to secure this salvation, and was told that they had done nothing except to believe that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed them from all sin;" that just the very moment that they believed that they were then and there cleansed from their sins; and "were saved, sanctified, and fitted for heaven."

But when he asked them to explain in what way or manner Christ's blood cleansed them from sin, the only answer he could obtain was that, "the Bible says that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and that all that was re-

quired on their part was to believe that statement, and when they did do so, they realized the fact, or in other words, they "were at that very moment saved from sin; and not only that, but from the possibility of sinning." But there was running in his mind the thought that he had read somewhere in the Bible that "faith without works is dead, being alone," and he determined to search and see whether this was indeed a Bible statement; and in so doing he found that the Apostle James had so said.

He had heard these people who claimed to have been "saved by faith only," exhort sinners to "only believe," and assure them that they were to be "justified by faith only;" and he heard these exhorters say that they were "full of the Holy Ghost, and were born of the Spirit;" that they were "led by the Holy Ghost, in all" they "said and did;" but in reading what James the apostle said (who also claimed to be inspired of God), he found that while these people were shouting and singing and thanking God in their prayers that they were "justified by faith only," he read that James said, "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified and not by faith only;" and again, "What doth it profit my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? Can faith save him?" Again he says, "The devils believe and tremble."

So when Sincerity put these sayings side by side, that is, the declaration of men to-day (who claim to be inspired of God to say that men must "only believe,

and they shall be saved," and that they are "justified by faith only,") and those of an apostle eighteen centuries ago, who also claimed to be inspired of God, who declared that "by works a man is justified and not by faith only;" and who also said, "But wilt thou know, O vain man that faith without works is dead," I say that when he compared these conflicting or opposite sayings he was confused, and knew not what to think.

And his distress of mind was not lessened, but greatly increased when he read this same apostle's statement that, "Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." He said to himself, "How is it possible that God who is declared to be unchangeable, and does not turn from what he has said, (and therefore must of course have the same mind and judgment to-day as he had in the days of James), how could he inspire men to-day to teach exactly opposite to what he inspired James to teach.

He saw that he must accept either the ancient or the modern doctrine, for both could not possibly be true; and he also saw that if he should reject the modern doctrine of "justification by faith only," he must reject the claim made by those who teach that doctrine, viz: that they are inspired of God to teach it, and that if he could not believe that they were inspired by the Holy Spirit in their *teachings*, he could not accept their *experiences*—which they claimed were produced by the Holy Ghost—particularly their claim to having been *sanctified*, or *born again* by the Holy Ghost.

His trouble was not diminished when he reflected that many of them were honest, sincere, pious and devoted people. However, this point did not affect his mind long, for he saw that Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans, Hindoos, Spiritualists and even infidels were also honest and sincere; and many were good, or moral and upright people. He saw at once, that mere honesty, sincerity and morality were not sufficient evidences of the soundness and truth of a man's opinions on religious or any other subject; for if honesty and sincerity and a moral life proved a man's belief to be correct and indisputable, then on that ground all

the religious, political, scientific and philosophical doctrines of the world are correct, no matter how contradictory and unreasonable they may be.

But he concluded to inquire of Rev. Mr. Presbutero, the pastor of one of the churches of the town; also of Rev. Mr. Methodus, Rev. Mr. Luthero and of Rev. Mr. Baptistees, pastors of churches in the town; but he discovered that they all agreed on that question of "faith and works," and taught the same as the so-called "Salvation Army." Mr. P. told him that the Scriptures said, "Therefore by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight;" that is, in the sight of God. Again, "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law."—Romans 3: 20, 28. But instead of this satisfying him, it only increased his perplexity, for as he read a little more of that chapter, he also read in the last verse, "Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law." And when Mr. P. said, in answer to his query, "What *law* does Paul refer to?" that "the law referred to was the law of good works," he was confused more than ever, for he could not get rid of the statement of James that in God there is "no variableness, neither shadow of turning." How can that be, thought he, if Paul wrote that a man is "justified by faith, without the deeds of the law," yet James said, "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only;" and yet both claim to have been inspired of God to write these things? "They cannot both be true," he said. If he doubted James' teaching on this point, he saw that he must also question his teaching concerning the unchangeable character of God; but he found that Malachi 3: 6, had also written that God said, "I am the Lord, I change not;" and that in Numbers 23: 19, it is written, "God is not man that he should lie, neither the Son of Man that he should repent: hath He said, and shall he not do it? Hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" So as there were others beside James who declared that God was unchangeable, he concluded that James was right and that Paul was in error, unless Paul had reference to something else than the "law of good works.

His perplexity was increased when he

happened to read what Paul had written to the Philippians (2: 12, 13), "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." And he was troubled still more when he read that Christ the judge of all said, "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then shall he reward every man according to his works."—Matt 16: 27. He also discovered that Paul taught the same doctrine in 2 Cor. 5: 10, so he concluded that either Paul contradicted himself or else he did not mean a "law of good works" by which a man is "not justified."

He inquired of Mr. Methodus, but all he could tell him was that Paul said, "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works lest any man should boast."—Eph. 2: 8, 9. But he only added more confusion to Sincerity's mind, for when he turned to read this quotation he thought he would read farther on, and he was astonished when he read the very next verse thus: "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."—Verse 10.

"What works can these be?" he wondered. "Are they 'the deeds of the law' that Paul referred to?" He saw that this could not be or Paul could not be inspired of God, to so contradict himself.

Mr. Luthero could not help him out of the difficulty, for all he seemed to be able to say was that "justification by faith only is a wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort;" and Mr. Baptistees referred him to what Paul said about "dead works" in Heb. 6: 1, and 9: 14. But in reading these he saw a little ray of light; for by reading the entire ninth chapter of Hebrews he saw that Paul was writing about the covenant God had made with Israel called the "first testament," or "covenant," which Paul said, "stood only in meats and drinks and divers washings, and carnal ordinances imposed on them until the time of reformation." He began to see that it was what Paul called "the law of commandments contained in ordinances" which Christ had abolished, (Eph. 2: 15), and that these were the works referred to in the ninth verse.

He found Paul also said of this law that Christ had blotted "out the hand-

writing of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross."—Col. 2: 14. He then understood that if this law of ordinances, (or deeds of the law, or works) was blotted out, and taken out of the way and nailed to the cross, that it died or became dead, and was therefore very properly called "dead works." Paul therefore called upon the Hebrews or Jews, who still held to that law, to repent or turn away from these dead works, or the deeds or works of the law of Moses which Peter called a "yoke" and which Paul called a "yoke of bondage;" and that it was these dead works now blotted out, taken out of the way and crucified or nailed to the cross which Paul said the blood of Christ would purge their consciences from.

Sincerity could not comprehend how God required men and women to worship and serve him as Jesus taught (Matt 4: 10), and as the angel told John (Rev. 22: 9), nor that he required men and women to honor their parents and to keep the Sabbath day holy, if these duties were not acceptable to God and there was no merit in performing them. Nor could he comprehend how God required that men and women should abstain from lying, swearing, murder, adultery, covetousness and such like evils, and yet not justify any one in avoiding or abstaining from these sins. He could not understand any more than could any other thinking person, how God could command people to do certain good deeds and to abstain from doing certain evil ones, and not justify those who would do as he required. Nor could he understand how God could promise such great blessings to Israel if they would keep the law of Moses, and threaten them with such great cursings if they did not, and of which he read in Deuteronomy chapter 28th, if he did not justify them by the deeds of that law while it was in force or was binding on them. But if that law was "dead," "abolished" or taken "out of the way" and "blotted out," therefore no longer accepted of God, that it ended with the death or sacrifice of Christ—it being only a law of "types and shadows," representing under various ceremonies and forms the work or mission of Jesus Christ, therefore becoming useless or unnecessary after he came—he could now see clearly that as

that ceremonial law ended or died when Christ had suffered, died and arose from the dead and went to heaven, that "no flesh" could since that time be justified by the deeds of the law" or of that law; for it was no longer in existence and was therefore a dead law and of course its "works," ordinances and ceremonies, were also dead. Therefore, as I have said, he understood that they were "dead works."

Sincerity, becoming satisfied that these reverend gentlemen did not understand the scriptures in this matter, and indeed, that they taught contrary to them; and finding that he was required to do the will of God and to "work out" his own salvation, he was now troubled on another matter; for he had heard Mr. Presbutero and Mr. Baptistees say that, even if there was any merit in good works and providing that people could be justified by the deeds of the law, they might not be of any avail or profit in his case, as he might not be one of the elect who had been fore-ordained or predestined from all eternity to be saved; and if he was not one of that class he would not be justified or saved by either faith or works, nor by both.

His distress of mind was now greater than ever, for they read to him, "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate. . . . Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified." They told him that this applied to a certain class called the "elect," who would be saved while the rest of mankind would, of course, be lost.

They told him that those who were predestined to be saved would be "called" to believe in Christ, or in the gospel. He began to fear that perhaps he was not "called," and therefore not predestined, or elected; so in his perplexity he called on Mr. Methodus, and asked if he thought that he was one of the "called" ones. He was told that he was, for the reason that every soul was called to believe in Christ; and he read to him scriptures like these: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isa. 45: 22. "For God so loved the world that he gave his Only Begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 8: 16. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and

is baptized shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be damned."—Mark 16: 15, 16. "Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."—1 Tim. 2: 4. "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17, and much more of like character.

He now felt easier in his mind, but still the words of Paul about predestination troubled him. But one day the thought came to him that perhaps God "foreknew" everybody; and he said to himself, "Did God only foreknow a certain class of mankind, or in other words, did he only foreknow a part of mankind, and not the remainder?" He read, "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate," etc., so Sincerity concluded that God either did not foreknow everybody, or if he did foreknow all mankind he predestined all. And when he read what Paul wrote to the Philippians, "that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow of things in heaven, and things in earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—Phil. 2: 10, 11; also the vision of John in which he saw that "every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Bessing and honor, and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."—Rev. 5: 13. When he read these and other scriptures bearing upon the subject he concluded that if God had predestined to salvation all whom he foreknew; also that he must have foreknown all mankind, therefore all will be saved, because they shall become "conformed to the image of his Son."

However, in after days he read in another version of the Scriptures, that Paul had reference to Christ; and that instead of reading the pronoun "them" it should be "him;" and instead of the words, "conformed to the image of his Son," it should be "conformed to his own image." It was evident to his mind that Paul had reference to something that had already taken place, and that whomsoever it alluded to were already "justified" and "glorified," as the righteous are not to be "glorified" until the resurrection of the dead, nor until they receive their crowns of glory; which Sincerity discovered will not take

place until Christ returns to earth, or at the day of judgment.

But Mr. P. and Mr. B. troubled his mind with another quotation: "Has not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor? What if God, willing to show his wrath and make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted for destruction; and that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had prepared unto glory."—Rom. 9: 21-23.

But by careful reading of the foregoing and succeeding chapters he soon discovered that Paul was not referring to some who were the "elect" among the Gentiles and to those who were reprobated or cast off among them, but that he referred to the Jews, who had made themselves the vessels of wrath and fitted themselves for destruction, because they had rejected the counsel of God and refused to keep his commandments; and particularly for their sin of rejecting

Christ. For he wrote to the Thessalonians, "The wrath of God hath come upon them to the uttermost."—1 Thess. 2: 14-16.

Yet he shows in the 11th chapter of Romans, that even these vessels of wrath may be saved, or the broken off branches of the olive tree may "be grafted in again;" and not only that, but he declares that "*all* Israel *shall* be saved;" and he winds up his whole discourse on the subject of the relative condition of Jew and Gentile (which takes up the first eleven chapters) by speaking thus of these "vessels of wrath fitted for destruction;" "For God hath concluded them all in unbelief that he might have *mercy* upon all. Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

This casting away of the Jews has no reference to the future state, but was fulfilled in their past national experience. See Romans 11th chapter.

To be Continued.

READING FICTION.

DEAR SR. WALKER:—

PLEASE allow me to say in reply to your last article on this subject that your theory is beautiful, sublime, etc., but it isn't practical.

I admit that "the perfection of sublimity is found in the word of God as in no other book, or all other books combined." That is very true, indeed; but no one—that is, no child—will take pleasure in reading and studying the Bible while in his most tender years, unless he has had some preliminary training in that which is sacred and deep so as to digest and understand it. The Bible is considered a dry book to most young people; but I know that a person's morality can be cultivated and his taste for what is good and true be developed until the reading of God's word becomes a delight; not only because we know it is true, and the phraseology so beautiful, but it means life or death to us.

I have young minds to train—two girls and two boys, and they have but little

taste for reading anything, especially the oldest boy. His taste is entirely for outdoor sports, like thousands of other boys. Now their taste for books has to be cultivated. It would be as foolish for me to expect them to read and enjoy the Bible now, as to expect them to read Latin grammar. Why? Because their minds cannot grasp the depth of such things. I shall pursue (and I would earnestly advise the parents who read this article to pursue) such a course of reading as I laid down in my former article. Begin with something that they can comprehend and enjoy; of which the morals are pure and language good, gradually giving them deeper and more sacred things, until they learn to love that which is good, because of the beauty there is in goodness, until at last they are trained to the standard I want them—the reading of the book of books.

An article I was reading in the *Youth's Companion* beautifully illustrates my idea of the case. "Two young men,

brothers, were attending college, fitting themselves for the ministry, with the intention of going to Africa as missionaries. In the midst of their studies they were called home by the death of their father. His death necessitated their leaving school and taking up the task of self-support. The elder of the two married and settled down at home, and announced that his chances for being a missionary were over. He devoted himself to his family, strictly attending to his own affairs, taking no thought of his neighbors, their joys or sorrows, never asking himself if he too could do good to or help them in any way. It occurred to the mind of the younger brother, that by exerting himself he could find missionary work at home; so after looking about him a little, he fixed on the plan of starting a reading-circle, for young boys and men who were homeless and away from all good influence or surroundings. So he arranged a bright, cheerful room with plenty of books, good lights and comfortably seated, then invited those of the young people in his vicinity that he knew to be without such facilities to come in and spend their evenings in his room. Quite a number gladly consented, and he commenced by reading aloud from such works as Dickens, "Pickwick Papers," and "Nicholas Nickleby," and such works as would amuse and interest them. Then he selected, read to them, or put in their way so they could read, works of history, novels with a religious tone in them, entertaining works in geology and the like.

He didn't begin by preaching and reading the bible to them. If he had they would have been bored and disgusted at the outset, and would have left his reading room to suffer for want of *occupants*; but he began by amusing and entertaining them. He followed that up with books that would instruct them and broaden their views in *everything*, then they began studying and discussing things from a religious standpoint, until the reading and discussing of the Bible and its teaching got to be one of their most interesting occupations at their circle. Thus he *saved* them. Many of them were of a wild, reckless type, and were fast going down that broad way that leadeth to destruction. By taking them away from their haunts of vice and wickedness and giving them something better to

occupy their minds, he saved them from the saloon, the jail, the police courts and, probably, the penitentiary.

Now, if this plan would work with full-grown men, some of them whose habits were rapidly becoming fastened upon them that would have cost a strong effort and a *long one* to loose. If, I say, this plan would work with such characters as above mentioned, why wouldn't it be the best safeguard for your boys and girls, dear mothers? As I heard a lovely mother once say about her sons, when she was expressing her anxiety as to their whereabouts, "You can train a boy just as carefully and teach the best of habits, and then when he is grown he will get away from home, get into bad company and learn bad habits; and a mother would know nothing about it, and if she did she could not help herself."

Oh, how many, many mothers can echo that complaint against their sons! Now, my idea is, and what I am trying to carry out (for I try to practice what I preach) is, to keep the boys at home. My husband has to be gone a great deal in his business as a stock dealer, but he says, "A man's place in the evening is at home with his family;" and the evening always finds him at home. Now, a boy can be brought up to have the same notions. You tell me you can't keep the boys at home after a certain age. Yes you can, by making home so pleasant that he don't want to leave it. Have books and games, music, and a bright cozy room to sit in. You say your boy doesn't love books. He can be *taught* to love them, but you have got to begin at "A" as the younger brother did in the story herein-before mentioned, and gradually climb upward until you have him, by his own *desire*, in the church, well grounded in the faith. Why? Because he has a mind *well developed*, a heart warmed and strengthened by the lessons he has been learning all his life, and is able to reason on the plan of salvation as laid down in the Scriptures, and try all things and hold fast that which is good.

I heard Bro. Alexander H. Smith once say, that he would not give one member that had obeyed the gospel after a thorough and calm research and finally come to that standpoint because he has reasoned it all out and weighed it well (therefore cannot gainsay it,) for a dozen who are

baptized just on a sudden resolve, without knowing what they are going into; for they soon fall away, and that kind only bring reproach on the cause of Christ.

I have written somewhat at length on this subject, which should be called "mind-culture," because I think it one of the

deepest questions in our existence. So I am still of the opinion that you will never reach "Z," the highest standard of perfection, the Bible, unless you begin at "A"—something a child can understand.

Aim high, and keep climbing; but you have got to begin at the first round.

FANNIE P. MCGAHEN.

MARTHA VIRGINIA'S HAND.

"There on the left!" said the colonel: the battle had shuddered and faded away, Wraith of a fiery entrenchment that left only ashes and blood-sprinkled clay—
 "Ride to the left and examine that ridge where the enemy's sharpshooters stood. Lord, how they picked off our men from the treacherous vantage-ground of the wood!

But for their bullets I'll bet my batteries sent them something as good. Go and explore and report to me then, and tell me how many we killed. Never a wink shall I sleep till I know our vengeance was duly fulfilled."

Fiercely the orderly rode down the slope of the corn-field—scarred and forlorn, Ruttled by violent wheels and scathed by the shot that had plowed it in scorn; Fiercely, and burning with wrath for the sight of his comrades crushed at a blow, Flung in broken shapes on the ground like ruined memorials of woe: These were the men whom at daybreak he knew, but never again could know. Thence to the ridge where roots outhrust, and twisted branches of trees Clutched the hill like clawing lions, firm their prey to seize.

"What's your report?" and the grim colonel smiled when the orderly came back at last.

Strangely the soldier paused. "Well they were punished." And strangely his face looked aghast.

"Yes, our fire told on them; knocked over fifty—laid out in line of parade. Brave fellows, Colonel, to stay as they did! But one I most wish had'nt staid. Mortally wounded he tore off his knapsack; and then, at the end, he prayed— Easy to see, by his hands that were clasped, and the dull dead fingers yet held This little letter—his wife's—from the knapsack. A pity those woods were shelled!"

Silent the orderly, watching with tears in his eyes as his officer scanned Four short pages of writing. "What's this about Martha Virginia's hand?" Swift from his honeymoon he, the dead soldier, had gone from his bride to the strife; Never they met again, but she had written him, telling of that new life, Born in the daughter, that bound her still closer to him as his wife. Laying her baby hand down on the letter, around it she traced a rude line: "If you would kiss the baby," she wrote, "you must kiss this outline of mine."

There was the shape of the hand on the page, with the small, chubby fingers outspread,

"Martha Virginia's hand, for her pa,"—so the words on the little palm said. Never a wink slept the colonel that night, for the vengeance so blindly fulfilled, Never again woke the old battle glow where the bullets their death note shrilled, Long ago ended the struggle, in union of brotherhood happily, stilled; Yet from that field of Antietam, in warning and token of love's command, See! there is lifted the hand of a baby—Martha Virginia's hand!

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP in "The Century."

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

BY ELDER HERMAN C. SMITH.

PART II.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

SO little is known of John while in the wilderness of Judea that we can not with any certainty follow the thread of history. It would have been an interesting book had he written his life, and even more so had some of his thoughts and meditations in the wilderness been made a matter of record; but, alas! no such thing was done, or if done it was not preserved. In fact no word of his remains on record as penned by himself, consequently we must depend on what others have said for all we know of this great prophet. At what age he commenced his hermit life in the desert, and how long he remained there we have no means of knowing.

The Calmet says: "Chrysostom and Jerome believe that John was brought up from his infancy in the wilderness, without eating or drinking." This opinion was founded upon the saying of Jesus: "John came neither eating nor drinking." But this certainly does not mean that he neither ate nor drank anything, for we are told, "his meat was locusts and wild honey." Jesus could only mean that he was abstemious in his diet, and as the angel has said of him, he drank "neither wine nor strong drink."

In an age so troubled and unsettled in politics and religion, a life of solitude was no doubt a welcome relief, and in it the troubled and anxious soul found rest. The wilderness to which John retired extended from near Jerusalem on the north to the southern extremities of Judea; from near Hebron on the west to the river Jordan and the Dead Sea on the east, and even beyond. It was as desolate, wild and uninviting as could well be imagined; a dreary waste of chalky and flint rocks, broken and rent into chasms and gorges by earthquakes and convulsions, sometimes a thousand feet deep, and only thirty or forty feet wide. Only such vegetation grew on the rocks and ridges as could survive without water. In the valleys and ravines there was nothing more luxuriant than the "white broom bushes." In the north part of this wilderness one

can only travel by following the rifts and gorges of the rocks, and then a whole day may be passed without seeing a living creature, except perhaps the desert partridge, or, rarely, a fox or vulture. Farther south it is said to be absolutely inaccessible; that there the rushing torrents of winter floods have hollowed out gorges from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet deep, sometimes a mile in width.

The Hebrews call this section "Jeshimon," "the appalling desolation." It gradually slopes from its highest elevation of about three thousand feet near Hebron eastward until it terminates in almost inaccessible cliffs from one thousand to nearly two thousand feet above the valley of the Dead Sea.

Throughout this entire region no water could be found until the river Jordan was reached, except the solitary spring of Engedi; or where it had been caught in hollows of the rocks from passing showers, or in the very rare cisterns hewn in the limestone. The one spring of this wild region, Engedi, gushes from beneath a rock on a small plateau five hundred feet above the Dead Sea, and one thousand two hundred feet below the top of the cliffs, flowing in a long cascade over the bluff into ditches below, once used for irrigation. The waters of the spring are pure and sweet, though rather warm to the taste.

Along its banks grow a dense thicket of shrubbery, in which the songs of birds may be heard, making a strong contrast with the desolate region around. Below this, on the shore of the Dead Sea, was a veritable oasis, made fertile by the waters of the spring where the town of Engedi was situated. In the cliffs and gorges above Engedi were many caves, in some of which—where the deadly viper, lurking among the stones, the scorpion, fox, vulture or raven were the only signs of life—doubtless John took up his abode. In some of the gorges leading down to Engedi the superstitious Essenes had a colony in John's day, but they were doubtless avoided by him, as he was not there to commune with men.

Probably he may sometimes have wended his way down the gorges, climbed the

steep path to the spring and quaffed the fresh, pure water. There standing on the little plateau he would listen to the melodious notes of "black grackles" in the thicket or watch their golden wings flit from rock to rock on the rugged heights above him. Before and far below him lay the blue waters of the Dead Sea in majestic stillness—the lowest body of water in the world—nestling there surrounded by the wild scenery of broken mountains, inaccessible cliffs, perpendicular heights and awful precipices, cut into deep gorges and chasms by the action of rushing waters and earth's convulsions. While looking at the rough cliffs of the farther shore, had he been permitted to lift the veil of futurity, he would have seen himself there imprisoned in the almost unapproachable fortress of Macherus, where he finally met his death to satisfy the whims of an unscrupulous ballet dancer, prompted by a wicked woman.

Whether he ever visited the little town of Engedi, the colony of Essenes or his own home in Hebron, we are not permitted to know. Probably he did not, for when he finally made himself public he "had his raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins," a garb well fitted to his rough life in the caves of the wilderness, but one which he would not probably have worn had he been mingling among men, and especially among the priestly families of Hebron. "His meat was locusts and wild honey." From this we would suppose that bees were to be found in the holes and caves of the wilderness, and their sweets helped to sustain the Baptist during his hermitage. Not an unpalatable thing this; but one instinctively revolts at the thought of eating locusts. John, however, had no alternative. He must eat what he could find, or abandon his lonely life, which under the circumstances, he could not consent to do. We are assured, however, that the locust is more palatable than we have supposed it to be.

According to the law of Moses they were clean. It is said that heat and dryness are favorable to the production of the locust insect; so in the country where John was sojourning they would naturally be very plentiful. The Calmet says: "The locusts are commonly eaten in Palestine and the neighboring countries. There is no difficulty in supposing that

the word '*akerides*' used by Matthew, speaking of the food on which John subsisted, might signify these insects. The ancients affirm that in Africa, Syria, Persia, and almost throughout Asia, the people did commonly eat these creatures."

"Clenard in a letter from Fez, (A. D. 1541), assures us that he saw wagon loads of locusts brought into that city for food." Buckhardt says: "The Bedouins eat locusts, which are collected in great quantities in the beginning of April. . . After having been roasted a little upon the iron plate upon which bread is baked they are dried in the sun, and then put into large sacks, with the mixture of a little salt. They are never served up as a dish, but every one takes a handful of them when hungry."

Chambers says: "Locusts are eaten in many countries, roasted or fried in butter. They are also preserved in brine or dried in the sun. Thus they appear in the markets of Arabia, Syria, Egypt, Madagascar &c., and are even exported as an article of commerce." They are said to taste very much like shrimps, and why should they not be as clean?

When all has been said which can be said regarding John's sojourn in the wilderness, how unsatisfactory and hollow it seems! How one longs to get some idea of the feelings and experiences, the anticipations and hopes, as well as the sorrow, pain and disappointments of John, as silently he communed with God, or patiently waited till his isolation ended and he was permitted to mingle again with men! How he must have longed to again visit his quiet home at Hebron, to see the loved ones there and communicate to them those grand and important truths which he had learned while in solitude he communed with God! But how would they receive him? With open hearts would they receive the message he bore, or would he be treated as an apostate from the faith of his fathers, and as an enemy of Israel, unfit to mingle with the people of God?

Young friend, if you are ever called upon to go to those beloved, warning them to abandon the fanatical superstitions of the past and accept the gospel, you may form some idea of the feelings of this man as he left his self-chosen solitude and returned to his father's house. We are left in ignorance as to whether he was permit-

ted to rejoice by seeing loved ones receive the message of truth, or whether, like many a servant of God in these days, he was turned sorrowfully from the hearts and homes of those he loved.

But all this time he has been gaining strength by association with God and communion with his own heart; so when he again appears he no longer hesitates to rebuke in scathing language the evils of his time, and fearlessly compare the Pharisees and Sadducees who came unto him

to the venomous vipers with which he had been familiar in his wilderness retreat.

In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberias, emperor of Rome, and the year of our Lord twenty-eight he again appeared among men crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight," which Matthew declares was in fulfillment of a prediction of the prophet Esaias.

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS.—No. VI.

God mend his heart who can not feel
The impulse of a holy zeal,
And sees not with his sordid eyes,
The beauty of self-sacrifice!

* * * * *
Life saved for self is lost, while they
Who lose it in his service hold
The lease of God's eternal day!

—Whittier.

IN our last we promised our readers that in this issue we would briefly review the book written by Gen. Booth, entitled, "In Darkest England, and The Way Out." Of course it will be a brief, very brief glance at a work which is attracting to-day the attention of tens of thousands of the human race, and the stirring contents of which are awakening men and women to a realizing sense of the condition of abject poverty, misery, and degradation in which unnumbered thousands of the human family drag out a miserable existence, living we can not call it unless we call it a living death. Gen Booth starts out by drawing an analogy between the description given by Mr. Stanley of the condition of the dwellers in the dark and tangled forests of Africa and the unfed, unhousted poor of England. He says:

"The Equatorial Forest traversed by Stanley resembles that Darkest England of which I have to speak, alike in its vast extent—both stretch, in Stanley's phrase, 'as far as from Plymouth to Peterhead;' its monotonous darkness, its malaria and its gloom, its dwarfish, de-humanized inhabitants, the slavery to which they are subjected, their privations and their misery. That which sickens the stoutest heart, and causes many of our bravest

and best to fold their hands in despair, is the apparent impossibility of doing more than merely to peck at the outside of the endless tangle of monotonous undergrowth; to let light into it, to make a road clear through it, that shall not be immediately choked up by the ooze of the morass and the luxuriant parasitical growth of the forest—who dare hope for that? At present, alas, it would seem as though no one dares even to hope! It is the great Slough of Despond of our time.

"And what a slough it is no man can gauge who has not waded therein, as some of us have done, up to the very neck for long years. Talk about Dante's Hell, and all the horrors and cruelties of the torture-chamber of the lost! The man who walks with open eyes and with bleeding heart through the shambles of our civilization needs no such fantastic images of the poet to teach him horror. Often and often, when I have seen the young and the poor and the helpless go down before my eyes into the morass, trampled underfoot by beasts of prey in human shape that haunt these regions, it seemed as if God were no longer in His world, but that in His stead reigned a fiend, merciless as hell, ruthless as the grave. Hard it is, no doubt, to read in Stanley's pages of the slavetraders coldly arranging for the surprise of a village, the capture of the inhabitants, the massacre of those who resist, and the violation of all the women; but the stony streets of London, if they could but speak, would tell of tragedies as awful, of ruin as complete, of ravishments as horrible, as if we were in Central Africa; only the ghastly devas-

tation is covered, corpse-like, with the artificialities and hypocrisies of modern civilization.

“The lot of a negress in the Equatorial Forest is not, perhaps, a very happy one, but is it so very much worse than that of many a pretty orphan girl in our Christian capital? We talk about the brutalities of the dark ages, and we profess to shudder as we read in books of the shameful exaction of the rights of feudal superior. And yet here, beneath our very eyes, in our theatres, in our restaurants, and in many other places, unspeakable though it be but to name it, the same hideous abuse flourishes unchecked. A young penniless girl, if she be pretty, is often hunted from pillar to post by her employers, confronted always by the alternative—Starve or Sin. And when once the poor girl has consented to buy the right to earn her living by the sacrifice of her virtue, then she is treated as a slave and an outcast by the very men who have ruined her. Her word becomes unbelievable, her life an ignominy, and she is swept downward, ever downward. . . . But there, even in the lowest depths, excommunicated by humanity and outcast from God, she is far nearer the pitying heart of the One true Savior than all the men who forced her down, aye, and than all the Pharisees and Scribes who stand silently by while these fiendish wrongs are perpetrated before their very eyes.

“The blood boils with impotent rage at the sight of these enormities, callously inflicted, and silently borne by these miserable victims. Nor is it only women who are the victims, although their fate is the most tragic. Those firms which reduce sweating to a fine art, who systematically and deliberately defraud the workman of his pay, who grind the faces of the poor, and who rob the widow and the orphan, and who for a pretense make great professions of public spirit and philanthropy, these men nowadays are sent to Parliament to make laws for the people. The old prophets sent them to hell—but we have changed all that. They send their victims to hell, and are rewarded by all that wealth can do to make their lives comfortable. Read the House of Lords’ Report on the Sweating System, and ask if any African slave system, making due allowance for the superior civilization,

and therefore sensitiveness, of the victims, reveals more misery.

“Darkest England, like Darkest Africa, reeks with malaria. The foul and fetid breath of our slums is almost as poisonous as that of the African swamp. Fever is almost as chronic there as on the Equator. Every year thousands of children are killed off by what is called defects of our sanitary system. They are in reality starved and poisoned, and all that can be said is that, in many cases, it is better for them that they were taken away from the trouble to come.

“Just as in Darkest Africa it is only a part of the evil and misery that comes from the superior race who invade the forest to enslave and massacre its miserable inhabitants, so with us, much of the misery of those whose lot we are considering arises from their own habits. Drunkenness and all manner of uncleanness, moral and physical, abound. Have you ever watched by the bedside of a man in delirium tremens? Multiply the sufferings of that one drunkard by the hundred thousand, and you have some idea of what scenes are being witnessed in all our great cities this moment. As in Africa streams intersect the forest in every direction, so the gin-shop stands at every corner, with its river of the water of death flowing seventeen hours out of the twenty-four for the destruction of the people. A population sodden with drink, steeped in vice, eaten up by every social and physical malady, these are the denizens of Darkest England amidst whom my life has been spent, and to whose rescue I would now summon all that is best in the manhood and womanhood of our land.”

* * * *

“What a satire it is upon our Christianity and our civilization, that the existence of these colonies of heathens and savages in the heart of our capital should attract so little attention! It is no better than a ghastly mockery — theologians might use a stronger word—to call by the name of One who came to seek and to save that which was lost those Churches which, in the midst of lost multitudes, either sleep in apathy or display a fitful interest in a chasuble. Why all this apparatus of temples and meeting-houses to save men from perdition in a world which is to come, while never a helping

hand is stretched out to save them from the inferno of their present life? Is it not time that, forgetting for a moment their wranglings about the infinitely little or infinitely obscure, they should concentrate all their energies on a united effort to break this terrible perpetuity of perdition, and to rescue some at least of those for whom they profess to believe their Founder came to die?

"Before venturing to define the remedy, I begin by describing the malady. But even when presenting the dreary picture of our social ills, and describing the difficulties which confront us, I speak not in despondency, but in hope. 'I know in whom I have believed.' I know, therefore do I speak. 'Darker England' is but a fractional part of 'Greater England.' There is wealth enough abundantly to minister to its social regeneration so far as wealth can, if there be but heart enough to set about the work in earnest. And I hope and believe that the heart will not be lacking when once the problem is manfully faced, and the method of its solution plainly pointed out."

Gen. Booth then goes on to ask: "What Is Darkest England?" and summing up briefly his reply, they are the lost, the outcast, the disinherited of the world, and it is this class of society—the lowest, the most abandoned, most supremely wretched and miserable for whom he is planning a temporal salvation and among whom he and his followers are to-day working the most stupendous miracles—miracles which to our mind stand almost unparalleled upon the pages of history, and which will condemn the world because of unbelief in the day of judgment.

As we turn over page after page of this book and read the accounts therein given concerning the condition of those poor wretches, accounts taken from the lips of suffering men and women themselves, and then follow on to the system and plans by which they are rescued and put in the way of obtaining a respectable living, our heart swells with gratitude to Almighty God, that He has not left himself without witnesses even in the midst of the nineteenth century, that no man can carry out the requirements made of him by the gospel of Christ, even in part, without condemning the world because of its unbelief. The poet says:

"Who hates, hates Thee, who loves becomes
Therein to Thee allied."

FOLLOW ME.

When the young man came to Christ, asking the question of all other questions, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" he laid claim to having kept all the commandments enumerated by Jesus and said, "What lack I yet?" Will any one deny that he had done much? But the Master said, "If thou *will* be perfect, go, sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven and come and follow me."

Has it ever occurred to you, my young readers, how much is embraced in this last clause, "Follow me?" Can we follow Him without that love which allies us to God?

PERSONAL CONTACT.

We were much struck with the force of a sentence lately, "I confess that I have very little interest in people, but I have a very great interest in persons." Of this sentence Dr. Trumbull remarks, "That was a sign of growth and insight which some persons never come to. That indeed was getting nearer to God who has the intensest interest in us as persons and never needs to mass us as people."

"It is told of an eminent Senator of the United States that he once responded to an invitation to meet a man who had suffered from some great injustice: 'I am so much taken up with plans for the benefit of the race that I have no time for individuals.' Julia Ward Howe, the recipient of the reply, pasted it into her album with the caustic comment: 'When last heard from our Maker had not reached this altitude.'"

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

In this we find one of the keys to the success of the Salvation Army. Gen. Booth does not stop at picturing before his people and the world the wretched condition of the poor, the fallen and forsaken ones among men, but like the Master he goes himself into their midst and sends out his disciples two by two to labor with and for them, to fare as they fare, and in all but sin to be as one of them.

It is not enough for him to plan for the benefit of the human race, but his life is given to carrying those plans into execution, and those who labor with him par-

take of the same spirit. In the most wicked localities of London they now have their rescue homes and upon streets where no policeman dare go after night—where soldiers are forbidden to go on pain of twenty-five days imprisonment; two of “the lasses” go unharmed at all hours, spending every other night upon the street. If this is not a miraculous proof of the power of love, the good will of man embraced in the gospel, then we ask, Where is proof to be found, and what shall we call a miracle?

One by one carefully and patiently Gen. Booth takes up and places before the reader the many and various phases of want, destitution and crime with which he proposes to deal and invites the citizens of London to visit the various rescue homes and other establishments where, upon a small scale, may be seen in successful operation many of the features of the plan he has devised for carrying on, upon a much larger scale, the salvation both temporally and spiritually of these outcasts of society.

THE PLAN.

But to sum up briefly that which is given by him in elaborate detail and with all the minutiae which points to the most careful study and bestowment of the most intense thought; his plan embraces a systematic and carefully economized system of co-operative labor; the establishment of a farm in the country to co-operate with the workers in the city and in addition to this a colony in Australia or some other of the Queen’s possessions where those who so elect may go and commence life anew. When once a sufficient amount of money shall be obtained for the purchase of machinery in order to get his scheme into working order, it is expected to become self-sustaining, simply by utilizing the wastes of the great city of London and the industry of the people themselves.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

Said the Pharisees to the disciples of Jesus: “Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?”

But when Jesus heard them, he said unto them: “They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Go ye and learn what this meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice; for I

am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”

Now, we not only believe but know that there is danger of the gospel call to sinners being delivered in the manner in which the United States Senator, referred to, was working for the good of mankind; that is, by general proclamation and not by close individual contact. There should not be in the heart a feeling of more satisfaction when the well-to-do and respectable ones of earth obey the call than when some poor wretched outcast is rescued from present degradation and eternal ruin.

All this is not as it should be. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation and is intended to reach the most fallen and degraded.

PROPER EDUCATION.

Before closing we cannot refrain from giving one or two instances in regard to the reclamation of drunkards, that our young people may see more clearly the nature of the work these men and women are doing. Said an elder recently in writing to us: “If saved, we must be saved from ignorance by the application of the divine law; hence this life and a good part of the next must be for proper education.”

It is from ignorance of that character which prevents us from lifting our eyes to see the good which men and women “who follow not with us” are doing; which leads us to withdraw from the sanctuary where those not of our own faith meet to worship; which says to our neighbor, “I am holier than thou;” in fact, from every shade and species of self-righteousness, that we would have the young divest themselves.

Faith and works are inseparable, and the apostle said, “Show me thy faith without works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.” If we can show from day to day works which the love of God produce, there will be no need to sound a trumpet before us, for our works will witness for us in tones louder than the blast of trumpets, and God will give us favor with those we seek to serve; but, if the spirit of love (charity) abide not with us, we should remember that we are but as sounding brass or tinkling cymbals. This love will constrain us to work.

IS THERE DANGER?

There is yet another thought connected with this which presses forward for recognition. Is there not danger for us as a people, that relying upon the boundless love and mercy of God, to be manifested in the world to come, we fold our hands and grow indifferent to the work God intended we should do here? It was here—in this life—that Christ came, suffered and died that salvation might be offered to man. Why in this life was it necessary for Him to do this work? Simply because it was here—not elsewhere—that it must be done. Thus we feel it is possible for us to lose, through want of faithful service here, that which all the ages of eternity cannot restore to us. It is a solemn thought, but it is one which the word of God confirms, and not that only, but every experience of life points to it.

In the instances given below, nothing but pure, disinterested love could have prompted the acts, and if such love can animate the hearts and order the lives of those who are not walking in the fulness of the gospel light, let us ask you what ought the record of those who have a greater measure of light to be? And if man can, unaided by direct revelation, devise ways and means by which such results can be obtained; and is sustained by such implicit and faithful obedience upon the part of his followers, how ought it to be with those unto whom God has revealed his plan and his law? Think of it we say and let the question go searching through each heart, until each one shall be compelled to face and answer it for himself.

“Our annals teem with successful rescues effected from the ranks of the drunken army. The following will not only be examples of this, but will tend to illustrate the strength and madness of the passion which masters the slave to strong drink:

“Barbara.—She had sunk about as low as any woman could when we found her. From the age of eighteen, when her parents had forced her to throw over her sailor sweetheart and marry a man with ‘good prospects,’ she had been going steadily down.

“She did not love her husband, and soon sought comfort from the little public-house only a few steps from her own

door. Quarrels in her home quickly gave place to fighting, angry curses, and oaths, and soon her life became one of the most wretched in the place. Her husband made no pretense of caring for her, and when she was ill and unable to earn money by selling fish in the streets, he would go off for a few months, leaving her to keep the house and support herself and babies as best she could. Out of her twenty years of married life, ten were spent in these on-and-off separations. And so she got to live for only one thing—drink. It was life to her; and the mad craving grew to be irresistible. The woman who looked after her at the birth of her child refused to fetch her whisky, so when she had done all she could and left the mother to rest, Barbara crept out of bed and crawled slowly down the stairs over the way to the tap-room, where she sat drinking with the baby, not yet an hour old, in her arms. So things went on, until her life got so unbearable that she determined to have done with it. Taking her two eldest children with her, she went down to the bay, and deliberately threw them both into the water, jumping in herself after them. ‘Oh, mither, mither, dinna droon me!’ wailed her little three-year old Sarah, but she was determined and held them under the water, till, seeing a boat put out to the rescue, she knew that she was discovered. Too late to do it now, she thought, and, holding both children, swam quickly back to the shore. A made-up story about having fallen into the water satisfied the boatman, and Barbara returned home dripping and baffled. But little Sarah did not recover from the shock, and after a few weeks her short life ended, and she was laid in the cemetery.

“Yet another time, goaded to desperation, she tried to take her life by hanging herself, but a neighbor came in and cut her down unconscious, but still living. She became a terror to all the neighborhood, and her name was the by-word for daring and desperate actions. But our Open-Air Meetings attracted her, she came to the Barracks, got saved, and was delivered from her love of drink and sin.

“From being a dread her home became a sort of house of refuge in the little low street where she lived; other wives as unhappy as herself would come in for advice and help. Anyone knew that Barbie

was changed, and loved to do all she could for her neighbors.”

* * * *

“Another is the case of—

“Maggie.—She had a home, but seldom was sober enough to reach it at nights. She would fall down on the door-steps until found by some passer-by or a policeman.

“In one of her mad freaks a boon companion happened to offend her. He was a little hunchback, and a fellow-drunkard; but without a moment’s hesitation, Maggie siezed him and pushed him head-foremost down the old-fashioned wide sewer of the Scotch town. Had not some one seen his heels kicking out and rescued him, he would surely have been suffocated.

“One winter’s night Maggie had been drinking heavily, fighting too, as usual, and she staggered only as far, on her way home, as the narrow chain-pier. Here she stumbled and fell, and lay along on the snow, the blood oozing from her cuts, and her hair spread out in a tangled mass.

“At five in the morning, some factory girls, crossing the bridge to their work, came upon her, lying stiff and stark amidst the snow and darkness.

“To rouse her from her drunken sleep was hard, but to raise her from the ground was still harder. The matted hair and blood had frozen fast to the earth, and Maggie was a prisoner. After trying to free her in different ways, and receiving as a reward volleys of abuse and bad language, one of the girls ran for a kettle of boiling water, and by pouring it all around her, they succeeded by degrees in melting her on to her feet again!

“But she came to our Barracks, and got soundly converted, and the Captain was rewarded for nights and days of toil by seeing her a saved and sober woman.

“All went right till a friend asked her to his house, to drink his health and that of his newly married wife.

“I wouldn’t ask you to take anything strong,” he said. “Drink to me with this lemonade.”

“And Maggie, nothing suspecting, drank, and as she drank tasted in the glass her old enemy, whisky!

“The man laughed at her dismay, but a friend rushed off to tell the Captain.

“I may be in time, she has not really gone back;” and the Captain ran to the

house, tying her bonnet-strings as she ran.

“‘It’s no good—keep awa’—I don’t want to see’ er, Captain,” wailed Maggie; ‘let me have some more—oh, I’m on fire inside.’

“But the Captain was firm, and taking her to her home, she locked herself in with the woman, and sat with the key in her pocket, while Maggie, half mad with craving, paced the floor like a caged animal, threatening and entreating by turns.

“‘Never while I live,’ was all the answer she could get; so she turned to the door and busied herself there a moment or two. A clinking noise. The Captain started up—to see the door open and Maggie rush through it! Accustomed to stealing and all its ‘dodges,’ she had taken the lock off the door, and was away to the nearest public-house.

Down the stairs, Captain after her, into the gin palace; but before the astonished publican could give her the drink she was clamoring for, the ‘bonnet’ was by her side. ‘If you dare to serve her, I’ll break the glass before it reaches her lips. She shall not have any!’ and so Maggie was coaxed away, and shielded till the passion was over, and she was herself once more.

“But the man who gave her the whisky durst not leave his house for weeks. The roughs got to know of the trap he had laid for her, and would have lynched him could they have got hold of him.”

Gen. Booth is now lecturing to large and enthusiastic audiences in London with every prospect of obtaining the requisite amount for putting his plans into operation. At a recent lecture in Exeter Hall he said “he might be asked how he was going to save all these people with the amount he asked for. He was not going to attempt it. His idea was that with that money he could build a certain sized bridge that would carry over the abyss a certain number of people. Over that bridge people would be continually traveling, he could not tell how many abreast, but out of the slums, and streets, and poverty-stricken homes that one shuddered to hear described they would be marching—husbands, and wives, and little children—and would go over land and over sea to a new and a brighter country, and from that he hoped they would still go marching to a heavenly country.

[Cheers.] If people wanted the bridge to be wider, let them pay more money, and it should be made wider. And the country could give more—a country that spent £130,000,000 per annum for strong drink, and that saved £200,000,000 per annum, laid away in order to help to ruin and damn their posterity. There were any number of church members who could give their £100,000 and scarcely miss it, and it was a pity if they could not raise this beggarly million for this great work.

After a denunciation of the drink system and the present competitive spirit, General Booth concluded with the expression of a belief that if the scheme were fairly and patiently and seriously tried, in twenty years' time there would not be all over this "Merrie England," as it used to be called, an able-bodied man or woman for whom there should not be labor by which they could earn for their families the necessaries of life; or a man and woman disabled by disease or old age, and without friends or means of support, for

whom there should not be provided, not only the necessaries of life, but the comforts and attentions which their infirmities required, and that without the livery or imprisonment of pauperism or charity; or any orphan or friendless child for whom there should not be a good home and such education and training as would fit it for good citizenship in this world and the next, and the ranks of vice and crime would be enormously reduced."

And now, dear reader, let us commend to you the careful consideration of the thought from Max. Muller, with which we close:

"Many are the advantages to be derived from a careful study of other religions, but the greatest of all is that it teaches us to appreciate more truly what we possess in our own. When do we feel the blessings of our country more warmly than when we return from abroad? It is the same with regard to religion."

God grant we be faithful disciples of our leader, Christ.

THE SINGLE HEAD OF WHEAT.

All my daily tasks were ended
And the hush of night had come,
Bringing rest to weary spirits,
Calling many wanderers home.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth,
Bearing golden grains of wheat,
Shall return again rejoicing
Laden with the harvest sweet."

This I read, and deeply pondered,
What of seed my hand had sown,
What of harvest I was reaping
To be laid before the throne.

While my thoughts were swiftly glancing
O'er the path my feet had trod,
Sleep sealed up my weary eyelids,
And a vision came from God,

In the world's great field of labor
All the reapers' tasks were done,
Each one hastened to the Master
With the sheaves that he had won.

Some with sheaves so poor and scanty,
Sadly told the number o'er.
Others staggered 'neath the burden
Of the golden grain they bore.

Gladly then the pearly gateways
Opened wide to let them in,
And they sought the Master's presence,
With their burdens rich or thin.

Slowly, sadly, with the reapers,
Who had labored long and late,
Came I, at the Master's bidding,
And was latest at the gate.

Then apart from all the others,
Weeping bitterly, I stood;
I had toiled from early morning,
Working for the others' good.

When one friend had fallen fainting,
By his piles of golden grain,
With a glass of cooling water
I revived his strength again.

And another, worn and weary,
I had aided for awhile,
Till, her failing strength returning,
She went forward with a smile.

Thus the others I had aided
While the golden moments fled,
Till the day was spent, and evening
On the earth her tear-drops shed.

And I to the Master's presence
 Came with weary toil-worn feet,
 Bearing, as my gathered harvest,
 But a single head of wheat.

So, with tearful eyes, I watched them,
 As, with faces glad and bright,
 One by one they laid their burdens
 Down before the throne of light.

Ah! how sweetly then the blessings,
 Sounded to my listening ear;
 "Nobly done, my faithful servants,
 Rest now in your mansions here."

Then I thought with keenest sorrow,
 Words like these are not for me;
 Only those with heavy burdens
 Heavenly rest and blessings see.

Yet I love the Master truly
 And I've labored hard since dawn;
 But I have no heavy burden,
 Will he bid me to be gone?

While I questioned thus in sadness,
 Christ the Master called for me,
 And I knelt before him, saying
 "I have only this for thee,

"I have labored hard, O Master,
 I have toiled from morn till night,
 But I sought to aid my neighbors,
 And to make their labors light;

"So the day had passed unnoticed,
 And to-night with shame I come,

Bringing as my gathered havest,
 But a single wheat-head home."

Then I laid it down with weeping
 At his blessed pierced feet,
 And he smiled upon my trembling—
 Ah! his smile was passing sweet.

"Child, it is enough," he answered,
 "All I asked for thou hast brought,
 And among the band of reapers,
 Truly, bravely hast thou wrought.

"This was thy appointed mission—
 Well hast thou performed thy task;
 Have no fears that I will chide thee—
 This is all that I would ask."

Then I woke: but long the vision
 In my heart I pondered o'er,
 While I tried to see what meaning,
 Hidden in its depths it bore.

And at length its lesson slowly
 Dawned upon my wondering mind:
 Never mind what others gather,
 Do whate'er thy hands can find.

If it be thy lotted mission
 Thus to serve the reaper band,
 And the evening find thee weary
 With an empty, sheafless hand;

Let thy heart be never troubled,
 Faithfully fulfil thy task;
 Have no fears that he will chide thee,
 Heavy sheaves he will not ask.

—Selected.

THE FIGHT FOR A CLEAR BRAIN.

IN the glittering galaxy of modern thought, there is not a heavenlier star than was set there by the faithful hand of Froebel, of kindergarten fame, with his beautiful motto, "Come let us live for our children." He was a true servant of that blessed One who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." By the sun-glass of his own bright spirit, the father of the kindergarten is to-day focusing the world's attention upon the incalculable good that comes from the culture of the observing faculties; the training of the five senses, the making of a child's plays the prediction of its future employments. This is a giant stride forward in the march of education. But nothing destroys the integrity of the observing faculties like the use of stimulants and nar-

cotics. As Froebel's philosophy goes up, the frenzy of stimulation must go down. They cannot live side by side, and in the struggle for life the fittest will survive.

The scientific spirit, which is certain to dominate the twentieth century, also places supreme value upon the keenness and integrity of the senses. Skill and deftness in handling, nicety of touch, accuracy of record, all these are essential to success in the problem and experiment by which those results are reached which form epochs in the march of science. But the habit of stimulation is the deadliest foe of scientific accuracy.

The belief, so long ignorantly maintained, that alcohol is a food, and that it warms the system, is now relegated to the realm of outworn fallacies, behind which

that lying poison can no longer shield itself.

Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson says that the work of the heart of a healthy man is equal to the feat of raising one hundred and twenty-five tons, one foot in twenty-four hours, and if in that time he imbibes eight ounces of alcohol, it causes the heart-work to show an excess of twenty-four one-foot tons in the twenty-four hours.

Thus the edifice of education is slowly drilling down for its foundation to the solid rock of God's written law in our members, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. The ringing of the school bells shall be henceforth the death knell of the liquor traffic. No one understands this better than the brewers of Wisconsin and the distillers of Illinois, who compass sea and land to make one proselyte in the Legislature against the scientific temperance education bill. But Illinois has secured that bill in spite of them.

One fine organization may be as much affected by a cigar as another by a glass of wine, or a third by "whisky straight." The cumulative result of heredity in rendering the human organism sensitive to stimulants and narcotics will drive the people of the future to declare against all these poisons as the only alternative between them and extermination.

The total abstainer is now at a premium with life-insurance companies, because records carefully kept for thirty years

prove that the risks on this class are so much less. One company states that of the moderate drinkers twice as many die in a given period as among the total abstainers. The bonus in a leading company is fourteen per cent higher to total abstainers than to moderate drinkers. It has been proved that the average life of total abstainer is sixty-four years, while that of the drinker is thirty-five years and a half.

Brain is foreordained to dominate brawn, hence the intelligent must ultimately be the ruling class, and whatever convinces this class that the temperance reform outranks all others, helps on its evolution. The conscious presence of God in nature round about us, in our own intellects, which think his thoughts after him, our hearts that love, and our spirits which commune with him, will work mankind's final deliverance from the appetite for drink. A million forces, noble and benignant, are steadily combining to bring about this heavenly consummation; but "the expulsive power of a new affection," and that affection centered in the world's Redeemer, will alone signalize the completion of humanity's gigantic struggle, and the culmination of its most sacred hopes. The missionary is both a civilizer and a scientist; along the paths he opens up in the wilderness of ignorance and superstition shall march all the grand ideas which are the outgrowth of our gospel culture and our modern Christianity.

—Frances E. Willard.

TESTIMONY OF ELDER F. R. TUBB.

AT the command of the Spirit, I desire to tell you of a manifest and merciful deliverance from great peril, which was granted unto me last night. Thursday, November 6th, I had been to a place called Enfield, about nine miles from my home, to a very lonely and unfrequented part of the country, to give to a lady, one of my music pupils, a lesson on the piano-forte.

The lesson over at about seven o'clock, I started on my long journey to walk home through a very dark and lonely road known as Nag's Head Lane, leading into Ponder's End; through Edmonton, Tot-

tenham, Hamford Hill, Clapton, to my home at Hackney.

Going rapidly along through the very darkest part of Nag's Head Lane, two rough-looking men suddenly came out of the darkness, when the first one, (who had the appearance of a Gypsy), accosted me in a rough tone of voice, staring right into my face, he said:

"Guv'nor have you got a light?" (Though neither he nor his companion had a pipe with them).

I replied, "No, I have not, or I would give you one at once."

Instantly at my right hand there

appeared a holy angel of the living God, like a flaming fire; so bright that I can but compare his appearance to that of the sun at noonday. The sight startled me, and so dazzled my eyes that I could not have continued to look at him.

Instantly, the men, without another word took a hasty and immediate depart-

LONDON, England, Nov. 1890.
70 Retreat Place, Hackney.

ure; while the words flashed into my mind, "His angels are ministering spirits unto the heirs of salvation." "Who maketh His angels spirits, His ministers a flame of fire." Then only, did I realize my own danger, and the everlasting mercy of my God and Father in Christ.

INTELLIGENCE AND JOY.

BY BRO. ED. MILLER.

(Read at Young People's Meeting, Pittsburg, Pa.)

CONTEMPORARY with the hope of the majority of the human family for a future life after death has severed this one, is the craving by man for a greater amount of intelligence than he at present possesses. Who has not often expressed the desire to be endowed with greater powers intellectually? There are comparatively few persons who are content with the power they possess of comprehending truth.

There is yet another desire universally manifested by man, and that is to be actuated by either joy or pleasure. Some one has said, "The consent of all nations must be accepted as the law of God." If this rule is correct, the foregoing desires were implanted in the human breast by the Creator.

If the Creator is responsible for the hope for eternal life which is in man, then it is right to long for it; but it is to be observed that the lower man has fallen, the more crude is his conception of eternity. Take, for instance, the Indian and his "happy hunting grounds."

If the Creator is also responsible for the craving of man for increased intelligence, then man is obeying the divine will by observing it. Now take the Indian again for example. He had a belief that if he slew a skilled or crafty foe he would thereby become possessed of his enemy's skill and craftiness; or, in other words, he believed—although in a rude way—that he would obtain more power, more intelligence. He believed this because he desired it.

The longing for greater wisdom was strongly implanted in Eve. Satan know-

ing this desire used it as a means to bring about his purposes. Take the Bible account which reads: "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die, for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, . . . and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat."

This desire has descended from generation to generation, and has been manifested to some degree by the ignorant and learned. We can easily believe—after reading the following words which he is credited with having uttered—that the great Sir Isaac Newton had this desire. After he had discovered the law of gravity a friend informed him of the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow scientists and to which he replied: "I know not what the world thinks of my labors, but I feel like a little child gathering pebbles and shells on the sea shore; sometimes I find one a little brighter or more variegated than another, but before me lies the whole ocean unexplored." What, think you, was the continual longing of that great soul which called itself a little child? What was the one great hope that was ever uppermost in that great mind as it contemplated the bottomless ocean of unexplored truth? It must have been the craving for greater power to comprehend truth—intelligence. Here are instances where this desire can be traced in one of our first parents and in the ignorant and learned. Individual

investigation will satisfactorily dispose of this as being "the consent of all nations."

Now let us see how intelligence affects joy. It is not affirmed that the whole human family manifests a desire for joy; but mankind everywhere strive to be actuated by sensations that are most agreeable to them. The correctness of this assertion will be conceded by all. The lower man has fallen, the cruder is his conception of eternity—God's life. It is also seen that the less intellectual power man possesses the more crude and less pronounced is his desire for greater intelligence. Precisely the same effect is seen in regard to joy. The lower man has fallen intellectually and morally the greater is the restraint placed upon his power to experience joy. When he is in this fallen condition, pleasure to him is the most agreeable sensation, the pursuit of which is, very often, the aim of his life. His conception of heaven is one of unbroken pleasure.

When sensations are considered in their different manifestations it is seen that the highest and most agreeable feeling to the intellectual and moral being is that which is described by the word "joy." It is spiritual, it is divine; for the promise of God is that the faithful will be rewarded in eternity by joy, or they will be in the same state that God is in.

Scott beautifully defines this sensation in the following lines:

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven."

When a pleasant feeling is of such a nature that it cannot be classed as "joy," the word pleasure is used to define it. Animals can experience pleasure, but no animal lower than man can be actuated by deep, soul-stirring joy.

When the emotions are considered as in the above manner; when it is seen that the intelligent have greater power to experience joy than the ignorant, and that agreeable sensations inferior to joy tend animalward, then the following questions are worthy of consideration:

The statement is often made that this generation is one of the most enlightened and advanced intellectually and morally of any of whom we have a record. If this is true, it should also be advanced in sentiment; it should be actuated by the highest sensations which educated intelli-

gence and morality are capable of experiencing.

It is evident to even a casual observer that the nations of the earth are engaged in the pursuit of pleasure to an extent that is without a precedent. It is also evident that this generation is not actuated by the highest sensations in the degree that morality and enlightenment should place in its power. Does it not argue from this fact that, either the world is growing darker intellectually and that men have less power and find less joy in comprehending truth, or that mankind is drifting downward morally, and one of the two great powers by which he is enabled to experience joy is becoming weakened? The first proposition cannot be accepted; the latter is the solution of the problem.

The greed for wealth which distinguishes us as a nation is caused by the desire of the majority of the race to have that in their power which will buy pleasure; or in other words, to have the power of being actuated by sensations most agreeable to them. Money itself is not capable of supplying this demand, except to an imbecile. It is valued for the power it wields. It has power to give pleasure, but not joy. Past history shows that wicked nations were decidedly pleasure-seeking ones; and history repeats itself to-day.

By his mighty works we see and measure the power man has intellectually reached. This wonderful being who can send messages across the great deep in a few seconds of time, who has placed immense structures of stone and iron over rushing rivers, who gathers the news of the world in a day and spreads it broadcast in a few hours and minutes; who laughs at space and brings the far-away worlds under his gaze until he discovers their secrets and whose mind enters the courts of glory and borrows thoughts from the angels and then places them on canvas and chisels them into stone—this mighty being is becoming more and more satisfied with pleasure, a sensation that selfish animals can experience, and is seeking less after joy, which is God's reward! O, see the wisdom of the Great Architect in sending the messenger to this generation with the "glad tidings of great joy!"

As the world is progressing intellectually this very advancement places it in a

condition to undergo mental distress which ignorance could not experience. I doubt if there has been a time in the world's history when mankind have ever undergone such mental agony, produced by such various causes, as at the present time. To counteract the effect of this, man inhales the volatile atmosphere of pleasure when his soul cries for deep draughts of comforting joy, the balm of Gilead, applied by the Great Physician's own loving hand. The heart of the world is throbbing with pain, but it is not seen on the surface; for it is hid in the bosom of pleasure. Underneath all this gayety there is dissatisfaction; for God has implanted the craving for joy in every heart, and that desire will assert itself. Excessive indulgence in pleasure acts on this desire in a manner that stimulates its craving, but it cannot be entirely extinguished. O, thou prophet of old, thou hast well said, "It shall even be as when an hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth; but he awaketh and his soul is empty!"

Look away up and see written in the sky words that shine with a lustre reflected from the throne of God! Hear the angels singing them! The walls of heaven are moving farther apart! See, the words are growing brighter; the angels are singing more sweetly; and how

the poor sinner sees the words and hears the melody coming from heaven. He at last hears and now his eyes behold the message, "Come up higher!" Pleasure-seeking nations will yet send up thanks to the author of those words, which can only be seen by looking toward heaven. This is the mighty work that the restored gospel is to accomplish.

Yes, when man has attained to a high condition intellectually and morally, he desires eternal life, greater intelligence and divine joy.

Humboldt says, "Only what we have wrought in our characters during life can we take away with us." If we have obeyed the everlasting gospel and used its power to assimilate in our characters the attributes of the Meek and Lowly One, then these desires will be granted us, and when we stand face to face with our Creator on the great day, then will we be crowned with our reward; and that reward is, great, and finally perfect, intelligence.

As the sun differs from the moon in glory, so will the intelligence of the inhabitants of the celestial kingdom differ in glory from that of the terrestrial. The glory of God is intelligence. It is his power; it is his joy; it is his reward.

Can God promise anything higher than intelligence and joy?

SUNRISE ON THE ALPS.

Hark! how the wakened echoes ring!

The blaring of the Alpine horn
From peak to peak goes quavering
Through all the airy aisles of morn.
The first faint line of sunrise fire
Along the cloudy east is drawn;
And one by one the stars expire
As rings the anthem-peal of dawn.

Come forth, and taste the winy air
While yet the dews are diamond-bright;
Come forth, and speed with anxious prayer
The shadows of the wings of night.
Come forth, and watch the unsullied snows,
Range after lofty range, expand:
Come forth, and see the morning's rose
Burst o'er the Bernese Oberland!

Swift smitten by a transient ray.
A lordly pinnacle of ice
Becomes, in some mysterious way,
A giant spray of edelweiss;

And on the horizon's utmost bound
From peak to cloud one may espy,
Round rising over rainbow round,
A Jacob's-ladder scale the sky.

The west has felt a flush of flame
That sets its forest heart astir,
And breathes the radiant morning's name
In symphonies of pine and fir.
The lower mists are backward rolled,
And, as the crowning splendors burn,
They kindle into lambent gold
The blue enamel of Lucerne.

Now every heaven-aspiring height,
From mountain pole to mountain pole,
Reveals to the enraptured sight
Its evanescent aureole.
The scars the breast of Nature wore
Are thrown in such divine eclipse,
The soul of man is dumb before
The dawn's supreme apocalypse.

—Youth's Companion.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSELLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

LITERARY EXCHANGE.

Now, since the Exchange is in working order, all it needs is a firm support to make it a success. There seems at present to be more supply than demand in the way of reading matter. Where are those parties who knew of destitute families needing reading matter? Let them send in their names to the secretary, Peter M. Hinds, Lamoni, Iowa, and the kind of reading desired, and they will be attended to at once.

Cannot the traveling ministry do much by seeking out such families and sending their names to the secretary? Cannot branch officers report those in their branches who are not supplied? Cannot every member of the body be a committee of one to try to help on the good work. Do not let us allow this much needed enterprise to die in its infancy, but let us nurture it until it develops into strong and vigorous manhood, when thousands will be blessed through its labors.

It is not the intention nor the desire of the society that you shall send what you would prefer to keep for the further use of yourself or family; but you are asked to contribute what you can, both of matter and money, to aid in the work; and if you should sacrifice a little for the sake of some less fortunate than yourself, your crown will only shine the brighter for having done so. I think it is possible that in trying to make preparations for the future of this life, we may neglect many opportunities of the present to do good unto others. Do not we understand that if we always do our present duty, the future is sure to be well with us? Many, many never do anything good or noble, because they are always just going to do so when such and such is accomplished. Others, again, do not do something because that which is presented is not so great as they wish to do, and the result is they never do anything because "he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." (Luke 16:10). The Lord will never entrust us with great things until we prove our efficiency by being faithful in little things.

How many of us are doing just as your editor did? I must tell you what it was. Just before Christmas he was offered some candy at thirteen cents per pound which was left from the treat bought for the Sunday-school children, and because it was cheap, he bought two pounds and while he is writing this editorial

his conscience is smiting him for doing so. Just think of it! That twenty-six cents would send the *Hope* to a family of half-a-dozen children for six months, who may be deprived of this great treat because one desired to contribute a little candy to add to a Christmas dinner.

That we may all awaken to a keener sense of our responsibilities and duties is the prayer of your humble servant,
 EDITOR.

Dear Readers:—The subject, "Does it Pay to Read Fiction," is one that has been of great interest to me ever since its entrance into the Department of Correspondence.

Judging from my own personal experience, I would say it does not pay to read what is commonly called fiction of the present time, unless we would read a very little of the very best, and that in the proper place and at the proper time.

Now, in order to choose the best fiction we would need to have a very distinguishing mind indeed.

Should we be so fortunate as to possess a well developed, educated and refined mind by which we could be guided in choosing the reading for our children, and they could accept and retain the good, pure and elevating, and reject the impure, we would not hesitate to say, Read fiction, for some of the danger could be avoided; but many of us who have covenanted to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One, have not been situated in life so we could attain unto such a mind.

Perhaps some one may reason, no one should be the victim of circumstances. Entirely, no, they should not. We should seek to develop and improve all the elements of our being in their completeness and harmony as much as lies within our power; and, no doubt, the most of us have tried to do this; yet, some of us have not been able to obtain a sufficiently cultured mind to enable us to choose between good and bad fiction; and to read promiscuously is not to be thought of for a moment. I will try to give you my experience in reading that way as near as I can.

I am sorry to say that the fascination of fiction, or novel reading, took possession of me when quite young and continued its power over me until within the past two years.

During all that time I might well have been called a "literary dram-drinker," as I read al-

most any book that came within my reach.

After coming into the light of this glorious gospel preached in all its fullness and purity, I look back, and letting memory gather up the threads of the past, I feel sad indeed that so much precious time has been wasted in reading that which covers so much ground and brings out so few gems of light, and in the main leads so far away from the true light.

I will mention the names of a few authors whose works I have read and in the order in which I read them, as near as I can remember, that you may see how I read irrespective of classification, and how little wisdom and knowledge I must have gained by so reading:—Holmes, Harland, Flemming, A. J. Evans, B. M. Clay, Shakespeare, Dickens, Elliot, Thackeray, W. Irving, Ouida, Burnett, Ashmore, Hawthorne, Broughton, Emerson, Duchess, Schiller, Roe, and many other works of inferior rank of which I have entirely forgotten the names of the authors.

I only mention these to let you see that, although I read some of the high order of fiction yet I did relish those of an inferior rank also.

There was one thing seemed quite peculiar to me about my reading for which I am rather thankful; if I could not obtain prose reading, I would read poetry with almost the same greediness with which I devoured prose.

Now, I do not mean to say that I did not glean some wisdom and knowledge from my reading; but O, how little when compared to the wisdom and knowledge gleaned from reading the word of God!

And I, for one, believe that if we study the word of God correctly, we can never grow narrow minded or bigoted, if we never read or studied anything else.

Not long ago a prominent M. E. minister of this place remarked to me that "Roe's works are of the best of fiction, if fiction can be called good."

Well, if they are of the best, we find when we examine the morals he (Roe) presents throughout his works, they do not fully accord with Christ's teachings. Take for instance, "He fell in love with his Wife." Holcroft's question, "Is your idea of becoming a Christian, just being forgiven like a child and then trying to do right?"

Answer, "Yes. Why not?" Why not indeed! Roe's style of writing (and not only his but many others as well) is very alluring, and the young who read his works, if they are not fully "rooted and grounded in Christ Jesus," are apt to get false ideas of religion which would be most injurious to their spiritual welfare.

While under the influence of fiction or novel reading, I remember calling upon a lady friend of mine with whom I had been in the habit of exchanging literature. I asked, "Have you anything good to read?"

Before she could answer, her husband, who who was in the room at the time, remarked, "Yes, we have the Bible."

This was laughed off as a good joke on me, but I went home with a troubled conscience; yet the habit of reading fiction had become so settled that I continued to read on until I was enlightened by that "light which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

Many times I have purchased light literature when I really needed the money for some useful article. By the grace of my heavenly Father I have been able to overcome this bad habit, but the scar still remains. Let me say to the young, be careful, if you form a habit of fiction reading, it will be one hard to eradicate.

The above confession has been humiliating; but you know the old and true saying, "An open confession is good for the soul;" and I feel benefited by having made it.

Hoping some one may profit by my sad experience, I am, yours for the truth,

SR. JOLLEY.

LOWRY CITY, Mo., May, 1890.

Dear Readers of the Autumn Leaves:—I am young in this work, but desire to do what I can for my Master. I enjoy reading the *Autumn Leaves* very much, and I feel very grateful to the writers of the church publications for the good advice they have given. I became a member of the church when I was nine years of age. I am now fifteen. I do not feel that I commenced serving my Master any too soon, as we should feel it a great privilege to serve him and keep his commandments when he is so mindful of us. We would not think of receiving a favor from an earthly friend without thanking them, and how much more thankful we should be to our heavenly Father for his blessings both spiritual and temporal. When I meditate upon his kindness I feel that I could not do enough for him. We as young Saints should try to set a good example before our friends, and perhaps we would do more good than we are able to realize in that way. Some have written on young folks' prayer meetings. I would like very much to be where I could attend a young folks' prayer meeting, for it is both encouraging and strengthening to the young Saints. I always enjoy a prayer meeting better than any other service, for it always makes me feel to rejoice to hear the young Saints, as well as the

old, offering up thanks and praises unto their heavenly Father. Your sister,

NELLIE WHITE.

Sr. Nellie will please pardon me for postponing her letter for so long a time; but I thought it would be well to reserve it until such time when it would be well to spring the subject, "Power of Example." And now that there seems to be a demand for a new theme, I give it place, hoping many may respond immediately, giving their ideas as to what kind of examples ought we to be.—Ed.

PERSIA, Iowa, December, 1890.

Dear Department:—I thought it my duty to write and tell you how much we appreciate reading *Autumn Leaves*. It is a book no home should be without. Its readings are very valuable in any home, especially among the young folks; and we know there are many who would gladly read them if they only had them to read; and many would take them, if they had the means to do so, although there are many who have the means who never see them. There has been a goodly number that gave to enlarge the *Hope*, and I don't think any have missed what they gave. There are many whom I know that are better able to give dollars than a good many are to give cents, that never gave a penny for enlarging the *Hope*. Now I think it would be wise for those, and every one who can help, to raise enough money so that a few extra copies of the *Leaves* may be published and sent to those who have not the means to take them, so that they may loan or send them to others who are not able to take them. By so doing many more who would gladly take them may get to read them and receive the benefit of their contents. Some may say it is a big sacrifice to keep giving. It should not be called a sacrifice when we realize that it is given to us every day by our heavenly Father, and in giving it for his work and to help the cause we profess to love and honor, we are only paying it back to him as it increases day by day. Five hundred dollars would send out quite a few *Leaves*, and many would be rejoicing in their contents that are now grieving because they cannot afford to take them and never get to read them. If every member of the church would give one cent, it would not take long to raise enough to send out quite a goodly number, and it would never be missed. Many a dollar is spent during a year for candy, chewing-gum, tobacco, and many other useless articles that could be dispensed with; and means thus spent

could be sent to *Autumn Leaves* for one year. And if our whole heart's desire was to do the will of our heavenly Father, these things would not take the place of that which His children so greatly need to help them to stand firm in the cause of Christ and to encourage them to renew their diligence and put their trust more firmly in Christ. Many have cares and duties of little ones, and get oftentimes discouraged and weary, and would feel glad to sit down a few moments to rest and take up the *Autumn Leaves* to forget their cares and weariness. They would then feel renewed and strengthened to again take up their cares and labors afresh. I hope some effort will be made for the purpose that much good may be done in so doing.

With love to all the Saints, I am, your sister in Christ,
T. CHAPMAN.

CODY, Neb., Dec. 1890.

Dear Readers:—I have often thought of writing to the Department of Correspondence, but have so felt my inability to write anything beneficial, that I have refrained.

I am glad to see the subjects, "Does it pay to read Fiction?" and "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One?" discussed, for I think it a good thing to awaken new ideas in regard to these things, as it is of vital importance to every young saint to improve their time to the best advantage. I could not describe just what would be the proper amusements for every one, but I, for my part, do know that a person cannot take part in all of the worldly amusements and have the Spirit of God. I have, in the past, indulged in amusements which were worldly; and, as a consequence, I did not feel as I otherwise would; but I have determined to refrain from such things in future, and study the Bible, Book of Mormon, and other church works more. I find amusement enough in such reading.

For my part, I do not think it pays to read fiction. I think a person ought to be better employed in these last days. Where a person has not very much time for reading of any kind, to put in what little time they have reading novels, how will they "grow in grace and a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus?" Will they respond to the call to "come up higher" when they are still idly reading that which profits them nothing?

I love this latter day work, for I know it is the true work of God. When I hear those who do not know the truth trying to explain it and telling what part they cannot understand, it

makes my heart rejoice that we are not in the same condition, that we have a solid foundation on which to build and do not have to be "tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine." I often think of the song, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word."

I have not heard a sermon preached for almost three years, as we are not near any branch and there has been no elder through here.

The *Herald* and *Autumn Leaves* are our only preachers, and it seems that we could not get along without them.

Praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain your sister in the one faith,

STÉLLA WÉÉD.

LAMONI, Iowa, January, 1891.

Dear Readers:—Thinking you would like to hear how the Literary Exchange is prospering, I thought I would write a few lines. The interest in this work is increasing, but not so fast as I would like. The supply of *Heralds* and *Hopes* is greater than the demand so far, but I think there will be use for all of them as soon as those needing them are made known. The supply of *Autumn Leaves* is very limited yet, as it seems to be harder to part with them. I have but very few tracts on hand. I hope all knowing of any person needing the church publications will let me know, as I like to see this work going ahead.

As ever, your brother in the gospel,

PETER HINDS, Sec.

LANARK, December, 1890.

Department of Correspondence:—The writer is greatly encouraged at the prospect of the spread of our church literature as may be inferred from the "Literary Exchange" reports. It has been a duty filled with pleasure to me, since my connection with the church to use every honorable means to place our books in the hands of those desirous of reading them, and also of aiding and encouraging the Saints to obtain them. And my reference to this is made for fear that from what shall follow by way of criticism it might be inferred that my ideas were in opposition to the spread of our church literature; but such is not the case. It is my opinion that some of the methods are not in accordance with the best interests of the young Saints. And my reference is especially to giving away our papers and magazines after they have been read. Good

books and magazines will always be worth reading many times; in fact, that class of writing cannot be fully appreciated by once reading. It is the light, trashy kind that is done with at one reading. And it is not only for those who read them at present that they are valuable; in many of the families of the Saints there are some of the children who are not old enough to read the publications at present; and if the young men and maidens find profit and pleasure in reading the "Story of the Book of Mormon," "With the Church in an Early Day," the autobiography of our beloved brother, Gland Roger, and so many communications on various subjects that have filled many homes with gladness and joy, why should those that are wee ones at present be denied that which has been of such benefit to us? It has been my lot on several occasions to know of children who were not old enough to appreciate anything in the *Autumn Leaves*, being deprived of such because they were given away.

For the good of the young and the church in general it is best to preserve all our publications and have them bound for future good. The writer obtained his first knowledge of the latter day work by publications in possession of his parents that were twenty-five years old; and at present carefully preserves all our publications that they may be of value to my children, and all that may have access to them. It has always been my object to encourage persons to be subscribers because many are careless about the matter. And with some the following method is used: Sometimes they ask the Herald Office for credit, or pay for the publication themselves and then receive the payment in small sums. And also when the one for whom it is intended is not able to pay for it, the members are asked privately to contribute small amounts to pay for it. And in thirteen years of this kind of work no loss has been sustained (except possibly in one case where we became separated), notwithstanding it has been my privilege to send several hundred dollars to the Herald Office. And often when there is an article of special interest then an extra copy is sent for and sent to a friend.

Let all try to have our publications read by all who will, but let us not forget our own children. What is good for us will be good for them also. For persons who do not care to keep them for future good, it would certainly be commendable to put them where they would do the most good.

Your brother,

PAUL PARKER.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century,
But better far it is to speak
One simple word which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men,
To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.
He that doeth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

—Lowell.

THERE is much of truth and cheer in the above poem, and realizing that each one of us has in this great world a corner of our own to cultivate, we may find in it much to bespeak contentment with the talent God has bestowed upon us and to encourage zeal, because we know that with the blessing of God none who labor patiently and faithfully shall have labored in vain. As one by one the leaves of the new year shall be turned, could we but remember that it is not the great things which we do, not the burning words which we speak, but the helpful acts, the kindly loving and cheerful words which emanate from the heart attuned to the one sublime utterance, "All ye are brethren" would we not find encouragement enough for every despondent hour?

When God looked upon a lost and ruined world, he saw no remedy but love. It is no less the world's great need to-day than in the day when it moved the compassion of the Infinite One to send Him who among that heavenly host was best suited to represent the undying love of the Father for his wandering children. It is alike the need of all. The little child stammers in broken utterance between sobs and tears, "Love me," and when grown older and the lips refuse this cry an utterance, the heart repeats again and again, "Love me."

Love is a lever stronger than any ever dreamed of by ancient philosopher, and the world is rapidly learning this great truth. How, then, ought each human heart to rejoice in the thought, that like the best gifts of God it is free to all. And what boundless sense of comfort should come to the humblest child of God in knowing that of this richest gift of God his soul is as royally endowed as the soul of prince or genius. Says Wordsworth:—

"Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moment in a dreary life,
When they can know and feel that they have been
The fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessing; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for the single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart."

It is with this thought of the poet in our mind that we wish just here in our own corner to call your special attention to one way of manifesting this love. Could you have looked over our shoulder for the past three weeks or more, while we were opening and reading the twenty-five or thirty letters coming in each mail, you might have been astonished to learn how many found it difficult and yet how many others found it impossible to enjoy the luxury which the small sum of \$1.50 a year would have supplied to them. "It is like parting with the face of an old friend," wrote one, "but for this year I shall be compelled to discontinue my magazine."

It is not of this class, however, that we wish to speak, but of another for whom the future holds no more hope than the past has held that they will ever be supplied with the church literature. Is it not in our power to help such? How many who will read this could not (if once they would earnestly set themselves to thinking about it) do something towards helping in the distribution of free literature?

One elder wrote us of a young sister, a hopeless invalid from inflammatory rheumatism, who would be so thankful for some of our church works to read, to help pass off the long days, spent in the poor house; for being unable to labor for her own support and having no near relatives to provide for her, she was compelled to look to the county for support. "A lonely situation," you will say. Yes, but there are many lonely, weary ones of earth, struggling on from day to day, many times almost sinking under their burdens and longing for words of comfort and cheer, for the act which embodies the love of some human heart. Can we not reach them? Not all; not many, perhaps, but if only one, or just a few!

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WHEN removing and thereby changing your address, notify David Dancer, stating not only the office to which your magazine has been going, but also the one to which you wish it sent.

When you lose your magazine through failure to comply with this request, we cannot make your loss good. Send all subscription money, money for offerings, in fact all moneys as well as inquiries in regard to missing magazines, names of subscribers, etc., to David Dancer. Send all communications intended for publication, or special requests of any nature whatever to the editor.

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OUR MAGAZINE.

We wish to say to our friends that we need but a little more effort upon the part of those to whom we are now sending advanced sheets of our premium engraving, to ensure the success of our enterprise. We have sent out some

seventy-five or more and we feel sure that they will do their part of the work, and if only those who receive them will kindly help us, disappointment will not accrue to any one. We think our provision of the January number is ample to meet all demands. The result of the labors of some who have been working in our interest has thus far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and we are looking for others to be equally as successful. All who have seen our engraving pronounce it just what it is—an excellent likeness of the original and a splendid work of art, fit to adorn any parlor or library.

We hope to be able to begin mailing to our subscribers some time in January. Those mailed thus far have have only been to agents.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

“Health is two-fold, of body and mind,
Unwholesome when to either one confined.”

TEACHING THE CHILDREN THE ART AND USE OF
SELF-CONTROL.

Presence of mind is a quality much talked of, much honored and—little cultivated; yet, like most other good things in this world, it requires cultivation to bring it to any degree of perfection, for in very few cases is it a natural gift. Some people there are, doubtless, to whom it comes naturally and by instinct to do the right thing at the right time and place; but they are few in number. Then, again, some people are by nature, cooler-headed than their neighbors, and do not scream and otherwise become useless just when their services are required. But this quiet composure, though very valuable, is not quite the same as presence of mind. The latter consists not only in having your wits ready for use, but in knowing how to use them, and being sufficiently calm and steady in mind to remember and turn to account that knowledge. From the earliest possible age children should be taught self-control, and the instinct of trying to remedy any mistake or accident they may encounter. Teach your child, if he cuts himself anywhere, at once to hold the two sides of the cut tightly together, to stop the bleeding, and then to cry if he likes; instead of, as children usually do, dancing about, howling and shaking the wounded part violently, thus making it bleed and smart doubly. Show him that if he burns or scorches himself he can save himself much pain by covering the place with wet soap, or cold cream, or

fuller's earth, or violet powder, all or any of which are pretty sure to be within reach in the nursery.

But if boys need to be taught self-control, doubly so girls. Having by nature weaker nerves and a more vivid imagination, they shrink from pain, suffering and danger in a fashion utterly unintelligible to their brothers. But the more natural this shrinking is, the more carefully should they be taught to govern it. Girls should acquire at least the rudiments of nursing and learn the best and easiest attainable remedies for the ordinary accidents of daily life, just as certainly and as matter of course as they are taught to sew and to read. Especially should quiet and coolness be impressed on them. Calmness is not insensibility, though many people confound them. A girl is not hard-hearted and unfeeling because she can witness painful sights, and, if need be, lend a steady, firm hand to the doctor or nurse. On the contrary, she has usually twenty times the sympathy and unselfish kindness of that delicate little damsel who has no command whatever over herself, and fills the room with shrieks, winding up by running away the very moment when an extra hand might be useful. It may seem harsh to say so, perhaps, but those dainty bodies, who are so utterly useless at any emergency, or, as their friends plead, “so highly endowed with sensibility” (those who are not their friends make unpleasant reference to “folly” and “hysterics”), are generally selfish and self-absorbed to a degree utterly unintelligible to their

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more sober sisters, who are taught to forget self, and control both mind and body by their large-hearted sympathy with, and comprehension of, suffering. But the sick-room is not the only place where presence of mind is required. Scarcely a day passes when we do not more or less require it. Thank goodness the notion that women should faint or go into hysterics for the smallest thing is pretty well exploded; still, even yet the opposite lesson might be more strongly inculcated. —*Toronto Globe.*

SUET AS A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

A drop of warm suet applied to sore lips at night just before retiring will soon cause the soreness to disappear. This is also an excellent remedy for parched lips and chapped hands. It should be applied in the liquid state, and well rubbed and heated in before a brisk fire, which often causes a rough numbing sensation to the hands; by this treatment they will often be restored to their natural condition by one application. If every one could but know the healing properties of so simple a thing as a little mutton suet, no housekeeper would ever be without it. Get a little from your butcher, try it for yourself, run into small cakes and put away ready for use. For cuts and bruises it is almost indispensable, and where there are children there are always plenty of cuts and bruises. Many a deep gash that would have frightened most women into sending for a physician at once, has been healed with no other remedies than a little mutton suet and plenty of Castile soap. A wound should always be kept clean, and the bandages changed every day or every other day. A drenching of warm soap-suds from the purest soap that can be obtained is not only cleansing but healing; then cover the surface of the wound with a bit of old white muslin dipped into melted mutton suet. Renew the drenching and the suet every time the bandages are changed, and you will be astonished to see how quick the ugliest wound will heal.

THE MANAGEMENT OF LAMPS.

To insure good light, the burners of petroleum lamps should be kept bright. If they are allowed to become dull, owing to the absorption of heat by the darkened metal, smoke is the result. Once a month place the burners in a pan, covering them with water, to each quart of which a tablespoon of washing soda should be added, and also a little soap. Boil slowly for one or two hours, and at the end of this time pour off the blackened water. Then pour enough boiling water into the pan to cover the burners, adding soap and soda in the same proportion as before. After boiling again a few minutes, pour off the water, rinse the burners with clear hot water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. The burners must be perfectly dry before wicks are introduced. Should the wicks become clogged with the particles of dust floating in the oil,

and new ones not be desired, they may be boiled in vinegar and water and dried thoroughly and put back in the burners. If wicks have done duty all winter they should be replaced by new ones in the spring. Nickle burners may be boiled as well as brass ones. Time spent in the care of lamps is never wasted. A perfectly clean lamp that gives a brilliant light is a great comfort. What is more cheerless or depressing than an ill-kept lamp, which gives forth an unsteady, lurid, sight-destroying flame? The paper roses, guelder roses, and chrysanthemums, so popular for decorative purposes, are admirable for placing in the lamp chimneys to keep out the dust during the day, and the wicks should be turned a little below the rim of the burner, to prevent exudation of the oil."

OUR EVENINGS' DUTIES AND PLEASURES.

In reading a good book we find on every page a link in the chain of chapters that reveals to us the spirit of the author, and the way in which the evenings of the fireside circle are spent, shows to the casual visitor or honored guest the soul of the home life. It depends largely upon the occupations of the different members of the family how the closing hours of the day shall be spent; but the mother should try to establish the custom of spending a part of each evening together. Mind and body need a brief respite from deep thinking and toil before the vacuity of slumber. While the Winter King and the bridal Frost Queen are making out-doors lovely with jeweled star, glittering snow and pearly icicle, we should vie with them in making in-doors doubly attractive. Let the fires be bright and cheery, the lamps glittering in crystal purity, the table roomy enough to invite all to cozy quarters with work-basket, slates and pencils, books and papers. If there are school children, let them give an hour to lessons first, and do not withhold helpful hints and honest comments upon their work. Make them feel that the school-room tasks are important duties, sufficiently so to enlist the interest of the older heads of the family. When the school-books have been placed in their respective satchels ready for the hasty departure in the morning, let there be quiet games, pleasant stories, music, and, occasionally, nuts and apples. Eight o'clock is a good hour for children's bed-time, and I love the good, old-fashioned Puritan custom of reading a chapter from the Bible; not in a dry, prosy way, but followed by talks and questions. Too many children are taught to look upon the Book of books as one to be handled only by gray-headed people and ministers; so teach those of your household band to study it, to love it, to rely upon it as a guide. It need not detract from the good cheer of the evening to pause and read awhile from the most eloquent and sublime pages of literature that were ever penned. When the children have said good-night, and tripped away to snug beds and fairy dreamland, there should be reading aloud and conver-

sation upon subjects that will awaken thought and study. It is an excellent plan to adopt a course of reading including a variety, so that neither science, history, poetry, nor biography, be neglected, nor one be allowed to overshadow the other. All are needed to expand the mental powers. Because you are rural folks, remote from the advantages of lectures, reading clubs, and public libraries, is no excuse for mental starvation. Books and papers are cheap, and a library can soon be collected by denying for awhile unnecessary luxuries of food and clothing. How much richer will that farmer be who can welcome the springtime with a store of knowledge that will deepen his love for Nature and her works. It will be a constant pleasure to be able to tell his boys truths in science and botany that will help to clinch the dry statements in the text-books they will read by and by.

It is a mother's privilege—yes, duty—to be ready to name and describe the plants, flowers and animals

which the children see in their daily rambles. Tell that little rollicking fellow who is tumbling on the fragrant hay that there are 4,000 varieties of grasses, and he will never forget it. Show that bright-eyed, inquisitive girl the fish's nest, and tell her the habits of the mole, the wren, and the modest field mouse. Years after she will smile as she reads the same in some long lesson, and say, "Why, mother told me that long ago." It is worth while to make some sacrifice in order to devote the evenings to study, that we may be able to answer wisely the eager questions that throng our homes. Let us work with some vim and system through the day, that at twilight we may give our time to home entertainment and instruction. Let us make these evening hours so rich in happiness and mental improvement, that they will be a joyous inspiration for our children—a harmonious prelude to the opening pages of life's melody to which we guide the rosy fingers of childhood.—*Sel.*

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

If thou wouldst attain to thy highest, go look upon a flower; what that does wistlessly, that do thou willingly.—*Schiller.*

SATIN SPECTACLE CASE.

A gift for grandpa or grandma is often hard to choose, and nothing is so much valued as some article the grandchildren's own fingers have made.

A pretty spectacle case requires a yard of satin ribbon two inches wide, three-quarters of a yard of the same color half an inch wide, a piece of celluloid five inches long and two wide, a bit of chamois leather, and a little gilt paint.

Commence by fringing both ends of the satin ribbon to the depth of an inch, then measure six and a half inches from the end, and fold a tuck five and a half inches deep; sew the sides "over and over."

Measure five inches at the other end, fold a tuck three and a half inches deep, and sew in the same way, taking care to keep the satin side of the ribbon outside.

Draw lengthwise of the celluloid the outline of a pair of spectacles, with the bows folded across; then paint in rather broad lines with the gilt paint, and gum the celluloid on the long pocket formed by the first tuck, or make a small hole in each of the four corners, and fasten with a bow and ends of baby-ribbon. A yard and a half will suffice. If celluloid cannot be had, the spectacles can be painted on the satin.

On the other end of the ribbon write with gilt paint:

The world will never
Look quite right
Unless you keep
Your glasses bright.

Cut from the chamois leather a piece five inches wide and three long; round off the two lower ends, fold and slip into the short pocket. Double the broad ribbon exactly in the center, the satin side outside,

and tie the half-inch ribbon tightly around it in a pretty bow and ends.—*Home and Farm Journal.*

AN ARTISTIC CHAIR.

A small, old-fashioned, rush-bottomed chair, weather-beaten and painted red, was my subject. A little thought, a little work, and a little money transformed it into a dainty piece of furniture, which could not be bought in an art store for less than \$12 or \$15. Even a very old kitchen chair could be treated in the same way. Give it two coats of common white paint; a small can or tube worth 10 cents, which you will find at any drug store, will be sufficient for this. Be careful to let the first coat dry thoroughly before applying the second; when this has hardened give it two coats of white enamel paint. Ten cents worth of this will be all you require.

Now for the trimming. Three-eighths of a yard of moss green plush, eighteen inches wide, lined with salmon pink satin or surah and padded with cotton, will make a cushion for the seat. Sew to each corner of the cushion a half yard each of green and pink ribbon about an inch wide, of shades that go well together. This will make very pretty bows to tie the cushion to the chair. Then tie a yard and a half of pink ribbon, three inches wide, in a large bow on one corner of the back. The whole cost will not amount to more than \$2, and you will have a very elegant chair for either parlor or bedroom. — *Housekeeper's Weekly*

IN THE CORNER.

"Talk about corners," said one who is fairly besotted on the subject of house decoration, "I've got a corner on corners. I don't know what that means,

but it sounds well, and my corner looks well, and is an utilitarian treasure beside. The principle feature of my corner is the corner table. It is a piece of wood fitted into the wall in the same shape that a stationary washstand is, you know—takes up very little room—and then fitted into the wood are curtains running on a cord, and coming down to the ground—see? Those curtains hide anything I choose to set on the second shelf I have put in beneath the top one, and enable me to present to the observer's eye a pretty display of China silk instead of—I shan't tell you what I do hide in there. It is a convenient nook, though, I can tell you that."

"What a superb idea for a toilet table in a small bedroom!" exclaimed a listener. "I shall fix one on that plan in my younger sister's room, for, truth to tell, the girl is in rather close quarters, and she loves to have her place look pretty."—*Philadelphia Press.*

VERY WARM, PRETTY LEGGINS

For children can be made from the good part of old woolen pantaloons. Turn the cloth wrong side out. The leggins should come high over the knee, and be lined throughout. They are far more durable than knit ones.

THE GAME OF PROGRESSIVE SPELLING.

Games that are brisk, played without cards or other material aid, and suited to groups of a dozen or more, are so constantly and urgently in demand that I need make no apology for presenting to you an account of a game which is played, I think, in a few localities, and should be more widely known. As the game has no name, to my knowledge, I will venture to christen it "Progressive Spelling." I met with it at a very pleasant little party up in Canada, at the Cardington's where I was visiting. You may learn it as I did, by watching sharply while a game is being played.

Young Doctor Cardington, a tall youth with spectacles, took his stand before the party, about a dozen in all, who were arranged in a long row. This was the order in which they stood:

The Minister.

Miss Willoughby.

Willie Cardington.

The School-mistress.

The Professor.

Miss Cardington.

Master John Fallows.

Miss Simpson.

The Organist.

Miss Lucy.

Miss Wilson.

The minister began by saying "S," thinking, possibly, of the word "soap." Miss Willoughby at once said "T," having in mind the word "stay." Next, young Willie Cardington snapped out "R," adding along with a chuckle, the word he was thinking of—"Strap."

"Thank you," said the school-mistress, "though it is against the rule of the game to think out loud." And so she added the letter "A." The professor did not dare add "P," because that would have finished the word and have sent him to the foot of the class. So he said "I," thinking luckily of "strain."

But Miss Cardington was thus placed in trouble. "S-t-r-a-i-," she murmured, perplexed and fell to thinking. Thereupon the doctor in front of the row began to count deliberately. He counted ten, and Miss Cardington had to go to the foot, being unable to add a letter without finishing the word.

Master John Fallows then made all sorts of faces, while the doctor counted out his ten, and at last cried in desperation "L."

Miss Simpson was astonished. "S-t-r-a-i-!" she cried in amazement. "John, I challenge your word!" "Yes, sir," said the doctor, "I don't believe you have any word!" And John was obliged to confess, with much giggling, that he had none, and to take his place at the foot of the class. "If John had really had a word, Miss Simpson, the challenger, would have had to go to the foot," explained the doctor to me.

But Miss Simpson, herself, failed to add a letter in the allotted time, and followed John to the foot. The organist, however, promptly said "G," having improved this little interval in thinking up the word "straight."

"H," said Miss Lucy, whose bright wits saw the word at once, and she clapped her hands as she turned to Miss Wilson, who was compelled of course to put on a final "T" and go to the foot because she had finished the word.

By this time I had seen enough to warrant me in joining, and the doctor, too, was added to the row, still assuming the duty of counting when necessary. I took my place next to Miss Wilson, and the doctor next to me, at the foot.

It was my turn, of course, to introduce a new word, so I started with "J." "E," quickly added the doctor, crying at the same time to the minister at the head of the row, "You are caught! Come down here!" "T," said the minister, innocently, and was sent to the foot having finished the word, in spite of his protestations that he was thinking of "Jetsam."

"Y," began Miss Willoughby. "O," said Willie Cardington. Then the school-mistress, unable to think of anything but "U," went silently to the foot, after the doctor had counted 10. The luckless professor, thinking of "young," added the fatal "U," and went down amidst much merriment. "He should have added 'L' for 'yolk,'" said the organist, quietly.

Here there was great amusement at the discovery of the professor and the school-mistress together at the foot, and by tacit agreement the doctor and I entered into a conspiracy to keep them there. The interest of the game was greatly increased by the struggles of these two couples to bring each other to grief, by the introduction of words which must terminate with an opponent.

It was found necessary to rule out proper names, slang words and contractions and to ordain that in case a player, when a combination of letters like "y-a-c-h" came to him, in preference to adding the obvious "T," went silently to the foot, thus forcing his neighbor to go the foot as well, that trick should be played only twice. The third player should end the word.

It must be further added that any one may "challenge" a word who suspects that the person who made the last addition is under a misapprehension as to the correct spelling of the word. If the word thought of is rightly spelled, the challenger goes to the foot. If the person challenged had made a mistake, he himself goes to the foot, and his place is taken by the challenger. Of course, a person at the foot, having no position to lose, may venture to challenge freely, in hope of an advance, but a person at the head must be cautious, and only challenge when he sees an impossible combination of letters coming dangerously near him.

I found this game develop, on acquaintance, into a very bright and instructive amusement. Try it yourself, the next time the neighbors come in for an evening's fun.—*Christian Union.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The intention is to conduct the journal as a medium for giving both sides of the question, and no favoritism or prejudice by us will be exercised in regard to authors, as communications will be published without names or nom de plumes attached. An exception will be made in the case of controversies, when each writer must and shall know his adversary. Short, forcibly written communications, worded in the spirit of love, are invited upon any theme bearing upon the above outlined subject, with the appended qualifications. Address all matter for publication to

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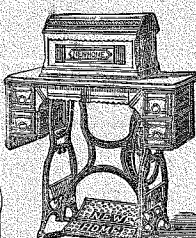
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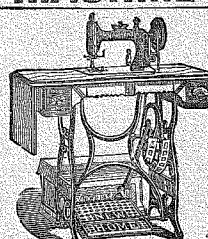
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Prospectus of Autumn Leaves

FOR 1891.

IN order to largely increase our circulation for the coming year and also as a testimonial of our gratitude to those who have aided us in establishing the magazine, we have made arrangements for presenting each subscriber with an elegant

Steel Engraving of Pres. Joseph Smith,

The engraving will be of a size suitable for framing, taken from a plate made expressly for us, and will be worth double the subscription price of the magazine to each one who receives it, and can only be obtained by subscribing for AUTUMN LEAVES.

TERMS.

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We can not send out the first numbers of the volume without knowing whether you wish the entire volume, for by this means we suffer great loss. Many who afterwards would subscribe and pay for these numbers can not get them because we have furnished them to those who fail to renew their subscriptions or to return the magazines.

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To all actively engaged in the ministry it affords us great pleasure to send the magazine free, but we will esteem it a kindness and it will prevent mistakes if you will notify the office that you wish it continued.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

With the first number of volume four we shall commence the publication of a sketch of the life of Elder John Brush of California, one of the most interesting Biographies yet published. "Father Brush," as he is familiarly called by those who know him, passed through many of the trying scenes of the troubles in Missouri, and writes of them as an eye witness. If the interest of future chapters of this biography are equal to those we have seen, (and we are told they are), then we can say unreservedly that those who fail to subscribe in time to get the first chapters will lose much. Sometime during 1891 we expect also to begin the publication of a Serial by one who has never as yet contributed to the magazine, though well known to the church, both personally and by her writings.

Again we repeat that we can not afford to issue a large edition above the number of subscribers, and it is absolutely necessary for those who desire the complete volume to subscribe in time for their names to be on our list by February 15th, 1891.

To the friends who have so faithfully and disinterestedly worked for us in the past we would suggest that with the splendid premium we offer, your labors this year ought to be more successful than in the previous ones. With thankfulness for past favors and large hope for the future, but above all with a firm reliance upon Him whose we are and whom we are endeavoring to serve, we shall enter upon the work of volume four feeling sure that our friends will render to us all, and more than we can merit.

M. WALKER.

NOTICE.

BELEIVING that the interest of the work and the good of the young will be enhanced by the preservation in book form of two serials which have been appearing in the "Leaves," namely:

With the Church in an Early Day,

AND

"Pattie, or Leaves from a Life,"

we wish to say to all Saints interested in this, that we are now making an effort to have them published, and shall do so just as soon as sufficient encouragement is received. We will be able to issue these volumes at \$1 each, neatly bound in cloth, printed on good paper, and containing the likeness of the authors, provided a sufficient number of names are received in advance to justify the beginning of the work.

NO MONEY

is asked for until the books are ready for mailing; but if you are interested in this matter and desire to see them published, send us your name as a subscriber to one or both when issued, and just as soon as names enough have been received to cover the actual cost of publishing, we will begin the work.

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Mabel Hall . dec 91

Autumn

Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ
OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

MARCH, 1891.

Vol. 4.

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will be issued? We are now prepared to say that "With the Church" will be ready for mailing by the last of April or the first of May. We trust that those who have sent in their name as subscribers will be prompt in remitting, as we shall need the funds to defray the expense of printing and binding. When remitting do not forget to enclose stamps for mailing.

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Owing to the sickness of her father, Sr. Eleanor was called away some five weeks since, but her volume will be issued about the last of June or early in July, and subscription price, which may now be remitted as convenient, will be the same as the above.

ALSO NOTICE.

This week we commence the mailing of our premium Engraving to all subscribers who have ordered it. Owing to the large number to be served it may require two full weeks to reach the last ones. If by the 20th of February you have not received yours, notify the office by a card and it will receive prompt attention.

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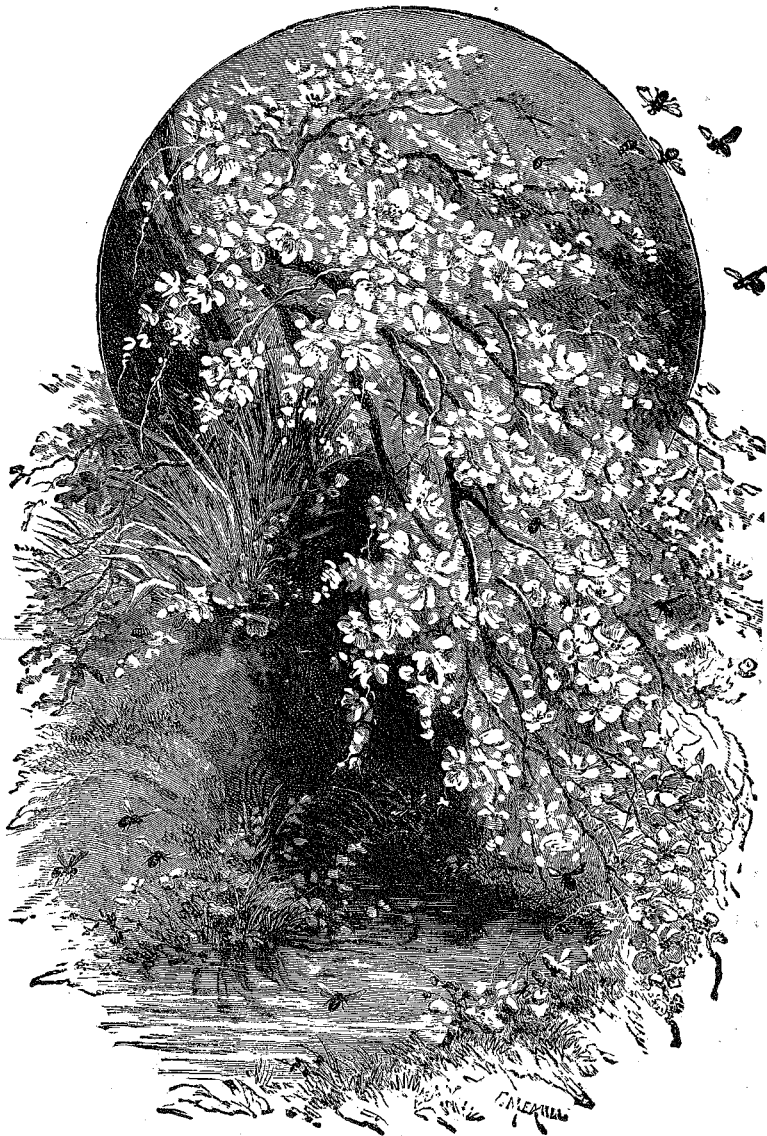
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AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, MARCH, 1891.

No. 3.

OBSERVATIONS.—No. VII.

THE PASSION PLAY;

OR, THE STORY THAT TRANSFORMED THE WORLD.

OUR young readers will no doubt understand that the term "passion" is applied to the suffering or enduring of that which is inflicted by another, and hence the term has come to be applied to the trial, suffering and crucifixion of Christ, as see its use in Acts 1: 3: "To whom also he showed himself alive after his *passion* by many infallible proofs."

In order that you may fully enter into the spirit of the extract which we give you from a recent work of an English writer, who visited Ober-Ammergau for the express purpose of seeing this play, we will give you a brief sketch of the village where every ten years during the summer months this wonderful play is performed.

The village of Ober-Ammergau stands high up, almost upon the watershed of the Bavarian Alps. Through it in a westward direction flows the clear and rapid Ammer; and, viewed from the mountain heights surrounding it, as it nestles in the green valley, it is said to present a picture of rare loveliness. The inhabitants are more like the Swiss than the Germans. They are a simple, homely, unspoiled people; though the writer observes that this fact, "considering the flood from the outer world which submerges them every week all summer through every ten years, is in itself almost as the miracle of the burning bush."

"Nearly every man is a landholder—the poorest have about three acres, the richest about sixty. But over and above that they have the inestimable privilege of pasturage on the hills. Talk about three acres and a cow! That ideal has

been more than realized ever so long ago at Ober-Ammergau. Never was there such a place for cows, each with her tinkling bell hanging from her neck, marches sedately through the principal street to and from the milking shed. They wander on the hills all day, but come home to be milked every evening, and the continuous tinkling of their bells fills the valley with delightful music.

The whole population of Ober-Ammergau is not more than fourteen hundred, but they own between them five or six hundred cows. Few more pleasant sights will you meet, in all your travels, than the coming home of the cows at milking time. The goats also and the horses have bells, but the cows so far outnumber all the rest that the others pass unnoticed."

It is said that as far back as the twelfth century there had been a Passion Play performed in this little village; but the wars of the sixteenth century left but little time for the inhabitants of Germany to give to plays, even in this remote district.

After the close of the wars a great pestilence broke out in the villages, surround Ober-Ammergau. The mortality was fearful and of whole villages often but two or three would be left alive. Ober-Ammergau was the only village not devastated by its ravages, and it maintained a strict quarantine against all the outside world, suffering no one to enter from without. For a time they succeeded in barring out all comers, but at last a poor laborer by the name of Caspar Schuchler, who was working in the plague-stricken village of Eschenlohe, was seized with an uncontrollable desire to see his wife and children, who were living in Ober-Ammergau; and, evading the strict quaran-

tine by means which perhaps only desperate homesickness could have devised, he returned to his wife and little ones.

In two days he was dead, and the plague which he had brought with him spread from house to house, until in thirty-three days, eighty-four of the villagers had perished. Filled with consternation, the villagers assembled to consult what could be done. The quarantine had failed; there was no remedy known; for where the plague struck, death as surely followed, and there would soon not be enough living ones to bury the dead. In their great perplexity, driven almost to despair, they vowed that if God would deliver them, they would, in token of their gratitude to Him, perform the Passion Play every ten years.

The local historian relates that the plague was stayed, and in remembrance of the mercy, the Passion Play became a fixed institution in Ober-Ammergau, and, of all plays of a like character, has been the only one to survive the chances and changes of time, and has become world-wide in its celebrity.

"The effect produced by the actors in their every-day costume, is very quaint and curious. Maier, the Christ—an excellent family man,—makes his living by carving crucifixes. Lechner, the most famous of the Judases, lives in this house. Over yonder stands the Burgmeister's, where, if you ask for Caiaphas, you will be told by his daughter, the Virgin Mary, that he has just gone across to the inn to drink beer with the village doctor. That is King Herod driving the Zweispanner, that just passed us; and that long-haired lad, who is lighting his cigar in the middle of the street, is the Apostle John. I was lodged in the house of Herod and we were waited upon at the table by St. John."

For pathos and beauty of diction, we commend the first pages of this selection to the careful attention of our readers; and well may the question, "If the light and warmth of a new day of faith and hope and love are to irradiate our world, then may it not be confidently asserted that in the old, old story of the cross lies the secret of the only power which can save mankind?" repeat itself again and again; and with it may not every Saint couple the prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven?"

The impressions conveyed to the writer speak for themselves, and, doubtless, many parallel scenes in our own time will come before us as we read. For instance, while we contemplate the character and the act of Pilate in delivering the innocent Nazarene to the malice and cruelty of his Jewish accusers, will there not come before some of us the mental picture of an innocent, wronged and suffering people, appealing to Martin Van Buren, the chief magistrate of our nation, for redress of their grievances, and, as the answer stands out on the mental picture in bold relief, "Gentlemen your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you," will not the action of Pilate compare favorably therewith?

Altogether this selection is provocative of much thought and we bespeak for it a careful reading.

"This is the story that transformed the world!

This is the story that transformed the world!

Yes, and will yet transform it!

Yes, thank God, so the answer comes; and will yet transform it, until Thy kingdom comes."

This is the story that transformed the world. I awoke shortly after midnight, after seeing the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, with these words floating backwards and forwards in my head like a peal of bells from some distant spire. Backwards and forwards they went and came, and came and went!

This is the story that transformed the world! This is the story that transformed the world! And then in the midst of the reiterated monotone of this insistent message came this glad response from I know not where—Yes, and will yet transform it. And then the two met and mingled, strophe and anti-strophe, one answering the other, "This is the story that has transformed the world! Yes, and will yet transform the world!"

I tried to sleep, and could not. It was as if church bells were pealing their sweet but imperious music within my brain. So I got up and wrote.

All is silent save the ticking of the watch by my bedside; silent as the stars which gleam down from the blue sky above the cross-crowned crag, which stands like some gaunt sentinel keeping watch over the village at its foot. Herod, our host, sleeps soundly, and Johannes, wearied with double service of waiter at the hotel and his *role* in the sacred play,

is oblivious of all. The crowded thousands who watched for hours yesterday the unfolding of the Passion of Christ Jesus of Galilee have disappeared, and I am alone.

But not alone. For as real and as vivid as that same crowd of yesterday seem to me the thronging memories of other days, of the centuries that rise between the time when Jesus really lived on earth and to-day. Nearly nineteen hundred years have gone since all that we saw represented yesterday was no mere mimic show, but deadly, tragic fact,—nineteen hundred years during which the shaping power of the world has been that story, the old, old story, never before so vividly realized in all its human significance and its divine import.

Its human significance; for, thank God, we have at last seen Jesus as a man among men, a human being with no halo round His brow, no radiance not of this world marking Him off from the rest of us His fellow-men, but just Jesus, the Galilean, gibbeted on the gallows of His time side by side with the scum of mankind.

And it was this story that transformed the world! "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean!" Over how many tribes and nations and kindreds of men? On this very spot, by the side of the swift-flowing Ammer, what strange rites were being celebrated long centuries after the cry of victory over death burst from the lips of the Crucified, and yet here we stand to-day.

Oh, the wonder of it all, the miracle of miracles surely is this, that this story should have transformed the world. For, after all, what was the Passion? Looked at as we looked at it yesterday, not from the standpoint of those who see the sacred story through the vista of centuries that have risen in splendor and set in the glory of the Cross, but from the standpoint which the actors on the stage assumed yesterday, what was the Passion! It was merely a passing episode in the unceasing martyrdom of man. Think you that, of the thirty thousand Jews whom the humane Titus by a mere stroke of his stylus condemned to be crucified round the walls of Jerusalem within forty years after that scene on Calvary, none suffered like this? For them also was reared the horrid cross, nor were they spared the mockings and the scourgings, the cruel

thirst, and the slow-drawn agony of days of death. And among all that unnamed multitude how few were there but had some distracted mother to mourn for him, some agonized Mary to swoon at the news of his death! Jews they were, as was He. Hero souls, no doubt faithful unto death, and now, let us hope, wearing a crown of life; patriots who knew how to die in the service of the land which their fathers had received from God, and of the Temple in which was preserved His Holy Law. But their self-sacrifice availed not even to save their names from oblivion. Their martyrdom was as powerless to avert the doom of the chosen people as the bursting of the foam-flakes on the sand is to arrest the rush of the returning tide.

Why, then, should the death of one Jew have transformed the world, while the death of these uncounted thousands failed even to save the synagogue?

Why? That is the question that the Passion Play forces home—a question which never even comes to the mind of those who are accustomed from childhood to regard this Jew as mysteriously divine, not so much man as God, cut off from us and our daily littleness by the immeasurable abyss that yawns between the finite and the Infinite. This greatest of all the miracles, the coming of Christendom into being, has become so much a matter of course that we marvel as little at it as we do at the sunrise—which, also, in its way, is wonder-worthy enough. Think, for a moment, of how many myriads of fierce heathen, worshiping all manner of proud ancestral gods, have gone down before the might of that pale form. Civilizations and empires have gone down into the void, darkness covers them, and oblivion is fast erasing the very inscriptions which history has traced on their tombs. But the kingdom which this Man founded knoweth no end. The voice that echoed from the hills of Galilee is echoing to-day from hills the Romans never trod, and the story of that life is rendered in tongues unknown at Pentecost. The more you look at it from the standpoint of the contemporaries of the Carpenter of Nazareth the more incredibly marvelous it appears.

And that is the great gain of the Passion Play. It takes us clear back across the ages to the standpoint of those who

saw Jesus the Galilean as but a man among men. It compels us to see Him without the aureole of divinity, as He appeared to those who knew Him from His boyhood, and who said, Are not His brethren still with us? It is true that it is still not real enough. The dresses are too beautiful; everything is conventional. We have here not the real Christ, the Jew, the outcast, and the vagabond. For Him we must wait till Vereschagin or some other realist painter may bring us reality. But even behind all the disguises of conventional Christian art, we have at least a sufficiently human figure to elicit sympathy, compassion, and love. We get near enough to Christ to hear the blows that fall upon His face, to appreciate the superior respectability of the high priests, and to understand the contempt of Herod for "the King of Fools." Not until we start low enough do we understand the heights to which the Crucified has risen. It is only after realizing the depth of His humiliation that we can even begin to understand the miracle of the transformation which He has wrought.

Nor is that all. It is the greatest thing, but it does not stand alone. For besides enabling us to realize the story which transformed the world, it enables us to understand the agency by which that story effected its beneficent revolution. I learned more of the inner secret of the Catholic Church in Ober-Ammergau than ever I learned in Rome. Yet there is nothing distinctively Roman about the Passion Play. With the exception of the legend of St. Veronica, with which Gabriel Max's picture has familiarized every Protestant who looks into a photograph-shop, and sees the strange face on the handkerchief whose eyes reveal themselves beneath your gaze, there is nothing from first to last to which the Protestant Alliance could take exception. And yet it is all there. There, condensed into eight hours and less, is the whole stock-in-trade of the Christian Church. It was in its effort to impress that story upon the heart of man that there came into being all that is distinctively Roman. To teach truth by symbols, to speak through the eye as much as the ear, to leave no gate of approach unsummoned by the bearer of the glad tidings of great joy, and, above all, in so doing to use every human element of

pathos, of tragedy, and of awe that can touch the heart or impress the imagination—that was the mission of the Church; and as it got further and further afield, and had to deal with ruder and ruder barbarians, the tendency grew to print in still larger capitals. The Catholic Church, in short, did for religion what the New Journalism has done for the Press. It has sensationalized in order to get a hearing among the masses.

Protestantism that confines its gaze solely to the sublime central figure of the Gospel story walks with averted face past the beautiful group of the Holy Women. Because others have ignorantly worshiped, therefore we must not even contemplate. But plant Mr. Kensit or Messrs. Morgan & Scott in the theater of Ober-Ammergau, let them look with dry eyes—if they can—upon the leave-taking at Bethany, and then as the universal sob rises from thousands of gazers, they will realize, perhaps for the first time, how intense is the passion of sympathy which they have sealed up, how powerful the emotion to which they are forbidden to appeal. The most pathetic figure in the Passion Play is not Christ, but His mother. In Him there is also sublimity. She is purely pathetic. And after Mary the Mother comes Mary the Magdalen. Protestantism will have much leeway to make up before it can find any influence so potent for softening the heart and inspiring the imaginations of men. Even in spite of all the obloquy of centuries of superstition, and of the consequent centuries of angry reaction against this abuse, these two women stand out against the gloom of the past radiant as the angels of God, and yet the true ideals of the womanhood of the world.

"Yes, this was the story that transformed the world! This and no other. This it was which, to make visible, men carved in stone and built the cathedral, and then, lest even the light of Heaven should come to the eye of man without bearing with it the Story of the Cross, they filled their church windows with stained glass, so that the sun should not shine without throwing into brighter relief the leading features of the wonder-working epic of His life and death. Wherever you go in Christendom you come upon endless reproductions of the scenes which yesterday we saw presented

with all the vividness of the drama. The cross, the nails, the lance have been built into the architecture of the world, often by the descendants of the men who crucified their Redeemer—not knowing what they did. For centuries Art was but an endless repetition in color or in stone of the scenes we witnessed yesterday, or of incidents in lives which had been transformed by these scenes. The more utterly we strip the story of the Passion of all supernatural significance the more irresistibly comes back upon the mind the overwhelming significance of the transformation which it has effected in the world.

Why?—I keep asking why? If there were no divine and therefore natural law behind all that, why should that trivial incident, the crucifixion of one among the unnumbered host of vagabonds executed every year in the reign of Tiberius and the Cæsars that followed him, have brought us here to-day? Why are railways built and special trains organized and six thousand people gathered in curiosity or in awe to see the representation of this simple tale? How comes it, if there were no dynamo at the other end of that long coil of centuries, that the light should still be shining at our end to-day? Shining, alas! not so brightly as could be wished, but to shine at all, is that not in itself miraculous?

Through all the ages it has shone with varying luster. And still it shines. The dawn of a new day as I write is breaking upon this mountain valley. The cocks are crowing in the village, recalling the Apostle, who, in the midst of the threatening soldiery, denied his Lord. And even as Peter went out and wept bitterly, and ever after became the stoutest and bravest disciple of his Master, may it not yet be with those of this generation who also have denied their Redeemer?

Who knows? The transformation would be far less startling than that which converted the Colosseum from the shambles of Imperial Rome into the gigantic monument of triumphant martyrdom, far less violent than that which has made the German forebears of these good Ammergauers into Christian folk.

But if the transformation is to be effected, and the light and warmth of a new day of faith, and hope, and love are to irradiate our world, then may it not be confidently asserted that in the old, old

story of the Cross lies the secret of the only power which can save mankind.

THE ACTUALITY OF THE PLAY.

Wherein does it modify orthodox opinions? Chiefly in humanizing them, in making the Gospel story once more "palpitate with actuality," to quote the French phrase which Matthew Arnold loved to use. These people on the stage at Ober-Ammergau are not lay figures, mere abstract representations of the virtues of the opposite. They live, breathe, and act just as if they were actors in a French or Russian novel. That is the great difference. These poor players have brought our Lord to life again. In their hands He is no mere influence or abstraction, no infinite and Almighty ruler of the universe. He may be, and no doubt every one of the Ober-Ammergauers would shrink with horror from the suggestion that He was any other than the Second Person of the Trinity. But they have done more than repeat Athanasian Creed. They have shown how it came to be believable. If that poor Carpenter's Son, by getting himself crucified as one part fool and three parts seditious adventurer, could revolutionize the world, then the influence seemed irresistible that He must have been divine. If the illegitimate son of a Bengalee peasant, hanged by order the Lieutenant Governor of the North-West provinces because of the mischief he was making among the Moslems, in Lahore, were to establish his faith on the ruins of Westminster Abbey, and install the successor of his leading disciple on the throne of the British Empire, we should not wonder at his apotheosis. To do so much with so little material compels the inference that there is the Infinite behind. Nothing but a God could control such a machine. It needed a fulcrum in Eternity to make such a change in the things of time with so weak a lever as the life of this Galilean.

CAIAPHAS.

But it is not only Christ Himself who becomes real to us, but, what is equally important, we see His contemporaries as they saw themselves, or as He saw them. Caiaphas—who that has seen Burgomaster Lang in that leading *role* can feel anything but admiration and sympathy for

the worthy Chief of the Sanhedrin?—had everything on his side to justify him. Law, respectability, patriotism, religious expediency, common sense. Against him there was only this poor vagabond from Nazareth—and the invisible! But Caiaphas, like other men, does not see the Invisible, and he acts as, according to his lights, he was bound to act. He is the great prototype of the domineering and intolerant ecclesiastic all the world over. Since the Crucifixion he has often changed his clothes, but at heart he is the same. He has worn the three-crowned hat of the successor of Peter; he has paraded in a bishop's mitre; he has often worn the gown and bands of Presbyterian Geneva. Caiaphas is eternal. He reproduces himself in every church, in every village, because there is a latent Caiaphas in every heart.

PILATE.

Perhaps the character who comes out best is Pilate. He is a noble Roman whose impartiality and rectitude, coupled with an anxious desire to take the line of least resistance, and find out some practical middle course, is worthy of that imperial race, to whose vices, as well as to many of their virtues, we English have succeeded. Pilate did his best to save Jesus—up to a certain point. Beyond that point he did not go, and, according to the accepted ethics of men in his position, it would have been madness to have gone. Why should he, Pontius Pilate, Procurator of Judea, risk his career and endanger the tranquility of Jerusalem merely to save a poor wretch like that Galilean! What Englishman who has ever ruled a province in India, where religious ferment was rife, would not have felt tempted to act as Pilate acted—nay, would not have acted as he acted without even the hesitation he showed, if the life of some poor devil of a wandering fakir stood between him and the peace of the Empire? Would to God that British magistrates, even at home in our own land, would give the despised and unpopular poor man the same number of chances Herod gave to Jesus. With Downing Street eager for the conviction of a Socialist agitator, and the whole of Society and the mob savage against him, a man would be a fool who would not appeal from Bow Street or Old Bailey to so just a judge as

Pilate. To the last, Pilate never made himself the willing instrument of popular frenzy. He argued against, he denounced it, he resorted to every subterfuge by which he could save the prisoner's life, and it was only when the Sanhedrim threatened to denounce him to Cæsar that he unwillingly gave way. Here and there no doubt there are among our English magistrates and judges fanatical believers in abstract right, who would have risked the Empire rather than let a hair of Christ's head be touched, but the average English magistrate—especially if the accused was "only a nigger"—would shrug his shoulders at such Quixotism as folly and worse. It is better, they would say that one man should die even unjustly than that everything should be upset.

DID JESUS GET "JUSTICE."

And that brings us to another point. Nothing seems to stand out more clearly than the fact that, on the technical point of law it is, to say the least, doubtful whether Jesus was not rightly condemned. The great trial scene, where one scribe after another read out the text of the law governing the case, brought home very forcibly to the mind that the Sanhedrim was, after all, not going very far out of its way in order to condemn Jesus. He had, from a worldly point of view, been recklessly imprudent. He had played into the hands of His enemies as if he had actually been working for a conviction. His contumacious silence at the trial, broken only by a declaration that must have honestly appeared the most outrageous blasphemy to His judges, would have produced the very worst possible effect on the minds of an English judge and jury. The law takes no account of motives. The law lays down a set of maxims which must be applied without respect of persons. There is not a single one of the wise saws, such as the British press delight to quote when some particularly abominable piece of iniquity is about to be enacted in Ireland or in London, that would not have fitted admirably the mouth of Caiaphas or of Annas.

PILATE AND HOME RULE.

Then, if this be so, if Jesus were legally condemned by the Sanhedrim for offences against the Jewish law, it becomes a grave question whether, on the

accepted principles of Imperial policy, it was really Pilate's duty to do more than he actually did. The Romans allowed the Jewish nation a considerable measure of home rule. To have absolutely refused to execute a prisoner whom they had tried by their own tribunals, and declared to be guilty, not only of offences which by their law merited death, but of entertaining designs against the imperial supremacy, which they felt it incumbent upon themselves to denounce, would have been a very serious step to take. So serious that, having regard to the larger question of the preservation of the liberties of the subjugated provinces, and the maintenance of the responsibility of the local authorities, it is easy to see that Pilate would have exposed himself to very grave censure had he gone further than he did in the attempt to save the life of one whom he could not have regarded as other than an amiable but slightly cracked enthusiast. Life was cheap in those days, and a Roman governor, as Caiaphas sarcastically reminded Pilate, thought little of the slaughter of the hecatomb of Jews. At any rate, before condemning Pilate I should like to see how the British viceroy will act when he is asked to interfere with the first act of flagrant injustice insisted on by the Irish (Home Rule) administration when Downing Street is occupied by a Ministry that will give anything for an easy life, and when there is no outside public opinion to invoke in favor of the innocent oppressed.

JUDAS.

Another person who comes out better than might be expected is Judas. The conception of his character is very fine and very human. Judas, as the treasurer of the little band, naturally felt indignant at the apparent wanton extravagance which led Mary Magdalene to pour ointment worth 300 pence upon the head of her Master. There is real human nature and sound practical common sense in his reply to those who told him not to worry about the money, when he retorted, "Who is there to take care about it if I don't? Judas never from first to last really meditates betraying his Master to death. The salves which he lays to his conscience when consenting to identify Jesus at night are very ingenious. Judas was a smart man who calculated he stood to

win in any event. He got the indispensable cash; all that he did was to indicate what could perfectly well have been discovered without his aid; if Jesus were what he believed him to be, he could easily baffle his enemies; if he were not, well, then he had deceived them. But the moment Judas learns that he has really endangered his Master's life, his whole demeanor changes. He flings back the blood-money at the feet of those who had given it him, and, in the madness of despair he hangs himself. So far from Judas being callous to Christ's fate, his suicide was a proof that his penitence was far more agonizing than that of Peter. To hang yourself is one of the severest proofs of the sincerity of your sorrow. One who had no conscience, or one incapable of intense feeling, would not have acted as Judas did.

Simon Peter also comes in for a share in the general rehabilitation. It was impossible not to feel sympathy for the hasty old man, hustled from side to side by a pack of violent soldiery. Knowing, moreover, that he had cut off one of their ears but a few hours before, and that if they recognized him, his own ears would be cropped, even if he did not share the fate of the Crucified, his denial is so natural under the circumstances, that you cease to marvel that even the cock crow on the roof failed to remind him of his Master's warning.

The Passion Play has at least done this—it sets us discussing the conduct of Caiaphas and Pilate and Judas, as if they were our contemporaries, as if they were statesmen at Westminster, judges at the Old Bailey, or administrators in India. And this, no doubt, is no small service, for these men are types of human character, who are eternally re-embodied amongst us.

HOW IT IMPRESSED ME.

I shrink from setting down exactly what I thought during the Passion Play and what I have thought of it since. But if I may be pardoned for describing an experience that although personal is at least genuine, I may as well set down what it suggested to me. The story of the Passion has ever been real to me in another than a Catholic sense. It has been the perpetual reincarnation of the divine story in the history of our own

times that has absorbed my attention. These ancient figures on the stage of New Testament history were but of importance in so far as they lived again in our own life. Of their mystic theological significance, of course, I am not speaking. That is a thing apart. But the perpetual re-incarnation of God's Messiah in the great causes of Justice, Freedom, and Humanity, it is that which makes the gospel story ever new to me. Hence when I saw the old personages walk on the stage in their ancient conventional garb, I was for a time almost puzzled by the confusing multitude of associations which they awoke.

VARIOUS CAIAPHASES OF OUR TIME.

One of my earliest recollections, born as I was in the house of a Nonconformist minister, was of the struggle of the Nonconformists against all manner of religious disabilities inflicted and enforced by the State at the behest of the Established Church. The first Annas and Caiaphas whom I remember meeting in daily life were Anglican Churchmen who thrust Quakers into jail to extort payment of Church-rates, who barred the doors of the Universities against Nonconformists and then taunted us for our ignorance, and who even at the grave-side insisted on depriving us of the last poor consolation of a parting word of prayer by the grave of our dead. The Sanhedrim was Convocation, and the priests and Pharisees were the Established clergy.

When a mere schoolboy, Annas and Caiaphas passed into the secular office. The American war was raging, the end of which was to be the extirpation of American slavery. The war for the Union became in Lowell's phrase, "God's new Messiah," and all those who aided and abetted the South and helped it, as did Mr. Gladstone with his speeches, Mr. Laird with his *Alabama*, or the *Times* with its constant taunts levelled against the North, seemed to be only too faithful imitators of those who, nineteen hundred years ago, had betrayed Jesus of Nazareth.

NICODEMUS AND JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.

When I entered journalism, the supreme crime which tempted the English to ruin was war with Russia. When the Russo-Turkish war was over, and the

Jingo fever was at its height I remember writing a leading article entitled, "Reflections on Good Friday," in which I set out in plain, outspoken Saxon my reasons for believing that if Lord Beaconsfield were permitted to plunge us into war in order to prevent the liberation of Bulgaria, we should as a nation be more guilty, because sinning against greater light than were the Jews who crucified Jesus, or the Romans who allowed Him to be put to death. So strongly was this impression upon me that when Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea got up and left the Sanhedrim rather than share in the blood-guiltiness of those who pressed for the crucifixion of Christ, I was reminded irresistibly of the great struggle of 1878, in which Lord Carnarvon and Lord Derby played the *role* of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, leaving the Cabinet which Lord Beaconsfield then seemed to be hurrying into war as resolutely as Caiaphas pressed forward the Crucifixion.

After I left Darlington and came to London, the causes which have seemed to me to have most of Christ in them have been the cause of Woman and the cause of the Poor. The struggle against injustice the most foul, and of hardships compared with which those of men seem trivial, has had many vicissitudes, and is still far from being fought out. But I felt somewhat as if an injustice had been done when the same crowd that acclaimed Christ's entry into Jerusalem was brought on to the stage—even the children—to demand His crucifixion. Jerusalem was big enough to afford two crowds. I remember, not so many years ago, a cause which was cheered from Hyde Park to Charing Cross, and shortly afterwards was hooted from Bow Street to Clerkenwell goal. But it was not the same people who cheered in the one case and hooted in the other. Incidents in the struggle for the cause of woman would form as effective illustrated tableaux leading up to the incidents in the Passion as any of those which Herr Daisenberger selected from the Old Testament.

MEMORIES OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

There was one scene in the Passion Play that reminded me irresistibly of Trafalgar Square. When the money-changers were cleared out of the Temple, they rushed indignantly to make com-

plaint to the Sanhedrim, where they poured their sorrows into the sympathetic ear of Nathanael. It was just like the deputation of Charing Cross shopkeepers to the Home Secretary, which led to the filching of the Square from the people. And when watching the development of the drama, how often it reminded me of what passed three years ago at our very doors. Balbus and Malchus hustle Christ roughly along to the guard-room, pretty much as Sir Charles Warren's Endicotts marched off the victims of Bloody Sunday to the nearest police-station. But our police were more brutal than the soldiers of Ober-Ammergau. And even the scourging seemed to recall memories of the Blackhole in Scotland Yard when on the night of the Bloody Sunday the police entered the cells where prisoners lay helpless and batoned them until they were black and blue and bloody, without any redress ever having been afforded them from that day to this. Our Pilates and Herods and money-changers were well content that such things should be. It was well that the mob should be taught a lesson. As it was in Palestine, so it is in London, and so it ever will be where helpless justice pleads in vain before the insolent tribunal of wealth and power.

The cause of Ireland is another of those Christs of to-day which were brought vividly before me at Ober-Ammergau. Nathanael, the fierce, bitter, unscrupulous foe of the Nazarene who went out and suborned false witnesses to come and testify against the accused, was he not the very image of the *Times* newspaper in a horned hat? It was the Parnell Commission all over again, with half-a-dozen Pigotts all in a row.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

When the rulers met and conspired together as to how they could destroy Jesus, the tableau that illustrated it was not the old-world story of Joseph and his brethren, but a scene which I witnessed not many years ago in Basingstoke. The success of the Salvation Army in reclaiming drunkards had so seriously jeopardized the trade of the publicans that they determined to crush the obnoxious evangelists by foul means. In this they found active sympathizers in high places. A brewer was Mayor at the time, and when I arrived in the town I came by the merest

chance upon a clump of his friends who were eagerly discussing how to make a put-up job of a riot so as to justify his worship in reading the Riot Act in order to call out the soldiery and disperse the Salvationists. The plan was ingenious and simple, and I afterwards saw it carried out in the full light of day. "You push me," says one worthy, "when the Army comes along. I will push back. You cry 'Violence, violence!' The Mayor will read the Riot Act, and then out will come the soldiers, and we shall crush the Salvation Army!" As it was said, so it was done. The publicans' skeleton procession, with tin kettles and banners of rags and newspapers, marched backwards and forwards in front of the Salvationists' barracks. The moment the procession of the Salvationists came out the prearranged comedy was gone through; the Mayor read the Riot Act, and forthwith a troop of artillerymen, mounted and armed, were trampling their way through the crowd, which fled in all directions. But there is no end to the tableaux that might be prepared from the record of the struggle of the Salvation Army against the publicans and their backers on the Bench. Christ before Herod received quite as kindly treatment as that which many a Salvationist Army captain has received from the hands of an English magistrate.

M. POBEDONESTZEFF.

Then the scene changed, and I was in Russia. Whose features were those that I saw under the gorgeous head-dress of the President of the Sanhedrim? Surely none other than those of M. Pobedonestzeff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, raging in his orthodox zeal against the sectaries who dared to obey Christ in their own fashion. Exile, imprisonment, punishment are meted out by him as by a second Caiaphas to all who oppose the most holy law and the orthodoxy which is the pillar and mainstay of the Russian State. The ridicule and scorn with which Herod greeted the "King of the Fools," whom he dismissed with jeers from his judgment-seat, were faint echoes of the derision with which cultivated St. Petersburg hailed the propaganda of the Paschkoffski. It is even so. In England, in Russia, as in Palestine—

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,

Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross
that turns not back.

It is easy to recognize the traditional and conventional Christ who lived and was crucified in the centuries long since departed. It is another thing to identify Him to-day in the causes which he inspires, and in the great movements which are the *Gesta Christi* of our time. Most of us who worship Him to-day would make short work of Him if He came to earth once more as He came in Palestine. As an Englishman said to the Tzarewitch, "If Jesus Christ came to the world again, and attempted to deliver the Sermon on the Mount in the streets of St. Petersburg, Gen. Gresser would clap him in prison in no time." The Christ is ever in the front. It is as easy to be Christian when Christianity is triumphant as it is to be wise after the event.

For humanity sweeps onward!

Where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver
in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the
crackling faggots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent
awe return,
To glean up the scattered ashes into
History's golden urn.

Thus the whole drama of contemporary history lives once again in these old-world figures. The faces under the head-dresses are continually changing, but the spirit is the same. And only in proportion as I identify these types with the men and causes in the midst of which we live and struggle from day to day does the battle of life have much zest or meaning for me.

CHRISTS REAL AND CONVENTIONAL.

Leaving Ober-Ammergau, I returned by Switzerland to London. At Lucerne, while waiting for the train, I turned over the book in the waiting-room that describes the construction of the Gotthard railway. About one thousand tons of dynamite, it is said, had sufficed when scientifically applied to pierce the tunnels through the mountain barrier that separated Italy from Switzerland. Blasting powder could never have done the work. It helped to level the military roads for the legions of Suwarrow. It needed dynamite to tunnel the St. Gotthard—dynamite directed by science; and as I read this I fell a thinking. That old story, that mediæval artistic Christ in magenta and pearl grey, with His disciples in

artistic symphonies of harmonious and contrasted color, no doubt transformed the world. But a new world has arisen which sorely needs transforming again. And is it not possible that the conventional Christ who no doubt did mighty things in His time, may have become as obsolete as blasting powder? May we not hope that if the conventional Christ did so much, the real Christ may do much more?—that the realization of the Christ as He actually lived and died amongst us may be as much superior in its transforming efficacy as the dynamite of the modern engineer is to the powder sack of the old soldiers who marched under Suwarrow? Of one thing we may at least be certain, and that is, that if every one of those who call themselves by the Christian name would but use one Christ-like word, or do one Christ-like deed, between every sunrise and sunset, it would lift a very Alpine mass of sorrow and anxiety from the weary heart of the world. What, then, might not be done if in very truth with all sincerity we each of us tried to be a real Christ in his or her own sphere, the Sent of God to those in the midst of whom we pass our lives?

One word more and I have done. I have spoken of the endless shifting of features under the same mitre. In this also Ober-Ammergau supplies a timely lesson. The actors play different parts as they grow old. They begin with being children in the tableaux, and they pass in turn from one *role* to another. The Judas of this year was the Apostle John of 1880. The Apostle John of to-day will probably be the Christ of 1900. When the Christ was selected in 1870, he was chosen out of four competitors. One of the unsuccessful to-day plays King Herod, the other Pontius Pilate. So is it ever in real life. Few indeed are those who are always Christs. When Christians ceased to be martyrs they martyred their enemies. The church came from the catacombs to establish the Inquisition. The Puritan fathers who crossed the Atlantic to find freedom to worship God, no sooner found themselves at home in the wilderness than they persecuted the Quakers as relentlessly as they themselves had been persecuted by the Stuarts. It is with individuals as it is with churches. In our own lives we may be Christs to-day and atheists to-morrow. Power and opportunity

destroy more Christs than the dungeon and the stake. And perhaps one reason why the Ober-Ammergauers have been able to give us the Christ we see this

year, is because in their secluded valley they have remained poor and humble in spirit, and have never forgotten the story that transformed the world.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment knocked at a poet's heart;
The poet gave an impatient start,
To see such a stranger there.
Infinite longings, beautiful dreams,
Wonderful thoughts on numberless themes,
Metaphors rich and rare,
Sensitive sentiments morbidly sad,
Exquisite raptures, hopes half mad,—
For these there was plenty of room to spare,
But none for Contentment anywhere.

She next approached a philosopher's soul;
The sage put down some mystical scroll,
And a vexed look crossed his face.
Whether the will is bound or free,
Whether there was an eternity,
Whether all matter and space
Only exist as part of the mind,
These and more of a similar kind,
Were secrets long he had sought to trace;
Till found, Contentment could have no place.

She went to the house of a millionaire,
But the poor rich man was full of care,
And begged of her not to stay.
One who had only lived for fame,
Sighing at last for a loftier aim,
Told her to go away.
Those who had most of wealth and ease
Always appeared the hardest to please;
And even the people who seemed most gay
Asked her to call another day.

At length she entered a peasant's breast;
The poor man gladly received his guest
As an angel passing by.
Proud of his garden, pleased with his cot,
Plain though his fare, and humble his lot,
Gratitude beamed from his eye.
Peacefully here she hoped to remain;
But soon she heard the peasant complain
Of some small trouble, and then, with a sigh,
Contentment left earth and flew to the sky.

—Selected.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

HIS MINISTRY.

PART III.

IN personal appearance a more unprepossessing person could hardly be imagined (looking from our standpoint) than was John the Baptist when he appeared before the people as a public teacher. His hair was long, he was unshaven, his face nearly or quite covered with beard which had always been allowed to grow unrestrained. His garment was of camel's hair. The Calmet says: "There is a coarse cloth made of camel's hair in the east which is used for manufacturing the coats of shepherds, and camel-drivers, and also for the covering of tents. It was doubtless this coarse kind which was adopted by John." (From the reading of 2 Kings 1:8 we conclude that Elijah was

similarly attired; and from Zechariah 13:4 we infer that such a dress was so common among prophets that those wishing to impose themselves upon the people as prophets donned this kind of garb to more effectually deceive.) Matthew says: "He had a leathern girdle about his loins." This probably does not mean what is now known among us as leather, the skins of beasts tanned. John would have little or no opportunity in the desert to procure leather. I think quite likely that he used as a girdle the skin of some wild beast in its raw state. Mark says, "With a girdle of a skin about his loins," which is likely more in keeping with our present use of words. What an uncouth object he would be to this generation! Should a man present such an appearance now he would only attract attention as an object of rid-

icule. Even then, in some circles, such a presentation was despised, for soft raiment was at least worn "in kings houses;" yet John as a prophet was not peculiar in this, as seen from the above citations.

He had not yet emerged from the wilderness when he began to preach, as we learn from these words: "In those days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judea." Yet he was near the river Jordan, so we can locate definitely the place where these ministrations occurred. Near the mouth of Jordan where it empties into the Dead Sea is the only place where the river and the wilderness are in juxtaposition; so it must have been right here, near Jordan's mouth, that John began his ministry. The Jordan here flows rapidly between double banks, confined to its narrower limits during the dry season, but rising to be restrained by the higher banks when swollen by spring rains. The river banks were lined by dense foliage of vegetation and with waving forests of reeds; hence the saying, "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? a reed shaken with the wind?" On the higher terraces were beautiful groves and thickets of tamarisks, sycamores, oaks, acacias, willows and many colored oleanders, with an occasional clump of graceful palms. These affording a shady and pleasant retreat for those who came to his baptism from "Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the regions round about Jordan." Back of these to the west were the barren rounded hills of Judea, rising from a thousand to twelve hundred feet and stretching out into the wilderness of which we have spoken. On the east of the river arose the more rugged hills of Perea to a height of two thousand to five thousand feet. In this region by the side of the rapidly flowing waters of the muddy Jordan, with rocky hills shutting in the view on either side, and where the narrow limits of the annual floods are said to draw a sharp line between "tropical luxuriance" and the barren desert, John began his ministry, crying, "Repent ye."

To us who have heard the exhortation to repentance sounded from every pulpit of our acquaintance this doctrine would not appear strange, but to the people in John's time it was very strange and new. Among the religious sects of that day no such tenet of faith was ever taught as re-

pentance. The Pharisees, Sadducees, Es-senes, Zealots and others were very strict in their way, and righteous in their own conceit; but for sin and uncleanness they required only *acts* of purification and ab-lution. For every sin, real or supposed, there was some ritual rite prescribed through which it was thought the defiled might be made clean; but no reference was made to inward and heartfelt repentance as a means or prerequisite to purification, hence the peculiar significance of the saying of Jesus: "Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter; but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness. Ye fools, did not he that made that which is without make that which is within also?" John also in his characteristic plainness said to the Pharisees and Sadducees: "O, generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" No wonder that not only John but Jesus found it necessary in the beginning of his ministry to say, "*Repent*, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" and that one of the peculiar characteristics of Christ's gospel was "that *repentance* and remission of sins should be preached among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem."

To this picturesque and lovely spot on the banks of the flowing stream, surrounded by desert and barren hills the people flocked in great numbers; and for what purpose? Not to see the reeds on Jordan's bank shaken by the wind, nor for the purpose of seeing "a man clothed in soft raiment." Had this been their object he might have been found in "kings' houses" in Machaerus, just across the river in the hills of Perea; but they went out to hear this peculiar man preach this strangely new doctrine. He had a word of counsel for each one; when the people, awakened to the conviction that their repentance must bear fruit, asked "what shall we do?" he said: "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." To the despised publican whose habit was to be extortionate in tax-gathering he said: "Exact no more than that which is appointed you." To the inquiring soldier he said: "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages."

After a genuine and fruit-bearing repentance he required no works of penance,

no ritual ceremony, no acts of purification, no anointings or washings, save only the God-appointed "baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." How this was administered it is not the purpose of this paper to discuss, but I will simply say that the claim that he could not have baptized by immersion in consequence of the shallowness of water is a mistake.

Geikie says: "Near Jericho," (and that is the region where John baptized), "it (Jordan) has a breadth of from ninety to a hundred feet, and a varying depth of from three to seven."

The Calmet quotes Burkhardt as saying: "The river where we passed it was about eighty paces broad, and about three feet deep; this, it must be recollected, was in the midst of summer."

Chambers says: "Where it enters the Dead Sea it is one hundred and eighty yards broad, and three feet deep; but a little way further up, it is only eighty yards broad, and seven feet deep."

Our imagination pictures many scenes of joy and spiritual comfort under the shady foliage of those magnificent trees while the waiting multitude listened to the plain yet forcible teachings of the man "sent from God." We can almost imagine we hear them sing with the poet of modern Israel:

"The old trees their arms outstretching,
As on earth they would lay hand;
On each other asking blessings,
In the forest dark and grand."

For some cause John moved a few miles farther up the river to Bethabara. We read that certain "things were done in Bethabara beyond Jordan, where John was baptizing." One might suppose by this language that he was not there baptizing in Jordan, but when we remember that it was while at Bethabara that Jesus was baptized, and it is positively stated that John at that time was baptizing "in Jordan," the matter is set at rest, and we conclude that though tarrying at Bethabara on the east side of Jordan, he was baptizing in the river, where, according to Chambers, there was sufficient water to require a ferry for crossing.

The baptism of Jesus was no doubt the most important event in the life of John. Though they were second cousins, one resided in Galilee and the other in Judea; and it appears that they were not personally acquainted. John no doubt was daily

expecting the appearance of him of whom the prophets had spoken, and so he testified, "He that cometh after me is mightier than I." But Jesus remained in his quiet mountain home awaiting a fit moment to present himself to John. Though John did not know his person, yet he had doubtless heard of his marvelous conception and birth, and had often prayed while he earnestly longed for his appearance. At length Jesus of Nazareth stood before him. He who could fearlessly reprove King Herod for crime, who could sternly rebuke the proud and self-righteous, and in scathing language denounce the "generation of vipers" who came to his baptism; he who could brave the authority of the highest earthly priesthood, and rise in moral, spiritual and intellectual dignity high above the wisest, purest and humblest of his generation, felt at once his insignificance and inferiority when in the presence of this mild, gentle, unassuming person coming in meekness to his baptism.

Jesus had come to be baptized. Marvelous condescension! John, who could without compunction baptize those who had before come unto him, and even demand of them fruits worthy of repentance, now instinctively feels his unworthiness, and probably for the first and last time hesitates and draws back with the words, "I have need to be baptized of thee." But Jesus, with the calm light of inspiration and truth beaming from his eye, and shining in his devoted features, kindly entreated, "Suffer it to be so now; for thus it cometh us to fulfill all righteousness." The scene which followed I cannot describe. I have tried to imagine myself in John's place, to think what would have been my thoughts and feelings had I been honored with the privilege of performing this service, and had then witnessed the hallowed light which shone on the scene as the Holy Spirit descended, and the voice of God declared, "I am well pleased;" but my stammering tongue refuses to move, and my pen seems paralyzed in my hand. There is honor enough, however, to satisfy the ambition of any righteous man in being authorized to perform the ordinance, hallowed by this occurrence, for those whom Jesus condescends to call "my brother and my sister."

Once more we hear of John "baptizing

in Enon near to Salem, because there was much water there;" but as Jesus began to attract attention the people measurably lost interest in John, and his own words were partially fulfilled: "He must increase, but I must decrease."

Sometime during his ministry, Herod Antipas had sought his counsel and was told in John's fearless and plain manner, "It is not lawful for you to have your brother Philip's wife." He could not do otherwise than to reprove the wicked and adulterous conduct of Herod and his so-called wife, Herodias. Herod had gone to Jerusalem to a feast, and while there became the guest of his half-brother Philip, and though pretending to be a zealous defender of religion, shamelessly entangled himself in intrigue with the wife of his hospitable host, though he had a wife, the daughter of Aretas, King of the Nabateans. They agreed that Herod should go home and send away his wife, and then Herodias should leave her husband and come to him. Herod's wife, hearing of his treachery, saved him the trouble by leaving and going to her father; but the other part of the contract was carried out. John's fearless and righteous reproof so incensed both Herod and his adulterous consort that they became his bitter enemies.

Herod soon afterward had him imprisoned, and for a long time kept him confined in the fortress of Machaerus, afraid to put him to death because of his popularity with the people, though often solicited to do so by the unscrupulous Herodias. Writers differ in their opinions of the real cause prompting Herod to cast him into prison. Some think the reproof mentioned the true cause; others think this only a pretext.

Josephus does not mention this cause, but says: "Now when others came in crowds about him, for they were greatly moved by hearing his words, Herod, who feared lest the great influence John had over the people might put it into his power and inclination to raise a rebellion (for they seemed ready to do anything he should advise), thought best by putting him to death, to prevent any mischief he might cause, and not bring himself into difficulties, by sparing a man who might make him repent of it when it should be too late." Whether he was moved by

spite because of the scathing rebuke he received for his wickedness, or whether he was, as Josephus seemed to think, jealous of his influence, matters but little. John was cast into prison, as many another man of God has since been, for no just cause.

Once more we pause at this juncture (as we have several times done while writing this article), and think how utterly powerless we are to do the subject justice. We cannot enter into his joys, comforts, hopes, fears, disappointments and anxieties as he lay there, pondering on the work of the past and the anticipations of the future. How his heart must have sunk within him, and how bitter must have been his feelings when he feared lest he had been deceived in Jesus. For notwithstanding all he had seen and witnessed, there came an hour of darkness and doubt, such as come to all of us at times, when it seems the heavens are clothed in sable darkness and earth brings only disappointment which wrings our hearts with bitter sorrow and woe.

John doubtless shared in the Jewish opinion that the kingdom of the Christ was not only a spiritual one, but in some sense a temporal one, and thought Jesus would arise in worldly majesty and power and make the kingdoms of this world feel his kingly authority. Probably he anticipated the crumbling of Herod's dynasty when the prison doors should be opened and the should be free. Jesus, however, as his movements were anxiously watched by John, betrayed no such purpose or design; so "when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" He had not lost faith that a deliverer would come, but from present indications to him this was not the man, though like the disciples after the crucifixion he had "trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." He had everything to depress him. From the wild freedom of the wilderness, from the exciting scenes along Jordan's banks, from the glorious experiences that caused his heart to swell with exultant praise at the baptism of Jesus; he had been suddenly torn and confined in the lonesome dungeon of "the Black Castle." Standing at the barred window of his dungeon his only outlook was upon "black lava crags-

and deep gorges, yawning in seemingly bottomless depths."

No wonder that over the mind of this brave and noble man came a momentary cloud of darkness, for with all his greatness and goodness of soul he was only a man, and his trials were such as would appall the stoutest heart. No wonder he felt, as you and I, kind reader, have often felt under less trying circumstances, that God had forsaken him, or that he was of no consequence in his kingdom. But presently the messengers returned. Jesus had not told them directly whether he was "the one" or not, but this was the message brought: "We saw the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead raised, and heard the gospel preached to the poor; and these are the gracious words he bade us convey to you: 'Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me.'"

Reader, did you ever, after moments of doubt, gloom and sorrow, when you felt downcast and forsaken, have a ray of heavenly light illumine your soul? Then can you form some idea of this lonely prisoner's ecstatic joy when these words greeted him, and he thought, the Spirit bearing witness, "Surely this is he of whom it is written, Say to them that are of a fearful heart: Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears

of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

How completely did this saying of the prophet suit the condition and circumstances of this tried soul! Did you never have a like experience, and when reading God's word, while trouble pressed sore upon you, feel to exclaim, "Surely that was writted for me?"

How John must have rejoiced and resolved, "I will never be offended in you;" and as Paul afterwards expressed himself, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor heights, nor depths, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Of how John passed his time in prison, or how long he remained there, we are entirely ignorant; but on a festal day when king Herod was entertaining his guests in the royal palace at Machaerus, the executioner without a moment's warning entered the cell of John. But let us draw the curtain upon the scene. I have not the heart to describe the horrible picture presented to my mind. We are all familiar with the result. How the life of one of the grandest and best of men was sacrificed to satisfy the demands of a wicked, adulterous woman, and to keep the pledge of a weak, treacherous and cruel king.

(To be continued).

BENEATH MY ROOF-TREE.

One dewy morn, when waking birds
Their first low notes were trilling,
And perfume from each hawthorn hedge
The wandering wind was filling,
I saw serene Contentment pass,
With steps that scarcely swayed the grass.

So wondrous sweet and fair beyond
All other friends I thought her,
That every day through woodland way
And flowery field I sought her,
And called and called again her name,—
But never answering whisper came.

Then vexed that she would not reply,
I cried in accents fretful:
"Contentment, where thou listest, go;

Nor will I be regretful,
I fain would have thee with me dwell;
But, since thou wilt not, fare thee well."

I sought my cot, where needlecraft,
The spinning wheel's swift whirring,
And housewife cares, gave wings to time,
And kept the life-tide stirring;
Forgot were wimpling burn and fell,
The sunlit mead and dusky dell.

A light footfall; a gentle knock;
A snowy kirtle fluttering
Within my door; a longed-for voice
My name in soft tones uttering;
And lo! beneath my own roof-tree
The long-sought one stood seeking me

—Virginia Harrison.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ATHENS.

IT is said that, "all heroes live in books, and in real life they have no place;" but I think if we study the people around us we may find there are heroes here and now, as well as in former times. Although they may not appear in the same manner nor do the exact things that we would expect our ideal heroes to do, yet they are heroes just the same.

Not far from the city of Boston lay a suffering little crippled boy who had just completed his thirteenth year. Every breath he drew caused him pain and discomfort; but no sound of murmuring or complaining escaped his lips. Instead, an unaffected consideration for the wants of those around him and a deep thankfulness for any little office of love performed for him was manifested. He was a marvel of patience to all who knew him, and he had friends by the score. Even the doctor loved him, and the man of the world found time to say pleasant things to little Everett.

But whence came this patience, this spirit of consideration for the wants of others? He was subject to the same nature as other boys, and one would think that being a constant sufferer would have made him more fretful. The secret was, dear children, he was a true saint of God—a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ—and had received of his Spirit, and it brought out all that was beautiful and sublime in his nature.

Little Everett met with a sad accident when he was a very small child which made him a cripple for life, and it was a long, long time before he could walk at all, and then only a short time. By degrees his strength began to fail him again, and he was deprived of many games and plays that are so dear to girls and boys; but while he could not enter into the pleasures of physical enjoyment, his mental and spiritual nature developed in a marked degree.

When Everett was old enough to attend school he was sent to one of the public schools near his home, where he learned rapidly. But the strain was too much for his weak frame and his mother was obliged to take him from the school, much to his own sorrow and the regret of

his kind teacher, who loved her little, dutiful scholar. Everett had been blessed by the elders of the church when a baby, and had attended Sunday-school when he could, but for a long time had not been privileged to go.

When he was about ten years old it was arranged that he should visit his uncle, who lived in Boston; because it was thought the change would do him good. So at last the journey was made and Everett was duly installed in his uncle's household. After one or two weeks it was proposed to take him to Sabbath-school, as he was very anxious to go; so one fine morning in April his uncle took him in his arms (for Everett could walk only a few steps at a time), and started for the hall where the Sunday-school was held.

When they arrived at the hall Everett was quite tired, but he recovered enough to take a deep interest in the exercises of the school; and always after, when the weather was suitable, he was sure to be present, not only at Sunday-school, but also at prayer and preaching meetings.

He soon began to grow a little stronger, so that he could walk to the hall without assistance. It was a joyful time for Everett when he accomplished the distance unaided. He could now go without troubling anyone. I wish I could say that he continued to get better and at last become well and strong, but it was not to be. God's will be done.

It was not long before the subject of baptism began to have an uncommon interest for him, and his continual request of his mother was, "Mamma, I want to be baptized." So one bright day in summer Everett was baptized into the church of Jesus Christ and was also confirmed a member on the same day. The night previous to his baptism, as the family knelt in prayer, Everett was requested, if he felt like it, to ask God for his blessing and guidance; but on arising, looking up into his uncle's face he said: "I could not think of anything, Uncle George; it seemed as though everything was taken out of my mind." But on the night after his baptism, after his uncle had prayed for protection and for guidance through the night and through life, Everett's voice

was heard in supplication to God; and such a prayer I never listened to before nor since! Truly the promise of the Father was fulfilled in his case. It was no trouble for him to pray now with the Holy Spirit for his guide, and from that time when he attended the testimony meetings he always bore his testimony, and very strengthening it was to all who heard it.

Time passed on and by a combination of circumstances, Everett was again deprived of the privilege of attending his own church, but he did not forget the covenant he had made with God to do his will and keep his commandments. When opportunity offered he bore his testimony in other churches. All of this time there was one thing that proved a sore trial to Everett—he could not read the Bible. As I have mentioned, he left school before he had learned to read and write. He tried to study, but being sick so much it was impossible for him to learn much, if any. But Everett had faith in God and knew that the Lord was aware of his deficiency, so he prayed that the Lord would open his understanding that he

might read and understand God's word; and, would you believe it, children? the boy who had never learned to read at school was taught by God; for he got up from his knees and read the Holy Scriptures! O, for a child-like faith!

After a time Everett grew weaker and weaker until it was plain to be seen by every one that the little bud of promise was not designed to blossom in this world. Even in his distressing sickness his faith did not desert him, and he looked forward with joy to the time when he should be delivered from suffering and be at rest with Jesus. He made arrangements for his own funeral and requested his friends not to mourn for him; for he assured them that he should be far happier when he should pass from this life.

Thus ended a life that was filled with beautiful things and left an impression on those who knew him that will last until they too shall go down the dark valley of death.

I pray God that we, like him, may "fear no evil."

SERMON BY PRES. JOSEPH SMITH

AT LAMONI, IOWA, JULY 6th, 1890.

(Reported by Bro. E. Stafford.)

I HAVE chosen a subject to converse upon this morning, a very interesting, but a very unwelcome one; and I do not doubt that before I shall have succeeded in saying all that may be presented to me on the subject, I may hurt some one or make some one feel bad; and possibly, some may rejoice.

Whenever we look out upon the world, the created world—the animate, and inanimate—and contemplate the world that we people, we discover much to admire, very much for which to give God great praise. One of the main thoughts that impresses itself constantly, determinately upon the mind is the apparent unity and singular adaptability of all things we behold, for a benefit in some way to the human race.

God has evidently created all things we see, or hear, or feel, for the benefit of

man. As the Savior said, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." And that which gives every student and lover of nature such confidence, and brings comfort and enjoyment unto him in the things which he believes is the peculiar sensation pervading him, that everything was created with a purpose and design, every particular portion having direct relation unto every other portion; all things having their counterpart, and every design having its fulfillment; nothing left out, nothing forgotten; all remembered. As we comprehend it but faintly, we praise God; and as we comprehend it more deeply, in proportion does our praise increase.

The lesson which seems to be impressed upon the heart and brain and consciousness of man is, that wherever God has uttered a law, whether he hath

uttered it in that peculiar way by which the sun and the moon and the stars perform their duties, by which the earth goes forth in its fulness, adorning itself in beauty, providing for the necessities of man, quietly, in stillness, but persistently; or whether it is spoken by his voice or is placed upon the page of inspiration, it will accomplish the purpose designed.

Now to me, this is one of the most striking scenes which presents itself on this beautiful July day, and after having been engaged in business among men of the world, and of late in the demonstrations by which we hail the return of the anniversary of American Independence; and having been whirled from one portion of the country to another, almost as if upon the wings of the wind, my heart goes out in adoration to God, and my intellect is charged with doing service, and my soul will give him praise.

I can but believe that He in his infinite mercy, in ordering the faith that we have espoused and which we hold to be true, sent it to serve some great purpose, to accomplish some great design.

When I read this statement, "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love;" and, "perfect love casteth out fear," and the other lessons which I have found in this chapter which I have read in your hearing this morning, I am prepared to believe that in no single instance has he given us a commandment unless he has intended we should fully comply with that command. And if he has given a commandment in general terms, he has put it in our reach to comprehend the spirit of it and to carry it into practical effect.

I believe as do you that when God said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," he meant that in this peculiar condition of affairs he has all the blessedness that could possibly characterize an individual, blessed of God, which should be given to that individual; and though the apostles have enumerated some things with which man should be blessed in obedience, one of them looks at the situation squarely and says it hath not entered into the heart of man the things that God hath in store for them that love him, serve him and keep his commandments.

The great imperative law of the Chris-

tian's life comprehended in the spirit of the gospel—that spirit which shows that Jesus is the Christ—is written in a very few words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; if there be any other"—the Savior seemed to be in doubt whether there was any other command—"if there be any other, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Who is my neighbor? We answer, he that needs thy help; he to whom your kind offices may be tendered. He is your neighbor. That is the lesson of the Bible.

I believe, and so do you, that God gave to his disciples one of the greatest commissions that has ever been given to man: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Now there is not given in these commandments all the methods by which man may carry the gospel tidings abroad in the world; and will any one be so careless in his thoughts as to tell me that God did not design that this message should be borne; that those to whom it should come to carry it everywhere should not tell every man they could so tell to keep all those commandments, that they might be blameless in the day of judgment?

God has authorized me to sound the glad news abroad, and if he has not told me how I shall conduct myself when I go down in the waters of baptism, or how I shall impress the minds of those witnessing the baptism, he has told me to baptize, and given specific command that it shall be done in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. He has left all the rest to my good judgment, and I must see to it that nothing in the character of the minister should be found lacking in me that my ministrations should fall to the ground.

But all is not done when the elder starts to carry his message of glad tidings abroad; and more—all the duties resting upon the Saints, centering in the law specifically, but still open to their understanding, and that to be able to understand them the Saints ought not to find fault with him that stands in the sacred desk to instruct them—I will read a portion of Scripture for our instruction: "And after this

Jesus sat over against the treasury and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came in a certain poor widow, and she cast in two mites, which make a farthing. And Jesus called his disciples and said unto them, "Verily, I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they who have cast into the treasury. For all the rich did cast in of their abundance; but she, notwithstanding her want, did cast in all that she had."

I make inquiry in reference to this transaction, and ask myself, Why was it that the Savior's attention was directed toward the treasury at that time? Possibly it was a convenient resting place for the time being, or it may be that knowing it to be a place for the people, who congregated at the temple to deposit their offerings, his attention was so directed.

We have seen places for offerings where people congregated that have been supposed to represent the treasury of the house of God. This latter day work presents some peculiar phases to us as a people. It presents peculiar phases to others that seek any light in regard to it. One of the peculiar features it presents is the law of tithing, that we as a people believe in; but for some reasons, which it is not necessary to enter into an investigation of now, it is very repugnant to some Latter Day Saints to name the law of tithing on the public stand; it is like shaking a red rag in the face of a Texas steer; it rouses all the latent feelings in the heart and brain that the love of this world's goods can engender in the bosom of any human being to take a little of their portion of gains to give to God. When you approach this subject you have to walk as though you were treading on hot plowshares, lest you provoke some one to giving up the ship, because they hear so much about the law of tithing. I want to present to such, if there be any here, one thought concerning it.

God made the sun to give light by day; he made the moon and the stars to give light by night. To think of a sun without heat, without light; to think of a moon or stars without light, is to fancy a cause from which nothing results. When we speak of those orbs giving light, we expect the effect, or that which follows

the giving of every law. God said to those disciples, "Go and preach the gospel." He did not tell them how from step to step, from day to day, they should order their every day life; but when he restored this great work in these last days, individuals were gathered out of all the different church organizations, as well as the world, with their different views on finance, and they began to dispute how they should collect money for the support of the work, for the support of the ministry; how they should collect money for the ministrations to the poor. And it was a foregone conclusion in the minds of those men, as it ought to be in our minds, that if God intended a work to be done, he would provide the means by which it should be done, and the law should be ample for all its demands. So they presented the matter to the Lord, and he gave them the law of tithing. He did not tell them they might not adopt any other method that pleased them, but he told them what His method was, what He required, and left them to adopt and keep it just as he has done in every law that he has given. You may keep it and be blessed, or to the contrary.

Now, is it becoming for us this morning to suppose that God should order a work to be done of such magnitude as we believe this latter day work must attain to, sooner or later, and that he has left it in such a loose, discordant way as to have neither point nor pith in anything which he may have done, or which may have been done in his name, touching the finance or money-raising of the church?

I propose to speak this morning just as plainly as it is possible for me to speak; to speak without bitterness, just as it would be right for me to be influenced to do.

But a person that stops long enough to view the magnitude of the work, professing to have so much love for it, and who uses the pitiful shifts that we sometimes do to avoid the consequences of that which is commanded,—Well I get considerably disgusted sometimes!

[From the notes taken we gather that the speaker had peculiar views of a man who would kneel down before the Lord and the assembly of his people, acknowledging that all he had belonged to the Lord; that he loved his work with all his heart, and then when a small portion of

his means was required for its advancement, by the officers of the branch, his aversion to granting that request was made manifest on account of the mode put in use to collect it.—*REP.*]

It is beneath the dignity of any honorable man to be constantly begging; beneath the dignity of the upright to be constantly presenting his needs before his brethren, and asking them to relieve him; and can we expect God to be continually begging that his work may be sustained or extended when we acknowledge all that we have is his, and he only requires a small portion of that we have?

He spoke of the objections, urged by some, to the manner of collecting funds for branch expenses. Holding up a small basket he said: This basket is a small affair. It would not make a good bonnet; but it is a displeasing thing, and some people do not like to go to church when it is stuck under their noses from time to time.

What does it represent? It represents the absolute necessities of the work, and makes a strong appeal to whom it may concern, for the necessary expenses to carry on the branch. Is not that a pitiful (?) thing. God expects his ministers to be honest before the world, not to burn wood which they do not pay for; and his ministers are rather shamefaced in asking the people to fill that basket, because some don't like it; and it is no wonder they hesitate to put the basket before them.

And when we go to business-meeting we have a difference in views as to the manner in which the money shall be obtained. Some are in favor of putting the basket on the stand, where the people can go to it; but people have rheumatism on Sundays, and they can't get there. Some were for sending out men to call on those who reside out of town, like as tax-gatherers go around to collect taxes. Some advanced one theory and some another. There was presented at a business meeting not long ago, a debt of several hundred dollars, and they discussed various methods of collecting the money, and, as I said before, some were so peculiarly constituted that they could not come to the house of God if they were to have the basket stuck under their noses. If you don't owe the Lord anything it don't hurt you to be dunned. If you do owe

him, you ought to be dunned, however.

Some people are so constituted that they don't like a man to ask them for what they owe him; and I am a little fearful of the honesty of a man if, when I ask him for my just dues, he gets angry. When I owe a man and he asks me for it, there is a necessity for the man to have it. I am like an elder in the church who, upon being taken to task for some difficulty with a brother, said he was not sorry that he did it, but was sorry that he had to do it. That is the kind of mortification that I ought to feel if I owe a man and he is under the necessity of asking me for it; and so I think with regard to collections for branch purposes.

He then spoke of the necessity of building houses of worship where we could assemble to worship God and behold each other's faces in peace, separated from the world, and of the necessary expenses incurred in erecting and in keeping up such buildings for such purposes, and spoke of the present indebtedness on the house in which we worshipped, and also for branch expenses, and then asked the question, "If we all fold our arms and say we believe it is all right, and take our own time and way to pay off this debt, how is it to be accomplished and when?"

If you have done all you could do, if you have paid your proportion or what you think is your share of this debt, then for pity's sake you don't owe anything, then you ought not to be mortified.

The poor widow cast into the treasury two mites. The rich cast in of their abundance for the benefit of the general work, and as a consequence did great good; but were they entitled to any extraordinary credit for that which they did? They no doubt took pleasure in doing their duty, to give of their substance to the same purpose as this poor widow; but she took all her present living and cast it in the treasury.

Was it required of the Lord? Did she owe it to the community in which she lived? No, but she expected that the time would come when she would be called into account for what she had done, and she could say, I have done what I could. The Savior said of this act, "She has cast in more than they all." It was only one farthing. Brethren, have we got any farthings? Is it possible that we can conceive that God has permitted us

to be engaged in a work that we are so thankful for, in a work unto which there is to be such a grand end by and by; when all the dispensations shall be merged into one, and our dispensation shall be more complete than any other, save the one which is to follow, and that the Lord has given no commandments by which we shall know our duty? Is it possible that we can conceive of such an extraordinary work without knowing anything of what the Lord requires of us to do in the matter financially?

The law of tithing comprehends the whole series of giving from first to last; it comprehends the God-given law of sacrifice; it comprehends all this as the saying, "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, might, mind and strength;" and if there is any other, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And the law of tithing comes in its proper place; and if I have nothing to give to the tax-gatherer, I may have something that will come under the term free-will offering. I may have something that will be called a tenth, because it is a tenth in its own sense. If a man has nothing that he can give under the law, there is left for him the idea of sacrifice; there is left for him free-will offering; there is left, like this poor widow, to give all that she had. I do not ask you to do that.

Individuals have given unwisely, and it fell into the hands of those who made a bad use of it, and hence the contempt under which the law of tithing has come.

Is it because the law has fallen into disrepute, because it has been the subject of bad administration that we are to have no financial law? Oh, no, it cannot be possible! Let me tell you, it depends upon the friends of all organizations to advance the interests of such organizations, and it depends on us, especially, to carry on the work entrusted to our care. There are two little stories that come to my mind. I have told them before, but no matter; they will do to repeat. One of them is this: Some years ago, the locality slips my memory, there was a prayer-meeting, and they were having a good time; the Spirit was among them to a good extent, and they rejoiced greatly, and they sang, "Salvation's Free." A man in the congregation arose and said, "I have been a member of this church for seventeen years, and it never cost me a

cent." The minister said, "May the Lord have mercy on your poor, stingy soul!"

The speaker said there were individuals in the church who, if they ever did anything of a financial nature towards its support we had no means of knowing it, the church records being silent on the matter.

The other story, as near as my memory serves me, is this: Away over in the old country, a Scotch deacon was passing the basket, and he came to a man who was fumbling in his pocket for a piece of coin. It turned out that he had accidentally or otherwise placed two pieces of coin, a sovereign and shilling, in his pocket; and supposing he had got the right piece, or the shilling, he dropped the sovereign in the basket. The deacon was sharp enough to see the color before the donor, who did not perceive it till the coin was in the basket and the deacon was walking away when the man said, "Stop! I have put in a sovereign instead of a shilling; let us change it."

"Oh, no!" said the deacon, "I have got a good thing."

"Never mind," said the man, "I will get credit for it in heaven."

The deacon replied, "No, thou wilt not; thee will get credit for the shilling thou intended to give, not for the sovereign which thou didst give."

It was the intention and purpose of the giving that gave the credit on the record books of heaven, not the amount that was given. That was a poor pitiful consideration, but it was great in the eyes of the man.

Now, brethren, the debt on this house is something like four hundred dollars. Your visiting officers were charged with presenting it to you in their official visits. They could not feel it in their hearts to present it; they felt a delicacy in so doing, and the proposition to put it on the teachers to raise the money failed. And then it was proposed the building committee should take the matter in their hands to raise the money for the house, after generously doing all that they could, and now we tried to get them to collect the money which they had expended for our benefit. This has also failed. Are we now making any effort to pay off this indebtedness? He then spoke of his recent visit to Nauvoo, of the great change that had taken place there; its desolate

appearance, covered with briars and vines, and of a remark of the orator of the day, on the Fourth of July, concerning the fulfillment of a prophecy delivered on that place. As he saw the city in its present condition he said: "People may talk as they will, there has been a curse on Nauvoo; the prophecy concerning its desolate appearance has been fulfilled."

President Smith also said that he had heard more swearing in the few days he was there, than he had heard in this place for six months.

Referring to the debt on the house again, he said: As a people we ought to feel thankful for the pleasure of worshipping God in quietude in such a building as the one we now occupy. In a "branch business-meeting" not long ago I asked the presiding elder how much my portion of the branch expenses would be. He told me about fifteen cents. That is a very small sum, and if every member would pay fifteen cents, that would pay it all. But the fact is there are members that cannot pay fifteen cents, and there are some that can pay many times fifteen cents, and they will do it, and will be glad to do it. We owe it to ourselves as a community that we lift the debt on this building; and we say to those men that have done the work for us, and advanced the money now required to be raised, that their coffers will not be replenished by saying, "Thank you."

I remember when a boy, a man who had a grindstone, and his name was on it as long as it lasted, and all that he got for the use of the stone was, "Thank you." But he got a new one and he tied a rooster to the frame-work, and when the people came to thank him for the use of it, he said: "Pay the rooster." The rooster starved to death! We don't want this committee to starve to death.

I tell you men are proud in more ways than one, and some men are too proud to be humiliated when there is no necessity for it, and a humiliation that results in putting a man in an improper situation, entirely unproductive of good, is an unjust humiliation.

I believe God intended that this financial system should be clear in its statements, should be universal in its application; intended that it should equalize itself upon every individual portion of community. He has asked no man to

give what he cannot do; he has asked neither man nor woman to accomplish that which was not in their reach.

The speaker told of a woman whose mind was greatly alarmed at her condition. She was greatly disturbed at the thought that whatever her actions, either good or bad, she was born to be punished in the world to come, or born for a glory without any work of her own. She went with her trouble to the preacher of the church she proposed to join, whom he told to have faith. She said, "I cannot have faith, for if I am born for punishment or glory without any agency of my own, of what account is faith?"

I told her the Lord would not compel her to do anything; that good and evil were placed before her, and an agency given; that we can choose the good and receive the reward for so doing, or reject it and abide the consequence; that without agency there is no responsibility.

She said, "I can understand that."

I asked if the preacher did not tell her that, to which she answered negatively.

You cannot make a man an agent without responsibility; and if a man has nothing to give, he has no choice, therefore no responsibility. So that when money is required for anything and you have nothing to give, do not be afraid that any one is taking notice that you are not giving; it is none of their business. But if you have the means and you feel that you ought to give, if you feel any interest in the debt, then discharge it and let your conscience rest in peace.

But I hope that your conscience will prick you considerably until we can say we are out of debt. As far as the debt on this building is concerned, I hope it will be a kind of nightmare until you feel as I do, — mortified that we have this thing over us year after year as a constant tax.

I have no pardon to ask for what I have said to-day. I hope it will have hit some one. As I told them in Utah, "I would not give a cent to put a blister on a dead man." I hope we will think of this fairly, that we will not be satisfied until we have lifted the debt on the house, and then be prepared to assist the gospel in general as the law requires.

This is an institution established by God, a treasury into which we may cast

much or little; and a record will be kept on high, and if we do much with a good intention and purpose, the record will show it; and if we cannot do much, it will stand on the record in words of liv-

ing light as much so as anything that has been done.

May the Lord guide us, is my prayer. The only thing that I am sorry for is that the clock has kept on so long.

THE TWO MIRRORS.

Sitting in the summer twilight,
 Sunset fading in the west,
 Hushed the song-bird's latest vesper,
 Nature sinking to her rest.
 Idly dreaming of the future,
 Hoping, fearing, wondering,
 Thoughts of coming years possessed me,
 What they might or might not bring.
 Suddenly I turned—beside me
 Stood a figure, tall and spare,
 Veiled—a wreath of flickering star-light
 Placed upon her dusky hair.
 In each hand an oval mirror,
 Over one the veil she cast,
 "This—the mirror of the future;
 That—the mirror of the past."
 "Mortal, choose, thy wish is granted!"
 Need I tell the choice I made?
 Slow the sombre veil withdrawing,
 "Learn thy future," then she said.
 Eagerly I gazed, but fainter
 Grew the star-wreath on her head,
 Till the room was filled with darkness,
 And my soul was filled with dread.
 Crouching low, I heard a whisper,
 "I am sent at God's command;
 Leave the future to thy Maker,
 For thy times are in His hand.
 Waste not life with idle visions,
 For the present will not last;
 Know that present moulds the future,
 Take a warning from the past!
 Slowly grows a spot of radiance
 'Mid the universal night,
 On the second mirror streaming
 Bathes it in a flood of light.
 Shadow figures throng its surface,
 Shadow scenes from days gone by;
 All my past I see reflected
 By the light of memory;
 Watch my childhood's slow unfolding,
 Nourished by the dews of love;

Love, the Father's costliest blessing,
 Showered on earth by heaven above;
 Recognize the careful guidance
 That has shielded me from ill;
 Conscience questions, "What requital?"
 Answers, "An unbroken will!"
 Shadow-faces rise before me,
 Some unseen for many a year
 Separate by time and distance,
 Strangers now! Once held so dear.
 Now I learn some deeds of kindness;
 Human nature's "Silken ties"
 Would have bound them friends forever—
 Wasted opportunities!
 Shadow-faces kind and loving
 Of the dear ones "gone before,"
 Who out of my life have glided
 In the "days that are no more."
 Stretching hands in supplication,
 "Let them stay," I cry, "Oh, wait;"
 Let me tell the love I bore them!
 Vain the prayer, "too late, too late!"
 Darkness fell—again a whisper,
 "Know thyself as thou art known;
 Know the faults thou hast committed,
 Know the good thou canst not own."
 "Kindly words thou couldst have spoken;
 Kindly deeds thou couldst have done;
 Thoughts ungentle; hasty judgments,
 Words of anger, many done!
 "Countless dangers lying round thee,
 Trials thou could'st not foresee
 'Gainst thyself thou wert protected;
 Let this teach humility.
 "Why not trust thy Father's guidance,
 Hath He aught to thee denied
 That in love he could have granted?
 Hast thou not His mercy tried?
 "Take the warning sent from heaven;
 Present hours glide fast away.
 Wouldst thou know a happy future,
 Work, while it is called to-day."

SINCERITY SEEKING SALVATION.—No. II.

BY ÉLDER T. W. SMITH.

BUT this wide difference of views upon the subject of predestination or election and free grace, as held by Rev. Messrs. Presbutero and Baptistees on the one side and the Rev. Messrs. Methodus and Luthero on the other, troubled the mind of Sincerity concerning their claim of being inspired of God to believe as they did while they taught such squarely opposite doctrines. But in one thing they seemed to be agreed, and that was when he inquired of them whether he could find out by revelation from God whether he was one of the elect or not, or whether he was an heir of salvation before he made any further effort to try to be saved, they all with one voice told him that revelation was “a matter of the past,” and that “God does not reveal anything in these days like as he formerly did.”

This was another cause of anxiety of mind to Sincerity, for not only did the old texts about God being “unchangeable” come up before him, but also another one, which declared that “God is no respecter of persons.” He could not see why God would not answer his prayers and enlighten his mind when he read, “If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.” So he asked them where he should learn anything of God’s will concerning him, and they all informed him that the rule that governed them was that article in their respective creeds which reads: “The Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby; is not required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary for salvation.” Therefore, supposing that they honestly believed this article of their respective creeds and were governed thereby, he searched the Scriptures to learn what he must believe, inasmuch as they all declared that “without faith it is impossible to please God,” and they told him to read Hebrews 11:6, and Romans 1: 16.

This he did, and he found the first read thus: “For without faith it is impossible to please him [God], for he that

cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.” The other declared that “the gospel of Christ” is “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” He saw that in order to believe that God is, or exists, that he must form some idea of his nature, attributes and location; for he could not imagine that anything could exist as an intelligent being and not have a form of some kind, and possess attributes or powers and passions, and have a definite location. So he inquired of Messrs Presbutero, Methodus, Baptistees and Luthero, also of Mr. Episcopas, and learned that they believed that God had no form—or rather they disbelieved that God had any “body, parts or passions;” but that his “center is nowhere, his circumference is everywhere,”

In order that he might learn what he must believe concerning the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Mr. Episcopas handed him a book of common prayer, and turning down a leaf told him that he would there learn what constituted the Catholic or Universal faith which he must “keep whole and undefiled without doubt,” or he should “perish everlastingly.”

Learning from Paul’s word that he must believe or understand concerning God or the God-head in order to please Him, he took the book and read what he must believe on the subject or be eternally lost; so he read the following, which expressed the faith (?) also of the other ministers: “Whosoever will be saved: before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith, which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt, he shall perish everlastingly.

“And the Catholic faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity. Neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance. For there is one person of the Father, another of the Son and another of the Holy Ghost. But the God-head of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost is all one: the glory equal, the majesty co-eternal. Such as the Father is, such is the Son and such is the Holy Ghost. The Father un-

create, the Son uncreate and the Holy Ghost uncreate. The Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible. The Father eternal, the Son eternal and the Holy Ghost eternal. And yet they are not three eternals; but one eternal. As also there are not three incomprehensibles, nor three uncreated, but one uncreated and one incomprehensible. So likewise the Father is Almighty, the Son Almighty and the Holy Ghost almighty. And yet they are not three Almighties, but one Almighty. So the Father is God, the Son is God and the Holy Ghost is God. And yet they are not three Gods, but one God. So likewise the Father is Lord, the Son Lord and the Holy Ghost Lord. And yet not three Lords, but one Lord. For like as we are compelled by the Christian verity to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord. So are we forbidden by the Catholic religion to say, There are three Gods, or three Lords. The Father is made of none; neither created nor begotten. The Son is of the Father alone; not made or created, but begotten. The Holy Ghost is of the Father and of the Son; neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding. So there is one Father, not three Fathers; one Son, not three Sons; one Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts. And in this Trinity none is afore or after another, none is greater or less than another. But the whole three persons are co-eternal together, and co-equal. So that in all things as aforesaid, the Unity in Trinity and the Trinity in Unity is to be worshiped. He therefore that will be saved must thus think of the Trinity."

Sincerity read this and was worse confused than ever. Indeed, in trying to comprehend it he almost lost his reason. It made him nearly distracted to read that neither of these three persons were afore or after the other, still the Son was begotten of the Father; yet if this is so there must have been a time, no matter how brief, when there was no Son, but the Father only; and as the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father and the Son, he did not exist as a person until the Son was begotten; so the Father was afore (or before) the Son, and the Son was before the Holy Ghost.

The more Sincerity read the foregoing

creed of Athanasius the less he comprehended it, and he finally discovered the reason; for the creed itself said the Father, Son and Holy Ghost were "incomprehensible;" and of course then the author of the creed did not himself comprehend or understand the God-head—neither did Mr. Episcopas or any other of the clergy, and of course he could not be expected to comprehend it.

Yet he was told he must understand the Trinity as the creed taught it or he could not be saved. He therefore decided that neither the author—Athanasius—nor Mr. Episcopas, nor himself, nor any other human being could be saved, because no one can comprehend what is declared to be "incomprehensible."

However, in his despair he thought he would see how the Scriptures read on the matter, for the text, "He that cometh to God must believe that he is," kept ringing in his ears. He read, "And this is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."—John 17:3. He reasoned thus: "If it is eternal life or salvation to know God or the Father and the Son, and yet they are incomprehensible and cannot be known, then I cannot be saved, unless the creed is false and contradicts the teaching of the Scripture. If the Father and the Son cannot be known, as the creed says, then I cannot obtain eternal life; but if the Scriptures show that they have been and can be known or comprehended, then the creed is false and pernicious. It would be pernicious because it would prevent every soul who believes it from ever seeking to know God; for why should they seek to know what is incomprehensible, or cannot be known."

So to Sincerity this became the all-absorbing question, "Can God be known?" He discovered that the Scriptures taught that God both has been known and can be known; for he read that Abraham and Jacob and Moses talked with God "face to face."—Gen. 17:1–22; 22:30; Ex. 33:11; also Aaron and Nadab and Abihu and seventy of the elders of Israel saw God. (Exodus 24:9, 10); also Isaiah saw the Lord. (6:5).

Jesus said that the angels of little children do always behold the face of his Father in heaven. (Matthew 18:10;) and he said that "the pure in heart" "shall see God."—Matthew 5:8.

John the Revelator said that God would come down from heaven and make his tabernacle with men. (Revelations 21:3).

Stephen saw the heavens open and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. (Acts 7:55, 56).

Paul said of certain ones that "when they knew God they glorified him not as God."—Romans 1:19-21.

Jesus said, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal himself."—Matthew 11:27.

Paul said, "And they shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying 'Know ye the Lord,' for all shall know me from the least to the greatest."—Hebrews 8:11.

Concerning the form of God, he read that Christ was "the image of the invisible God, and the first born of every creature."—Colossians 1:15. And of Jesus, "who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God."—Phil. 2:6; and that Jesus was the brightness of his Father's glory and "the express image of his person."—Hebrews 1:3. And Jesus told the Jews that they had at no time either heard the voice or seen the shape of God. (John 5:37).

From these and other like Scripture teaching, Sincerity found that not only God the Father could be known and was known and therefore comprehensible, but that he had a shape or form or body; and that he dwelt in heaven. So he concluded that the creed of Athanasius was an incomprehensible jargon, and that he not only could not believe it, but would lose his reason if he should undertake to understand it.

In his searching for light upon this subject he learned another matter of importance, and that was, that the only way that he could know God and the Lord Jesus Christ was by divine revelation, or by or through the operation of the Holy Spirit. He found that Paul taught that "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost," and furthermore, that the things of God, or the facts concerning God, his nature, attributes, powers, mind, will, etc., cannot be understood by the natural or unconverted man, but are understood only by the Spirit of God.

Having become thoroughly disheart-

ened, and not only so but also disgusted by these several religious teachers in his efforts to find out how he was to proceed in order to be saved; and being convinced that they did not understand the subject themselves, he next sought out another minister who was not considered orthodox or sound in the faith by the others, and who was called Mr. Campbello by them. He desired to know of him how he should receive the Holy Ghost by which he might be able to understand the things of God, and to knowingly say that Jesus is the Lord; also that he might understand by divine revelation, as did Peter, that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God. (Matthew 16:16, 17).

He was told by this religious teacher that there was no such a thing as a person receiving the Holy Ghost only as it is seen in the written word, which are the words of the Spirit; that to say that Jesus is the Lord is to say what was revealed to somebody else in olden times and declared by them. For instance, to say that Jesus is the Christ, or to speak it by the Spirit of God, is to use the word of God or the word of the Spirit, for it says that he is the Christ.

Sincerity saw at once that anybody, even the vilest sinner on earth, could read what Peter said, and could say, and perhaps honestly believe, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God; and he could not comprehend how if "the things of God," or of the Spirit of God, meant the truths revealed or recorded in the Bible; which prophets and apostles wrote by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, I say he could not understand why any man or woman who could read their writing could not know or understand the things of the Spirit. Yet Paul said that "the natural man" could not understand them, for they were spiritually discerned or understood, (1 Cor. 2:14), neither could he comprehend how that after the people on the day of Pentecost had believed the words of the Spirit or the gospel, that they were told that they should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost on condition of repenting and being baptized—that is, they were not to receive the words of the Spirit, or the Scriptures, but were to have the Spirit itself, or the power which created or spoke and wrote the words recorded in the Scriptures.

He next inquired of this teacher of re-

ligion how it was that when the Samaritans had heard and believed the preaching of Philip concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, and were baptized, that they afterward received the Holy Ghost through the laying on of the hands of Peter and John? He was answered that such things occurred then, but were not to be expected in these days.

"But," said Sincerity, "is not God the same to-day as he was then, and is he a respecter of persons?"

"O yes," said Mr. C., "he is the same unchangeable God that he ever was, and does not respect any one person above another; but the Holy Ghost is not needed now, and is not given as in former days by or through the laying on of hands."

"Well," said Sincerity, "was not the Holy Ghost promised to all that were called?"

"Yes," said Mr. Campbello; "the promise was made unto all that were called."

"Well," said Sincerity, "does God call any one to-day?"

"Yes," replied Mr. C., "God is calling everybody, Jew and Gentile, to believe and obey the gospel and be saved."

"Well, then," replied Sincerity, "if that is the case, and the promise of the Holy Spirit is offered to all that are called, then God must give the Spirit to-day as well as on the day of Pentecost; but if nobody is called now, then the gospel is not preached now, for you say that is the way the call is made; and if the gospel is not preached, then there are no believers, and of course no Church of Christ on earth. But if there is any one called then the promise of the Holy Ghost is to all such; (Acts. 2: 39); and the manner in which the Holy Spirit was given in former times, was through the laying on of the hands of the ministry; for so I read in the eighth and nineteenth

chapters of the Acts of the Apostles."

"Yes," said Mr. Campbello, "such was the case in those days, but in these days we have the words of the Spirit; but the laying on of hands except in the ordination of elders and deacons is not the order now."

"But was not the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost one of the ordinances of the gospel and a part of the doctrine of Christ?" asked Sincerity.

"Yes," he replied, "it is called one of the 'principles,' and it was one of the rudiments, or first or elementary principles of the doctrine of Christ." (Heb. 6: 1).

"I suppose it is something like addition or subtraction or multiplication or division in the science or system of mathematics," said Sincerity.

"Yes," he said, "it was something of that character; but Paul said we must leave the principles of the doctrine and go on to perfection."

"That is," said Sincerity, "that in order to learn trigometry, equation, algebra, etc., we must lay aside addition, subtraction, multiplication and division; that is, we must lay aside these first principles?"

"Why, no," said he, "we cannot possibly do that, for these first principles must ever remain; for we can do no sum or solve no problem in any branch of the science of mathematics, no matter how advanced and exalted it may be, without either adding, subtracting, multiplying or dividing."

"Well," said Sincerity, "why do you lay aside one of the first principles of the doctrine or system of Christ, or 'Christian system,' as I think you call it? Has God ever said it would become unnecessary or has it become unnecessary?"

"Not that I know of, I must candidly admit," replied he.

(To be continued).

ADMONITION.

A soul, just winged for Paradise,
Poised on its upward way
To gaze below, where pallid lies
Its former home of clay.

Ah me! what bitter grief and pain!
What tears and kisses warm
Were falling like the summer rain,
On that unheeding form!

"Indeed!" the angel wond'ring said—
"They must have loved me well!
Why wait 'till I so far have fled
Before the tale they tell?"

O, friends, where future angels dwell
Yet prisoned in the clay,
'Twere sweeter far your love to tell
Ere they have soared away!—*Sel.*

THE HOPE OF ISRAEL.

O Israel! scattered wide and peeled,
 Driven like leaves of autumn wild,
 Thy shame to every eye revealed,
 Sad desolation's weary child:
 On whom Jehovah's blessing lay
 Like dew upon the springing grass;
 When wilt thou greet the rising day,
 And bid the veil of darkness pass?
 When wilt thou come with shout and song,
 When shall thy fruitless wandering cease,

And all thy happy children throng
 The gates of everlasting peace!
 Thy land enjoys her Sabbath yet
 Where alien empire holds her seat;
 The sterile curse that love has set
 Keeps it for thy returning feet.
 O, could thy blinded eyes but see
 How waits thy long-neglected King,
 In mercy still to gather thee
 Beneath the shelter of His wing!

—Selected.

THE ICE GORGE.

“THE ice will go out to-morrow.”
 The prophet who utters this prediction is a boy twelve years old, and his only auditor is a smaller edition, “bound in limp cloth” and a pair of men’s boots borrowed from his father without his knowledge or consent; the time April, 1862; the place, a point upon the west bank of the Des Moines river, in Humboldt county, Iowa.

A long, cold winter has just been passed, and now for two weeks there have been certain signs manifest that its grip upon the frost-bound earth is relaxing. The sun has shone forth with a sudden increase of power; the snow which has lain solid and deep in the drifts has almost disappeared, except along the hill sides where great drifts still linger; but even these are fast leaking their lives away. True, it freezes at night,—just a little—enough to still the little streams that run in the wagon tracks upon each side of the road with their curious streaks of black and yellow sand, curling in the bottom, and ice-money of all denominations show where the water settles in little pools; but in the morning the sun climbs up again, the ice-money goes into circulation, as the little road-rivers resume business at the old stand.

The boys are soon out. They generally are at this time, and they wander away down along the sunny side of the great ravine, past the wild crab-apple thickets with slim, clean-limbed poplars gleaming here and there; deeper still into the hazel thickets and here, where no

wind can disturb the warm air and the sun shines in unrestricted, the ground under the genial rays sends up the peculiar odor, the very incense of spring, and the leaves lie curiously matted, held down until the last fortnight by forty inches of snow.

“Were you there to measure it?” I hear some one ask. No, but here is your measure: Look at the tops of the hazel brush, clipped and trimmed, and girdled and all just that height; and that shows that the rabbits who trimmed them had to travel over a forty-inch snow bank to reach to where the work is done.

But now the sound of falling waters greets the ears of the wanderers, and straightway they come upon the most charming little waterfall, where the snow-fed rivulet in the bed of the ravine goes racing down till it arrives at a place where some impetuous torrent of years ago has chiseled down, till now the stream falls with graceful curve and rude music—down, down a dizzy height of—nearly four feet!

A little thing you say? Of course, but poets have sung the praises of places less charming.

But our prospectors hear the roar of water in larger volume coming up from the giant ravine, almost worthy the name of canyon, into which our little rivulet is pouring its crystal waters. The boys hasten to its banks and see a torrent ten or twelve feet wide and half as deep, and dark and forbidding, except when it meets an obstruction, when the water

is dashed into foam and spray; for the current here has terrific speed over its rocky rapids and instinctively the boys draw away from it, it looks so swift and dangerous.

But see! Not many rods away is the Des Moines itself, and the boys still drawn from the lesser to the greater attraction, soon reach its bank, and here the prediction which commences this sketch was uttered.

And now let me record a geographical curiosity. These boys first followed a ravine which ran due north; this empties into one running straight east, which in turn drops into the river which here flows straight south, so that the first ravine and the river run parallel, but in opposite directions, and quite a little less than a quarter of a mile apart.*

On the river we have a different scene. The ice looks quite firm, but over it, on each side, a stream of water a foot deep or more is flowing. I say on each side, because in the center the ice has raised, and from the fissure thus made the water gushes out in places and flows away upon the surface. The shore-edges of the ice are still firmly fixed and held down under banks and roots and rocks; but it cannot remain there long, for even while the boys wait a change takes place. The water on the ice has deepened and darkened, and suddenly there is a booming crack, and the boys jump. A rushing sound of swirling water, and the awe-struck youngsters see that a huge section of ice has loosened and majestically lifts to the surface. But it cannot move down as yet for many reasons, and the boy's word that it will go out to-morrow proves true.

But how long to wait! They hardly dare leave the river bank, and at dark they take a last reluctant look. What a change for a day to bring forth! A mighty torrent, black and menacing, is rolling along; *the river is up*; it is bank full, and much of the ice now floats upon the surface, though none is running down, and the boys retire full of suppressed excitement. What a glorious prospect for the morrow: A river full of ice, thirty inches thick and extending far northward into the mysterious somewhere; and all must come down and pass

a given point, and we, the boys, will occupy *that* point.

But there is one awful calamity that may happen;—the ice may go in the night. The horror of such a possibility render them almost speechless and wholly sleepless till midnight. Then they sleep. At dawn they wake, the chores are done with unusual dispatch, ditto the breakfast, After which they are suddenly missing. You can find them on yonder bluff, earnestly scanning the river. Higher, higher it has climbed, out of its banks and spread away to the distant hills, and the valley of yesterday is to-day a wide lake with a current running four miles per hour.

But oh, disappointment! All below and south of them the ice has gone; north, or up the river, the trees hide the view. But let us descend so we can see away to the northward, and oh, joy! Here is ice in abundance, floating like great steamboats upon the swelling flood. But it is motionless, lodged against tree trunks and boulders and shelving banks.

But see, away up the river a mile or more, a great white raft floats with a majestic motion around the bend of the river, and many others crowd in its wake. How beautiful they are, the very embodiment of resistless power! Like a fleet of great, white gunboats they come down; and now the leader, evidently the flagship of the squadron, is approaching to give battle to the fleet lying stationary in the river. The first victim is a great cake which seems to have been stranded against a shallow bank. How swiftly the great ram comes down, and with what unerring aim its unseen pilot steers it, till it plunges "bows on" against its stranded foe, which leaps away like a wounded animal, but the racer again strikes it and shoves it bodily almost out of water, and as the grinding roar of the collision reaches us, it swings away and down, followed closely by its consorts. But see, it meets a foe unconquerable, a mighty elm, against which it throws its ponderous weight in vain. It is hurled back, crushed and broken, and drifts on, a wreck. Other pieces strike the tree, but swing off and drift down; and now the whole flotilla is bearing down upon us, and as each great cake is reached where it has lain seemingly immovable, they yield to the mighty power and join and swell the great procession.

* A fact.

But right here a few rods below us, the river is full of giant boulders, and even now their ugly heads can almost reach the surface. Surely these will dispute the passage of this great white block which is sailing merrily down. A trusty pilot is on board. He does not miss his aim, but he wrecks his boat which, gliding to its very center upon the rock, is broken in many fragments. Others meet the same fate, and they are coming thicker and with a steady crash and roar, as they crowd each other and against banks and trees. The boys are down now at the water's edge, and, full of awe, gaze on this scene of tremendous energy.

Ah! here comes a great boat without a pilot. It seems mad at itself and everything else and swings around recklessly and digs holes in the banks and barks the trees. And so its headway is retarded and it gets into trouble; for when it gets to the big boulder it strikes it, stops and then swings slowly to the eastern bank and finds lodgment. A smaller block strikes it and drives part way under and lodges. Another swings to the west bank, and at once a gorge is formed and each great floating island seems to lock and bind the mass more firmly together. They slide on top and lodge; they dive underneath, and the rocks catch and hold them, and the small pieces come and the current sucks them in the chinks till the river begins to rise, up still up; but as it rises it piles more ice on the top of the gorge and thus defeats itself. But what is this that turns the bend and comes crashing down? A giant indeed. It crushes over the willows as though they were rushes, and gliding on, strikes the gorge fairly amidships. How it groans and cracks and even moves, but it does not go, and the great cake has stopped, and the water pours upon its upper edge and bears it down, till with a great drowning gurgle it fairly goes to the bottom.

The water is forming eddies in a little basin just above the gorge and a little cake perhaps twelve feet square following down the west shore, found and drifted into this haven, lodging against the bank; and upon this the two boys stepped, still watching with intense interest the shifting panorama. The ice is still coming, but not so much of it. A great tree finds lodgment upon the gorge, and timbers from a wrecked bridge drift in. They

tell of calamity further up the stream.

But what is this dark object coming down? It fills the channel almost from bank to bank, and upon it a couple of sections of fence are still standing. Ah! now I know. It is a cattle corral. Some farmer up the river has wintered his cattle upon the ice where water was accessible and the snow and ice trampled together are nearly five feet thick, and this monster neither turning to right or left plunges headlong into the ice-bridge. There is an awful crash, then a roar, then sounds indescribable, among them the rush of imprisoned waters.

The gorge is broken!

In every conceivable shape it crushes over and through. One great piece is turned directly upon edge, a mighty window-pane for giants to see through! But it shakes and falls, crashing upon its struggling fellows.

But what of the boys? The eddying water has begun to draw into the chaos, the little ice-cake moves all unnoticed until some feet from shore. Then the older boy shouts a warning and jumps. He escapes with a slight wetting, but his brother who faces the flood hears imperfectly in the jumble of sounds and for a moment drifts on. Then he, too, sees his danger; he rushes to the shore edge of the ice, but can see no bottom. There is the tossing, heaving maelstrom of ice toward which he is floating. To be drawn into it is certain death!

He knows that a few rods below him and almost in the gorge a point of land puts out. It is his only chance. He watches eagerly for the bottom and at last sees beneath him the tall yellow grass waving beneath him. It is a desperate hope for a boy that cannot swim, but he hesitates not a second. Going to the center of the cake he makes a run and leaps far out toward shore, and as he falls the ice-cold water closes over him. But see! He is up and finds footing! The swift current sorely besets him, but he struggles on and out.

Did they go home for dry clothes? Oh, no! Parental discipline is quite strict, and they might not spare the rod at such recklessness; or, worse still, forbid them playing near the river; so they strip off the "limp cloth" garments and wring them dry as they can, put them on again, and dry them in the warm sun, and,

by exercise, Catch cold? Of course not. There was no time for that.

Dinner? Yes, of course. They dined

on basswood buds *a la natural*. Even this they counted no hardship. They had not missed the show.

ELDER JOHN BRUSH.—No. III.

BY TWO FRIENDS.

DURING the summer of 1836 the Saints at Plum Creek went regularly each Sunday to Far West to meeting. As but few had teams and these worked hard during the week, all thought it best to walk the distance, and thus Sunday after Sunday quite a crowd of men, women and children could be seen wending their way toward the central city. By this it will be seen that zeal was still manifested among the Saints, and Bro. Brush states that they were truly blessed by manifestations of the Spirit and by love and good-will one toward another. The burden of the instruction given was exhortation to greater faithfulness and more strict compliance with the law, with warnings and prophecies concerning their future distress, if they did not.

As winter approached, the necessity for raising money to buy those things that had not been produced was strongly felt by Bro. Brush, and he was obliged again to seek labor away from home. His mother, with one sister and brother, were making their home with him, while his father had gone to the east on a visit, and the burden of their support also fell upon his shoulders. The thought of leaving home at this time was a great cross to him, as his wife was in delicate health; but as her parents lived but a few rods from her home and many other of her relatives were near, he was assured that she would have efficient care, and was reconciled to go.

Some of the brethren had taken a contract to hew timber for the fort at Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas, eighty miles away; and they offered him one dollar a day and board if he would come and help them, which terms he gladly accepted. The work was hard and heavy, and though very strong, he was often much exhausted by his labors.

One night when he had been there

about six weeks, after a very hard day's labor, he went to bed and soon fell into a deep sleep. After sleeping some time he heard a voice saying, in a commanding tone, "John, go home, or you will lose your wife."

He woke up very much shocked and downcast in spirit, but felt that his dream might have been due to his great weariness; and almost involuntarily he closed his eyes and went to sleep again. He had scarcely done so, however, when he heard the same voice say again in the same tone, "John, go home, or you will lose your wife." Again he woke up very much startled, but again his great weariness overcame him and he fell asleep. And now unto the third time he heard to voice repeat the words first given, and just as they were finished he felt a heavy blow upon his side as if he had been struck heavily with a determined hand.

Arising instantly, he began making preparations for his journey, and as soon as it was light enough to see he started out on foot. A light, mealy snow had fallen and he therefore had eighty miles of the hardest walking before him. Many tried to dissuade him from going, but he would not heed them, and traveled on.

Some time after dark he reached the house of an old acquaintance, where he rested till early dawn and again started out, arriving at his home a little after noon of that same day, having made the whole distance in a little over a day and a half.

Upon arriving he found several women sitting in the house, looking very sorrowful, and upon questioning them, they said: "John, your wife must surely die, and we are waiting to bury her with her child. Nothing more can be done for her, and you must make up your mind to give her up."

"No, never!" was his only reply to

them; and going in to his wife he asked her what was the matter. On being told, he judged that a surgical operation would be necessary, and said to her brother, "Go for the doctor, quick."

In one hour and a half twelve miles had been traveled, and the doctor was there. Had he been three hours later he could not have saved her life; but as it was, through the mercy of God unto them, she was soon as well as usual.

Then, as is sometimes the case now, on account of persecution, the Saints were afraid to call upon physicians; but Bro. Brush felt that ignorance in that case would be almost as bad in its results as malice, and he felt strongly impressed to send for the Far West physician. And now, after a long life's experience with the evils to be met with in physical things, his cry is, "How long, oh, Lord, will it be ere the daughters of Zion shall be truthfully taught the things that are necessary to their own and their children's welfare; yea, and the sons of Zion, also, that they may know how to care for and truly protect the most precious of all their charges, the human beings that God has given into their care?"

Of course his people were very much astonished to see Bro. Brush, and to his wife his very presence seemed to bring hope, while the thankfulness to God on his part cannot be estimated when the doctor said to him, "Your wife will get well." He then stayed at home until she was able to be about, when he returned again to the fort.

After working for the brethren some time longer, they met with much bad luck, their timber being lost on its passage down the river from the woods to the fort, and they were completely broken up, financially. Bro. Brush was therefore compelled to return to his family without one cent of the money he had so hardly earned; and on arriving he found his wife and mother nearly without bread in the house.

Sick at heart, he started out to see what he could do. Going to old Father Prindle, who was quite well-to-do, he asked him if he could let him have one hundred pounds of flour. "I don't know whether I shall ever be able to pay you," said Bro. Brush, "but I shall find work, if possible, and try to."

"Never fear; you will pay me," said Erther Prindle, "and you may have the flour."

On Monday morning he accordingly took his ax and started into Clinton county, hunting work. Hardly knowing where he was going, he traveled on until about the middle of the afternoon, when he came to a point of timber in which he saw a covered wagon standing. Going up to the wagon he saw a man, and asked him if he had any work he wished done.

"Yes," was the reply, "I want some rails made. I will give you six bits [seventy-five cents] a hundred and your board; and if you wish, you may go to work right away."

"Where is your timber?" asked Bro. Brush.

"About two miles and a half from here," was the reply, and on being shown where to go, Bro. Brush began his work without waiting to get anything to eat.

On Saturday morning he took his employer with him to count the rails, and it was found that in the four days and a quarter he had cut eight hundred rails or earned fully six dollars. He then went joyfully homeward, feeling richer, probably, than many a man has with a hundred dollars in his hand; and going first to old Father Prindle, he paid him for the flour and had money left to take to his wife.

It was now time to put in his crops, which he immediately began to do, and with the rest of the Saints he prospered in his efforts. Good crops of corn and potatoes were raised, and when the following winter came all were well provided for, and the season was passed in comfort and peace.

Temporal affairs not pressing so heavily, more attention was given to spiritual matters, and the meetings were seasons of rejoicing and power.

On every Thursday evening the Saints met for prayer and testimony, and on Sundays the meetings were alternately preaching and sacrament meetings. The various gifts were abundantly manifest, and Bro. Brush testifies to having seen with his eyes and heard with his ears many things that would seem strange to one who had no understanding of spiritual things. Tongues, interpretations, prophesyings, the gift of healing and the

casting out of devils were all witnessed among them to such an extent that it seems hard to select any one to be given as an illustration. Bro. Brush's grandmother, who had also come to make her home with him, was very badly afflicted, and although over eighty years of age was instantly healed; and the majority seemed to feel that if they were ill they should go to the Lord in prayer, obeying his ordinances, and they expected no other result than that they should be healed.

One more illustration must suffice: Once in a prayer and testimony meeting, the wife of Solomon Hancock was afflicted with a spirit that sought to possess and destroy her. She became perfectly dumb and turned black all over, looking as though the blood was settling immediately under the skin. Hands were soon laid on her and the spirit was rebuked. She then spoke and instantly began to regain her color.

About this time Dr. Avard came among the Saints, preaching the "common stock" theory; and during the summer of 1838 the Saints formed three "firms," as they were called, for the purpose of doing business in common. Those west of Far West were joined together in one firm, and the ultimate intention was to move all the houses near together and farm the adjoining country in common. Bro. Brush opposed this movement, but a majority favored it and he yielded, hating to stand alone. Putting his property under the control of the firm, he began to work according to the direction of the leaders, and was put out upon the raw prairie breaking land. What this movement would have resulted in is not known, as the troubles that overwhelmed Far West obliterated all evidences of the "common stock" arrangement; but as for Bro. Brush, he lost about one hundred and fifty dollar's worth of hard labor on the prairie.

In the spring of 1838 the settlement of Adam-ondi-ahman, or "Diahman," as it was universally called, was formed in Daviess county, about thirty miles north of Far West. This settlement was among non-members, and in the fall difficulties began to arise. Slandrous stories were again set afloat, and these began to accumulate and grow worse in character until the surrounding inhabitants assumed a mob-like attitude. Large gatherings were

inaugurated, at which the subject of "Mormonism" was freely discussed, until finally the settlers resolved to drive the Saints out. Word was then sent to the Mormons to leave Diahman on a certain day, or they would be driven out. At this the Saints sent the word down to the brethren at Far West and the adjoining settlement, and from these a squad of men was raised and sent up in the night to help defend the people at Diahman. But on their arrival the fire of the enemy's wrath abated somewhat, and they did not carry out their previous threats.

The reinforcements then dispersed, but in a few days another warning was received from the brethren, and again a party went up by night. Bro. Brush was among the first to volunteer in these expeditions, and as each time that the reinforcements would come the enemy would back out but would again soon send another warning, he states that he made nine such trips to Diahman before the final culmination came. Once, when a summons came to go he was in Far West and had no time to go home for food, so one of the brethren gave him, and several more in the same condition, each nine ears of late frost-bitten field-corn as their rations for the three days they were to be gone.

The headquarters of the mob was at a Methodist camp-meeting ground about fifteen miles east of Diahman, which was fitted up with rough board houses for the summer gatherings; and here at last a permanent garrison was kept. A cannon was sent for to St. Louis,—a nine-pounder—and brought to the grounds to help them in their efforts. On its passage from St. Louis it was landed at De Witt, a settlement of the Saints about one hundred and twenty miles down the river; and after its guardians had driven the people out of the settlement, they caught two of the brethren and made them ride upon the cannon the whole distance of one hundred and twenty miles to the grounds east of Diahman.

Upon the arrival of the cannon word was sent to the Saints that there was now no compromise for them but at the mouth of that cannon, and so the Saints determined to try to get possession of it. David Patten then asked for volunteers to go down and make the effort. Immediately eighty men stepped forward, of

whom Bro. Brush was one, and being quickly armed and mounted they rode away for the grounds.

In order to come up at the back of the camp they made quite a large circuit, traveling about thirty miles. But on reaching the grounds, what was their astonishment to see the whole garrison, about two hundred and fifty in number, riding directly away from them on the other side of the prairie as fast as their horses would carry them.

The camp was found to be entirely deserted, except that some swine were nibbling at some corn scattered on the ground, and search was immediately begun for the cannon. This, however, was of no avail until a little pig came to their rescue, rooting the dirt away from the rim of the muzzle where it lay buried in the ground. Bro. Brush's hand was the first to take hold of the muzzle when it was lifted out, and they soon had it mounted on a wagon that stood near, ready for the homeward march.

But just as they were about to start, a woman, the wife of a settler who lived near said to one of the brethren, "As you now have the cannon, you may as well know that the powder and ball are under the smoke-house floor!"

The Saints gladly availed themselves of this information, and immediately prospected for the ammunition. Securing this, the next difficulty was to find the road home.

Several of the settlers who lived near had come over to talk with them, and two of these were asked to show them the road home. This they readily consented to do, and they started out. It was now night, and a very dark one, and but for the two guides they would surely have been lost. Coming to a stream which was very muddy and miry on the bottom, many of the brethren were obliged to dismount and put forth their physical strength towards pulling the cannon through. At last they succeeded, but the rest of the journey had to be made with their clothing wet to their waists.

When they had traveled about ten of the fifteen miles they came to where some of the brethren were acquainted with the roads, and so they bade their guides a grateful good-bye and told them they could dispense with their services. The guides in reply owned that they had

hitherto been very much prejudiced against them as a people, but added: "After what we have seen of you to-night, we would rather be in your company than among those who preceded you."

Arriving in Diahman about daylight next morning, the cannon was loaded and fired, producing a joyful sound to those who had thought of it with terror only a few hours before. (This cannon, as we shall not have occasion to mention it again, was afterwards taken by the Saints to Nauvoo, and from there to Salt Lake, and was finally bursted at Provo, in 1854, at a fourth of July celebration).

The brethren from Far West and vicinity now returned to their homes, but were immediately ordered to bring their families and take up their quarters in Far West. Previous to this the mob had applied to the governor for the state militia to help them drive out the Saints, and it was now rumored that a large army was coming up against them.

Nearly all of the Saints immediately complied, those of Haun's Mill being excepted. Bro. Brush was present on the morning before the massacre, when Bro. Joseph said to a man from Haun's Mill, "Tell the Saints in your settlement to come into Far West."

The man replied, "But, Bro. Joseph, we think we are able to defend ourselves," and started off.

Bro. Joseph then called after him, "Tell the Saints that I say to come immediately into Far West!"

If they had done so their lives might have been spared.

So many people gathering into Far West soon filled the houses to overflowing, and from two to three hundred people were obliged to make their beds on the open prairie. Among this number was Bro. Brush's family, and the tears cannot be kept back as he recalls the sufferings of those without shelter. It was near November again, and one night six inches of snow fell upon the beds of men, women and children, some of whom were very sick at the time; and the cries of the little ones were heartrending in the extreme.

Bro. Brush's people had not been there long when, towards evening, they saw a large army drawing up towards the city. Over five thousand men were in battle-

line, and they appeared to be coming right into the town. The men of Far West, between two and three hundred in number, gathered to that side of the town next the army and awaited events. Joseph went out with them and strolled out in advance of most of them, but quite a number of the brethren soon followed him. He then turned to the man nearest him, and placing him in an attitude of rest, kneeling upon one knee, he told him to remain where he was. Calling to another he placed him in like position about forty feet away, and so continued doing

with another and another until quite a long line was formed parallel with the advancing lines of the enemy.

All at once cries of "Retreat! retreat!" were heard from the ranks of the advancing army, together with the most terrible oaths and cursings that Bro. Brush ever heard; and in the greatest disorder the enemy drew back about a mile and a half to Log Creek, instead of invading the city.

Reader, what was the cause of their retreat?

A SCRAP FROM HISTORY.

AS the modern traveler approaches the shores of Palestine a stretch of apparently level ground, flanked by a range of hills, so nearly level as to seemingly form a table-land meets his eye. Coming from Egypt in the steamers which now touch at the different ports, this is the impression he would receive before landing at Joppa, "the beautiful," one of the oldest cities in the world.

To-day as the harbor is approached one sees the same style of flat-roofed houses which existed in the days of our Savior; and if his credulity is sufficiently large he may believe that one standing where the waves beat against the low wall of the courtyard, surrounded by establishments for tanning, is the identical house where Peter was lodging when the messengers from Cornelius found him.

But we have not called the attention of our readers to Joppa for the purpose of dwelling upon the quiet resting-place of Peter when the Lord made known to that zealous disciple and strict Jew that he was no respecter of persons, and had among the nations of the earth no favorites, but to present a scene which occurred at this place more than sixteen hundred years later.

After the successful career of Napoleon Bonaparte in Italy, he was on his return to Paris, received with great demonstrations of rejoicing. But notwithstanding this he was an object of jealousy and fear to those who were then at the head of the government. They reasoned that, should he aspire to a place in the government,

such was his genius that he would soon become an absolute ruler and they would be but ciphers. If his ambitious aspirations did not take this direction they feared he would soon become the center of the many discontented intriguers with whom Paris was filled, and in this way ascend to power over their ruin. In this state of affairs he was appointed to the command of the army which had been equipped for the contemplated invasion of England. After a careful examination of the coast of the British channel, he very wisely declined to accept this appointment, but persuaded the government (then called the directory) to send him to Egypt.

Let us call your attention to the date of this, as it will make stronger the contrast we wish to present when reminded that it occurred in 1799, less than one hundred years ago, and if not within the memory, certainly since the birth of many now living, among whom our aged brother, Father Landers, is one.

The principal motive actuating them in granting his request and changing the objective point of the armament they had fitted out against England was the desire to be rid of so dangerous a rival. Through intrigue the magnificent fortress at Malta was surrendered to him without a gun being fired or weapon drawn in its defense. Manning the batteries then with detachments of his own troops he sailed for Egypt. Alexandria became an easy prey to his arms, and from there he pressed on to Cairo, the ancient capital

of this land. His army suffered incredible hardships in crossing the sandy desert, but encouraged by his indomitable will they pressed on and finally reached the Nile. Here they rested some days, but again pressed on and took Cairo. After a time of voluptuous riot the soldiers began to long for home, until finally Napoleon had to threaten to shoot any man, officer or private, who dared to mention their abandoning the expedition and returning home.

Admiral Lord Nelson had been scouring the seas in pursuit of the French fleet, and suddenly attacked them while at anchor in the Nile, gaining a complete victory and dealing a death-blow to the power of the French in the East. Every vessel of the French fleet was captured except two, and they were sunk.

When this news reached Napoleon in Cairo, even his daring and desperate courage was for a time appalled and overpowered. One disaster followed upon another; but to counteract them and save himself from ruin, he determined to press on and make fresh conquests.

The Turks had formally declared war against France; Napoleon therefore determined to invade Syria. He marched towards Palestine, attacking the Mamelukes, and gaining several victories on the way. He entered Palestine on the fourth of March, 1799. The first town and fortress which lay in his way was Jaffa, or Joppa. "The garrison," says our historian, "resisted valiantly; but after a fierce and continued conflict of several days the works were carried and the town was given over to all the horrors of war. Four thousand troops of the garrison became prisoners, and in the horrid fate which awaited them is found the blackest stigma of infamy, perfidy and atrocious inhumanity which disgraces the whole career of Napoleon, a career not otherwise devoid of scenes of sanguinary ferocity. These prisoners were disarmed, but it was a question of much more difficulty to determine what was afterwards to be done with four thousand prisoners under the peculiar circumstances in which the triumphant invaders were then placed.

During two days this difficult question was debated in a council of war. It was urged if these prisoners were released, though unarmed, they would immediately

unite with the hostile ranks of the Turks at Acre, or with the Arabs of the desert, who continually harrassed the rear and flanks of the army. If they were retained and guarded in captivity by the French troops, it would be impossible to find subsistence for them. The difficulty of procuring rations for the French soldiers was already very great; at the same time the difficulty of guarding so large a body of prisoners was immense, and would require the services of half the army. Napoleon resolved at last that they should be shot, as the only expedient which it was safe to adopt under the circumstances! In pursuance of this bloody and inhuman purpose, these four thousand defenseless human beings were marched, handcuffed, down to the sandy shore of the sea-coast, were formed into small squares and there were deliberately shot down in cold blood by continued discharges of musketry! Several hours were occupied in the execution of this diabolical decree, and the horrors of the scene are said to have surpassed all that has ever occurred amid the heat and fury of conflicts on the battle field.

The question often presents itself to Latter Day Saints, "Is the world growing better?" Think you there exists a government to-day which would sustain a general in such an act? We do not believe there is one, and surely not one among those who are civilized and enlightened; and yet this infamous act occurred nearly a quarter of a century after the declaration of our independence.

But we are led to inquire, how much better was the whole campaign in which this occurred? Was not the principle underlying the movement, from its very inception, base and ignoble? Through fear of being supplanted in a little brief authority the rulers of France fitted out a magnificent armament with money stolen from the Swiss at Berne, the product of two hundred years of the industry and economy of that people, and placed all at the disposal of this man, beside a large fleet with ten thousand sailors and thirty-six thousand soldiers; and for what? Simply that he might invade another country, sacrifice the lives of those who went with him, conquer and destroy the people of Egypt, in order that they in France might remain in peace, undisturbed in their brief authority.

It is a question which might interest the philosopher to inquire, "From whence, in this comparatively short space of time, has come the moral suasion which to-day would lead the nations of Christendom to denounce such atrocities and brand them with their true name?" True, in time, the nations of Europe combined to crush the power of this man and after so doing confined him upon a barren rock thousands of miles from his native land, and there guarded him night and day until his fitful dream of life was over; but they did it in self-defense and not in defense of

their helpless neighbors. They hated him because of his success, because they feared him; and not because of his horrible, unjustifiable deeds of cruelty. Whence has come this great change, this mighty revolution in public sentiment.

It has been claimed by wise men that all great changes, in the lives of individuals as of nations, are preceded by sure portents. We know there is an age of peace coming, a time when men shall learn war no more. Are the portents of this much-to-be-desired time abroad in the world? May the Lord grant it.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

HOME is the largest and pleasantest part of this earth, if we desire to make it such. No one possesses so many opportunities for making home pleasant and delightful as the man who has it in the country. Sun, air, trees and flowers are obtained almost without money or price. No home can be made more attractive than his. Yet with all that there are many wasting their lives in a covetous manner at not having their lines cast in pleasanter places.

There are no words that can well describe the influence the wife and mother exerts upon the home and its members. The household contains no member that can soothe and relieve the pain and sorrow like the gentle loving hand of the wife and mother; yet, with all her kindness and sympathy, she is often neglected and left alone tired and weary, and often in sorrow, with labors and perplexing cares which are more trying and harder to endure than the cares of men. Then why should she not be in possession of our secrets, as well as our joys and sorrows? Let us as nearly as can be share our lot in sunshine and in storm kindly together, and make for ourselves pleasant, happy and welcome homes. It is not what we give, but what we share, that affords happiness and sweetens life.

There are men and boys among the farmers, who, when their day's work is completed and their evening meal taken, start immediately for the hotel or restaurant, or collect at the country store, where they are free to converse upon all the

topics of the day, except home. Most men are obliged to provide for their families, and have to obtain food and necessary articles for the home at the close of the day's work. When the father and the boys are ready and willing to spend their unemployed evenings at their own fireside, the home will be greatly and pleasantly improved. Our homes are what we make them; they should be more than a stopping-place; they should be the abode of contentment, peace, joy and happiness.

Furnish the home with good books and papers. Let every home, if possible, be supplied with a daily and with at least one agricultural paper, which should be read by every member of the family. A farmer's home without papers and books is like a farm without sunshine and rain. Book and papers people the room. While the house should be neat and social inside, the outside should not be neglected. Every farmer's home should possess a good well-tilled garden, and fruits should be grown in abundance. The question is often asked by people that are unable to obtain fresh vegetables and well-ripened fruit. Why is it that the farmer's table is so poorly supplied with the luxuries that are so easily grown and afford such amount of food, which give health, wealth, happiness and long life?

Joy and pleasure can be obtained by cultivating flowers, and no home can be complete without them. They afford comfort and delight to the tired and weary as well as company for the sick and afflicted. Music should not be neglected or forgot-

ten, as there is at the present time much being done in cultivating the voice for singing. Music should occupy a place, and be one of the first entertainments at the home circle. A piano, organ, violin, or almost any musical instrument, adds greatly to the pleasure of the home; then give to the children singing books, and teach them their use.

It cannot be expected or desired to have all the boys and girls remain upon the farm. The men and women born and brought up upon the country farm give to the city its health, wealth and life. More than one-half of our presidents,

statesmen, clergymen, professors and merchants received their early education upon the farm in the country among the hills and valleys, surrounded with the noble works of nature, where they could drink freely from that fountain which is always full and always overflowing. The city and country are bound together by ties so closely that they can never be broken. So we may grow and educate for our nation its presidents, statesmen and clergymen and give to the cities and the western prairies a part, and retain the best part upon the old homestead.

—Selected.

LOCOMOTIVES FOR THE HOLY LAND.

THE Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia, has received the following note from its representative in Palestine:

HOTEL JERUSALEM, JAFFA.

Messrs. Burnham, Parry, Williams & Co.

GENTLEMEN,—I am very glad to be able to report that we made a successful trial trip of the first engine (Jaffa) to-day. All Jaffa was out to see it, including the Turkish Governor and his court. It was estimated that at least ten thousand people were on the house-tops and along the line of the road, and over two-thirds of them never saw a locomotive before. Many of the Arab women moved their household effects along the line of the road several days ago, so as to be on hand when the great thing went along. Many flags were hoisted over public buildings in honor of the occasion. I got an American flag from the Consul and put it on the front bumper. The French engineers put two French flags on each corner of the cab, and we secured a Turkish one to put on the other corner of the bumper, and so we went up into the town. I doubt if any other engine built by the works ever received so much attention as 8-24 D. 24, and as for me, well, I never expected people to regard me as the Arabs did to-day, and have been doing. They simply think that I have been cutting and carving it

out of a lot of railway iron and boxes. They have a great respect for the French engineers and think them very smart, but when it comes to making a machine such as they saw to-day, "they can't do it in France; they have to send to America for a man to make it."

The officers of the road were very much concerned about the engine getting through some of the sharp curves along the wall, and also the strength of the track; in fact, they offered to make any alterations I might want. I had examined the track carefully and saw nothing that the engine was not able to take easily. Before starting, they got some screw jacks, blocks and other things, and were piling them up on the engine. I asked the engineer what they were for, and he said, "To put her on the track if she gets off." "All right," I said, "but we won't need them." We went over the short piece of road in good style, and without a stop. She went fast enough also to keep the flags to the breeze, so that all would see what sort of flags they were. They were all very much pleased that no change had to be made, and that the engine curved so nicely. The machinery has all come right, and without trouble. We expect to start on the second one tomorrow.

—Selected.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

MACON, MO., Jan., 1891.

Dear Readers.—What a pleasure our magazine, *Autumn Leaves* is to us, is it not?

It is a special blessing God has given to the young people of the church, and it will grow dearer to us with each succeeding number.

Before the *Autumn Leaves* fluttered to us, like the little messengers after which it is named, warning us that the end is approaching, we had no church paper that we could call our own. True, we had the *Herald*, in which we all did, and do yet, take a great interest, if it is for older people, because of the bond of common sympathy existing between the old and young. Still, it naturally could not win our confidence and sympathies as could a periodical more exclusively ours, in which we could expose our youthful ignorance without fear of being noticed so much by older wisdom and experience.

Even though we know we are always regarded kindly and indulgently, we are not so timid to venture our opinions when there are a lot of us together, trusting as we do to the mutual appreciation of each other's common experience.

Of all the ground over which our magazine casts its *Leaves*, there is no work which I like better than this, and the warm interest taken in it by the young people, shows how much we like to get off by ourselves and have a confidential chat.

I think E. M.'s opinions in regard to *Saints* visiting other churches of sectarian denominations, are good. True, when we remember how imperfect is the doctrine they teach, we feel we can be little benefited by going.

But self-imposed exclusion because of a consciousness of superiority, only creates animosity. However, we could learn something. One thing we would learn, their deficiencies, and thus be better enabled to select such parts of our belief as would best apply to their weak points when we had *appropriate* opportunity.

Then, too, the people of sectarian churches know that Latter Day Saints believe they have the true and only gospel, and to see them show such generosity towards that which they consider imperfect, would be sure to gain a recognition of some, who might visit our church, at first out of polite returns of our civility; others might come out of curiosity; and in some cases awakened interest would follow. Hence by

our actions, opportunities would offer that might otherwise never occur, and thus the good we could accomplish might be more than we were aware.

Hoping to make the acquaintance of all the young people of the church through these columns for the spiritual and intellectual good of all, I will say adieu. L. P.

HILL CITY, Tenn., Dec., 1890.

Dear Readers of the Department.—Seeing so many nice letters in your valuable columns, I thought I would try and add my mite; and, if it escapes the waste basket, will try again sometime.

I thought I would try to write you a description of this immediate section of country; and, dear readers, I am only a school girl fourteen years old, I humbly ask you to handle this, my first effort, as if it were a basket of eggs, "with care." It is due for me to state that papa helped me some.

Chattanooga, the hub or business center of this section, is also the county-seat of Hamilton county, Tennessee. With its suburbs it has a population of nearly fifty thousand. It is situated at the northern terminus of grand old Lookout Mountain, where it abruptly terminates, raising its massive old rocks two thousand feet above sea-level. To the north of the city lies the famous Tennessee river. I say to the north—I should say it winds its snake-like course two-thirds of the way around the city, forming an exact horse-shoe just west of the city. I suppose the river winds more at this place than any other in its course, traveling about twenty-five miles to make a distance of about five.

I suppose this is chiefly a manufacturing town, as almost everything is made here, from a slate pencil to a steam engine. And then this place is becoming famous because of the battles fought in and around here during the late war, namely, Battle Above the Clouds, on Lookout Mountain; Missionary Ridge, and the great Battle of Chickamauga. To show you what steps the Nation is taking to preserve the latter battle field, and also that some veteran of the Grand Army of the Republic may see what is being done in this south land, I quote from the *Chattanooga Times* for December 21st, 1890. It is a long article and I cannot give it all at this time:

"In the year 1863 occurred the memorable battle of Chickamauga. On September 19th and 20th of that year, on Chickamauga creek, an important tributary of the Tennessee river, the most terrible battle of the war was fought. The percentage of killed, wounded and lost in those three days of terrific carnage was greater than in any other three of the strifes for supremacy between the North and the South. Thirty-three thousand human beings were left upon that bloody field, either dead, dying, or incapacitated by wounds from further participation in the innumerable smaller conflicts which followed this awful battle." Think of a three days' battle with between fifty and fifty-five thousand men on either side fighting for supremacy upon one of the prettiest spots on earth! Think of a battle between men thirsting for each other's blood under the command of such generals as Rosecrans, Bragg, Wheeler, Walthall, Forrest, Wilder, Thomas, Longstreet, Blynton, Hood, Crittenden, Stewart, McCook, Breckenridge, Sheridan, Granger, Bate, Grosvenor, Fullerton, Cleburn and Cheatham! And the prize for which this battle was fought was our own beloved and beautiful city of Chattanooga, a city which would come nearer being worthy such an immense sacrifice than any other in our "Sunny South." Gen. Rosecrans was in possession of the Gate City—Chattanooga—and Gen. Bragg wanted to occupy that enviable position himself. That was the direct cause of the two days' conflict.

A tower here will designate a spot where an important vantage ground was wrested amid wild scenes of bloodshed from one enemy by another; a tablet of marble there will show to the visitor where some gallant, true and brave spirit took its flight from things terrestrial. Here a spot will be marked where some wondrous deed of valor was performed, and there will rise a monument where souls were mowed down, almost defenseless, by fearful charges of grape and cannister from some rising little knoll or hill.

This battle field is now in full charge of the Government by grant of the Georgia Legislature, which will in a very short space of time get it into condition as the finest national park, and one surrounded by the most sacred memories to be found on the globe. Surveys have been begun and are being pushed forward. It will truly be the greatest park of its kind in the world. Besides the large amount of money already appropriated by Congress for the contemplated stone towers, monuments of marble and granite, handsome marking tablets and the

beautiful park drives, a bill is now pending there for the expenditure of four hundred thousand dollars more. Bridges will span the limpid waters of the historic Chickamauga creek, and nature's kindness to this particular spot will be enhanced in a thousand different ways.

Now, dear readers, as this article is taking up much of your valuable space, I will close for this time. Wishing you all a "Happy New Year,"

Your friend,

MARY A. DONALDSON.

Dear Readers:—Does it pay to read fiction? I should answer no. Fiction is to the human mind what weeds are to the garden or cornfield. No matter how tenacious we may have been in choosing good seed, and no matter how tenderly we may have cared for the young plants in our garden, should we neglect that garden, and let a few weeds grow, others would spring up as it were through sympathy, and ere long we would have a garden full of weeds, and the plants which were calculated in their nature to gladden our hearts and to bring returns for the labor thus spent, would be dwarfed, or perhaps, lost to us forever. Thus we can see that from early springtime until the autumn leaves shall fall, this little garden of which we have spoken must receive our most devoted attention, if we expect to reap the richest reward for our labors.

Now, what of our minds? Shall we fill them with trashy literature which will be of no benefit to us whatever, and run the risk of dwarfing or uprooting the precious truths which we have gleaned along the pathway of life? Perhaps we might read a good story this evening, and to-morrow evening study our Bible; but pause and think. Will Bible truths and fables in this way be sweetly blended, or will there be a clash? We do not suppose that truth and falsehood will mix. The one emanating from the Father of light and intelligence, the other coming from the founder of darkness and despair? There must be a division line, and where shall it be drawn? Can we draw such a line in our minds, keeping the good stories, as I have heard them called, upon one side and the precious truths we have learned upon the other; or must one or the other be discarded? If so, which shall it be?

There are things that we should consider—things that we should ponder deeply in our minds. If we expect to become Christ-like, we must tread the paths he trod before us. If

we expect to be his at his coming, we must take him into our confidence, and must endeavor to please him in all things; and if we please him in all things, we will in time grow to the full stature of a man according to the measurement of Christ, which measurement is the gospel of Christ as laid down in the New Testament Scriptures. If we practice reading that which is chaffy, our minds will become the same; and we may spend our lives longing to be a hero, while the little deeds of kindness that we might have done all along the pathway of life which would have constituted us a real hero will be lost sight of. The solid truths with which we might have stored our minds will be crowded out, and they will become as a wilderness of weeds. Our minds should be cultivated and cared for, just as the garden of which we have spoken, if we expect to reap the richest reward in the hereafter. Therefore let us imitate the good; let us unfurl the gospel banner, letting it float free and unrestrained before the eyes of all men, with the word truth written upon it, and seeking for truth and fighting in the defense of truth, prove ourselves living witnesses for Christ.

These are a few of my ideas given to you in rather a rough dress, and I am in hopes they will offend none, for such is not my intention; but the hope of being able to help others to see more clearly, their duty as Saints of God, was the prompter of these few lines. Yours,

J. O. BALLANTYNE.

HOLLISTER, Jan., 1891.

Department of Correspondence:—Receiving a benefit from the Department, I believe that I ought to write a few lines, as to what is proper amusement for those who profess to follow Christ.

It is natural for mankind to indulge in amusement and pleasure; but everything has bounds and time and place. When carried beyond these conditions they are hurtful to the physical, spiritual welfare of mankind, and especially to those who profess to follow Christ. These conditions depend chiefly upon one's association. Christ came to call the sinners to repentance and not the righteous, and so he associated with them, but not to take part in their ways; and his example we are expected to follow. If we do not associate with others, we are regarded as being proud and haughty; and this may lead to our downfall. But in associating with others, we do not need to go into the saloon or play base-ball on Sunday. We may cast our light by not going to such place, prov-

ing ourselves true to our profession in deed, and not in word only.

When we find ourselves drifting, though little by little, from the standard by which we are expected to stand, then is the time to stop; and there is nothing that will lead one astray more quickly than evil company continually, and our thoughts drifting into degrading channels.

There may be no great harm in dancing, but as a general rule, because some of the associates there are subjects of King Alcohol, the tendency of the influence is downward.

H. J. BUTTERFIELD.

MELBOURNE, Iowa, Dec. 1890.

Dear Young Saints:—As the old year is drawing to a close and the New Year is about to be ushered in, we take a retrospective view of the past year, and rejoice to see the progress the church has made and the increased interest of church periodicals.

But the knowledge that the church is progressing does not satisfy us. We ask ourselves, what have we done for the Master the past year? Are we keeping pace with the church? Not a member of the church but rejoices to hear of the progress of the Lord's work; of prejudice giving way before the mighty power of truth; and souls being born into the kingdom.

But, be assured, if we as individuals are not advancing in divine life, if we are not growing in spirituality, we will be left in the rear.

If we content ourselves to sit with folded hands and let others do the work, God will find others to do our work, and the church will move forward without us.

But every one is needed, and let us begin the New Year by giving heed to the admonition of the Spirit to "come up higher." Let us try to improve our talent in doing something for the cause we love. And in looking about for a field to labor in, perhaps it would be well to examine our own heart first, there may be a mission work to be performed there. Example is one of the best of preachers. There is one great evil that works much mischief, both in and out of the church, which all Saints, both young and old, should shun, and that is evil speaking—repeating disreputable stories which we may, or may not, believe. "I have heard so and so," and "They say, but I do not believe it," "Don't say anything about it," etc.

If you do not believe it, why give it publicity by repeating it? And if it be true, will it better it to talk about it?

Let us put all such things from us and speak evil of no one, not even an enemy. As Bro. I. N. White used to say, "If you know no good of a person, just say he is a good singer, and let it go."

"If you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If it hath not failings too."

The New Year might be likened to a volume of three hundred and sixty-five pages, all white and clean; one of which volumes we each receive on New Year's morning; every day a page is written; our words and acts, whether good or bad, are recorded on those pages.

How many pages, think you, of the three hundred and sixty-five of the past year can we count that are without a blot. Let us hope there are many. And let us strive to make a better record in the coming year than we have in the past. It is written: "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. But if any man sin and repent, he hath an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Then let us repent of all past sins and begin the New Year with a clean record.

"It is said, two angels
Walk beside each mortal here;
One records the ill, but blots it
If before the midnight drear,
Man repenteth. If uncanceled
Then, he seals it for the skies,
While the right hand angel weepeth,
Bowling low with veiled eyes."

Yours in hope of eternal life,

MATTIE HUGHES.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, Jan., 1891.

"Bro. J. A. Gunsolley:"—I notice in the last few copies of *Autumn Leaves* that there has been considerable discussion and many opinions have been expressed in regard to the topic, "Does it pay to read fiction?" I think it is the duty of every true Saint who desires to advance the cause of this latter day work to express

themselves through these columns on this topic, and on the one which, in my mind, is closely connected with it, "What are proper amusements for those professing to be true saints and followers of our Heavenly Father?" I, for one, do not think that it does pay to read works of fiction. It is true there are a great many from which we can gain valuable points; but there is a tendency on the part of some to go beyond the bounds of such works as possess these good points. I admit that it is the weakness of the flesh that causes this, and also a lack of sound judgment. I, for one, am willing to abstain from all such reading, and I know that if we will seek for the right kind of reading matter there will be no danger but that we will seek for the right kind of amusements, and also will know what is the proper amusement for our children.

I imagine I hear some one say, how can you always tell when a child is seeking for proper amusement? You will find answer in the teaching of God's word as we have it recorded in these words: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—Prov. 22:6. I have always found all the pleasure I needed in reading God's word, the book of all books, and the church works. If one would devote their time in this direction, there would be little time for reading worldly literature and in engaging in other than such amusements as will have a tendency to elevate us. I am thankful to God that I never had any inclination to read what I call trashy works, and in engaging in low amusements. And since I have embraced this glorious and grand work, the spreading of the gospel in these last days, I am determined to press on in the good work, for the advancement of His cause and kingdom in the world.

Hoping that others will follow in the good work, I am your brother in the cause of truth,

JOHN E. RITTER.

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

All the bell of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together.
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of wood at sundown stirred,
Welling waters' winsome word,
Wind in warm, wan weather.

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound or very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.—*Sel.*

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA,

My very cares are sweetness in my cup, as being sent;
And I have learned the wisdom of content.

DON'T BOX A CHILD'S EARS.

The world has learned a great deal of physiology of later years, and that is why no sensible parent will box a child's ear. The human ear is a wonderful piece of mechanism, and so sensitive and delicate that it is almost as dangerous to strike the ear as the brain. No father or mother would think of hitting a child in the eye, and yet it would be a safer experiment. But few people thoroughly realize what a delicate structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate so is, after all, only the mere outer porch of a series of winding passages which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the world without to the world within. Certain of these passages are full of liquid and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridor at different places, and can be thrown into vibration or made to tremble like the head of a drum or the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or with the fingers. Between two of these parchment-like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all a row of white threads, called nerves, stretch like the strings of a piano from the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach and pass inward to the brain.—*Herald of Health.*

DANGER OF BOXING THE EARS.

The common practice of cuffing the ears is not only cruel, but dangerous. The violent forcing of air into the ear in this manner has often caused rupture of the delicate drum membrane. Sometimes serious inflammation is occasioned; and in one case which we have in mind a child died from the effects of a cuff upon the ear received at school. Both parents and teachers often box or cuff the ears of children for inattention, when it will be found in a large number of cases in which a child is apparently inattentive that the difficulty is hardness of hearing, which will of course be made worse instead of being remedied by the punishment inflicted. It should be understood and remembered that the hearing of children is often temporarily impaired by various causes, particularly by colds and attacks of "earache," and also that in some forms of deafness a person may be quite hard of hearing when not expecting to be spoken to and hence not giving attention, and yet hear very well when listening. Before a child who seems to be habitually inattentive is punished for the supposed fault, his ears should both be carefully tested by trying each one alone with a watch, or by speaking in

a moderate tone of voice at different distances.—

Kellogg.

LOOKING WITH CHILDREN'S EYES.

One day not long since as my little two-year-old son was standing beside me at the window, I tried to point out to him an object at some distance. He did not seem to see it, and stooping to bring my eyes to a level with his, I found the object to be out of the range of his vision. I lifted him to my shoulders and soon the little hands clapped their sweet accompaniment to the joyful "Dere, dere!" It set me to thinking more deeply than ever upon the necessities of bringing our views, our language, even our manual ability down to the level of our children. Some one has suggested that when we lose patience with a child for inability to perform some task, we should try the same thing with our left hand.

But I think this of treble importance when applied to the child's mental and moral capabilities. If we could lift the little heads to our thinking level as easily as we can bring the dear little faces to our own, there would be no difficulty; but since this is impossible, and I may say undesirable, let us stoop and look at things from their point of view. Every true mother does this more or less, instinctively, but even the most tactful mother is apt to grow impatient sometimes because the child does not comprehend so readily as she expects; while I have known women who seemed to be almost devoid of this ability to look with a child's eyes; and I have often longed to cry out, "Kneel beside your babe and see how very contracted is its horizon."

Mothers, you give your children well-kept homes, clothes, plenty of good food and abundance of love. Do give them sympathy. Sympathy in their joys, in their troubles, and in their eager efforts to unravel the thousand and one mysteries with which even their little world is teeming.—*New York Home Journal.*

BABY'S SLEEPING TIME.

I wonder if all mothers know that baby likes to be turned over after he has slept for an hour or two on one side? When he stretches and wriggles and finally, perhaps, cries out, try turning him on his other side or almost on his back, and see if he does not relapse into another sound nap without further effort on your part. Do not forget to turn the pillow over also sometimes. The one or two-year-old who wakes up in the night and sits up in bed, rubbing his little fists into his sleepy eyes, feels perhaps, hot and un-

comfortable. Try turning the pillow. If he is like some children the writer knows if he will wait for the sound of the turning pillow, and then drop back into a renewed sleep. Remember also to keep a child's clothes smooth under him. Drawing down the rumpled night-clothes and smoothing the cover has much to do with quieting the restless tossings of the little sleeper.—*Babyhood.*

I want to tell you that I have tried an experiment this week and had such good success that I think it worth telling to the sisters. I had two old hooked and braided rugs which were whole but so faded that they did not look fit to use. I hated to throw them away, so I took diamond dye and put it on them with a very small paint brush where I wanted fine marks, and used a large brush for the wide stripes on the braids. They look like new rugs. You can get the proper colors and color flowers and leaves and make handsome rugs of those which are cast off. I consider this good and I am much pleased with it. I have been trying it on a faded carpet this morning, and it looks beautiful.

A SISTER.

"The housekeepers have by no means the easiest of tasks of this world to perform, though as a whole, they bring a greater sum of happiness and satisfaction."

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

At the age of three and four children want guiding in their play more than at any other time during childhood; because they are then changing their little habits—leaving babyhood behind and taking up childish ways, which will remain with them many years. To make such little ones happy and keep them amused is not so difficult a matter; but much patience is required and not a little ingenuity. It is well always to aim at teaching them from their infancy to amuse themselves. By that means the mother is laying a good foundation in the child's character on which its greatest happiness will be built.

Give the busy fingers something to do—you may call it play or work. The latter pleases them most, and by encouraging them in the belief that they are

really helping mother you will make them happy. Give them some strips of soft, woolly stuff and tell them you want them all picked to threads to fill a cushion or a muff. Cut some paper into strips and coax their chubby little fingers to make spills for lighting candles, etc. Give them a piece of calico and a needle into which you have tied a pretty colored cotton thread and suggest that they make a doll's frock. Although quite unable to make two even stitches, the idea will fill a little girl's heart with pleasure. Let a slate and pencil be used every day—there is endless amusement in them! Draw something—no matter how crude or funny—and get the little one to try and do the same. Many a merry peal of laughter will gladden mother's heart at the queer figures which will appear on the slate. Save all pieces of paper with pictures on them—advertising sheets and such things—and let them have an old blunt pair of scissors and try their hands at cutting out the pictures. It is not an easy, but a very interesting thing to do, and if encouraged to persevere they will, later on, become quite expert, and might be allowed to paste them into a book or upon a screen—that would make them very proud. Don't mind if they make a litter of their amusement; it is impossible to avoid that, but always teach them to clear up their bits when they have finished. They will do it willingly—with a little coaxing—and some day will, in consequence, be more careful. Then teach them some simple songs, with marching step and hand-clapping introduced, for exercise on wet days. Get a book of tiny tales for children and read one, at least, every day aloud to them. You will be repaid by the enjoyment they will get from it. Give them odd buttons, beads, or even dried beans will do, and teach them to count and play at having sweet-shops with them. Do not buy many toys, but what they have allow them to play with at any reasonable time. And, if they have no other companions, mother must sometimes play, too, just to show them how to use their dolls and balls—or whatever toys they may have—for it is not natural for all children to play nicely without help or guidance. They often require to be started right.—*Canadian Queen.*

EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 There is ever a something sings away:
 There's the song of the lark when the sky is clear,
 And the song of the thrush when the sky is gray.
 The sunshine showers across the grain,
 And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
 And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
 The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 In the midnight black or the midday blue,
 The robin pipes when the sun is here,
 And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
 The buds may blow and the fruits may grow,
 And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
 But whether the sun or the rain or the snow,
 There's ever a song somewhere, my dear.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

Church of the living God! in vain thy foes
 Make thee in impious mirth, their laughing stock,
 Contemn thy strength, thy radiant beauty mock;
 In vain their threats and impotent their blows —
 Satan's—assaults—Hell's agonizing throes!
 For thou art built upon the Eternal Rock,
 Nor fear'st the thunder storm, the earthquake shock,
 And nothing shall disturb thy calm repose.

All human combinations change and die,
 What'er their origin, form, and design;
 But firmer than the pillars of the sky,
 Thou standest ever by a power Divine:
 Thou art endowed with immortality,
 And can'st not perish—God's own life is thine.

—W. Lloyd Garrison.

THE above lines were brought most forcibly to our mind upon reading in the *Herald* of January 31st,—the article copied from the *Chicago Times* in relation to Bro. E. C. Briggs' work in Chicago. Speaking of the place of meeting, the reporter says:

"To enter, one had to push open the door and climb a dirty flight of stairs into a dark and dingy corridor which led in several dusky directions. At the end of one of these directions, a door slightly ajar revealed a small hall in which were gathered the 'elder' and about twenty-five members of the 'Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,' among whom were several women."

It is not our intention to follow up this report, for it is perhaps as fair and unbiased as could be expected from the source; but what a glimpse it gives us of other days and other times when the whole body of Christ's disciples were assembled in an upper room, the way to which was in all probability through corridors as dark and dingy as these. And yet within that room were assembled those who were to proclaim to the world the doctrine which should transform it and become the savor of life unto life or of death unto death. And knowing, as we most assuredly do know, that Bro. Briggs is one among those who have been commissioned to preach the same gospel in all the world for a witness in these latter days in order that the end may come,—we found ourselves wondering what this reporter's feelings would have been could he have known that the simple service, divested of all ceremony and pomp, the very kindliness of which served but as a target for his joke, would be to him a blessing or a curse forevermore, according as he accepted or rejected the same.

When reading from history, we marvel that

men should be so blind; but as life brings us in contact with these things, all wonder ceases. Doubtless to this man it seemed so utterly impossible that any good thing could be found in such an out-of-the-way place that he condemned it before hearing it, and was ready to burlesque it to the extent of his meager ability; and of his many thousand readers, perhaps not one but would see it through his spectacles and give themselves no concern whatever to know whether it was true or false. And yet as the seed is sown, it will at times fall into good ground, spring up and bear fruit unto everlasting life; and the work will roll on which is finally to triumph and prepare a people for the coming of Christ.

Those who are laboring for this grand consummation have no need to concern themselves in regard to results. It is God's part of the work to *give the increase*, and no matter how gloomy, lowering or forbidding the prospect, let none be discouraged.

"Arise! wilt thou be overthrown,
 And leave thy purpose unfulfilled
 Like one who leaves a base of stone,
 Where some great dome he meant to build?"

"There is no depth where thou can'st flee
 But thy regret will follow thee,
 And round thy barren pathway cast
 The taunting shadows of the past.

"Oh, do not think on what thou art
 But what thou can'st be if thou wilt.
 The boldest has an anxious heart,
 But cowardice is kin to guilt."

BEFORE this number of our magazine reaches you many, if not all who have sent in your names for an engraving will have received one, and we trust that you will be so well pleased with it that you will, by showing it to others, try to secure us just one more name for the magazine. In despite of our best efforts, the engraving has been delayed long beyond the time when we expected to have mailed it, and in justice both to ourself and patrons we feel that the time at which it may be secured by subscribing for the magazine should also be extended; consequently we make the offer of the magazine and engraving for \$1.65 payment, in advance, to any one subscribing before April 10th, 1891; and to friends in Europe and Australia we extend the offer to May 10th.

We need say nothing more in regard to the engraving, as it will speak for itself. We hope

our friends in Australia will make an extra effort when the engraving reaches them to aid our circulation.

All whose subscriptions to the magazine expire after April 10th can obtain the engraving by renewing and prepaying at any time before their subscription expires.

We especially commend to our boy readers the article in this issue entitled, "The Ice Gorge," because we are so sure that it will interest them. The writer shows such a keen appreciation of the natural make-up of boys and withal, possesses such a happy faculty of describing that which comes under his observation, that his articles cannot fail to find ready appreciation. In fact, his contributions have been pronounced by some of our most critical readers as among our best, and we think justly so. He wishes us to assure any who are interested in them that they are in every respect truthful incidents.

We are pleased to announce that we have a serial by the same author which will appear shortly.

In reading the present installment of the sketch of Father Brush's life, we have thought that it must be a pleasant thing to the Saints who have so long been constrained to listen in silence to all manner of misrepresentations in regard to the early days of the church in Missouri, to have the tables turned and hear the

utterances of one prepared to speak from his own personal observation of the things which transpired. We are told of some among the aged Saints who read it with most intense interest, between such exclamations as, "That's so!" "I remember that well!" "I shall never forget that;" and then they pause to wipe the tears from their faded eyes and recount afresh that which they endured during those days of trouble which tried mens' souls.

We wish to say to Bro. McLaren that Bro. Beall, of Goose Creek, West Virginia, sent in the first correct answer to his "Scriptural Enigma," and is therefore entitled to the AUTUMN LEAVES. The answer is crowded out this month, but will appear in our April issue. We shall be pleased to receive other enigmas of a like character.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WHEN removing and thereby changing your address, notify David Dancer, stating not only the office to which your magazine has been going, but also the one to which you wish it sent. When you lose your magazine through failure to comply with this request, we cannot make your loss good. Send all subscription money, money for offerings, in fact all moneys as well as inquiries in regard to missing magazines, names of subscribers, etc., to David Dancer. Send all communications intended for publication, or special requests of any nature whatever to the editor.

3t

"HE LEADETH ME."

Long, long ago; 'twas years ago I heard it sung,
And ever since the blest refrain, "He leadeth me,"
Along the years within my heart has softly rung,
And brought unto it gentle peace, sweet melody.

"He leadeth me! O blessed thought." I love to think
Of how He leadeth even me, "where'er I be,
What'er I do," still is His hand the blessed link
Twixt me and blessing, and twixt happiness and me.

"Sometimes 'mid scenes of darkest gloom"—the song goes on,
"Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom," "'twas so with me"—
"By waters still," bright, peaceful days my soul hath known,
"He leadeth me!" it has been so, o'er troubled sea.

Still, 'twas His hand, the hand of God, my Father's hand,
And I was well content, whate'er my lot might be,
For ever come the loved refrain, a blest command,
"Be still my soul, and trust in Him, He leadeth thee."

"And when my task on earth is done," O welcome thought!
I'll hear those same dear words of love, sweet melody,
"When by his hand the victory's won, the battle fought,
I'll not forget, 'mid Heaven's joys, "He leadeth me."

—Baltimore American.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labour done;
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work's scant,
Why, call it scant; affect no compromise;
And, in that we have nobly striven at least,
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
And honour us with truth if not wite praise."
—*E. B. Browning.*

"Are there no grandmothers nowadays?" asked a discouraged teacher of a church sewing class the other day. "My girls are from ten to twelve years of age, and belong to respectable families; but such hemming! and such seaming! They can all crochet, however," added she disdainfully.

The speaker had in her youth been carefully trained by her own grandmother in all the arts of dainty stitchery, and could only account for the awkward use of the needle by girls of to-day by supposing the race of grandmothers extinct.

Those daily "stents" set for the girls of long ago produced good results; and home, with the stent system under the direction of a judicious and skillful elder, seems the fitting place for instruction in such a womanly art as needlework.

It is not kindness to let a girl grow up unfamiliar with her needle. With this tiny weapon a woman may drive away either want or ennui, if she be well trained in its use. One who knows the comfort of this feminine resource would sadly miss in it.

"The silent and secluded hours
Through many a lonely day,
While bending o'er her brodered flowers,
With spirit far away."

"A queen," says Hawthorne, "plies it on occasions; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. It is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of accomplishment and high thought love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearth than when so occupied."

Speaking of one whose exquisite embroidery commanded both admiration and high prices at decorative art rooms, a friend remarked, "But Mary, you know, had the advantage of grandmother's training, and she was a needle-woman of the old school."

The grandmother again! Surely, it is clear that grandmothers, or substitutes for grandmothers are sorely needed for the girls now growing up with but little liking for their needles.

The daily stent may be a daily trial till the pleasure of a skillful handling of the needle can be felt; but may not the training of character also be going on while little fingers patiently work at "over and over," or do the hemming that seems so endless?

Many a prick must those little fingers feel; tears, perhaps, will be shed when imperfect work is picked out, but if with the effort such qualities as attention and accuracy are developed, together with those good old virtues of life-long need, patience and perseverance, is not the result well worth the daily discipline? In due time there will come, too, the joy which work well done brings to the worker as a reward for our painstaking little women.

Give the child blocks of patchwork (the edges turned and basted), to seam "over and over;" and if bright bits of calico are chosen, and a doll's bed-quilt

is to be the result of her efforts, the little seamstress will feel an interest in her work as she plods along the daily stent, which should not be too long.

When some familiarity with the needle has been gained, hemming may be taught on coarse towels, counting the threads taken in each stitch, till the eye is trained to work without such care. Making a bag is excellent work for more advanced lessons in plain sewing, and for the fine work, Mr. Ruskin says: "Make them every one sew a proper sampler, with plenty of robins in it, and any motto they like in illuminating letters, finished with gold thread—the ground silk."

And so, little by little, day by day, our little maidens will learn their art, and the fame of future grandmothers as trainers of needle women worthy of the name will equal those of the past.—*Canadian Queen.*

AN ODD SPLASHER.

Take three palm-leaf fans and in oils tint them according to the coloring of the bedroom. If blue, for one side almost pure Prussian blue, dark, rich and deep; the next paint a soft bright blue, for which mix white, emerald green, Antwerp blue and a tiny touch of cadmium. Make the third a pale blue, using the same colors, only more white. Tie the three fans together in the shape of a large clover leaf, with a big bow of blue ribbon.—*Good Housekeeping.*

SHOE OR SLIPPER BAG.

A useful gift for a gentleman is a shoe or slipper-bag, with a pocket for hose. Take a piece of cretonne or any material preferred to this, fourteen inches wide and one yard long, with a piece of satine or silesia of the same size for lining; a strip of the cretonne nine inches wide and fifteen inches long similarly lined, forms the pocket, which is to be seamed in with the sides of the bag, felled on neatly across the bottom, and divided in two parts by a stitching up through the middle; a "run" is made in the top of the bag, which is drawn up by two tapes or narrow ribbons, forming a loop on each side.

WALL BASKETS.

One can make a pretty wall basket by enameling in ivory-white one of those simple wicker wall baskets which can be found at almost any basket store. A handsome trimming consists of ordinary cotton lace moistened with gum and afterward gilded, the gold making a charming contrast with the white enameled wicker work. Then a waste-basket is always acceptable, and here jet black enamel comes in suitably and converts the plain wicker basket into something strikingly handsome when we add a large bow with several loops and ends in broad orange-colored satin ribbons. Bamboo and wicker combinations in tables.

are soon made much handsomer by the use of enamels and satin ribbon decorations.

MATCH SCRATCHES.

The circular blocks on which ribbons come rolled have been utilized as follows: The block has sand-paper glued on either end, and then it is covered with velvet and furnished with a silken cord run through two little screws screwed into it near each end. These match scratches are hung up at gas jets and wherever one is likely to need one.—*Home Journal*.

POTTERY PAINTING.

If one is an adept in oil painting on pottery, and one's taste runs to decorative groups of flowers, a charming gift to make will be one of those large earthen pots shaped somewhat like ginger jars, painted with a bold mass of showy blossoms, say Jacqueminot roses and tea roses on a ground of green shading and clouded from golden-olive to deep olive-greens. Such a pot is handsome to stand in an ebonized pedestal in a bow window. More acceptable, perhaps, to some friend would be a painted umbrella jar; tall flag lillies and water grasses look well on such a subject, and especially pretty is a row of hollyhock plants all around the stand, say in pinks and whites and yellows with their pretty foliage.

NEEDLE NOTES.

A pleasing decoration for a table scarf for a library is a border composed of half-inch strips of bronze or other colored leather laid an inch apart and then couched at each edge with a strand of filoselle laid loosely to give a beadlike effect.

Very beautiful arabesque borders are now made in applique work for the decoration of mantle scarfs, valances and table scarfs. The arabesques are cut from rich-toned satin, the design traced on stiff paper being pasted to the back and then the satin cut after it. The paper backing of the design and the satin are both tacked on the scarf and sewed down with fine hem-stitching. This is hidden afterward by two rows of heavy gold thread couched on with silk.

Very pleasing ornamentation may be given to many articles by a simple border worked in flat stitch and knot stitch, silk thread or wool being used. Congress canvas or any linen material of sufficiently coarse weave. A continuous zig-zag pattern with groups of three dots in knot-stitch set in each angle and enclosed by two straight lines makes a very pretty border; or a row of eight-pointed stars with a group of knots in each center, and enclosed by two lines, makes an equally pretty one.—*Ladies' World*.

GAY COLORED BALLS

Can be cut out of flannel and stuffed with cotton, and are harmless, as they are soft. My way is to measure off 6 inches, that being the circumference of the ball, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches the length of each piece, and one inch the width of each piece in the widest part. Cut a piece of paper $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches by 1 inch, double in two lengthwise, then double crosswise, then slope off from the center to the ends. Cut six of these pieces, and sew up on a machine all but a slit-hole the length of the pieces. Turn and stuff until round. Any size can be made in proportion. Pictures pasted on to heavy pasteboard, and then cut up with a sharp knife, make

good "cut-up puzzles." One game we used to make was to cut several hundred inch square pieces of card, and make alphabets. Four full alphabets will do nicely. Then one would select a word, for instance, "mouse," pick out the letters and give them to another to guess what the word was. It is a good plan to tell what letter the word begins with. This is a help to spelling and keeps little folks (and big ones, too), amused for a long time.

PAPER DOLLS

Are a fund of endless amusement for little ones, and doll houses can be made out of pasteboard boxes, and the furniture of cardboard cut into shape. If possible, give your boys and girls a bracket saw, paint box, or something of the kind, that will be useful. I am sure that my talent as an artist is due to the encouragement I received when a child. When a little box of water colors was first given to me, I was told to look at nature and when coloring wood cuts to paint the trees green and the sky blue, and not to daub on the colors haphazard as most children do. Mothers, encourage your children in whatever they do, if it is only the building of a card house. By the by, a cute set of blocks can be made by sawing up broom handles into inch lengths, and painting or dyeing them. Clean the handle before sawing and boil the blocks in diamond dyes of different colors. Square smooth sticks can be fixed the same way. A letter can be pasted or painted upon them.—*Toledo Blade*.

A SPELLING GAME.

Each player is provided with a pencil and a slip of paper, and the person having charge of the game sits where a clock or watch may be readily consulted. A word is then selected and announced, a long one containing a number of vowels being preferable. This word is written at the top of each paper, and at a given time each of the players begins to write down as many words as he can think of which commence with the letters of which that word is composed, each letter being used only as often as it occurs in the word selected.

At the end of three minutes the leader calls "time," and each person reads aloud the words on his slip and sets the number of them down in numerals. When one writes a word that contains a letter or letters not in the original word, he loses two marks, which he must set down against himself; and if any one has words which no one else has thought of, he is allowed to take two credits for each. After the words have all been read, the next letter of the original word is taken as an initial for a new set of words, and when these have been treated like the others the next letter is taken, and so on until all have been used. The leader must see to it that no one writes a word after time is called.

Take for example, the word aristocratic. Beginning with the letter a will be found the words art, artist, air, arctic, aorta, at, attic, acts, actor, etc. These having been read and the debit and credit marks set down, a new set of words beginning with r are written, such as root, rot, roc, rota, etc. When a letter occurs twice or oftener in the word, it is used but once as the initial. The player who has been able to remember the fewest words, or who has made the most errors in the original word, is sentenced to pay a forfeit by the one who has the most credit marks. This game not only affords considerable amusement, but it also serves an excellent drill for those who are not well up in spelling.—*Delimitator*.

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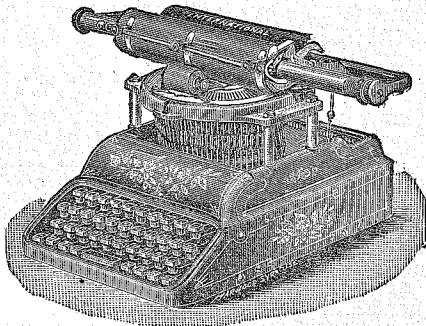
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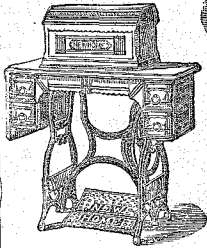
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Lowell Hall (for boys).....	25,000 00
Carey Cottage (for girls).....	8,000 00
Ingelow Cottage (for girls).....	8,000 00
Browning Cottage (for girls).....	8,000 00
Equipments of Halls.....	8,000 00
Boiler House.....	4,000 00
Steam Plant.....	15,000 00
Grading of Campus.....	3,000 00
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Total Expenditures for the year 1890.....\$214,600 00

A COLLEGE BUILDING.—Although the Highland Park College Company has expended over \$214,000 during the past year in buildings, the attendance of students has so far exceeded their most sanguine expectations that they will be obliged to have more room at the beginning of the next school year, and already have decided to erect another large structure as a department building early in the spring. Such a structure as they contemplate erecting will cost fully \$50,000, and may reach a much larger amount.

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APRIL, 1891.

Vol. 4.

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**A New York Judge Renders a Decision
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[New York Special]—Judge Wallace, in the United States Circuit Court rendered a decision today refusing to grant an injunction against the firm of Ehrlich Bros., to restrain them from selling the "Encyclopædia Britannica," published by R. S. Peale & Co. of Chicago. The complainants are the firm of Black & Co., publishers of the original work at Edinburg, Scotland. In his decision Judge Wallace holds that rival publishers in this country have a legal right to use the contents of the original edition, except such portions of them as are covered by copyrights, secured by American authors. The defendant's work, he finds, has substituted new articles for these copyrighted ones.

This decision is a square set back to the book trust, and directly in the interest of education and general intelligence. As an educational factor in every household, no work in all literature is so important and desirable as this KING OF ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, of which it has been said that "If all other books should be destroyed, the Bible excepted, the world would have lost very little of its information." Until recently its high cost has been a bar to its popular use the price being \$5.00 per volume, \$125.00 for the set in the cheapest binding. But last year the publishing firm of R. S. Peale & Co. of Chicago issued a new reprint of this great work at the marvelous price of \$1.50 per volume. That the public were quick to appreciate so great a bargain is shown by the fact that over half a million volumes of this reprint were sold in less than six months. It is the attempt of the proprietors of the high priced edition to stop the sale of this desirable low priced edition, which Judge Wallace has effectually squelched by his decision. We learn that R. S. Peale & Co. have perfected their edition, correcting such minor defects as are inevitable in the first issue of so large a work and not only do they continue to furnish it at the marvelously low price quoted above, but they offer to deliver the complete set at once, on small easy payments to suit the convenience of customers. It is a thoroughly satisfactory edition, printed on good paper, strongly and handsomely bound and has new maps, later and better than any other edition. We advise all who want this greatest and best of all Encyclopædias to get particulars from the publishers, R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago.



THE FAREWELL.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, APRIL, 1891.

No. 4.

DOES IT PAY TO READ FICTION?

BY M. H. BOND.

DESIROUS of engaging in any service that will contribute to the happiness of the human family, and more especially to the young people of the church who read *Autumn Leaves*, I have thought to express my convictions in regard to the character of literature that parents who are members of the church of Jesus Christ and heirs of the hope which His gospel alone reveals should *insist* upon their children reading. The word *insist* is emphasized as important and applicable to those for whom we, as parents, have to provide and who by the law of God and of men are under our control, and for whose welfare, temporally and spiritually, here and hereafter, we are made very largely responsible.

"A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son despiseth his mother." "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding." But "where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding?" Is the wisdom referred to to be found in high-class fiction of our day? The beginning of the education of our children is or should be labeled or titled, "wisdom; and the beginning of wisdom, according, not only to the wise man's understanding, but with our spiritual experiences is the fear of the Lord."

How can they fear Him of whom they have not heard, or with whom they are not acquainted? "This is life eternal to know thee, the only true God," is the declaration of highest authority upon this subject. To intelligently and savingly "fear God" is not to employ the basest passion of the soul, cowardice, in fear of

the arm of the superior physical or sensual power. Nay, on the contrary we are commanded *not* to fear Him who hath power to kill the body only, whether it be men or demons. The Almighty's fiat places the limit of their power to harm at this line, but the fear of the Lord that saves is the fear that comes through a knowledge of the power of the true and the living God to bless or to withhold blessing, honor, happiness, power and glory from his creatures; for this (and I am now talking to Latter Day Saints or to those called to be such), has the stupendous and all-important fact been established that God the Father, remembering a covenant which he inspired his servant John to make with the inhabitants of this world, has sent in our day and by act of his goodness and providence a holy angel especially to us, calling us thus effectually to his great salvation. Also that which in the modern religious sense is called especially the best wisdom of this world has sought persistently to overthrow this work, and so far as we are concerned, in vain.

What does the voice of God say to us as it comes, not shimmering and diffusing its diluted force as the mixed voices of nature in sunshine and storm, in pleasant landscape or dreary waste, in the calm and beauteous shore and summer sea or raging foam of howling tempest and shipwrecked mariner, in happy homes and happy hearts, filled with earth's food and gladness, or the wrecked hearts and blasted hopes, of happy wedded morn and of death's tragedy; not coming through misinterpreted letters, written ages ago, smirched, confused and uncertain in its

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revelation as interpreted by men, but clear as the sun at midday, pure as the white ray of light, demonstrated as any earthly experiment in the field of science has the voice of God come to his saints, saying with tones that to brave and intelligent minds should be louder than the voice of thunder, "Fear God."

Does it pay to read fiction? "Ben Hur; or, a Tale of the Christ," which Prof. Gunsolley correctly styles a "novel" undoubtedly is an entertaining and, perhaps, instructive story. Both of these words, however, may be used to define a thing good, bad or indifferent. There are a great many kinds of entertainment in this world of pleasure-seeking, and it goes without saying that many of them are a very bad kind of entertainment; and I am led to believe that the character of our reading matter, whether of books or papers, is doing more to give human life and purpose direction and incentive than any other agency that touches the interests of humanity.

Ben Hur stands at the head of the list, perhaps, as high-class, unobjectionable fiction; but when we say that it is better than something worse, our opinion is that, it is all the truth warrants us in admitting as seen from a gospel standpoint.

"It is an instructive novel." Yes, but in what are we instructed that is not couched in a dozen histories, relieved of what we believe to be, at least, superfluous matter, if instruction alone is sought? Is it not true that the points of intensest interest are touched when the hero of the story (who is not the Christ, but an adventurous young Jew) breaks the chariot wheel of his enemy in a race for money, glory and revenge, throwing him out of the race and crippling him for life? The general description of preparation for the race and the triumph of Ben Hur in this affair is as interesting as a modern jockey-race at a horse fair, and as bad; and when the hero, painted in higher art style than is the central figure in the ordinary novel, after numerous and hair-breadth escapes, marries his lady love, Esther, the fire of interest in the book goes rapidly out and the end of the story becomes a relief. The title of the book is descriptive; it is not a tale of the Christ. He is an incidental, but not an important factor in the interest of the story for the great mass of people. It is the common tale of the

adventurer and the lover; the attempt at naturalization of the incidents in the life of Christ by vivid description play but a minor part in the history of the book. The interest commences and ends in Ben Hur. Nobody, I think, ever was or is ever likely to be converted to the gospel or doctrine of Jesus Christ through the teachings or rather the influence of that book. True, that in the end Gen. Wallace makes a convert of this creation of his brain to the true object of "the King," and "the employment of his immense wealth for the spread of the gospel." This is a statement, but what could or can Gen. Lew Wallace tell about "the King," when he knows little or nothing about the gospel that reveals them?

Life eternal: To know Jesus Christ! Vivid descriptions of a country which Gen. Wallace has visited, and where Jesus once lived ages ago, painted in high-art oriental style, can never give to children of Latter Day Saints the information necessary. A better description of historical events and a clearer and far more certain understanding of the moral grandeur of this Man of Sorrows may be found in the New Testament, though that which stimulates and feeds the fires of human passion may be wanting.

What shall our children read? That which they have only time to read; and that is the best that can be placed in their hands. Are the subject of religion, the term gospel, and the name Jesus Christ dry and uninteresting for either us or our children? If so, it is because we misapprehend or do not understand their mission as it affects our interests. Grandeur than all fabled story or even human history, more intense in interest, fraught with a history and a destiny of fact of which each of us must be the hero of a strife with foes greater than an Alexander or a Cæsar ever overcame, is the story of the cross, the study of the gospel, the education which a knowledge and comprehension of the three books of the church, church periodicals, history, etc., etc., will bring to us.

"Aim high, and keep climbing," says Sr. McGahen. Yes. What is the mark? It is to be able to answer, not the demands of this world for a finished education and knowledge and aspiration to realize even its best, its religious hopes; neither am I prepared to believe that the first round in

the ladder of true and lasting fame and glory need have its best incentive outside of the Bible in works of fiction where, if even the names of God and Jesus Christ are used, it is often not so much for the purpose of bringing honor and glory to those names as it is a sort of cat's-paw to rake the golden chestnuts into the pockets of the writers. "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" "The child is father to the man," and "a man is known by the company he keeps." Books are his company and he follows their line; and as a stream never rises above its fountain, though it often falls below, so a book cannot raise you above the thought and aspiration of the author. "Aim high." All books are not all bad, neither are the worst of men all bad; and though their company should not be sought simply because this is true, yet there is this one difference between indifferent or bad men and books of the same quality,—the one you *may* reform by your presence and acquaintance, but you can never reform a bad book by reading it.

There is but a fractional part of their time allowed the children of most Latter Day Saints for reading; and to "aim high" is to aim for the best, as time too much is not had by any for any other. He who chooses other than the best that is at his disposal is unwise to say the least. Walter Scott, Dickens and Thackeray may be better than Marryatt or the French novel; but one may read these all through while their like piles up mountain high all around him claiming his time and money, while the hope of our calling is all unknown or, at best, but briefly comprehended.

But if the world "kilis [significant and truthful word!] time" in following these fables, moral or immoral, let them do it and do the best they can. Fables from press and pulpit is their lot, and their present inheritance; but to us who, as I said before, are inheritors of a hope that demands all our time and energies to perfect and secure its fulfillment, it would, or ought to seem foolish for us to place a book or anything of a secondary nature as a preference before that which directly concerns them in the way of our children.

It has been wisely said, "That man that does not know the things that are necessary for him to know is but an ignorant man, no matter what else he may

know beside." Salvation in Christ Jesus to us is a conceded necessity. Dickens and Scott may "point a moral or adorn a tale," but they always and everlastingly are outside of the kingdom of God with their ideas; and, as a tree is known by its fruit, so are minds by the exposition of their contents, and there is many a beautiful young lady, many a slick-appearing young gentleman in the church who does not know whether Jeremiah is a New or an Old Testament character, but whose eyes flash and whose tongues rally in animated conversation over the latest popular novel. Good young men, and discreet young ladies, it may be, too, so far as morals go; but that is not the end for us, although we confess it is a good deal, although we do not admit high-class novels or stories to be the promoter of such an end; but on the contrary, the stimulation of human passion by these writers is the chief attribute of their success, and the young man or woman reads these stories and rises from them not with an eye and heart uplifted toward the God of all hope and true consolation as the result of the instruction of its pages, but eager to procure and devour another *just like it*.

Sr. McGahen admits the Bible as the highest standard of literature, but says we must begin with "A" in the education of our children; and "A" with her is outside of the Bible, as far as we are concerned, practically. And if so, then there is no beginning with the Bible, so far as children's education is concerned, albeit, it may be found in "Pickwick Papers" or "Nicholas Nickleby" and such works as would "*amuse and interest* them."

I hope Sr. McGahen will pardon my skepticism when I say that I do not credit the claim that books of fiction play an important part in the religious training of her household. Their filial devotion and good conduct may be traced to other sources as a cause, in my opinion. Her household may be an exception, but my observations are that in proportion as fiction is indulged in, so does interest increase in the books of the church and in that kind of literature that ministers directly to the fortification of our gospel hope. Besides, we are living in a most momentous period in this world's history, and in the developments of its wondrous events none should or can be more interested than are we as a people. Practice with

dumb-bells, pedestrian achievement, or base-ball craze may have the elements of good in them, and novels are not all bad; but if attending to them we are neglecting something better for us, it is wrong.

"Aim high," for our calling is high; and Satan with silken device stands ready to split differences with those who are or should be concentrating all their power and energy in the overthrow of his kingdom and making visible to men the beauty and majesty of the kingdom of our coming Lord.

My arguments may be faulty and my plea verbose, but, Sr. Walker, I want to see the church move toward success and faster than she is doing. "Having done all, to stand," said Paul; but we have not, neither are we, in my opinion, doing all we can, save we lay aside every weight that hinders us as a body in the accomplishment of the great work assigned to us by direct teaching from heaven.

The complaint arises, "More elders," "more means;" and yet elders are sent into neighborhoods to settle quarrels and strife, too often through the necessities of law-enforcement. Branches are divided and outsiders disgusted and driven away, meeting houses emptied of both Saint and sinner, devils laugh and angels and good men and women mourn—and why? We answer, Largely, very largely, because a persistent reading and faithful study of the only perfect thing under heaven, "the Law of the Lord," as revealed in the three books of the church has been by the membership, if they own them all, laid aside, and parents and children read the *New York Ledger*, *Fireside Companion*, or the latest fiction, and the newspaper—of course we've got to read that. Result: Loss of interest in the meetings and work; and if they go, it is when they are to be interested, and not for duty or principle's sake. The business meeting is neglected, unless we are interested in some personal quarrel or difference that is up for adjustment, and when there, to vote, not in accordance with law and rule and the counsel of God—they haven't had time or inclination to find out which way it admonishes them to act, and so are left dependent upon the advice of those who may be nearest them, or those in affinity with their notion or opinion, interest or desire.

Good elders are wanted. "Send us a good elder." What is meant by that?

Do you mean one that will come and live your religion for you? or think, read, act vicariously in your behalf?

I have traveled some in the church and ministry, but have not traveled far enough to find the place that I want, the place that would delight me. What kind of a place would that be? Well, it would be a place where Saints knew enough not to open doors so easily and quickly for the enemy to come in and engage in a quarrel in the ranks. It would be a place where, for once, we might present an unbroken front and engage the enemies of the church unitedly. It would be a place where the army of the Lord would not consist simply of a general or leader and perhaps a crippled lieutenant and a half dozen discouraged soldiers, feebly trying to look after or defend themselves against the influence of the rebellious or the deserter from the ranks. It would be a place where the elder would greet, at the appointed service of prayer and testimony, the branch assembled, young and old, who, inspired by the knowledge which a life of prayer, the certain attendant of a persistent study of the things concerning the kingdom of God, a knowledge of the beautiful things contained in the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, arranged in beautiful order by the power of God's Holy Spirit, witnessing to their truth and covering the speaker with a glory and a promise and in whose joy all share together the things of this rich, intellectual and spiritual feast which God stands ready to spread always for the comfort and growth of his obedient children.

One such branch would do more toward saving themselves, converting the world, and hastening the millennium, without the importation and retention of a "good elder," than would many of the branches we know with the presence of a half-dozen high officials of the church present, wearing themselves out in a vain attempt to offset the work, or lack of work, of an idle, a godless membership.

"Wisdom is the principal thing;" and the wisdom that comes from God, revealing his most majestic purposes through his counsel to his servants in all ages, concerning the destinies of the human race and the superlative nature of the glorious reward, unending joy, and eternal riches of the final inheritance prepared for his

Saints, when fairly introduced to the intelligent conception of young or old, offers an exhaustless theme for study, contemplation, and what is of more import than all, incentive to purity of character as a necessity to the securing of all the riches that the universe holds.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Very true indeed! Pleasure is almost as much a necessity to our existence as eating, but discrimination in regard to these things is a necessity also. Jack don't like the preaching or reading of the Bible, perhaps because you have been preaching to his father or mother; and he don't want to be compelled to listen to sounds without meaning or interest to him. But take Jack by himself, or in a Sunday-school class; set over him a teacher imbued with the love of his soul's welfare; persistently, if need be, strive to impress upon him with simple language or illustration, the great fact of his existence, the tremendous necessity of learning the truth about himself and the world in which he is, and the importance of finding out how to start right in the world and keep in the right track after he is under way. Strive to make of him, if possible, an intelligent convert to the faith of the gospel by talking to him of the interesting incidents in the life of those who were the instruments of God in bringing it forth in our day. I say, candidly, no one knows what even a babe can do under the influence of the Spirit of God until he has seen for himself.

Theories don't amount to much. We can't tell until, with a full realization of the perils that surround our youth and the love of Christ in our hearts toward them, we try to start their interest in things pertaining immediately to gospel salvation.

I can hardly see how fictitious literature can be made to serve as well even for primary lessons as that which may be drawn from fact as illustrated in the history of struggle over sin and the way by which we are led out of it. True, great patience and even spiritual skill are required to make them attractive. That word, however, may be abused or misused. We say that it is unreasonable to compel children to be religious. That may be true, but I say that it is better to compel them to such life as will give them a fair chance to inquire into, to see and know

by objective or intellectual lessons the beauty and worth of that gospel which ought to be so dear to us, while as yet we have lawful and rightful control over them. To make our undeveloped and immature, yet perhaps willful offspring the arbiters of their own conduct and choice, whether of company or books, would be foolish certainly; and if we are to lead, let us lead aright, and draw the line at the place that the revelations of God designate, with regard to their conduct. "Train up a child in the way he SHOULD [not wants to] go," in order to always please or even "entertain" him.

As he grows from infantile lessons in grace and in the knowledge of God's great truths, purpose and character will accumulate, and strength of intellect as the purposes and plans of a mind greater than earthly monarchs ever conceived of are unfolded to his mind; and an ambition to seek for the plaudits, the fame and the reward that he can give who alone promises the power to bestow eternal life, unending fame, eternal riches and glory, will gradually possess his soul, and thus raise the youth of our church above the level of at least common temptation, and secure for the kingdom of God an army of workers where but now a few forlorn or weary soldiers struggle in the fight.

Freedom of the intellect, is the watchword of progression; but the force of an ignorant will must not only have leadership but curbing and restraint when necessary. This applies equally to children, men or nations. What little knowledge of God I have is largely due to a persistent and not always attractive or pleasurable study of the revelations of God as revealed in the books and works of the church. Ever since I have been a member of the church, with few omissions, in periods of trial or darkness, I have, from principle, tasked myself whether I felt like it or not, with a reading of from one to a dozen chapters a day in either the Bible, Book of Mormon or the Covenants of the church.

I remember that I was once very much in doubt as regards the latter book; but I knew that it was written and that it was reasonable as well, that "the just should live," not on knowledge altogether of which infidels in or out of the church might boast, but "by faith," not credulity;

and I wanted to be just, as well as reasonable; and as faith was said to come by hearing and hearing by the word of God, I felt that I could not reasonably or justly condemn the book without giving it a fair chance and hearing; and so I imposed upon myself what at first, was certainly a task, to read that book through, carefully and prayerfully, by myself and for myself.

The first time I received light, and a measure of confidence obtained that Paul told the truth when he said that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God;" and I was more confirmed upon a second reading that pretty much all of the condemnation that had been or is waged against that book emanated naturally and not spiritually from disaffected, though it might be honest, minds. I read it again and again, and always with added light and confidence, and consciousness that the wisdom of God is in those revelations, until I think I can truthfully and in the fear of God say that they are a treasure to me that I shall never willingly part with, that time and events will reveal their necessity, and by adherence only to the counsels given therein can this church have lasting and stable prosperity.

What is true with regard to this book is also true in my experience with those precious volumes, the Bible and Book of Mormon. They are an anchor to my soul at which, so far, the storm and tempest of life have tugged in vain while they have surged and clanked the chains that hold me to the rock that lies beyond the clouds and mist.

I think I owe much to my persistency and will in this matter, and to my striving to know something about that which promises so much for us; but oh, I think now, if I had only had a will better as well as stronger than my own to have led me—nay, if necessary, to have compelled me to breathe the very air and atmosphere of a Latter Day Saint Sunday-school—to the studied lesson, and what my young mind and spirit might have gathered, even if but in a fragmentary way, of saving lessons from God, instead of the abominable trash whose very remembrance fills me with horror, that fell into my hands while at school, how much, oh, how much of suffering I might have been saved!

We send our children to primary school, academy, college. In all this there is work, hard work; work not always "attractive" or "entertaining;" nay more, not always "instructive," so far as the children may appreciate at the time. On the contrary, children are often coaxed, persuaded, if not at times and when deemed necessary, compelled by the fact of our interest in them and our responsibility for, not what they may think, but what our experience has compelled us to know, is for their future good, to a hard, dry task; 'tis the study of things of whose importance they may have at present but little or no conception or appreciation. This, all this, for an education and knowledge concerning things present, things of this world, fashion, forms, education which, largely, in the language of the apostle James, may "pass away;" while the thing conceded as necessary, the placing of our children under the direct tuition of that Spirit that separates the chaff from the wheat, truth from error, places necessary things before temporal things; things of policy, expediency, or things that are after the fashion of this world, while things everlasting, indestructible, imperishable, are sometimes lost in our anxiety to provide for temporal wants real or fictitious, of our children: company, dress, pleasure, present profit, etc., etc.

We want a host of young men and women imbued with a sense of life's responsibilities and of the glory that shall attach to those who seek to build up the kingdom and government of God among men.

It is no proof of true sentiment or love toward our children to let them feed on that which may be attractive or "entertaining" until such time as appetites are formed that render religious teaching and literature a "bore." If left to themselves until mature age, habits are formed that it may be impossible to change. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." Better commence while the work is easy and more certain.

My interest in the young people of this church stimulates me to utter a warning, and as a preventive from the pitfalls that beset every youth and maiden in or out of it. The more brilliant the prospects, the more danger of fall. Can we wean young people from the love of fic-

tion by the attractions and interest that must and will attach themselves to a persistent study of the theory and practice of gospel salvation? of the splendor, reasonableness, and certainty of our reward? the beautiful drill of all the faculties of the soul by which we are to be fitted for the company of angels and of the Just One?

Isn't there enough for our people to do without reading fiction? Is the Bible

read, and reread often and prayerfully enough to be understood? Are *Autumn Leaves*, *Herald*, *Hope* and books of the church all absorbed? If so, let the young people write me, and I will send a tale of truth more strange than fiction, and I believe as interesting, if you are interested in the best things, things that affect your peace, your happiness, your present and your everlasting welfare; your final and complete salvation.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

There is a spot on this wide earth,
Of small extent, yet precious worth;
Endeared to me by many a tie,—
By many a tear, by many a sigh;
It is my mother's grave.

No marbled urn, no sculptured bust,
Profaned her loved and honored dust;
An aged oak, a grassy mound,
Some fragrant flowers blooming round,
Denote my mother's grave.

Could I from changeful fortune claim
The gifts of riches, power and fame,
Yet still my first, my only care,
My constant wish would be to share
My mother's grave.

My mother's grave! What visions fond,
What sad, yet tender thoughts respond
To that full chord, which vibrates loud
At memory's touch! What feelings crowd
Around my mother's grave.

Oh! could I all these thoughts unfold;
Oh! could the gloomy tale be told
Of all my heart has known and felt
Since last in bitter grief I knelt
Beside my mother's grave.

And now, as oft I idly gaze
Upon the sun's declining rays,
Unbidden tears will freely fall,
Unbidden thoughts will still recall
My mother's distant grave.

And oft, when through the silent night
I watch the pale moon's silver light,
I grieve to think that far away
I cannot see those moonbeams play
Upon my mother's grave.

Whate'er may be my wanderings yet,
I feel I never shall forget
That aged oak, that grassy mound,
Those fragrant flowers blooming round
My mother's quiet grave.

SR. WALKER:—The above lines were copied from a piece of paper yellow with age, which has been in the possession of Father Church ever since his twenty-second year—a period of about sixty years. The following lines were written underneath, evidently by the copyist:

“The above lines glow with the fire of real feeling. They are fraught throughout with the most tender parental affection. Full of affectionate and sad remembrance, the author seems to have appreciated duly so valuable a blessing as a kind parent, and in the melancholy moments which the deprivation of such a friend is calculated to inspire, has done ample justice to the memory of his departed ‘Mother's grave.’”

I mention this to show to the young the inclination of the mind of a youth whose now hoary head is a “crown of glory,” because it is “found in the way of righteousness.”

F. C.

GREAT TRUTHS.

“Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,—
 Such as men give and take from day to day,—
 Comes in the common walks of easy life,
 Blown by the careless winds across our way;
 Bought in the market at the current price,
 Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl;
 It tells no tale of daring or of worth,
 Nor pierces even the surface of the soul.

“Great truths are greatly won, not formed by chance,
 Not wafted on the breath of summer dream;
 But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
 Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.
 Not in the general mart 'mid corn and wine;
 Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
 Not in the world's gay halls of midnight mirth,
 Nor 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

“But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
 When the strong hand of God put forth in might,
 Ploughs up the subsoil of the human heart,
 And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light;
 Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
 Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
 Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field,
 And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

HORATIUS BONAR.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

PART IV.

HIS LAST APPEARANCE.

WHEN death ends the earthly life of man it is customary to allow the narrative to cease. Possibly a hope or belief that it is well with him may be expressed, but nothing more.

This man, however, seems to be an exception, and it was because of this that we were prompted to write of him. We can not follow him into the unseen world and speak of his experiences there; but his work connected with this world and its inhabitants seemed to be incomplete at the hour of his death. Of this (though we may fail to clearly set forth the importance of this marvelous truth,) we have sufficient information to enable us to safely speak. Of him the angel said: “He shall go before him [Christ] in the

spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children,” etc. This, John most effectually did during his life ministry, never pointing the people of his generation backward to the days of *their* fathers, to the law of Moses or to the empty forms of Jewish worship, but ever turning their hearts to the days of their children, to the *future* excellency, development and peace of Christ's kingdom; indicating in the words, “He must increase,” the fact that Christ's kingdom would be a progressive one, and in the future arise in magnificence and grandeur.

How must our fathers have been filled with inspiring hope and holy joy as their hearts were “turned to their children.”

After John's death, the crucifixion of his Master, and the taking away of the apostles, “darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the minds of the people.” The pure principles of the gospel were

denied, corruption reigned, and it seemed that the hope once centered in the children was lost. No wonder the hearts of men grew faint and weary, and there came upon the world a time now known as "the dark ages," when men groveled in spiritual, scientific and moral darkness, presenting such a picture as to make us instinctively shudder at the depravity of our race.

It now became necessary, therefore, lest the Lord should "come and smite the earth with a curse," that the hearts of the children should be turned to their fathers, that the peace and benign influence of the gospel, once enjoyed, should be enjoyed again; and the authority restored to organize again the kingdom of God, that in its purity and power it might develop and grow until the inspired hope of the fathers should be fully realized in the children.

But who is to begin this work? Who sound the note of inspiration which will turn the "hearts of the children to the fathers," causing them to receive the first impulses of joyous expectation as they are promised the blessings once experienced? Who be instrumental in restoring the authority, which holds the keys by which men are to become citizens of Christ's kingdom?

Why, the voice of inspiration long before the first appearing of John or the earthly pilgrimage of the Christ said, "I will send you Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and *he* shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to their fathers." This man John, coming in "the spirit and power of Elias," (Elijah), fulfilled the first part of this prediction. Is it unreasonable that he should fulfill the latter part? John said: "I am not that Elias who was to *restore* all things," but says Jesus: "He was the Elias who was to *prepare* all things."

This being a *preparatory* work must have had reference to John. It being his calling, therefore, to "prepare *all* things," it follows, that as he prepared the way before the first coming of our Lord by "turning the heart of the fathers to the children," so he should prepare the way before the second coming by "turning the heart of the children to their fathers," thus forming a connecting link between

fathers and children through the authority to administer in gospel ordinances.

Jesus said: "Elias truly shall first come and restore all things; but I say unto you, that Elias *is* come already." The words, "Elias *is* come already," certainly had reference to John; and though he was not the Elias to *restore* all things, yet he was the Elias to *prepare* all things, consequently the effect of his mission was to "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to their fathers." The position that he was the one to go before and prepare the way is put beyond the possibility of controversy by these words of Christ: "This is the one of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee."

Turning to Malachi who wrote this prediction, we learn that the events to attend the mission of this forerunner were not fulfilled when John and Christ were upon earth; so we must look for a second appearing of John to prepare the way before him, ere Christ "shall suddenly come to his temple," "sit as a refiner and purifier of silver," purifying "the sons of Levi [the priesthood] and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness," ere the "offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years;" and ere the Lord "come near to you to judgment." As he mingled with the fathers in turning their hearts to the children, so in some way must the influence of his ministry be felt among the children in turning their hearts to the fathers; and no system of religion having for its object the restoration of gospel peace, power and love is the proper one unless the personal ministry of John the Baptist is connected therewith.

When Christ shall be revealed without sin unto salvation, *that* people who have not received the ministration of him who was to "*prepare all things*" will find themselves totally unprepared to meet the Lord in peace. Serious thought, but true! In this connection we introduce a quotation from Doctrine and Covenants sec. 26, par. 2: ". . . John I have sent unto you, my servants, Joseph Smith, jr., and Oliver Cowdery, to ordain you unto this first priesthood which you have received, that

you might be called and ordained even as Aaron; and also Elijah, unto whom I have committed the keys of the power of turning the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to the fathers, that the whole earth might not be smitten with a curse."

Thus John came in the spirit and power of Elias (Elijah) who holds the keys, to point our fathers to our day; and then, after the darkness of the past, came again to ordain these men, Joseph and Oliver, to the power or priesthood, that in the spirit of Elias they could call our minds back to the pure gospel principles received and enjoyed by our fathers. Thus the prophecies are fulfilled, and the hopes of the fathers realized in our day, as thousands have testified and can testify, to their great satisfaction and joy. It is marvelous in our eyes; yet true.

This is the last we know of John, so we close with the testimony of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, concerning this visit and their ordination under the hands of John the Baptist, not as conclusive testimony of the truth of their claims, but as corroborating the testimony of Jesus and the prophets; and the only testimony extant of the fulfillment of predictions made of, and promises made to us the children of our hopeful and inspired parents. Consequently, if their testimony is not true, the inspired utterances of the prophets on this subject have not had a fulfillment to this day. I submit it for the consideration of the thoughtful.

Joseph says: "While we were thus employed, praying and calling upon the Lord, a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light, and having laid his hands upon us, he *ordained* us, saying unto us, 'Upon you, my *fellow-servants*, in the name of Messiah, I confer the priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken from the earth until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.'" Compare this with Malachi 3: 3.

Again, Joseph says in continuation of the same event: "The messenger who visited us on this occasion, and conferred this priesthood upon us, said that his name was John, the same that is called

John the Baptist in the New Testament."

Oliver Cowdery said: "After writing the account given of the Savior's ministry to the remnant of the seed of Jacob, upon this continent, it was easy to be seen, as the prophet said would be, that darkness covered the earth and gross 'darkness the minds of the people.' On reflecting further, it was easily seen, that amid the great strife and noise concerning religion, none had authority from God to administer the ordinances of the gospel; for the question might be asked, have men authority to administer in the name of Christ, who deny revelations, when his testimony is no less than the Spirit of prophecy, and his religion based, built, and sustained by immediate revelations in all ages of the world, when he has had a people on earth? If these facts were buried and carefully concealed by men whose craft would have been in danger, if once permitted to shine in the faces of men, they were no longer to us; and we only waited for the commandment to be given, 'Arise and be baptized.' This was not long desired before it was realized. The Lord, who is rich in mercy, and ever willing to answer the consistent prayer of the humble, after we had called upon him in a fervent manner, aside from the abodes of men, condescended to manifest unto us his will. On a sudden, as from the midst of eternity, the voice of the Redeemer spake to us, while the vail was parted and the angel of God came down clothed with glory, and delivered the anxiously looked for message, and the keys of the gospel of repentance. What joy! What wonder! What amazement! While the world were racked and distracted, while millions were groping as the blind for the wall, and while all men were resting upon uncertainty, as a general mass, our eyes beheld, our ears heard, as in the blaze of day; yes, more, above the glitter of the May sunbeam, which then shed its brilliancy over the face of nature.

Then his voice, though mild, pierced to the center, and his words, "I am thy fellow-servant," dispelled every fear. We listened, we gazed, we admired. 'Twas the voice of the angel from glory; 'twas a message from the Most High. And as we heard we rejoiced, while his love enkindled upon our souls, and we were

wrapped in the vision of the Almighty. Where was room for doubt? Nowhere! Uncertainty had fled; doubt had sunk no more to rise, while fiction and deception had fled forever.

"But, dear brother, think, further think for a moment, what joy filled our hearts, and with what surprise we must have bowed, (for who would not have bowed the knee for such a blessing?) when we received under his hand the holy priesthood, as he said: 'Upon you my fellow-servants, in the name of Messiah I confer this priesthood and this authority, which shall remain upon the earth, that the sons of Levi may yet offer an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.'

"I shall not attempt to paint to you the feelings of this heart, nor the majestic beauty and glory which surrounded us on this occasion, but you will believe me when I say, that earth, nor men, with the eloquence of time, can begin to clothe language in as interesting and sublime a manner as this holy personage. No, nor has this earth power to give the joy, to bestow the peace, or comprehend the wisdom which was contained in each sentence as they were delivered by the power of the Holy Spirit. Man may deceive his fellow man; deception may follow deception, and the children of the wicked one may have power to seduce the foolish and untaught, till naught but fiction feeds the many, and the fruit of falsehood carries in its current the giddy to the grave; but one touch with the finger of his love, yes, one ray of glory from the upper world, or one word from the mouth of the Savior, from the bosom of eternity, strikes it *all* into insignificance, and blots it forever from the mind.

"The assurance that we were in the presence of an angel; the certainty that we heard the voice of Jesus, and the truth unsullied as it flowed from a pure personage, dictated by the will of God, is to me past description, and I shall ever look upon this expression of the Savior's goodness with wonder and thanksgiving while I am permitted to tarry, and in those mansions where perfection dwells and sin never comes, I hope to adore in that day which shall never cease."

While reading these testimonies our hearts can but respond to the sentiment of the poet:

"Oh the angel bright has come
With a message from on high,
And every nation, kindred, tongue,
Shall hear it bye and bye."

Such was the work and calling of *John the Baptist* so far as we know, and most certainly believe.

In concluding the interesting series of articles upon John the Baptist we take occasion to insert the following scraps of history, furnished us from the biography of Elder Zenas H. Gurley, Senior, by his son. Many of the Saints who loved Bro. Gurley with a fervency of feeling which only noble and generous natures like his can awake, will remember hearing him relate these incidents, and will, we feel sure, be glad to see them in print. We thank Bro. Zenas for his kindness in furnishing them to us.—Ed.

PLEASANTON, Ia., Aug. 17th, 1890.

MRS. M. WALKER,

Dear Sister in Christ:—According to your request I send you extracts from father's biography, which, in brief, is an account of remarkable dreams and visions. He says:

"I was living in Moriahtown, Ontario, and had been very sick for some months, not expecting to live, being very much reduced in flesh and strength. At this time I dreamed that the latter days had come. In my dream I walked out upon a large square of ground where I saw thousands of people standing, whose countenances showed sorrow and anguish, clearly indicating that which is represented in the thirtieth chapter of Jeremiah. At the same time I saw two stands for preaching among them, occupied by two tall, slender men of round shoulders. I walked near to one of them, and recollect of witnessing the truth of his preaching, for at each point made I would say, 'That's true, that's true.'

"While thus engaged, a man came to me and informed me that John the Baptist was preaching some six miles distant, whereupon I immediately accompanied him to the place where John was, and while on the way remarked that I was thankful that I lived in the days of the prophets and was privileged to see some of them. When we reached St. John, we found him preaching to a people who had the same paleness of countenance

that the others had, and then for the first time in my life I heard the gospel of Christ in plainness and in the following manner: The people whose faces were pale like the features of death asked him, 'What shall we do to be saved?' He answered, 'Repent, and be baptized for the remission of sin, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' I remarked at the time, 'That's a little different from Methodism, but I guess he knows what is right.'

"In a short time the scene changed and certain ones present were to receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, there being three besides myself. We took our seats before the stand, and St. John and my conductor laid hands upon us, and I felt the fire of God pass from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. (As before stated, I was very sick and confined to my bed most of the time for months previous).

"The congregation having now dispersed, I walked with St. John, and he said to me, 'Havn't you been sick for some time?'

"(I had forgotten all my sickness) when I answered, 'Yes.'

"He said, 'You will get better now.'

"During our conversation many questions were asked and answered, among which I asked, 'Will I see you here again?'

"He answered, 'No, but you will see me hereafter.'

"I think this circumstance occurred about the middle of the week and by the next Saturday I was restored to perfect health."

Let the reader keep in mind the fact that father first heard the gospel as taught by the Latter Day Saints in the winter of 1836-7, and united with the church in April of 1837; that the foregoing dream or vision was received by him some years previous and when he was a Methodist exhorter and local preacher.

Shortly after the reception of the above he received another of which he says:

"I dreamed I was a traveling preacher, poorly clad, carrying the Bible and a new Book, that I was told was just as true as the Bible; but it was not the Bible. This was two or more years before I heard of the gospel."

As the foregoing relates to father's call to the ministry, etc., it would seem but

proper to give his account of the circumstance which occurred shortly after, in which he heard the voice of his Master. He says:

"At this time I was engaged in shipping some potatoes from Bass' Landing to Brewer's Mill, over a small lake of two or three miles in length, by about one half mile in width. On my return from my second trip, my boat being empty, I noticed that I rowed it with wonderful ease, scarcely an effort, when presently I heard terrible thundering in the west. Looking up I saw but a small, black cloud. Very soon the thundering was repeated, once, twice. By this time I had reached the middle of the lake, and looking to the west I beheld to my consternation and dismay, a hurricane of about twenty rods in width approaching me in all its fury, being clearly visible by its havoc in destroying trees of all sizes. I was in direct range of about its center, and as the monster came rapidly on had but little, very little time to try to prepare for it. Not being able to swim, I thought to hold the prow of my little boat to the wind, and as my oars were strong and I accustomed to wield them, concluded there was some safety in the position; but, Alas! how feeble is man in all his power! The wind struck my boat and wheeled it around instantaneously, and as it was turning upside down, I realized that I must perish, and that all efforts on my part were vain. So stretching both hands toward heaven I cried aloud, 'Save, Lord, else I perish,' the words had hardly passed from my lips when the boat dropped back into the water and a bright light shone round about me, and out of it I heard a voice clear and distinct above the roar of the wind saying, 'Your life is spared that you may warn men to repent.'

"The storm passed over me and I, in safety rowed to the beach, but on reaching the shore the storm was still so terrific there that I dared not venture into the woods; so I returned to my boat and out upon the water, waiting until the anger of the monster had subsided.

Fraternally,

Z. H. GURLEY.

NOTE.—I presume that all who read this will recognize the Book of Mormon in the "new book" which father carried with the Bible, which is correct.

Z. H. G.

A VISION.

WRITTEN BY ELDER JOSEPH BURTON TO HIS WIFE.

BRIGHTON, California,
May 26th, 1878.

SUNDAY MORNING.

THIS morning I felt very happy. Being in the enjoyment of the Spirit of God in my heart, I desired to be alone, where I could commune with God, and went out for a walk in a field (they are now so green and beautiful), and while there the following passed before my view:

From the western side of Asia there arose a great cloud of smoke which rolled westward until it enveloped all Europe, and extended even to America. I heard a great noise accompanying this smoke, as of heavy artillery, and the clanging and clashing of cavalry and arms; and the dark cloud was pierced from time to time with shafts of light or fire, the sight and sound of which caused an intense feeling of horror to rest upon me, insomuch that I felt to be sinking to the earth.

I then saw near the center of this (the American Continent) a large temple, facing the west, which was surrounded by an evergreen wall at an equal distance from the temple on either side. At the north-west corner of the wall was a narrow gate at which stood a man, tall of stature and pleasing to look upon.

A man came out from the temple and walked down the steps, and to the gate. He was called "a servant," though I knew him not. He who stood at the gate guarding the entrance put into the servant's right hand a large leaf, shaped like a palmleaf fan, which was composed of a great many small leaves of the same shape; and he bound on his left arm in bright golden letters the words, "Bind up the testimony. Seal up the law."

The "servant" then went on his mission, traveling rapidly and crying his message with a loud voice to the inhabitants of the earth; and as he neared a town, I saw a crowd of men with dark, threatening countenances, armed with guns, knives, clubs and stones, seemingly determined to take his life.

The "servant" saw and apparently knew of their evil designs but heeded them not. I trembled for his safety; but as he neared the angry mob, a way was made for him

through their midst, and it was as though he was encircled by a great chain about waist high and at a little distance from him on either side, over which the angry mob had no power to harm him, though they made desperate efforts to reach and stab him, but as quickly fell backward, powerless, and as he passed through their midst, calm as a child, only shouting his message of, "Bind up the testimony! Seal up the law!" they fairly gnashed their teeth, and their countenances became distorted and hideous in their disappointed rage. But the "servant" went on his way over the country, through cities and towns and villages, fearless and unharmed.

I saw a little form continually by his side, ever looking up into his face—and so happy! Occasionally he would stop to give a leaf to the "children," who always seemed pleased to see him, and received the leaf with gladness. I then saw and heard that after he had thus gone shouting his message, war, famine, pestilence, and all manner of evils that ever have been spoken of followed in quick succession. There were fearful plagues such as caused sudden death. Men who at one moment appeared to be in the enjoyment of health, the next moment fell to the earth dead, and others were eaten with worms. There were also terrible thunders and fierce lightnings; mountains were rolled and tossed, and cities destroyed by earthquakes. The dagger of the assassin and pistol of the communist deluged the earth with blood, and I heard the roar of a great fire rushing and crackling through towns, cities and over the earth.

I then saw two angels standing with one foot on the sea and one on the shore of the Atlantic, and the Pacific coasts, each having a long rod in his hand with which they smote these coasts simultaneously saying, "Thy bands are broken!" immediately after which there were many towns and cities destroyed by tidal waves such as were never known before, and much land was covered with water.

I then heard in a clear, full voice from one "mighty and strong," the words, "Come home! Come home!" the sound

of which filled the whole earth, and reverberated from the vault of heaven. But none of all the inhabitants of the earth heard it except the "children," those to whom the "servants" had given a leaf.

I saw the "servant" return from whence he started, weary and travel-worn, bearing in his right hand the skeleton stalk of a palm. I then noticed many other servants returning also, and I understood that the mission of each had been to stay out until he had given away all the leaves from his palm—one to each person who was worthy—which leaf was a passport to enter through the gate into the temple; and as this servant returned the leafless stalk to him who sent him forth, his eyes beamed with joy, and his countenance became radiant as he heard from him the words, "You have done well and have been faithful. Enter; no power can hinder!" and as he passed through the gate a bright crown of glittering gold descended and rested upon his head; and as he who bound the golden letters upon his arm adjusted the crown to his head, he again spoke, saying: "Now is fulfilled the pro-

SAN BENITO, Cal., January 28th, 1891.

mise made to you by my Father, that if you would be faithful you should receive a crown when his Son visited the earth again."

At these words I realized who the servant was. O, what joy flooded my soul! I seemed to be entranced, and beheld a beautiful city above the earth which was exceedingly bright, and heard, in mid-air, music, O, so sweet, as from thousands of angels.

The atmosphere opened and we ascended, *you* and *I*; and I heard a voice saying, "Those who are faithful and remain shall not die, but shall be changed with power and glory! This is the end."

When I became conscious of my surroundings I was lying on the ground powerless to move; but gradually my strength returned.

Language utterly fails to describe the feeling of perfect joy and peace that now filled my soul, after viewing these fearful calamities, to again behold the earth in all her beauty, and feel the quiet of a holy Sabbath morn.

OVER THE WAY.

Across in that mansion yonder,
Half hidden by curtains of lace,
I see through its polished windows
A child's sweet little face.
His form is clad in a texture
Of soft and silken array,
For fortune has showered its favors
On my neighbor over the way.

And here in my little cottage
When my day's toil is done,
I sit with my little darling
And gaze on the setting sun.
My babe is dressed in cotton,
Its little feet are bare;
Yet its face is as sweet and handsome
As my neighbor's boy, over there.

My home is small and lowly,
With its curtains of simple chintz.
My baby's wardrobe only
Some pretty colored prints.
Her babe has many changes
Of raiment for every day,
And beautiful, costly garments
Clothe my neighbor's boy over the way.

My neighbor's lofty mansion
With its statues of marble and brass,
Its frescoed walls and ceilings,
Are admired by all who pass.

And I, in my humble cottage,
Murmured and thought alway
That heaven sent all its brightness
To the mansion over the way.

Ah me! how we judge each other,
I thought her heartless and cold,
So proud of her wealth and splendor,
Of her satin's shimmering fold.
But I saw her to-day in the garden,
Guiding his steps to and fro,
Then I knew she was bearing the burden
Of a mother's bitter woe.

And now in my little cottage
Though I toil hard all the day,
I would not exchange with my neighbor
In the mansion over the way.
And though no diamonds adorn me,
To my fate I am resigned,
My babe's eyes catch the sunshine,
But my neighbor's boy—is blind.

Alas! how oft we murmur
And fill with regret the day,
Thinking others have all the sunshine
While our clouds are always gray.
We may not see their sorrow
Nor their trials day by day,
Yet each heart bears some burden,
Like my neighbor over the way.

—Godey's Lady's Book.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

SISTER WALKER:—

ABOUT three years ago I was asked by a young brother in a distant city for advice in regard to joining secret societies, as he was at the time being urged to join some of them; and seeing the question brought forward at times in our publications, I herewith send a copy of the answer about as returned.

Thus far the church has left it to each member to use his own judgment regarding secret societies, there being no direct advice revealed regarding them as they exist about us. It is true that there are some very plain statements made both in the Bible and Book of Mormon concerning secret bands of robbers, united together for the purpose of robbery and murder, and especially in the Book of Mormon, condemning in the plainest terms all such secret combinations; but they evidently have no application only where the objects, results and general character of such combinations are alike bad. The just rule in these matters, as in all others, is to "judge a tree by its [own] fruits."

The church expects of its own members that they will not knowingly enter or remain connected with any society that practices evil in any form, or whose results are evidently beneath or opposite that high moral standard without which no one can be a true Latter Day Saint. It would further seem that there are other things to be looked at and carefully weighed before we can be justified in joining any society, secret or otherwise, outside of the church (within the church none of its societies are secret):

First—Will any advantages thus obtained be equal in results to the same effort put forth for God's work, in giving it the assistance by otherwise expending the time and means proposed to be thus expended? Would it not be more profitable in this age of cheap books to carefully select useful reading matter, which may become "wells of knowledge" to the reader, especially to those who shall equip themselves to fight against the increasing forces of sin and vice of anti-Christ? Hence the advice found in the Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 85, par. 36,

"Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom. Seek learning even by study and also by faith." Paul's advice to young Timothy also applies to all who by diligence and a wise use of time so equip themselves that God can use them as his servants in the glorious work of redemption: "Study to show thyself approved, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Second—Would a membership in said societies in any way cause a disinclination or a distaste for such improvement, besides requiring time and means that could be used to that end?

Is it possible, nay probable, that it may prevent, in some way, a wise stewardship over talents and opportunities intrusted to us so that at the day when accounts must be rendered to God, he will not be able to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things?" Unless we make careful use of the time and follow the Savior's example in seeking to be "about" our "Father's business," that decision cannot be given; the facts would be against us, and God will certainly not decide untruthfully. And though among his great attributes shining sweet and clear and grand above them all stand "love and mercy," he cannot pronounce upon us the reward of those who have been faithful over the few things intrusted to us when we have not so been.

Our fate for eternity is to a great extent in our own hands. Is there danger? The time is short; the harvest is great; the laborers are few. Ought we not to pray as Christ told his disciples under similar circumstances? If so, can we consistently do so unless we advance, all we can, the best interests of God's work?

The Lord tells us that, "Men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness."—D. C. 58:6. Can we do so in any way better than by directly assisting with time, means and talents God's work on earth, intrusted to man as agent under God's overshadowing might and power to accomplish? God says, then, that we

should be "anxiously engaged." This suggests solicitude, anxiety for its welfare, carefulness regarding its interests.

Would the proposed membership in any degree interfere with such solicitude, such interest? If, after considering these things and other like thoughts that may occur, you could still decide that the society asking your allegiance is so high,

PITTSBURG, Pennsylvania.

morally and socially, that you can with a light heart and clear conscience enter into fellowship therewith, it may yet be well to pause upon the threshold ere you enter upon unknown complications in your social life, and consider well the Savior's words, "Watch and pray therefore, lest you enter into temptation."

Your brother,

G. H. H.

NOT YET.

"Not yet, O friend! not yet;

The patient stars

Lean from their lattices content to wait;

All is illusion till the morning bars

Slip from the levels of the eastern gate.

Night is too young, O friend, day is too near;

Wait for the day that makest all things clear,

Not yet, O friend! not yet.

"Not yet, O friend! not yet;

All is not true;

All is not ever as it seemeth now;

Soon shall the river take another blue,

Soon dies yon light upon the mountain brow;

What lieth dark, O love! bright day will fill;

Wait for thy morning be it good or ill,
Not yet, O love! not yet."

BRET HARTE.

A LEAFLET OF MEMORY.

BY C. H. P.

ON Easter Day of 1878, in the city of Auburn, New York, lay a young and fragile woman, one who had been a confirmed invalid for many months. She had, by a fond and loving husband, been brought back from the broad prairies of Nebraska to the home of her childhood, hoping that the change might prove beneficial, and that under better medical treatment than the west at that time afforded she might regain her lost health. This hope had not been realized. She had steadily failed in strength, until now it was plain to be seen that her days on earth were numbered.

Her young husband, kind and patient, had bestowed unremitting care upon her. Being himself almost a stranger in Auburn, he had formed but few acquaintances; but being of a pious disposition and living near the Universalist Church, he had, as occasion presented itself, attended service at that church. The pastor had noticed his attendance, had spoken with him, and had been informed of the

condition of his wife. He had called to see them, had also interested some of the ladies of his congregation in the case of the invalid, and they had likewise called, as good Samaritans, to offer their services.

On this particular occasion a feeling of oppressive loneliness seemed to have fallen upon the family. The husband had been raised in a country where on Easter Day the churches were decorated with bright flowers and evergreens, and where the choirs and schools were taught to sing

"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Songs of men and angels say,
Hallelujah."

This and kindred hymns of joy and triumph, he had heard, and as he thought of the home of his childhood, of his brothers and parents in a far-off land participating in these exercises, singing these old familiar hymns, hearing the grand tones of the organ he had so often with solemn joy listened to, and then looked upon the emaciated form of the

wife he loved so well, seeing their only child, not yet two years old, knowing that cruel death with relentless tread was approaching, and that there was neither power in the skill of the physician, or in his love to ward off the evil day but for a short time, it caused him bitterness of spirit.

For months, yea, for more than two years had the unequal strife been waged, until "hope deferred" had made "the heart sick." It seemed as though this small family were alone in the midst of this great world. They had now, although in sickness, each other; and in their love for each other life seemed worth living. But the thought of the separation so soon to come, and the feeling that while the great Christian world was rejoicing, they were wading through deep waters of trouble with seemingly no friend to speak a word of sympathy or encouragement, seemed to press with cruel weight upon his soul. Not a word of complaint was spoken, but both felt the weight of sorrow that had fallen upon them almost too heavy to be borne.

But a knock came at the door; the minister had again called. He inquired kindly of their welfare, and spoke appropriate words of peace and kindness. He spoke to them of the brightness of the glad day to the great world of mankind; of the love of God as expressed to man, and of the great brotherhood of the human family. He said he had thought of them, and requested them to accept a small tribute of esteem that he had brought as a reminder of the day. He then unwrapped what proved to be a pot of lilies of the valley in full bloom. Oh, how beautiful they were to that couple, received at such a time and in such a man-

ner! Words would fail to express the emotions that thrilled their very souls by the act of sympathy, so kindly expressed. The tears of joy rained from the eyes of the invalid as she took the precious gift in her hands and inhaled the fragrant perfume of the lovely flowers.

After a short prayer and a friendly clasp of the hand, the messenger of peace departed. It seemed to them as though an angel of God had been with them and had left a blessing behind him.

Years have come and gone. The young wife who was then a sufferer has passed away. Her child lived, was well cared for, heard the gospel of Christ, gladly yielded obedience to the same and has lately been called to pass over the river of death, but has left behind her a precious testimony of her acceptance with God. The husband and father still lives, and looks forward to the day when he will again meet with the loved ones that have gone before.

The act of kindness has always been remembered; and although the years of time have separated the minister and those who were cheered by his kindness, yet the sympathy expressed by the act will ever be remembered by the one yet remaining pilgrim of earth, as an oasis in one of the broadest deserts that he was ever called to pass through. Nor will this thoughtful deed be unrewarded in the great day of accounts, for it was prompted by the spirit of love and performed in the fear of God. He was chosen as a messenger of peace to bring cheer to the hearts of those thus called upon to suffer, and he did his work as a true representative of Christ. His name is forgotten, but the deed is remembered.

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

"Judge not thy erring brother,
For oh, thou canst not tell
How strong was that temptation
By which at last he fell.
Reflect on thy wrong-doings,
And do not dare to say,
That if thou thus wert tempted
Thou wouldst not thus give way.

"Thy brother's sins and failings
To every one are known;
His deep and true repentance
Is seen by God alone.
Then cover his transgression
With tender charity;
And judge not thou thy brother,
As thou unjudged wouldst be."

SOME EARLY BURIAL CUSTOMS.

[Rushton M. Dorman, in *The Origin of Primitive Superstitions.*]

THE rock-tombs of Peru are another interesting feature in its antiquities. The faces of many of the high cliffs in the mountainous parts are full of ancient tombs excavated in the rock, within which the dead were placed, and then walled up with stones, and stuccoed over and painted. The region of Ollantaytambo is rich in these rock-tombs. In many a niche and crevice, tier on tier of these tombs are seen plastered up like nests of the mud-swallows. The "steeps of lamentation are literally speckled with the white faces of these tombs. Some are solitary cells, others populous chambers. In this dry atmosphere the bodies are preserved, surrounded with a few rude household utensils." At Chimu is found a necropolis consisting of chambers or vaults enclosed in a mound, each vault containing niches wherein were found skeletons elaborately clothed and plumed. The tombs of men of note "were above the ground, built with unburnt bricks, and round, like little pigeon-houses, five or six feet in diameter, and twelve or fourteen in height, arched like the top of an oven, in which the dead were placed sitting, and then they were walled up. In traveling through the country there are still many to be seen, even of those before the conquest by the Spaniards.

The kings of Quito were buried in a pyramid, in which their embalmed corpses were arranged in order, with their earthly effects around them. The manner of burying the vassals was different. In the south, the nobles and magnates were placed in urns, and these urns deposited in the woods and forests. The common people were interred, or left in caves or rock protections. The openings to all the sepulchres are to the west. In some the opening is small, and only made as a conduit for drink and food leading to vases placed in the sepulchre for their reception. Embalment of the dead was confined to the Inca class. The mummified bodies so numerous throughout Peru owe their preservation to atmospheric and other influences.

The object among all the American tribes, in all their various burial customs,

was to preserve the bones of the dead. The belief underlying all these customs was that the soul, or a part of the soul, dwelt in the bones. Language illustrates this theory. The Iroquois word for bone is *csken*; for soul, *atiskan*,—literally, that which is within the bone. In an Athapascan dialect, bone is *yani*, soul is *i-yani*. Mythology adds more decisive testimony. In one of the Altec legends, after one of the destructions of the world, Xolotl descended to Mictlan, the realm of the dead, and brought thence a bone of the perished race. This, sprinkled with blood, grew on the fourth day into a youth, the father of the present race. Among the Quiches, the hero-gods Hunahpu and Xblanque succumbed to the darksome powers of death. Their bodies were burned, and their bones ground to powder and thrown into the waters; but these ashes, sinking to the bottom of the stream, were, in the twinkling of an eye, changed into handsome youths, with the same features as before. Among many of the tribes the practice of pulverizing the bones of the dead and mixing them with the food was defended by asserting that the souls of the dead remained in the bones and lived again in the living. Even the animals were supposed to follow the same law. Hardly any of the hunting tribes, before their manners were vitiated by foreign influence, permitted the bones of game to be broken or left carelessly about the encampment. They were left in heaps or thrown into the water. The Yuricares of Bolivia carried this superstition to such an inconvenient extent that they preserved even small fish-bones from harm, saying the fish would desert the rivers unless this was done. The traveler on our prairies often notices the buffalo-skulls arranged in circles and symmetrical piles by the careful hands of the native hunters. Among the Peruvians, so careful were they lest any of the body should be lost, they preserved even the parings of the nails and clippings of the hair. Among the Choctaws the spirits of the dead will return to the bones in the bone-mounds, and flesh will knit together their loose joints, and they shall again inhabit their

ancient territory. The Peruvians expected the mummified body to be again inhabited by its soul.

Among the Iroquis the spirit stayed near the body for a time, and, unless burial was performed, was very unhappy; and among the Brazilian tribes the spirits of the dead were not at rest when the body was unburied, and, if they had had a Creon, an Antigone would have undoubtedly arisen to perform the sacred rites of burial. It will be noticed, then, that there was no uniform custom prevalent among the American nations in their mode of burial, but that diversity of custom prevailed in many instances in the

same tribe; that climate and the nature of the soil, and other natural influences, together with the pursuits of the various peoples, had their effect on the formation of burial-customs, and these a reflex action again on their religious beliefs and superstition. Yet through it all there are plain indications of a belief that the preservation of the bones of the dead in their integrity was necessary to the peace and happiness of the departed spirit. Hence the security of these was sought in all their various customs. In the suspension of bodies in trees, or on scaffolds, or otherwise, their preservation, after the dissolution of the flesh, was attended to.

OBSERVATIONS.—No. VIII.

“Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet
 With such salt things as tears, or with rude hair
 Dry them, soft Pharisee that sittest at meat
 With him who made her such, and speak'st him fair,
 Leaving God's lamb the while to bleat
 Unheeded, shivering in the pitiless air.”

—Lowell.

MORE than thirty-five years memory turns backward and with uplifted hand draws the curtain from before a picture hanging on her wall.

It is only that of a neatly kept kitchen (the front basement room of a house in a large western city) and an old man and a young girl earnestly engaged in conversation. But the dark eyes of the girl are ablaze with indignation, and the hot blood of youth and health crimson her cheeks in an unwonted tide as question and answer follow each other in rapid succession.

The star upon the old man's breast, as well as the heavy cane which he carries indicate that he is one of the city's guardians, and that same cane in those days was a terror to the unruly and vicious of the city of S—, when wielded by his strong arm; for this old man was wharf-master of the city and as fearless and brave as he was strong.

But while he was like a lion when justly angry and indignant, no woman was ever more tender, more pitying than he to the wronged, the oppressed or needy ones of earth. Brave, noble old man! He has passed to his rest long years ago,

and none will ever tell the unnumbered deeds of his kindness, nor dwell upon the true nobility of soul, which, like a mine of wealth, lay hidden beneath a rough and unpolished exterior; but if, as Lowell says and we believe,

“Only manhood ever makes a man,”

Then, though unknown to fame, he was yet a man in the broadest, truest acceptance of the term.

“Are you willing that I should let him know I have heard this and who told me?” said the young girl as the old man rose to go.

“Certainly I am, if you have the courage to do it,” said he. He will not dare to deny it; for he knows too well that I know all about it.”

“Very well,” she answered, as the door closed, and with a firm tread the old man went upon his way.

“The courage to do it!” the young girl repeated, while a look of determination spread over her face which, of itself, was sufficient answer. “Let me but have the opportunity and the courage will not be wanting. How dare he!” and her eyes shone with the feelings of indignation which she made no effort to suppress.

But what was it, you ask, that had so much moved this young girl? Had she been wronged in any way, that she should be so deeply moved? No; the wrong had been done to another. But while she had never read the sublime utterance of Lowell:—

"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base

Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race."

The instincts of pure, unsullied womanhood within her rose in defiance of society and its accepted usages, and arraigned this offender before a bar where he found far less of mercy than the world would grant him.

It was but a repetition of an oft told story—the trusting and confiding love of woman and the treachery of man. But in this case it came with more direct appeal to the heart of the girl, because she knew the young man; and not this only, but he had been seeking by every means in his power to win her love and obtain her promise to marry him.

She was alone in the world, without father, brother or any earthly protector except an aged mother, and because of this, Mr. L——, (the old man to whom we have referred) when he learned that this young man was trying to win her, went to her and told her that which had come to his knowledge, that this young man was the father of two lovely children, by a gentle girl who should have been his wife.

By one plea and another he had from time to time silenced her earnest pleadings with him to perform that which he had promised. But her pleading was in vain; and now it only rested with this other young and unprotected girl to put this hope forever beyond her reach, and to consign her and her innocent children to a life of hopeless despair.

But it never entered her mind that any such power was in her hands; neither did it once occur to her that in the course she was resolved upon, there was anything worthy of commendation; for she was only following out the impulse of a generous nature, unspoiled by the teachings and trammels of society; but had her impulses been crystalized and her pen

a facile one, Helen Gardener might have been saved the task which has drawn down upon her noble effort the unstinted criticism of many Pharisees who "sit at meat and speak fairly" to just such and worse than he of whom we are writing. Had the young girl of whom we are writing been making the charge, however, she would not have laid it at the door of Christianity; but, rather, where it belonged—the need of Christianity.

That evening there was a ring at the door bell just above the basement, where the conversation which we have related occurred, and it was answered by our young friend in person. If she was surprised at meeting the young man who had been the subject of the conversation, all manifestation of it was controlled save a quick flush which dyed her cheeks and perhaps a firmer compression of her lips. She did not, however, step aside as at other times and invite him to enter, but stood with the knob of the partly open door in her hand as though he was a stranger.

Of course this could not help producing an awkward pause upon his part; but finally he extended his hand and said, "Good evening Miss H——.

The hand was not accepted, neither was the salutation returned; but the young girl while steadily regarding him, said: "Mr. V——, I deem it only my duty to say that if you called to see me, I think it out of place for a young man who has one wife to be seeking another. I have heard a bit of your history to-day. Mr. L——, with whom you are acquainted, is my informant; and if he has done you injustice, you know where to find him. Good evening."

She closed the door, and turning the key in the lock, went back to her practice which his call had interrupted. What his thoughts were she had no means of knowing; but that good resulted from her prompt and decisive action she had reason to believe when she learned afterward that he married the mother of his children; thus tardily doing her the only act of justice in his power, which however powerless to confer honor upon her, would shield their children from unmerited disgrace.

Perhaps Mr. Buchanan might say of the impulse leading to an act like this, that it arose from "the perennial fresh-

ness of nature," since in that source he sees the only hope of salvation from the terrible condition of corruptness in which the world is now plunged; but we could tell him that it arose from the principles of right and truth as learned from the word of God, through the teachings of a mother who both feared and loved Him—feared to offend Him, because she loved Him.

Thirty-five years have passed since then and the world has made rapid strides during those years, and to-day there is a perfect upheaval in the midst of our civilization. Whence comes this mighty change and with such untold rapidity as to make faces pale and human hearts fear and tremble?

In Prof. Buchanan's late article in which dire bloodshed and fearful calamities were predicted, he says, "The cycle of woman is approaching, and that will be full compensation for the horrors through which we are to pass."

What Prof. Buchanan may mean by "woman's cycle" we do not fully understand; but if he means that she is to arise and fit herself for the purpose of her creation, then God grant that his prophecy may be fulfilled. What her true position is, the church of the living God ought not to be ignorant of, since God himself declared it in the beginning, and again, in these last days, has made it known by direct revelation.

God said she was to be a "help-meet for man." The devil said, "Through her, I will drag man down." If, indeed, the time is near at hand when woman shall fit herself to fill to the uttermost her God-given position, let the heart of each one who loves God and virtue rejoice.

A book which has recently been written by a young woman, Helen Gardener, (not before unknown to the literary world, but now in a moment, as it were, brought into notoriety) entitled, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" is now being read by thousands and is, perhaps, next to "In Darkest England," the book most sought after,—most discussed of any that has recently been issued from the press."

Of this book, B. O. Flower, editor of the "Arena," says: "Helen Gardener's new novel 'Is This Your Son, my Lord?' is meeting with a large sale. It should be in the hands of all thoughtful parents, as it will awaken them to the awful dangers

that beset their children. The details of this remarkable story are true, and what is more they are being duplicated in every great city, as every man who mingles with society, or who reads the papers well knows. The corruption that conservatism and immorality have fostered through the infamous subterfuge that it was wrong to awaken the moral nature, or arouse the sleeping conscience of a people by calling attention to the frightful immorality of the age, has wrought untold degradation, and is causing the very foundation of our moral character to be undermined. Helen Gardener has dealt a blow at this great evil, a blow that has hurt in some quarters, judging from one or two brutal attacks on her work. We cannot expect those whose toes are rocked on, however, to hold their peace. An occasional howl may not ease them, but it affords a certain satisfaction.

"In olden times the prophets who sternly rebuked sin, and brought the evils home to the wrongdoer, were frequently stoned. It is not surprising that some of the *dilettanti* should be offended when the evils that they do, but affect to abhor, are unmasked. With, however, one or two exceptions, the criticisms, from Boston to San Francisco, have been in the main favorable. Many sincere, honest critics have taken exception to the author's religious views, some of her ethical opinions, but with the one or two exceptions alluded to, all appreciate and applaud the stern morality and high motives of the author."

We have not read the book, but gather from criticisms and notices of it, that it deals mainly with facts as they exist in society to-day and handles them without gloves. Of it Dr. J. R. Buchanan says:

"That there is such a gilded baseness as she portrays, no one can doubt who recollects the numerous examples of [the] defaulting, swindling, forging class, who have worn the mantle of piety until detected, and have been accepted as worthy members of the church, or even accepted in the pulpit, because the idea of religion has been so debased as to demand nothing more than ceremonial as an evidence of piety. It has indeed become so much more interested in appearances than in realities; that to expose and describe some offenses has been accounted as criminal as

the offenses themselves; and the terrible outrages committed upon the Indians of Alaska have been concealed by a religious society, as their contemplation was not compatible with its sacred refinement.

“Gold and silver have been alloyed for a currency—so has religion, and in its extreme debasement it becomes a question whether there is any of the real gold in the coin that is stamped by authority. The nations of Europe that have ever lived in war with each other and now bend all their energies to international homicide, have no more just claims *as nations* to the title of Christians, than the Zulus of Africa. Individuals may cultivate a Christian character, but the church *as a church*, which sanctions and sustains war, must be adjudged a gigantic apostasy from the doctrine of the founders of Christianity. The dogmatists, whose religion consisted in fighting over definitions of the Trinity and murdering heretics, suppressed all sincerity and truth with all the power of the sword and of social persecution. Thus, for much more than fifteen hundred years, truth and honesty have been crushed, and hypocrisy cultivated with all the skill and power that governments, churches, and colleges could command. Intolerance and hypocrisy, despotism and lying have been inseparable twins from the beginning of humanity. They flourish together and they will die together. They flourish still; and the fearless pursuit of truth is still a battle, as every profoundly original thinker knows too well. Truth can be enthroned only when intolerance dies, and the best work for humanity is the establishment of toleration. We must learn to tolerate and cherish every sincere effort, and be intolerant only to intolerance itself—thus reversing the habit of the ages.

“As true religion has been so industriously crushed, while hypocrisy was so vigorously cultivated, was it not inevitable that hypocrisy should become the chief element in the strange compound that has been called religion, and that, in time, the baser metal, should be taken for gold, and the gold become an almost unknown material? The ideal has been lost, and men and women earnestly seeking religion are often cherishing a base alloy of which it forms a minor portion—a so-called religion which is pleased to

regard relatives, friends, and society generally as the devils roasting pieces in the next world, and all foreign nations as food for powder in this world, for whom the powder must be kept dry and the bayonets sharp. We need not discuss the truth, for it is too evident that mankind have belonged and do belong to the order of *carnivora*; and when Helen Gardener suggests that the military and theological professions are on the down grade to extinction, and must go together, is she not excusable in the light of history, for thinking them inseparable twins, and will not this graphic suggestion stimulate the theologian to realize that he has been and is in bad company, which he must abandon or perish, and must return to the simple and sacred law of loving our neighbors as ourselves,—the truth that the neighbor, however distant, is a brother?”

This much for Prof. Buchanan’s ideas in regard to theology and the hope, which is based upon this book and others of like character. We recognize both truth and error in them. When he says that religion has been alloyed for a currency, we admit the truth of the assertion; but at the same time by this assertion he himself admits that there was a pure metal which was alloyed. Strange, is it not, that the quest of this wise man (?) and his compeers should not be directed in search of the pure metal, freed from these alloys. The fact that there remains enough of the pure to enable the alloy to be detected, ought to enable the assayer to separate the one from the other—nay, more, to discover the mine from whence it came.

When he says of Helen Gardener, “With broader studies of humanity, by the methods of liberal science, she may learn that history has been enriched and our ideals of humanity elevated by innumerable lives of heroic duty, inspired by the example of the Nazarine teacher, whose wonderful life, so poorly and imperfectly transmitted by the traditional records, has ever been and will ever continue to be the inspiration of the noblest,” what does he mean?

We rejoice that this young woman has been brave enough to strike a blow (and we hope a true and a strong one) against the vices of the age. In this we bid her Godspeed, and with all our powers would

hold up her hands; but alas! alas! for that society, for that individual whose dependence for reformation is based upon an arm of flesh.

Another writer reviewing this book says, "The Christian world has accepted the idea that man is less culpable for the same vice than woman. What is held as supreme degradation in her is looked upon as a venial sin in him. The church has been the great exponent of morals, in accordance with the Biblical teaching that man is superior to woman, that "she, not first created, was first in sin;" that the man is not for the woman, but the woman for the man. "Genesis and Paul corroborate each other; the Old Testament and the New are alike upon this point of woman's created inferiority and original sin."

This writer is the "President of the Woman's National Liberal Union" and is perhaps one of the leaders of that *liberal science*, by the methods of which Helen Gardener is to learn so much. The science which, while it boasts of its liberality, can yet unblushingly make statements as false as these.

Is the counterfeit a proof that there is no genuine? Does the presence of alloy destroy the fact of the existence of the pure gold? What right has Mrs. Gage, what right has any man or woman who has access to the Bible to so falsify, so distort its precepts and teachings; and what hope exists for that people who have no safer leader than such as these? That man or woman be he whom he may, that makes the assertion that the Bible, either in the Old or the New Testament, either by assertion or implication teaches the inferiority of woman to man, makes one which is not only palpably false, but which has not the shadow of a foundation upon which to rest.

Not only this, but we challenge any one to prove from the word of God or the teachings of inspired men or women that ever the religion of the Bible had one code of morals for man and another for woman; and, what is yet more, we believe it true and fully susceptible of demonstration that all which is worthy of imitation in the life of any human being is the result of the spark of divine life within them. The more this spark is fed by that virtue which alone can maintain its life, the more it is assimilated into the divine

likeness. Cease to give it its material food and it languishes, withers and is choked by evil weeds.

Said Joseph Smith, in a recent sermon, "Christ made no compromise with sin, and there is no provision for any in the gospel."

It is the cowardliness of the pulpit which has brought it into such disrepute, and deservedly so; for if one coward is to be held in contempt above another, is it not he who has been sent from God with authority to declare the terms of man's acceptance and reconciliation to him and who proves false to his trust through fear of men? But is not this the key to the situation in which the organizations called *the church* find themselves to-day: These men have not been sent of God, but have been heaped up by a people having itching ears, who have turned from the truth unto fables? Never yet were men sent of God without the seal of his authority; and never until false to his trust, false to the gospel message he was empowered to deliver, has man so sent taught any doctrine so basely reflecting upon the fatherhood of God as these we have been considering.

Fill the land to-day with liberal reformers, just as earnest, just as pure, just as zealous as Helen Gardener herself; join to their ranks if you will, thousands of towering intellects, and let them have unopposed influence over the masses of mankind; but withdraw from the world the light of the gospel preached by Christ and the illiterate fishermen of Galilee, and language would be powerless to depict the wreck and ruin, the hopeless misery and depth of gloom.

Oh, the pity of it! Oh, the shame and base ingratitude of it! God is the Creator and preserver of all, and has given to man, in order that he might triumph, might grow in wisdom, knowledge and intelligence, until he should reach the full measure of the stature of what God intended him to be in Christ Jesus, *his own agency*, the power to choose the good or reject it, to do the evil or to leave it undone; has blessed him with wisdom, intelligence and mental powers almost boundless in their scope, and while leaving him his own free untrammelled power of will, he yet so loves him that by all manner of persuasion, by strong and powerful, though silent agencies, he woos

him to seek the right and shun the wrong; to love virtue and hate vice; to aspire to all things good and holy, but to reject the impure and unclean.

In the language of another, "Where, but for his strong silent curbing, would not the powers of evil bear us? The law of progression in sin, its tendency to accelerate its swift steps, its manifold powers, only give way before a higher law. A silent messenger from God bars the way. The unspoken 'Thus far and no farther,' conquers."

But despite all this, despite the shedding forth constantly of "that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," the oil of which never fails, like Nebuchadnezzar, these men and woman, the lights of science and leaders of liberal thought (?) stand forth with unblushing cheeks and ask, "Is not this great Babylon, *that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?*"

Young Saints, mark this well; for it has upon it the brand of his satanic majesty. When Lucifer asked God to send him to redeem mankind, he said: "Send

me; I will be thy Son, and I will redeem all mankind that not one soul shall be lost, and surely I will do it; therefore, give me thine honor." But when the Son spoke, he said, "Father, thy will be done, and the glory be thine forever."

Whenever man lifts himself up, exalting his own greatness, nobility and virtue, saying "By the might of my own inherited goodness I have done this, and the honor is mine," then it is time for those who love the Lord to beware of that influence; for Christ taught his followers that to God is all glory and honor to be ascribed, and that "his is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever."

Wayland says, "The conscience of man can never maintain its supremacy over the passions unless its decisions are enforced by a belief in the existence of such a Deity as the Scriptures reveal—an Omnipotent Being of almighty power, boundless goodness, immaculate purity and inflexible justice. Nothing less than this will hold in check the violence of human passion, and repress the all-grasping tendency of human selfishness."

SINCERITY SEEKING SALVATION.—No. III.

BY ÉLDER T. W. SMITH.

"I WOULD like to ask you another question," said Sincerity. "What are the other principles of the doctrine of Christ, named by Paul?"

Said he, "Faith, repentance, baptism, and the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment; and these we hold as firmly, and teach as boldly as any church on earth, and much more so than many others."

"But," said Sincerity, "why do you exclude from your 'Christian system' this one principle called the laying on of hands?"

"Because," said he, "the Holy Spirit is not received to-day, except as it is received through the written word; and whosoever reads and believes the written word, receives the Holy Spirit thereby; and as the Holy Spirit is not given as in former days, there is no need of the laying on of hands."

"But," said Sincerity, "everybody who can read at all, can read the written word and believe it, even the unconverted, or the natural man, in other words the sinner; but Paul said, 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned.' 'But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man.' Again he says, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him; but God hath revealed them unto us by the Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God, knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received not the

spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.' Now I would like to ask you another question or two: What was it that Jesus promised his disciples, and which was given them on the day of Pentecost? Was it the written word, which, as far as the Old Testament is concerned, they already had, (and the New was not written for many years after), or was it a divine influence, energy or power by which they could prophesy, heal the sick, work miracles, discern spirits, cast out devils; speak in new tongues, etc.?"

"Why, it was this divine influence or power as you call it," said Mr. C., "which bestows various "spiritual gifts" such as you named, and others."

"Another question," remarked Sincerity: Was this promised Spirit limited, or in other words, was the promise of the Holy Spirit limited to the disciples or apostles?"

"Well, no, not exactly," said Mr. C., "for Peter, one of the apostles, said to the multitude of Jews and Jewish proselytes assembled at Jerusalem, 'For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.' That would include all the world, of course, in that age of the world at least."

"That would be the same idea," remarked Sincerity, "as expressed by the Savior, when he said to his apostles, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;' and then added, 'And these signs shall follow them that believe,' naming them."

"Yes," said he, "it would seem so; but then it would only apply to that age of the world."

"That is," said Sincerity, "that the gospel was to be preached in that age of the world only."

"Oh no," said Mr. C., "not at all. The gospel is to be preached now as well as at that time; but while the gospel is to be preached now as well as then, and people are required to believe it now or be damned now if they do not, yet they are not to be blessed now as they were then, if any do believe it in these days."

"Is not God changeable, and is he not a respecter of persons?" inquired Sincerity.

"Oh, no," said Mr. C., "in him 'is no

variableness, neither shadow of turning.' 'God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.'—Acts 10: 34, 35."

"Well," said Sincerity, "please answer me another question: Did you not say that God was calling upon the world to-day to come to him and be saved, or that he is calling the people to receive salvation through the belief of and obedience to the gospel?"

"Yes, that is the case," said Mr. C."

"Well, then," replied Sincerity, "the promise of the Holy Spirit is unto all that are called; and therefore as God is unchangeable, and as Christ is also, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and the gospel is the same, and the promise is to all them who believe, I shall believe therefore that the Holy Ghost is to be received to-day, and that, too, through the laying on of the hands of the ministry of the church of Christ. Mr. Campbello, have you authority to do that part of the work of the ministry?"

"Oh, no," said he, "I do not claim that. I would not dare to presume to say to any one 'in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,' that they shall receive the Holy Spirit. I do not even presume to baptize in the name of these heavenly and divine powers. I baptize them 'into' the names."

"But did God or Christ commission you personally to baptize at all?" asked Sincerity.

"No," said he, "but I find my authority in the Bible."

"Well," replied Sincerity, "I am satisfied that you could not claim to be called of God, for you do not believe that there is any Holy Spirit except what is in the written word, or the Bible; so you could not be called by divine revelation, or through the Holy Ghost speaking by or through prophets, as was the case of Paul and Barnabas, and Timothy; (Acts 13: 1-4; 1 Tim. 4: 14; 2 Tim. 1: 6, 14); and I do not suppose that you were called of God as was Aaron. (Heb. 5: 4). But pray tell me how the right or authority to baptize by immersion for remission of sins came to be exercised by your ministry, as I learn that you came out from other churches which did not so practice?"

"Well," said Mr. C., "it came about in

this way, as Elder Barton W. Stone, who was one of the founders of our church explains: 'The brethren, elders and deacons came together on this subject, for we had agreed previously with one another to act in concert, and not to adventure on anything new, without advice from one another. At this meeting we took up this matter in a brotherly spirit, and concluded that every brother and sister should act freely, and according to their conviction of right, that we should cultivate the long neglected grace of forbearance toward each other; they who should be impressed should not despise those who were not, and *vice versa*. The Baptists would not, except we united with them; and there were no elders among us who had been immersed. It was finally concluded that if we were authorized to preach, we were also authorized to baptize. The work then commenced, the preachers baptizing one another, and crowds came and were baptized. My congregations very generally submitted to it; and it soon obtained greatly, and yet the pulpit was silent on the subject.—Cane Ridge, Ky.' "

"Do you consider," inquired Sincerity, "that a person who is not baptized for remission of sins is a Christian, or a child of God?"

"Why, certainly not," said Mr. C., "for by not being baptized into Christ he has not put on Christ, and is of course not in Christ."

"Well, then," answered Sincerity, "can baptism performed by an unbaptized person be approved of God, unless it might be that God should directly command such an one to baptize on the ground that no one could be found on earth, or available who was properly qualified to administer it?"

"Well, no, I do not think that any one unbaptized could perform a legal baptism; but if there was no one to be found who had been properly baptized himself, a person who realized that he needed to be baptized must either remain unbaptized or else baptize himself, or be baptized by some other unbaptized person."

"But," queried Sincerity, "what difference could there be in a person remaining unbaptized and being baptized (or immersed) by an unqualified person? The act of the latter could not be considered a legal baptism, unless it is not necessary for any one to be authorized of God to

act in his name. And if baptism performed by unbaptized persons is legal, then there is no necessity for any one being ordained as a minister to perform that or similar work.

"Do you consider that an alien or foreigner can legally bestow citizenship on another alien or foreigner in a government of which he is not himself a citizen, and of course not an officer therein?"

Mr. C. could only say that of course he could not bestow citizenship in a government to which he did not belong; and he admitted that even citizenship alone in any particular government would not entitle him to officiate in any capacity in that government, unless he was duly elected or appointed to act in the name of the government, and that no one, not duly authorized to administer the oath of allegiance in a government could constitute a foreigner a citizen thereof. But, strange to say, he thought the kingdom of God such a loosely arranged and illy constituted government that it showed less wisdom and order in its organization than any human government; even less systematic and orderly than the government of a tribe of Indians, or any heathen government.

As he said that his authority to preach was obtained from the Bible, Sincerity now said to him, "Where does the Bible speak of your being appointed to preach the gospel?"

He replied that his authority was found in the "commission" that Christ gave his apostles, recorded in Matt. 28: 19, and Mark 16: 15.

Sincerity then asked whether a commandment to do a certain work given to certain men was a commandment to him or anybody else?

He said that he considered it was in this case.

"But," replied Sincerity, "why do you not practice the ordinance of washing one another's feet, for Christ commanded the same men to do that whom he commanded to preach the gospel, and if you are laboring under that commission, it is strange that you do not observe the practice of laying on of hands, as these men did to whom Christ gave the commission. If you have the powers that Christ conveyed to them, why do you not exercise them, and why do not the evidences of that fact follow in the experiences of those

who hear, believe and obey your doctrine? The "signs" do not follow them that believe your preaching. Why should you claim the authority to preach and baptize on the ground that Christ commissioned other men in another age and in another land to do so, and yet not do everything else that they were commanded to do? On the same ground why do you not build an ark because God commanded Noah to build one? Why not do what God commanded Abraham, and Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon, and John the Baptist to do? You have as much right to assume the offices that God conferred upon these men, and do the work that he required at their hands as to assume an office that Christ conferred upon Peter, James and John. But you claim to preach the gospel. Pray what do you preach as the gospel?"

Mr. C.—"Why, I preach the three facts of Christ's death, burial and resurrection; and that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. Whosoever believes this is a believer of the gospel and a proper candidate for baptism."

"A fact is something that has been accomplished, is it not, or a demonstrable truth?" asked Sincerity.

"Yes," replied Mr. C., "and therefore the gospel was not preached in its full force and power, and in truth, until the day of Pentecost. Christ could not preach his death, burial and resurrection as facts until they became facts; and it is evident that the apostles did not understand what Christ meant when he alluded to his death and resurrection, and they could hardly believe the story of his resurrection until they had seen Christ alive; therefore they could not preach these truths either prospectively or even as accomplished facts until they occurred. They could not preach that these things would occur when they did not clearly believe and understand them."

"I admit that," said Sincerity; "but these men, and Christ also preached something called the gospel, before these three facts occurred; and as you say, they could not preach them as facts until after his resurrection; therefore what they preached before was not of course the 'three-fact gospel;' nevertheless it was a gospel, and the gospel. It was called, 'The gospel of the kingdom of God,' 'the

glad tidings of the kingdom of God,' 'this gospel of the kingdom,' etc." (Matt. 4: 23; 24: 14; Mark 1: 14, 15; Luke 4: 18, 43; 8: 1; 9: 2, etc.)

Mr. C.—"Yes, that is all true, but after Christ arose from the dead, the disciples preached his death, burial and resurrection."

"True," replied Sincerity, "but that was not all they preached; in fact the history shows that they preached after he arose from the dead, the same doctrine or gospel that was preached before he died, in other words the gospel of the kingdom of God; and if, as you say, the three facts could not be preached until they had occurred, and there was a gospel preached before they occurred, and the same gospel was preached after they had occurred, you must see that these facts were only additional truths, and did not supersede the other truths, facts or principles (whatever they may have been) that composed or constituted the gospel of the kingdom. If you preach these three facts alone, you do not preach as did the apostles, and your gospel is but a partial and an imperfect one, and can of course produce only a partial and imperfect faith. To produce a full and perfect faith, a full and perfect gospel must be preached; at least it seems so to me that the kingdom of God was preached after Christ arose from the dead, and as the apostles were instructed to preach, is seen by reading Acts 1: 3; 8: 12; 19: 8; 20: 25; 28: 23, 31."

Mr. C.—"Yes, but Paul said, 'I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified.'"

"True," replied Sincerity, "but nevertheless that same Paul preached the 'kingdom of God;' and as that was preached before 'Christ was crucified,' as well as after, there are therefore two separate gospels, or else 'the gospel of the kingdom' included 'Christ and him crucified;' and if that is so, you must be mistaken in your idea that the death, burial and resurrection of Christ were not understood and preached before they occurred. Paul preached the kingdom of God. The gospel is called 'the gospel of the kingdom of God;' and he said, 'If an angel from heaven' or 'any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.'—Gal. 1: 8, 9. Now either Christ's death, burial and

resurrection were understood by those who preached the gospel before these events occurred, and they were included in and formed part of the gospel of the kingdom, or Paul preached two gospels—one concerning ‘Christ and him crucified,’ which you say you preach; also one called ‘the things concerning the kingdom of God;’ which of course you do not preach—or they are all one gospel. But that can not be if your position is correct, that is, that the gospel of ‘Christ and him crucified’ was not and could not be preached until after his resurrection. We read that the ‘kingdom of God’ was preached before Christ was crucified; therefore either there are two gospels, or else those who preached the kingdom of God understood the death, burial and resurrection of Christ. Now which of these two gospels did Paul mean that he preached?”

Mr. C.—“Well, of course the record shows that he preached ‘the kingdom of God,’ and ‘Christ and him crucified.’”

Sincerity—“Then of course they are either two separate gospels, or one and the same. If they are one and the same, then the death, burial, etc., of Christ were preached before they occurred; for the gospel of the kingdom was preached before his death, as we have seen.”

Mr. C.—“What proof have we that Christ’s sufferings, etc., were understood before they occurred?”

Sincerity read the following: “Then he said unto them, O, fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself. And he said unto them, these are the words which I spake unto you while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms concerning me. Then opened he their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them: ‘Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer and rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name, among all nations,

beginning at Jerusalem.’—Luke 24: 25, 27, 44, 47. Again we read that, Paul ‘Mightily convinced the Jews and that publicly, showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was Christ,’ or, ‘is the Christ,’ margin.—Acts 18: 28. Again we read: ‘Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls, of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace which should come unto you, searching what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow.’—1 Pet. 9: 10, 11.”

Mr. C.—“But it is the gospel as recorded in the New Testament Scriptures that is the power of God unto salvation, and which gives us faith in Christ Jesus.”

“Yes,” answered Sincerity, “but please tell me what Scriptures Timothy knew when he was a child?”

Mr. C.—“Why, I suppose the Old Testament Scriptures of course, for there is no evidence that there was any of the New Testament written when Timothy was a child.”

Sincerity—“That is, no doubt, the truth; and the Acts of the Apostles which contain the ‘memorable sermon’ of Peter on the day of Pentecost, at which time the gospel was preached in ‘fact and fulness,’ as you say, this record, I say, was not written when Paul wrote to Timothy, and, at least, he had not read that Scripture when he was a child. If it was the Old Testament Scriptures that he read, then they were able to make Timothy ‘wise unto salvation,’ and that too, ‘through faith which is in Christ Jesus;’ and furthermore: they were ‘profitable for doctrine, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.’—2 Tim. 3: 15-17. Now what more can the New Testament do than making a man ‘wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus,’ and thoroughly furnish him ‘unto all good works?’ Now the gospel was preached to Abraham.—Galatians 3: 8, and to the children of Israel in the wilderness, who composed at that time the ‘church.’—Heb. 4: 2; Acts 7: 38.”

(To be Continued.)

ELDER JOHN BRUSH.—No. IV.

BY TWO FRIENDS.

THAT we may the better understand God's mercy to those who try to trust him, let us review the closing events of the last chapter.

The Saints gathered at Far West, numbered perhaps a thousand in all, the number of men being between two hundred and fifty and three hundred. Immediately before them was an advancing army of five or six thousand men, drawn up in line of battle, with every appearance of intending to assault the city; and if this should be the case, what must be the result? Bloodshed, violence, and perhaps the extermination of every soul within the city. And how was this to be prevented? Truly, in a natural sense, the inhabitants were powerless to prevent it; but there was an element there that even in that awful moment calmed their hearts and bade them await the results of the hour in hope. Women came out and stood by their husbands, ready to participate in any result that might come to them, and they could not be persuaded to turn back. With all eyes upon him, Bro. Joseph turned to the Saints and said: "Brethren, don't go into trouble any farther than you see me go." "We won't," was the reply, and he then arranged his men in the line spoken of opposite the enemy. When this had been done, Bro. Brush says that the power and presence of the Holy Spirit was felt, by him at least, to such an extent that he felt perfectly assured of their safety; and when the cries of "Retreat!" were heard, they were no surprise to him. But why or in what manner they had been caused to turn back, he did not know until a couple of days afterward.

That night (Tuesday) was spent in throwing up rude fortifications in the streets and outskirts of the city, with the hope to prevent the cavalry from charging through the town and riding over the inhabitants; but during the next day they were unmolested. In the morning came the flag of truce, as recorded in the "Life of Joseph the Prophet," and in the evening Bro. Joseph and others found themselves prisoners of war in the enemy's camp.

On Thursday all fear and restraint seemed to leave the enemy, as they now had the prophet in charge, and they again marched up to the city in line of battle, surrounded it, and at the point of the bayonet forced every man into the public square. When there the demand was made by General Lucas for the arms of the Saints, which were reluctantly given up.

"Where is your army?" said some of the soldiers to Bro. Brush.

"Here we are," said he, pointing to the handful of men gathered on the public square.

"But where are the rest of them?" they asked.

"They are all here," was the reply; whereupon the soldiers remarked that they knew that was a lie, saying they had seen legions of armed men the other night, forming the most terrible army they had ever looked upon. Many others testified to the same thing, and it will now be understood why the Saints were not molested until the prophet was secured.

Reader, was our Father in heaven any less a miracle-working God in this time of need of his people than when he fought the battles of Gideon, recorded in the Olden Scriptures? We think not; and yet it might be asked why they were not wholly protected from the attacks of their persecutors. The answer might be, had they been so wise as to keep every commandment God had given them, they might have been wholly preserved from evil; but inasmuch as they had a desire to do right, yet were not fully diligent in seeking to understand the commandments, they could only receive a partial blessing.

When the Saints had given up their arms, they were next compelled to sign away all their property, both personal and real, for purposes both illegal and uncalled for. Justice Fleming was compelled to administer the oath, and the Saints had to affirm that they did of their own free will and accord sign away their property to reimburse their enemies for damage done (?) by them, and to pay their honest debts. But this would not stand, for upon General Doniphan's finding out

what was going on, he came to General Lucas and forbade him to proceed.

The Saints were then allowed to go to their homes at Far West, but before they disbursed a four-horse covered wagon drove into the square, containing Joseph and Hyrum on their way to jail. Joseph called out, "Brethren, don't be discouraged. I shall see you again;" and the mob replied, "No, never!" But Joseph was right.

The weather now turned very cold and that night it snowed six inches. The suffering this occasioned to those who were obliged to sleep out of doors can only be imagined, and coupled with their unsheltered condition was the fact of their being almost destitute of food. Before dark, however, Bro. Brush went to Captain Bogart, whom he had previously known, and obtained permission to get food from the commissary wagon, which with all the stock and other belongings of the army had been brought into the city. Obtaining a good sized dressed hog and one hundred and fifty pounds of flour he rejoiced the hearts of many for the night, and on the next day Bogart came to them and said that all who had homes might go to them, and he would see that they were protected. This measure the Saints gladly complied with, and Bro. Brush and family with others from Plum Creek walked through the snow six miles to their homes immediately.

But the Saints, to save war, had promised to leave the state as fast as they could; and this they now began to do. The main body of them went into Illinois, as is well known; but Bro. Brush and family went down to Chariton county, his wife's old home, in order to get another start. They found no Saints there, but three or four families followed them, including his father-in-law's; and they readily found work with fair wages, and were soon quite comfortable again. Remaining there until the next spring, four families of them resolved to go over into Illinois; and with but two wagons and two yoke of oxen they started out.

Arriving in Quincy, Bro. Brush found work for a few days and then concluded to go over to Fulton county, his early home, while his father-in-law and the other families went up to Nauvoo. While here a daughter was born to his wife, and the little one throve nicely, growing to

womanhood, marrying, and dying a mother herself some years ago in San Bernardino, California. He remained in Fulton county about a year and prospered well, earning a good living and about three hundred dollars in money besides. There were no Saints nearer than twelve or fifteen miles from each other where Bro. Brush was in Fulton county, so no meetings could be held, and to one who had realized the blessings of companionship with Saints as he had, there came a great longing to be with them again.

Accordingly, in the spring of 1840, he went to the beautiful city of Nauvoo. Here he bought a lot and built a nice hewed log house, and then sought labor for earning the living. He soon secured a job of cutting wood on one of the river islands for the steamers that plied up and down. He had a good team and wagon and sometimes worked at teaming, being busy at something always, and laying up money ahead.

While here, another child was born to them, a fine little boy named John Ammon, who lived but a little over a year, dying then with whooping cough. This was a sore loss to Bro. Brush, who, at all times affectionate and tender-hearted, had almost a worshiping love for children. To this day no child passes his side unnoticed, and the little tots, knowing their friend, hold up both arms to be taken as soon as they see him coming.

Perhaps to the young a brief description of Nauvoo as it then was may not seem amiss. It was situated in a bend of the river, giving it the appearance of a rounded cape. The ground sloped gradually back for about a mile until the level of the prairie was reached, and at the top of this slope the temple was situated. The city was laid off in blocks for about two miles back from the river, and for about two miles in a north and south direction. The blocks were divided up into acre lots, about eight or ten in each, except where the business houses were, where the lots were smaller; and around the temple was reserved a large public square.

With regard to spiritual affairs, the city was laid off in wards, and every ward had a priest, teacher and deacon over it. While the general preaching and sacrament services were held in the temple, each ward had its own weekly

prayer-meeting, and these were usually attended by every able member in the ward. The gifts and blessings of the gospel were abundantly manifested here, and all took part at some time in the services. Such a thing as a person being a member of the church for years and taking no part in the prayer and testimony meetings was then unknown, for all felt the Spirit's influence sufficiently to exercise a gift, to supplicate, or to testify.

In about a year after Bro. Brush had come to Nauvoo, he was ordained by Jesse Baker to be one of that quorum of elders spoken of in Doctrine and Covenants 107:43, who were given to be standing ministers to the church; and from that time forth he was constantly called upon to administer to the sick and officiate in other ordinances of the church. Having great sympathy for the suffering, and great faith in the mercy and goodness of God, whenever it was consistent with divine will, blessing followed his administrations.

In 1841 the revelation concerning baptism for the dead was received, and in that year Bro. Brush was baptized for many of his friends. His father, obeying the dictates of the same revelation, was immersed numerous times for his friends. About this time also there was the custom of being baptized for the health; but whether the practice was by command or not Bro. Brush does not know. However, he testifies to having seen marvelous results follow the ordinance, one or two of which will be mentioned.

One woman had been sick with a fever, and her strength had become so reduced that she was unable to speak. Upon being asked if she desired to be baptized for her health, she signaled affirmatively, and they put her in a rocking chair and carried her down to the river. Wading out until the water was sufficiently deep, Bro. Brush immersed her and in a few days she was walking about the house.

Another person, a little girl, had been sick and was given up to die. Carrying her in his arms for a half mile down to the river, he immersed her and she immediately recovered.

The gift of tongues still seemed to be poured out upon Bro. Brush, and many were strengthened by prophecy or exhortation in this manner. It was a custom for the Saints in the different wards to

hold their prayer meetings on nights differing from those in the adjacent wards, and in this way many could attend more than the one meeting during the week. One time when Bro. Brush had gone to the prayer meeting of another ward he was moved upon to speak in tongues, and the interpretation of the tongue was as follows: "Thus saith the Lord, except the people of my church do better and more faithfully keep my law, they shall be driven even from here, and Joseph their prophet shall be taken."

This was a startling revelation to the Saints, as they could not know the hidden workings of the minds of all. They could not believe that Joseph their prophet could be taken, and they doubted the source of the tongue. Grieved to the heart over the interpretation of the tongue, and unable to rest until he ascertained the truth concerning it, Bro. Brush at last sent a man to Bro. Joseph, who, after repeating it, asked him if the tongue was of the Lord. Bro. Joseph replied, "Tell the brother to set his mind at rest. The tongue is too true; it is of the Lord."

Time passed on with Bro. Brush in the administration of temporal and spiritual affairs until, in November, 1843, he was called upon to bear the heaviest trial he had yet experienced, the loss of his wife. Passing away at the age of twenty-two, she had yet seen enough of suffering to cause her to wish to depart, and she was happy in the prospect of going. She was a woman of strong faith and patient disposition, and knew that her time had come. But Bro. Brush now felt alone in the world, and feeling that he could never again endure to look upon such suffering in one that he loved, he resolved never to marry another. The little girl was taken by the wife's mother to be cared for, and here Bro. Brush also made his home.

And now along in the winter of 1843 and '4, certain visible signs of the fulfillment of the tongue spoken by Bro. Brush began to appear. The Saints had obtained a charter for their city and municipal officers were chosen according to it. At the same time they organized themselves into the Nauvoo Legion, and cannon, arms and ammunition were brought into the city. Naturally those who stood high in spiritual affairs were chosen to fill offices in the city and Legion, and while the Saints themselves had no thought

other than to claim and exercise the rights common to all American citizens, their great unity in all things aroused the spirit of suspicion and jealousy among non-believers. Their numbers had now grown into thousands, and as some of the Saints in their zeal even stated the idea of electing Joseph for president of the United States, what wonder that it was feared these people would finally rule the nation!

Then again some who had held high positions in the church itself apostatized from the faith. Not content with simply leaving a people they could not see eye to eye with, they must needs do all in their power to destroy their religion—and perhaps the people themselves—and a newspaper of the vilest character was started by them in Nauvoo itself. As is well known in history, this was declared a nuisance by the city council, and the building was torn down.

This act seemed to focus the antagonism against the Saints, and Joseph and others were arrested because of it, and tried before the courts in Nauvoo. They were here acquitted of crime, however, but for reasons it was demanded that they be tried at Carthage in the next county; the Governor so ordering, with a promise to protect them while there.

During the days intervening between the trial at Nauvoo and the going to Carthage, rumors of mobs were heard in every direction. The Legion began to “train” to be ready in case it was needed that they defend the city, and pickets were stationed on every road leading into the town.

Believing the demand that they should go to Carthage illegal, but deeming it best that they should comply with the request of the Governor, Joseph knowing what would be the result of his so doing, had all the inhabitants of the city called together near the Mansion House, that he might speak to them before he went. When they had assembled, he climbed to the top of an unfinished building that all might hear, and among other things said: “Brethren, before you would see me taken to Carthage and butchered, would you be willing to lay down your lives for me?” “Yes,” answered all the people with a mighty shout; but the sentence which followed was hardly understood by them. “Brethren,” said Joseph, “just as you are

willing to lay down your lives for me, so am I willing to die for you.”

Shortly afterward, coming near to where Bro. Brush and others were, he said: “Farewell brethren, and farewell to the city I have loved. I am going like a lamb to the slaughter.”

He was then hurried away to Carthage and by another illegal process confined with Hyrum and others in jail, where he remained nearly two days before his death. During this time he sent word to the Saints to remain peaceable in case any ill should befall him, “For,” said he, “they must have blood, and my blood will satisfy them.”

But the Saints thought he was above being harmed by an enemy, doubtless as the disciples thought of Christ, and they did not realize that the awful result could happen which followed his prophetic warnings. Bro. Brush also was blinded for the time, though, as will be seen, he afterwards remembered the warnings that had been given.

On the evening of the murder Bro. Brush was going from his home down into the city when he came to a group of men who said, “They say that Joseph and Hyrum are killed, but we cannot believe it.” In an instant the warnings of the tongue and Joseph’s sayings flashed through Bro. Brush’s mind and he said, “Joseph and Hyrum will never have another time to die.” Bursting into tears, they could not control their grief, and when the news was verified and spread through the city, what terrible mourning filled all the inhabitants thereof!

Not with outward show and pompous ceremonials was Joseph mourned, but by honest tears of grief, and the heart sobs of thousands of people. They had lost their leader and were now like sheep without a shepherd, but more than this they had lost a friend and brother, for not one true Saint was there in all that city but loved Joseph for himself as well as honored him in his position.

On the next day the murdered bodies of Joseph and Hyrum, placed in coffins, were brought to Nauvoo for the funeral rites. Placed in the Mansion House, opposite to each other, the inhabitants of the city were permitted to pass through and view them for the last time. Not a dry eye did Bro. Brush see among all that

vast concourse of people, some ten or fifteen thousand of whom passed through the room. When his turn came, Mother Smith was standing between the two

coffins with a hand on the head of each of her sons saying: "My sons! oh, my sons! thus have you died for the testimony of Jesus!"

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

NEW life and energy seemed to have sprung up in the branch. Meetings were held at Henderson Grove regularly, every two weeks. The gifts of the gospel were enjoyed; peace and joy filled each heart, and the love of God abounded.

Shortly after my identification with the church, while engaged in sorting potatoes in the cellar, my mind engrossed in meditation upon the work of the Lord, my soul was filled with holy joy. The Spirit of God was upon me, and I was engaged in singing psalms of praise to the God of Jacob, when I became conscious that I was pouring out my soul in a song of praise in another language, and it pleased God to also give me the interpretation; but I cannot reproduce it now. I wrote it, but by some means it has been lost.

Bro. Moore, (who lived about a mile east of us) and myself held prayer meetings once a week alternately, at houses. On one occasion we were greatly blessed, the spiritual gift of tongues was given, and it affected my wife so much that she could not sleep; the person speaking in tongues was continually before her. The result was that she went with us to the Grove to meeting, heard Bro. Zenos H. Gurley, Sen., preach, and after hearing a few sermons more, was baptized, together with R. C. Moore, a brother of W. A. Moore. Sr. Moore was received on her original baptism, I think; so also was Mother Moore.

We now had a goodly number at the Grove interested in the meetings which began to be held once a week. My brother, Thomas F. Stafford, began to attend the meetings, and was baptized, his wife soon following.

Bro. George Braby, an old-time Saint, was soon discovered living in the neighborhood of Bro. W. A. Moore's, who for a while argued in favor of the Brigham-

ite Church, his chief argument being the saying of the prophet, Daniel, "It shall not be left to another people, but it [the kingdom] shall stand forever." He became convinced of his error, united with the Reorganized Church, and became a useful minister for Christ.

On one occasion, a wagon load of the Saints were going from Abingdon to the meeting at the Grove, when a Campbellite elder by the name of Miller caught up with us, and being well acquainted with my brother, asked him to ride with him in his buggy. My brother was scarcely seated in the buggy before the conversation commenced, by Mr. Miller, about the Mormons. After conversing a short time the elder said, "Well Tommy, I am going to put the same question to you that I have put to many of the old elders of your church, who used to stop with me when they were sent out on a mission from Nauvoo to the east (the elder was well advanced in years), which question none of them were ever able to answer, and there were some of your smartest elders among them. I want you to tell me how Smith's testimony can be true, for he bears record of himself, and the Savior himself said, "If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true."

My brother answered that he was only lately baptized in the church, that he was not posted in the Scriptures as he intended to be, with God's blessing, and frankly told him that he could not then answer him, but asked for a little time, and said he would try to give him an answer.

"Well Tommy," he smilingly said in a spirit of great assurance, "You may have all the time you want. You cannot answer it; you cannot get around the Savior's statement; and if the Savior could not be a true witness, bearing witness of himself, Joseph Smith's testimony

of himself surely cannot be; so you see where the error of your people is in believing in a false witness."

My brother joining us again, told us of the conversation, and particularly the question propounded by the Campbellite elder. This question was on my mind all the time, both in meeting and out, and in the night when awake. After returning home on Monday morning, I arose early, got my Testament and turned to John 5: 31 and read: "If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true." I had prayed in secret over it, at intervals, ever since my brother had told me about the statement, and now I pondered in my mind and prayed for light on it. I reasoned within myself like this, "Can it be possible that the Savior was sent from heaven at the express command of his Father to do his will, and to bear witness of this fact, and yet his witness not true?" I could not believe it. "Again," I reflected, "was not the testimony of any or all of the ancient prophets who came bearing the word of the Lord, and telling the people they were sent of God to declare that word, true?" Preposterous! The word of God was always given to them as individuals to declare to the people. They had to testify of themselves that they were sent of the Lord, and their testimony was true; and Joseph Smith was on a par, in this respect, with the rest of the prophets of God, and had to declare that God had sent him.

But under these feelings I was drawn out to read on, commencing at the scriptures named, and could not give up. I read the balance of the fifth chapter, through the sixth and seventh chapters, verse by verse, carefully; through a part of the eighth chapter until I came to the 13th verse; and I found the same accusation made by the Pharisees against the Son of God that the Campbellite elder made against Joseph Smith, "Thou bearest record of thyself; thy record is not true." The answer of Jesus came next, and O! how my heart bounded with joy when I read it. Jesus answered and said unto them, "Though I bear record of myself, yet my record is true," etc.

I closed the book and went to town on a lively walk to acquaint my brother with what I had found, in order that he might be ready to give an answer to the Campbellite elder when he came. In the course

of a few days he came in the store where my brother was with that self-assuring smile on his face, and said, "Well, Tommy, have you got the answer to that question I gave you?"

"O, yes," replied my brother, "and I learn that you were wrong. I find that Jesus said, 'Though I bear record of myself, yet my record *is true.*'" The elder somewhat incredulously asked, "Where is it? It is not in my Bible."

My brother replied, "Uncle Johnny, it is in the Mormon Bible."

"Ah!" said the elder, "I thought it was not in the Christian Bible."

"The Bible that it is in is none other than King James' translation, which you and I and all so-called Mormons, as well as all professing Christians claim to believe, and we Mormons claim the right to call it our Bible as much as you do," replied my brother.

"Where is it found?" eagerly inquired the elder.

My brother had the Testament ready and pointed him to the eighth chapter and thirteenth verse of John's gospel.

He read it and held the book for some time and looked dumfounded. At length my brother asked, "Are you satisfied, Uncle Johnny, that you are wrong?"

The reply was, "Yes, Tommy, you are correct."

We did not then have the Inspired Translation to show that both passages bore the same testimony, or we could have shown him that the error in the fifth chapter, thirteenth verse, was the fault of the transcriber in the King James translation; the Inspired Translation reading in the fifth chapter of John, "Therefore, if I bear witness of myself, yet my witness is true;" and in the eighth chapter reading as in the King James.

The meetings held in the grove began to be well attended; the people became interested; the services of Elder Gurley in preaching the word were called into requisition, and the Spirit of the Lord attended the preaching and social meetings. The Lord was graciously pleased to meet with us by the power of his Spirit, manifested in the gift of tongues, interpretation of the same, through prophecy and heavenly visions, and, also, there were in those times several remarkable cases of healing.

About this time, residing in the city of

Galesburg, Knox county, Illinois, was a Baptist lady, whose mother-in-law was an old time Latter Day Saint, and with whom she had many discussions in opposition to our faith. This lady was taken sick. Her system was paralyzed, so that she was unable to move or turn herself in bed. A council of eminent physicians was called and they pronounced her incurable. When death seemed to be imminent, she remembered the conversations had with her mother-in-law about the words of James, "If any are sick among you, let them send for the elders of the church, and let them pray over them, anointing them with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, etc;" but the question with her was whether the elders would come to administer to her, she not being a member of the church.

She sent for one of her nieces, who was a member of the church, and made known to her, as well as she could under her feeble condition, her desire to be administered to by the elders. The niece made known her request to Bro. Gurley, Sr., who went home from Galesburg, if my memory serves me right, where two meetings had been held, with his mind in a perplexed state over the request made by the sick woman, she being out of the pale of the church.

He could not rest at home, and, knowing that Brn. Moore, Braby and myself were stopping over night at the house of Bro. Jacob Brown, of Henderson Grove, he hitched his team to a cutter and came to where we were between the hours of nine and ten. He soon made known his errand, and stated his fears that the request might be a trick of the adversary for no good; but still he could not rest until he had determined to come over and have a season of prayer with Father Brown and those assembled with him, in order to ascertain the mind of the Lord concerning how to act in the case.

Bro. C. M. Brown having come over to his father's to have a chat with the brethren was still there when Bro. Gurley came. There were six elders and two sisters present. We knelt down and all prayed once, but received no answer. We sang a hymn, knelt down and each one prayed a second time, and still no answer. Arising, we sang the hymn, "Sweet is the work my God, my King;" and when we

came to the verse, "Thy works of grace how bright they shine, how deep thy counsels, how divine!" One arose under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and told them in the name of the Lord to go, doubting not, nor fearing; for it was of God, and that He would go before them, and would meet them there, and be with them, and his holy name should be glorified in the healing of the sick woman; for she would bear a faithful testimony of him in that city.

Bro. Gurley asked the writer to go home with him, and we arrived there about midnight. In the morning, after breakfast, we started for Galesburg in good spirits, feeling assured that God would verify his promise.

We arrived at the house of the afflicted woman and after hitching the team, were admitted into the hall, Father Gurley in advance, who entered the sick-room first; and the moment he opened the door and saw the sick woman, he commenced to prophesy upon her head. I was cleaning my feet on a door-mat in the hall, and for the moment had forgotten the promise of the Lord to meet us there, and said to myself, "Old gentleman, you are commencing pretty early to prophesy;" but the moment I crossed the threshold, the Spirit of God pervaded my whole being, and I then remembered the promise made.

Father Gurley, unthinkingly, asked for the oil, when being asked what kind of oil he wanted, said, "I did not think, you don't have it; we use olive oil, and set it apart for anointing the sick." He asked me to go to the house of a brother in town, where the two other brethren who had promised to come were supposed to be; I proceeded to town to purchase a bottle of olive oil. Going to the house, I found the brethren there and delivered the request of Elder Gurley to come right away to assist in the administration. They said in a kind of cold, careless manner, "Well, we will be there soon." I did not know how to account for this backwardness, but learned from their own lips afterward, that they had no faith in the prophecy; so that when they started, instead of coming in a direct line, they went around a block at a slow pace, and did not seem to care whether they arrived in time or not. Bro. Gurley and I arrived at the house again at the same time, and were anxiously waiting for the

brethren to come. They at length made their appearance, and very reluctantly entered the front door, and their feelings did not undergo a change until they crossed the threshold of the sick-room.

The elders all being present, we knelt down, when Bro. Gurley put up a strong appeal unto him who had all power in his hands to do according to his will; whose hand was not shortened, but was able to perform his purposes to-day as in ancient times; that he would bless his servants with his Spirit when administering to the sick one; that she might, by the faith given her, and by the united faith of the administrators, in the name of Jesus Christ, be healed. The oil was then presented before the Lord for his blessing, and was dedicated and set apart for the special purpose of anointing the sick.

After the oil was blessed, it remained in the writer's hands. Desiring Father Gurley to take it, he refused, and so did the other brethren. Elder Gurley told me to go forward and anoint, and being but recently ordained, I asked Elder Gurley if there was any particular form of words to be used in anointing. He replied, "No; go and say what God puts into your mouth."

I never shall forget the weakness I felt for a moment, but pouring out my heart in secret prayer to God for help, his Spirit came upon me in power; all fear left me, and in the faith that was given me I poured some oil in a teaspoon and gave it to her, and as I placed it to her lips, that holy power upon me bade me tell her that the Almighty God would heal her, restoring her to her wonted health and strength; and after she had swallowed the oil she exclaimed, "Glory to God, I am healed! I am healed!"

I anointed her head under the influence of that same power, and confirmed what had already been said, when the elders laid their hands upon her, also confirming the anointing, and before we left the house, she who could not move a limb, who had been given up to die by a council of the most eminent physicians in that section of the country, for whom, in man's judgment, there was no help, of her own accord, without any help, arose and sat up in bed and conversed with us freely, her heart melted and overflowing with gratitude to the Giver of all good for his blessing. Think not, dear reader,

that the elders were remiss in ascribing all praise to whom it belonged.

The next day she walked across the floor. Of course her Baptist friends heard of it and visited her. They were well aware that she had been given up to die by the physicians in their council. She bore a faithful testimony to the power of God to her and to the truth she had espoused. She was baptized a short time after, and always, when occasion offered, as long as the writer remained in that section, bore the same testimony; and no doubt will while life shall last.

The niece referred to, was herself remarkably healed by the power and goodness of our heavenly Father as follows: She had been an invalid for some time, and was taken in her bed in a wagon to be baptized, having been convinced that the elders that were preaching at her sister's, where she was stopping, preached the truth according to the Scriptures. She was taken out of the wagon from off her bed by two of the brethren and carried down into the water, and Bro. Z. H. Gurley, Sen., baptized her. She came out of the water healed, walking up the bank, praising God for his marvelous goodness exercised in her behalf; and on all suitable occasions bore a faithful testimony to the power of God to heal, through faith in his word.

The word began to be preached in Galesburg, at Cedar Fork and at Knoxville.

About this time Brn. James W. Gillen and Barton S. Parker came in the neighborhood, and by their labors the work received an onward impulse. They being greatly blessed in preaching the word, congregations increased, and souls were added to the church, as we hope, such as shall be eternally saved. The branch at Buffalo Prairie, Illinois, chiefly through the ministrations of Bro. Gillen, received new life, and souls were added to that branch of the church. Bro. Frank Reynolds was also associated with Bro. Gillen for a short season in preaching in this neighborhood.

Soon after the Nauvoo or String Prairie district was formed, Bro. Gurley said to the writer, "I believe that is a move in the right direction, and will enable the church to fulfill the law requiring the elders to meet as often as once in three months to transact whatever church busi-

ness is necessary to be done at the time; and I think a business meeting had better be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of asking the members of the several branches nearest the Henderson Grove branch to send delegates to a convention to be held at Galesburg for the purpose of forming a district including said branches, to advance the interest of the work by uniting their efforts in that direction."

The business meeting convened; the writer was authorized to write to the presidents of Buffalo Prairie, Kewanee, Princeville, and Victoria branches, extending an invitation to assemble at Galesburg for the above purpose. The date I cannot recall. The several branches responded, and at their assembly a district was formed, including said branches, Bro. Z. H. Gurley, Sr., president, E. Stafford, secretary.

From that time the work received a lively impulse. Conferences were appointed from time to time, and peace, harmony, love and unity prevailed; the Spirit of God was enjoyed by elders and members, the one in preaching the word, the other in the gifts of the Spirit, to their joy and edification, being built up and strengthened in the faith of the everlasting gospel, restored again to earth in fulfillment of the word of the Lord through the prophets.

A branch of the church was organized at Abingdon, Knox county, Illinois, consisting of eight or ten members, Wm. A. Moore, president, E. Stafford, clerk. Our numbers were few, but the word of the Lord was verified from time to time, when we assembled to worship, in the Spirit's presence, to comfort and bless. We appointed meetings to preach the word on several occasions, at three different school-houses in our town, but had rather poor attendance except on one occasion when Bro. Gurley came down. That was the first preaching of our faith there—the house was filled. Elder Gurley came once more and preached at a school-house in another part of the town, and had a fair attendance.

On this occasion Bro. Gurley could not stop with us over night; business pressing him, he had to return on that day (Sunday) to be ready on Monday morning. He felt extremely well in mind, as he expressed it, and knowing that we

were to meet in the capacity of a prayer-meeting that evening, he said, "Brethren, I would like to be with you to-night, but am obliged to go home. I know you will have a good meeting; the Spirit of God will be with you in power, and I would like to be there."

He started home about an hour before sun-down, had gone about nine or ten miles and was about a mile from Galesburg, when a vision opened up before him and he was permitted to see the room we were assembled in, the position of the worshipers, and the gifts of the Spirit bestowed upon each one upon whom the Spirit operated, and this he told to the writer, who was the first one he saw after having the vision, before anything was said about the meeting by me.

For the glory of God to whom all praise and glory belongs, and for the benefit of the reader, does the writer essay to tell what transpired in the meeting; and then you will decide, we think, that the true Spirit of prophecy rested upon Bro. Gurley when he predicted that a good meeting was in store for us, and the same Spirit not only gave him the gift of prophecy, but also the gift of vision; and though he could not be with us in body, he was in spirit.

The meeting opened as usual, and a good degree of the Spirit was felt by each one present; and one, soon after the meeting was opened, under the influence of that Spirit, arose and spoke in an unknown tongue, and the interpretation was given by the same individual; but it is beyond the power of the writer to reproduce it here. Another brother arose and spoke by the Spirit of prophecy; a sister arose and stated that she had been carried away in vision, and had been permitted to behold the Father seated upon his throne, and at his right hand were Joseph and Hyrum Smith. On account of some discouraging stories she had heard, the sister had been somewhat in doubt concerning Joseph Smith's acceptance with God when he was killed. She had never seen the two men in the flesh, but they were made known unto her in the vision.

An aged sister testified that after the meeting was opened, she saw a light come down, as it were, through the ceiling overhead, and settled upon the one who spoke in tongues, and he arose straight

way and spake, and it rested on his head until he had given the interpretation; she saw it then move from that person to the head of the one who prophesied; and as soon as it touched his head, he immediately arose and prophesied. She saw it

move from his head and settle upon the head of the one who had the vision, and after a short time she arose and related the vision that we have spoken about.

Does this appear strange and incredulous to you, dear reader? Why should it?

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA,

"System is the triumph of mind over matter."

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar,
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall.
I can guess her
By her dresser;
By the back staircase and hall.
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and unseen rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness;
For in cleanness and in sweetness
There the rose of order blooms.

—Lester Leigh, in *Good Housekeeping*.

WITHOUT A HEADPIECE.

AUNT NABBY TALKS ABOUT THINGS A HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD NOT DO.

"WELL, yes, she said good-by to us all with some short-lived tears in her eyes, and followed him 'over the hills and far away,' just as girls always follow their own particular him, when he happens to come on the scene. O, of course we heard from her, once in a while, you know. She wrote us for patterns, when she was going to cut a new dress, and she sometimes put in snippings of gingham or sprigged calico, so we could see what the children's frocks were like. When the babies were born, John always wrote in a cramped hand as if scribbling was strange work to him. But otherwise we heard nothing at all for over five years—yes, come to think, it's seven years next June since the wedding. Finally I roused up and said I was going on to see Mary and those children. Mary

and John were both orphans, you know, so the poor little ones hadn't a sign of a grandmother. I was bound I'd go and make believe grandmother 'em once before I got so old I couldn't.

"It's a long journey from Pennsylvania up to Massachusetts, and about all I knew the first night was that Mary's feather beds were soft and that everybody was very glad to see me. The next morning was nice and sunshiny, and after breakfast John went out on the farm, and I sat down in the big rush-bottomed rocker by the kitchen window, to hold the baby, while Mary washed up. You see her kitchen's big, so she eats in there, to save work. Yes, Mary's changed some. Her hair's sort of thin over her temples, and her eyes look faded; she's got stout, too. She had on an old skirt, and a waist that kept hitching up above the skirt-binding when she raised her arms, her hair was cut in front to curl, but she hadn't curled it, so of course she looked rather forlorn, and quite different from what she did as a girl. But then, she'd been married most seven years, and one gets bravely over trying to do housework in white wrappers by that time. Only it didn't seem to me hardly modest not to have her skirt and waist meet.

"Well, I felt real contented and happy as I sat there rocking the baby, till I got to noticing how Mary was washing those dishes, and then my fingers fairly began to itch. She didn't take the tablecloth off, but just turned it back over the caster and sugar bowl, not brushing off the crumbs at all. Then she brought a big pan, and put it on the leaf. Two more journeys were made for the dish cloth and

soap dish. She didn't scrape the plates, or pile them up, but left them higgledy piggledy, with knives and spoons stuck in between them. The first thing she put into that nice clean water was a greasy tin gravy dish! Of course that left little masses of fat floating around on the water to get on to the glasses and tea cups! She didn't bring any pan to drain the dishes in, but as they were washed she set them around on the table, of course making that a mess of slop. Before long several little streams of water were trickling to the floor, and one ran back over to the part of the table where the tablecloth had been left. When part of the dishes were washed, she got the wiping cloth and wiped a few, then she washed some more, and finally left everything to get the knife board and scour the knives. Then she reached a pie plate, with dough and sugar so firmly stuck on that they wouldn't wash off.

"It's a pity you didn't have that soaking while you washed the other dishes," I remarked.

"Well, I didn't think," said Mary. "I wish I had, for I want to make a pie on it, pretty soon."

"Here she looked out the window. 'Good gracious,' she exclaimed. 'If here doesn't come the butcher. I promised to have six dozen eggs counted out for him; he pays a good price and John likes to sell them, but I forgot it.'

"Can't I help you count them, while he waits?" I asked.

"Goodness, no, half of 'em are in the nests. I haven't brought in the eggs for three days. I would get some meat, too, if I thought that roast beef in the spring house was spoiled."

"Can't you find out?"

"O, no, there's no time, the spring house is at the foot of the hill. I meant to go before breakfast, but I forgot. I guess I'll buy some meat. John don't like to pay for anything with money while we have eggs, but we can't starve."

"By this time the butcher arrived, and two pounds of beefsteak were ordered.

"Where's those eggs?" he inquired.

"O, I'll have 'em next time," said Mary, "I've been so busy I couldn't see about them."

"You can sell 'em to somebody else," remarked the butcher, as he received the pay for the beefsteak. "I must have some

to supply my customers down in the village. Mis' Brown, back here on the road, offered me some, but I told her I had yours engaged. I shall just have to drive back and take hers, now."

"Very well," said Mary, proudly, but when the white cart had gone out of sight she sat down and cried. John would be angry, she was sure, there were so few chances to sell eggs right at your own door, for a good price. After the shower, Mary washed some potatoes and put them to boiling, and then started to finish a little jag of ironing left over from Tuesday. The flats were not very hot, and when she had little Mollie's frock half ironed, she was obliged to stop and let them heat. It just went to my heart to see that pink calico rough drying there on the ironing board. Then Mary went into the sitting room, where we had been the night before, and began to pick up. The children had eaten ginger cakes in there, so there was considerable many crumbs on the floor. First Mary thought she would pick them up with her fingers, then, there was such a lot, she got a feather broom and dust pan. After fussing with these for a spell, she took the broom and gave the place a thorough sweeping. I thought to myself what a saving of time it would have been to have swept in the first place, but it never seemed to occur to Mary.

"While she was in the sitting room, the cat got at that piece of beefsteak and pretty well finished it. Mary only said, 'There, I ought to have put that meat in the pantry, but I didn't think.'

"However, she relieved her mind by whipping the cat. Then she went down to the spring house, coming back with a rueful face, to say,

"That nice roast is spoiled. I got it for Sunday, you see, and then I went and baked beans, so we forgot the meat, and now it's only fit for the hens. What shall we have for dinner?"

"The potatoes, having been put on the stove too early, were now done. For meat there was only the farmer's standby, salt pork, crisp slices of which were soon hissing in a frying pan. While it was cooking Mary mopped the kitchen floor,—if it hadn't been for me that pork would have burned to a cinder. The irons were hot, but there was no time to use them, so ironing blanket, starched frock and all

were tumbled into the clothes basket and the table set for dinner. When the cloth was pulled over the table the crumbs came tumbling on to that clean floor and the dish water had left an ugly stain.

“O dear,” said Mary, “there’s more washing for me,” and from the cupboard came a clean table cloth, though if properly cared for the one used at breakfast should have kept reasonably clean for half a week. The dinner was rather meager—pork and potatoes, bread and an apple pie baked the day before. Mary informed us, while we were eating that last, that she had meant to make a pudding, but forgot it until too late.

“Mary,” said John, “this bread tastes musty.”

“Musty? New bread, baked yesterday! It can’t be,” exclaimed Mary.

“Have you cleared out that bread jar?” inquired John. “The last time I was there the bottom of it was a mass of old bread covered with blue mold.”

“Well, no, I didn’t,” admitted Mary. “I was so busy, I put a plate over it and wrapped the new bread up in a towel. I thought it would be all right.”

“I wonder if Mary didn’t know that smothering hot bread in a towel was enough to make it sour.

“Washing the dinner dishes was as prolonged and haphazard an operation as the cleaning of the breakfast china had been. Mary moved with great deliberation, stopping three times—to rock the baby to sleep, to mix the chickens’ dough (for John), and to scare a gang of hens out of her flower garden. She told me she had several yards of wire fencing she had meant to put around her flowers since spring, but she hadn’t seemed to get around to it, and now the hens had scratched up most everything, it didn’t seem worth while. When Mary went upstairs to make the beds, I said I’d go with her to stand on t’other side and help her spread the clothes. I’ll be beat, if there in the children’s feather bed tick there wasn’t a slit half a foot long, and of course the under side of the sheet was just covered with feathers that had sifted out. It took Mary most fifteen minutes to get the feathers back into the tick, and then there was a few floating in the air.

“There,” says Mary, “that’s needed sewing up for a fortnight, but I forget it every day.”

“If I hadn’t been afraid of offending Mary I’d have offered to fix it myself, but she used to be terrible touchy as a girl, and I thought maybe she hadn’t changed much.

“I only staid a week with Mary; somehow I didn’t have a very good time. Mary was to work every minute and she couldn’t never get leisure to sit down and have a real good visit with me. Sometimes she’d say, come night, ‘Well, I’ve trotted round all day, and haven’t accomplished anything,’ and I used to think she got it about right, though I didn’t say so for fear of not being polite. Everything was left at raw ends in Mary’s house. The children caught colds because she let them walk all over the farm mornings in their night gowns because she was in a hurry skimming cream, and couldn’t dress them. She put a loaf of cake in the oven and went out hunting hens’ nests. She did that twice. Once the fire went out, and the cake fell; the next time was burned up. The hen’s stole their nests and brought off broods of little chickens that wa’n’t wanted, just because Mary forgot to bring in the eggs. It just riled me all up to see the messes of cream Mary let sour and spoil so they couldn’t be churned at all, by forgetting to put them in the spring house.

“Why, I’ve seen Mary set away left-over scraps of victuals in saucers and plates till she hadn’t crockery enough left to set her table, while her pantry shelves were covered with dishes of little messes, some spoiling, and forgotten till too late to be used.

“Then her clothes! She had started in to fix over her black silk over a year ago. It was ripped up and partly cut into one of those redingotes, that they wore in ’89, you know. She hadn’t got around to finish it, and in the meantime redingotes have gone out of style. It was the same with the children’s things. Mary didn’t seem to have no judgment, somehow. There she’d begun to make Mollie an embroidered white cashmere, awful pretty it was going to be, but it wasn’t half done, and it would take more time to finish it than to make a dozen plain dresses. It’s my private belief it’ll never be done till Mollie’s outgrown it, but I’m sorry for all the money Mary wasted on the material and the embroidery silk. One day John made an engagement to meet a

man who wanted to buy some hay, over in the village. He was to meet the man at ten a.m., precisely; it was important to be on hand, for the man came from the city, and would go back on the next train. That night I heard John ask Mary, 'I hope you wound the clock?'

"Mary replied that she had. The next morning it struck me that the family time-piece ticked rather faintly. John came in from work about nine, and slowly proceeded to get ready for his trip to town, for he had plenty of time. When he came down attired in his best clothes, the hands still indicated nine. The clock had stopped, and investigation showed it had not been wound the night before. While examining it, we heard the noon whistle blow from the factory over behind the hills. John must have suffered long, for he said no word, only put on his blue jeans and went out to feed the pigs.

"John looks sort of discouraged and I don't much wonder. He keeps up his end of things, but what's saved on the farm is wasted in the house. Mary means to be economical and is saving in streaks, but she seems to lack management. Why, when there came a rainy day every umbrella in the house was broken—the baby had had them to play with—and so the children took Mary's nice black satin sunshade to hold over 'em while going to school. Mary'd bake pies on her best plates and once she took a silver plated knife to scrape a saucepan

with. 'Tain't so much economy in buying, as taking care of things after they're bought, that saves money. No, I don't expect they'll ever come down here visiting. Mary says they're too poor to make journeys, and I guess they are. They'll always keep poor, unless something should happen to Mary that would make her bedrid for a year or two, then I think John might manage to save something, for he couldn't get a servant girl that would be any more wasteful than his wife,—if he did, he could turn her off, but Mary's always there. I declare, if I haven't talked until eleven o'clock at night, pretty late hours for such a rheumaticky old creature as I am. I haven't a doubt but Mary's just starting in to churn, by now, some mess of cream she forgot during the day, when she had nothing else to do, and could have 'tended to it as well as not. Or, as it's Saturday night, likely's not she's just ironing John's shirt so he can go to church to-morrow."

Then Aunt Nabby, after having relieved her mind, with a long sigh removed her steelbowed glasses, rolled a few wisps of front hair over a couple of hair pins, and ambled upstairs to bed.—*Sel.*

[It is not to be presumed that any of our readers know as poor a housekeeper as the one here described, but we may sometimes learn from unpleasant contrasts.—Ed.]

A FAREWELL.

See frontispiece,

Good-bye! God speed thee on thy way
 Across the waste of waters wide!
 Fair winds and seas the ships betide,
 With starry night and cloudless day!

Good-bye! from sight but not from heart,
 Though half the world may intervene,
 In love, and hope, and trust serene,
 We never more can be apart.

God keep thee in his tender care!
 On the firm land or rolling deep
 He giveth his beloved sleep,
 For his strong love is everywhere.

S. S. CONANT.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

ALLOW me to ask the readers of the Department to address all letters intended for the Department to the Editor of the Department, to write on one side of the paper only, and to be sure to give your full name. If you desire to publish initials or *nom de plumes*, you can state as much on a separate slip. Be explicit, and avoid all unnecessary introductions and conclusions. Testimonies and experiences, if instructive, cheering or encouraging, are perfectly in order. Avoid sad, discouraging, and unpleasant experiences, as we all have enough of those. Let us learn to look on the bright side.

—EDITOR.

THE DIVIDING LINE, OR, TRUTH *vs.* FICTION.

I heard a Methodist minister in the state of New Jersey once say, that he did not know the dividing line between truth and falsehood; in other words, he did not know where it exists, where it ends.

Whatever is true and good and leads to good, comes from God, for God is good. Whatever is evil and leads to evil comes from the evil one, for he is a liar from the beginning. Whenever you enter a city, that city must have a boundary line; hence, when you cross the city limits, or the boundary line, you are in another sphere, or country.

A sister says in the *Autumn Leaves* that she once asked at a house if they had anything good to read, and the reply, she says, came back, "We have the Bible," and a sting of conscience followed her home. She asked for something good. Why was her conscience stung? She knew the value and the goodness of God's word, hence it was in the reply.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." How beautifully is the Psalmist's declaration made, when we use it; but how it stings us, when we neglect it, or walk in forbidden paths! When God's word becomes a lamp to our feet, we walk in safety. Once a traveller on the mountains was enveloped in a thick mist; and when the mist had cleared away and the sun began to shine more brightly, he found himself on the verge of a fearful precipice. It is told of a little boy, that when a Catholic priest found a Bible in his hands, the latter burned it. "Thank God," says the boy,

"you cannot burn the twenty-eight chapters of Matthew I have in my memory!"

Do you want to be sure and steadfast in confidence and safety? Then you must mind the boundary line. The printing power of our land has become a mighty agent for good and for evil. Parents, fathers and mothers of Zion's children, I adjure you as a warning, to beware what your children read. Ninety per cent. of all the magazines, books and papers published in this and other countries are the silent winning of the Devil and his emissaries to poison and to produce mischief amongst the pure and the good. No one can use a pick without soiling the hands. The mind is one of the most beautiful storehouses the great Creator has given us. Defile that, and then the tongue will soon be also defiled; then others will soon learn and know and be hurt and wounded as one is wounded by a sword. The latter effects the body, but does not effect the soul.

There are thousands of men and women, boys and girls, who would have passed through this life unscathed from vulgarity, coarseness and scurrillity, had they kept close to the Bible and its teachings. I know of whom I speak, for I have had sad and pleasant experiences in seeing it illustrated in every situation and condition in life. If you attempt to get berries through a thick hedge of burrs, you will get more burrs than berries. Going out of one's depth has caused the death of thousands of persons, even to expert swimmers. Sometimes the heart is like a sieve, letting through the gold and retaining the dross; sometimes, like a loadstone, gathering steel and repelling the brass.

Every book or paper furnished to your boys and girls will be a web in their existence; mind how they weave that web. God will hold you and me responsible for our work. May God give us sufficient grace though Jesus Christ and his word to lift up the ensign of Zion. You cannot be too careful in what you read. Perhaps you say, The influence is insignificant. But what would you say of a man going into a powder mill with a lighted match in his hand? Look for a single instance at the influence one writer has had upon the age, or upon the world, and then use your own judgment. Shakespeare, Bacon, Dickens, MacDonald, Eggleston, Payne, Jefferson, Milton, Thackeray, Stowe, Beecher,

and a host of others; and what has it all led to? I will tell you in three words—notoriety, vanity and filthy lucre. There are copper books, silver books, and golden books; but “the Bible,” says Dr. Watts, “is to me a book of bank notes, payable at par at every bank in the civilized world, and even at the treasury of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to whom every knee shall bow and every tongue confess to the deeds done in the body.”

Your brother in Christ,
WILLIAM STREET.

OAKS, Mich., Jan., 1891.

“Truth is more potent than fiction.”

Sister Walker:—I have read quite a number of articles in the *Autumn Leaves* pro and con on reading fiction. If it takes falsehood to obtain truth, I will concede it pays to read fiction.

Yes, “the perfection of sublimity is found in the word of God,” and the tenor and teachings of it are truth by which man may be elevated to his primitive character without the aid of fiction.

If parents have the Spirit that the ancient Saints had they will bring their children up in the admonition of the Lord, and when they are old they will not depart from it. I have seen the young of this town play cards, read novels from township library, and attend parties by the permission of their parents. So their minds were so full of that which is of no value that there was no place for that which was good. Truth and error will not mix any more than oil and water.

I think a mother’s indulgences often let her children go wrong. I know it is hard to draw the line between right and wrong, but we are admonished to “shun the appearance of evil.” Some parents say, “Let our boys and girls go to balls and play cards, and when they get grown up they will not want to do so.”

Gymnasias are being erected for our high schools and colleges at great expense. Now here is a novel thing. ’Tis true, ’tis good to develop the physical with the mind, but false to do that only for the development of the body without developing the physical forces in such a manner that they may be utilized in the arts and sciences in the practical duties of life.

From the genera of all things does not like beget like? Jesus prays to his Father for his Saints, “Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth”—not through falsehood, fiction.

Dear young friends, don’t let the delusive siren song lead you wrong. Know the truth and

the truth will make you free. (John 8:32). Without mixing up fiction with it, there are many passages in the Bible to instruct us in the truth, but none to teach us that truth may be gained by falsehood. In the last chapter of Revelations, 15th verse, last clause, “Whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.” These are the authors of fiction, and those are readers and lovers of it; the different characters in that verse are all classed together.

Now, beloved Saints, I hope you may have no part or lot with them.

Now for the power of truth I would cite you to apocrypha, 1st Esdras, 3: 12; 4: 40. It would be well to read both chapters.

Now sister, it clearly appears to me that you with the truth will come to Zion. Yes, “aim high,” and if you want to get there take God and truth for your guide, not fiction.

Now I trust and pray that we may have the spirit of discernment to draw the line of demarcation between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, and “if the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, follow him.”

Your brother in bonds for the truth,
CYRUS THURSTON.

HOLLISTER, Cal., February, 1891.

Dear Readers:—I am not in the habit of writing for any of the church publications, but I feel to-day as though I ought to do all I can for the cause; and perhaps some little good may be received from my testimony of the truth of this blessed work. Indeed, it is a blessing to me—a greater blessing than tongue or pen can express.

I will relate the accident which I had some time ago. I was baptized when I was eight years old, and I was about nine years old when the accident occurred. We were living in Iowa at the time. My father bought me a tin horse for a Christmas present; and one day I was engaged in trying to take the horse apart with a pocket-knife, when all at once the knife slipped, and with all its force went into my right eye. I threw my hand up to my eye and said, “Oh! God, my eye is put out! My mother came running to me. She put her hand up to my eye, and a part of my eye ran out into her hand. There were four persons in the house at the time, and they all said it would be impossible for me ever to see again; but I did not see it that way. I had a great deal of faith, and I sent for the elders at once. They came and administered to me, but they did not seem to have much faith, and thought I could not be healed. After they retired I called my mother

to my bed-side and said, "Mamma, the elders did not say that I should receive my sight;" so I told mother to send for them again. They came, and she told them what I said; so they administered to me again, and said that my sight should be restored, and so it was. Thank the Lord! It was but a short time until I could see as well as ever. I have told my testimony to a good many. Some of them would just laugh at me and tell me that I lied. Oh! how thankful we all ought to be to our heavenly Father for his goodness!

Dear Saints, this is a great and glorious cause that we are enlisted in. I love to hear it preached in its plainness and purity. I have had experience enough in this to convince me that it is the true work of God. I have been a member of the church for eleven years and have never regretted that I embraced the work.

I am very much interested in reading the article on "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of Christ," and thought I would try to give my opinion according to my ability. I do not agree with some thinking that dancing, card-playing, pool and billiards, are no harm. I think there is harm in all, to a certain extent; and I do not think that any such plays are very becoming to those who profess to be Christians. It seems to me that our amusements should be in serving God and keeping his commandments, that we may prepare for a better life hereafter which is eternal. God has said that we should serve him with all our mind, soul and strength. It is not my wish to see the young deprived of pleasure; but, dear readers, we have got to give up all worldly things to gain eternal life. I know from experience, that since I quit dancing I feel far better. Dancing will lead a person to vanity and sin.

Fearing that I am taking up too much space, I will close. I did not intend to write so lengthy, but there is so much in the gospel to talk about.

Ever praying for the welfare of the cause, I remain your brother in Christ,

IRA LYTLE.

ELDORADO, Cal., Feb., 1891.

Dear Readers:—Having read Sr. McGahen's views on reading fiction, also other writers, I wish to relate a little of my experience.

I cannot agree with Sr. McG. in many cases (if any at all). As in my case and many others I know, young people do not have some one interested enough in their welfare to select the best reading, either in fiction or other read-

ing. Many fathers and mothers pay no attention to what their children read; or, as is oftener the case, the fathers and mothers read anything, so it is interesting; and of course the children follow in their steps, (but I do not know that Saints do this), as I have not lived among the Saints enough to know.

I acquired the habit when I should have been thinking solely of my studies, but against my will at the time. I, being an orphan, was adopted by a man and his wife. She was a confirmed "novel reader," love stories being her choice. I do not remember of her ever mentioning the author of any story, as it was not the author she was interested in. I have been ready to cry numbers of times, I would get so sleepy reading to her; but after awhile I got to like the stories and was as anxious as she was to get the papers, as they were continued stories in various papers. After I became interested in stories I would read anything I could get, from love to detective and Indian scout stories. I lost all desire for solid reading. Bible or other religious reading was too dry. I had a few times after I was married thought of death, and that I ought to give some attention to religious matters; but would dismiss the thought, thinking I would wait until I was old, then join some church; but if I could get plenty of reading such as I liked, I did not let such thoughts occupy my mind long.

I went on in this way until I heard the gospel preached by one of the "hunters." I did not pay much attention to the first sermon I heard; but when my husband, who was a Methodist, invited the "Mormon preacher" home with him several times, and my friends began to make remarks about us having that Mormon at our house, I concluded to put a stop to it, but was ashamed to say anything to even my husband about it. I listened to all the elder had to say (he did not talk of society events or the state of the weather), and came to the conclusion he was a good man and preached the truth if any one did. I kept it all to myself until he preached in public from the text, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth freely and upbraideth not." That seemed to suit my case exactly. I could hardly sit quiet during service, but I concluded to be baptized and prove if they really had the truth, which I did.

Then the fight began against novel reading. I commenced reading the Bible and other church publications. I had so destroyed my taste for pure reading that I could scarcely keep my mind on that I was trying to read. This was more than five years ago. I have

overcome to a great extent the evil habit, but I cannot yet trust myself to glance over a story without following it to the end. As the power of example is the latest subject, should we not leave novel reading alone and give our attention to more weighty matters, showing by our actions that we believe what we preach? The time is too short to be wasted.

Yours in bonds,
SR SKINNER.

LAMONI, IOWA, Jan. 1891.

Dear Readers of the Department:—As I have enjoyed the letters of my brethren and sisters so much, I thought it would be no more than right for me to write a few words; though they may seem of little value to me, they may help or encourage some one. Many of us have not sufficient confidence in ourselves. We enjoy the letters of others, although when written they may have seemed poor to the writers, we are grateful for them, and they would appreciate our feeble efforts. And for that reason I will try to write a few lines.

I often think we are so careless, and do not appreciate our blessings: we are so apt to think our own blessings are not so great or desirable as those of others, while they may envy us our lot, and think we have not so many trials to undergo, that we are less liable to temptation, and that our path is very pleasant. But I am afraid, if we were to exchange places, most of us, at least, would rather be back in our own again. If we have trials we know how to fortify ourselves, so to speak; and we then should be satisfied with our lot, and do the very best in our power. If we do this, we shall have the pleasure of our reward, and shall know that we have fulfilled the requirements that rest on each individual who has a desire to follow in the path marked out by the Master.

I often am led to think we are not thankful for the daily blessings that are bestowed so bountifully upon us. I, at least, grow careless, unless constantly on my guard. I find when I am watchful and prayerful, that I am joyous and happy; but when I get negligent, I have a warfare. Then, I am discontented, and have a desire to hide behind some others' failings, and I do not consider the fact that I am accountable to God for myself and not for others. It is by a closer walk with God we will be able to overcome and come off conqueror in the end.

I desire to live faithful, for the promises are

made to those who hold out faithfully to the end. We are to expect trials and temptations; for the Lord is to have a people that come up through great tribulation. May we have grace and patience to stand all the trials and temptations that come to us, is my prayer. Let us not forget to remember each other at the throne of Him who has done so much for us. Pray for me, that I may walk in the path that was marked out by the "Meek and Lowly One."

Your sister,
MARY L. STRONG.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., January, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Autumn Leaves:—I thought it not best to keep still all of the time, for if I do, very many of you, with Sr. Walker, would not know how I appreciate our magazine. I read with interest the correspondence columns. I do not know whether anything that I write will interest you, but I thought I would try this time, following the old rule, "If at first you don't succeed, try again."

About two years ago the city voted local option by two hundred majority; but in the face of that, there were some kept on selling the poisonous drink. It seemed that in every way they tried to stop the sale of the liquor, they failed. A man was in the city lecturing against the liquor traffic; and he said that the first thing to do was to organize into Christian Temperance Unions. About one week ago nearly every church, if not every one, in Independence organized a Temperance Union at its own church. Then they got everybody they could to sign a petition to stop the sale of liquor and do away with the saloons. Last night the news reached us that the saloons were all to be shut up.

Pray for us that we may succeed this time. We hold our Christian Temperance Union meetings every Tuesday night. We have a nice branch of the church here and also a nice Sabbath-school.

Now at the beginning of a new year let us all try and do the best we can towards the spread of the gospel; and in living as we should, and to the interest of our magazine. Pray for me, that I may let my light so shine that others seeing my good works may be constrained to follow therein.

Ever wishing the welfare of the *Leaves* and all good works, I remain, your sister in Christ,

N. B.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

WHY HE TAKES THEM.

"The flock stood waiting by the rapid river
 And would not cross,
 Although the shepherd kindly called them thither,
 And banks of moss,
 And fields of green and velvet hills surrounded
 The further shore;
 The danger still their narrow vision bounded
 Of cross o'er.

"He stretched his kindly arms and gently called them,
 They would not heed;
 The deep broad river's rapid stream appalled them,
 Though pleasant mead
 And mountain fair beyond the darkling river,
 Rose to their view,
 And in the distance, bright, un fading ever,
 Were pastures new.

"The shepherd took a lamb and safely bore it,
 Within his arms,
 To where the pastures brightly gleam before it
 And all charms
 Are hushed. The mother heard its voice of pleading,
 And crossing o'er,
 The flock behind her followed in her leading
 Unto the other shore.

"O stricken hearts, all torn with grief and bleeding,
 A Savior's voice
 Ye would not hear nor follow in his leading
 Of your own choice.

So he takes your lambs into his loved keeping
 That eyes all dim
 And dark with sorrow's clouds and o'er much weeping,
 May look to him,
 And see beyond the darkly rolling river,
 Those gone before;
 And to the fields with verdure green forever
 Cross safely o'er."

—Anonymous,

Is this the secret of the Easter morn? Was it to brighten the way throughout the dark valley and make possible the joy of reunion that Jesus entered the tomb and broke the bands of death? Oh, the length and breadth, the height and depth of the love manifested by the Son of God! We know not now, for the darkened glass baffles our eager vision, but we shall know in the glad hereafter what it was which caused the pealing melodies to ring from the multitude of the heavenly host as they sang, "Glory to God in the highest!"

How swiftly the time has flown since the last assembling of the Saints in conference at Lamoni, and now they will soon be hastening to another reunion at Kirtland. May the Spirit of unity and peace go with them and great good be done for the advancement of the Master's cause.

OUR engravings have all been sent out, as far as orders have been received, and have given great satisfaction. We are glad of this because we were at a heavy expense to obtain them and we dislike to see the leading men of the church misrepresented by poor pictures.

UPON the fourth page of our cover will be found an advertisement in which all friends of education will be interested. We refer to the Highland Park Normal College. Quite a number of our young people from Lamoni are in attendance at this school and speak in the highest terms of praise in regard to its general furnishing, the manner in which it is conducted as well as the efficiency of its teachers. Some of our leading citizens have visited the school the past winter; among them Mr. Gunsolley, the principal of our public schools, and Miss Lyons, of the post-office department, both of whom returned to their homes, regretting that they could not join the band of students there, who have so many advantages to help them in fitting themselves for usefulness in life. One feature of this institution deserves especial mention. We refer to the board furnished the students, which all testify is ample and of good quality. It is scarcely necessary for us to say to our readers that we are simply stating facts, since those who know us best know that we do not lend ourself to misrepresentation of any kind.

BRO. C. G. LEWIS, of East Jordan, Michigan, wants to obtain volume one of *AUTUMN LEAVES*. Any one having this volume, who is willing to part with it will obtain a purchaser by writing Bro. Lewis at the above address.

WE trust our readers who are entitled to the following offer will avail themselves of it and thus obtain a splendid journal for their fireside and an unequaled friend for one's home.

A PRESENT FOR EVERY BRIDE.

For twenty-three years "*The Household*" has been a welcome visitor in hundreds of thousands of American homes, and has been, during these years, the companion and help of the American housewife.

In order that the brides of the country may have the benefit of the visits of this, the oldest household publication in the country, the pub-

lishers offer to send "*The Household*" to all brides of six months or less, who will, themselves, or their friends, send ten two-cent stamps with printed notice of their marriage in the same letter.

This is a very tempting offer, and they call it their "Wedding Present," which they offer to every bride in the United States on the above terms.

"*The Household*" has just made three very striking offers to the three subscribers who shall obtain the three largest lists of new subscribers between March first and August first.

The presents are nothing else than a \$700 Horse and a Goddard Buggy, a Miller Upright Piano, in either Mahogany, Oak, Walnut or Ebonized case, and a Columbia Bicycle for either lady or gentleman's use.

The March number of "*The Household*" contains illustrations and descriptions of these elegant

presents, and can be found at the news stands, or will be sent by the publishers, on receipt of ten cents by The Household Company, 50 Broomfield St., Boston.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WHEN removing and thereby changing your address, notify David Dancer, stating not only the office to which your magazine has been going, but also the one to which you wish it sent. When you lose your magazine through failure to comply with this request, we cannot make your loss good. Send all subscription money, money for offerings, in fact all moneys as well as inquiries in regard to missing magazines, names of subscribers, etc., to David Dancer. Send all communications intended for publication, or special requests of any nature whatever to the editor.

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THE FUTURE PATH.

My future path I cannot see;
I only know that should it be,
Through blackest cloud or raging sea,
As in my day, my strength shall be,
And so my days go on.

But yesterday the sun did shine
As it would never more decline;
To-day nor faith nor hope is mine,
But courage and a love sublime;
And so the days go on.

'Tis better thus; for did we know
The blinding grief, the blinding glow
Of splendor, over hills of snow,
To come at sunset's overflow,
Both peace and hope were gone.

The brave that die around us still,
And sleep on every sacred hill
As quietly as the mountain rill
Glides seaward, prove that heaven will
Give peace unto its own.—*Sel.*

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
—*Longfellow.*

"Use well the moments, what the hour
Brings forth lies in thy power."

LINEN WORK

"Of every description still holds the attention of busy fingers. Among the prettiest designs are the large maple, oak and elm leaves, each fully twelve inches long, and many even larger. These are most accurately cut and notched and made of heavy bolt linen. They are buttonholed around the edge, and veined. The leaves are then either lightly filled in with long satin stitches, or heavily covered with basket darning stitch, simple darning stitch, or the fishnet stitch.

"These leaves are used for table mats, and may be embroidered either in pure white or two shades of blue, terracotta, brown, green or yellow. They are extremely handsome, and a great improvement on the old style round crochet mats. Corresponding to these may be used either the round center piece embroidered on linen to match, or the long linen table scarf finished at the ends with leaves and embroidered like the mats."

DESIGN FOR OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.

"Bolting-cloth is a strong silk grenadine, and many very beautiful articles can be made of it. Outline embroidery with etching silks is especially suitable, and designs of forget-me-nots, harebells, or instead of flowers some conventional design in several colors, is pretty, such as blue, olive, pink and gold.

"Tidies of bolting-cloth are delicate and pretty, and a very beautiful toilet set can be made of it. When.

the embroidery is finished, the material is lined with color, which gives it the appearance of the daintiest of brocades. The edges of both the toilet table and the pin-cushion should be trimmed with lace, and bows of satin ribbon should be placed at the corners.

"Sachets, glove or cravat cases, are all very beautiful, covered with the bolting-cloth, lined with colored or else white silk or satin, as one may fancy."

KNITTED BOOTS FOR INVALIDS.

"Select two such shades of single worsted as you think are pretty together and likely to be nice for the purpose. Of the darkest shade set up ninety-six stitches, on the largest size of steel knitting needles, for a number one boot; four additional stitches for each larger size. Knit once round plain, then knit two and seam two, taking the back of the knitted stitch. Do this for two rounds; the third time round reverse, knitting the seamed stitches and *vice versa*. On the ninth round knit two stitches together as nearly in the middle as you can, and use this afterwards as the center of the front. After this, each time round narrow on one side and slip and bind on the other (narrow first, slip and bind after) side of this middle; stitch until the original number of stitches is reduced about half. This makes the ankle right. When eighteen times round (or nine blocks) have been knit, seam around plain three or four times to form border to darker color; then join lighter color, knitting once around plain. Then with the lighter colored worsted knit one and seam one, taking back of knitted stitch as before. Knit thirty nine rounds of light color, binding off very loosely on the fortieth. Get soles from a shoemaker, the right size, and have him cut, welt, and punch holes for convenience in sewing on tops. Sew on with strong linen thread, or twist waxed and doubled. Paste cloth or Canton flannel inside on the sole, and crochet or border a place to run ribbon (about an inch wide) through, and a single scallop is enough crocheted around the top of the boot. Run in a ribbon the shade of one of the worsteds used and tie."

EASTER EGGS.

"Save the shells from eggs used in the family for several days. When breaking for use open at the small end, and save the shells. Clip the broken part smoothly with a pair of small scissors, paint or paste small designs on them, mottoes, names, flowers, birds, or anything that is pretty and appropriate. Fill the shells with nut kernels and candy of various kind. Paste over the opening with bright bits of satin or chintz, tissue paper also answers very well. Place on the table on Easter morning in a moss covered basket, and you will have a pleasant surprise for the little ones."

DARNING-NEEDLE CASE.

Cut out two pieces of pasteboard five inches long by two and a half wide. Cover the outside with pale blue satin and inside with cream surah, or any shade which will harmonize with the blue. On the front paint two or three bachelor buttons in a darker blue; at one end stitch it together, adding a few leaves of fine white flannel, tie at the other end with pale blue ribbon.—*Good-Housekeeping*.

A BEAUTIFUL FANCY BAG

Is made of olive-green India silk. The lower half of the bag is overlaid with small brass rings covered with silk and joined together with a few invisible stitches in the same shades of silk used in covering the rings, shading from olive-green at the center of the bag, to the deepest green at the sides. A row of silk tassels depends from the lower rows of rings matching them in shade.—*Dorcas*

A NOVELTY IN MATS

Is made of different colored calfskins, the surface being very much like undressed kid, and having a much more evenly colored surface than ooze leather. These mats are about 24 inches long by 14 wide, and are for use on polished tables. Some of the designs are brilliant, many of our most brilliant and beautiful flowers being used as models. The edges are pinked.—*Art Interchange*.

BOTTLE CHIMES.

"To make a chime of metal bells, such as are used by the Swiss Bell Ringers, would be a difficult task for any but an expert musician, but a chime of bottle bells may be made by any clever boy with a musical ear.

The apparatus consists of two chairs, two sticks and eighteen bottles. The bottles are each hung to the sticks by an ordinary string, the strings having double loops. If the bottles are all the same shape and size, they can be tuned by pouring water into them—the more the water, the lower the note; but if it is impossible to get the full compass in this way, differently-shaped bottles can be used to fill the gaps.

In fact, if you will hang up all the empty bottles you have in the house and hit them with a drumstick, or any stick with a wooden knob, you will find that every one has a different note, which can be modified by pouring in a little water; it is impossible to say how much water should be used, as bottles vary so much.

In the set all the sharps and flats should be present, so that the chromatic scale is complete; but it is not always possible to get this, and you must be content to have your instrument in C or G, or D, or even F.

There is no limit to the number of bottles. You can go an octave higher, and work in medicine bottles if you wish; but as a rule, the glass should be fairly strong.

As far as the hammer is concerned, almost any stick is good enough to beat with. We have used a hazel walking-stick with satisfactory results, but a stick with more spring in it would not be amiss.

For quick tunes two sticks should be used; for very quick tunes there should be two players one on one side of the line and one on the other.

The lowest note should be the one on the left hand; immediately below it is the next note; on the upper lines comes the next, on the lower the next, and so on, the object being to keep the scale well within reach.

Bottles are not the only things that will give a musical note when suspended in this way. Iron pipes, steel pipes, pieces of metal, lumps of flint and cups and saucers can all be made fairly musical with a little care in selection."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY

W. A. ALEXANDER, LEON, Iowa.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a *hopeless victim of consumption* and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at W. A. ALEXANDER'S Drug Store Leon, Iowa, large bottles 50c. and \$1.00

Miles' Nerve & Liver Pills

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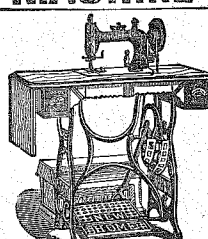
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

MAY, 1891.

Vol. 4.

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AMONG THE POND LILIES.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, MAY, 1891.

No. 5.

IN sending us the following excellent article on Sunday-school work, Bro. Derry tells us that it was prepared for reading before a Sunday-school Convention to have been held in Woodbine, Iowa, last summer; but the Presbyterians and Methodists declared the convention should not be held in their church if the Saints took part in it. For this reason the convention was postponed.

We commend it to a careful reading by those not acquainted with our faith, that they may have a better understanding of the kind of people these men are separating from their company. In this connection we need only remember the words of Christ: "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you and when they shall separate you from among them and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil for the Son of Man's sake," for they will bring his true followers all the comfort they need ask.—ED.

REGULAR ATTENDANCE AT SABBATH SCHOOL A NECESSITY TO SUCCESS.

BY CHARLES DERRY.

AS regular and constant attendance to any business is necessary to success in that business, so is regular attendance at Sabbath-school equally a necessity to success in the objects sought by the Sabbath-school. The objects sought to be obtained are, as should be, First, to teach the rising generation the fact that there is a God, Supreme over all the universe, Creator and Preserver of the same, who is also the Judge and rewarder of mankind; and to make them aware of their true condition before God, their dependence upon him, the great work of redemption wrought for all mankind through the life, sufferings, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ the Son of God, and the great plan of reconciliation between God and man; or in other words, the gospel of salvation, which God has ordained for our obedience in order that the great atonement made by Christ shall be efficacious in cleansing us from our individual sins and their terrible consequences; so that they may understand the obligations all mankind are under to God and the duty we owe to him, and the worship that is justly his due.

Second, to impress upon the young mind the further fact that, for the sacred purpose of the worship of God he has ordained that one day out of every seven should be specially set apart; and that on that day we should call our minds from the pleasures, cares and toil of the world, and devote our thoughts, our words, and our deeds to his worship, and the study of his sacred word. For this work there is no better time than the Sabbath, and no better place than the Sabbath-school; for when the mind is impressed with the necessity of the sacred duty of worship and the sanctity of the Sabbath, all will realize the necessity of being in a condition favorable to pure devotion and true spiritual worship in order that they may learn something of God and the nature of the worship and service required at their hands. And as this devotion and service is to be a life work, it is necessary that there be a regular attendance at the Sabbath-school where these divine truths are taught.

Again. In order to understand our obligations to God and the service we owe to him, it is very necessary that we

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have a thorough acquaintance with his holy word, the nature of his commands, precepts, ordinances and promises; and this, like every other principle of knowledge, can be communicated and received to better advantage in concert than privately, so far as the young are concerned, because by studying in concert or collectively we have the advantage of each other's thoughts, ideas, and manner of expression, which call forth our individual powers and enable us to see the correctness or incorrectness of our views and their harmony or lack of harmony with the written word; hence it is necessary that we should be present to receive every lesson, that we may not lose a single thread that helps to constitute the great cable of divine truth. For as every single truth is a key to every other truth, and as knowledge of all truth is essential to a proper and perfect worship of our God, it is necessary that we should receive every lesson, that we may acquire a knowledge of the truth revealed of God, that we may be prepared to render the service and devotion required at our hands. Hence we repeat, a regular attendance at the Sabbath-school is a necessity to success.

Moreover, by attendance at the Sabbath-school the youthful mind is drawn from the corrupting influences of sin and worldly pleasures, and thus many evils and snares that beset the youthful feet are avoided, and the heart and mind are led in the paths of righteousness and wisdom, and we acquire greater power to fill the measure and purpose of our creation; while neglect of the Sabbath-school exposes youth to all the vices and follies which are rampant in the world, and which are dragging down millions to infidelity and crime of every kind.

The Sabbath-school tends to promote true piety through a knowledge of God's word, and all its ends and aims are to lead us nearer and nearer to God, and to make us like him, that we may be prepared to dwell with him; hence a regular attendance at the Sabbath-school is not only a necessity but a blessing, the greatness of which cannot be told by mortal tongue or pen.

But it is not only necessary for the pupils to attend regularly. It is equally necessary for the teachers to be regular in attendance, for unto them the Master

says, "Feed my lambs;" and he will hold them responsible for their diligence in or neglect of this duty, as well as for the kind of food dealt out to the lambs of God's fold—the tender plants in God's nursery.

If the teachers and officers are negligent and careless the children will become discouraged, disheartened, and disgusted, and the enemy will find them an easy prey, and their tender feet will stumble into snares that are set for their unsuspecting feet, and a terrible responsibility will rest upon the head of every careless officer and teacher because they will have proved themselves unfaithful to their trust. Regular and prompt attendance to the Sabbath-school, and the duties there awaiting are absolutely essential both for pupils, teachers and officers. Without this the Sabbath-school must go down, the nursery to Christ's church fall into neglect and decay, its tender plants become noxious weeds, its budding flowers that should be arrayed in all the beauteous tints of purity, virtue, truth and love will be degraded into the hideous semblance of sin in every form; wearing the polluted garb of envy, lust, hatred, malice and corruption; and fit only for the regions of darkness and despair instead of becoming bright jewels and plants of renown in the kingdom of our God and his Christ. Then let us be attentive to our duties, prompt in our attendance and examples of diligence in the vineyard of the Lord, as superintendents, officers, teachers and scholars, and make the Sabbath-school what God intends it to be, a nursery for the Church of God, a portal to the sacred edifice being raised by the hands of him, the great Master Builder, who has said, "Upon this rock will I build my church." Let us make the Sabbath-school attractive by every proper means within our reach; and let us as officers and teachers, see to it that our prompt attendance and diligence to duty, shall encourage every child to be likewise prompt and diligent, and by words and examples of truth and love lead them on to their high destiny, that they may, in the great day of rewards, bless us with their testimony in our favor, that we were diligent and faithful workers for Christ, and that we may have the satisfaction to know that we have worked according to the pattern given by the great Master Builder.

Lastly. As the Sabbath-school is the nursery to the Church of Christ, where in many instances the ground is first broken up, and the first seeds of truth are sown in the human heart; and as from the Sabbath-school the Church of Christ has in the past, and hopes in the present and future, to draw therefrom the fairest flowers and noblest plants of renown, men and women who have and shall become the brightest ornaments in the kingdom of God, how essential it is that we use all diligence in the nursery, nourishing those tender plants with such food as the great Husbandman has prepared; that we watch those budding flowers and guard them with a jealous eye, remembering that this is the great feeder to the church, and upon our success in cultivating, pruning and developing them depends in a great measure the success and growth of the church; and upon its success and growth

in purity, holiness and truth depends the salvation of the race, and also the grand issue whether victory shall be forever inscribed upon the banner of the King Immanuel, or whether the prince of darkness, the one common foe of God and humanity shall be successful in dragging down our race to endless degradation and woe.

When we consider these great and momentous issues, and that as we are called to be co-workers with God and his Christ in this great struggle, consequently upon us depends in a great measure the success or failure of the work, how essential it must appear to every mind that we be prompt, constant and vigilant, using all diligence in our works of faith and labors of love; looking to God through Christ for guidance and ultimate success in the glorious cause that we may not be ashamed in the great day of rewards.

We give below two answers to the Bible Enigma of Bro. McLaren, which was published in the December number of this magazine. The one by Bro. Beall is not so full and complete as Bro. Garner's, but being correct, and having come in two weeks earlier than the other, it wins the year's subscription to the LEAVES.

Bro. Garner writes that having been for some time isolated from church privileges, he has taken pleasure and derived profit from searching the word in solving this enigma. Being fully convinced that a like result will follow in all similar cases, we shall cheerfully give place to a limited number of good scriptural enigmas.—ED.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE ENIGMA.

GOOSE CRÉEK, W. Va.

EDITOR AUTUMN LEAVES:

THE following is *my* answer to Bible enigma in *Autumn Leaves* for December, 1890:

1. Before man was created the incipient earth it viewed.

Answer is found in Genesis 1: 25.

2. Aspiring not to riches which from the world accrued.—Genesis 1: 26–28.

3. With Abraham he journeyed, his thoughts being then untold.—Genesis 22: 3, 5.

4. And unto him was likened a patriarch of old.—Genesis 49: 14.

5. Familiar to the Israelites, and evidently to Job.—Job 1: 3; Judges 19: 3.

6. He 'compained them in travel, but walked while sinners rode.—1 Kings 13: 13.

7. He bore a Character Divine, he

walked with Righteousness.—John 12: 14.

8. And on religious topics none with him could discuss.

A. Because he never had the gift of speech except on one occasion.

9. The path he walked was honored but oftener despised.—Mark 11: 9.

10. Pious men have clothed him to prove a purpose wise.—Mark 11: 7.

11. In life and death a medium whereby God saved man's life. — Numbers 22: 23; Judges 15: 18, 19.

12. And e'en when dead he proved effectual in strife.—Judges 15: 15, 16.

13. Angelic ministration a gift on it conferred.—Numbers 22: 28.

14. And by exercising which destruction was deterred.—Numbers 22: 23, 32.

15. His journey has been tended by enthusiastic throngs.—Mark 11: 9.

16. Who rent the air around him with

shouts of joyous song.—John 12: 13.

17. Subservient to the Master's will with patience he endured.—Numbers 22: 30.

18. Experience with fallen man in spheres by sin immured.—Numbers 22: 30.

19. Inspired were the utterances; his voice was often heard.—Numbers 22: 28.

20. One action stands unparalleled throughout the written word.—Numbers 22: 25, 31.

21. Its speech was not directed indiscriminately to men.

A. Was never known to speak except to Balaam.—Numbers 22: 28, 30.

22. And when reasoning with the erring met with cruel mien.—Numbers 22: 29.

23. Sufficiently to serve my aim this being I've described, and though truly represented here, devoid of hope he died.

A. Being destitute of reason, he died without hope.

In answer to No. 19, he was often heard to bray.

My answer to the enigma is that it was an Ass. By referring to the Scriptures above mentioned, you will find my answers to each line.

The editor will please to let me know whether my answer is correct or not.

B. BEALL.

January 2d, 1891.

SANTA ANA, California.

SR. M. WALKER:

I ENCLOSE an answer to the enigma found in *Autumn Leaves* for December, page 549. I do not claim it is correct, but give it as my opinion that it is. I have for some time been somewhat isolated from church privileges, therefore have taken pleasure in searching the word for answers to the different verses in this enigma. The answer is quite long. It may be too long.

I have been benefited already by the researches which I have been obliged to make; but I do not wish to simply benefit myself in my studies, but as many others as I possibly can. It is my object and aim in life to do as much good as I possibly can. Your brother in Christ,

DANIEL GARNER.

1 "Before man was created the incipient earth it viewed."

This I consider correct according to

King James' translation of the Bible, for before man was created all the beasts of the field were created and were moving upon the face of the earth; and it was one of them (Gen. 1: 24, 25). After God had created all the beasts of the field and all the creeping things, He then made man in his own image, (Gen. 1: 26). I could not give its name, because the beasts had not as yet received their names. As it goes upon the earth in its incipient state, it viewed it.

2. "Aspiring not to riches which from the earth accrued."

All it sought was food and drink, for God had previously supplied it with raiment. The grass and herbs were its food, (Gen. 1: 30); and for these it sought, (Job. 39: 8). "The range of the mountains was its pasture, and it searcheth after every green thing." And when the earth fails to bring forth grass for its support its eyes fail: "Their eyes did fail because there was no grass." — Jeremiah 14: 6.

3. "With Abraham he journeyed, his thoughts being then untold."

We find that he journeyed with Abraham from Egypt up into the land of Canaan, (Gen. 12: 16; with Gen. 12: 20; 13: 1). This was in the year 1918 B. C. Also that he accompanied Abraham on a short journey of three days, this being in the year 1872 B. C., and up to this time, from the morn of creation, he had not told his thoughts. Although he had a tongue, yet he had never (up to the time of the above dates) been able to speak his thoughts unto man. When he wanted grass he brayed for it.—Job 6: 5.

4. "And unto him was likened a patriarch of old."

Jacob had twelve sons, (Gen. 35: 22–27). These twelve sons were called twelve patriarchs, (Acts 6: 8, 9). When Jacob (or Israel) blessed his sons, he likened one (Issachar) to the subject of this riddle, (Gen. 49: 14).

5. "Familiar to the Israelites, and evidently to Job."

We read in Genesis 32: 28; 34: 10, that Jacob's name was changed to Israel, (a soldier of God). His sons would be called Israelites. When they were sent into Egypt by their father to buy corn, they took this being with them, they being familiar with him, (Gen. 44: 13; 45: 23; 42: 26). He was evidently familiar to Job,

for he speaks of him a number of times, and had him among his possessions, (Job. 42: 12).

6. "He 'compained them in travel, but walked while sinners rode."

There are several places where it is made mention of him accompanying them in travel, (Gen. 42:26). In fact he was their beast of burden, (Ex. 23:3; Deut. 22:4). In their travels from Egypt to the promised land this being accompanied them, for we read in Exodus 13:12, that the Lord commanded Moses to sanctify "all the first born unto him," "both of man and of beast," for He said, "It is mine." And this day was to be kept as a memorial that the Lord's law might be in their mouth, "for with a strong hand hath the Lord brought thee out of Egypt." "And it shall be when the Lord shall bring thee into the land of the Canaanites that thou shalt set apart unto the Lord . . . every firstling of a beast, . . . the male shall be the Lord's."—Ex. 13:12. And among these beasts this being is made mention of, (Ex. 13:13). This being was to be sanctified on the day on which they came out of Egypt, and he was also to be redeemed on the day they entered the land of Canaan; and during their forty years of sojourn in the wilderness this law was to be observed in its season from year to year, (Ex. 13:10); so that he must have accompanied them in their travels. Also there was a law given that if this being should be seen going astray, that he should be brought back; or if found lying under a heavy burden, they should not forbear to help him, (Ex. 23:4, 5).

He was used to ride upon in ancient more than in modern times; and he always walked while he was being rode, as that was his only means of conveyance. Ahithophel rode upon this being, (2 Sam. 17:23); and he was a sinner, as his history will show. See his wicked counsel to Absalom, (2 Sam. 16:20, 21; 17:1, 2); but his counsel is overthrown by Hushai's counsel according to the instruction of David, and "according to God's appointment." "When Ahithophel saw that his counsel was not followed . . . he gat him home to his house to his city . . . and hanged himself and died."—2 Sam. 17:23.

Balaam also used this being to ride upon, (Num. 22:21); and he was a sinner according to his own words, (verse 34).

He had rejected the counsel of the Lord, and this according to the word of Samuel is as the sin of witchcraft, (1 Sam. 15:23), "for rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft; and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry, because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord." In fact, all who rode upon this being were sinners (with one exception); for we read in Eccl. 7:20, "There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not."

7. "He bore a character divine; he walked with righteousness."

Christ was of divine character. To be of divine character one must be without sin, be like God; and Christ was all this. (1 Peter 2:22; 1 John 3:5; 2 Peter 1:3, 4; Matt. 1:23; John 1:1, 14); and he carried Christ upon his back as he came from Bethpage to Jerusalem; hence he bore a character divine, (Matt. 21:7).

Christ is called "the Lord, our Righteousness." This is what the old prophet said his name should be called, (Jer. 23:6). As this being is not very fleet of foot in modern times, we must suppose that he was then as now; and as he was young and not accustomed to being rode, his gait must have been a walk. Hence he walked with righteousness, (Luke 19:35, 36).

8. And on religious topics none with him could discuss."

I doubt very much if he could have discussed any other subject; for in 2 Peter 2:16, he is called "dumb." His voice no doubt would have been sufficient to have spoken to twenty thousand souls, but being unable to articulate, he was therefore unable of himself to discuss religious subjects.

9. "The path he walked was honored but oftener despised;" or, in other words, the example he set was honored, not by those who knew not God, but by those who walked in the light of God's truth. It was honored by God himself, (1 Peter 4:14). It was honored by Moses, for he esteemed it more than all the riches of Egypt, (Heb. 11:26). Those who walked in darkness and knew not God despised those who had taken upon themselves the name of Christ; and as these were in the majority and the followers of Christ in the minority, it (the path) was honored, but oftener despised. Paul in Hebrews 10:32, 33, states how that after they had be-

come illuminated they endured a great fight of affliction and had become a gazing stock, both by reproaches and afflictions. He also speaks of how he was despised and buffeted for walking in the path of Christ, (1 Cor. 4: 10-13).

10. "Pious men have clothed him to prove a purpose wise."

This occurred in Bethpage, on the eastern part of the Mount of Olives. Christ sent his disciples to obtain him for his use, (Matt. 21: 1, 2); and when they had brought him to Christ they cast their clothes on him, and sat him thereon, (Matt. 21: 6, 7); and this was done to fulfill the Scriptures, (Matt. 21: 4; Zech. 9: 9). Pious men clothed him.

11. "In life and death a medium whereby God saved men's life."

In the days of Joseph who was sold into Egypt there was a famine in Canaan, and Joseph having been inspired of God, and having authority from Pharaoh, king of Egypt, had gathered in and stored while there was plenty to sustain life during the time of the famine; and the people of Canaan and also of Egypt sought to Joseph for food, and in exchange gave him money. The account says that Joseph gathered up all the money found in the land of Egypt and in the land of Canaan "for the corn which they bought;" and when the money failed, Joseph commanded them to bring their herds and he would give them bread. Among the herds brought and given in exchange for bread was this being, (Gen. 47: 17); and by that means men's lives were preserved for one year. In death a medium, or a means whereby life was preserved. In 2 Kings 6: 25 we read of a great famine in Samaria, and the head of this being was sold for eighty pieces of silver or forty dollars, and by it life was preserved in its death.

12. "And e'en when dead he proved to be effectual in strife."

When Sampson was bound and brought to his enemies, the Phillistines, the chords with which he was bound became "as flax that was burnt," and his bands were loosed from his hands; and he procured a jawbone of this being and killed one thousand, (Judges 15: 14, 15). In this way, though dead, he became effectual in strife.

13. "Angelic ministration a gift on it conferred."—Num. 22: 23, 25, 27.

14. "And by exercising which destruction was deterred."

When Israel had come out of Egypt and was camped in the plains of Moab, on the opposite side of the river Jordan, from Jericho, Balak king of the Moabites fearing them, sent princes with the price of divination in their hands to a prophet called Balaam, for the purpose of getting him to curse Israel, that peradventure they might prevail against them and drive them out of their land. After they had consulted with the prophet and the Lord had been sought for counsel in the matter, he was commanded not to go with them and said, "Thou shalt not curse Israel, for they are blessed." But he disobeyed the command, and God's anger was kindled against him; and while he was in the way going up with the princes of Moab and was riding upon this "being," an angel of the Lord appeared in the way with a drawn sword, and the "beast" turned aside out of the way. But Balaam saw not the angel, and he still continued on his journey, taking a path that led through a vineyard, being walled in on both sides. He had not proceeded far before the angel was again discovered standing in the path. The being turned aside and crushed the prophet's foot against the wall. Not knowing why the being acted so strangely he smote him with his staff, and still continued on. The path grew narrow so that it was only possible for one to pass, and in this narrow place, as he still proceeded on his journey, the angel was seen again standing with a drawn sword. There was no place to turn aside, and being directly in front of the angel, humility was the only thing that would save the prophet's life; therefore the being cast himself upon the ground, and by this means the rider's life was saved. Israel was not cursed, the prophet's eyes were opened, and he saw the angel. He bowed his head and fell flat on his face; and by this action of the being destruction was deterred.—Num. 22: 22, 23, 25, 27, 31.

15. "His journey has been 'tended by enthusiastic throngs."

This was only a very short journey, yet it was one which had been written of hundreds of years before.—Matt. 21: 7, 8; Zech. 9: 9.

16. "Who rent the air around him with shouts of joyous song."

I suppose no music to mortals ever sounded so sweet and was so inspiring as when they shouted "Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in highest."—(Matt. 21:9; And had they not "rent the air around him with shouts of joyous song" upon that occasion, the very rocks would have cried out.—Luke 19:41.

17. "Subservient to the Master's will with patience he endured."

Or, subject to the Master's will he bore him patiently, notwithstanding it being the first time man ever sat "thereon," (Luke 19:30); and the spreading of their clothes in the way, the casting of branches also before him—this, together with the shouting of the people must have tried his patience, he being young and inexperienced; yet in all this he endured it patiently.—Luke 19:35, 37.

18. "Experience with fallen man in spheres by sin immured."

King Nebuchadnezzar had a dream which was interpreted by Daniel, a Hebrew, a prophet of God; and it was told the king that he should be driven from men; that his dwelling should be with the beasts of the field. Daniel counseled him to break off from his sins by righteousness, and from his iniquities by showing mercy to the poor; but he gave no heed to the counsel of the man of God, but continued to walk in his own way. He was lifted up in the pride of his own heart, and exclaimed, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" While the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven; saying, "O, King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken: The kingdom is departed from thee. And they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field." He was made to dwell with the beasts of the field for seven years "eating grass and being wet with the dews of heaven, while his hairs grew like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws." Among the beasts with which he was associated was the "being," (Dan. 5:21); and thus he was associated with *fallen man* inside the walls of great Babylon as they together ate grass for seven years.

19. "Inspired were the utterances, his voice was often heard."

As he was dumb, (2 Pet. 2:16), the

utterances must have been inspired, for "he spoke by man's voice." We only read of him speaking upon one occasion, and then God opened his mouth, (Num. 22:28, 30;) and Job speaks of him, (Job 6:5): "Doth he bray when he hath grass!"

I would conclude from this that his voice was often heard, especially during a time of famine.

20. "One action stands unparalleled throughout the written word."

Numbers 22:30. The being speaking with *man's voice* "forbidding the madness of the prophet," is without a parallel in the written word, (II Pet. 2:16). He, the prophet, had so far forsaken the right way, had become angry and wanted to take the life of his beast. In this he had departed from righteousness, for we read in Prov. 12:10 that, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cursed."

21. "Its speech was not directed indiscriminately to men."

No, for it was directed personally to one, and that was his Master.—Num. 22:30. It was to stop the prophet's madness.—2 Pet. 2:16.

22. "And when reasoning with the erring met with cruel mien."

Notwithstanding this being had been smitten three times with the staff of the angered prophet, still he bore it patiently, and saved his master's life. He was not afraid of his own life, but desired to save his master's. The words of the Savior would be applicable here: "Fear not them which kill the body, . . . but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

While this being was reasoning with the erring prophet "he met with cruel mien," (Num. 22:28, 29): "Because thou hast mocked me I would there were a sword in my hand, for now would I kill thee.

23. "Sufficient to serve my aim this 'being' I've described."

This being. See Exodus 13:13.

24. "And though truly represented here devoid of hope he died."

Without hope he died, for hope is a desire of good joined with expectation. The beasts die without hope, (Eccl. 3:21): "Who knoweth the spirit of the man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward." See also 2 Peter

2:12.

DANIEL GARNER.

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A WORD.

BY ABBIE AUGUSTA.

'Tis pleasant to feel
That, e'er we can heal
A wound that is causing much pain.
But not to offend,
And thus keep a friend,
Is better than honors to gain.

A word that we say
In a kind, quiet way,
May a triumph achieve tho unseen;
And one, slow of speech
May by silence impeach
A churl with a passionate mien.

This life is too short
For the setting at nought
Of precepts intended for all;
The greatest of gifts
Is charity that lifts
Mankind up from the wicked one's thrall.

Ah yes, they will grow,
The seeds that we sow
Of kindness, as Jesus designed,
"Love your enemies," too,
Bless them that curse you,
And "rest to your soul ye shall find."

"IN FAITH BELIEVING."

BY T. S. BROWN.

IN the year 187— I was^{*} living at St. Joseph, Michigan, and was a regular attendant of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The minister was a man of considerable faith, coming nearer in teaching to the truth than any man I ever knew of that denomination.

During the winter two steam tug-boats belonging to that port attempted to fish in the lake. The result was they were caught in the drifting ice and were helplessly carried up and down the coast for a month or more. A steamer tried to break the ice, but was herself glad to get back through the ice-field into the harbor.

The weather became colder, the two boats were two miles from shore, frozen solid in a great field of ice, in places several rods across and several feet thick, while there would be small spaces filled with great, round lumps impossible to cross on foot, and through which a boat could not be forced. There was fuel and food on board for the six men, yet their position was a grave one; the boats were liable to be overturned or crushed by the mighty masses crowding around them.

It was suggested that we pray for them. There were also praying men on board the boats; so for two nights we sent up special prayers for the lives of those men.

On the third day a great wind blew from the south and the great field in an almost solid body commenced to move

northward. The sight was majestic but terrible—miles and miles of solid ice, for the wind jammed it together in a compact mass.

"They are lost!" the sailors said, "they are being carried out and north. When they get to open water their boats will be smashed to pieces as the ice heaves by the great waves."

It looked indeed as though they were doomed, that our prayers were in vain. A pall seemed to settle over the town. Were not six brave men going to certain death? At two p. m. they are just a little north of the harbor and drifting helplessly, without hope for the unfortunates.

I turn from watching them and sadly go to my place of employment. A few minutes later a whistle blows. Do you know that a whistle has a language, and its tones are often the reflection of the feelings of the men who control it? When that whistle blew, I jumped; *there was joy in it*. Then another and another, and as I reach the sidewalk Benton Harbor, a mile up the river, has taken up the refrain, and from locomotives and mills and factories—in fact everything that has a whistle in either town is making active use of it. Then the bells chime in, "Clang! Clang! Clang!" No dirge, either, in either bells or whistles.

"Fire!" says my co-laborer.

"No fire," says I, and I run for the bluff

How shall I tell it? From the very mouth of the harbor straight out to the boats was a great channel of open water, free from ice; and the boats—a half hour before frozen fast in solid ice eight feet thick—were loosened and steaming with all speed toward home and loved ones; and as in the days of Israel's release from bondage when the water was driven back as a wall, the ice (it is a solemn truth I declare unto you) was along the entire length on the south side of the great channel, *standing still, yet nothing*

opposed it; while upon the north side it drifts away as swiftly as ever.

The boats rush in with screaming whistles, and they are no sooner safe than the unseen barrier is removed, the ice moves swiftly forward, and in a quarter hour the great field is solid once more; and the great channel was never again opened.

Those who had faith said there had been a miracle. Those who had not, said it was *curious* and *altogether unexplainable*.

RABINOWICH AND HIS MISSION TO ISRAEL.

Being the Report of the London Council for aiding his work, for the year 1890.

DURING the last months the persecutions and sufferings of the Jews in Russia have called forth the deep sympathy of the English Nation. No philanthropist can read the descriptions of their manifold and severe trials without profound pity. To the student of God's word they suggest solemn thoughts. They remind him both of the "Severity of God," and of the wonderful purpose of mercy, which will finally be made manifest. The condition of Israel is, indeed, very sad; yet amid all the political, social, moral and physical evils which oppress them we can see the upholding and sheltering faithfulness of the God of Abraham, we can trace indications of the blessed influence of the law of God, which they still reverence and study, and we have reason to hope, that in the furnace of affliction some are led to inquire into the meaning of God's dealings with His people during the long period of their exile. We are thankful that at a time like the present the testimony of our dear Brother Joseph Rabinowich continues to go forth with great clearness and power. And while the injustice and cruelty which they suffer must greatly deepen and embitter the opposition of the Jews to Christianity, the present distress seems to incline many to listen eagerly to the voice of one of their brethren, who filled with a deep love to his nation, directs them to Jesus, as to the promised Messiah and unfolds to them the testimony of Scripture.

Since the publication of our last statement the new hall has been finished, in which the meetings of the Congregation of the New Covenant are to be held.

The following document in the Hebrew language was placed on the foundation stone, and will be read with deep interest by all who love Israel, and pray for the conversion of God's people:

"1. Every house is builded by some man; but He that built all thing is God (Heb. 3: 4.)

"2. The stone which the builders rejected has become the head stone of the corner (Psa. 118: 22.)

"3. Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts (Zech. 4: 6.)

"4. The foundation of this house to the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, who forever reigneth over the house of Jacob, was laid by a Hebrew, Joseph, son of David Rabinowich, on the coronation day of the exalted Emperor of Russia (may he prolong his days and be prosperous), on the 15th day of May, by the help and money support contributed by the brethren in the Lord that dwell at London, Edinburg and Glasgow, in the land of Great Britain, in order to preserve (*lit. increase*) the name and remembrance of that dear man and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Rev. A. N. Somerville, D. D., who, in his great love towards the Jews, came in the month of February, 1888, visited Rabinowich in the city of Kischineff to hear from his mouth the word which he proclaimeth to the Jews.

"Tuesday, the 15th day of the fifth month, May, 1890, years since the birth of the Messiah, in the city of Bethlehem, Judah."

In a letter dated 6th November, Mr. Rabinowich gives the following retrospect of the last six years:

"The beginning of my labors among Israel was not owing to the influence of any church or person, but solely through the grace, compassion and love of God, which convinced me, that the synagogue and wisdom of the Jews were unable to bring help to our nation, and the only salvation was in Jesus Christ, who is the Redeemer of each individual soul and the Messiah of Israel. This direct and personal origin of my labors has given to them a peculiar character, different from the ordinary missionary methods, and providentially the method thus assigned to me is more in accordance with the political and legal condition of Russia.

"My one desire from the beginning was to bring my brethren into contact with the words of Christ, which are spirit and life, that by the power of the Holy Ghost they may believe in Jesus, the Son of the living God.

"In order to lead my brethren, who were languishing in the exhausted atmosphere of the synagogue to the reviving fountain of the Divine word, as we possess it in the Scriptures, it was necessary to obtain a meeting place, separated from the synagogue and distinct from the existing churches.

"It seems a small thing in itself, but it is of great importance to the work of evangelization, that by God's mercy the Russian Government has allowed us to meet as a congregation of Israelites of the New Covenant and to build a hall for our services. For six years we have met, and in the same place the services have been held and I can now trace the effects on the synagogue and on the churches.

"The synagogue excommunicated me in 1884, and the Jewish papers predicted that I would have no hearers except my brother. Instead of this my hall has been a center, where every Saturday public services are attended by a large number of Jewish men, women and youths to listen to the gospel of Jesus Christ and to worship the Father in the name of our Lord.

"The synagogue notices that the Hebrew language which is still regarded by the Jewish nation as sacred, is at present more in the service, and to the glory of the gospel, than of the Talmud and Judaism. My hearers openly express their conviction that they never heard before the true meaning of Scripture. We can see indications of misgivings on the part of the synagogue that Israel is about to free itself from the fetters of Talmudism and to follow the example of us children of the New Covenant. One leading member of the Jewish synagogue congratulated me cordially, when he saw our beautiful new hall and wished me success in my work, adding: 'I am convinced that our leaders are in error and unable to help us.' Another earnest Jew when he entered our hall, exclaimed, 'This does feel like a holy place,' (according to Ex. 3:5.)

"This impression is not confined to Kischineff and Bessarabia, but it is throughout the whole of Russia, as is evident from letters received by me from earnest Israelites in all parts of our Empire."

Mr. Rabinowich explains the difficulties he has had to encounter, in maintaining his position of perfect independence from all "churches," and laboring quietly in the simple testimony of Christ to his brethren. The Lord has brought several Jews to the knowledge of Christ, and though some of them have been obliged to seek baptism in various churches, they still remain in communion with the "congregation of the New Covenant" and feel themselves constrained to labor in their various places among the Jews in the spirit of Mr. Rabinowich. They are thus agents of the movement.

Another feature, noticed by Mr. Rabinowich, is the remarkable change in the attitude of the Jews toward himself and the other believing Israelites. Instead of the bitter opposition and undisguised contempt of former days, they meet now with respect and kindness. The behavior of the Jews who attend the services is strikingly calm and reverent. The New Testament is read in many houses, and the Lord's prayer offered in Hebrew, and many verses and prayers of the New Testament are known by heart. "Some years ago I was pelted with stones and mud by hundreds of Jews, and now from the highest to the lowest respect and

kindness are shown to me, and there is great willingness to speak on the truths of the Scripture."

During the months when the new hall was being built, much interest was excited, and it became the occasion of many discussions on the teachings of Rabinowich. The fact of a permanent meeting place being built greatly impressed the Jews, as a sign of his fixed purpose to devote himself to the work of the gospel among Israel. We can sympathize with our dear brother when he writes: "I cannot describe to you in words the hope that gladdens my heart now I possess this beautiful and quietly situated hall, and our own printing press. I intend besides the meetings on the Sabbath day, to have two public meetings during the week for Bible teaching, also to have some classes for young men and conversational meetings with strangers passing through our town."

For several months past Mr. Rabinowich has been assisted by a young convert, who converses with inquirers, visits those who attend regularly and also among the Jews generally. The Council has agreed to engage his services at an annual salary.

A very important branch of Mr. Rabinowich's work is the publication of his arresting and instructive addresses, which are peculiarly adapted to the Jewish mind. Of these pamphlets there have appeared *sixteen* numbers in Hebrew and Jargon. Twenty-seven thousand two hundred copies have been printed, and the stock is nearly exhausted.

The friends of Israel will unite with us in thanksgiving, that the Lord has raised up our brother and upheld him in his important work which is full of difficulties and daily trials. The word of God is his strength, and by constant meditation and prayer his own heart is sustained and refreshed, so that he is able to preach Jesus with joyful opening of his lips. We long to hear of far greater blessing, and to see the power of the word in

bringing souls to repentance and faith. We would earnestly ask Christians to pray, that the Holy Ghost may Himself breathe upon the dead, open the eyes of the blind and heal sin-convinced hearts by the revealed love of God in Christ Jesus.

We are anxious, that Christians of all denominations should take an interest in this work and testimony. It is in harmony with all Jewish mission work, and as many missionaries throughout the world have acknowledged, it helps, encourages and confirms the labors of all the various agents of different denominations.

We cannot conclude without a few words of grateful and loving remembrance of the venerable and eminent Professor Delitsch, who fell asleep in Jesus on the 4th of March, 1890. All the churches mourn his loss; but especially the friends of Israel and of the Mission to Israel can never forget the marvelous love which he felt and showed to God's people during more than half a century, the indefatigable zeal, unremitting labor, and self-sacrificing devotedness, with which to the very last days of his life he sought the salvation of Israel. The whole synagogue of Europe and of the world revered his name and acknowledged with gratitude his sincere and deep love to the Nation. His translation of the New Testament into Hebrew which was his most cherished work and to which he brought all the ripe results of his philological erudition, Biblical learning, and spiritual experience has been a source of blessing. It would exceed our limits to enter into the various ways in which he served the Jewish Mission. Our council was originated chiefly through his influence: as he was the sympathising friend and earnest champion of Mr. Rabinowich from the very commencement of his work, and as he saw clearly that the Christians of this country were the most suitable to help this movement. May his hope in this respect be abundantly realized.

—Adolph Saphir, D. D.

THE most objectionable feature of our National character is self-conceit, an undue appreciation of ourselves, and an exaggerated estimate of our achievements, of our inventions, of contributions to public comfort, and of our place. In fact, in the great procession of the ages, we seem to imagine that whether knowledge will die with us or not, it certainly began with us.—*Wendell Phillips in the Lost Arts.*

JERUSALEM.

A FRIEND in the Holy City wrote us a long and interesting letter. We make space for the following:

About fifty families of poor Jews have been taking water from our cistern during the past six weeks daily. I feel that the Lord has conferred the highest honor upon your humble servant in allowing me to sacrifice my time and money in this cause. It is very late for the rains to be withheld and the poor Jews have suffered. I am rejoiced to say that it is now raining in torrents, and all the people rejoice. "Salvation is of the Jews." God will make good all His promises.

Russian Jews are pouring into this country by hundreds and all find a place; there is no opposition at present. The Pasha has just been dismissed. He was about to sell the Jewish cemetery on Mt. Olives to the Russians, a complaint was made to the Porte, and the result was his dismissal.

The road to the Jordan is nearly completed. Cook & Son have just sent machinery for sinking an artesian well at

Jericho, which they say is destined to become the "Garden of the World." One traveler brought us a beanpod from there that measured thirty inches, and he saw some which measured thirty-eight inches. He saw cotton plants that have grown so high and strong that two men can sit in the branches. This tourist has traveled around the world, and has seen nothing like this even in the Sandwich Islands. Old Father Abraham's Land will soon be the center of attraction and receive the promised blessings. The veil of the covering that covers all nations will be rent in Jerusalem, laws will go forth that will be obeyed, and righteousness and peace will kiss each other, "Men will draw water from the wells of Salvation." Blessed be His holy name, and may the time hasten when we shall really *know* Him and each other better. May God bless you both is my prayer. I feel sure that you are trying to serve the Master with an honest purpose. It is not the time to do *great things*, that will come surely. I remain sincerely yours,

A. E. D., in exchange,

THE WERE-WOLF WOMAN AND OUR MODERN STATESMEN.

THERE is a weird and terrible story in the Christmas number of *Atalanta*, which reads horribly like a parable of recent history—especially of the history of the last month. It is a tale of the Northern lands, told by Clemence Housman, which makes the flesh creep and the blood run cold. To the Norse farmstead in winter time came the strange maiden whom men named White Fell. Tall she was and very fair, graceful as Diana, and radiant with the beauty of strength; but in her eye there shone at times an awful light, and those whom she lured to kiss her by the hearthstone she subsequently devoured in the field. For White Fell was a Were-wolf. The wild and fearful legend which tells that this fair creature could be transformed from the aspect as of a God, upright, free-handed, with brows and speech and laughter, into a palpably bestial brute, pawed, toothed, and shagged, and eared like the wolves of

the fell, destined to bury its great black jowl in the bloody flank of the man whose lips had pressed the cheek of the transformed shape of this dreadful thing, affords the ground-work of the story in *Atalanta*. In the tale, after devouring two victims, the third is saved by an act of heroic self-sacrifice. The twin brother of the doomed braves the deadly jealousy of his brother, in order to pursue and slay Were-Wolf Woman. "You kissed Rol—and Rol is dead! You kissed Trella—and he is dead! You have kissed Sweyn, my brother, but he shall not die!" And then began the wild pursuit over the snowy wilds, the cruel blows which shattered his hands, the axe that smote his neck till the lifeblood gushed out; but after that came victory, for the Were-Wolf lay dead, and Christian, as he breathed his last by White Fell's corpse, rejoiced with exceeding joy because he had saved his brother.

That weird legend of the Northern lands is not more tragic or more pitiful than the story of the part played by women of late years in the great tragedy of contemporary history. The strange woman has played the Were-Wolf with a vengeance, among the foremost men of our time.

In my Character Sketch of General Boulanger, I lightly ran through the list of some of her victims. They have kissed her and have died,—or they have met a worse fate than death in the living grave of universal contempt. Pleasant it is in the gloaming, when the rays from the fitful firelight gleam on the golden tresses of the fair white thing that laughs and smiles and invites a long embrace; but it is not given to everyone to see the awful glee that lights the Were-Wolf's eyes, or to discern how soon from that soft clinging embrace, will come a ghastly, deadly danger. Skobelev perished that way, and Gambetta; Sir Charles Dilke went down alive into the pit; and last month it was the turn of Mr. Parnell. In the story Christian saved Sweyn from White Fell by dying for his sake. But not even the passionate efforts of a whole nation can save our Sweyn from the grasp of Mrs. O'Shea. The Were-Wolf Woman of Irish politics cannot be shaken off. Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant, but seldom have we had a more conspicuous illustration of the truth of the old saying: "Who-so committeth adultery with a woman lacketh understanding; he that doeth it destroyeth his own soul; a wound and dishonor shall he get; his reproach shall not be wiped away."

"He that doeth it destroyeth his own soul;" but if you do not believe you have a soul? Then to all such, it may be, the new rendering will be more important, "He that doeth it destroyeth his own party." General Boulanger sacrificed the Boulangists to Madame X. Sir Charles Dilke handed over the seat at Chelsea during his lifetime to the Conservatives. Don Carlos preferred an orgy to the crown of Spain. Skobelev blighted the hopes of the Slavonic world by a suicide of debauchery. And now Mr. Parnell has trampled down the cause of Ireland under foot for the sake of his neighbor's wife. As Mr. Labouchere says, "The Irish regret the facts; so do I. But re-

gret for facts does not alter them." The misfortune is that Mr. Labouchere and his friends on the Front Opposition Bench did not recognize that facts were facts until they had run the Liberal ship on the rocks just as they were entering port. Last month I showed from the uniform rise of the Liberal poll in the by-elections that "failing any convulsion of the Krakatoa order," the return of a majority pledged to Home Rule was practically assured. To-day no one ventures to predict anything. If the Irish will repudiate Mr. Parnell and follow loyally Mr. Sexton, or whosoever they may select as his successor, it is quite possible that the fiery ordeal through which the allied parties have passed may kindle such a moral enthusiasm as will carry Home Rule by an even larger majority than if this incident had never happened. But unless the Irish follow Mr. Davitt's lead in this matter, the Home Rule cause is undone. The Irish will be restored to their old position of a hopeless minority, chafing savagely against the resolute government of an overwhelming majority, the English Liberal party will be hopelessly divided, and the victory of the Unionists as the only cohesive party will be assured at next election. And all this on account of Mrs. O'Shea! Well may one of my helpers in the North of England write:

"It seems horrible that the weakness of a woman old enough to take care of herself, and belonging to a class that should be refined and worthy of being called 'the elite,' should be able to ruin a career that in every other respect has been conspicuously brilliant and clear. It is such women as she who lead men into the belief that we are frail, weak dolls—virtuous only from fear, or for lack of opportunity to be otherwise. I have not felt like myself since I read the report of the case. No one can tell what it feels like to be a woman and see the lash of shame falling on another's shoulders. One feels every quiver of it in one's own flesh."

Mrs. O'Shea is an ambitious woman, and it is believed that she counts upon becoming Mrs. Parnell. Had not the moral indignation of the British public exploded as it did, she might have been the uncrowned Queen of Ireland, when adultery had been "consecrated" by matrimony.—*Wm. T. Stead, in Review of Reviews.*

SINCERITY SEEKING SALVATION.—No. IV.

BY ÉLDER T. W. SMITH.

MR. C.—“Why, you seem to be thoroughly furnished with an understanding of the Scriptures, and even instruct me in some things which I had not investigated.”

Sincerity.—“I have simply read the New Testament carefully, as I was recommended by Rev. Messrs. Presbutero, Methodus, Baptistees, Luthero and Episcopas to do, and then I thought and prayed much over what I have read; and I have been desirous of being baptized for the remission of sins now for some time.”

Mr. C.—O, I am willing to baptize you at any time, into the name of the Lord Jesus, upon profession of faith that ‘Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God.’”

Sincerity.—“But can you baptize me ‘in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ;’ that is, by the authority of Jesus Christ, you being directly commissioned by him to baptize?”

Mr. C.—“Oh, no; I do not pretend to do that; I baptize into the name, not in the name or by authority of Jesus Christ, as the phrase ‘in the name’ signifies.”

“But why do you use the word ‘into’ instead of ‘in?’” asked Sincerity.

“Because,” replied Mr. C., “in the first place, ‘in the name’ clearly implies ‘by the authority of;’ and inasmuch as I do not believe in any divine call, or in a direct commission from Jesus Christ, or in revelation through a living prophet, or in the Holy Ghost inspiring man to-day; I do not profess to do anything ‘in the name,’ or by authority of Jesus Christ; and in the second place the Greek preposition ‘eis’ in the phrase, ‘*eis ton onoma,*’ means ‘into,’ and it is translated so in hundreds of instances.”

Sincerity.—“But is it not translated by other words?”

Mr. C.—Yes, I believe it is translated a couple of hundred times by the preposition ‘to’ and ‘unto,’ as many times as well as ‘on,’ ‘upon’ and ‘others.’”

Sincerity.—“Is it never translated by the word ‘in?’”

Mr. C.—“Well, yes; I believe it is so

translated about one hundred and thirty-two times.”

Sincerity.—“Will you please tell me what is the translation in Matthew 28: 19, where Jesus commanded his disciples to baptize in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost?”

Mr. C.—O, that is a mistranslation; it is translated ‘in’ in our version; but it ought to be ‘into.’”

Sincerity.—“I see in Matthew 10: 41 that the words ‘in the name’ occur twice. What is the Greek of that?”

Mr. C.—“‘*Eis ton onoma,*’ the same as Matthew 28: 19.

Sincerity.—“Well, ought the word ‘in’ to be translated ‘into’ here, so it would read, ‘He that receiveth a prophet into the name of a prophet,’ and ‘He that receiveth a righteous man into the name of a righteous man,’ etc.?”

Mr. C.—Well, no; I hardly think that would be correct; nor in the next verse, where it says ‘in the name’ (*eis ton onoma*) of a disciple. I confess it would not sound well to say that a ‘cup of cold water’ is given ‘into the name of a disciple.’”

Sincerity.—“How in Matthew 17: 20 should the words ‘in my name’ read ‘into my name;’ that is, ‘where two or three are gathered ‘into my name,’ etc.? Please tell me, when Peter said, ‘Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ,’ (Acts 2: 38), does the Greek ‘*eis*’ occur there?”

Mr. C.—“No, it does not; and it is not ‘*eis*’ in Acts 8: 16, where it says they were ‘baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus;’ nor does it occur in Acts 3: 6, where Peter commanded the lame man ‘in the name of Jesus Christ’ to rise up and walk; nor in Acts 9: 27, 29, where it is said that Barnabas ‘spake boldly in the name of Jesus;’ nor in Acts 10: 48, where it is said Peter ‘commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord.’ It occurs in Acts 19: 5, but is translated ‘in’ and not ‘into.’ It occurs also in 1 Corinthians 1: 13, where Paul asks, ‘Were ye baptized in the name of Paul?’”

Sincerity.—“Well, then; it appears that in most cases the word ‘*eis*’ does not occur

in connection with baptism in the name of Jesus, and in no instance is it translated 'into' the name, and indeed it would read very funny to put the word 'into' instead of 'in.' For instance, how would it read, 'Into my name shall they cast out devils;' 'repentance and remission of sins shall be preached in my name;' 'Lord, have we not prophesied into thy name, and into thy name cast out devils, and into thy name done many wonderful works?' 'whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all into the name of the Lord Jesus,' etc., etc.? But that is not the only reason why I object to being baptized by you; that is, because you want to baptize me 'into' the name of Jesus, instead of in his name, or by his authority."

Mr. C.—"Well, what other reason have you for objecting?"

Sincerity.—"Why, not preaching a full or perfect gospel, of course. You were not a believer of a perfect gospel when you were baptized, and of course were not baptized by one who believed more than a part of the gospel; and that difficulty can be found all the way down from Alexander Campbell, B. W. Stone and other founders of your church. Then there is another trouble."

Mr. C.—"Well, what else?"

Sincerity.—"It concerns your ordination. You say that the founders of your church were ministers of other denominations, such as the Presbyterian, the Baptist, etc. Take Mr. Alexander Campbell, for instance, he was ordained by Presbyterian ministers, who you say were sprinkled in infancy, and of course not baptized for remission of their sins, and therefore were not in Christ; and of course, if not members of his church they could not be accredited and accepted ministers in his church. If not citizens in his kingdom, they were certainly not officers in that government; therefore not being officers in the government of God, they could not confer citizenship even, to say nothing of conferring office in that government, upon any one. It is said if you 'take nothing from nothing, nothing remains.' Is there any minister in your church who can trace his authority or office directly back to the apostles in an unbroken line?"

Mr. C.—"Why, certainly not; for do we not teach that we have inaugurated the 'reformation of the nineteenth cen-

ture?' And why should we attempt to reform or re-form the Church of Christ if we believed there was any true Church of Christ on earth, and true successors in the eldership of the elders of olden time? No, we believe that all the Protestant ministry have derived whatever official standing or ministerial rights and privileges they have from the Church of Rome when they and we consider to be a corrupt, fallen and apostate church."

Sincerity.—"Then your ministerial office, dignity and authority comes from that source, through Alexander Campbell and the Presbyterians, and through other denominations?"

Mr. C.—"Well, I suppose that is the case. But what will you do? All other denominations, even those who practice baptism by immersion for the remission of sins are in the same situation, except the Mormons."

Sincerity.—"Why, what do they claim?"

Mr. C.—"Why, the preposterous idea that an angel from heaven appeared to Joseph Smith—an illiterate young man—and told him that God would restore the true church through him, and that all others are wrong and not acceptable of God. And they claim that Joseph Smith was ordained through the authority of an angel. It was a pretty bold assertion to make, that all other churches were wrong."

Sincerity.—"Yes, but that is only patterning after yourselves; for you claim that was the reason why you began the 'reformation of the nineteenth century;' and every denomination thinks that every other is wrong on such matters of faith and practice as they differ from it upon."

"But I cannot see why it should be thought preposterous for the Mormons to claim that an angel came from heaven; for it had often occurred that angels had brought messages from heaven; and I have felt for sometime that the gospel as preached by Paul and others was not preached on earth. But I can test Smith's claims to the possession of authority to preach a restored gospel."

Mr. C.—"Why, how will you do that?"

Sincerity.—"Well if the angel who appeared to him taught him a different gospel, or authorized him to preach another gospel, or even more or less than Paul preached, he could not be an angel sent from God, but would be an accursed one, or a fallen angel; so I will find out what these

Mormons teach. Do they call themselves by that name?"

Mr. C.—“Oh, no; they call themselves ‘The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.’ But you had better avoid them, for they are all a set of fanatics and impostors, or deceivers.”

Sincerity.—“Why, that is just what the other sect called your church in its early days, before you became quite so numerous, and so heady and high-minded as you are now; it was when you were humble and earnest.”

“But these Mormons, as you call them, seem to have taken the only name the church should take, that is, the name of her husband, which is not Christian, or Disciple, or Wesley, or Calvin, or Luther, or Rome, or England, or Seventh Day, or Baptist, or Methodist, or anything else, save Jesus Christ; neither Jesus alone, or Christ alone, but ‘Jesus Christ.’ But there is another matter I would like to inquire about, as you seem to be acquainted with the Greek; that is, is not the name Christ generally preceded by the article?"

Mr. C.—“Yes, it is frequently in this form, *i. e.*, ‘Jesus ton Christos,’ that is Jesus the Christ.”

Sincerity.—“Then we are to believe that Jesus is the Christ. What does *Christ* mean, as it must be an official title, it appears to me?"

Mr. C.—“It means the anointed one, or the Messias. This is a Hebrew word, and was understood by the Jews to mean a deliverer of Israel, or a restorer of the throne and kingdom of David.”

Sincerity.—“Then when Paul showed the Jews from the Scriptures that Jesus was or is the Christ, that is Messias, he meant to show that Jesus is to restore the throne and kingdom of David, which of course includes the restoration of all the tribes of Israel to the land of their fathers, or to Palestine; and also includes the idea of the restoration of Jerusalem to its former position as the capital of the kingdom of David. Does it not?"

Mr. C.—“It certainly included all that.”

Sincerity.—“So when Philip preached the things concerning the *name* of Jesus Christ, (Acts 8: 12;) and Paul did the same thing, (Acts 28: 31,) they taught thereby the restoration of the kingdom of Israel or of David,” etc.?

Mr. C.—“Yes, that must have been the case.”

Sincerity.—“Is the kingdom of David called the kingdom of God, or the throne of the Lord anywhere in the Bible?"

Mr. C.—“I think it is. I think it says something about that in the Old Testament; but as we do not preach these things as the gospel, of course I am not fully prepared to answer that question.”

Sincerity.—“Well, I will see if the Mormons, as you call them, know anything about that, for it is an important matter, as I clearly see. But I want to ask you another question. Your denomination have a great deal to say about Peter’s Pentecostal sermon, and about the resurrection of Christ. Please tell me what did Peter say that Christ was raised from the dead to do?"

Mr. C.—“Why, to secure our salvation, of course.”

Sincerity.—“Suppose I read a verse or two. Peter speaking of David said, ‘Therefore being a prophet, and knowing that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne; he seeing this before, spake of the resurrection of Christ, that his soul was not left in hell, neither his flesh did see corruption.’—Acts 2: 30, 31.

“You see then that you do not even preach as Peter did on Pentecost, neither as Philip and Paul. Do you indeed think that those whom you require to make profession of faith, and to declare that they believe that Jesus is *the Christ* understand anything about the restoration of the throne and kingdom of David, inasmuch as you do not explain in what sense he is the Christ, or do they suppose that Christ is merely a part of his name? ‘How can they believe in him of whom they have not heard?’ However, farewell. I shall try to find the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.”

“Well, I hope you will be careful, or you will be deceived,” said Mr. C.

In a few days, Sincerity had the opportunity of meeting and conversing with Elder Sanctus, of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ, commonly called Latter Day Saints; and being introduced, said to him: “Mr. Sanctus, I have been for some time reading the Holy Scriptures upon the advice of Rev. Messrs. Presbutero,

Methodus, Baptistees, Luthero, Episcopas; and finding that by following their counsel I discovered much in their respective faiths and practices not taught in the Scriptures, that could not be proved thereby, I have judged them by the rule laid down in their respective creeds, namely, that whatsoever doctrine is not taught in the Scriptures, or can be proven thereby, is 'not to be received as an article of faith, nor to be considered as requisite or necessary to salvation.' So I have rejected their unscriptural doctrine of 'justification by faith only.' I can find no warrant for the practice of Messrs. P., and M., and L., and E., of sprinkling people, and especially infants, and calling it baptism. But I have felt somewhat troubled or unsettled in mind concerning their claim that 'Baptism takes the place of circumcision,' and that 'as infants were circumcised, they should be also baptized;' however, I cannot see how they should baptize the class of children who were not subject to circumcision?"

Mr. Sanctus.—"Very true; but admitting that baptism takes the place of circumcision, as a sign of membership in the Church of Christ, what reason is that for sprinkling water upon infants instead of immersing them? They teach that circumcision was made a ceremony in the law of Moses, or a part of that law, I suppose?"

Sincerity.—"Yes, they so teach."

Mr. S.—"You can tell, I have no doubt, when that law of commandments contained in ordinances came to an end?"

Sincerity.—"We have the word of Jesus Christ that, 'The law and the prophets were until John; since that time the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it.'—Luke 16: 16."

Mr. S.—"Yes; and that corresponds with what Mark says in the first verse of his book, 'The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.' If the law of Moses ended at the time John the Baptist began his mission of baptizing for remission of sins, and was the beginning of the preaching of gospel by the Lord Jesus Christ, then baptism took the place of circumcision then and there, if it ever did take its place, which is extremely doubtful. Do you know what John baptized people for?"

Sincerity.—"Why, I read in Mark 1: 5; Matthew 3: 6, and Luke 3: 3, that John

baptized for 'remission of sins' those who repented, and that they were baptized in the river Jordan, confessing their sins."

Mr. S.—"Then of course it was baptism by immersion for remission of sins; and if so, how could an infant be a proper subject for baptism, even if we admit that those who were baptized in the river were simply sprinkled; for what does an infant know about confession of its sins, as Mark shows was done by those whom John baptized?"

"A little child is fit for the kingdom of heaven, being innocent and holy; and sinners must repent and be converted and become as little children or they cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. (Luke 18: 16; Matt. 17: 2, 3.) Repentance and baptism are only to be demanded of those who are capable of committing sin, which cannot apply to an infant."

Sincerity.—"But these reverends say a child is born in sin and shapen in iniquity; and some of them say that they are 'born totally depraved.'"

Mr. S.—"A man who says that children are born totally depraved, must be depraved himself. It is true that David said of himself, 'Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me,' and it may have been true in his case; and there have been many children conceived in sin; but that does not prove that sin is conceived in any child; nor because they may have been shapen in iniquity, that iniquity was shaped or formed in them."

Sincerity.—"Ah! I see through that clearly; but with the interpretation put on Psalms 51: 5 by the so-called orthodox preachers, they make David and Christ conflict in their doctrine; for Christ teaches that the kingdom of heaven is composed of those who are like little children; that is, holy, and those who are without condemnation. But when does a child become a sinner?"

Mr. S.—"When it is old enough to discern right and wrong, and to choose good from evil. Sin is said to be transgression of law, (John 3: 4); and 'knowing to do good and not doing it,' (James 4: 17). A little infant neither understands the laws of God in which he forbids to do certain evils, nor does it understand that God requires us to perform certain works. Therefore it cannot sin, either by doing what is forbidden, or by not doing what

is commanded. Paul says, 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin,' (Rom. 14: 27); and therefore as little children can not exercise faith in being baptized, or in other words, can not believe the gospel before they are baptized, those who sprinkle water on babies and call it baptism commit sin in two ways. First, by calling sprinkling baptism; second, by baptizing them (as they call it) without faith on their part."

Sincerity.—"But it is claimed that sponsors exercise faith and manifest repentance for them."

Mr. S.—"Yes, I know it is so claimed, but why not be baptized also for the child? God requires faith and repentance to be exercised by proxy as much as he does baptism. Paul says, 'So every one of us shall give an account of himself to God.'—Rom. 14: 12. But can a person who has been baptized (or sprinkled rather) in infancy be rewarded for obeying the gospel from the heart, or have his soul purified in obeying the truth? (Romans 5: 17; 1 Peter 1: 22). Can he give an account of having, of his own free will, heard, believed and obeyed the gospel? If he lives to be a thousand years old, and does not be baptized in obedience to the command of God, after he has heard the gospel and believed it, he cannot be called a child of God, because he has not been baptized into Christ. We become the children of God, says Paul, by faith in Christ Jesus, and by putting on Christ by baptism,

(Gal. 3: 26, 27). Now, an infant is already a child of God, because it is innocent and holy and sinless, naturally. It being already in Christ, it cannot put him on in baptism. It not having sinned, it cannot be baptized for remission of sins; and as it cannot believe the gospel, it cannot obey it."

Sincerity. — "But do they not quote Christ's words, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and apply it to baptism?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, but you can see the ignorance and folly of that course, by understanding, first, that Christ's language shows that they were already pure and redeemed; for he says, 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven,' or the kingdom of heaven is composed of such as they. He does not say, 'Suffer them to come unto me that they may become as those who are the kingdom of heaven.' Second, he did not baptize them at all, but 'laid his hands on them,' and blessed them. Matthew says, 'Then there were brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them and pray,' and that 'he laid his hands on them.'—Matt. 19: 13-15. We as a church follow Christ's example in this matter by laying hands on the little ones and praying for them. There is not the slightest proof or evidence that these or any other children were baptized, unless old enough to understand the gospel. There is no such case mentioned in the Bible."

(To be continued.)

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

ROBERT BURDETTE, the inimitable humorist, whose wit is always as healthy as it is bright, is a man of strong convictions and principles. More than this he has a great heart brimming over with tenderness and affection. Few men ever loved a companion as he loved his wife, who was long a helpless invalid, but always bright and cheerful. To her Burdette ascribes the credit of his being what he is to-day, and over her he waited most tenderly and lovingly until she passed away. The following tribute which Mr. Burdette pays to his wife is at once touching and beautiful.

Since she went home,—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's nest has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed,
Untouched the pillows that her dear head
pressed;
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and
fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears
Since she went home.—*Sel.*

OBSERVATIONS.—No. IX.

“TRUTH SHALL SPRING OUT OF THE EARTH.”

THAT *truth* did spring out of the earth when the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated were found, is no news to Latter Day Saints, however much cavilers and unbelievers may be disposed to reject it; but how many have had their attention called to the fact that this is *par excellence* the age of discoveries from the bosom of the earth? Societies are organized with abundance of means and talent for prosecuting the work of excavation in various fields, and yet it has only begun.

In the February number of the *Review of Reviews* is given a *fac simile* of the papyrus now in the British Museum, which was recently discovered and which proves to be the long lost Treatise of Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens. This Treatise was written about twenty-two centuries ago, thus antedating by more than three hundred years the birth of Christ.

Upon the opposite side of the papyrus containing this long lost document, is written the daily account of the bailiff of an Egyptian farmer; and probably this fact led more directly to the preservation of the manuscript than the wisdom embodied in the writing of Aristotle.

Of this discovery the editor says: “No discovery yet made can compare in importance with this of the work oft quoted by ancient writers, but hitherto lost to the modern world, in which Aristotle recorded the rise and fall of the political Constitution of Athens.”

Thus much for Mr. Stead’s opinion, and to the world at large we admit the importance of this find; but to us as Saints it becomes of interest chiefly from the fact that it points to the future, holding out the promise of other and more important ones. Let it be noted, however, that it is in the field of Biblical research especially that efforts which are being put forth are crowned with the greatest success, and a still more curious fact (which ought to attract the attention of the learned, but which seemingly does not), that there is contained in some of them very strong proofs of the latter day

work. God is mightily vindicating his truth, and those who continue to reject it will soon be left without excuse.

Irrespective of the fact that Bible critics asserted the account given of Melchizedek to be, “only the *pious invention* of a later age,” Joseph Smith as early as the year 1832 declared that a revelation came to him from God to the following effect: “Esaias also lived in the days of Abraham and was blessed of him, which Abraham received the priesthood from Melchizedek; who received it through the lineage of his fathers, even till Noah; and from Noah till Enoch, through the lineage of their fathers; and from Enoch to Abel, who was slain by the conspiracy of his brother; who received the priesthood by the commandments of God, by the hand of his father Adam, who was the first man; which priesthood continueth in the Church of God in all generations, and is without beginning of days or end of years.”

Bearing this plain declaration of the unlearned plow-boy in mind, come with us now to consider a recent article from the pen of Prof. A. H. Sayce, of Oxford. We give the article entire, for it contains much valuable information:

“One by one the narratives of the Old Testament upon which the over-subtle analysis of modern criticism had cast suspicion and doubt are being vindicated by the progress of Oriental research. The cuneiform records of Babylonia have shown that the campaign of Chedorlaomer, described in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, is not the ‘legend’ certain German critics have affirmed it to be. The names of the Babylonian princes, the political situation presupposed, and the occurrence of military expeditions to the distant land of Palestine, have all alike received full confirmation from the ‘written bricks’ of ancient Chaldæa. But not the campaign of Chedorlaomer only, the meeting of ‘Abram the Hebrew’ with Melchizedek, the king of Salem and priest of the Most High God, has now been verified and illustrated by a discovery of the most startling character. The figure of Melchizedek is no longer mysterious, and

the critic can no longer maintain that the account which is given of him is the pious invention of a later age.

“Three years ago a number of cuneiform tablets were found among the ruins of a city of ancient Egypt, the site of which is now known as Tel el-Amarna. The city was built by Amenophis IV., an Egyptian monarch of the eighteenth dynasty,—about B. C. 1430,—who deserted the religion of his forefathers and became a convert to the Semitic worship of Baal as represented by the solar disk. The attempt of Amenophis to impose the new faith upon his Egyptian subjects led to a quarrel with the powerful priesthood of Thebes, the result being that the king was compelled to leave the capital of his father, and to build another capital, farther north, at the spot now called Tel el-Amarna. The new city was filled with the adherents of the new creed, most of whom seem to have been foreigners; but its existence was short. The death of Amenophis was followed by civil war, the Semitic strangers were driven out of the country or enslaved, and ‘a new king arose’ who restored the old religion of Egypt. The city of Amenophis was deserted, and from that time to this has remained a heap of ruins.

“The cuneiform tablets which have been discovered on its site formed part of the royal archives. Many of them had been removed from Thebes by Amenophis, a large part of them consisting of documents which had been addressed to his father. Almost all are of the same nature. They consist of letters and dispatches sent to the Egyptian court by the kings of Babylonia, Assyria, and Syria, and the Egyptian governors and vassal princes in the subject province of Palestine. They are written in the script and language of Babylonia, which was at the time the common language of culture and diplomacy, and prove that all over the civilized world of the East there must have been libraries and schools where the complicated writing of Babylonia could be studied and learned. In the collection are a considerable number of letters from the south of Palestine.

“The most interesting of these were written by a certain Ebed-tob, the governor of Jerusalem. He claims to have occupied a different position from that of the other Egyptian governors in Palestine.

In one of his letters he writes: ‘Neither my father nor my mother has exalted me in this place; it was the prophecy of the Mighty King that has caused me to enter the house of my father;’ and in another he declares more explicitly: ‘I am not a governor appointed by the king, of Egypt] my lord. I say, I am the ally of the king, and I have paid the tribute due to the king. Neither my father nor my mother, but the oracle of the Mighty King, established me in the house of my father.’ At the same time, the district of which Jerusalem was the center is described as being ‘the country of the [Egyptian] king,’ and Ebed-tob begins his letters with the usual formula of the Egyptian official: ‘To the king my lord, my sun-god, Ebed-tob thy servant speaks thus: At the feet of the king my lord seven times seven I prostrate myself.’ He was, in fact, a protected prince, like the protected princes of modern India; and he shared his power with an Egyptian ‘commissioner’ who lived in Jerusalem, and resembled the English ‘resident’ in a native Indian state.

“The ‘Mighty King’ from whose oracle Ebed-tob states that he derived his authority was the title given to the deity who was worshiped on Mount Moriah. The actual name of the deity is given us in one of the letters. Here Ebed-tob speaks of ‘the city of the mountain of Jerusalem, the city of the god Uras, whose name [there] is Salim.’ Salim or Shalem, the god of ‘Peace,’ was accordingly the name of the divinity whose temple stood on the ‘mountain of Jerusalem,’ and he was identified with the Babylonian god Uras, the morning sun. Since Uru-salim is the equivalent of Jerusalem in the letters, while we learn from a cuneiform tablet that uru signified ‘city,’ it is clear that Uru-salim, or Jerusalem, must have meant ‘the city of the god Salim.’

“It was of this god that Ebed-tob was priest. He had been appointed to his office by a divine oracle. He had not inherited it by right of descent. So far as his office was concerned, he was without father or mother; it was not to them that he owed his power.

“What a light this throws on the description of Melchizedek in the Book of Genesis! He, too, was not only ‘king of Salem,’ but also ‘priest of the Most High God.’ And it will be noticed that he

was king of 'Salem,'—king, that is to say, of the deity from whom he derived his royal as well as his priestly rank, not king of Jerusalem, 'the city of Salem.' (a) He was, as we read in the Epistle to the Hebrews (Heb. 7: 3), 'without father, without mother, without descent.' There was no need of making mention of his parents, since it was not by right of inheritance that he had, as Ebed-tob expresses it, been 'exalted in this place.' The description given of Melchizedek in Genesis is precisely that which Ebed-tob gives of himself, with the difference that whereas Ebed-tob was the tributary of the Egyptian monarch, Melchizedek was still an independent sovereign.

"But there is a further passage in one of the letters of Ebed-tob which confirms the historical accuracy of Genesis. He there quotes the following oracle of his god: "While there is a ship in the midst of the sea," such is the oracle of the Mighty King—"the conquests of the country of Nahrima and the country of the Babylonians shall continue." Elsewhere a reference is made to the fact that 'the temple' on Mount Moriah was sufficiently strong to withstand the attack of the Babylonians. Nahrima is the Aram-Naharaim of Scripture; and we are reminded by the mention of it, that, shortly after Joshua's conquest of Canaan, the Israelitish tribes were oppressed for eight years by the king of Aram-Naharaim (Judg. 3: 8). But the mention of the Babylonians reads like a commentary on the text of Genesis. If Babylonian forces could be feared at Jerusalem in the century before the exodus, at a time when it was a garrison of the powerful Egyptian empire, still more could they have been feared there in the age of Abraham. It was with good reason that the priest-king of Salem came forth to welcome the conqueror of the Babylonian invaders and to pronounce that he was 'blessed of the Most High God.'

"Perhaps not the least interesting of the results to be derived from the old letters of Tel el-Amarna is the antiquity of the name of Jerusalem and of the sacredness of the mountain on the summit of which the city stood. Centuries before

Solomon, 'the peaceful one,' had erected there the temple of the God of Israel, a sanctuary had existed on the same spot, dedicated to a god whose name was 'Peace,' and the fame of whose oracles had extended as far as Egypt. The 'Most High God,' whose priest was Melchizedek, was no invention of local vanity, no myth inspired by the later history of Jewish Jerusalem; he had been worshiped on Moriah long before Moses led his brethren out of Egypt, or the armies of Israel had appeared in Canaan. He had been worshiped, moreover, by a cultured and literary people. The population found by the Israelites in Canaan possessed books and libraries, scribes and scholars. There is no reason for supposing that after the Israelitish invasion a knowledge of letters died out among them in the cities which the invaders were unable to take. We learn from the first chapter of Judges, that Taanach and Megiddo and Gezer remained in Canaanitish hands, like Accho and Zidon, Achzib and Beth-shemesh, and that 'the children of Benjamin did not drive out the Jebusites that inhabited Jerusalem; but the Jebusites dwell with the children of Benjamin in Jerusalem unto this day.'

"Now, among the tablets contained in the collection of Tel el-Amarna are letters from Megiddo and Gezer, Accho and Zidon, while the letters of Ebed-tob were all dispatched from Jerusalem. Clay tablets do not perish like documents on papyrus or parchment; and, since the letters sent by Ebed-tob and his brother governors show that the cities over which they ruled contained archive-chambers filled with similar documents on clay, it follows that the ancient records of Jerusalem may easily have been preserved down to the day when David made it the capital of his kingdom. We have no reason for refusing to believe that in Jerusalem, as well as in Gaza and the other cities of the Philistines, the old libraries continued to exist down to the time when modern criticism allows that the Israelites became a literary nation. And if the libraries remained, there would have remained also scribes and scholars who were able to read the books preserved in them.

"Such a conclusion has a very important bearing on the question of the credibility of Old Testament history. It has

(a) Is it fanciful to see in the title "Prince of Peace" (Isa. 9:6) a reference to the ancient title of the priest-kings of Jerusalem? They, too, were rulers of the "city of Peace" and priests of the divinity whose name was "Peace."

long been tacitly assumed that both the Israelites themselves, and the populations by whom they were surrounded, were ignorant of the art of writing books at the time of the conquest of Canaan and during the age of the Judges. The literary period of Israel has been supposed to commence with Samuel. The oldest inscription yet discovered in the Phœnician alphabet, the date of which can be determined with certainty, is that of the Moabite king Meshah, the contemporary of Ahab. If the art of writing had been known centuries earlier, how is it, it has been asked, that no older inscriptions have been found? The want of such inscriptions has been regarded as a powerful confirmation of the assumption that the literary age of Israel began only with the rise of the Israelitish kingdom. For all earlier events, the historian of a later day had to appeal to tradition and legend, instead of contemporaneous literary testimony.

“The Tel el-Amarna tablets, and more especially the letters of Ebed-tob, have shown that the assumption is not justified by fact. It is true that, in the epoch to which they belong, the literature of the country was not inscribed upon papyrus or expressed by the help of the Phœnician alphabet. It was entrusted to the more enduring material of clay, while the language and script in which it was preserved were alike disused in the Palestine of a later day. But the Israelitish conquest of Canaan did not destroy the libraries which existed in certain of the cities which successfully resisted the conqueror; and, where the libraries remained uninjured, readers who could make use of them would have remained too. Samuel and his contemporaries were not compelled to trust to tradition and legend for the earlier history of their country; there were written documents in plenty which they could consult. And a comparison of the fourteenth chapter of Genesis with the contents of the letters of Ebed-tob has shown us that they actually did consult them; the description of Melchizedek, king of Salem, mythical as it has often been alleged to be, turns out to be in strict accordance with fact. Nothing can prove more clearly that neither the ancient records of Jerusalem nor a knowledge of their contents had perished when the Book of Genesis was written; and what

was true of Jerusalem must have been true of other cities of Palestine as well.

“In the Song of Deborah and Barak we are told that ‘out of Zebulun’ came down ‘they that handle the pen of the writer’ (Judg. 5:14). An ignorant criticism has endeavored to find a new meaning, unknown to Hebrew philology, for the two last words of the verse, and to change ‘the pen of the writer’ into a ‘marshal’s baton.’ The endeavor was based on a false assumption. We now know that both scribe and reader existed in Palestine long before the time of Deborah, and that the conclusions adverse to the historical character of the Old Testament, which have been founded on the contrary belief, must fall along with the foundation on which they rest.”

OXFORD, England.

Mark the quotation from one of the letters of Ebed-tob, for just here is found the pith of the matter to which we wish to draw your attention and not in the conjectures of Prof. Sayce: “*Neither my father nor my mother has exalted me in this place; it was the prophecy of the Mighty King, that has caused me to enter the house of my father.*” . . . “I am not a governor appointed by the king [of Egypt] my lord. I say I am the ally of the king and I have paid the tribute due to the king. Neither my father nor my mother but the oracle of the Mighty King established me in the house of my father.”

If, indeed, this was Melchizedek, how strong the contrast between light and darkness; between the inspiration which traces the authority directly to God and the supposition of the very learned but uninspired man who traces it to a heathen deity, the god worshipped at Jerusalem.

Thus does light and truth continue to spring out of the earth, confirming not only the word of God in former days, but his revelation to his people in these latter days; and if ever a people had cause to lift up their heads and rejoice, surely we are that people. In his day Jesus in the gratitude of his soul cried out, “I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from them who think they are wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.”

“Not many wise, not many prudent,” according to the wisdom of the world, have been chosen in these days, any more than they were in the days of the apos-

les; but God who calls is able to qualify with abundant wisdom, and will do this if we put our trust in him.

A WOMAN'S ALLOWANCE.

BY HOLMKS J. DAVISON.

A YEAR or two before I was married I boarded one winter with a very excellent family in a western village. The husband and father was a good man, but he had what his wife called his “touchy points,” and good and honest, man though he was, some of these “touchy points” were a life long source of actual sorrow to his wife who was a good and faithful wife and mother, tidy, thrifty, and ever watchful of the common interests of the family. She was economical to the last degree, and most industrious. She seemed to me to be a model wife. Her husband thought so, too, and would have angrily resented any imputations to the contrary. He taught his children to honor and love their mother, although failing, as it seemed to me, in manifesting love and honor for her himself at all times, but these times were only when his “touchiest points” had been pressed upon.

One day I accidentally heard the wife say to her eldest daughter, “No, dear; I cannot ask your father for money for you for a new hat. You know how very touchy he is on that point. I sometimes lie awake half the night trying to devise some method of scrimping or saving so that I need not say the word ‘money’ to your father. Nothing hurts him so much as to be asked for a little money. I dread to think of asking for a little money. I dread to think of asking him for money for anything.”

I was engaged to Mrs. Dane at that time, and I made a solemn vow that she should have a purse of her own, and that it should never go empty if I had anything to put in it. We have now been married six years, and I have faithfully adhered to that resolution. And there is no “fixed sum” about it. Household expenses vary at different seasons of the year and under various circumstances.

Ten dollars will, perhaps, cover all the expenses one week, and the next may be a canning or a company week, and several extra dollars will be required. In any case, I resent the idea that my wife is a mere pensioner on my bounty; I reject the imputation that she has not common sense enough to know the value of money and dare not be trusted with it. I am not a woman's righter, in the popular sense of the term, but I thank the Lord that I am man enough to recognize the fact that my wife, as my wife and the mother of my children, has rights, money-spending rights, that I have no business interfering with. Every good wife should have this right as a royal marriage prerogative. I regard Mrs. Dane as an equal partner in the contract under which we have become a firm for life. We share profits and losses alike. There is one money drawer to which we both have access. I have not the inclination nor the right to limit my wife in her daily expenditures so long as those expenditures are within reason. Most wives and mothers honestly earn all they spend. A woman who does her duty as a wife and mother, earns more than money can pay for. It must be very humiliating to a woman to have to humbly and tremblingly ask her husband for the money she must have for her actual daily expenses. Any sensitive womanly woman must feel it something of a degradation to have to thus ask, or even coax, for money given grudgingly and complainingly at last.

I know of a woman who said once that the only way she could get money from her husband for other than her actual household expenses was by “watching her chance,” and slyly extracting bills from his purse when he was asleep or his coat was off. Imagine a wife forced into such a degrading act as that! Women are often

compelled to practice mean, niggardly, cruel economy in order to make their expenses come within the limit fixed by inexorable husbands, who would furiously resent any interference with their own expenditures.

I believe that this simple question of the wife's allowance has wrecked the happiness of many a household. Men are so often blind and unfeeling and unreasonable in this matter. And of course there are women who must have a tight rein kept upon them because of their tendency to wilful and woeful extravagance. There is, I fear, little chance of happiness in a home with such a mistress over it. But the majority of women can safely be trusted. Let the husbands of wives thus worthy trust them, and this trust will not often be abused.

My own personal experience has been that money is safer with women than with men. Most women can beat a man "all to pieces" making a bargain, and the market-men and grocers seldom get ahead of them, whereas most men are careless purchasers.

Zenas Dane, in *Good Housekeeping*.

To the above there is little to add, save to call attention to the good, healthy, sound, common sense portrayed in it; but I gladly endorse every word, and with the author's name send it still further upon its mission.

It is to be sadly regretted that in this age, among people who pretend to call themselves civilized, and into whose houses such reading finds an entrance, that it is necessary to point out, condemn and publicly denounce such a narrow, niggardly, heathenish custom as that pursued by the husband referred to. "Husband," did I say? In this nineteenth century, the day of books, papers, free speech and Bible, must we give him the honored and noble name of "husband?" If I must, it shall be under protest.

The tyrant that by sheer brute force overruns a peaceful country, and subjects the inhabitants to shameful bondage and slavery, is just as worthy the name of king. Is this what the tender, loving, trusting girl that turns from the mother's kiss, to the altar expects from him who assents to the marriage ceremony? No,

never; nor is there a sentence in the modern marriage ceremony that would lead her to expect it; nor does he, the so-called husband, intend any such thing at the time. Then why should groveling parsimony, and mean, miserly despotism be allowed through slackness of public sentiment, to outrage the principles of common justice, say nothing of love and honor.

Without making any pretensions to perfection, I do claim the name of husband, upon the ground that I recognize the fact that the right to dictate concerning the general expenditure belongs to neither husband nor wife; and he or she who assumes that prerogative partakes strongly of the spirit of tyranny, and for such should be condemned by the tribunal of enlightened society. The retort that "it is none of your business how other people get along," has no force. How do I know but just such a father is raising just such a son, who will eventually masquerade under the name of husband, and one of my daughters be the victim? God forbid. Then let all those who have been endowed with powers and faculties capable of shaping the destiny of any part of humanity rise as one mighty force and hurl such a contemptible, love-destroying principle back to the shades of heathenism, where it belongs. Think of our own daughters entering the matrimonial arena expecting a normal amount of happiness, being ground down, cowering and spirit-broken, to such a degree that sleepless nights should be spent in devising means to extricate money from the father, to supply the wants of their children without causing a domestic storm, and finally settling the matter by going without the necessaries of life themselves, and binding up the wound in their own tears, go sighing through life a degraded, yet honorable being.

If any can read the foregoing and not feel his heart swelling with sympathy for the one, and the honest blood surging through his veins as it rushes to the front in denunciation of the other, it is because he is of that character himself, and his tiny little insignificant soul too small for common recognition if saved, and a calamity only to its owner if lost.

ELDER JOHN BRUSH.—No. IV.

BY TWO FRIENDS.

BECAUSE of the fear of mob violence and for other reasons, no funeral ceremonies or obsequies were held over the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum, nor was it generally known where they were buried. For a time, however, the mob seemed satisfied, or, at least, was quiet; but without their leader the church felt sorrowful and lost. Hitherto in case of emergency no link had been broken in the line of communications with the Lord their God, and they now felt their weakness as perhaps no other people on the earth could have done; for no matter what might befall them, their Prophet and Seer was gone. And well might they feel the need of counsel in this their hour of trial; for their extremity was greater than they knew. The leadership of the church began to be the subject of consideration, and no one seemed to know exactly what was right to do.

Soon Sidney Rigdon returned from the east to the city, and told the Saints that they would be scattered to the four winds of heaven without a leader, and while all seemed to understand that only by revelation could a prophet, seer and revelator be chosen, he with others seemed to think that a sort of president or building-leader might be chosen to carry on the work. That this was not, however, according to the dictates of the Holy Spirit, could be seen from the fact that all were divided in opinion on the matter, and no one seemed to know in just what relation such person should stand to the church. It was Sidney Rigdon's peculiar idea that he should be chosen guardian to young Joseph, to build up the church unto him.

But those of the Twelve who were thus present would not hear to this, as it would make them subject to Rigdon; and they made light of his claims and influenced the people against him. At last the remainder of the Twelve arrived in Nauvoo, and a special conference was called at which Rigdon presented his claims, and the Twelve presented theirs through their president, Brigham Young.

The Twelve thus claimed that the counselors of the First President were counselors only so long as the president

lived; and that, in case of his death, the Twelve were the highest in authority in the church, and became the First Presidency. As such they were sustained by the conference, but many doubted, and divisions and diversity of opinions were now to be seen among a people that had hitherto been a unit.

At the October conference the matter was again touched upon and more generally put before the people, and at this time Brigham Young made use of these words:

"We are now without a prophet in the flesh, but let no man presume for a moment that any person shall ever lead this people but Joseph, the son of the prophet. Nevertheless I will act as a guardian to ward off the knife from the young man's throat, till he comes of age to take his father's place."

It was also told the people that the foundation of the church had been laid or revealed through Joseph the Prophet, and that now the elders should build upon that foundation; and without revelation from God hundreds of men were ordained to offices, in order that the "building" might proceed as rapidly as possible.

But dissatisfaction among the people was to be seen; for they saw that at the best they were guided by man's wisdom only, whereas they had hitherto been used to looking to the Lord for guidance. And it is believed by Bro. Brush that although at the time Brigham Young made no greater pretensions for himself than as president of the Twelve, the evil desire to acquire power, wealth and gratification of every physical lust, had entered his heart even at that early time and that, in order to accomplish these ends, he even then aspired to the future individual leadership of the church.

As evidence of this, he states that, from that time forward he did not scruple to use unlawful as well as lawful means to obtain control of the affairs of the church, and that those who opposed him were obliged to flee from him. Not long after this Bro. Brush heard William Smith say to quite a crowd of Saints, "If they will only keep their knives away

from my throat, I will say nothing about my position in the church, for remember I am of the same blood as my brother Joseph." Soon after this he and Brn. Marks, Page, Wright and others were obliged to flee the city.

Verily how much worse than the unconverted are they who have tasted righteousness and then returned to evil!

Taking up now the thread of Bro. Brush's individual history, we will call the attention of the reader to the vow made by him at the death of his wife concerning the living of a single life. In consequence of this vow during the winter of 1843 and '44 when the work of the temple was being pushed with great energy, he donated many of his personal belongings, such as tables, chairs, beds, wagon, etc., to the Temple Fund, others laboring on the temple in return for these articles. He also labored many days on the temple, and did what he could to earn money about town, making his home sometimes at his father-in-law's, and sometimes where he was working.

In this way and in his ministerial labors time passed with him until sometime after Joseph's death, when, feeling lonely and the need of change, he thought he would make a short visit to relatives in Fulton county. It was eighty miles from Nauvoo to his old home, and instead of seeking some house for shelter at night on his way there, he made his bed under the trees in a wood along the road. On his way he had been thinking of his life and condition, and his loneliness and sorrow nearly overcame him. It seemed that the past had been full of suffering, and in his heart he questioned any hope for the future in this life. Wondering why this special lot should be his, he lay down and went to sleep.

After he had been asleep some time, in a dream the scene that lay around opened up before him as in the daylight, and he saw his wife coming down the opposite hill leading a woman by the hand. They came up to where he lay, when his wife looked at him and said:

"John, I have seen your grief and suffering, and I want you to change your mind about living a single life; for in this you can do no good. I have brought this woman to you, and I want you to take her as your wife. You will live peacefully together, and it will be better for you

than to live alone all your life."

Bro. Brush says that by this time he was awake, and he saw them turn and walk away up the hill again, the darkness closing in after them. His heart swelled in gratitude to God for this visitation, and he determined that he would obey his wife's request. He had closely scrutinized the woman she had brought to him, and noticed that she had peculiar features. Her hair was of a deep red color, and her face was not one ordinarily met with. Believing he should find the counterpart of the vision in real life he treasured the picture in his heart, and awaited results.

Several months after this he attended church as usual on Sunday, and, strange to say, a few seats from him sat the very woman he had seen in the dream. No likeness could have been so perfect as the picture he had seen was of this woman, and he immediately knew that she was to be his wife.

Saying nothing about the matter, however, he began preparing things for a home again, meantime becoming somewhat acquainted with the woman herself. She proved to be his wife's aunt, though but a few years older than his wife, and she had recently moved into Nauvoo with her people.

One evening in February of 1845, when all was ready, he said to one of his friends, "Well, I guess I will go down and be married this evening."

"Married!" said the brother, "you had better find the woman first."

"Oh, I'll find one," said Bro. Brush, and started out.

He then sought out his wife's aunt whose name was Martha Milligan, and after talking a few minutes said, "If you have no objections let us go and be married this evening."

"I have none in the world," was her reply, and accordingly they went to the house of an elder, were married, and repaired to their own home that evening.

During the following summer Bro. Brush busied himself at his temporal and ministerial labors as usual, but by the fall it became apparent that there was nothing left for the inhabitants of the beautiful Nauvoo but to again give up their homes, and seek a resting place where there were none to oppress. The charter of their city and

Legion had been taken away from them by the State Legislature, both the State and general government had refused to exert any power for their protection, and they were utterly defenseless in the midst of their enemies. They were soon obliged to covenant with delegates from nine of the surrounding counties that they would leave as fast as possible, and California or Oregon seemed the only places of refuge.

In order to accomplish this removal the Saints organized in companies of from fifty to one hundred families, and Bro. Brush cast in his lot with one of these companies. They were obliged to make themselves wagons, etc., in order to accomplish their journey, but as there was danger of mobs and marauders coming into the city, Bro. Brush was told that if he would stand guard on one of the roads leading into town they would furnish him an outfit equal to any of the others when spring came.

This he faithfully did during the long cold winter, but when the time came to leave, he found there was no wagon for him. So not knowing what else he could do, he found a way to get back to his old home in Fulton county, and there he again made a start.

Nauvoo was now rapidly being depopulated, but as it had been impossible for all to leave during the spring and summer, the surrounding inhabitants became impatient again, and in September quite an army forcibly ejected the remaining Saints from the city. The horrors of that time it is not our purpose to write, as Bro. Brush was not an eye witness to them, but their history is written in the heart of every aged Saint. Suffice it to state that temporary settlements were made by them in the western part of Iowa, in 1846, and after a crop had been raised and the succeeding winter passed through, the journey was begun across the plains.

Meantime Bro. Brush succeeded nicely in Fulton county, and it now became his object to acquire sufficient property to enable him to join the Saints wherever they might locate. Utah was finally selected as the Saints' resting-place, and here Bro. Brush thought to join them. But eight years passed away ere he was ready to go as he desired, and by this time vague rumors had come to him that

all was not the same in Utah as it had been with the church in Nauvoo.

Still there was the possibility that these rumors were nothing but the fabrications of persecutors, and Bro. Brush hardly knew what to do. He could hardly believe that the Saints he had known could be anything but "pure in heart," and he had labored so long with the express purpose of joining them that it was hard to give up the thought of going. When thus troubled he had the following dream:

He thought he entered the hallway of a house, having a room on each side, and a stairway in the middle leading up to the second story. At the top of the stairs he saw Bro. Joseph standing, and said to him, "Bro. Joseph, I am now without a home; what shall I do?"

Bro. Joseph replied, "Move right in here into my house, Bro. Brush," pointing to one of the rooms below, "for here is a mansion for you and your family forever."

But this dream puzzled Bro. Brush not a little. He couldn't understand whether he was to go or not, but at last instead of asking the Lord for a clearer interpretation of the dream, he concluded that the church in Utah *must* be Bro. Joseph's house, and to his subsequent sorrow, determined to go there.

Accordingly in May of 1854, he started for Council Bluffs, with two wagons, a yoke of oxen, and a yoke of cows. Four children—two boys and two girls—had been added to his family in Fulton county, and so one wagon was fitted up as a family wagon, and the other contained goods and stores, both for use on the way and for disposal after his arrival.

On arriving in Council Bluffs they awaited a sufficient time for a "train" of emigrants to accumulate, and then all took up their journey together, and had a very pleasant trip. From the cows Bro. Brush's family had an abundance of milk and butter, the butter being churned by the motion of the wagon as they went, and with plenty of provisions and all the conveniences possible, the journey was made in comfort and peace.

The train arrived in Salt Lake on the 25th of August, 1854, and Bro. Brush immediately inquired for his wife's relatives. He was directed to go to those at Mountainville, as he could get feed for

stock there, and upon his arrival he met with many old acquaintances. Some of these took him aside and told him that the church had changed from what it used to be, and that it was now but a temporal organization, not a spiritual one. They said the gifts of the gospel were no longer manifested, and that coercion and not free-will, ruled the body. He was advised, however, to keep a cheerful countenance, and not to openly find fault with anything he saw, for said they, "It will cost you your life if you do."

He was also told that before he could participate in any of the church labors or privileges he must be rebaptized, and that he had better be rebaptized or he would not be permitted to live in the territory.

Thus pressed on every side he sadly considered what he should do. Had it been possible he would have left immediately, but his wife was not well and he could go no farther; and when he looked at the five little ones dependent on him, he thought it better to yield to their ordinances than to bring calamity upon them.

After being rebaptized he was treated in other respects as a new member. He had brought with him among other things twenty-four bolts of "domestic," seven hundred yards of calico, thirty pairs of shoes, and two or three sets of very fine carpenter tools, and he was now tithed of his property, this was adjudged to be worth about a thousand dollars, and as he had not much money, of course his goods were taken. But the queerness of it all was that the church officials *chose* the articles demanded as tithing, and thus took from him some of his finest tools, and a combined atlas and history for which he would not have taken double its value.

As to the remainder of his goods, we may as well state here that he never realized a cent of their value. Sr. Brush was a sympathetic woman, and as they found many people there in an almost wholly destitute condition, she tore off one dress pattern after another, and gave away the domestic and shoes, until soon not an article remained more than they needed for their own use. "And who could have helped it," says Father Brush now, "when we found women and children with hardly clothing enough to cover their bodies."

With a heavy heart, which never left

him until a long time after that when Salt Lake lay far behind him, Bro. Brush went at hauling timber with others from the mountains, in order to make his living. The bondage of these people will be better understood when it is said that, as soon as they had left the settlement behind, they would talk freely of their wrongs and the retrogression of the church, but upon their return would hush every murmuring word as soon as other ears might hear them.

In the spring of '55, Bro. Brush sowed a crop of wheat, but the grasshoppers ate it all up. He then planted a crop of corn, which grew nicely, and toward the close of the summer he sold the crop ungathered, and made preparations to go to southern California. When asked why he was leaving, he would say he thought he could make a better living there, thus hoping to get off without any trouble.

But as soon as it was generally known that he was going to leave, the officials determined to strip him of all that he had. A man was sent out to him to tell him privately that the people intended to steal his cattle, in order to see what he would say.

"Do you think that the brethren whom I have labored with and known for so long would do such a thing?" answered Bro. Brush, and because they thought he had this faith in his comrades, the officials did not dare to perform the theft.

But they sent the tax collectors around, although it was out of season for them, and he was obliged to pay eight different taxes before he was done, some of which were wholly illegal. A wall was being built around the city, and he had to pay a wall tax, a seminary was being built (I had forgotten to mention that he had removed from Mountainville to Provo), and he had to pay a seminary tax; road taxes, school taxes, city, county, and state taxes were also paid, and last of all a herd bill was presented and paid, when he had never had a head of stock herded by any one in Utah.

He now had but a few cents left from the value of the crop he had sold, but was thankful that his stock and wagon were left, and that he could still make the journey. It was prophesied in the name of the Lord, however, by the president of the branch at Provo, that they would never get through alive.

Others had purposed leaving with him, and accordingly in September of 1855 about eight or ten wagons started out. Bro. Brush had three yoke of oxen, four cows and one wagon, and his children now numbered six.

They took the old mail route to San Bernardino, and all went well until they reached the Santa Clara river. They were camped on its banks about two hours before sundown, when they saw about thirty or forty Utah Indians coming toward them with bows strung and arrows set. The Indians surrounded the the camp when the chief stepped up and said, "We want clothes."

Bro. Brush traded them two nice blankets for a buckskin, and all gave or traded them what extra clothing they could spare. During these proceedings men and children talked with the Indians in their own language somewhat, and by this they knew the people had lived in Utah. When done the chief said:

"You people no Mericats [Gentiles], you Mormons. We have been sent out here to kill you, but you been good to us and we now not hurt you. Lay down and sleep; go on your way; we trouble you no more."

All went on smoothly after this until they reached the Vegas, where they met some men who had been sent out by the Mormons as missionaries (?) to the settlement of Indians there. These missionaries told the travelers that when they got to Resting Springs, a station or two

ahead, they needn't take any water from there to the next station, as at Salt Springs there was plenty of water.

Accordingly they took only a little drinking water for the children, and when they got to Salt Springs not a drop of water was there. Their next station, Bitter Springs, was forty-five miles ahead, and they had now either to turn back or run the risk of perishing. But they dare not think of turning back, and started on, accomplishing the whole distance from Resting to Bitter Springs in two days and nights, without a drop of water, and without stopping once again to rest man or beast. During this distance the sand rolled over the feloes of the wheels nearly all the time, and not once did Bro. Brush leave his cattle's side to ride or rest.

After watering and feeding at Bitter Springs, in twenty-four hours the stock seemed all right, and how thankful all were that this danger was past! But the query constantly presented itself to Bro. Brush's mind: "Were both this and the Indian affair elements that were to serve to make good the prophecy made in Provo before they left?" Only He who sees and judges all can tell, and be it left with Him.

From this on, considering the hot air and the sandy roads, the party had a pleasant trip to San Bernardino; and there we will leave them until our next chapter, enjoying the meeting with friends and relatives.

To be continued.

THINGS IMMORTAL.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse of a worldless prayer,
The dream of love and truth.
The longing of after something lost
The restless spirits cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatened high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail,
That make up life's first bliss;
If, with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
We feel and act the better part—
These things can never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Can find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to awaken love,
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices whisper thee:
These things shall never die.

—Selected.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

THIS is the way God has dealt with his people in every age, according to Bible history, from Genesis to Revelation; and the reason we have not a larger account of the revelations of God to man than that contained in the Bible is because men have departed from their rightful service to God, and as a consequence God hid his face from them; they had no claim on him for any of his blessings.

"But," says the reader, "you astonish me by saying that we would have had a larger amount of revelations and gifts from God to his people recorded, had they not departed from his precepts; when at the very end of the Bible, in the last chapter and the last verses it is recorded in positive language, that no more was to be added."

You make a serious mistake, reader, by saying the language asserts or implies that no more revelations from God were to be added or given to his people after that time. Let us examine the language carefully: "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book. If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the Book of Life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book."

The first mistake made is in the application of this text to the Bible; for at the time John finished writing his book of Revelations, it was not joined to the Bible; for the Bible in its present form was not in existence, and John's book was in manuscript form, like the rest of the books that now compose the Bible; and I question if John had ever thought of his book being placed in its present position in the Bible, which position it did not occupy for several centuries after John had finished writing it. The language then could not have reference to adding to or taking from the Bible; it must have reference to John's book of Revelations. Another mistake is made in the misapplication of the language

to mean that if a revelation should be given from God subsequently to John's manuscript book it would be adding either to the words of John's prophecy contained in his book, or the words of the prophecies or revelations contained in any other of the books composing the Bible. A revelation given after John's book would no more contradict the revelations or prophecies in that book or in any other of the books of the Bible than the ones given subsequently to each other in the Bible would contradict the words of the prophecies and the revelations that preceded them; for God's revelations never added to or took from the words of former revelations and prophecies. God who knoweth the end from the beginning would not be apt to give revelations at any time that would need changing, either by additions or diminutions; it is only man whose knowledge is limited that would be apt to change God's word, or seek to improve his own. Therefore, the language containing the prohibition to change one way or the other the word of God was given to man; not a word about God's people receiving revelations continually according to his will. When we consider that the revelations of God's will to the children of men are given for their welfare, either temporal or eternal, that man changing those words to cover up or alter the meaning of the language would work a serious damage to the sons of men by robbing them of the temporal and eternal blessings they might have received if the language had been left as God gave it, we do not wonder that the prohibition to change should be given and a curse be pronounced upon him that should attempt such change.

God in his word is said to be unchangeable, and no respecter of persons. How could he be justly said to be either unchangeable or without respect of persons, if he would bless those who faithfully served him in one age with heavenly blessings, ministering of angels and all spiritual gifts, and in another age refuse the same gifts to those who rendered to him the same faithful service?

No, blessed be his holy name! His

people in this age have proved him to be true to his word, that he is no respecter of persons; but that all in any nation or age who work righteousness are accepted with him; and the saying of Jesus they have also proven, "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine," etc.

I will here relate the circumstances of my wife's being healed of asthma. She had a cough that had troubled her for years before we joined the Reorganized Church, and had produced asthmatic symptoms a short time before her baptism, and which continued to grow worse until she could not lie down in bed, but had to have a chair inverted and pillows placed upon it in a slightly reclining position in order for her to breathe. She performed her housework in the day time, but with considerable difficulty (assisted by our oldest daughter, whose years did not allow her to do much) though her breathing, of course, was not as bad as when attempting to lie down.

I had gained my wife's consent to go with Bro. Gurley on a short mission, of a few weeks, to La Harpe, Hancock county, Illinois. He had stayed with us over night preparatory for our start the next morning.

Just before starting my wife asked to be administered to, and to have us implore our heavenly Father to heal her, if it was his will, of this great affliction. Bro. W. A. Moore was with us. He had brought his team to take us part way on our journey. We called the family together and knelt down in prayer, Bro. Gurley leading, followed by the rest of the adults. The Spirit's presence was sensibly felt, and when administering Bro. Gurley was directed by the Spirit to pronounce upon her head the blessing of health and cure. We left her feeling assured that God would perform his promise.

On our return we found that my wife was entirely free of all asthmatic affection, could breathe as freely as she ever could, and could lie down in bed with ease and freedom to breathe, which she had not been able to do for months before; and had enjoyed this great blessing from the time we left to go on our mission. All praise and glory be unto the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, now and forever!

The branch of the church at Abingdon became disorganized by the removal of the major part of its members to other

localities, but one family of three members, besides my wife and self remaining. About this time a Sr. Moore, wife of Bro. Stephen Moore, gave birth to a son, who breathed but a few moments and passed away. The mother was taken with what was termed by the physicians child-bed dropsy, and continued to grow worse under the doctor's hands, until she was apparently about three times her natural size.

The writer never beheld before nor since such a sight as she presented, and the slightest touch caused her to scream with pain. On one occasion, as the doctor was passing my home after his last visit to his patient, I asked him what he thought about her, whether there was any possibility of her recovery; to which he answered, "No sir, they might as well send for her coffin, for she is past recovery; no power on earth can save her. I have told them there is no use for me to come any more."

At this juncture the family sent to Henderson Grove for Elder Charles M. Brown, there being only myself acting as an elder residing there then, to come to administer in the ordinance for the healing of the sick.

The brother came, and together we proceeded to the home of the sick woman. We went to obey the commandment, and though our faith was weak, we believed that though the doctor had given her up and said no earthly power could save her, there was a heavenly power that could heal her and bestow health and strength if it was in accordance with His will.

Arriving there, it was truly a sight to discourage the natural man. Calling the house together we knelt down to implore our heavenly Father's aid; asking for a portion of his Spirit to be with us to instruct, to direct, to strengthen our faith, and that faith might be given to the afflicted one; that our united faith might so please our heavenly Father as to cause him to look in compassion upon her suffering, and to restore her to health, that His name might be glorified, and His children be built up and strengthened in the most holy faith.

Bro. Charles Brown proceeded to anoint her head with oil and was greatly blessed of God by the gift of the Spirit, and gracious words of comfort and cheer to the afflicted one flowed from his lips.

Further proceeding with the ordinance, we placed our hands upon her head to invoke the ratification of the anointing in the heavens, and to grant unto us, his weak servants, power to rebuke the disease; and glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit! our prayers were answered; for the promise of life was pronounced upon her.

Suffice it to say that, in a few days, she was able to rise from her bed, rejoicing and praising God for his great condescension in prolonging her life, and bearing testimony to her neighbors that it was by the power of God through the ordinance of his own appointing that she was raised, as it were, from the dead. The doctor as well as the neighbors knew not how to account for it, but thanks be to God, we who witnessed it did.

Shall feeble man take any glory? God forbid! It was God's own power, by his own authority delegated to man acting under his commands, that this remarkable case of healing was performed; and it is in keeping with the history of God's dealings with his people anciently as recorded in the scriptures.

I write these things, not to gratify the curiosity or inordinate desire of any one for the marvelous, but to leave on record, that will stand when I have left this stage of action, my testimony to the truth of God's work for the salvation of man, restored again and re-established in this the dispensation of the fullness of time; that God is the same from everlasting to everlasting; that Jesus Christ is the same Savior and Redeemer of the world; that his plan of salvation is the same; that the kingdom or Church of God has been organized upon earth in this our day with all the offices, powers and privileges that pertained to it in any former dispensation from Adam down to the days of the apostles of Christ in the meridian of time; and before God, I lie not. I am willing and expect to meet these testimonies before His bar where all of Adam's posterity will have to appear.

I know of that which I affirm; and to the great Giver of that knowledge I ascribe all glory.

The following remarkable incident which I was not an eye-witness to, but it came under the observation of my wife, to whom I am indebted for a knowledge of the transaction, I being at the time it

occurred, some miles from home, following my occupation of plasterer.

Our oldest boy who was engaged in helping a neighbor to haul his corn to town came by the house with a load. A younger brother about seven or eight years of age saw him passing and begged of his mother to let him go to town with his brother. His importunity succeeded in gaining her consent, but he did not catch up with his brother till the wagon was near the foot of the hill. In his hurry to get on the wagon he did not wait for the horses to stop, but going between the wheels jumped to catch hold of the edge of the top-box, missed his hold and fell flat on his back between the wheels. The hind wheel ran over his chest before his brother could stop the team. His brother stopped the team and looking round saw him make one attempt to rise, but he fell back, stretching himself out.

My son got off the wagon and came up to his brother at the same time that the owner of the corn who was walking at a short distance behind the wagon and saw the circumstance did. The boy was to all appearance lifeless. The man picked him up in a limp and motionless condition, and carried him up the hill about eight or ten rods, to where my wife was standing at the yard gate. She inquired what was the matter. He replied, "I am afraid I have brought you a dead boy." She proceeded to the house, followed by the man bearing the boy, praying silently for strength and wisdom from above to guide her. She sat down and told the man to put the boy on her lap. After doing so, he stood there for a short time, expecting that she would send for a physician.

She at first thought of sending for me, but no; she received faith that all would be well. She placed her cheek to the boy's mouth but could not perceive that he breathed. The man could not account for her silence, but finally said, "Mrs. Stafford, is there anything I can do for you? My business is urgent, and I will have to go." She said no, there was nothing that she desired from town. She had desired and prayed that the man would go, so that she could intercede with God, whom she believed was able to raise her boy though he were dead.

The man, with astonishment depicted

on his face, left her, after which she took the boy to the bed-room, laid him on the bed, and bowed before the God of heaven, pleading with him to raise her boy. She said an audible voice spoke to her and said, "Not a bone of him shall be broken; he shall yet live to glorify my name." She left the boy, in full confidence that God would fulfill his word, proceeded about her household duties, and went in a short time to look at him; but he was not there, he had risen and, unperceived by his mother, had gone out in the backyard, and was engaged in play with his sisters.

Can you wonder, dear reader, that the Latter Day Saints should remain true to the service of their Lord, though obloquy and abuse of every nature have been heaped upon them; though many of their number have suffered death and the sorest persecution, in all conceivable ways. They know that God is the author of the work they have espoused; they receive evidence of the same from time to time, and thus they are enabled to maintain their integrity in the service of God.

Not long after this, my wife and I, taking the children with us, five in number, the oldest about twelve, the youngest a babe, went on foot about two and a half miles, to pick blackberries. After having been picking some little time, wife and I carrying the babe alternately to rest each other, she after having taken the babe to rest herself and give it nourishment, arose to pick berries, took a few steps with the babe on her left arm, caught her foot under a hazel stub and falling, to save the babe, threw out her elbow, and fell with her whole weight upon it, breaking the bone of the fore-arm and putting her elbow out of joint. I was out of sight, picking at a well-loaded bush, but not far distant, when I heard my oldest boy cry out, "Pa, come here, quick! Ma's broken her arm!"

The berries were hanging thick on the bushes and I was anxious to pick them, and thinking they were excited and it would prove a false alarm, kept on picking. Again the cry came with redoubled force, and I was conscious the assertion was true, and started towards my wife, realizing our situation that distance from home with two young children and my

wife's arm broken I cried out in the fervor of my soul, "O, God, help and direct me how to act; for I know not what to do!" My wife said that between the boy's last cry and my arriving to where she was, a voice said to her, "Put your right hand on your elbow and turn your left arm inward." She complied and the elbow went into its place, but the bone of the fore-arm was broken and caused her to carry her arm in a bent position for six months, not being able to use it all that time. The reader, both in the church and out of it, may think, "Why did you not send for a surgeon and have the bone set?" My wife would not consent to it, and we both believed that the God we served was able, and would heal it in his own due time.

Again, the question may be asked, "Why did you not send for the elders?" Because she would never send for the elders until she had faith that she would receive the blessing. This was her manner all along, in any sickness, even to her death.

About six months from the time of the accident, we were at a meeting at Henderson Grove, and the Spirit of God was with his Saints in power. The Spirit whispered to me, "Your wife has faith that her arm will now be healed."

I immediately said to her—she was sitting at my right side—"You have faith that your arm will be healed." She bowed her head in assent. I made known to Bro. Gurley, who was presiding over the meeting, that my wife desired to be administered to for her arm, that it might be healed.

He gave the oil to Bro. Charles M. Brown to anoint her arm. My wife stood up on the floor, and I helped her to bare her arm to receive the anointing.

I knew that on extraordinary occasions when this brother had the Spirit resting upon him his face shone bright with a halo of light. I looked for that manifestation. I beheld it and said, "O, God, I thank thee for this thy great condescension." I knew before he spoke as well as afterwards that the blessing of healing was sure. I say this, not boastingly, but to the glory of God who gave me the assurance.

He poured the oil on his hand and applying it to the arm said, "Sister, I tell you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ,

your arm shall be healed from this hour;" and glory and praise be to the Most High, it was; for from that hour she used it to the day of her death.

This may be denied by physicians or surgeons, on account of the long time the bone was in a broken condition. Human judgment might thus decide; but seek not, puny man, to limit the power of the Creator by human judgment. He that formed the physical human structure is able to set it in order when disarranged.

I might multiply these evidences of the power of God displayed in his church, as now organized, establishing the truth of Christ: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself;" and, "These signs shall follow them that believe," etc., but will let one or two more suffice.

The babe spoken of had got so as to be able to stand up by a chair, and was so standing on one occasion when the older child had, by some means gained possession of my lathing hatchet, and coming to where the babe was, struck its little hand with the hatchet—it must have been with the corner of the hatchet, for only the fore-finger was cut at the second joint—cutting it through so that only a little skin about the eighth of an inch wide was left in connection.

As soon as the babe screamed, my wife and I both ran to it, and seeing the hatchet in the little one's hand, caused us to look at the babe's hand; and perceiving what was done, we placed the finger together, I anointed it in the name of Jesus Christ, bound it together with a narrow strip of cloth and oiled it well. We kept the bandage on, oiling it at intervals, asking God's blessing, and the finger was doing well, when a good old sister came on a visit, and seeing the child's finger, advised us to put some sticking plaster on, which we did. It had not been on a day when the child's finger was swollen apparently to more than twice its natural size.

I said to my wife, "I believe we have done wrong in putting the plaster on, and ignoring the oil. My impression is that if we want to save the finger, we must resort again to the oil." We did so, and the finger, in a short time, resumed its natural size, and was soon healed, the child hav-

ing the use of the finger the same as before.

In my memorandum book, or book in which I have collected some incidents that I esteem worth preserving, I find the following:

"A divine interposition in the prolongation of the life of our youngest born, Edwin B. Stafford, on Wednesday, October 31st, 1888: Our youngest son entered the stable to drive out a couple of calves, and one of them running under a horse whose weight was about twelve hundred pounds, was pursued by the boy, who, coming within reach of the horse's heels, was kicked by it, at full length, in the lower part of the bowels. He ran out of the stable and a few feet from the stable door, fell on his face. I was about a rod from him, picking up corn from the ground, and throwing it in the crib, when I saw him come out of the stable, and heard him groan before he fell.

I ran to him and asked what was the matter. (What I have stated about the kicking I learned after he had power to converse). Receiving no answer, I perceived he was unconscious, apparently lifeless.

Having faith in the ordinance of the house of God, and the contingency requiring immediate action, I had not time to send for another elder. I felt to intercede with the Great Physician, as I laid my hands on my boy's head, and in my simple manner, in heartfelt agony asked him to restore my boy.

I said but a few words, took my hands from his head, and perceived no difference. I was impressed to lay my hands on him again and entreat God to spare his life and to heal him every whit, and if he had sustained internal injury to set the same in its regular order.

God gave me faith and the blessing was realized; for he raised up on one hand and said, "What is the matter? Where have I been?" As soon as we got him to the house he told his mother that it seemed as though he had been a long time absent, and that he was, at the time that he was called back, entering a most beautiful country.

Reader, how can I refuse praise to such a kind Father? How can I refuse to serve him? I would be an ingrate indeed if such could be the case. These are some of the evidences received by one

family of Latter Day Israel; but are multiplied in many others.

We moved from Illinois to the place where Lamoni now stands, there being no town here then, in the spring of 1875.

Till we came here death had not made an inroad in our family, but about eighteen months after our arrival a daughter sixteen years old departed this life, which for a time was a source of great sorrow to us, yet we did not sorrow as those without hope.

The children, all but the youngest, are married; and two of them are residing in Oklahoma. Through the kind interference of Almighty God at various times, through the prayer of faith, my wife's life has been preserved up to the 5th of March last (1890); but the good Lord no doubt saw that she had suffered enough, and called her home to Paradise to rest; and if I was an earthly pilgrim when I commenced to write this narrative, I assuredly am one now. But God who gave has taken away, and I desire to say with Job, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." The Judge of all the earth has done, and is doing, and will ever do that

which is right; and thanks and praise be ascribed unto Him for the hope in Christ, through the power of the resurrection, of again beholding our relatives and friends who have passed before the veil; who when the archangel's trump shall sound will come forth; their spirits and bodies reunited; that which was sown in corruption, will come forth incorruptible; that which was sown in mortality, will come forth in immortality, and will reign with Christ on the earth when he comes to reign.

"Blessed and holy are they who have part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years," and dwell with the Father and the Son after that to a never ending eternity.

And now, kind reader, I draw my narrative to a close. If it has afforded you any entertainment, any edification, comfort, consolation or word of encouragement to help you to give your heart entirely to the service of your God, which is your reasonable service, I am repaid, and to God be the glory. Amen.

THE END.

THE ALHAMBRA.

BY SARAH VANFLEET.

IN the southern part of Spain, in a land of fruit and flowers and surrounded by beautiful rolling hills is the old Moorish castle, the Alhambra. It is situated in the city of Granada, which is near the southern boundary of Spain.

The surrounding country is very mountainous and hilly, and contains many broad plains. The climate of Spain is very mild during the whole of the year, except on the high plateau, where it is cold during the winter.

The Alhambra is built on and among hills, and extends over a large tract of land. The walls were extended so as to take in its constantly increasing population, and the king rendered the Alhambra one of the strongest and most beautiful places in existence. The outside of the building is not beautiful, being a strong fortification of heavy red walls. The

entrance is by a large gateway tower. Beyond it lies a court with a cloister of horse-shoe arches around it, and the walls are covered with a sort of enameled plaster.

Beyond this is the exquisite palace called the Court of Lions. This is surrounded by a cloister of one hundred and twenty-eight marble columns; the pavement is blue and white, and in the center is an alabaster cup six feet in diameter, supported on the back of twelve lions. There is also a beautiful fountain in the center of the court, which sparkles and sings in the sunlight; and at the upper end of the court is the Hall of Justice, whose deep, shadowy arcades extend across the end of the court. Here were performed, in the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella and their triumphant court, the pompous ceremonies of high mass, on

taking possession of the Alhambra. The very cross is still to be seen upon the wall where the altar was erected, and where officiated the grand cardinal of Spain and others of the highest religious dignitaries of the land.

On one side of this court is the hall of the Abencerrages, so called from the cavaliers who were murdered there. There are still stains on the pavement by the fountain where the cavaliers were beheaded, and it is claimed that there are often heard at night, in the Court of Lions, confused sounds, and now and then tinklings like the clanking of distant chains.

According to the legend of the sons of the Alhambra these noises are made by the spirits of the murdered Abencerrages, who nightly haunt the scenes of their sufferings, and invoke the vengeance of heaven on their destroyer.

There is also the Court of the Alberca, which is a beautiful long hall paved with white marble, and in the center is a large fish-pool, stocked with gold-fish and bordered by beds of roses.

There are many large towers about the grounds, of which most of them have some long legends. There is one especially important called the Vermillion tower. It is noticed as being the place where the three beautiful princesses were imprisoned. Those parts of the Alhambra which have been described are not exceptions; the whole building is more or less on the same style, everything having been made as lovely as possible.

But we shall not dwell longer on the description of the place, but leave you to imagine the rest, and turn to the founders of this wonderful castle. The Alhambra was commenced about the year 1238, by a Moorish king named Mahomed Aben Alahmar. He was one of the best kings that ever reigned in Granada. He worked for the good of his people, built schools for the education of the young, and hospitals for the sick and infirm. He died in 1283, and his son followed in his steps.

Although the Alhambra was begun by Aben Alahmar, it was not completed for several generations. The finishing of this castle was left to Abul Hagus, who entered Granada as king in the year 1333. Shortly after entering Granada, his attention was directed to the work which his

predecessor had commenced. His reign was a successful one, and he died, being killed by a maniac, in 1354.

There was always a spirit of hatred between the Moors and Christians, and consequently a great deal of trouble. About the sixth century, Arabs or Moors came over from Africa to conquer the peninsular of Spain. There was war for many years between the Goths and Moors, and the last battle was fought on the river Lethe, July 24th, 711.

Roderick, the Gothic king, is said to have appeared with an army of eighty thousand. The battle lasted for about a week, and on the last day the broken remnants of the Goths found Roderick's horse and helmet lying on the banks of the river, but never again did they see Roderick, the last of the Goths. His people never believed him dead, but waited long and patiently for his return.

The battle of Guadelete was decisive. The Goths could do nothing without a king, so the Moors marched forward and took possession, and in a few years the whole of Spain had been overrun by the Moors and divided into four provinces. There still continued to be war, more or less, as the Christians were always trying to regain their former possessions.

About the time the Alhambra was founded, King Ferdinando was waging war very strongly against the Moors. In 1248, the Christians gained possession of the famous city of Seville, at which place Ferdinando died in 1254, and Alonzo X succeeded him. His death did not check the war. The Christians continued it, and the last real battle was fought in 1489, at Baeza, at which place a treaty was signed by which Boabdil was bound to surrender up Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella, when they should have overcome his uncle. This Ferdinand accomplished, and on November 25th, 1491, Boabdil surrendered Granada.

The tidings filled the city with misery. The streets were full of wailing, and the people accused their chief of treason and apostasy, and insisted on burying themselves in the ruins of their city. The unfortunate Boabdil could not bear to continue in Spain. He sold his land and followed his uncle to Africa, where, in less than a year, he died a soldier's death in a battle in behalf of the king.

Boabdil's name did not go to rest with

him, but has been handed down from generation to generation. There are a great many stories told about him, showing what a wicked man he was. But from what the author, Irving, says, there are a great many of these stories without foundation.

Boabdil was very unfortunate from the time he was a little boy till he died. He had a very wicked father, who tried to kill him, and who imprisoned his mother.

The number of the Abencerrages which was laid at Boabdil's door, rightfully belongs at his father's, who thought they were plotting against him to rob him of his throne.

Although Ferdinand and Isabella had succeeded to this magnificent castle, they did not make it their dwelling place very long on account of repeated shocks of earthquake, which shook it to its foundations and frightened them away.

This castle which was once so beautiful, is now nothing more than a heap of ruins. Most of its towers have been shaken down by earthquakes, but the place where the hand of time seems to have rested most lightly is on the Court

of Lions. All of its marble columns are almost as nearly perfect as if just finished. Thousands of travelers visit this castle out of curiosity, and gaze on its beautiful architectural work which was completed so many hundreds of years ago.

As we look with admiration on these old ruins which stand like a monument to the glory of a race almost forgotten, our thoughts naturally revert to the time when happy voices were heard within these old walls, and passing footsteps were hurrying to and fro; but the time has come when its gilded vaults, which sprang so lightly, lie in rubbish beneath our feet; when instead of melody and praise, the wind whistles through the broken arches, and the owls hoot from their shattered towers.

Thus man passes away! His name perishes from record and from recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin; but his works do not so readily pass away. Thus we can see how necessary it is that we should strive to live so that our deeds will be remembered long after our temporary works have passed away and our bodies have crumbled to dust.

THE TEACHER OUT OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Read before the Harrison County Teacher's Association, Magnolia, Iowa, May 16th, 1890, by Alice Derry Askwith.

THE teacher out of the school-room! What a relief! Did you ever think how tired you were until the "last day" came, the exercises all over, and you at home? The endless round of wearying questions, the worry and anxiety are all over once more, and when you sit down you feel as though you would like to sit there forever; but rest brings relief to the tired nerves, and you feel like stirring yourself once more.

You cannot be idle during your vacation. In this world there is no time for idleness, and now what are you going to do? "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," says the old ditty; and you have been working hard if you have been a successful teacher—although some people say teachers have nothing to do—and you need rest, recreation, as much as

Jack did; social visits among your friends; little trips that your money will allow you to make with pleasant companions, and any other innocent recreation that you may think proper, to invigorate your weary brain and nerves.

Rest does not imply idleness. An idle person is always tired; born so, I suppose.

Rest is often a change of work. Physical labor rests the tired mind, so the teacher, during vacations, gains rest and strength by manual labor. This life is a busy work-shop; every man and woman in it has something to do, some mission to fill; and the teacher's, if well filled, is one of the noblest.

How can a teacher's mission be well filled unless he strives to improve his mind and time? Now-a-days a teacher

must be abreast of the times or he will fall behind, and some one else will take his place. There is no place now for idle, droning teachers, consequently we should employ part of our rest time in study that will better fit us for our work. We need to read good books of all kinds, books that will give knowledge of things outside our common school course; such reading will give us broader views of life. A narrow, contracted mind can never make a real live teacher; and when out of employment in the school-room, a teacher can make no better use of his time than in filling his mind with general, useful knowledge.

Not many teachers can afford to get a knowledge of the world's great sights, or the wonderful phenomena of nature, by observation; they haven't the money, but we can see them through others' eyes, and what more fitting time for this interesting study than when our minds are not engrossed by our school duties!

Not all our young teachers expect to make teaching a life-long work; but that need not deter them from endeavoring to make themselves good teachers. If they cultivate their minds by a useful course of reading and study, they will be better men and women, and fill better the places they may occupy in after life, be such place high or low.

The teacher should be an example to all. While in the school-room he is, in almost every case, a model for his pupils, and out of it his life should be just as exemplary. He should, in fact, be above

reproach. We cannot wear the cloak of respectability and virtue in the school-room and leave it off out of it. We can not practice intemperance or any of the vices out of our schools, and then talk conscientiously to our pupils about their evils. We must practice what we preach. A great responsibility rests upon the teacher. Many little lives are under his influence to mould for good or ill, and whether in or out of the school-room his example is great for good or evil. How many of us when we stand before the great judgment seat would like it to be said by one who had gone astray, "You were my teacher; you had a great influence over me. You might have made me take the better path, but I saw you enter a saloon;" or "I saw you gamble;" or, "I know you dealt dishonestly with your fellow man for gain;" or, "I know you uttered falsehoods for policy's sake, and I thought if my teacher can do this why can not I?" And when the judgment is pronounced, where will rest the greater condemnation? Upon the one whose example should have been for good, or upon the follower of the example set? Teachers cannot afford to spend all their time out of school in frivolity and fun. This is all right in its place, but people are remembered only by the good or evil they do. We want to be remembered for the good we have done. Then let us fit ourselves for a higher plane of work and usefulness that we may claim the approval of the great Teacher when our task is completed.

MY LITTLE COTTAGE DOOR.

BY J. GALLUP.

Now the stars begin to glimmer
 In the soft sky over head,
 And the daylight waxes dimmer,
 And the rosy light is dead;
 All the cares of day forsake me,
 All the toiling now is o'er,
 And now soon I will betake me
 To my little cottage door.
 There the joys of my life hover,
 There is naught of grief or care,
 And no trouble e'er will enter,
 For 'tis love that dwelleth there.

Love that fills the heart with dreaming,
 Bright'ning all things more and more,
 And its holy light is streaming
 In my little cottage door.
 And so fondly do I cherish,
 That to save from pain and care,
 I would lay me down and perish
 For the loved ones dwelling there.
 And I pray to God in heaven—
 Yes I pray it o'er and o'er—
 That the dearest blessings given
 Enter in my cottage door.

MY EARLY MINISTERIAL LIFE.

BY JOHN HAWLEY.

I COME again with a few words for the readers of your magazine and this time with a short sketch of my early ministerial life. I was ordained an elder under the hands of my father, July 8th, 1848, in Burnett county, Texas, and was sent to the eastern part of that state, Joel Miles being my fellow laborer. The persecution ran high and I did but little preaching, leaving Miles to take the lead.

We were at that time with a band of Saints who had adhered to the fortunes of Lyman Wight and accepted him as a temporary leader and had been sent by him to advertise or give out appointments for a congregation.

I met with a man by the name of Pinchem, who was gathering up a mob in the same neighborhood to whip and drive us out; but when I invited him to attend our meeting he seemed very much pleased and said he would by all means. He also invited me to call and pay him a visit, telling me where he lived. He succeeded in the settlement and obtained the sanction of the neighborhood to drive us out.

The next day, I started to see a family or two, to invite them, but got back to my lodging place just in time to meet a mob of ten men, armed with whips and guns to do their mob work. Miles was yet out in another direction. I was reading my Bible when a man's voice sounded, "Hello!" The man of the house went out and the captain of the mob (who, by the way, was this same Pinchem,) said:

"Where are those Mormon preachers?"

The landlord answered, "There is one of them in the house."

"Tell him to come out."

I had heard all that was said and walked out saying:

"Mr. Pinchem, how do you do?"

He answered, "You may consider yourself our prisoner. Where is the other preacher?"

"He has gone down to your house to visit you, by invitation, as you desired to have a further chat with him on our faith and doctrines." He was aware he had invited me, but he answered:

"I thought we would have been here

before he started. I did not intend you to visit me till we scored your backs with these whips."

Suffice it to say that they formed a hollow square and with horrible oaths told me to get in and preach a sermon of "your Mormon doctrine."

This being my calling, I walked in and all fears of their whipping left me. This was my first attempt to preach, and I did it willingly (because I was obliged to,) and spoke about fifteen minutes. One of the mob said to the captain, "What do we want to whip this man for? He preaches the Bible." Then the second one spoke up, saying the same; and finally they released me, but gave orders for us to leave the neighborhood by four o'clock or they would whip us within an inch of our lives. We did leave, and went a half mile away and three of the ten men came out to hear us preach. Here we labored two weeks and brought twelve souls into the kingdom. This shows what prejudice will do.

I can bear testimony to the readers of the *Autumn Leaves* that the Spirit of my calling (as an elder) was with me under the direction of Lyman Wight as also with the apostate church in the valley of the mountains. I will give you an instance:

There was a case in Pine Valley, Washington county, Utah, of an evil spirit entering a lady by the name of Burgess. She was administered to by five elders before I was sent for, but to no avail. The elders proposed sending for me, but the girl said, "No, John shall not come in this house."

But I was sent for, and when I came to the gate ten yards from the house the spirit said to her, "John is coming," and she sprang off the bed to bar the door and her strength was so great it took all who were present to keep her away from it. As I entered, I took in the situation and the discernment that came to me was that the evil spirit would come out under my hands. I walked to the bed and such a look as she gave me I shall never forget. I laid hands on her alone, and commanded the evil spirit in the name of Je-

sus Christ to come out of her, and it obeyed, when it would not under the hands of the other elders.

I will give you another case of healing which took place in Salt Lake City, and was witnessed by many, and when I relate the incident some in Utah will remember it. Bro. Brand sent me with some other elders to administer to a woman who had not borne her weight on her feet for two years. I must say she was the most helpless invalid I ever saw, and I said to myself, "No power but that of God can help her." I suggested that before the laying on of hands we should have a short talk. When my time came to speak, the spirit of prophecy rested

upon me and I said, "She shall be healed." The same spirit rested upon her and she spoke out and said, "I know I shall be healed;" and when the presiding elder of the branch at Salt Lake was confirming the anointing, the same Spirit rested upon him as it had on myself and the sister, and he was led to say by commandment, "In the name of Jesus, rise and walk;" and she did walk, but she was a skeleton indeed, and we gave the Lord the glory.

I had then been a member of the Reorganization about two months. This gives me to know that the Lord does not forget those who love him, let them be under whose rule they may be.

THE RAVEN.

BY A. W. REESE.

PERHAPS some of our young readers would like to know what kind of birds the ravens which are mentioned by our Savior (See Luke 12: 24) are. The raven is a bird of prey, and is the largest of all the crow family. It is about two feet in length from tip of the bill to the extremity of the tail, about fifty inches from tip to tip of the extended wings, and very black in color. Its bill is pretty long and sharp at the point, its eyes large, bright and very piercing and it can see very far.

It is endowed with great strength and has been known to carry away little lambs as well as other small animals with ease. Its sense of smell is wonderful and seems to have been given it by the Creator, that it might find its favorite food, the putrid flesh of dead animals, which it can smell a distance of many miles; and whenever ravens are seen sailing around in the air, it is a true sign that there is a sick or dead animal somewhere in the neighborhood.

When the ravens find their prey the first thing they do is to pick out the eyes. They not only do this to dead animals, but have been known to pick out the eyes of those alive. I have seen innocent, harmless little lambs struggle for life in blindness, whose eyes had been picked out by this cruel and unmerciful bird.

The raven is a great thief and murderer, always on the watch to do mischief. It is no wonder the Bible says he is an unclean bird.

Ravens are always at variance with other birds, and whenever these fall victims, almost instantly they kill them, tear their flesh to pieces and eat it in order to satisfy their ravenous appetite, and sometimes they will attack their own species, the common crows, and drive them from their nests, suck the eggs, kill the young and carry them away to feed their own young.

Ravens do not sleep very late in the morning. Often I have seen them at the dawn of day flying around the farm-yard before the mistress of the house was up. They were looking for their prey. If they see any eggs or young chickens or any other domestic fowls, they quickly pick them up and carry them away to the high cliffs of the sea or some desolate place in the forest. It has been said of the raven in Europe and other countries where they are found (and the same is true), that if there is any plague or disease among the people, these birds are seen flying around the habitations of men, uttering their mournful cry; and you may fancy they most distinctly say, "Corpse! corpse!" and because of this they are very unwelcome visitors with the old people.

Where I was raised they have a great prejudice against this bird. They call him an old black prophet. They don't call him a false prophet, for they believe he is a true one, and that he can foretell sickness and death in a family; and on this account they hate him worse than Ahab, the king of Israel, hated Micaiah, because he did not prophesy good concerning him.

The raven is no prophet, but if any tainted smell arises from sickness or death, he makes it known by his cries. The first place in the Bible this bird is mentioned is in Genesis 8:7, where we read that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made, and he sent forth a raven which went forth to and fro until the waters were dried. The old saying is that the raven did not return again to the ark. I cannot see sufficient evidence to prove that it did not come back. The words "went forth to and fro until the waters were dried" is no evidence that it did not return to the ark again, but to the contrary; for the meaning of the words "to and fro" is to go and come, or from and back; and in the original text in the Samaritan and in the Chaldee and Arabic it is said that the raven returned again to the ark.

Dear young readers, it is but a very small matter to us whether it returned or not, but if the figures in the third verse are correct, one hundred and fifty days, take eighty days from that number and it leaves seventy days. Thus you see the poor bird had to fly day and night for two months and ten days without food or rest. If the old crow ever accomplished that, all I have to say is this, she was good on the wing and did well.

After this nothing is said in the Bible about this wonderful bird for nearly nine hundred years, and then it is mentioned in the third chapter of Leviticus as being unclean under the ceremonial law. Again about nine hundred and ten years before the Christian era, this bird was mentioned, when Ahab, the son of Mori, reigned over Israel. The Bible says that he did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him, and because of his wickedness the word of the Lord came to Elijah the prophet and said unto Ahab, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain

this year;" and for this saying the Lord knew that Ahab, the king of Israel, would seek to slay Elijah, and he told him to go and hide himself by the brook, Cherith, saying he had commanded the ravens to feed him there. Elijah went without a murmur, not even to say, "Why, Lord, if thou intendest the birds of heaven to feed me there, why not send a beautiful dove or some other clean bird, instead of these unclean black ravens?" Oh, no; he was not a grumbler, but trusted in God's wisdom. The Lord knew such birds as doves and others of the kind, flying back and forth to a solitary place at the brook Cherith, would draw the attention of the place where Elijah was hiding, and Ahab would slay him there; but the ravens which were so numerous in that country, flying to and fro to these desolate places, no one would pay attention to. So Elijah was fed unmolested with bread and flesh by the ravens every morning and evening until the pure stream of water dried up in the brook.

Another story told about the ravens is that, they forsake their young and drive them from the nest before they are able to care for themselves; and some writers, in order to prove that the above statement is true, refer to what Job said, that God provideth for the raven his food, when his young ones cry unto God; they wander for lack of food.

This saying of Job is no evidence that they forsake their young, but to the contrary. It proves that God provides for the old ones, and the old ones for the young, when they cry. Job is here only speaking of the care and the goodness of God in providing food for the birds and beasts of the forest, even for the lowest of them. This agrees with what Christ said, "Consider the ravens for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them." David said, "The Lord giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."

Now we have the testimony of Job, David and Christ that the young ravens are well provided for; and still they will cry, not because they are neglected, but it is their nature. They are like many young folks who are never satisfied. The more they get, the more they want.

It is well known that the ravens seek their abode in some place to rest for the

night far from the habitation of man, and in the day they wander about in search of food. In the eastern countries, in time of war, the ravens in common with the eagle and the vulture are seen at times in great numbers, flying to and fro over the battle field, crying, croaking, and tearing the bodies of the dead to satisfy their voracious appetite. It was written in the law of Moses, "He that curseth his father or his mother shall surely be put to death;" and it was the custom then to leave their bodies exposed in an open field, unburied, to be devoured by wild beasts and the birds of heaven. To think of this was

PLEASANTON, Iowa.

more terrible to the criminal than death.

Solomon made allusion to this when he said, "The eye that mocketh at his father and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out; and the young eagles shall eat it." This was a severe punishment.

It would be well for all the young readers to remember the counsel of Paul, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right, that it may be well with thee and thou mayest live long on the earth." O, how many promising young men and women are going to ruin by not obeying father and mother!

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

RANDALL, Kansas, April, 1891.

Dear Readers:—The subject of fiction-reading has been of great interest to me, and I read with much pleasure the article written by Bro. Bond. He so grandly and forcibly expressed my very thoughts on the subject.

I have read novels, but gained nothing from them that breathed of hope and consolation to the human family; and I found that, after feeding my mind upon novels for a few years, I had no taste for divine truth. But when I came to my senses, and saw my true condition, I resolved upon a different course of action, and am now truly thankful that I did not continue to indulge in novel-reading until my mind became so poisoned and my taste so vitiated that I had no desire for anything solid.

The novels I read were, for the most part, those that are considered of a high order; but it has been my experience that even those entirely unfit the mind for the study and contemplation of God's word. Since beginning the study of the church books and publications, I find that the more I read the more I find to read. It is an inexhaustible storehouse of knowledge, and I often regret the time I spent in reading that which has been of no lasting value to me.

The avowed object of every Latter Day Saint is to gain eternal life; and the Savior himself admonishes us to search the Scriptures, for in them we think we have eternal life. I have known those (and members of

churches too) who would sit all night to read a detective story, but were very ignorant as regards their Christian duty, told them so plainly in the Scriptures. If we note the daily walk of such Christians, we can see nothing to distinguish them from those of the world.

If the study of the word is dry and uninviting to the children, I think it is the fault of their teachers. I have seen young children who were as interested and active in the cause of Christ as the older ones, I noticed that in proportion as their knowledge of the things of the kingdom increased, their enthusiasm grew.

I am thankful and glad to hear of the continued advancement of the Sunday-school movement. May God bless and prosper it, and the youth of the church grow in grace and the knowledge of our Lord, and thus be competent to carry on the work when they shall come on to the stage of action.

May truth arise and shine.

ELMA E. COOK.

HOLLISTER, Cal., Feb, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Autumn Leaves:—I now come for the first time to cast my mite with the Correspondence Department. I have thought of writing to you at many times, but have declined because I thought there were others more experienced in writing than myself. But if every sister waited for some one else to write, there would not be many letters written to this valuable column.

I love to read the *Autumn Leaves* very much, and I think it is a magazine that no home should be without. I anxiously await the arrival of the mail that brings this precious magazine to our home.

There is no branch of the church here, but there are a few Saints, and we have our prayer meetings every Thursday evening; and I feel and realize that the Lord has blessed us greatly, especially in behalf of our sick.

How thankful we ought to be when we know that the Lord has answered our prayers!

I see in the *Herald* that Bro. Blair is in California. I do hope he will make us a call. Well do I remember the good sermons I have heard him preach in Little Sioux, Iowa, when we all lived there in the same branch. No one can tell what a trial it is to be away from a branch of the church, but those that have had the experience; and surely we have had that since we came to California.

I am glad to see the subject in the *Autumn Leaves*: "Does it pay to read fiction?" For my part, I do not think it does; for it leads one's mind from godliness to vanity and sin. I know by experience.

Pardon me, if I have taken up too much space. Ever praying for the welfare of the Saints, I remain your sister in Christ,

FANNIE LYTLE.

March, 1899.

Dear Readers of Autumn Leaves:—I have never tried to gain admittance to the Department, and but for this "reading fiction" question I should not have tried this time. I always thought it was wrong, and my conscience told me so every time I read a story; yet I was very much interested in novel reading before I received a knowledge of the truth, and I am not safe to look at them now without getting interested; but I am trying not to be overcome. I love the *Autumn Leaves* and *Herald*, but as Sister Skinner says, I was taught to read fiction and was never taught to read the Bible. I pray God I may rear my children in a different way. I have four entrusted to my care.

I wish to relate a dream I had not long ago; I do not know what it means, perhaps not anything. I dreamed my husband was gone from home and I was to go to him, but I did not know where to find him. I took my baby in my arms and started to find him. It was dark when I started, and I had to grope my way through a terrible place all muddy water and clumps of grasses and tall reeds and rushes.

I got through after much trouble, and reached

a large corn field. Looking around I saw my husband near the middle of the field working as hard and as fast as he could. He was half stooped, and was digging around the corn, which was high above my head. The sun was shining very bright, and there were two or three large shade trees in the field. I desired him to come with me and rest under the trees, but he said, no he must not waste a moment of time, for the time was very short and the work must be done. So I staid and helped him. I think it was a glorious sight; I can see it now very plain.

Dear young mothers, let us be faithful and use much patience and wisdom in the bringing up of our children. Pray for me, that I may not be found wanting.

Your sister in the faith,

MRS. CLARA COVEY.

LAMONI, IOWA, March, 1891.

Bro Editor of the Department of Correspondence:—It is hard for one to judge whether it pays to read fiction by reading the articles in *Autumn Leaves*. Turning to Webster I find that fiction is defined thus: "An invented story" There is an invented story in *Autumn Leaves* under the head of "Sincerity Seeking Salvation," or it seems to me to be invented; however, it pays to read such. Webster again: "Parable, a moral fable." What does fable mean? See Webster again: "A fictitious story enforcing a useful truth." Then if it does not pay to read fiction, we must not read some of Christ's sayings, as he spoke much by way of parable

If the readers of the *Leaves* will cast their minds backward, perhaps they can recall some fictitious story told by some of our elders while in the pulpit.

I remember once hearing Bro. J. S. R. tell about Miss Purity Jones which to my mind was a manufactured story, but was good in itself as it enforced a useful truth upon the minds of many.

There are two kinds of fiction; one kind has a tendency to enlighten our minds in the way of truth and happiness, the other is directly the reverse. For my part, give me access to the higher, the ennobling class of fiction, as found in the Scriptures, and those that approach so near to the real, that they enforce a useful truth

The subject of fiction has been discussed quite extensively. It might be well to change to something new and useful before the editor requests it. I would suggest for a topic, tobacco, its effect upon mind and body; also tea, coffee

and alcohol, their effects upon the system; or anything that has a tendency to make us better physically, mentally and morally.

Hoping these few lines will help some to better understand the subject of fiction, I remain your brother in Christ,

G. W. J.

PLANO, Ill, March, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Department:—I have taken great interest and pleasure in the *Autumn Leaves*, and more especially in the young people's department. I have closely followed the many and various arguments concerning our reading matter, and proper amusements. I have no new ideas to present, as I think the subject has been very nearly exhausted. I believe that too much mixing with the world and following after worldly pleasures and amusements is not good for the spirituality of God's people. Of course our daily life brings us in contact, more or less, with the world, but if we could exert an influence that would cause the world to follow us, instead of the reverse, our lives would be a greater blessing to ourselves as well as our profession.

In this busy world, if we perform all our duties properly, I think there would not be such a great demand for recreation. At least, I find it so in my own case; and when I am most reckless after my own pleasures and amusements, I leave the greater number of duties undone. If we could wisely plan our work so each duty should be properly attended to, then our recreation would be far more pleasurable. It is not well to seek too much amusement outside our own home circle; and as to dancing, card playing and novel reading, they should be stamped out of existence. And, although it is a broad remark, it is nevertheless true, that a person given to any of the above vices, will never be found very high in the moral, social, intellectual and religious scale. Where a taste is cultivated for such low occupation, anything of an intellectual order is, to them, wholly incomprehensible.

We have each our own duties to perform, and the nearer right we shall accomplish them, the more commendable and praiseworthy are our actions. Making the profession we do, we are under a great obligation, as the critical eye of the world is always watching to see our failures. Not long ago I let my temper get the upper hands of me, and one of my unbelieving friends said in a bantering tone: "O Aggie, you're a fine Christian, but rather a stormy one, I think." It is needless to say that I was very careful about displaying any more "Christian

spirit (?)" in the presence of that young lady.

I am afraid of occupying too much of your valuable space, and I wish to leave room for all the young brothers and sisters. I wish, through our correspondence, we might become more fully acquainted with one another, and establish a more friendly feeling than now exists.

With love to all, I remain, your sister,

AGNES WHITE.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., Dec., 1890.

Editor Autumn Leaves:—Nineteen years ago I first heard and obeyed the gospel and was ordained to the office of deacon. I prayed for a testimony of the work and at last was rewarded in this wise:—

I dreamed of seeing a congregation of people assembled in public worship, being addressed by their preacher from the Bible, which lay open before him. There seemed to be a dim light emanating from the word somewhat like a lighted lamp turned down low, being just light enough for me to recognize the minister and some of the people, whom I knew, as I had attended meetings there. Then I beheld another congregation of people (which was our branch, myself with them, and we were listening to the elder who baptized me. He was preaching from the Bible, which lay open before him, but the light was more brilliant, and seemed to be all round us and above us, indeed, seemed to come down from above.

Afterwards I dreamed of being inside of a very fine building. The room I was in was the finest I ever saw. The carpet attracted me, as I never had seen any so beautiful. I began to study the carpet, finally seemed to be amusing myself as a child; then I noticed our Savior and my mother were talking to each other, which they did for some time. Finally my mother, pointing at me, asked Jesus if I would be saved in his kingdom. He replied, "It is doubtful, for he will fall away, but I am always ready to forgive."

I told these dreams at the time to my mother, who remembers them to-day. I never told them to any one else, and as time wore on I forgot them, as the following will show: I was then in my eighteenth year. As time passed on I married and commenced to do for myself; was very unsuccessful in business, meeting with many reverses of fortune. At last I became a telegraph operator and railroad agent, working at this for five years, holding a good paying position which was enabling me to school my children and provide for their comfort. Circumstances and sickness brought

about my resignation; and I moved myself and family back to the scene of elders' court, etc., of three years before, for I had so far wandered away in darkness that I had been cut off from the church. I began to attend Saints' meetings once more, and again was I baptized by Bro. C. E. Butterworth, December 21st, 1890.

Behold me the second time in my life praying, pleading for a testimony. One day I was praying in the woods, and while on my knees the former dreams as I have related them passed vividly before my mind with such an impression that I dare never again travel in any other but the gospel ship.

I am urged on by the spirit of the latter day work to add this to the monument of testimony now being erected by the faithful for the honor and glory of God and his Son Jesus Christ.

May we all be saved in the celestial kingdom, is my prayer. Amen. G. J. DOUGLASS.

BUFFALO PRAIRIE, March, 1891.

Dear Sisters:—While reading and meditating upon the subject of home decoration as published in so many of the papers at the present day, I have been led to wonder if there were not others who, like myself, feel inclined to spend too much of the precious time God has allotted to us at such work. I believe that we should make our homes pleasant and lovely places; but alas! how many, many hours we spend at fancy work and unnecessary labor on our wardrobes! Would we not be happier, wiser and better girls and women, if at least a part of that time were spent in the study of God's word? How often we have been commanded so to do! that we might at all times be ready to give a reason for the hope that is within us.

I wish to relate a little of my experience with such work. This winter I commenced one of the fancy quilts of our day, and, wishing very much to finish it as soon as possible, I set to work in good earnest, spending all my spare time at it; but the more I worked, the worse I felt I was doing as I ought not to do, and that God was displeased with me. So I resolved to spend a part of that time studying my Bible; and I can assure you I found peace in so doing.

Let us, dear sisters, not neglect this one great duty for useless articles that will do us no good. I would be pleased if others would express their opinion upon this subject through *Autumn Leaves*.

Hoping that we may grow in grace and in a knowledge of the truth, I remain, your sister in Christ,

CARRIE HOLMES.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Sister Jennette Harris, Belgrade, Montana, writes: "I would take a novel and read it through before I stopped. I would sit up and read until two o'clock in the morning. I must say that I read those novel stories so much that something came over my eye so I could hardly read. This was a means, I thought, of stopping me from reading such trash. I have given them up entirely, for there is so much better reading."

J. Franklin, writing from Lamoni, Iowa, says: "These stories created such a fear and dread in my mind that I dared not step out of the house alone after dark. I distinctly remember of reading one novel that created such a fear that I would fairly tremble. Many times have I lain awake thinking of the horrors of death, and crying from fear that I might be buried alive. These fears were with me until I became old enough to know better."

Sister Maggie J. Braden, Cameron, Missouri, writes: "As concerning reading fiction, I think it is not right, for there is very little to be learned from the most of it; and I think that if the Saints read the books and papers of the church, they have enough to keep them employed in reading matter, without reading fiction or wasting time over useless articles of no profit." She says further that she has learned many things since obeying the gospel, among them the necessity of paying tithing, to supply means to carry the gospel to others.

Bro. Clinton White, Galien, Michigan, says: "The young must take the place of the old, and we ought to so live that if we should be called upon to fill their place we could fill it creditably. There is no way of retracing our steps and making our crooked paths straight, but there is one to whom we can go for forgiveness. Dear readers, in the past two years I have suffered much with rheumatism, and for most nine months I have been confined to my bed and in pain all the time. This life begins to look gloomy sometimes, I can tell you, where once it was filled with sunshine and happiness. But my faith is just as strong as ever, and I want to see this work roll on until it fills the whole earth. I hope you all will pray for me."

EVIL thoughts are worse enemies than lions or tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way every-where. The cup that is full will hold no more. Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad ones may not find room to enter.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

IN BLOOM.

I passed a tree, in Summer's prime,
When in its boughs the sweet birds sung
And thick the glossy foliage hung,
And did not glance a second time.

Again I passed it idly by
When, withered by the Autumn's frown
The brown leaves scattered gently down
And eddied with the cold wind's sigh.

When Winter came, again I passed,
And noted but the tracery
Of slender limbs against the sky
Unshaken by the icy blast.

But when, in Spring I careless came,
Transfigured there the glad tree stood,
And sweetened all the solitude
With fragrance from its bloom of flame.

Entranced I cried, "Ah, Master mine,
When earth's bleak wintry days are passed,
Grant me such perfect bloom at last
Transfigured by thy love divine."

—Selected.

THE BEST AFFECTION A RESULT OF CULTIVATION.

ANY natural love, or instinctive love, is merely a germ of affection, in comparison with that love which is a result of persistent cultivation. Love does not come at its best by nature, nor will it reach its best by being left to itself. Unless it is wisely and persistently cultivated, love will never attain to that high measure of which it is capable, and of which it is worthy. Natural affection, in any sphere, is a feeble sentiment in comparison with a rightly cultivated sentiment in that same sphere.

In other spheres than affection, cultivation improves upon nature, or, again, secures a personal hold on the individual seeker that is otherwise unattainable. Flowers and fruits and shrubs and trees are never as fine by nature as they may be made by cultivation. Even natural scenery can be improved by wise cultivation, and no landscape is as beautiful in its primitive state as it might become by care and attention, and the judicious use of means. No natural appetite has such a hold on man as is possible to an acquired or cultivated appetite. An inordinate or overmastering appetite is always in the direction of persistent cultivation,

rather than of a natural tendency. Tobacco, or opium, or alcohol, or articles of diet, the taste for which has been cultivated, gain a hold on man's longings that is never rivaled by water, or milk, or bread. Not that which is natural to him but that which he acquires and cultivates, possesses a man most strongly in the realm of his desires and indulgences.

"Love at first sight" cannot be so strong as love that has been exercised and fostered, unless, indeed, it be a mere passionate and evanescent sentiment, and therefore an unworthy one. Young lovers do not know such love for each other as is enjoyed by old lovers who have cultivated their mutual affection through long years of varied experience. A young mother's love for her child is but a light matter in comparison with the love felt by a mother who has religiously cultivated her love for her dear boy through half her lifetime or more.

Brothers and sisters grow in their love for one another as they live with and for one another year after year, at their home or in their occasional reunions after leaving that home; and their love gains in purity and nobleness as it gains in power.

Friends who are friends have more love and better, as the years go by, in the growth of the mutual love they cultivate. "I love my friend before myself," says Sir Thomas Browne, "and yet, methinks, I do not love him enough. Some few months hence my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all." And that is the tendency of any true love wisely cultivated.

Love needs cultivation in order to be at its best; and love that is worth having at its best deserves cultivation. If a love is not a worthy love, it were better to neglect it, and so let it die; but, if it be a worthy love, it ought to be cherished and cultivated, that it may become all that it is capable of, in force and preciousness and holy influence.

No one of us has a right to suppose that his love in any direction is now at his best, or will become so if left to itself. Every one of us ought to see the privilege and duty of cultivating his love as lover or as husband, as father or as brother, as son or as friend.

Cultivation requires wisdom and effort and patient persistency; and, if these essentials are neglected, our love will not be what it should

be. What wonder, then, that our love in one sphere or another has been declining instead of improving?

We are inclined to wish that we loved differently, or that we had some one else to love, when the real cause of our trouble is that we do not cultivate the love we have, while without cultivation no love on our part for any human being could be what we would like it to be or what it might become.

It is the same with love for God as with love for our fellows; we cannot love God as we ought to unless we cultivate our love for him. We have no right to worry over the scant measure of our love for God, when we might gain and grow in such love unceasingly, by its persistent and faithful cultivation.

—Sunday-school Times.

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the office to which your magazine has been going, but also the one to which you wish it sent. When you lose your magazine through failure to comply with this request, we cannot make your loss good. Send all subscription money, money for offerings, in fact all moneys as well as inquiries in regard to missing magazines, names of subscribers, etc., to David Dancer. Send all communications intended for publication, or special requests of any nature whatever to the editor.

3t

First bitter tears, and then the sweetest smiles

At the hurt heart I carry day and night;
For life is brief, and nothing now beguiles

My earth-fond spirit from its upper flight.
How wise my Maker's weaning way with me!

If what I would to-day were fully mine,
My heart were torn with ten-fold agony

That I so soon its riches must resign.

—Selected.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

SPRING.

"With plumes were tipped the beechen sprays;
The birch long dangling tassels showed;
The oak still bare, but in a blaze
Of gorgeous red the maple glowed;
With clusters of the purest white
Cherry and shadbush charmed the sight
Like spots of snow the boughs among;
And showers of strawberry blossoms made
Rich carpets in each field and glade
Where day its kindest glances flung.
The bluebird warbled clear and sweet;
Then came the wren with carols gay,
The customary roof and porch to greet;
The mock-bird showed its varied skill;
At evening moaned the whippoorwill.
Whilst a quick feathered spangle shot
Rapid as thought from spot to spot
Showing the fairy humming-bird."

DO ONE THING WELL.

The question of a vocation for girls has been agitated in many forms for a long time, yet the large number of young girls who are graduated yearly at our colleges and other institutions of general learning are but ill-prepared to meet the world were they called to do so by any unfortunate turn in their worldly affairs. Most parents still depend upon their own resources to care for their daughters and fail to remember that the richest heritage they can give a daughter as well as a son is a training which shall enable her to be a bread-winner. The mental training necessary to

drill a person to do one thing well is of inestimable value in any position in life. If the daughter is called to a social throne, the power of systematizing her time in attending to the multifarious duties of a woman of wealth will be invaluable. If she is suddenly thrown on her own resources such a training will save her from untold anxieties and probable suffering. If she should occupy a lowly position she will do her housework better for such training. The trouble with the educational system now, and especially with the free educational system, is the utter failure to regard the individual or to train the mind of each into the special avenues for which it is best fitted. It is true that technical schools are now rising up all over the land, which supplement the elaborate higher education in the various schools and offer a special training.

It is the parent's place, however, to judge of the aptitude and bent of her daughter's mind. If she has a taste for music that taste should be thoroughly cultivated, even at the expense of other studies. It is better that she should be a thorough musician than a mere smatterer in many things, and even with the most brilliant musical talent training is necessary. The same is the case with drawing. If the child shows special proficiency in this art make her stick to it, as if she were training for a profession. Many clever artists look back with the deepest regret—all the deeper for its being unavailing—at the failure of their parents to give them in childhood that training which in age can never be acquired. If a child shows a taste for caring for the sick, as many do, a training as a physician would be of untold value even if she should be called upon to practice the profession nowhere but in her own family. Intelligent progress

is nowhere so noteworthy as in the classes of medical schools, where girls who have no intention of entering the medical profession frequently go through the two years' training necessary.—*Home and Fireside Magazine*.

A PRETTY CENTER TABLE.

I would like to tell of a pretty center table I saw while in Denver. It was made by a friend of mine for his bride. He bought a pretty shaped table, removed the top and had a box of zinc made about eighteen inches square and four inches deep; this he filled with cement such as is used about mantles, and laid in the top with tile, the center being of blue and canary colors alternately, each about one and one-quarter inches square, forming a checkerboard. Different colors and shapes were laid outside this till the whole was filled, there being one hundred and forty-two pieces in all.

Then the sides of the table were trimmed, and for this bands of rich cardinal plush were used, tacked over edges at the top and on the table underneath; to this was added a tassel in the center of each side, with plush balls each side of this, and a bow of ribbon at the corners, finished by a cord on top. The ribbons and other trimmings were in four colors, harmonized prettily, and the whole made one of the daintiest, prettiest tables imaginable.—*Ingall's Home and Art Magazine*.

UMBRELLA STAND.

Procure a piece of large drain pipe. Cover the pipe with common house paint inside and out. Let it stand until it is thoroughly dry, which will take about two days; then give the outside another coat—a warm brown is a good color. When this is quite dry put a half inch line of some pleasing color around the pipe about six or eight inches from the top; then fill in the space from the line to the top with various colors, like patchwork, in all sorts of contrasting shades and shapes. A degree of harmony in the various colors used should be sought, but this your own good taste will suggest. The effect is very striking and pretty.—*Ingall's Home and Art Magazine*.

HOW TO REJUVENATE AN OLD CHAIR.

The way a demoralized old blue chair was made to appear respectable is worth telling. The covering of the arm was worn threadbare, there were several ominous streaks in the cushion, and yet the back was perfectly good. This, I find, is the usual way in which age attacks a chair; it seemed a pity to have it all upholstered, so the worn places were mended as well as they could be, then four squares of antique lace were sewed firmly together, and laid over the cushion; they were pinned securely to it, antique squares were also placed over the arms, and were edged with narrow lace, and were pinned in place by very small safety pins. The antimacassar on the back matched, and really the chair has been admired, and what was feared by a skeptical member of the family has never occurred, that is, the lace squares have not "skewed" and they have kept their places admirably after two months of wear. By the way, it is surprising the uses to which antique lace squares can be put. They are durable and cheap. A pretty light wrap to lay over the baby's lap is made by putting them tastefully together, edging with lace, and lining with a light grade of flannel. A young girl's room recently peeped into suggests various uses for them; her pillows had

covers made of them, a long shelf was covered with blue, and the valance, which was about ten inches deep, was pinned on the edge, and had a row of the squares caught together for decoration. An antimacassar tidy on the back of a large chair was made of two squares of lace and two of satin, and on each satin one a little spray of blue flowers was painted. The coverings for the arms were made of one square of lace and one of satin, the antimacassar and covers were edged with narrow lace. The toilet cushion was covered with a square of lace, and across the top of the curtains, which were of scrimp trimmed with antique lace, were simple lambrequins made exactly like the valance for the shelf. The floor was covered with blue and white matting, the furniture was light, and the room struck one as being a charming one to be sick in; it was so clean, and what is far more important, so easy to keep clean, for dust and antique lace squares have no affinity.

PLEASANT WAYS IN WHICH YOUNG PEOPLE CAN AMUSE THEMSELVES.

The following suggestions may help young people to pass a social evening pleasantly:

Pictures from history require little or no artistic skill on the part of the players. Each person is furnished with a sheet of note paper and a pencil. All are requested to make a sketch of some historical scene, like the "Landing of the Pilgrims," the exile of Robinson Crusoe, or the "Boston Tea Party." Each player chooses his own subject, and keeps the drawing away from the sight of the other artists. The period of history may be limited to any nation or country.

The idea of the game is to endeavor to draw, in very crude fashion, a sketch that shall represent the event chosen. Yet it ought to be sufficiently vague to prevent the other players from guessing it too readily.

The drawings should be made on the upper half of the page. When finished the sketches are folded from the top out of sight, and dropped into a hat or box, and well mixed. Then each player selects at random one of the papers, guesses what the sketch is intended to represent, and writes the guess near the bottom of the page, affixing his name thereto. Folding the paper from the bottom edge over which he has written he passes it along to the player on his left, who in turn guesses, writes it down, and passes it on to his left-hand neighbor.

When all the guesses have been registered, the papers are examined. Each artist must tell what his sketch is intended to represent. Then the guess and what each one has guessed must be read. The player who has made the largest number of correct guesses wins the game.

Players well skilled in drawing may test the excellence of their work by this game, and award to the artist whose picture gains the largest number of correct guesses the winning prize.

HUNT THE RING

Is an easy game for little people. A ring is slipped upon a rope, and the ends of the rope tied together. The players all but one stand in a circle outside the ring. One stands inside and must find the ring which, the other players deftly pass along under their hands from one to another. The player under whose hand the ring is found must take the finder's place.

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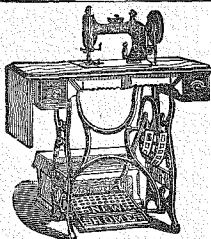
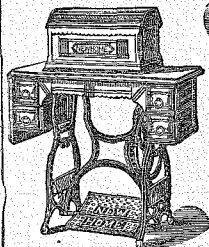
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Autumn

Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

JUNE, 1891.

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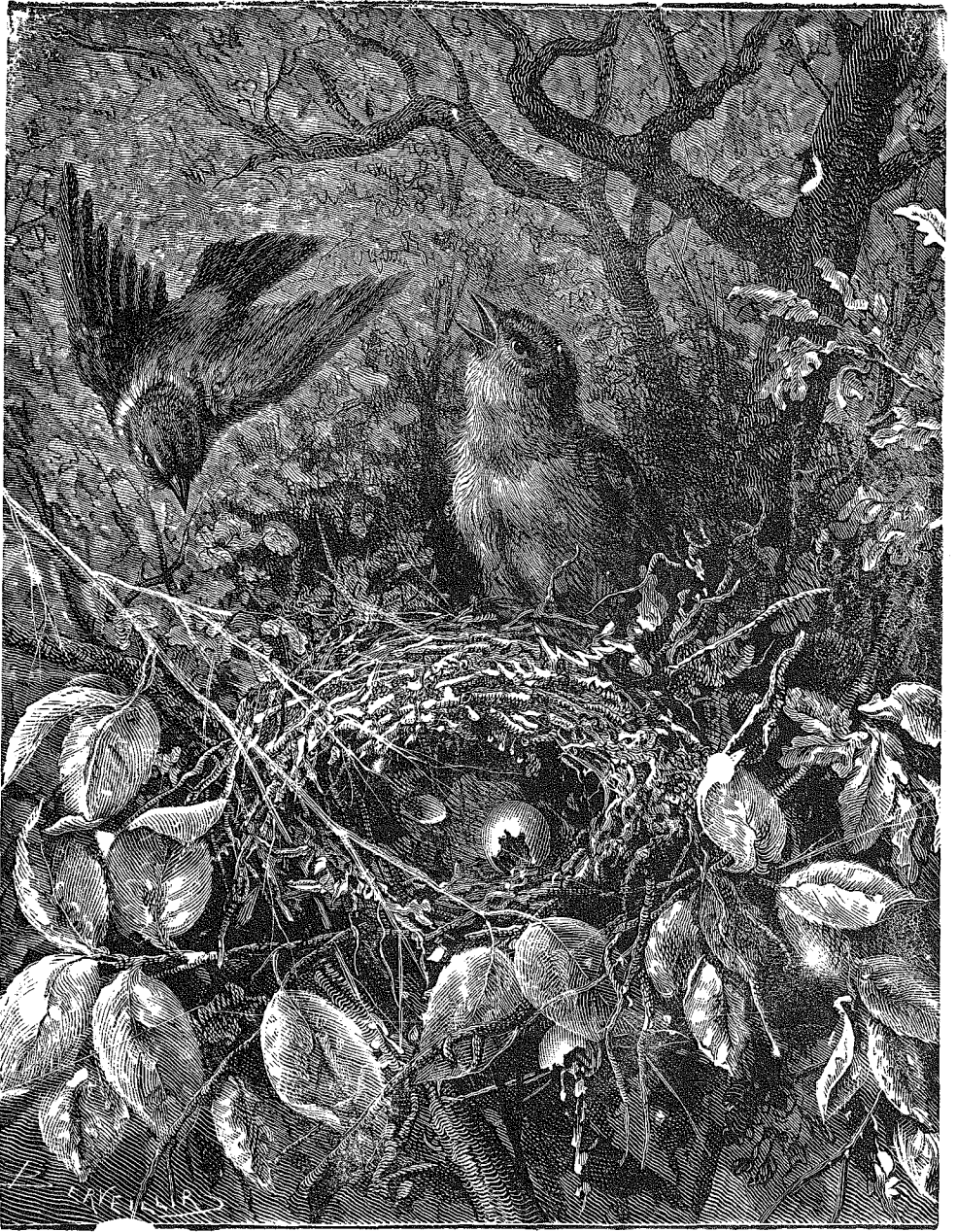
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THE BIRD'S NEST.

(See page 273).

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, JUNE, 1891.

No. 6.

FOURTEEN TO ONE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THERE are certain situations inherently too preposterous for fiction; the very telling of them involves the presumption of fact. No writer with any regard for his literary reputation would invent such a tale as that which I am about to relate. The reader will agree with me, I think, that the conclusive events of the story are but another evidence that truth is the most amazing thing in the world. With this prefatory word, which may give force to the narrative, I need only proceed to record the circumstances. For reasons which will be sufficiently obvious, I shall not make use of authentic names of either the persons or the localities involved in the recital of one of the most thrilling incidents in modern American history.

The Reverend Mr. Matthews was hitching up his horse to go to the post-office. The horse was old; the man was old. The horse was gray; so was the man. The wagon was well worn of its paint, which was once a worldly blue, and the wheels sprawled at the axles like a decrepit old person going bow-legged from age. The Reverend Mr. Matthews did not use the saddle, according to the custom of the region; he was lame and found it difficult to mount.

It was a chilly day, and what was once a buffalo robe lay across the wagon seat; a few tufts of hair remained upon the bare skin, but it was neatly lined with a woman's shawl—an old plaid, originally combining more colors than a rag mat, but now faded to a vague general dinginess which would recommend it to the "low tone" of modern art. The harness

was as old as the buffalo robe, as old as the shawl, as old as the horse, one might venture to say as old as the man. It had been patched, and mended and lapped, and strapped, and tied, past the ingenuity of any but the very poor and the really intelligent; it was expected to drop to pieces at the mildest provocation, and the driver was supposed to clamber down over the bow-legged wheels and tie it up again, which he always did, and always patiently. He was a very patient old man; but there was a spark in his dim blue eye.

The reins, which he took firmly enough in his bare hands, were of rope by the way. He could not go to the post-office on Mondays because his wife had to use the clothes-line. He felt it a special dispensation of Providence that women did not wash on Saturdays, when his copy of *Zion's Herald* was due.

She came out of the house when he had harnessed, and stood with her hands wrapped in her little black and white checked shoulder shawl, watching him with eyes where thirty years of married love dwelt gently. Something sharper than love crossed her thin face in long lines; she had an expression of habitual anxiety refined to feminine acuteness; for it was the year 1870, and it was — let us call it, since we must call it something, the State of Kennessee.

Mrs. Matthews stood in that portion of the house which Kennessee does not call a loggia; neither is it a porch, a piazza, or a hall. It results from the dual division of the house, which rises on each side, uniting in one boarded roof and a loft.

Two chimneys of stone or of clay, according to the social status of the owner, flank the house on each side. The Rev. Mr. Matthews' chimneys were of clay, for he was a minister of the Methodist faith. His house was built of logs; through the space which cut the building the chickens walked critically, like boarders discussing their dinner. The domestic dwelling of a comfortable pig could be seen in the background. There were sheds, and something resembling a barn for the horse. All were scrupulously neat. Behind, the mountains towered and had a dark expression. A clear sky burned above, but one had to look for it, it was so far, and there seemed so small an allowance of it — so much of the State of Tennessee; so little of heaven.

"Are you going to the post-office?" asked Mrs. Matthews, softly. She knew perfectly well, but she always asked; he always answered. If it gave her pleasure to inquire, he reasoned, why not?

"Yes, Deborah," said the old man, briskly. "Want to go?"

"I don't know. Is Hezekiah tucked out?"

"Hezekiah is as spry as a chipmunk," returned the minister, confidently. Now Hezekiah was the horse, and thirty-one years old. He received this astounding tribute with a slow revolution of his best eye (for he was blind in the other, but no one ever mentioned the fact in Hezekiah's presence) which might have passed for that superior effort of intelligence known only to the human race, and vulgarly called a wink.

"Well," said Mrs. Matthews, doubtfully, "I don't know's I'll go."

She pronounced these words with marked, almost painful, hesitation, in an accent foreign to her environment. Her movements and dress were after the manner of Tennessee; but her speech was the speech of New Hampshire. They had been Northerners thirty years ago. Weak lungs brought him and a parish kept him. Thirty years—and such years!—seemed a long time to stay true to the traditions of youth and a flag. The parishioners and people whom, for courtesy, one called one's neighbors in those desolate, divided mountain homes, expressed themselves variously upon the parson's loyalty to the national cause. The Border State indecision had murmured about

him critically, for the immediate region had flashed during the civil war, and remained sulky still.

The Confederacy had never lacked friends in that township. Of late the murmur had become a mutter. The parson had given offense. He had preached a sermon treating of certain disorders which had become historic, and for which the village and valley were acquiring unenviable notoriety.

"If I thought I could prevent anything," proceeded Mrs. Matthews anxiously, "I'd—I'd—I don't know but I'd go. Are you goin' to hold the meetin'—after all?"

"Certainly," replied the minister, lifting his head. "I shall dispense the word as usual."

"Well," said his wife sadly—"well, I s'pose you will. I might have known. But I hoped you'd put it off. I was afraid to ask you. I can't help worryin'. I don't know but I'll go, too. I can get my bunnet on in a minute."

Her husband hesitated perceptibly. He did not tell her that he was afraid to take her; that he was almost equally afraid to leave her. He said:

"The lock of the back door isn't mended yet; I don't know but things need watching. That speckled bantam's dreadfully afraid of weasels when she's setting; I don't know's I blame her."

"Well," returned the old lady with a sigh, "I don't know but you're right. If it's the Lord's will I should stay at home and shoo weasels, I s'pose he can look after you without my help, if he has a mind to. Will you take the sweet potatoes along? There's a bushel and a half; and two dozen eggs."

The two old people loaded the wagon together, rather silently. Nothing further was said about the prayer meeting. Neither alluded to danger. They spoke of the price of potatoes and chickens. The times were too stern to be spendthrift in emotion. One might be lavish of anything else; but one had to economize in feeling, and be a miser in its expression. When the parson was ready to start he kissed his wife, and said:

"Good-by, Deborah."

And she said, "Good-by, Levi."

Then she said, "Let me tuck you up a little. The buffalo ain't in."

She tucked the old robe about the old legs with painstaking, motherly thorough-

ness, as if he had been a boy going to bed. She said how glad she was she had that nice shawl to line it.

"Thank you, Deborah. Keep the doors locked, won't you? And I wouldn't run out much till I get back."

"No, I don't know's I will. Have you got your lantern?"

"Yes."

"And your pistol?"

"No."

"Ain't you going to take it?"

"No, Deborah; I've decided not to. Besides, it's a rusty old affair. It wouldn't do much."

"You'll get home by nine, won't you?" she pleaded, lifting her withered cheek over the high, muddy wheel. For a moment those lines of anxiety seemed to grow corrosive, as if they would eat her face out.

"Or quarter-past," said the parson, cheerfully. "But don't worry if I'm not here till half-past."

Hezekiah took occasion to start at this point; he was an experienced horse; he knew when a conversation had lasted long enough at the parting of husband and wife, in 1870, and in Kennessee. No horse with two eyes could see as much as Hezekiah. This was understood in the family.

A rickety, rocky path, about four feet wide, called by courtesy "the road," wound away from the parsonage. The cornfield grew to it on each side. The tall stalks, some of them ten feet high, stood dead and stark, shivering in the rising wind. The old man drove into them. They closed about his gray head. Only the rear of the muddy blue wagon was visible between the husks.

"Levi! Levi! I want to ask a question."

She could hear the bow-legged wheels come to a lame halt; but she could not see him. He called through the corn in his patient voice:

"Well, well! What is it? Ask away Deborah."

"What time shall I begin to worry, Levi?"

To this essentially feminine inquiry silence answered significantly:

"My dear," said the invisible husband after a long pause, "perhaps by ten—or half-past. Or suppose we say eleven."

She ran out into the corn to see him. It seemed to her, suddenly, as if she

should strangle to death if she did not see him once more. But she did not call, and he did not know that she was there. She ran on, gathering up her chocolate-colored calico dress, and wrapping her checked shawl about her head nervously. At the turn of the path there was a prickly locust tree. It had been burnt to make way for crops after the fashion of the country, which is too indolent to hew; it had not been well burned, and one long, strong limb stretched out like an arm; it was black and seemed to point at the old man as he disappeared around the twist in the path where the returning-valley curved in, and the passenger found a way to the highway. The parson was sipping. His voice came back on the wind:

How firm a founda-tion, ye Sa-ints of
the Lo-rd!

She wiped the tears from her eyes and came back through the corn, slowly; all her withered figure drooped.

"I don't know but I'd ought to have perked up and gone with him," she said aloud, plaintively.

She stood in the house-place, among the chickens, for a few minutes, looking out. She was used, like other women in that desolate country, to being left much alone. Those terrible four years from '61 to '65 had taught her, she used to think, all the lessons that danger and solitude can teach; but she was learning new, now. Peace had brought anything, everything, but security. She was a good deal of a woman, as the phrase goes, with a set strong Yankee mouth. Life had never dealt so easily with her that she expected anything of it; it had given her no chance to become what women call "timid." Yet as she stood looking through the stark corn on that cold gray day she shook with a kind of horror.

Women know what it is—this ague of the heart which follows the absent beloved. The safest lives experience it, in chills of real foresight, or fevers of the imagination. Deborah Matthews lived in the lap of daily dangers that had not alienated her good sense, nor suffocated that sweet, persistent trust in the nature of things, call it feminine or religious, which is the most amazing fact in human life; but sometimes it seemed to her as if her soul were turning stiff, as flesh does from fear.

"If this goes on long enough, I shall die of it," she said. "He will come home some day, and I shall be dead of listenin', and shiverin', and prayin' to Mercy for him. Prayer is Scripture, I suppose, and I havn't anythin' against it; but folks can die of too much prayin', as well as a gallopin' consumption or the shakes."

Only the chickens heard her, however, and they responded with critical clucks, like church members who thought her heretical. Since chickens constituted her duties, she would gratify heaven and divert her mind by going out to see the setting bantam, who took her for a weasel and protested violently.

Mrs. Matthews came back to the house indefinitely comforted, in a spiritual way, by this secular interruption, and prepared to lock up carefully, as her husband had bidden her. It was necessary to look after all the creatures first; the critical chickens, the comfortable pig, the gaunt cow, and the rooster, for whom, as he was but one, and had all the lordliness of his race, and invariably ran away from her, and never came till he got ready, Mrs. Matthews had a marked respect, and thought of him as spelled with a capital. It took a great while that evening to get the rooster into the pen, and while her feminine coax and his masculine crow ricocheted about the cornfield, the old lady cast a sharp, watchful eye all over the premises and their vicinity. Silence and solitude responded to her. No intrusion or intruder gave sign. The mountain seemed to overlook the house pompously, as a thing too small to protect. The valley had a stealthy look, as if it were creeping up to her. The day was darkening fast. The gloom of its decline came on with the abruptness of a mountain region, and the world seemed suddenly to shrink away from the lonely spot and forget it.

Mrs. Matthews, when she had locked up the animals with difficulty, defence, or fear, according to their respective temperaments, fastened the doors and windows of the house carefully, and looked at the clock. It was half-past six. She took off her muddy rubbers, brushed them neatly, folded away her shawl, and started the fire economically. She must have a cup of tea; but supper should wait for Levi, who needed something solid after Friday evening meeting. She busied

herself with these details assiduously. Her life was what we might call large with trifles; she made the most of them; there was nothing better that she knew of to keep great anxieties out of the head and sickening terrors out of the heart.

There was one thing, to be sure: Mrs. Matthews called it faith and providence. The parson's wife had her share of it, but it took on practical, often secular, forms. Sometimes she prayed aloud, as she sat there alone, quaking in every nerve. Sometimes she pitched her shrill old voice, as she did to-day, several notes above the key, and sang:

How firm a found-da-tion, ye Sa-a-ints of the
Lord!

Is laid for your fa-ith in his ex-cel-lent word!

But she locked the house up before she sang. She made her tea, too, and drank it.

"I always feel to get a better spiritual attitude," she used to say, "when I've had my cup of tea."

The house was so neat that its rudeness became a kind of daintiness to the eye; and the trim old lady, in her chocolate calico with its strip of a ruffle at throat and wrists, sat before the fireplace, meditative and sweet, like a priestess before an altar. She used to hate that fireplace with hot New Hampshire hatred—the kettle, the crane, and all the barbarous ways of managing; but she had contrived to get used to it now. It was the dream of her life to save money enough to freight a good Northern cook-stove over from Chattanooga. But she expected to die without it. The room winked brightly with shiny tin-ware hung above the fireplace, and chintz curtains at the windows. There were hollyhocks on the curtains which seemed like New Hampshire, if you made believe very much. There was a center-table with a very old red and black tablecloth of the fashion of fifty years ago. The minister's writing materials adorned this table—his tall inkstand, with its oxidized silver top: his first parish in New Hampshire gave him that inkstand, at a donation party, in a sleet storm one January night, with a barrel of flour and a bushel of potatoes. Besides the inkstand lay his quill pen sharpened with the precision of a man who does not do much writing; the cheap, blue-ruled letter-paper, a quire

of it; and the sacred sermon paper which Mrs. Matthews would not have touched for her life; she would as soon have touched the sermons. These were carefully packed away in the corner in a barrel covered with turkey-red, and surmounted with a board top. The family Bible lay on the board.

Above rose the minister's "library." This was a serious affair, greatly respected in the parish and adored by the minister's wife. It took at least three poplar shelves stained by Mr. Matthew's own hand, and a borrowed paintbrush, to hold that library. Upon the lower shelf the family clock ticked solemnly, flanked by Cruden's Concordance and Worcester's Octavo Dictionary. For neighbors to these there were two odd volumes of an ancient encyclopedia, the letters unfortunately slipping from A to Z without immediate alphabetical connection. Upon such subjects, for instance, as alchemy or zoology, the minister was known to have shown a crushing scholarship, which was not strictly maintained upon all topics. Barnes's Notes on Matthew occupied a decorous position in the library. The life of John Wesley, worn to tatters and covered with a neat brown paper grocery bag, overflowed into two octavo volumes, which, after all, had the comfortable, knowing look of a biography which treats of a successful life-experience, opulent in fact and feelings, alert and happy. Beside the shriveled career of this humble disciple, what a story!

The history of New Hampshire stood beside John Wesley. A map of the State of Kennessee surmounted the library. For the rest, the shelves were fatly filled with filed copies of *Zion's Herald* and a Chattanooga weekly.

There was an old lounge in the room, home-made, covered with a calico comforter and a dyed brown shawl. The minister's slippers lay beside it; they were of felt, and she had made them. This lounge was Mr. Matthew's own particular resting-place when the roads were rough or the meeting late. If he were very late, and she grew anxious, his wife went up and stroked the lounge sometimes.

Their bedroom opened across the house-place from the living-room. It held a white bed, with posts, and old white curtains much darned. Mrs. Matthews'

Bible lay on a table beside the bed. The room was destitute of furniture or ornaments, but it had a rag carpet and a fire-place. When Mr. Matthews had a sore throat and it was very cold they had a fire to go to bed by. That was delightful.

When Mrs. Matthews had taken her cup of tea and sung "How firm a foundation" till she was afraid she should be tired of it, which struck her as an impiety to be avoided, she walked about the house looking at everything, crossing from room to room, and looking cautiously after her. It was very still.

It was almost deadly still. How long the evening! Seven—eight—half-past eight o'clock. She tried to sew a little, mending his old coat. She tried to read the religious news in *Zion's Herald*; this failing, she even ventured on the funny column, for it was not Sunday. But nothing amused her. Life did not strike her as funny, that night. She folded the coat, she folded the paper, she got up and walked and walked again.

Pretty little home! She looked it over tenderly. How she loved it. How he loved it. What years had they grown to it, day by busy day, night by quiet night. What work, what sorrow, what joy and anxiety, what economy, what comfort, what long, healthy, happy sleep had they shared in it! As she passed before the fire, casting tall shadows on the chintz curtains, she began to sing again, shrilly:

Home—home, dear, dear home!

Nine o'clock. Yes, nine; for the rickety old clock on the library shelf said so, distinctly. It was time to stop pacing the room; it was time to stop being anxious and thinking of everything to keep one's courage up; it was time to put the johnny-cake on and start the coffee; he would be hungry, as men-folks ought to be; God made 'em so. It was time to peek between the hollyhock curtains and put her hands against her eyes, and peer out across the cornfield. It was time to grow nervous, and restless, and flushed and happy. It was not time, thank God, to worry.

The color came to her withered cheek. She was handsomer as an old lady than she had been as a young one, and the happier she grew the better she looked, like

all women, young or old. She bustled about, with neat, housewifely fussiness. She knew that her husband thanked heaven for her New England home-craft—none of your “easy” Southern house-keeping for Levi Matthews. What would have become of the man? As she worked she sang unconsciously, “Dear, clean home!”

The johnny-cake was baking briskly. The candles were lighted. The coffee was stirred, and settled with the shell of an egg; it was ready to boil. It was quarter-past nine. Mrs. Matthews’ head grew a little muddled from excitement. She began again at the top of her voice:

How firm a foundation, ye Sa-ints of the Lo-rd!
Is laid for your faith in an ex-cel-lent home!

The clock wedged between the concordance and the dictionary struck half-past nine with an ecclesiastical tone; dogmatically, as if to insist on the point as a tenet on which she had been skeptical.

Mrs. Matthews stopped singing. She went to the window. The coffee was boiling over. The corn-cake was done brown. She pulled aside the curtain uneasily. The pine-wood fire flared, and blinded her with a great outburst of light. She could see nothing without, and stood for a moment dazzled. Then she began to look intently, and so accustomed her eyes to the masses of shadow and the lines of form outside. The road wound away abruptly, lost in the darkness like a river dashed into the sea. The corn-stalks closed over it, stark and sear; she opened the window a little and heard them rustle, as if they were discussing something in whispers. Above the corn shot the gaunt arm of the prickly locust, burned and bare. The outlines of the mountain were invisible. The valley was sunk in the night. Nothing else was to be seen.

As she leaned, listening for the sedate hoofs of old Hezekiah, or the lame rumble of the blue wagon wheels, the rooster uttered from his pen a piercing crow, and the bantam hen responded with an anxious cluck.

She could have killed either of these garrulous members of her family for the interruption. The chickens always crowed when she was listening for Mr. Matthews. When the irritating sounds had died away on the damp air with long, waver-

ing echoes, a silence that was indescribably appalling settled about the place. Nothing broke it. Even the cornstalks stopped. After a significant pause they began again; they seemed to raise their voices in agitation.

“What in the world are they talkin’ about?” she said impatiently. She shut the window, and came back into the middle of the room. The corn-cake was burning. The coffee must be set off. The supper would be spoiled. She looked at the Methodist clock. Mr. Cruden and the Rev. John Wesley seemed to exchange glances over its head, and hers. It lacked seven minutes of ten.

“But it isn’t time to worry yet!”

The woman and the clock faced each other. She sat down before it. What was the use of freezing at the window, to hear the Rooster? and the talking corn? She and the clock would have it out. She crossed her work-worn hands upon her chocolate calico lap, and looked the thing in the eye.

What a superior, supercilious clock! What a theological, controversial clock! Was there ever a clock so conscious of its spiritual advantages? So sure it knew the will of the Almighty?—So confident of being right about everything? So determined to be up and at it, to say it all, to insist upon it, to rub it in?

Five minutes before ten—three—two. Ten o’clock. Ten o’clock, said in a loud, clerical tone, as if it were repeating ten of the Thirty-nine Articles to a bishop.

“But, oh, not quite time to worry yet!” Ten minutes past. A quarter past. Twenty minutes. The woman and the clock eyed each other like duelists. Twenty-five minuted past ten. Half-past—Deborah Matthews gasped for breath. She turned her back on the clock and dashed up the window full-length.

The night seemed blacker than ever. A cloud had rolled solemnly over the mountain, and hung darkly above the house. The stalks of corn looked like corpses. But they talked like living beings still. They put their heads together and nodded. As she leaned out, trembling and panting, a flash of unseasonable lightning darted and shot; it revealed the arm of the locust tree pointing down the road. A low mutter of distant thunder followed; it rolled away, and lapsed into a stillness that shook her soul.

She came back to her chair in the middle of the room, by the center-table. The final struggle with hope had set in. It seemed as if the clock knew this as well as she. The ticking filled her ears, her brain, her veins, her being. It seemed to fill the world.

Half-past ten. It was as if some spirit appealed to the minister's clock. Oh, tell her so softly! Say so, gently as religious love, though you be stern to your duty as religious law. Twenty-five minutes of eleven—a quarter of—

The woman has ceased to look the clock in the eye. It has conquered her, poor thing; and, now that it has, seems sorry for her, and ticks tenderly, as if it would turn back an hour if it could. Her head has dropped into her hands; her hands to her knees; her body to the floor. Buried in the cushions of the old rocking-chair, her face is invisible. Her hands have lifted themselves to her ears, which they press violently. She herself lies crouched like a murdered thing upon the floor.

Eleven o'clock. She must not, cannot, will not bear it. Eleven o'clock. She must, she can, she shall. Past all feminine fright and nervousness, past all fancy, and waste of weak vision, and prodigal anxiety, past all doubt, or hope, or dispute, it is time to worry now.

Deborah Matthews, when it had come to this, sprang to her feet, gave one piteous, beaten look at the clock, then staid to look at nothing more. She flung open the door, not delaying to lock it behind her, and dashed out. She was as wild as a girl, and almost as agile. She ran over the rocks, and slipped in the mud, and sunk in the holes, and pushed into the cornfield, and thrust out her hands before her to brush the stalks away, and stood for a moment to get her breath underneath the locust tree. How persistently, how solemnly, that black arm pointed down the path. She felt like kneeling to it, as if it were an offended deity. All the Pagan in her stirred. Suddenly the Christian rose and wrestled with it.

"Lord have mercy!" she moaned. "He's my husband. We've been married thirty years."

"Hain't I prayed enough?" she sobbed, sinking on her knees, in the mud, among the corn. "Hain't I said all there's any

sense in saying' to thee? What's the use in pesterin' God? But, oh, to mercy, if thou couldst take the trouble to understand what it is to be married—thirty years—and to set here in the cornfield lookin' for a murdered husband. He can't," said Deborah Matthews, abruptly starting to her feet. "God ain't a woman. It ain't in nature. He can't understand."

She pushed on, past the burned trees and out towards the highway. It was very dark. It was deadly lonely. It was as still as horror. Oh, there—

What tidings? For good or for ill, they had come at last. Deep in the distance the wheels of a bow-legged wagon rumbled dully, and the hoofs of a tired horse stumbled on the half-frozen ground. Far down the road she could see, moving steadily, a little sparkle, like a star. She dared not go to meet it.

Friend or foe might bear the news. Let it come. It must find her where she was. She covered her face with her shawl, and stood like a court-martial soldier before the final shot.

"Deb-orah?"

Far down the road the faint cry sounded. Nearer, and advancing, the dear voiced cried. He was used to call to her so when he was late, that she might be sure, and be spared all possible misery. He was infinitely tender with her. The Christianity of this old minister began with the marriage tie.

"Deb-orah? Deborah, my dear? Don't be frightened, Deborah. I'm coming. I've got home."

Kissing and clinging, laughing and sobbing, she got him into the barn. Whether she clambered over the wheels to him, or he sprang out to her, whether she rode, or walked, or flew, she could not have told; nor, perhaps, could he. He was as pale as the dead corn, and seemed dazed, stunned, unnatural to her eye. Hezekiah probably knew better than either of these two excited old people how they together got his harness off, with shaking hands, and rolled the wagon into the shed, and locked the outbuildings, not forgetting the supper of the virtuous horse who rests from his labors after fifteen miles on a Kennessee road, and at the age of thirty-one.

"Lock the doors," said the minister abruptly, when they had gone into the house-place. "Lock up everything. Take

pains about it. Give me something to eat or drink, and don't ask a question till I get rested."

His wife turned him about, full in the firelight, gave one glance at his face, and obeyed him to the letter. Perhaps, for the first time in her life, she did *not* ask a question. His mouth had a drawn, ghastly look, and his sunken eyes did not seem to see her. She noticed that he limped more than usual as he crossed the room to lay his old felt hat on the barrel-top beneath the library.

"You are used up," she said; "you are tuckered out! Here, drink your coffee, Levi. Here, I won't talk to you. I won't say a word. Drink, Mr. Matthews; do, dear."

He drank in great gulps exhaustedly. When she came up with the corn-cake, having turned her back to dish it, she heard a little clicking sound, and saw that his right hand closed over something which he would have hidden from her.

It was the old pistol; he was loading it, rust and all. The two looked at each other across the disabled weapon.

"It's all we have," he said. "A man must defend his own. Don't be frightened, Deborah, I'll take care of you."

"You might as well out with it," said the old lady distinctly. "I'm ready to hear. I'm not a coward. New Hampshire girls ain't. I should think you'd know I'd been through enough, in this God-forsaken country—for that."

"Well," slowly. "Well, I suppose you're about right, Deborah. The fact is, I've had a narrow escape of it. I was warned at the meeting. We had a gratifying meeting. The Spirit descended on us. Several arose to confess themselves anxious—"

"What were you warned about?" interrupted his wife. "Never mind the anxious seat. I've sat on it long enough for one night. What's the matter? Who warned you?"

"I was warned against the Ku Klux Klan, that's all," returned the parson simply, picking up the crumbs of corn-cake from his knees, and eating them to "save" the bread. "They lay in wait for me on the road home. I had to come round over the mountain, the other way. It was pretty rough. I didn't know but they'd detail a squad there. It was pretty late. The harness broke twice, and I had

to mend it. It took a good while. And I knew that you—"

"Never mind me!" cried Mrs. Matthews, with that snap of the voice which gives the accent of crossness to mortal anxiety. "Tell me who warned you. Tell me everythin', this minute!"

"That's about all, Deborah. A colored brother warned me. He has been desirous of being present at all the means of grace, of late. But for the—the state of public sentiment, he would have done so. He is that convert brought to me privately, a few weeks ago, by our new brother, Deacon Memminger."

"I don't know's I half like that Deacon Memminger," returned the wife. "He got converted pretty fast. And he's a stranger in these parts. His speech ain't our speech, either. But it's a Southern name. Did he warn you?"

"He was not present to-night at the dispensing of the Word," replied the minister. "No, I was taken one side, after the benediction, without the building, by the colored brother and warned, on peril of my life,—and on peril of his, not to go home to-night, and to tell no man of the warning."

"But you did—you came home!"

"Certainly, my dear; you were here."

She clung to him, and he kissed her. Neither spoke for many minutes. It seemed as if he could not trust himself. She was the first to put in whispered words the thought which rocked the hearts of both.

"When they don't find you—what will they do?"

"My dear wife—my dear wife, God knows."

"What shall you do? What can we do?"

"I think," said the minister in his gentle voice, "that we may as well conduct family prayers."

"Very well," said his wife, "if you've had your supper. I'll put away the dishes first."

She did so, methodically and quietly, as if nothing out of the common course of events had happened, or were liable to. Her matter-of-fact, housewifely motions calmed him; as she thought they would. It made things seem natural, homelike, safe, as if danger were a delirious dread, and home and love and peace the foundations of life, after war, in Kennessee.

When she had washed her hands and taken off her apron she came back to the lounge and brought the family Bible with her, and the hymn-book. They sang together one verse of their favorite hymn, "How firm a foundation," with the quavering, untrained voices that had "led the choirs" of mountain meetings for almost thirty years of patient, self-denying missionary life. Then the parson read, in a firm voice, a psalm—the ninety-first; and then he took the hand of his wife in his, and they both knelt down by the lounge and he prayed aloud, his usual, simple, trustful, evening prayer.

"O Lord, our heavenly Father, thy mercies are new every morning, and fresh every evening. We thank thee that though danger walketh in darkness, it shall not come nigh us. We bless thee that thou art so mindful of thine unworthy servant and handmaiden. We thank thee that for nearly thirty years we have dwelt in conjugal love and peace beneath this comfortable roof. We thank thee that no disaster hath rendered us homeless, and that the hand of violence hath not been raised against us. We pray thee that thou wilt withhold it from us this night, that we may sleep in peace, and awake in safety—"

"Levi!"

A curdling whisper in his ear interrupted the old man's prayer. "Levi! There are footsteps in the corn!"

"And awake in safety," proceeded the minister firmly, "to bless thy tender care—"

He did not rise from his knees, but prayed on in a strong voice. So well trained to the religious habit was the woman that she did not cry out, nor interrupt him again, nor did she either arise from her knees before the old lounge.

Suddenly voices clashed, cries up-sprang, and a din surrounded the house.

"Come out! Come out! Out with the Yankee parson! Out with the nigger-praying preacher! Show yourself!"

The old man's hand tightened upon the hand of his old wife; but neither rose from their knees. The confusion without redoubled. Calls grew to yells. Heavy steps dashed foraging about the house. Cries of alarm from the outbuildings showed that the animals, which were the main support of the simple home, were

attacked, perhaps destroyed. Then came the demand:

"Come out! Come out to us! Show yourself, you sneaking, Yankee parson! Out to us!"

A terrific knock thundered on the door. Steadily the calm voice within prayed on:

"We trust thee, O Lord, and we bless thee for thy mercy to us ward—"

"Open the door, or we will pull your shanty down to hell!"

"Preserve us, O Lord, for thy loving-kindness endureth forever—"

"Open the door, — you, or we'll set the torches to it, and burn you out!"

"Protect us, O God—"

The light lock yielded, and the old door broke down. With a roar the mob rushed in. They were not over sixteen, but they seemed sixty, storming into the little room. They were all masked, and all armed to the teeth.

Before the sight which met his eyes the leader of the posse fell back. He was a tall, powerful fellow, evidently by nature a commander, and the men fell back behind him.

"For Christ's sake, amen," said the parson. He rose from his knees, and his wife rose with him. The two old people confronted the desperados silently. When the leader came closer to them he saw that the Rev. Mr. Matthews' hands were both occupied. With the left he grasped the hand of his wife. In the right he held his rusty pistol. The hymn-book had fallen to the floor; but the family Bible had been reverently laid with care upon the lounge, its leaves yet open at the ninety-first psalm.

"Gentlemen," said the parson, speaking for the first time, "I would not seem inhospitable, but the manner of your entering has perturbed my wife and interrupted our evening prayer, which it is our custom never to cut short for any insufficient cause. Now I am ready to receive you. Explain to me your errand."

"It's a — short one," said a voice from the gang; a rope and a tree will explain it easy enough."

"And nothing less!" cried a hoarse man. "We haven't come on any boys' play this time. We've had chase enough to find you for one night."

"That's so. It's no fool's errand, you bet. We ain't a tar-and-feathering party. We mean business."

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" pleaded the parson. He took the hand of his wife as he spoke, and lifted it to his shrunken breast, and held it there, delicately.

It was the piteous instinct of manly protection powerless to protect.

"In the name of civil justice, O my neighbors, wherein have I offended you?"

"That's our business. It's a serious one, too," cried the hoarse man. "Your — pious prayer-meetings have been a nursery of sentiments we don't approve, that's all. You've admitted a — darky among respectable white citizens. Come now, haven't you? Own up!"

"Certainly," replied the parson, promptly. "There was one colored brother present at the means of grace on one or two occasions. I regretted that my congregation did not altogether welcome him. He was converted by the mercy of God, beneath my ministrations. Would ye that I denied him the poor benefit of my prayers? Nay, then, as God hears me, I did not, nor I would not."

The old man's dim eyes flashed. He raised his rusty pistol, examined it, and laid it down. Before sixteen well-armed men he began to comprehend the uselessness of his old weapon. He looked upon the array of grotesque and ghastly masks steadily; they rose like a row of demons before his biblically trained imagination. Mr. Matthews believed in demons in a simple, unquestioning way.

"And you've preached against that which was no business of yours. Come now, own to it! You've meddled with the politics and justice of the State. You have preached against the movements of the Klan—what's left of it?"

"I own to it," said the parson, quietly. "I have delivered a discourse upon the topic of your organization. I felt called of heaven to do it. Is that all ye have against me? I pray you, for my wife's sake, who is disquieted by your presence, as you see, to leave us to ourselves and go your way—from under my roof."

"Have him out! Right smart, now!" yelled the hoarse man. "Have him out without more words! A rope! a rope! Where's a rope?"

In a moment there was melee in the house. Cries arose to the effect that the rope was left in the corn. But a fellow who had been browsing about outside ran in with a rope in his hand and handed it

to the hoarse man. The rope was Mrs. Matthews' clothes-line—Hezekiah's reins. The hoarse man gave it to the leader with an oath. The leader seemed to hesitate, and conferred in a whisper with the hoarse man and with others; but he was apparently overborne in his hesitation; he took the rope, and advanced with a certain respect to the parson, death in his hand, but who knew what pity in his heart? The mask hid it if any were there. The noise from the gang now increased brutally. Cries, oaths, curses, calls to death resounded through the pure and peaceful room. The hoarse man lassoed the rope, and threw it around the parson's neck. At this moment a terrible sound rang above the confusion.

It was the cry of the wife.

She had possessed herself magnificently up to this time; the Puritan restraint set upon her white, old face; she had not said a word. No murderer of them all had seen a tear upon her withered cheek. But now nature had her way. She flung herself to her knees before the members of the Klan; then upon her husband's neck; back upon her knees—and so, in a passion wavering between agony and entreaty, pleaded with them. She cried to them for the love of heaven, for the love of God, for the sake of "Jesus Christ his Son, their Savior," so she put it, with the lack of tact and instinct for Scriptural phraseology belonging to her devout, secluded life.

The phrase raised a laugh.

She cried to them for the love of their own wives, for the sake of their mothers, by the thought of their homes, for the sake of wedded love, and by his honorable life who had ministered respected among them for nearly thirty years—by the misery of widowhood, and by the sacredness of age. In her piteous pleading she continued to give to the murderers, at the very verge of the deed, the noblest name known to the usages of safe and honorable society.

"Gentlemen! *Gentlemen!* For the sake of his gray hair! For the sake of an old wife—"

But there they pushed her off. They struck her hands from their knees; they tore her arms from his neck, and so were dragging him out, when the parson said in a clear voice:

"Men! Ye are at least men. Give

way to the demand of my soul before ye hurl it to your Maker. I pray you to leave me alone, for the space of a moment, with this lady, my wife, that we may part one from the other and no man witness our parting."

At a signal from the big leader the Klan obeyed this request. The men hustled out of the broken door. The leader stood within it.

"Watch 'em! Watch 'em like a lynx!" cried the hoarse man. But the leader turned his back.

"Deborah! Kiss me, my dear. You've been a good wife to me. I think you'd better go to your brother—in New Hampshire—I don't know. I haven't had much time to plan it out for you. Tell him I would have written to him if I had had time. Tell him to take good care of you. Oh—God bless you, my dear. Why don't you speak to me? Why don't you kiss me? Your arms don't stay about my neck. What! Can't hold them there—at this last minute? Pray for me, Deborah. Deborah! why don't you answer me? O my wife, my wife, my wife!"

But she was past answering; past the sacred agony of that last embrace. She had dropped from his breast, and lay straight and still as the dead at his feet.

"God is good," said the old man, solemnly. "Let her be as she is. I pray you do not disturb her. Leave her to the swoon which He has mercifully provided for her relief at this moment—and do with me as ye will, before she awakens."

A certain perceptible awe fell upon the gang as the old man stepped around the unconscious form of his wife and presented himself in the doorway.

"He seems to be a grateful old cove," said one man in a low voice. "I don't know's I ever heard a feller in his circumstances give God a good name before."

"No sniveling!" cried the hoarse man. "Have it over!"

They took him out, and arranged to have it over as quickly as might be. It must be admitted that the posse were nervous. They did not enjoy that night's work as much as they had expected to. They were in a hurry now to be done with it and away.

The old man offered no useless resistance. He walked with dignity, and without protest. He limped more than usual.

His head was bare. His gray hair blew in the rising wind. The rope was around his neck.

Some one had wheeled out the blue wagon and rolled it under the locust tree. As this was done the old horse whinnied for his master from the stall. The parson was pushed upon the cart. Short work was made of it. As the leader of the gang stooped to help the hoarse man fling the rope over the burned bare limb of the tree and to adjust the noose about the old man's neck—which he made insistence on doing himself—a mask dropped. It was the face of the chief himself which was thus laid bare, and alas, and behold, it was even no other than the face of—

"Deacon Memminger!" cried the old minister, speaking for the first time since he had been dragged from the house. The leader restored his mask to his down-cast face, with evident embarrassment.

"*You!*" said the parson. "I thought," he added gently, "that you had found a Christian hope. You communed with me at the Sacrament two weeks ago. I administered it to you. I am—sorry, Deacon Memminger."

The deacon muttered something, heaven knew what, and fell back a step or two. Some one else prepared the rope to swing the old man off. He who was known as Deacon Memminger dropped to the rear of the gang, surveyed it carefully, then advanced to his place at the front, nearest to the victim. Every man awaited his orders. He was their chief. They had organized and they obeyed, even in their decline, a military government. There was a moment's pause.

"I would like," said the doomed man gently, "a moment to commend my soul to God."

This was granted him, and he stood with his gray head bowed. His hands were tied behind him. His face was not muffled; it had a high expression. His lips moved. Those who were nearest thought they heard him murmur the first words of the Lord's prayer. "Hallowed be Thy name," he said, and paused.

He said no more, nor seemed to wish it. So they ranged themselves, every man of them, to swing him off, each standing with both hands upon the rope, which had been spliced by another to a considerable length. He who was called Mem-

minging stood, as he was expected, to give the final order. There were fourteen of them—and Memminger the chief. Beside him stood an idle fellow, masked like the rest, but apparently a servant, a tool of Memminger's, who had especial service for him, perhaps. If the old man struggled too much—or an accident happened—it was well to have an unoccupied hand. Memminger, in fact, had been well known in the gang for a good while, and was implicitly trusted and obeyed.

In putting their hands to the rope every man of them had of necessity to lay down his arms, both hands being clenched upon the rope, for a strong pull. They meant to break the old man's neck, and be done with it. Really, nobody cared to torture him.

"We're ready," said the hoarse man. "Give the signal, Cap'n. Hurry up."

The light of their lanterns and torches revealed the old man clearly—the long arm of the locust above his head—the stormy sky above. Death was no paler than the parson, but he did not struggle. His lips moved still in silent prayer. His eyes were closed. The men bent to the rope. The chief raised his hand. The last signal hung upon his next motion.

Then there was a cry. Then his mask dropped, and from the face of the man beside him another fell, and it was the face of a negro, obedient and mute. Then the powerful figure of the leader straightened. His familiar eye flashed with a perfectly unfamiliar expression. Two muscular arms shot out from his body; each hand held a revolver sprung at full-cock and aimed.

"Boys!" he cried in an awful voice, "*I am an officer of the United States! and the first man of you who lets go that rope, DROPS!*"

In an instant, armed as he was, he covered them, every man of them unarmed and standing as they were. His negro servant sprang to his aid.

"The first man of you who stirs a muscle on that rope, dies!" thundered the quasi "Deacon" Memminger. "I am a deputy marshal, authorized by the National Government to investigate the Ku Klux Klan, and, in the name of the Stars and Stripes, and law and order, I arrest you, every man!"

And, in the name of simple wonder and astounding history, it was done. The

negro servant, whose person bulged with hidden handcuffs, bound the men, one at a time, fourteen of them, while his master's experienced weapons covered the gang. They behaved with the composure of intelligent and dumbfounded men. One of them ventured an observation. It was the hoarse man. He said:

"—— ——— you — to ——," struggled mightily with his handcuffs, and then held his tongue. The whole posse, by means of this simple stratagem, and by the help of that cowardice elemental in all brutes, was marched to the nearest sheriff; then delivered intact to the power of the law which the great mass of Kenessee citizens were ready to respect and glad to see defended. The county rang with the deed. Then whispers arose to hush it, for shame's sake. But it crept to Northern ears, and I record it as it was related to me.

"How is it, Parson?" said Deacon Memminger with a bright, shrewd smile, as he cut the old man down, and helped him, trembling as he was, to dismount the shaky cart. "How is it, sir? Are you sorry I came to church at your place—now? I thought—under the circumstances—and I was bound to save you. I and my darky boy have been ferreting out this thing for a hundred days. I joined 'em the first week I came down here. I came on from Washington to do it. We mean to make a thorough job of it—and I guess we've done for 'em, this time. You'll excuse me, 'sir, but I've got to get 'em to the sheriff, and—I'd go back and see my wife now, if I were you."

SHE came to herself and to her misery soon enough, lying there upon the floor beside the lounge. The first thing which she saw distinctly was the Bible, opened at the psalm which has calmed more souls in shocks of danger, and in the convulsions of lawless times, than any other written words known to the literature of the race.

But the first thing which she heard was his precious voice, pitched low, and modulated tenderly, so as not to frighten her.

"Deb-orah! Deb-orah! Don't be scared, my dear. They have not hurt me—and I'm coming back to you."

—The Century.

THE WIND'S SONG.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet,"
 Is the wind's song
 Astir in the rippled wheat
 All day long;
 It hath the brook's wild gayety,
 The sorrowful cry of the sea.
 Oh, hush and hear!
 Sweet, sweet and clear,
 Above the locust's whirr
 The hum of bee
 Rises that soft, pathetic harmony.

"In the meadow grass
 The innocent white daisies blow,
 The dandelion plume doth pass
 Vaguely to and fro—
 The unquiet spirit of a flower,
 That hath too brief an hour.
 Now doth a little cloud all white,
 Or golden bright,
 Drift down the warm blue sky ;

And now on the horizon line
 Where dusky woodlands lie,
 A sunny mist doth shine,
 Like to a veil before a holy shrine,
 Concealing, half revealing, things divine.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet,"
 Is the wind's song,
 Astir in the rippled wheat
 All day long
 That exquisite music calls
 The reaper everywhere—
 Life and death must share.
 The golden harvest falls,
 So doth all end—
 Honored philosophy,
 Science and art,
 The bloom of the heart;
 Master, Consoler, Friend,
 Make Thou the harvest of our days
 To fall within Thy ways.

—Ellen Mackay Hutchinson.

JUDGMENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY FRANCIS EARL.

IN reading the vision of Bro. A. White, given under the title of "Zion's Redemption," page 555, vol. 3, *Autumn Leaves*, the above subject is brought impressively to mind, with a number of instances of this divine judgment recorded in the sacred books, to which I here call the reader's attention.

It was by this power that Noah passed judgment upon the posterity of Ham, while he bestowed blessings upon Shem and Japheth. (Gen. 9: 28). By this power Pharaoh and the hosts of Egypt were judged when they refused to let Israel go out of bondage. In this event death was laid first, at every door, but eventually at the feet of every person; and as a result, Pharaoh with all his hosts perished in the Red Sea.

By this the hosts of Israel were several times judged during their forty years' journey in the wilderness, viz., when Nadab and Abihu perished by fire from the Lord, (Lev. 10: 1); when Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses, because of the wife of his youth, (Num. 12: 1); again, when many of the apostates under

Korah, Dathan and Abiram were swallowed up by the earth, and others were consumed by fire, and thousands perished by plague who murmured at the Lord's judgment. (Num. 16th).

By this judgment Achan's sin was brought to light and punished, (Josh. 7: 18); and a great multitude of the men of Beth-she-mesh perished, later on, because they looked into the ark; a thing strictly forbidden in the law. (Sam. 6: 19).

By this judgment Saul was chosen to be king of Israel, and then rejected because of disobedience.

King David was judged by this power when he committed fornication with the wife of Uriah. (2 Sam. 12: 1).

Jadon met with this judgment when he went to Bethel to speak against the altar erected by Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, and then returned to eat with the prophet of Bethel. (1 Kings 13: 21). Also, the wife of Jeroboam was met by it when she went to inquire of the Lord for the life of her son. (1 Kings 14: 5). Ahab was met by it when he went to take possession of the vineyard of Naboth. (1

Kings 21: 18). Judgment and reward administered by this power enabled the widow of Obadiah (the same who hid the Lord's prophets in caves, to preserve them from the wrath of Jezebel, Israel's most wicked queen), to save her sons from bondage (2 Kings 4: 1).

By this judgment Gehazi received the leprosy of Naaman, the Syrian. (2 Kings 5: 27). Ananias, and Sapphira, his wife met with this judgment when they placed only a portion of the price of their possessions at the apostles feet, representing it as the full price, thus uttering falsehood. (Acts 5: 1). Next in the Book of Mormon: By this judgment Laman and Lemuel were kept in subjection to the will of the Lord during their journey to the land of promise. (Book of Mormon p. 13, 40, 42). Sherem was judged by it when he sought a sign at the hand of Jacob. (p. 130).

By it Alma and Amulek were delivered from their persecutors in the land of Ammonihah, and the prison walls were thrown down, (p. 245); and Korihor was stricken dumb by it. (p. 287).

By the judgment of the Holy Ghost the cold-blooded murder of Seezoram, the chief judge of the Nephites, was traced to the wickedness of a man in high standing, and connected with a secret combination; which combination eventually

caused the overthrow of their nation, (p. 403).

When we look into our own times and dispensation we see this judgment sometimes manifested, an instance or two of which we will notice, as found in "The Life of Joseph Smith the Prophet and His Progenitors," written by his mother:

First, the true character of a certain very pious deacon, in whom great confidence had been placed, was known and described by the Seer, as he spoke by the Spirit of prophecy ("Joseph," p. 95). By it the Seer foretold the first apostasy at Kirtland, and warned the Saints to repent of their hardness of heart. (Ibid, p. 220).

That the heart can be penetrated by the Holy Spirit, and the thoughts thereof made manifest to all, we as Latter Day Saints, assuredly believe; and in that time to come, even in the redemption of Zion by judgment, while the written law will not be used, yet the judgment will be in harmony with that law. Therefore, that we may all strive to live the law and do those things that are pleasing to the Father, and thus be found worthy to either remain within the circle, or invited to come and occupy the desolate places and abide in the presence of our Father, and our Elder Brother, is the prayer of your brother.

TO-MORROW.

"We will gather flowers to-morrow,
When the mist of rain is o'er,
When the air is warm and sunny,
And the tempest howls no more."

But the flowers are parched and faded,
For the clouds have passed away,
And we leave them still ungathered,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will climb the hills to-morrow,
In the morning cool and bright,
Who could scale these rugged mountains
In the noontide's scorching light?"
But the snow-wreaths clothe the summits,
And the mists hang chill and gray,
And we leave the slopes untrodden,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will lend an ear to-morrow
To our fallen sister's woes;
We can scarcely hear their voices
While the music comes and goes"

But along the thorny highway
Still with weary feet they stray,
And we pass them by, unheeding,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will leave our work to-morrow
And with eager hands and strong,
We will lead the little children
Far away from paths of wrong."
But our hands grow old and feeble,
And the work goes on for aye,
And the little children perish,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will raise our eyes to-morrow
To the cross on Calvary's brow;
At our feet the gold is sparkling,
So we cannot heed it now."
But we clutch the glittering fragments,
'Mid the dust, and mire, and clay,
And we cannot raise our eyelids,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

—Chambers' Journal.

LAND TAXATION.

EDITOR AUTUMN LEAVES:—

I AM not a member of your church, but knowing the hospitality of the Latter Day Saints to the stranger within your gates, I venture to offer for publication some remarks concerning the subject of the "Observations," on page 260 of the June number of *Autumn Leaves*.

Permit me to quote from the article, that the reader may more clearly follow the idea: "And now we come to the provision God has made for his people in temporal things. . . . We are unavoidably led to the following conclusions: First, It is not the will of God that the substance of this world should accumulate in the hands of any individual beyond what is sufficient for a reasonable competency for himself and family; but what is possessed by any individual more than this should be consecrated for the good of the body. . . . Man was to recognize himself but as the steward of God's bounties. . . . Every year the state of things is becoming worse. Every year Dives is growing richer, his linen finer, his fare more sumptuous, and Lazarus is growing more beggarly, his sores more loathsome, his rags scantier, the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table less available for him, because there are more to share them; for as he lies and rots, he increases and multiplies. . . . The rights and duties of property spring from social organism and cannot be separated, and it must be used for the good of the community as well as for the good of the possessor."

To begin, let me call your attention to the fact that from all parts of the country comes the cry of poverty and starvation; working people have no work, no money, and the majority no homes. We are overburdened with taxes. Every day the struggle for a mere existence becomes sharper. According to Shearman there are now 182,000 rich families in the United States whose wealth is \$43,367,000,000; while the 11,620,000 poor families are worth only \$11,215,000,000. In other words, for every dollar's worth owned by a poor man, a rich man owns four dollars' worth; and for every rich man there are over sixty poor men. This state of affairs is the effect; what was the cause? *Man*

was a false "steward of God's bounties," and, usurping the rights of God, the owner, sold the land. God gave no man a title to the earth; it was for the use of every living creature that came upon it, according to its needs and uses. Moses said the "land shall not be sold." But it was sold; it was also taken possession of by the rich and powerful who let it out to people weaker and poorer than they. So false ownership took the place of true stewardship and the foundation for the poverty of these days was laid.

At an early stage of the existence of the United States as a nation, Thomas Jefferson gave warning of the evil which would eventually result from our system of holding land and declared the "land should be held in usufruct to the living." His fears have been realized. In most, if not all, parts of the country, hundreds and thousands of acres are lying vacant, unimproved, and of no use to anyone, being mostly held for speculation. Now for the remedy: With "justice the object and taxation the means," let us throw off all taxes upon houses, improvements, personal property; in short all taxes and tariffs save a single tax upon the value of the land. The effect would be that vacant land which now pays very low taxes would pay the same taxes (in proportion) as the improved land around it. Persons holding land for which they have no real use would be compelled, in order to pay the increased tax, to either put the land to a paying use, and thus give work to laborers, or sell the land to those who would, at a price which poor people could afford. Once open land by the single tax and a large portion of the unemployed would gladly go upon it.

These people will need supplies of all kinds and every branch of business and manufacturing will receive new life in supplying the demand, consequently there will be work for all. In cities where we now find capitalists holding from five to two hundred vacant lots, the increased tax upon such lots will cause them to improve or sell. Either way will give work and homes to working people, and working people who have built little homes will find their taxes lower

because of the tax upon houses and other improvements being taken off. A tax upon houses is really a tax upon labor, and its effect is to check improvement. This simple plan would right the wrong in all countries and under all governments.

We Americans are proud of the fact that we have government by the people; then let each investigate this plan, and if we find it good, explain it to our neighbor, that our part in the government—our votes and influence—may be wisely done. This means spiritual as well as physical life.

Infidelity is spreading rapidly because people blame God for their starvation and distress, overlooking the fact that God has provided enough and to spare, to keep every living creature in comfort; but man's greed has made him overstep God's laws and impose upon the weaker and poorer by making laws which allow men to hold idle the land upon which we are dependent for bodily life—neither using it themselves or allowing starving people to use it; but all the while gaining in the increased value of their land by the improvements made by others. It is hard to

make a man see the needs of his soul when his body is pinched by hunger. Then let us each in our own way do what we can toward putting peace and prosperity in place of distress and poverty that in these latter days that portion of the prophecy of Daniel yet unfulfilled may come to pass (Daniel 2:44).

If this plan is new to any reader who wishes further information I will gladly answer letters of inquiry.

Very respectfully yours,

E. M. BLACKMAN.

Leavenworth, Kansas.

We have thought and read some in regard to the principle of "single tax," and we are inclined to believe that it may be just and good so far as it goes; but in our own minds we are firmly persuaded that the gospel plan is the only one which will ever prove successful in remedying the present condition of the world. Selfishness must be rooted out of the heart before it will cease to crop out in the life. God has revealed his plan to his people in these last days, and for this reason they will be held to a stricter account in regard to it than will those to whom it has not been revealed.—ED.

THE WORST OF CRIMES.

A woman to the holy father went,
Confession of her sin was her intent;
And so her misdemeanors, great and small,
She faithfully to him rehearsed them all;
And, chiefest in her catalogue of sin,
She owned that she a tale-bearer had been,
And bore a bit of scandal up and down
To all the long-tongued gossips in the town.
The holy father for her other sin
Granted the absolution asked of him;
But while for the rest he pardon gave,
He told her this offense was very grave,
And that to do fit penance she must go
Out by the wayside where the thistles grow,
And gathering the largest, ripest one,
Scatter its seeds; and that when this was done
She must come back another day
To tell him his commands she did obey.
The woman, thinking this a penance light,
Hastened to do his will that very night,

Feeling right glad she had escaped so well.
Next day but one, she went the priest to tell;
The priest sat still and heard her story through,
Then said, "There's something still for you to
do:
Those little thistle-seeds which you have sown,
I bid you go regather every one."
The woman said, "But, father, 'twould be vain
To try and gather up those seeds again;
The winds have scattered them both far and
wide
Over the meadowed vale and mountain side."
The father answered, "Now I hope that from
this
The lesson I have taught, you will not miss;
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds,
Which far and wide will grow to noxious
weeds;
Nor can the mischief once by Scandal sown
By any penance be again undone."

—New Moon.

OUR LOVED ONES.

They say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes, but this I know,
Could my lost darling come to me,
That she would never find it so.

Ofttimes the flowers have come and gone;
Ofttimes the winter winds have blown;
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned from day to day,
In life's tasks to bear my part,
But, whether grave or whether gay,
I have her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way,
And friends are round me true and tried;
They have their place, but her's to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine!

I dare not dream the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with wild unrest;
Where yonder cold white marbles gleam.
She still must slumber—God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
Our best beloved would find no place,
Have never hungered every day [face.
Through years and years for one sweet

—Selected.

SERMON BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH,

Lamoni, Iowa, February 1st, 1891.

REPORTED BY E. STAFFORD.

LAST Sunday night, some of those present, thought the preacher had not proved his promise that, "If it was his duty to preach, it was the duty of the congregation to listen." Now the preacher proposes to prove his words true. In John 3: 34, it reads, "For he whom God hath sent, speaketh the words of God; for God giveth the Spirit not by measure unto him. The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

This seems to be, at least, the preacher's warrant, and the preacher is of the opinion that no man ought to present himself as a minister for Christ unless he is satisfied in his own soul that he is so far called of God that he may speak of Christ and everlasting life in the name of the Master; and for this reason the preacher proposes to stand as an instructor of the people, and to declare unto them the inspiration of heaven by which they shall be prepared while in the flesh to enter into the joys of never-failing life and happiness, after the life of the flesh is

ended. This is the province of the preacher, or else there must be a great mistake made in sending anybody to preach.

I now read from the eighth chapter of John's gospel and 47th verse, a portion of Scripture which is a very instructive one: "He that is of God heareth God's words; ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God." This is the hearer's portion: it is for any one to believe that heareth.

We may have ears to hear, and hear not; we may have eyes to see, and see not; we may have hearts to feel, and yet comprehend not; and the preacher is of the opinion that the great difficulty resting with the human race, so far as that portion called Christian are concerned is, they are in that condition that they have eyes to see, but perceive not; they have ears to hear, but they understand not; they have hearts to feel, but they absolutely refuse to do so. This condition, it seems to me, is more prevalent now than it was at the time of the Savior's ministry in the flesh, and there seems to be a reason for it. Almost everything we meet in our every day life is calculated to turn our attention from spiritual things; and

the great inroads which spiritism, unbelief, materialism and all the kinds of philosophy which men are engaged in, have wrought upon the Christian faith, and on that system of things upon which the Christian must rely, have caused a great many to be walking in darkness and in doubt when they should be walking in great assurance.

The preacher is of the further opinion that the word of God is not to be blamed for this condition of things, but there has been such a constant effort to modify the word from its strict application, so as to make it conform to their own peculiar views that mankind have accordingly, allowed themselves to drift into that condition.

I am not sure that an individual, not long since when in conversation with another, was not correct when he made use of the expression that, "If Jesus Christ should come and present himself at the door of any of the popular churches in the cities in which these structures are reared to his name, he would not be permitted to preach that peculiar philosophy that he preached when he was here in person." It may be doubted whether he would be looked upon with favor anywhere, because he uncloaked the sins of the people. He had no compromise to offer; he was not authorized to make any, and he made none; and so far as the preacher is concerned, he believes that there is not any one that is authorized to offer any sort of a compromise, but just simply to preach the word and let the consequences take care of themselves.

I may be told that the language of our text applies to the Savior, and to him only. It seems that the pronoun "him," in this sentence, "The Spirit is not given to *him* by measure," can refer or apply only to Jesus. But if it be true that he was the Savior, and not one jot or tittle should pass from the law till all be fulfilled; and if it be true, "My words they are spirit and they are life," it would make it apply to every individual who has spoken in his name, whether in that period of time or any other, in the oldest history of the world, or down to the present time.

You will remember that last Sunday night the effort of the preacher was to present the thought that there was a complete design running through every dis-

persation in the world, from first to last. That it might be a kind of golden thread that was running through the whole, forming a connecting or binding principle; and in it we have noted all the dealings of God with men in every dispensation from first to last. We have a strong warrant to believe that the first gospel dispensation was introduced in the days of Adam, and was presented as the means to enable fallen man to return to God. That it descended through the Abrahamic period, and at different periods of time since. And now we have the everlasting gospel committed to our charge, and we congratulate ourselves with the thought that our dispensation is among the last; and from the impending signs we see it being forced upon the minds of the children of men that the second coming of Christ is imminent, that it is near at hand; and therefore that this must be somewhere near the closing dispensation.

If this be true, and the preacher takes great pleasure in believing it is true; if it is a delusion, it is one that brings us the greatest comfort and peace. For we find a declaration couched in language something like this, that there will be a time somewhere near the close of the dispensation when "He will gather in one all things in him, in the dispensation of the fullness of times."

You have heard that quoted and so has the preacher, as if to apply it that all things would be gathered into Christ. The preacher does not believe that is Scripture, because there are things to be gathered together in bundles to be burned; they will not be gathered into Christ. The declaration is, that at the closing of this dispensation he shall send his angels and they shall gather the tares in bundles to be burned, and the wheat shall be gathered into the garner.

Let us read these words again, as applying to Christ: "He whom God hath sent, speaketh the words of God; for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him." "My words they are spirit and they are life." "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand."

The Father has given all things into the hands of his Son for a specific purpose, and when that purpose is wrought out, and it is among the traditionary teaching that then he that had these things

delivered into his hand will say unto the Father, "I restore unto you that which was lost." He is then to reign till he has put all things under his feet; the only one that is reserved from this putting under his feet, is the one that sent him to accomplish it, he is the one excepted.

There was a teaching among the elders in the church—and I remember it when I was a boy—that the time would ultimately come, when this work should be finished by the Savior, and he should present it to the Father who would deliver that work into his hands again, saying, "You have won this for your right, enter in and rule forever." You old time Saints can say if I have remembered that right or not. From this thought was predicated that dangerous philosophy in the West, that every man should be created a god, and become equal with the Savior. I believe that is the misfortune of this philosophy, it is delusive in its character.

I never expect to be equal with Jesus Christ in power; but that I with you, and all that the Father hath given him, will be permitted to receive the reward that the Father has prepared for all that faithfully serve him, and that only; and that ought to suffice the human heart for all the deprivations endured here, when we receive all that is possible for us to enjoy. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

Our Perfectionist brethren change that saying in this sense, that "if a man confesses with his lips that he believes in God and Christ, he is then and there saved, and he cannot any more sin; sin is not found in him, and whatever he does is not done by him, but by the Spirit of God that is in him."

Bro. John Johnston went up north into Union county and commenced a series of meetings, and there came some of these Holiness people to hear him, who found fault with this preacher of the gospel because he found a clause in the New Testament Scriptures that said, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." At the close of one of his meetings, one of those Perfectionists said, in the hearing of the preacher, "My father don't sin;" to which another replied, "He may not, but I don't believe that he does not." The old Adam arose in the first man and he said, "Do you call my father a liar?" and he struck

at the other man, which produced a fight in the school-house and Bro. John opened the windows and let some of the women folks out.

Is it true that any one can come to that condition that they are sanctified and cannot sin? No, while they remain in the flesh, the power to sin will remain with them. It is possible that a man may arrive at that condition that he will no longer have the disposition to sin, while the ability may be with him; and not having the disposition he will not sin, not because he cannot, but because he will not. There is quite a difference between placing a man in a position that he cannot sin, and one that, having the power within him to sin, he will not.

If I walk the street as a peaceable man compelled to conduct myself as such for fear of the law, it is no credit to me that I do not hurt anybody, because I still have within me the disposition to sin; but if I have within me a disposition continually welling up to destroy or injure my fellow-man, or sin in any manner, and I put a restraint upon myself to keep me from breaking the law of God, then I have risen above sin and am entitled to credit for so abstaining from wrong doing.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

It is said the idea is here conveyed that a man cannot sin, and be perfect as God is perfect, except he is placed in some condition that he cannot sin.

I remember an amusing circumstance that took place in Illinois. It is something like this. We have a brother in the church by the name of Runnels, whose father was a man of this belief, that he could not sin. He came down from Jericho on Thursday afternoon, and in the evening I saw his horse hitched before a grocery; and on Friday morning I saw it hitched there still. I knew the old man, and took his horse into my stable and fed him all day Friday and Friday night, and on Saturday morning after feeding, took him back to the hitching post, that the old man could go home if he wanted to. He lay around that saloon all day Sunday, and until Monday about noon. I met the old man after being around the grocery all that time, and said to him, "Father Runnels, you must go home;" and I further said to him, "When you tell me you have not sinned for eighteen years I don't

believe it, for any man that can lie around a grocery as long as you have, must have sinned. I don't care how holy he says he is." The old man took me at my word and went home.

Paul says, "It is not I that sin but sin that dwelleth in me." He said, after he had received Jesus, the things that he would not do when he was opposed to Christ, he would now do; but those things that he would do before he accepted Christ he would not now do. Why would he not do them? Because it was forbidden in the law of God.

It was the business of himself to bring himself in subjection to this law of righteousness; not because he had not the ability to sin, but having the power to sin, he would not be brought under or subject to that power.

Says one, "I would like to be perfect." So you can, in your sphere; and that is the spirit and meaning of the commandment, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." That is, be ye perfect in your sphere in all that you are called upon to minister in, as your Heavenly Father is in his sphere.

No one expects you to wield the power, or to attain to the wisdom, the knowledge, the perfection that God has attained to in his sphere. We may walk perfectly, that is to say, we may discharge every duty that devolves upon us, perform every duty which we are commanded to do, do everything which is right for us to do, so that it shall be perfect in its character and kind, as God performs his work in character and kind, and yet not attain to the perfection that exists in him.

To illustrate this: There was a girl who got religion. She was about fourteen or fifteen years of age. She got religion, and was happy. Some one asked her the question, "How do you know you have got religion?" She stopped sweeping, leaned upon her broom, and the broom suggesting the answer, she said: "I sweep under the *mats* now." Before that she would not sweep under the mats or any where but where the dirt could be seen. There are a good many that do not sweep under the mats, or in the corners where the dirt cannot be seen.

I heard of a carpenter, a very good workman. What was the peculiar character of his work? So far as the recom-

mend was concerned, it does not matter, but it made no difference with him whether the work could be seen or not, he would not be satisfied unless the work was done right. Some men would be satisfied to do everything right, where it could be seen, but where it could not be discovered they would slight it.

One time I saw a man shingling. He put two or three shingles together and nailed them with one small nail. Now, I thought, if one of those Kansas winds should spring up, it would take these shingles from the roof, and a leakage would occur from the hole made. My idea is, that when an individual undertakes to make himself in his condition or sphere, as perfect as his heavenly Father is in his sphere, he will do anything that he proposes to do; he will make it as perfect as he knows how, and short of this he never will be satisfied, whether it shall be seen of man or whether the all-seeing eye of God alone shall see it. That kind of spirit should enter into our every avocation in life. The lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the tailor, the artisan of whatever name or nature should not be content unless the work entrusted to his care be done well, as perfect as he knows how to do it.

There was Bro. Crick, of Plano, employed to work for a mason of that place who was in such a hurry to get through with the job he was engaged on that he wanted the mortar right along in an unfinished condition,—not giving time for the tempering of the mortar. The brother had not been used to that kind of business. Although only a poor mortar mixer he desired to do his work well. He had been used to tempering his mortar well, but the mason would not give him time to temper it. He threw down his hoe and said, "I will not work for such a man." What was the trouble with the man? He knew that there was danger from exposure to the weather and a shaking of the walls from the high winds, that the mortar would crumble, and some one would say, "Who made that mortar?" Who would be responsible for it? The contractor, of course. But he knew that the man that mixed the mortar would come in for a share of the blame, and he did not propose to place himself in that position. That is the kind of spirit that should be

with every individual. That should be with the preacher and the hearer. "He that is of God speaketh the words of God;" and the word of God is, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Be perfect in your sphere, overcoming the works of the flesh by that Spirit that is in you, that you will be able to answer without fear or shame when the great Judge shall require it of you.

The word also says, He shall gather together "all things in him." But only things which are in Christ will be gathered in him. The tares are not in him. They will have to be gathered into bundles and be burned; that is the work of the angels when they shall be sent to gather out the tares from among the wheat and burn them.

When a boy I used to hear a hymn sung:

"For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.
O, awful thought, and is it so,
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare."

I thought upon the saying, "Is every man a wheat or tare?" and wondered whether I should be wheat at the harvest time. Realizing that there was a preparation to be accomplished, I desired to be prepared for that harvest time.

We are commanded, "Cleanse yourselves ye double-minded." "Cleanse yourselves from this untoward generation." "Be ye clean." That applies to the ministry, of course. You don't expect that a dirty minister will get into heaven. I expect that all that leaves a smirch, or stain upon the soul will be a hindrance to an entrance there, either to preacher or hearer. I don't expect to find unclean preachers, nor any other unclean persons there. Don't flatter yourself like a negro woman I have heard about, when some one who had been offended at the inveterate habit of smoking she indulged in, said to her, [she was religiously inclined, and very anxious to go to heaven.] "Don't you know that no unclean thing can enter into heaven, and that there is nothing so unclean as the smoker's breath?" She replied, "O, bless your soul, when I die and go to heaven, I shall leave my breath behind me." But that which stains the soul cannot be so readily disposed of. God has commanded us to come unto

him and be clean, and to make both body and spirit clean. He hath provided a baptism for both, that we may be cleansed from our infirmities, and when we have been cleansed we should walk in cleanliness before him; that is the duty of both preacher and hearer; having put off the old man with his deeds.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life." I apprehend that this everlasting life spoken of applies to individuals in the flesh. There is an objection raised to this position, and sometimes we have to meet it. It is only a few days ago that we had a peculiar objection to meet (I never met it before), and that is this, that the baptism of the spirit and the baptism of fire spoken of by John in reference to the Savior;—you remember the circumstances—"There is one coming, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." That this baptism of the Holy Ghost does not take place until the end of the world, neither does the baptism of fire; that it is as necessary for the righteous to be baptized by the Holy Ghost at the end of time as it is for the wicked to be baptized with fire, that the baptism of the Holy Ghost for the righteous is necessary in order that they may enter in and enjoy everlasting life, as the baptism of fire is necessary for the wicked that they may be prepared to endure a never-ending punishment in disgrace and burning.

Now we have not so read the Scriptures. We have read them just as these words say: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." This is not only applicable to the future, but to the present state. These words seem to make it applicable to me, they make it applicable to every one, "He that believeth on him [the Son] shall not perish, but have everlasting life." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." "My words they are spirit and they are life." If the Savior makes it applicable to everybody that believeth, and his words are spirit and life, those that believe his words (and put them in practice) have everlasting life.

I met a friend in Davenport, Iowa, not long ago; and in conversation on the question of the baptism of the Spirit, he made the statement that, "All the Spirit

there is now is contained in the Bible," and quoted these words: "The words that I speak unto you they are Spirit and they are life." I said to him, how does it happen that you read the word one way and I receive another understanding by that word, and the Spirit is in the word? How does it happen that those words are applied as meaning one thing to one individual, and a different meaning to another, when the apostle says there is but one Spirit by which we all are baptized into one body? The unchangeable character of God makes the Spirit unchangeable, and the knowledge that the Spirit gives in the word is the same, and that word has the power of life and condemnation; life unto them that believe and shape their lives accordingly, and death to them that do not believe.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, and the wrath of God abideth on him." We see in the world many antagonisms in the faiths of the people, based professedly on the words of the Savior; and we wonder how long it will be until a line of demarcation between them which have faith and them which have not, will be drawn. There is on the Mississippi river below the junction of the waters of that river and the Missouri, where that current strikes the Mississippi, a line of demarcation between the two streams. Upon one side the water is dark and turbid, upon the other the water is clear; and that line continues for miles before they mingle together. We believe the time is coming when the line between faith and disbelief in Christ's words will be drawn just as close as that, and there will be no possibility of making them to mingle; and he will say to those warring elements, "Peace, be still." And he will give to the righteous peace, and punish the other parties if they will not repent.

How do we manifest our belief in the Son? How is it possible for us to make a showing in the eyes of the world, or of the Father that we believe in his Son? Jesus has said: "He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me. He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings."

Turn to the second epistle of John and we have a statement so clear that I have often wondered how it is that anybody

can make a mistake in regard to it. "The elder to the elect lady." It has been said by some that this apostle was in love with this woman; but he states that "not I only, but also all they that have known the truth" that includes the whole church loved her, in the truth. "For the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us forever." It is stated by the Savior that the Spirit of truth, is the Spirit of prophecy, and was to be with his people forever. John further says, "Grace be with you, mercy and peace from the Father. . . . And now I beseech thee lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

There was a young man of my acquaintance who, while conversing with him on this, and the text in John's first epistle which reads, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren," said: "I know that I have passed from death unto life because I love the brethren, too." But I thought he had not passed from death unto life, and asked him if he would let the apostle define this question of love. The apostle says, "And this is love that we walk after his commandments;" and the Savior says, "He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings."

Now, if I say that I love the Savior, and keep not his commandments, do I tell the truth or a lie? Paul says that without the commandment he had been alive, and he walked with a good conscience before God; and while he was doing this he had his pockets full of writs for the disciples of Christ, and the righteous man that he was, he was taking the Saints of God to prison, and would have continued it from that time on if he had not been born again in obedience to the commandments of God pertaining to eternal life.

When the commandment comes to me and I refuse obedience to it, so far as Jesus Christ and his life is concerned, I die; and nothing can make me alive again until I repent and enter into the waters of life, and there be born into life. Then will my understanding be opened and I will be able to understand the things of God.

"This is the commandment as ye have

heard from the beginning ye should walk in it." What did they hear from the beginning? They had heard that Jesus Christ had come to earth; had taken upon him our sins, suffered on the cross, had entered into the courts on high; all this that man should have life.

Do you not see how true it must be, that he that is not of God, speaketh not the words of God? These words fulfilled are the fruition of life here and hereafter.

You have often heard me say that I always like to find a reason for things in the commandments of God as well as other things. The Book of Covenants is very clear in the commandments given to the church, and there has been a reason given for it; and if we look very closely for it we will find it to be of the same character as we have here: "For many deceivers have entered into the world."

That is one reason that Christ gives these things to the church, because many deceivers have come into the world.

"Yes," says one, "and among the worst of deceivers are those that make a man dissatisfied with himself; inviting him to change his faith. How absurd it seems for men to come into a region of country and ask men to leave the religion of their fathers, and cleave to something that is new."

If that is true, Jesus Christ never ought to have come and disturbed the Jews in their religion. Martin Luther never ought to have come and disturbed the Catholics; Calvin, Robinson, Alexander Campbell, and all those reformers from first to last have had no business to come

to the various churches and ask them to change their faith.

The claim might be made by those who never entertained any religious ideas, or faiths; they might say, "How outrageous it is that you should come and disturb us in our security."

"Ah," say you, "that will not do." Why? "Because men must be awakened from their carnal security."

I pray God that he will give us strength from on high, that shall make us feel assured; that will take from us that condition of fear and will enable us to declare the gospel with the Spirit, and much assurance.

I have often wondered at the boldness of these individuals going forth declaring the word of God unto their fellowmen; knowing that the feelings of men are a little sore in being told of the shaky foundations of their faith, and very sensitive in being told of their errors; and I have sometimes wondered how they dared do it. But may God help us that we may learn what our duty is, that we may not be afraid to look the present state of things in the face; that we shall seek for that assurance by which we shall be able to stand, and stand safely, in the testimony, in the witness of the Spirit; as it seems to me that there can be no other inspiration by which the gospel can be safely preached among men, that has the happiness and assurance in its divinity. And I trust that we shall make our calling and election sure.

That we may so walk that no law, either of God or man will condemn us, is my prayer. Amen

BEYOND.

Never a word is said,

But it trembles in the air,

And the truant voice has sped,

To vibrate everywhere;

And perhaps far off in eternal years

The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done

To wipe the weeping eyes,

But like flashes of the sun,

They signal to the skies;

And up above the angels read

How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given,

But it tones the after years,

And it carries up to heaven

Its sunshine or its tears;

While the to-morrows stand and wait,

The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,

And the stars are everywhere,

And time is eternity,

And the here is over there;

For the common deeds of the common day

Are ringing bells in the far-away.—*Sel.*

THE BOY WITH A HOBBY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY AORIUL.

CHAPTER I.

TOMMY BANGS had a hobby. He had always had one. Evidently Tommy and his hobby were born at the same time; for no one could remember the time when he didn't have it, and now Tommy and his hobby were never parted. In fact Tommy without his hobby wouldn't have been Tommy at all.

Now a hobby is rather an unhandy thing sometimes, but it is really a very desirable thing after all; for it affords an outlet for surplus energy, and gives one something useful to think about and work at in spare moments, and so keeps a person out of mischief, you see. That is, of course, if the hobby is the right kind.

Was Tommy's the right kind? Well, I'll tell you all about it and then we'll decide.

Tommy's hobby was expressed in the one word, "Collecting."

Not passing the hat around for nickles and dimes to pay "incidental expenses," as you have seen people do, but gathering up things strange, rare, or beautiful, and arranging them in a sort of museum to be looked at, studied over, loved and cherished. Tommy's collecting had begun with bright colored buttons and beads and pretty stones, and had advanced to picture cards, bird's eggs and butterflies; but this last seemed too cruel to him. He could not bear to take poor little butterflies, kill them and shut them up under a glass, and it hurt his conscience dreadfully to rob bird's nests, so this was soon dropped.

But Tommy's first real interesting and instructive collecting began with a handfull of rare old coins that he gloated over with a miser's delight and packed around from one box to another until the only wonder is they were not all worn out. Each new box that his eyes chanced to fall upon seemed better fitted than the last, and into it his treasure was promptly packed, the box being duly labeled in Tommy's best handwriting, "Old Coins". Every one who called at the Bangs' household had to see his wonderful half-cent that was made in 1806, examine his

French, Japanese, German and British coins, and pass opinion on various other coins of more or less ancient appearance and date.

One day, after Mrs. Bangs had returned from a visit to a neighbor, Mrs. Brown, by name, and as the family was gathered around the supper table, she said: "Tommy, Mrs. Brown has some things you ought to get. Her brother sent them to her from Montana in a letter. She said you might have one if you cared for it".

Our youthful hero was all excitement in a moment. The prospect of *anything* from Montana was enough to excite any young collector surely; and when his mother informed him that the articles were porcupine quills, he was wild with delight. He lived in north-western Iowa, and had never seen a porcupine; but he had read of them, and he informed his mother that he would give most fifty cents for one of these wonderful quills.

"You had better invest your money in something besides porcupine feathers", said his mother, who could not help having a little fun at Tommy's expense once in a while, although she had unlimited faith in her boy and promptly resented any disparaging remarks from another, a way that mothers have, as you probably know.

For a while after this took place Tommy devoted himself and his time to reading about porcupines, where they lived, what they ate, and how they looked. In fact he was a perfect porcupinery. He talked porcupine, read porcupine and would have eaten porcupine if he could have gotten it.

Some days later he was called upon to go to Mrs. Brown's and get a pail of eggs. Now this was just the opportunity he had been longing for; so away he hastened, full of joy, made known his errand and waited while Mrs. Brown carefully counted out and packed the eggs. Her slow deliberation was very aggravating to Tommy, who was on nettles to hear about the quill.

At last the eggs were ready, but not one word was there about the much desired

quill. Could it be that she had forgotten it? Yes, she had. But just as she handed him the pail, she caught sight of a bashful, red face and heard something muttered about "Please ma'am the porcupine quill," and divining the request, hastened to get it. Tommy was filled with confusion, but thanked her and hastened away for home, his face beaming with pleasure, grasping the prize tightly with one hand while the other swung the pail fast and furious to the imminent danger of its contents.

After that his collection grew amazingly. Some one sent him an orange twig from California and a small block from one of the giant red-wood trees you read about in *Autumn Leaves* last summer. Mrs. Brown added to the collection a piece of pipestone, some shells from the World's Fair at New Orleans, some rocks from the great Yellowstone Park, and a piece of glass, picked up in Grinnell, Iowa, just after the cyclone.

Now all these things led him to read and study. Of course he had to find out all about the Yellowstone Park, the World's Fair, the Grinnell cyclone and the big red-woods, because he had specimens connected with all these things.

You see that is the value of this kind of hobby; it educates one, at least it did Tommy, who was a great reader; and being awkward, homely, and bashful, he was more inclined to make friends with the people and things he met in his books than with men and women.

It happened about this time that this museum outgrew his last new box, a common occurrence, and he decided to make a cabinet. This was rather a difficult task, but at it he went with hammer and planes, nails, boards, saws, chisels and all the miscellaneous tools of carpentry, and in course of time the wonderful thing was done.

Tommy has since discovered that it was not very well made. The corners were very poorly joined, the sides were rough, and the partitions were put in crooked; nevertheless at that time he regarded it as a thing of beauty, and proceeded to stain it a dirty brown with asphalt and turpentine; and, as a result, the first time the glass slide was removed, after standing several days, the smell of turpentine was simply dreadful and his specimens had

taken a perfume as lasting, if not as sweet, as that of sandal wood.

Tommy was in despair. In vain he washed and dried, rubbed and aired; the scent would not come out. It was evident that the museum must move again. This time it took up quarters in one of the largest drawers of the old family secretary, where it grew and thrived amazingly. Shells from the West Indies, Australia and California; corals from the Mediterranean, lava from Vesuvius, marbles from different state capitol buildings, stalactites from great caves, and petrified woods from great lakes,—all seemed to seek the old secretary and find it too.

Tommy's mother laughingly declared that he grew "hobbier every day;" and prophesied that "if he didn't stop, the family would have to move out and let his caravan of wonders move in." Yet she it was who helped him in all his undertakings.

So the museum grew apace, filled one drawer and ran over into another, Tommy in the meanwhile being supremely happy, reading about his specimens, gloating over them, and rearranging them as often as he could find time, which was none too often, because his work kept him busy for the most part. Probably he was most interested in some relics taken from an Indian mound and sent him by a friend. Tommy was a Book of Mormon boy, and prized these evidences of a pre-historic race very much.

About this time he became interested in mineralogy. He obtained a small cabinet of forty fine specimens, and entered into the study of gold, silver, lead, copper, opal, dendrite, pyrite and all the rest of the ites.

And now I must tell you about the time when our hero found a meteor, or rather, the time when he *didn't* find one. It was late one fall. He had been absent all day, and when he returned he had a large piece of very peculiar looking rock under his arm, and announced it as his belief that it was a piece of a meteor. "Well I declare, Tommy Bangs! Can't you find enough monstrosities on the face of the globe without hunting up pieces of another?" This from his mother.

But Tommy, undaunted, broke off some small pieces, wrapped them up and sent them to the Academy of Sciences for inspection.

CHAPTER II.

"Tommy, here is a letter for you," called Mrs. Bangs one day as she returned from the postoffice. "Perhaps it is from your professor."

Tommy seized and tore it open. Sure enough, it was from the Academy of Sciences. It was written in reply to his letter containing the specimens, and it said that the stone was not of meteoric origin. This was too bad, indeed; but the learned professor went on to say that the stone was composed of quartz and something else with a very long name that was really quite rare. So Tommy had a prize after all.

While he was reading the letter, a very bright idea entered his head. Mineral specimens, as you know, cost something, and Tommy's means were rather limited. Here was a chance to add thereto, so he wrote to the exchange column of a certain paper, offering specimens of his long-named article for sale or exchange, and then fell to planning what he would do with his money when it came.

We have said the idea was a bright one. Well so it seemed to Tommy, but it lost some of its lustre when put into effect. To be sure he got replies enough. Too many; for none wanted to buy. All offered to exchange something, usually of little value. The first letter was an odd jumble of names of articles offered for exchange, and names of persons for reference, and the whole so badly written with a typewriter as to be almost unreadable. It filled Tommy with blank despair just to look at it. It concluded by saying, "Owing to accident to my typewriter this letter is very poorly written." Tommy, acting on the principle that "like cures like," wrote him a letter that was even worse than the one he had received, closing with, "I hope you will find this easy to read." As this last was all that was at all readable, the boy evidently concluded Tommy was a lunatic, for he never answered the letter, much to that worthy's satisfaction.

The next letter was from a boy who offered to exchange an Indian pipe of fabulous worth for "a good lot" of specimens. Tommy sent him a generous supply, and then received a letter saying that the boy was not suited with the quantity and would keep his pipe unless

more were sent him. This was too much for Tommy's temper, and in high dudgeon he wrote a very peppery letter, intimating that if the pipe was not forthcoming he would probably visit that region soon and something might happen. The boy wasn't much frightened, probably; for that was the end of the matter.

After this, letters came thick and fast, and the postage on his specimens seemed likely to bankrupt the distracted young collector, whose faith in human nature was considerably shaken. He embodied his experience in a long and ridiculous poem beginning:

"There was a youth of feeble mind
Who found a stone of some strange kind."

He wisely resolved to do no more advertising, but make his money in some other way. So having made this excellent resolve, he straightway proceeded to fall into another of the many and skillful snares that lie in the pathway of youth and inexperience.

It happened in this wise: As he was reading the weekly paper, he came across an advertisement stating that a fabulous price would be paid for a coin of a certain date. Now as fortune or misfortune would have it, Tommy had several of these, and regardless of warning, sent them to the address named in the advertisement, and began selecting the minerals he would order when his money came. But his money never came. In place of it came a letter saying that the coins were only worth their face value, and in payment for that they sent him a large illustrated catalogue.

But notwithstanding all these troubles, Tommy's museum grew wonderfully. He had quite a number of beautiful stones of different colors; some of them clear as crystal, others of a beautiful red tinge with delicate lines and grains such as are sometimes seen in petrified woods. These he had picked up on the home farm. The land where he lived was not very productive of such things, but what there were seemed to delight in getting in Tommy's way. Perhaps it was just because he kept his eyes open for such things. That is the way it is in life; the world is full of beautiful and interesting things, if we will only see them; if not, we may go stumbling through life seeing only the homely side of everything. But I must

stop moralizing and go on with my story.

I believe I started out to tell about a boy with a hobby and what came of it. Well, what did come of it? Did Tommy distinguish himself as a student of natural history, electrify the world with his researches in geology, or do something else quite as wonderful? No, the results are far more modest than this. Tommy, or rather Tom, isn't old enough to do any of these things yet; perhaps he will sometime. But at present the results of his hobby are just this: He has a fine collection of curiosities all numbered and catalogued, with description, date of finding and all the interesting facts in regard to different articles.

All this is very interesting to visitors and neighbors. They are fond of calling the collection "the side show," "the Smithsonian," "the Zoo.," etc., and Tommy "the Professor," and "Agassiz;" but for all that they are immensely interested, it is plain to see.

In addition to this, he has acquired a great deal of information through reading about his different specimens. Now, are you ready to answer the question you asked at the beginning of the story? I think you will all answer it, "Yes;" for the time Tommy devoted to his hobby was certainly spent in a good cause.

MY BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY BESSIE BRIGHT.

YOU must know in the first place that I am a teacher in a country school. My little school-house is very pleasantly situated in the edge of a great forest, but instead of "climbing mountains at our back" as do the poetic "great woods still and black," they cover hills and dales that at last slope off to the smoothly-rolling river.

Many a ramble have we over those hills and through those lovely glades. In May, we find there the purest white blood-root blossoms and the daintiest spring beauties; in June we gather the delicate maiden-hair ferns, and in autumn we press the most beautiful leaves.

The boys make frequent excursions to a certain remote lake, and bring me arrow-heads, Indian axes and the like, and, while I hold in my hands these relics of the people whose successors we are, I pause to meditate upon the scenes that may have been enacted here.

Did ever signal fires gleam on these hill tops; have these hill sides re-echoed the fierce war-whoop; in peace, did the red man pitch his wigwam in these vales; at these clear streams did the wild deer drink; here, in the golden moonlight, did the "Indian lover woo his dusky mate?"

But I am not permitted long at a time to ponder on these things, neither upon the majestic grandeur of the hills "rock-

ribbed and ancient as the sun," nor upon the beauty of the vales, "stretching in pensive quietness between;" for, being a country schoolma'am, from nine o'clock in the morning until four at night, it is my business to see that the young "twigs" under my care are properly "inclined" or, speaking with caution, as properly as I am able to incline them.

My thoughts are thus perforce recalled from the dead past with its people to the living present; from idle conjecture upon what may have been to active participation in what now is; from meditation upon the inanimate objects about to dealing with wide-awake boys and girls. And I am sometimes tempted to think that the man who sought the fabled fountain in which to bathe and be always young and found it not, failed because he looked in the wrong place.

At any rate, I believe a hearty sympathy with the fun and gladness of youth helps us to keep our hearts young and fresh, helps us to endure the stern cares of life without becoming indifferent and unfeeling.

And who could live with the active little beings and listen to their sayings wise or foolish and not feel his heart soften and the lines about the mouth relax almost—sometimes quite—into a smile; as when accidentally you overhear two

little ones telling how frightened they were when they thought they saw a tramp. "Annie was as white as a *sheep*" you know, and Mabel tore her dress on the "bob-wire," and they relate it all breathlessly and forget it the next minute, so you think.

But they only lay these things away in store to be brought out when some allusion is made that recalls the incident or the thought which ever it may be. I have no feeling of sympathy with the remark of a woman who once expressed to me her surprise that I should dress myself so carefully for a "pack of little dirty-faced boys." In the little boys and girls before me I see little men and women, and if I know a trifle more than they have yet attained it should make me an efficient friend, one who can lead where it will be well for them to follow.

If you doubt their ability to follow in thought at least, be with me as I lead and I am sure we can convince you that the childish thought can travel quickly and can sometimes take enormous jumps at conclusions. We are reading with them,

"Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe."

Six little boys sit on the long seat before me, and six pairs of sunburned legs alternately swing and rest, thereby denoting the state of mind the owner is in at that moment. The pedal extremities attached to one of the pairs of legs have recently sounded the depths of a mud-puddle and traces are plainly seen.

"Now boys," say I, "you see August's feet?"

"Yes ma'am."

"They are not very beautiful at present, are they?"

"No ma'am."

"Now suppose a child should fall in the river down yonder and August should run and pull it out and so save it from drowning, his feet would be beautiful then, would they not?"

"Yes ma'am, yes ma'am."

"Why?"

"'Cause the mud 'd all be washed off."

Practical enough if not poetic! We indulge in a little laugh and unwilling to be vanquished in that style persevere until they say the beauty was in doing good.

This same August has a brother William, aged nine, the veriest little mischief under the sun. To see him would be to

know him and to remember him for some time if not forever. I shall never forget him. His brown eyes shine with the fun that his mouth seldom attempts to conceal. But one day this little Teuton sat still and seemed plunged in thought.

When the bell sounded he approached his eyes fixed earnestly upon me saying as he neared me,

"Teacher, a tail-graph haint a tail-phone?"

He looked surprised when I laughed and answered, "No, Willie, a telegraph is not a telephone." He had been puzzling his head for once over something serious.

What a hearty laugh we had this morning when Rica, my little German "mädchen" related her first experience in milking. In substance it was this: Being a novice at the art she had sought to extract the lacteal fluid by a series of pinches which justly aroused the indignation of the old cow who promptly put the breadth of the meadow between herself and her young persecutor.

A silly little story? Well, it may be, but the jolts of life are wonderfully eased by such silliness. Such merriment as ours was what I call "pure fun." Not a shade of malice, envy or ridicule mingled with it.

"Rivers must have one shingly shore where they may be foolish and shallow and child-like; and another, steep and rocky, where they may pause and gather their strength of waves fully together for due occasion."

We had our funny story, our happy laugh, our "shingly shore," and when the bell sounded we went to our seats for work, with the best preparations we could have, happy hearts, for they make labor light.

A few days ago they charmed me with the recital of the death and burial of Charlie's kitten and while they chatted on with the full details, my thoughts ran away back to a quiet afternoon when a solemn little company laid a pet canary-bird to rest upon which occasion no less a personage than myself officiated as clergyman. They all said I'd make the best one. I reflect with sadness that only one of the children of that circle in passing through this world checkered with its many devious paths—only one has found the narrow way, and that by the marked goodness of the Father. We played that

day with guileless, innocent hearts and well might we regret with the poet,

"And now 'tis little joy

To think I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

How many of us are as near? And if we are not, why are we not?

Four little boys were talking one day in a corner of the school-room, as little boys love to talk of what they will be when they are men. Just think of it—when they are men! How great, how grand with possibilities life seems to be when the young mind looks forward and the young soul glows with eagerness, when mind and body are active with youth.

"I'll be a farmer," said Johnny. "My father is."

"And I'll be a carpenter," said Fred. "That's what my father was when we lived in town."

"I'll be a sailor," said Tommy. "My father's been to the West Indies, Brazil and lots of places. I'd like to see the world. What'll you be, Phil?"

Phil, the little boy addressed was a pretty, black-eyed boy of eight, living in the neighboring town, out for a few weeks in the country. Gentle-minded, sensible and loving, a general favorite with us all, for he loved boys sports as well as the next one.

"Yes, Phil, what are you going to be?" cried the boys.

"A saloon-keeper," innocently answered the boy. "My father is. He don't have to work hard."

"I'll be what father is; I'll take what father takes; I'll do as father does, are the natural resolutions of most boys. Why natural? Because God gave parents to be the guides, the teachers of their children. It is a part of the economy of nature. The time comes in later years sometimes when we from the experiences of life understand the meaning of the Savior when he said, "My mother and my brethren are those who hear the word of God and do it," when we having been born sons and daughters of God, look upon others of like faith as dear to us as those who in our infancy dwelt under the same roof, members of our family. But is those early days of life, parental rule, parental authority and example are in our young minds above reproach, and things are right if father does them and true if

mother says so. It is not to be wondered at if the terse German proverb hold some truth, "The apple falls not far from the tree."

Then if we are farther off from heaven than when we were children, where, possibly, does the reason lie, and if we are nearer, whom shall we "arise and call blessed?"

But to return. You never know in dealing with these little wide-awakes just what is going to happen. You begin perhaps with "the earth on which we live is round like a ball," and are proceeding all unconscious as the old lady said of "what a volcano you're a settin' on." Some one asks who made it, and promptly on the heels of your reply comes the eager question, "Who made God? I think of it often when I'm in bed at night." Not the old, cynical question of unbelief is this, but the earnest spirit of investigation, the young mind beginning to grapple with the great questions of life.

Across the road from the school-house is an orchard and standing one day at the window, I saw several little urchins very busy over there as I very well knew at the apples. When the little fellows came in I thought it a point of duty to call their attention to the wrong of entering a neighbor's orchard and helping themselves without the owner's permission, and I took occasion to ask how they would feel and what excuse they would give to God if they stood before him to answer for the sin of stealing. "Wouldn't you hang down your head?" I asked.

"You wouldn't have any head to hang down," came the quick response from one.

His idea was that having left the body in the grave, the spirit would have no head to hang down. A problem, perhaps, involving some deep thought. Well, they take your breath away when they come from the little boys that hoe corn and feed pigs, and help themselves to a neighbor's apples. We expect deep questions from the man who stands up to preach, but we forget that our little boys have eyes that see and ears that hear and brains that keep up a wonderful thinking. I say we forget. It must be that some do; for

If we thought that they walked in the shadow,
Our lamps would burn brighter, I know.

OUR JAPAN.

BY SR. JOLLEY.

I SAW something in our *Hope* not long ago about Gracie Kuykendall, Lulu Jenkins and her brother earning their Christmas Offerings by picking cotton; and it brought to my mind the "Sunny South" as I saw it a few years ago with its large plantations of cotton, sugar and rice.

I wonder if we have any little Hopes living in the City of Pensacola, Florida?

Those of you who have studied history and geography know all about the climate and soil of Florida, and have a good idea of Pensacola and its suburbs; but for the benefit of our little readers who are not so far advanced in their studies, I will attempt to tell something of what I saw and learned while there.

The name "Pensacola" was given by the Spaniards to the whole province around a beautiful bay in the western part of Florida, because it was the name of an Indian tribe who lived there at that time, but who have long since been destroyed.

History tells us that Pensacola was founded by the Spaniards in 1696. It was at one time taken by the French, but retaken by the Spaniards, came into the possession of the British government in 1763, and was laid out in 1765, at which time it was a simple fishing village. It was again in 1780, taken by the Spaniards who held it till the United States took possession in 1819. It is situated on Pensacola bay, eight miles from the Gulf of Mexico. During our war between the states a considerable portion of the old Spanish buildings was destroyed, but many still remain, and their quaint appearance strikes the stranger immediately.

The first ruins we visited were those of old Fort San Miguel at the head of Palafox street, said to be at an elevation of seventy-five feet above the bay. The old well was filled with debris, but the stone steps leading down to it were in good preservation. It was a beautiful place with large shade trees here and there and the mocking-birds singing among their branches. Our little party sat down to rest, enjoy the lovely scenery and listen to the songs of the birds. The

air was so balmy and it was altogether such a peaceful, quiet scene that it was hard to realize that so many brave men had lost their lives there. Although it was winter, we carried our wraps and gathered some wild flowers on our way.

Half a mile north-west of Fort San Miguel is Fort San Bernardo. It is ninety-eight feet above tide-water. Now for a visit to Fort Pickens, across the bay. This fort is situated on the western point of Santa Rosa island. It is called the impregnable fort. The national forces successfully held this fort throughout the civil war against repeated bombardments and assaults. This fort is well preserved, and the walls are very massive. We were all through the ground rooms and saw many things of interest. Our guide pointed out to us a coffin in one of those rooms, saying: "At one time the yellow fever was bad among the soldiers and they counted the sick and sent for a corresponding number of coffins, but one poor fellow got well, so they had one coffin left over."

The interior of this fort contained a yard large enough for the soldiers to drill. At one side of this yard or court was a well from which they obtained water for cooking and drinking purposes.

At the rear of this yard, on an elevated platform, stood a large cannon, placed upon a pivot. There is a wide walk all around the top of the wall, but here and there it is nearly overgrown with cactus plants which seem to grow where there is an inch of soil among the rocks. Our guide told us there was "plenty of moccasins around," a poisonous water-snake, which made me feel a little uneasy.

I would like to describe this old fort minutely as it was of all the places we visited one of great interest to me, but I must hasten on.

Before we say good-bye to old Fort Pickens, let us take a "bird's-eye view" of its old neighbors from the topmost point of the front wall. Across the entrance of the bay stands the no doubt once beautiful Fort McRea, once familiar with the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but where now the solemn bat, which we were told reigned supreme

for many years, is left without shelter, and a deep silence prevails, only broken by the never-ceasing roll of the wild waves as they dash upon its once proud walls.

Its foundation seemed as enduring as granite for many years, but gradually the constant wear of the gulf waters began to tell upon it. For a time it was preserved by the construction of an immense sea wall, but only for a time. Here is where some very pretty shells are found.

Near this old Spanish Fort McRea are the two villages, Milton and Bagdad, and Santa Rosa Park. Here too, on this island, our host had a large orange farm.

Opposite the entrance of the bay stands the third tallest lighthouse in the United States.

A little farther up the bay is the old-time Spanish Fort Barrancas with its military hospital and other buildings. This Fort was built in the form of a half-moon, and held by the English. There was a terrible explosion within its walls just before it was captured by the Spanish. They took fourteen hundred prisoners and one hundred and ninety-three pieces of artillery from within its walls. Here was where Pensacola was first built.

Sometime in the year 1814 Gen. Andrew Jackson, with the American army, entered the town when the English fleet in the bay destroyed the Fort Barrancas and Santa Rosa. Soon after this Florida was ceded to the United States.

Beyond Fort Barrancas in a grove of cedars is the site of the ruined naval hospital; then the town of Washington, and then the Pensacola Navy Yard. This navy yard was a grand sight and would take many pages to describe it. Six miles farther up the bay is the city of Pensacola itself.

Pensacola Bay is a beautiful bay; has a safe entrance and is broad and deep within. We were told that it was spacious enough to accommodate the navies of the world, and deep enough to load and discharge the largest vessel alongside the railroad docks. It seemed to me as I looked at the many wharves and vessels anchored around them, that every nation under the sun must be represented there. The easy access to and from the gulf, furnishes a very large business in transportation to and from its ports, of lumber, cotton, grain, coal, iron and all the

products of the West Indies and South America.

Come, let us hasten down from this high wall, pay our guide, buy some shells—as we have not time to gather them—and get in our little tug-boat, which is patiently waiting for us at the wharf, and be off. In visiting places of interest we never met more hospitable and intelligent officers, more kind and courteous guides than we have met here.

Good-bye, old Gulf of Mexico, with your blue waters, sharks and shoals of porpoises; we are going back across the beautiful bay of Pensacola. Now, we will stop for a few minutes at the wharf where they load, unload and pack fish for shipping.

Oh, children, I believe you never saw quite such large fish in your life unless you have seen some of those big fellows at Pensacola. Just think of a fish weighing two hundred and fourteen pounds!

You may smile and say, if you like, “O, now you are telling us a ‘fish story;’” for indeed I am, and it is true. They weighed from two hundred and fourteen pounds down to ninety-eight pounds, and were called the Warsaw fish. All varieties abound here, seemingly. Trout, black bass, pike, different kinds of perch and every kind of salt water fish. We saw many car loads of fish packed in ice ready for shipping. We were told they shipped by express to all parts of the country, one hundred barrels a day from December to April. Great quantities of turtles and oysters are shipped from here also.

Not very far from Pensacola is De-Funiak Springs. They are said to be three hundred feet above the sea and sixty four feet deep, located among the pines. There is a hotel called, “The Chautauqua,” and some cottages. Here is where the Florida Chautauqua meetings are held.

Near these springs is “Smith’s mill.” It cleans rice and grinds grist. It is said that every part of this mill has been constructed by Smith without nails. It is historic. It has been the subject of many sketches and paintings. Mr. Smith is a rather peculiar man. He has a small ox he calls “Sonny,” which has short horns. He never permits Sonny to visit De Funiak without adjusting a pair of large false horns. Sonny goes to the station on errands with his cart, alone; but his mas-

ter says, "Sonny is of a playful disposition, and if he meets a dog he is liable to go a rumickin sometimes."

In regard to the land around Pensacola it was said if the dry lands were properly fertilized they would produce orchards of pears, peaches, plums, apricots, quinces, figs and olives; and on the damper lands pecans and European walnuts could be cultivated.

The average amount of rainfall per year is about fifty inches. If it should prove to be a dry season, they have wells and reservoirs of water in reserve. The water here is as clear as crystal.

The climate is said to be delightful, averaging sixty-five degrees in winter and rarely exceeding ninety degrees in summer, owing to the sea breeze coming across so narrow a country from either side.

One evening in the early part of the month of March we were sitting with a number of guests in the parlor of the City Hotel, and the doors and windows were all open as usual, when our hostess coming in remarked, "It is quite cool this evening, we will have a fire." She amused us by relating how she "came pretty near

freezing to death one time." She said, "I went north and landed in New York on the third day of April, and the snow was ankle-deep; and," she added, "I thought I should freeze to death."

A little colored boy came to build the fire and he seemed to be shaking as though he had the ague.

I said, "Are you sick, John?"

"No, Misses, I aint sick; I'se cold."

"Why, it is strange you should be so very cold to-night," I said.

"No, Misses, it aint; if one aint berry kirful these 'ere cold nights they will git the kinsunshion and die."

A dime or even five cents would moderate the weather for John.

In Pensacola the following congregations have comfortable churches: Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Scandinavian and Catholic. The people are intelligent, refined, pleasant and hospitable.

Any one going to Florida expecting to find it resembling the northern states will be disappointed, but he who expects to see many changes will be agreeably surprised.

THE TOAD, AND BEE-STINGS.

PROF. COOK of the Michigan Agricultural College writes in *Bee Gleanings*: Who has not heard many things against the toad? When a mere lad I was told that, should we touch but the skin of this old honest-looking acrobat, warts would cover the place that touched the cold clammy cuticle of his toadship. Strange it is, how such opinions gain currency. It is said that misery loves company. I never quite believed it; but if it is ever true, we might find that our warty amphibian might like to sow a full crop of warts on whatever he saw or touched; but I early learned that, had he the wish, he has no power to bequeath his excrescences to aught except his own kith and kin. I always loved honesty, and there is a frankness and honesty in the look of the toad that captivated even my childhood's eye. So, perforce, I had to shake hands, gain the acquaintance of, and make friends with, this honest, warty old

toad. As a result, I received, not a wart, but a very companionable friend. Thus it was that I learned his many good traits. Few of the animal kind are better insect-hunters than the toad. He delights to roll them, not as sweet morsel *under* his tongue, but as a savory mouthful captured *by* his tongue. It is just fun to see a toad gobble down a fly, ant or beetle. This is how he does it: The fly stands off some distance, winking in fancied security, when all at once, the great jaws of his toadship open wide, and the fly darts into the cavernous mouth as though it were home, and he were sent for. Closer scrutiny shows that the long sticky tongue of the toad just runs out with a rush and "runs in" the unsuspecting fly. The fly isn't even asked if he wishes to go.

It were well if toads were content to feed only upon such insects as annoy or injure us; but not so. How often have bee-keepers seen this demure old batra-

chian quietly sitting at the entrance of the bee-hives, enjoying the cool evening breeze, and lapping up the belated worker-bees as they come heavily laden from the field! We can wish he wouldn't do it; but then, when we remember that he has been honestly employed all day, and remember, also, how good honey is, we can hardly visit him with our wrath for this one overt act. Candidly, the toad does so much good that I would not pronounce sentence of death, even if he does gulp down a few worker-bees. On the whole, he is a valuable friend. Nor would I raise my hives two or more feet from the earth to avoid him. I would the rather fence out the toads by a low close board fence, should he gain too great a fondness for my pets of the hive.

But, how about the stings? Is the toad so quick that he receives no stings?

Nay, verily; no bee-keeper will believe, as I once heard a person just stung by a bee say, "Lightning cannot strike a bee so quickly as not to be stung." If, then, the celerity of the act does not preclude the sting, how is it that the toad does not run fairly yelping at the first cap-

ture? I think he either has very little feeling in his throat, or else, finding the bee so to his taste, he has become callous to the sting. From observations that I have made I think the former must be the case. The past summer I have examined two throats of toads killed, the one just after and the other soon after it had been feeding upon bees. In both cases, just as many stings were found fastened in the toad's throat as the toad had been noticed to capture. Thus we know that the bee does sting its enemy. I did not find inflammation. Thus we must believe that the throat is proof against the venom of the bee.

During the last of May, while visiting at my brother's, we saw many bees captured by king-birds. The bird would fly from some perch, capture a bee, and then fly back to the perch and swallow the prize. Bertie, my little boy, shot one of the birds, and found several worker-bees, not drones, in the bird's stomach. Who shall determine, in this case, whether or not the bird is stung? We shall try to the coming summer.

—Selected.

A BIRD'S NEST.

(See Frontispiece.)

But most of all it wins my admiration
 To view the structure of this little work,—
 A bird's nest, mark it well within, without:
 No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
 No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
 No glue to join: his little beak was all;
 And yet how neatly finished! What wise hand,
 With every implement and means of art,
 And twenty years apprenticeship to boot,
 Could make me such another? Fondly then
 We boast of excellence, where noblest skill
 Instinctive genius foils.

—James Hurdis.

ELDER JOHN BRUSH.—No. VI.

BY TWO FRIENDS.

ON arriving in San Bernardino, our brother found that it consisted of a settlement of Utah Saints, numbering about one hundred and fifty families in all. A few Mexicans were located in the regions about, also a very few white people not of the Brighamite faith.

Charles Rich, one of the Utah twelve, and Amasa Lyman, a staunch defender of that faith, had bought the old San Bernardino rancho of some Mexicans some years previous, and then sold the same in parcels to the Saints. Three miles from the main body of Saints was the old San Bernardino Mission, then long since abandoned, from which the ranch and settlement took its name. A few Saints located near the mission, but the main body built their dwellings upon the site of the present city of San Bernardino.

A branch organization existed with Charles Rich as its president, and regular meetings were held. The orders from headquarters were that here, as in Utah, every new comer to the settlement should be rebaptized; and Bro. Brush was privately advised that if he would live in the settlement he had better submit to the ordinance. He accordingly did so, but here his old tithing receipts were acknowledged, and he paid no further tithes to the Utah Church.

In Charles Rich he found a ready friend, and from him he purchased twenty acres of irrigatable bottom lands, along the Santa Ana river, being told he might have as much land as he desired, and as long a time to pay for it in as he should need.

He accordingly went on the mountains, hewed out slabs enough to make a good house, and then located on his new purchase, succeeding in making all things comfortable before the time to put in his crops. In order to purchase seeds and procure provisions, he then used his oxen and wagon to haul lumber from the mountains for others, and when the time came for plowing and sowing he was well prepared to meet it.

Los Angeles was then but a Mexican settlement with a few white traders besides, and all goods bought in San Ber-

nardino were brought from San Francisco by steamer to San Pedro, and from there hauled in wagons up to the settlement. Pork at that time was twenty-two cents per pound, flour nine dollars per hundred, and other things in proportion. There was but one store in the settlement, and the mail was brought by steamer from San Francisco, and on pack-mules, once a month, across the desert from Utah.

But the town rapidly grew in numbers and business facilities, Utah Saints continuing to arrive, and others not of that faith from Texas. Some Jews came into the settlement and started large stores, and in all temporal ways the colony prospered.

Bro. Brush had felt very poor on his arrival, and earnestly called upon the Lord day by day to bless his crops, that he might soon be free from the bondage of debt. His testimony is that never before or since has he raised such crops as he did that year. His corn yielded forty cents to the acre, and his garden produce was the finest he has ever raised. At the end of the year he received a land warrant from the government for his service in the Black Hawk war, which he sold for money enough to pay for his home; and from that day to this he has enjoyed a plenty of this world's goods.

During this time Bro. Brush attended church meetings regularly, but his enjoyment of them will easily be measured, when it is said that no manifestations of the Spirit were now witnessed whatever. No healings were had that Bro. Brush knows of, and no prophesyings or speaking in tongues. Their religion was that of word only, the power being gone. He also discovered on his arrival that many who had once been faithful Saints had become partakers of almost every vice, and he could not wonder at the Spirit's withdrawal. These he carefully avoided intimate association with, and resolved that as for himself he would live to the religion he had once known, and await the time when all things should again be restored.

Notwithstanding his rebaptism, the church officials agreed that Bro. Brush

still held his priesthood rights; but he persistently refused to act in his office. From the old hearsays at Nauvoo, and from the testimony of the Spirit to him as he read the law in the Book of Covenants, he was a firm believer that young Joseph Smith, the son of the prophet, would come forth and take his father's place; and when asked to officiate as an elder he gave as his reply, "I will wait 'till Joseph comes."

This was now a subject of almost daily conversation between Bro. Brush and his wife,—for although it was his expectation that when Joseph did come he should be "mighty and strong," not a mere boy, he was now getting to be of mature age, and those who understood the order of lineal priesthood were expecting him at any time.

In a few years after his arrival, Brigham Young sent a call to all the Saints of San Bernardino to return to Utah, and many did so return. But the majority had become well weaned of the practices of the Utah church, and remained where they had located. The city finally fell into Gentile rule, and Bro. Brush was elected road overseer and school trustee, which position he held for many years. He helped to build the first school-house erected in San Bernardino county, and quietly and faithfully endeavored to do the part of citizen, husband and father.

Testimonies come to us from others who knew him then, with regard to the high esteem in which he was held by those who had business dealings with him. His honesty and veracity were never questioned, while the claims of others were most closely investigated; and if in business he asserted that an error had occurred, it was rectified according to his word. Many illustrations might be given of the statements we have made, and from the desire of friends we had in the beginning purposed giving some of them; but by request from Bro. Brush, who wishes this narrative to be devoid of personal praise, we shall not present them in connection with his biography.

As the years sped by he gradually accumulated land and personal property until he had all that he and his children could reasonably care for. His oldest daughter married, and some of his second wife's children were approaching maturity.

At last, in the early summer of 1864,

he dreamed one night that he saw two very large birds flying towards him from the north, and as he wakened he felt the presence of the Holy Spirit in promising assurance. He immediately told the dream to his wife, adding that they should soon hear the news that Joseph had taken his father's place.

It was but two or three days after this that a neighbor sent word to him that verily Joseph had taken his father's place, and that two elders sent out by him were now at a neighbor's house.

Immediately Bro. Brush and wife repaired to the house spoken of, and with joy received the messenger of peace. Eagerly inquiring as to the work now required at their hands, they were told that as they had received the ordinance of baptism at the hands of an apostate church, it was necessary that they again be baptized for the remission of their sins. With this they complied at their earliest opportunity, the Spirit witnessing to them their acceptance with the Lord. Immediately Bro. Brush was ordained to the priesthood that he had originally held, and he began to set about the work of the Master.

The following Sunday, the two missionaries, who were brethren Faulk and Morgan, preached to a large congregation of old Saints, and were gladly received by many. Prayer meetings were immediately held, and oh, what a contrast to those of the years before! The gifts were poured out abundantly in prophecy and tongues, and though tears flowed freely, the joy of the Saints cannot be written. To feel that they again were recognized of their God, and consequently must again have entered the path that leads to life eternal, was worth more to them who had tasted of His love and mercy, than all the world beside.

Before two months had passed a branch organization was effected, with about one hundred members; Bro. Brush being chosen presiding elder. The spirit of godly and brotherly love seemed to continue with them, and in three months he alone had baptized about forty persons.

At the end of this time it was thought by young Bro. Morgan that it would be wisdom for himself to take the presidency of the branch, and Bro. Brush resigned his position. But the responsibility was greater than the young brother had real-

ized, and in a few weeks he gave up the position, and returned to his home in the north.

Bro. George Sparks was then chosen president, and as there was a scarcity of other officers, Bro. Brush was chosen teacher, which office he faithfully tried to fill. Three days out of a month at the least, and sometimes two days of each week, were spent in visiting the Saints, and the branch grew in number, and progressed in knowledge.

But still it seemed almost impossible for the Saints to reach that high plane of spirituality which had been enjoyed in the early days of the church. They had been betrayed by their leaders once, and now suspicion and distrust would search out every minute imperfection in those who were called to minister to them, and a restlessness and desire for change among the officials was constantly present.

In this manner first one person and then another was chosen to fill the various branch offices, and the church progressed or went backward in spiritual affairs according to the guidance of the officers they had chosen. They did not seem to feel that they could seek unto the Lord and receive wisdom from him concerning these matters, and this lack of faith has ever been a cause of mourning to the brother of whom we are writing. However he labored diligently, first in one position and then in another, according as he was permitted by the people; and the years passed rapidly by.

Nine years from the time of his entrance into the Reorganization, we find some changes have taken place in his home. His older children, having arrived at maturity are married, and in order to assist them he has deeded away portions of his land and property, until he has but forty acres left.

Suddenly, in February of 1873, his wife was taken very sick. On Friday night she dreamed that she died, and went to where her relatives and friends were who had passed away; and the same night Bro. Brush dreamed that a great earthquake shook the earth underneath him, and that the shock threw him from the bed on one side, and his wife in the opposite direction. Each told the other his dream and they both felt that the wife would soon pass away.

In her youth she had received her pat-

riarchal blessing in which among other things she was told, "You shall live upon the earth until your family are all able to care for themselves, and then, in accordance with your desire, you shall depart and be with your God."

Her youngest son, John Alexander, born in San Bernardino, in 1856, was now about seventeen years of age, and she felt that her time had come.

When asked to take medicine she replied that she would rather not, and a doctor who had been called was sent away. On the Monday night following her dream she passed away, joyful in the prospect of an untrammelled future. Though she had seen many trials, her life had been peaceful and contented. She enjoyed the confidence and respect of her husband, the gratitude of her children, and the mercy and guidance of the Lord her God.

It had been her husband's practice to counsel with her in all his family affairs, and her loss was now felt by him to an almost overwhelming degree. But he resolved to be cheerful for his children's sake, and to live out the years still allotted to him, doing what good he could and leaving all to the wisdom and guidance of the Lord.

Sometime before his wife's death he had been elected president of the district; but at the end of the year he wished to give up the office. The Saints desired, however, that he should keep the position and accordingly elected him for another year. Being now warned in a dream that if he would work for the Master as his heart desired he must seek out another location, he accordingly started out to see what he could do.

Not having any particular destination, a combination of circumstances led him to Santa Ana and the Newport settlement. Obtaining the school-house at Newport, he held two services there, then preached in Santa Ana once, and returned to Newport again. Staying at a place where there was but little house room, he took some blankets and went out to the haystack to sleep. His utter loneliness was felt to a good degree, and he was discouraged in spirit.

He then prayed the Father to know if there was any work that he could do in this part of His vineyard, and as he lay meditating, two little children's faces were presented before him in open vision,

forming the most beautiful sight he has ever seen. They were visible to the shoulders and were almost transparent, the inner organs of the head being distinguishable in shadowy outlines. The innocency and trustfulness of their expression was beautiful to look upon, and after dwelling upon the sight for some time he shut his eyes to let the vision disappear. But on opening his eyes the faces were still there, and after he looked at them again for some time they slowly receded and gradually vanished from sight.

From this vision he inferred that he should protect and guide the infancy of two branches in this part of the district of which he was then president, and he concluded at once to take up his abode in the Newport settlement.

As soon as he could, therefore, he sold his property in San Bernardino, and his sons sold theirs also, and all located near the Newport store. Bro. Brush, however, took up his abode with one of his married sons, and divided his remaining property among his children.

Friends and neighbors from San Bernardino followed them soon, and in 1875 they were visited by Elder D. S. Mills, then president of the mission, and were organized into the Newport branch. Bro. Brush was chosen president of the branch, and labored in that office four years.

During this time the membership was increased from sixteen to one hundred and thirty, and unity prevailed among them. The very beginnings of troubles were settled by visiting officers, so that not a church trial was found to be necessary in all that time. The gifts were abundantly manifested, and the Saints were faithful in prayer and in testimony. A prayer meeting was held at the church once during each week, and because of the scattered condition of the Saints at private houses also.

At the end of this time a restlessness began to be manifested among the Saints, and Bro. Brush was shown the condition of the branch in a dream, and told to lay his office down. He accordingly did so, and for four years the branch was under the presidency of Elders J. F. Burton and P. M. Betts and Priest A. E. Jones. It was then desired that Bro. Brush take the presidency again, which he did; but before a year had passed he was again

warned in a dream to lay the office down.

Not long after this he dreamed one night that his wife passed through his room and said, "John, as soon as you conveniently can I wish you would move away from the Newport settlement." Placing full confidence in this admonition, as soon as they could his sons sold their property for good value, and again located according to their father's direction.

About ten miles from Newport was a sparsely settled country, and upon inquiry it was shown Bro. Brush that here he could keep his children near him, and that they would be prospered in the change. The country, taking its name from the soil, is called the "Peatlands," and truly have its inhabitants prospered. Their property has been increased threefold, and through the efforts of Bro. Brush eighteen have been added to the church by baptism, and the place is ripe for a branch organization. Newport settlement, on the contrary, is being fast depopulated on account of the ravages of the everchanging Santa Ana river, and many of the Saints have had their homes entirely swept away.

Being now seventy-six years of age, Bro. Brush is unable to do heavy physical labor, and most of his time is spent in visiting from house to house among his children, friends and neighbors, counseling, instructing, cheering and exhorting; and from the fruits of these labors we can but know he is still doing good for the Master's cause. Ordained in the beginning a "standing minister," he has labored in his calling; and may he be permitted so to labor until he has finished his work.

Never have we seen a man so universally loved by children, grandchildren, neighbors and friends, as Bro. Brush. Being simple in his manner, without flattering words, hauteur or affectation, through honest, earnest love for all mankind he reaches the hearts of all, and is a living assurance unto them that the God he serves is love.

While listening to the many testimonies not written as well as written, we have often felt our inability to do our subject justice; but feel that even the fragment given will be of benefit to some. The history has been written from notes taken as the incidents were narrated from

memory, and we cannot suppose it will be entirely free from error, though as yet we know of none.

Not long since our aged brother was shown the limit of his sojourn on the earth, and in conclusion wishes to add his dying testimony and exhortation:

“From the time I embraced this work I have never doubted its truth, nor the fact that God is an allwise, loving and merciful Father, who is willing to guide his children into paths of joy and peace, inasmuch as they will obey his commandments and seek earnestly unto him for knowledge and wisdom; and while my heart and labors are wholly with the church in its reorganization, I have often mourned be-

cause of the lack of faith among its members, and the consequent loss of those blessings enjoyed in the early rise of the church. Yet to-day my heart feels encouraged, for I feel assured that a remnant *will* put on the beautiful garments of righteousness, and, seeking unto the Lord their God for wisdom, knowledge and love, will be gathered to a place of refuge and be ready to meet their King.

“Oh, Saints, arise! Seek unto the Lord for the oil you need in your vessels, and may it be our lot to meet upon Mount Zion with all the redeemed in the kingdom of God. Amen.”

THE END.

SAFE, SURE, AND STEADFAST.

BY W. STREET.

WHAT is the key to the storehouse and the secret of all triumphs? What is the first principle of the gospel, and the first round of the gospel ladder on the frontispiece of *Zion's Hope*? I have no more right to doubt the gospel and the experience and testimonies of brethren and sisters in the latter day work than I have to doubt those of former days. Perhaps you would be astonished to hear some one say, “There is one thing the Lord cannot do.” But since the Apostle Mark said it, I cannot refrain from saying it too, “And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk and healed them. And he marveled because of their unbelief. And he went round about their villages teaching.”—Mark 6: 5, 6. Therefore there are places and occasions in which the Lord cannot do any mighty work because of the doubt and unbelief of the people. And yet, thousands upon thousands are doubting, following their daily avocations and attending to business, interspersed with pleasure, and wiping their mouths as though they had done no evil in the sight of God.

Christ can never do any great work in us, and for us, until we trust him to do it. There are just two things to which I desire to draw your attention, dear reader, viz.: The light of experience and the

light of Scripture, turning to the revelation given at Kirtland, Ohio, April 11th, 1887: “Be clean, be frugal, cease to complain of pain and sickness and distress of body; take sleep in the hours set apart by God for the rebuilding and strengthening of the body and mind; for even now there are some, even among the elders, who are suffering in mind and body, who have disregarded the advice of the Spirit to retire early and to rise early that vigor of mind and body should be retained. Bear the burdens of body of which the Spirit of healing from the Lord in faith or the use of that which wisdom directs does not relieve or remove, and in cheerfulness do whatever may be permitted you to perform, that the blessing of peace may be upon all. Amen.”

Take a glance over the newspapers at the present time, and we find that thousands upon thousands are suffering in body and mind. Two or three instances will suffice: A young lady in Philadelphia committed suicide because she thought she would sin some time in the future against the Holy Ghost. Another in Pittsburg belonging to a well-to-do family committed suicide because she had been told that she would die on the 8th of August; and another because her mother would not consent to her marriage, refusing three good offers, for her moth-

er's sake; and because she objected to the fourth, lover, sweetheart and mother were all slain. Thus we find thousands nursing and petting their unbelief and doubts, until they absolutely lose all the power of body and mind.

The very moment people will do this, Christ loses the power to do any mighty works, for them, or through them. Unbelief is a sin and a shame everywhere, and all the time. And yet there are good men who call doubting an infirmity and thousands are cultivating it to their sorrow. The Apostle of the Gentiles says: "For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end."

My parents were both respectable members in the Methodist New Connexion Church, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, England. I had, of course, a birthright as far as baptism is concerned in that church. I was carefully and tenderly brought up and taught to fear the Lord and keep his commandments. The Scriptures were read in our family, and I soon learned to read and enjoy them for myself. The parental discipline and in-

struction which I received was strict, kind and loving. I was, also, shielded from the gross temptations and sins to which many young people are exposed. I was a regular attendant at Sunday-school and church, and I enjoyed good preaching and teaching mentally and physically.

I was always taught above all earthly things to retire early. This I have followed up to the present time (with few exceptions) and have not been sick forty days in all the forty years of my life. I know by observing the evil results of keeping late hours, and robbing nature of its rest, and could give hundreds of cases where it has resulted fatally. My advice to the children of Zion is, Retire early, rise early, and live right and do right, and as sure as you live, the Lord will bless you in this generation. I feel the power of the Spirit as I write, and if you want to live long and enjoy God's blessings, you must give heed to what has been revealed to God's servants and ministers in this dispensation; for it will be an anchor to your soul, both safe, sure, and steadfast.

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see,
In the Chamber over the Gate,
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That cry of human wo
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,
There is neither there nor here
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human wo,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice sounds like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,

Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees a fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs;
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be
Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!

—Longfellow.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONT.

SPRINGFIELD, Neb., March, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Autumn Leaves:—At the request of a subscriber of the *Autumn Leaves* I write something for your paper.

I live near Springfield, Nebraska, and am a farmer's wife. For some years I have been a member of the Congregational Church. I have never known much of the Latter Day Saints until a few years ago I heard good Bro. Hodge of Springfield, this state, talk some on his religion. I enjoyed his talk much, and found many things in his belief that perfectly accord with my own. I was especially interested in hearing him tell of some of the different cases of anointing and healing he had witnessed. I certainly do believe in these things. And if my child should be so sick that nothing but the power of God could raise her up, I would be willing to call in an elder and have her anointed that she might be restored to health. I know enough about the Latter Day Saints to be convinced that they are good people, and as I have opportunity I am endeavoring to learn more about them. Mrs. Hodge very kindly brought me some of the *Autumn Leaves* to read and this has afforded me opportunity to give some information concerning them.

I love all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and am interested in any who sincerely try to serve him. It is my most earnest desire and constant prayer that I may daily walk with God in meekness and humility, and that I may become fashioned into the likeness of his glorious image.

I have been a teacher in Sunday-school for years, and have been instrumental in God's hands in leading some souls to Christ; yet I feel that I have done but little indeed for him who has done so much for me. Will some of the readers of the *Autumn Leaves*—brothers and sisters in Christ—remember me in their prayers and ask that I may be made a better instrument in God's hands for accomplishing his work in the great harvest field? Our heavenly Father knows that it is my one great desire to be able to win souls to Christ. And he knows, too, that I am ready and willing to do anything in my power to help any of Christ's disciples in any way possible. If it is desired by the readers of the *Autumn Leaves*, or by any reader who will write to me privately, I will be glad to tell them of my Christian experience and daily

walk with God by faith, and how I learn to know God's will concerning myself, my family and friends.

Ever praying for the ultimate triumph of the work of Jesus Christ, I am your sister in the hope of eternal life.

EMILY C. BISHOP.

Dear Sister Bishop:—We are very glad that you manifest such a lively interest in our magazine, and should most certainly welcome you to our columns in giving your "Christian experience." The Department is open to one and all who desire to do good and help in the spread of truth; and in their exchanging ideas we may all receive more light.—Ed.

KEWANEE, Ill., April, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Department:—In April, 1887, instruction was given to the young Saints, as follows:

"Let the young men and the maidens cultivate the gifts of music and song." And I think it would be proper and beneficial to introduce this subject in our department.

Music is one of the grandest and best gifts that God has given, so we may expect that by improper usage this grand gift, like many others, may become unprofitable; and by cultivating these gifts, care must be taken that we gain the most good by its study.

All over our land to-day, music is used for very many purposes. Because of its enchanting nature, it is used in many places of deception and fraud. The opera, museum, ball-room and saloons, are often filled with music to entice and draw away from that which is good. Hence wicked men know the grandeur of these gifts, and assuredly use them for that for which they were not intended.

It becomes very easy for us to let music culture become our master, and we are led to associate with people, keep late hours, and are found in places which is not in harmony with the will of our Father, thereby making these the best of gifts unprofitable.

But if we study to master these gifts, we may enjoy that spirit of music, which one who has rendered or listened to vocal or instrumental selections, has felt and enjoyed. When praise and thanksgiving are our object and desire, we not only have the enjoyment, but also have

these gifts as a means to draw us nearer to God and his commands.

And now let us, through God's grace, accept the instructions he has given us, and cultivate these gifts to his honor and glory; and continuing, we will with angels and the Giver of these gifts in our midst, have everlasting joy and many pleasures that are for followers of the Meek One to enjoy.

Will, some one write upon this subject and circulate through this Department many bright and grand thoughts, for I am assured there are many in it?

S ALMA WHITEHOUSE.

HENDERSON, Iowa, April, 1891.

Department of Correspondence:—I have been reading in the *Autumn Leaves* and the thought came to my mind, "Why shouldn't I write too." I think we should read all our church papers and study the Bible too. I don't know as I ever fail in reading the *Autumn Leaves* and *Hope*. I think they should be carefully read and studied as they are interesting and beneficial and many happy thoughts are implanted on the mind by reading their golden pages.

We organized a "Young People's Prayer Meeting" here last Sunday, and I am in hopes that it will be a grand success.

May we all be able to express ourselves on the various subjects presented through the highly appreciated Department; if we don't write as well as the better experienced ones, we all have to make a start.

May we grow in grace and work for the same great cause.

SR. ETHEL.

DOW CITY, Iowa, March, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Autumn Leaves:—It is not because I do not love this magazine, or that I do not love the work which it holds forth to the world, that I remain silent; it is because I love to read the letters, and think others can do more than I. But I feel it my duty to bear my testimony to the truth of the work.

I know God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, for in answer to the prayer of faith I was raised from a bed of sickness, and this winter while my little niece was staying with me we had her administered to and she got much better; and many other cases of healing I could speak of but you all know for yourselves that it is true.

I am a member of the Galland's Grove branch. We have a large branch of near two hundred members, and the gifts and blessings are enjoyed from time to time.

God will be with his people for he said, "If ye are faithful in keeping my commandments I will be with you and strengthen you." Then how diligent we should be in all our doings! Let us not be idle, but let us arise and let our lights so shine that others seeing our good works may profit thereby.

But, oh what a glorious thought, that at the last day when we are called up before the judgment bar and hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joys of thy God!"

But will we receive that welcome plaudit? To be sure we will, if we are faithful in keeping his commandments.

Ever praying for the welfare of the cause and all good work.

I remain your sister in Christ,

MRS. JERUSHA HAWLEY.

HOWARDSVILLE, Mich., April, 1891.

Dear Readers:—I have been thinking for some time I would enjoy writing to you, but kept putting it off thinking I was not qualified to say that which would prove beneficial.

I think the *Autumn Leaves* are very nice and see that the Correspondence Department has added much to its value. I find it an excellent place for the young Saints to exchange their ideas on those subjects which tend to elevate the mind and create a desire to investigate. I see much is said regarding the selection of reading material. Books certainly are one of the greatest helps and in my opinion a good library in the home is almost as beneficial as the sunshine. We know that sunshine brightens the home. It invigorates the mind and builds up the body. A good library will exercise and develop the brain. It brightens the home by being a pleasant pastime. Much useful information is derived from it, and we find it helping us in many of our duties.

I think we cannot exercise too much care in selecting our reading. I have read fictitious books that were religious, and good morals could be taken from them. But we must not let this be our food. We are all aware that this is a very remarkable age, that the world is advancing in knowledge and becoming more enlightened in arts, inventions, etc., and should we find ourselves uninformed? Should we find ourselves unable to converse upon those things which require study? I think we ought to become familiar with books written on exploring expeditions, those which treat of

important and celebrated travels and especially historical books. In becoming acquainted with them, we can often test the truthfulness of our church books, and are sometimes astonished to see how well they blend.

I have been a member of the church for some time. I think the path of duty is very straight. I think that experience has taught all that stepping aside causes our lights to shine with less brilliancy, and we are more liable to yield at our next temptation. I must close now, as my letter is getting so lengthy.

JESSIE CAVE.

HENDERSON, Ia., March, 1891.

Correspondence Department:—It has been some time since I wrote of my experience in regard to this latter day work. I cannot help but feel this work is of God, because I know I have felt the workings of the spirit within me at many times I realize more and more the importance of being more active, more earnest and diligent in the work. When we stop and think of the amount of iniquity and crime abroad in our land to-day, and the differences of opinion in regard to religion, is it not time we were waking up to the sense of our duty? I consider these perilous times, for we have it recorded that there shall be wars and rumors of wars. I have often wondered why people were so ignorant in regard to this latter day work; but it is not hard to see, for they are led by the wrong spirit and wrong teachers, as we find it recorded in Paul's epistle to the Hebrews, thirteenth chapter, and 9th verse, "Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines," and so on. The sixth verse of this same chapter is the sentiment of my heart since embracing this latter day work and always will be, God being my helper. I have had a great deal to encounter since embracing this work, but I realize that it is all for my good. I feel that I have been banished from those who have been my friends for years, and I rather expected it, but I knew this was the work for me. I did not embrace this glorious work for friendship, neither did I expect to gain popularity by so doing; but I did it because I felt the quickening power of the Spirit was within, saying unto me, "This is the way, walk ye in it." I for one am not ashamed of this latter day work, and am determined to do all I can in the spreading of truth, and in upholding this latter day work.

Hoping that as brothers and sisters you will aid me by your prayers,

I am yours in the work,

JOHN E. RITTER.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., April, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Autumn Leaves:—I am not in the habit of writing for the church publications, but I feel to-day as I always do, that I ought to write something for our paper, and to try and encourage the young of the church to move onward and upward.

Indeed, it is a pleasure to belong to a church that has the gifts and blessings as the Saints did in former times. O, how thankful we should all be that we are permitted to live in this gospel day!

The Saints in this part of the Lord's vineyard are feeling well in the work. The four branches in this immediate vicinity have union meetings the first Sunday in every month, and the Lord's Spirit is with them on every occasion, and that to bless and comfort them.

The debate at Maysville (which is only eighteen miles from here) ended in a complete victory for the Lord's work. The Christians or Campbelites, ignored their man, and many of the citizens of the higher class followed Bro. Scott to St. Joseph the following Sunday to hear him preach.

I think Bro. Leonard Scott is a fine young man, and the Lord is certainly with him, for during the debate he opened the way for the gospel to be preached in Maysville, a place where persecution was strong, and all other attempts had proven fruitless.

Fearing that I am taking up too much space in your valuable paper, and ever praying that the Lord will hasten his work, and asking the prayers of all the faithful, I will write no more at present.

I remain your brother in the gospel,

W. C. F.

WOODBINE, Iowa, March, 1891.

Dear Readers:—Sitting in my room to-night, with naught for company but my books and the solitude of my own thoughts, my mind is led to think of the condition of the times in which we live, of the great things that are transpiring around us, and of the duties and responsibilities which rest upon all those who claim to be children of the Most High. And as I thus contemplate, my heart is saddened, for I look back upon my life and find so many mistakes, so many slips and errors, so many golden opportunities that have been neglected, and now lie forever beyond recall.

The page that once lay before me, so pure and white, the page upon which I was to write the record of my life work, is now soiled and blotted by mistakes, and marred by imperfections.

But amid these thoughts of regret are also others of consolation. Man at best is a creature of error, easily diverted from the straight paths of right, and if we shall be blamed for our faults, perhaps we shall at least be deserving of some credit for having tried to do our duty, though we were so weak.

And then what of the future? What of the life that lies before us, and of the record we still must make?

Can we not profit by the past, and by avoiding the snares and pitfalls into which we have fallen, make our lives better, purer and more commendable in the future? Surely there are many opportunities for doing good lying around us, if we will but grasp them and make the most of the talent which has been given us. Dear readers, the Savior has said that, "Unto whom much is given, much is required," and can we who have received the light of the gospel, look upon the peace and happiness which it gives, and the blessings which it imparts, and say that it is in the power of God to bestow upon us any greater gift than that which will bring us peace and satisfaction in this life, and eternal happiness in the next? Surely we cannot, and if God has given us so much, does he not require much in return?

I think so, and especially should we who have had the pure principles of life instilled into our minds from youth, who from our earliest memory have been taught in the ways of righteousness, strive to so live that wherever we may go, we may shed abroad the light that is within us, and be the means of bringing others into the fold and family of Christ.

"Let your light so shine before men that others, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Yes, there is certainly a work before us, and I feel that although it may bring feelings of regret into our minds to reflect upon the past, we should not be discouraged, but press on with renewed energy, and a high determination to conquer in the end.

There is much to do, and we have no time to lose. There are many weary, disheartened ones, bending beneath a weight of care, who need a word of sympathy and encouragement to assist them on their weary way. We can smile upon the lonely and depressed and speak words of comfort to the weary and wayworn, and we can pray that those who have gone forth to the front in the face of mighty opposition, persecution and trial, may receive strength to overcome the powers of evil, and establish firmly the powers of truth and right.

Oh, there is much to do. We are living in a wonderful age. The world is filled with crime and iniquity, and amid the shame and misery abounding on every hand, we see a faithful few who are striving with their might to uphold the cause of right. And shall we stand calmly by and see the struggle going on and take no part? No, but rather let us do all we can to elevate the trailing banner of truth, and break down the power of evil in whatever guise we find it. If ever there was a time when the world demanded heroes, it is now and there is room and work for all.

Let us strive to show by lives of purity and rectitude, that truth, though unpopular, is the greatest of treasures, and the gospel, though humble in its nature, will exalt mankind to the highest degree of excellency, and in all our efforts to do right remember the injunction: "Whatsoever thy hands find to do, that do with all thy might."

May the noble ones who are doing so much to keep the banner of truth waving, be blessed and strengthened by the Spirit of Truth is the prayer of your brother,

"ELMER."

ENGLISH RULERS.

The following stanza is much used in England for fixing in mind names of the English monarchs:

First William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard and John;
Third Henry preceded
Edwards One, Two and Three;
And again after Richard,
Three Henrys we see,
Two Edwards, Third Richards,
Two Henrys, I guess;
And, after Sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess,
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
And Charles, whom they slew;
And again, after Cromwell,
Another Charles too.
And Jamie the Second
Ascended the throne,
Good William and Mary
Together came on;
Then Annie, Georges four,
And Fourth William all past,
Then God sent us Victoria,
May she long be the last!

—Selected.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

NO BETTER destiny can be asked for by any one than that he should meet the highest need of his day. To-morrow, indeed, may pass beyond him. But it thus passed beyond Luther and Calvin and Chalmers; it thus passed beyond Galileo and Watt and Fulton; it thus passed beyond Washington and Jefferson; but it did not do this to the neglect of those men, but by their help. Luther empowered the age to surpass him, and so Galileo and Watt empowered their descendants to excel their works. Thus those who live best for their day help lay the deep foundations of greater days to come. The noble and good are indeed left behind in time, but it is only in time they are back of us. In all the high and sacred merit of the case those who live for us in the past are with us in the present, and the diadems on modern foreheads were woven by the skillful fingers of those now in their graves. "Those who live for to-day will live for the morrow."—David Swing.

The thought expressed in the above quotation is one which came home with great force to us many times during the session of our late general conference. The building in which we were assembled, together with all our surroundings, were well calculated to call forth such reflections. "Others have labored and we have entered into their labors," and still the work moves on and God is vindicating his truth.

From the window of the Temple we could look forth upon "the silent city of the dead" and felt that some whose bodies were resting there, were numbered among that "great multitude" even then compassing us about and regarding with most interest the battle still being waged between the little army of truth upon one side and the hosts of error arrayed against it upon the other side. They lived well for their day, dug deep and laid the foundation upon the solid granite of truth and—

"From their peaceful home on high,
They see the cause march on—
The cause of right can never die,
While God and Truth are one."

How vivid the panorama which passed before our mental vision, as we listened to the reports given by the laborers from all parts of the United States and Canada, in nearly every one of which was the cry, "Send us more laborers, for the field is too great for our reaping!"

We could see before us—not the faces of our brethren and sisters really there—but the faces long since faded from view, covered from our sight by the clods of the valley. Faces of those who had been stripped and beaten, driven from place to place by their enemies, but oh, saddest of all, had died heartbroken from wounds dealt them by false friends! Pale, worn and weary they rose to our view and we counted over the days of toil and hardship by which many of them had gathered to this place in the vanished years.

Here we saw them toiling to build this Temple, but like one of old who counted the years of his toil as but a few days for the love he bore, so counted they their toil as naught, because of the love of God which burned in their hearts and nerved their arms. We saw them gathered here when God accepted the labor of their hands and his Spirit rested upon the entire congregation, like the cloud of incense at the morning sacrifice, and we heard in fancy their songs of praise and the testimonies which they bore; but sadly we remembered that from here they went forth not to victory!

And, if not to victory, was it to defeat? Nay, verily! they struck mighty blows for God and truth; blows which have told with crushing force upon the huge fabrics of error and superstition erected by the wise and learned of the earth; blows before which the systems of men have fallen and are still falling, which have broken from thousands the chains of their spiritual bondage and have bidden them walk forth as free men in the light of heaven's truth. To defeat? Never! They, perhaps, some of them, stumbled and fell, but the God-given principles they enunciated were not for one moment arrested or impeded in their course, but, true as the arrow to its aim, they marched and are marching on to victory.

Defeat? Who are these here to-day and whence came they? Are they not many, very many of them the sons and daughters of those very ones who worshiped here when these walls were first erected, and who have come from homes where the altar fires were kindled by those who have entered into rest? They are noble men, men worthy to declare the everlasting gospel and who realize the meaning

that "a dispensation of the gospel is committed unto them," but is it not well that they and we also remember that "Those who live best for their day help lay the deep foundations of greater days to come."

That these foundations were laid we know and that there are greater days, greater events in the near future we believe and as Saints we are looking forward to; but are we "living for the day," helping to bring to pass the righteousness which shall usher in those days? As we listened to some of the calmly spoken, heartfelt and heartsearching sermons delivered during the conference, we marveled that any man or woman could turn away from such in unbelief, and we prayed to the Lord of the harvest that these men might be humble and ever strive to declare the message of life and salvation in the simplicity and sincerity of truth. Never were we more deeply impressed with the fact that there is no room, no place in the gospel of the Son of God for oratorical display, than while listening to the sermons mentioned.

"It needs the overflow of soul
To give the lips true speech,"

and when the deep waters of the soul are moved there will be, there can be no thought for the manner of utterance, but the solemnities of eternity will rest upon the heart and the Spirit will measure the utterance as no human being can.

That these men may indeed "meet the highest need of their day" is asking much for them,

but not more than God is calling upon them to do, for never was there a time when the followers of Christ were called upon to "let their light shine" by so many and such urgent reasons as they are at this time.

From the conference we came home more firmly than ever convinced that to do God's will that we may be worthy to awake in his likeness is the only thing worth living for and that we should hail as God's brightest messengers to us the toil, the sacrifice, the sorrow, yes, whatever may be sent as stepping-stones to the highest we are striving to reach.

WE wish to call attention to the advertisement of Prof. Parker on another page. During the past winter the Professor had a large class in Lamoni and won from all golden opinions. He is both thorough and efficient and his scholars all speak in the highest terms of his system of teaching.

ERRATA.—In the LEAVES for April on page 146, Bro. Bond in his article is made to say, "The title of the book is *descriptive*." It should be, "*is deceptive*." Again on page 147 last column near the bottom instead of "*so does interest increase*," read "*decrease*."

In this connection we wish also to ask you if you have a copy of Bro. Bond's revised book, the advertisement of which appears in this issue? Those who fail to read and digest it will lose much.

"MY SABBATH DAY.

I have a birthright straight from heav'n,
A birthright in which all men share;
By my own Maker's hand 'twas giv'n,
'Tis sanctified by praise and prayer;
I shall not give that right away,
"No man shall have my Sabbath day!"

All through the week let anvils ring,
And hammers clang and bellows blow;
Let bright sparks fly and sledges swing,
And bar and furnace gleam and glow;
But speak up blacksmith, boldly say,
"You shall not have my Sabbath day!"

Bend, weary weaver, o'er your loom,
All week from dawning's glimm'ring sky,
And till the twilight gathers gloom,
Let treddles tramp and shuttles fly,
But speak up, brother, boldly say,
"You shall not have my Sabbath day!"

Let axes flash in forest glades
While ash and oak and elm-tree fall;
Let the slow team toil through the shades
Obedient to their driver's call;
But speak up woodman, boldly say,
"You shall not have my Sabbath day!"

From mill and factory and mine,
Still let this self-same cry arise;
Claim one day as a holy shrine
In which to commune with the skies;
Speak up and loudly, boldly say,
"No toil shall mar our Sabbath day!"

It is our birthright straight from heav'n,
'Tis sanctified by praise and prayer;
By our great Maker's hand 'twas giv'n,
And trench upon it none shall dare;
We shall not give that right away,
"No man shall have our Sabbath day!"

—Selected.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"Let us make home where Christ might dwell, even as with Martha and Mary at Bethlehem."

THE CHARM OF A GENTLE VOICE.

Did you ever think of what a charm there is in a soft, sweet voice? If one compares such a voice with the hard, rasping tones of a shrill, sharp voice they can then feel how low, gentle voices are to be envied and appreciated.

There are many charming homes in this world where wealth has with lavish hand made without and within attractive; but when one enters such a home and hears sharp, angry tones resound from morn to eve, the luxuries lose their attractions and one longs for peace and rest in a more humble abode.

It is worth a great deal to cultivate a low, sweet voice; it is a most excellent thing in a woman, indeed it is one of her greatest attractions. I knew a lady whose daughter was receiving the attentions of a young man, and the mother had never met him, but had often heard his voice as he asked at the door if Miss —— was at home. He had a peculiarly sweet, low voice, and the mother said to her daughter, "I don't know him, but I would be willing to venture anything that he has as good a heart as his voice is low and sweet, and will make a good husband."

Her daughter afterwards married him, and as the mother predicted, he made the best of husbands, and she often told him his voice won her mother's heart first and then her own.

So many mothers get into the habit of speaking to their children in a whining complaining voice, and when impatient with them elevate their voices and appear to be speaking in angry tones when really they are not angry, but have acquired the bad habit of loud tones. Some children are so accustomed to be spoken to in this way that they never obey until they hear a command given in loud tones, when a low, decided voice or steady look from the eye would do so much better.

Children are quick to catch cross tones, and where the example is set by the mother you will scarce hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. If mothers only knew how much it was worth to them to cultivate a low, gentle voice, they would surely do so. No matter how tired you are by the mischievous pranks of your little ones speak low to them; it will help you and

them to be patient and cheerful. Anger never did any good in the world, but much evil; it lightens no burden, but only makes them heavier. I knew a lady who always spoke in a mild, gentle way to a very little toddler of hers. One day she had spoken once or twice in a commanding way to the child without making any impression, and the little one went on doing something she had told her not to do, when suddenly she slightly raised her voice and spoke. Even the slight difference was noticed by the child, who was so accustomed to low tones, and it turned suddenly around, looked its mother in the face and said, "Mamma, what is the matter with you, I don't like you to speak to me in that way." The mother told me she could scarce refrain from smiling, and yet she felt the reproof and determined her child should never reprove her again for loud, and what the child thought, angry tones. It would be well if every mother thought of this. A legacy to leave your child—shall they when you have passed away recall your sharp, angry tones, or your sweet, gentle, low voice, which shall it be?

—Atlanta Constitution.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD WIFE UNHAPPY.

See your wife as seldom as possible. If she is warm-hearted and cheerful in temper, or if, after a day's or a week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face, and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coldly upon her, and answer her with monosyllables. If she forces back her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gape in her presence, till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never think you have anything to do to make her happy, but that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits; and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent. If she attempts to rally you good humoredly on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults (which, without doubt, she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of) never attempt with kindness to correct them,

but continually obtrude upon her ears: "What a good wife Mr. Smith has!" "How happy Mr. Smith is with his wife!" "Any man would be happy with such a wife!" In company, never seem to know you have a wife; treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complaisant to every other lady. If you follow these directions you may be certain of an obedient and broken-hearted wife.—*Sel.*

Dear Sister Martha:—Seeing Sr. Emma's letter in the Department about ironing shirts, I thought I would send the name of the starch I use. It is less trouble, and I think very good. I have often wished when ironing shirts that every sister could know about the starch. It is Webb's Perfect Starch, prepared by Phul & Webb, Chicago, Illinois. I have never used any starch that gave the satisfaction that this does, with such little trouble. There are full directions with every box.

The following receipt is very good and not expensive:

Surprise Cake—Take the whites of two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of white sugar, three-fourths cupful of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of sifted flour and two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with lemon. Bake two layers of this batter and to the rest of it add the yolks of the eggs, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one each of alspice and cinnamon and one cupful of chopped raisins or currants. A little more flour may be added if desired. Make two layers of this, baking in jelly tins. Spread the layers with jelly or any filling desired, alternating the layers of dark and light cake. *SISTER M.*

Asparagus.—Cut the stalks of equal length, rejecting the woody parts. Tie into bunches with tape, and put into boiling, salted water. Boil from 20 to 35 minutes, according to age. Before it is done toast a few slices of bread, dip into the liquor in which the asparagus is boiling, butter and lay on a hot dish. Drain the asparagus, untie the bunches and place upon the toast with a few bits of butter. A favorite accompaniment to boiled asparagus is a white sauce as follows: Two ounces of butter, one ounce of flour, a small tea-cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of cream and a teaspoonful of salt. In a sauce pan mix the flour and butter, add by degrees a half pint of boiling water. Stir until the mixture boils, add the milk, boil two minutes longer, season with salt, take from the fire, stir in the cream and pour over the asparagus.

When eggs are plentiful prepare in this wise: Cut as many tender stalks as you will need into half-inch bits, boil in salted water 20 minutes, drain, pour over a cup of rich drawn-butter and turn into a buttered pudding-dish. Break a half-dozen eggs, or as many as required, carefully over the surface, strew over bits of butter, season with salt and pepper and put into a quick oven until the eggs are set. Serve at once.

Or make an omelette as follows: The green part only of a good-sized bunch of cold, boiled, asparagus, a half-dozen eggs beaten very light two tablespoonfuls of milk and a little salt.

Chop the asparagus very fine, stir in the beaten egg and milk. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, heat and pour in the mixture; shake and loosen with a broad knife as it forms. Fold over in the middle and turn upside down upon a hot platter.

A tempting way of serving plain boiled asparagus is as a salad. Boil, untie carefully, place upon a flat dish and make very cold by standing in the ice-box. Serve with a dressing of vinegar, pepper, salt and salad oil.

Stewed.—Cut into bits, rejecting the hard part, and cook slowly in milk until tender. Season liberally with butter, pepper and salt.—*American Agriculturist.*

Waffles—Four eggs, whites beaten separately, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, salt and flour enough to make a thin batter. Add whites of eggs last. Bake in waffle irons.

Baked Omelet.—Boil one pint of milk; season with butter and salt; thicken with one tablespoonful of flour, and pour the whole over the yolks of eight eggs, thoroughly beaten. Stir very fast until well mixed; add the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Pour all into a hot buttered dish. Bake twenty minutes and serve immediately.

Prune and Tapioca Pudding—Soak one half cupful of tapioca over night. In the morning, cook until transparent in just enough water to prevent burning. Stew two cupfuls of well washed prunes in one quart of water. Add the juice of one lemon and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil until the syrup becomes thick and rich. Turn the prunes into a pudding dish and cover with the cooked tapioca seasoned with grated lemon rind. Bake and serve without dressing, or with cream and sugar.

Chicken and Egg—Beat well six eggs; cook in butter and when the egg begins to harden, add a cup of cold boiled chicken cut in pieces; stir until well heated and serve.

Try My Pudding—Take one cupful of molasses, or syrup, one cupful of brown sugar, two cupfuls of seedless raisins, one piece of candied peel, chipped up fine, either lemon or orange, one large raw potato grated, one teaspoonful of baking soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half teaspoonful of cloves and half teaspoonful of salt. Stir them together and add flour enough to make a stiff batter. Steam for three hours. If preferred, omit the raw potato and use a cup of chopped suet instead, and more or less fruit and spice to suit the taste.

Cold Sauce—Butter the size of a pullet's egg, beaten to a cream. Add one cupful of sugar, stir together well, then add one well beaten egg; beat all together till it is light and foamy; flavor with lemon.

To prevent juice from oozing out of pies while baking, take strips of clean white cloth about an inch wide, dip in cold water and draw them closely around the edge of the pie—plate and all—like a binding. When baked, the cloth will peel off without marring the edge of the pie, and a clean oven. Save up your fine white pieces that have become too thin and tender for wear, for that purpose. *SISTER EMMA.*

THE LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

Clad in their night-gowns, clean and white,
The children come to say good-night;
Father, good-night, says Marjory,
Climbing for kisses on my knee.

Then Ernest, Kittie, Harry next—
And baby—till I feel perplexed,
Wishing the last good-night was said,
And each and all were packed to bed.

These small folks take me unawares;
I hear them call, when safe upstairs,
As I sit down to read or write,
"Father, we want to say good-night!"

The book or pen is laid aside;
I find them lying open-eyed—
Five rosy rebels, girls and boys,
Who greet me with tumultuous noise.

Can I be stern with such as these?
Can charming ways and looks displease?

They hold and scarce will let me go,
And all because they love me so.

Then in a vision, suddenly
The future seems unveiled to me!
It is my turn, though all in vain,
To long to say good-night again.

I see the years stretch on and on,
The children all grown up and gone;
No chamber echoes to their tread,
The last good-night has long been said.

And by his fireside, desolate,
An old man sits, resigned to wait,
Recalling joys that used to be,
And faces that he may not see.

Therefore, what bliss is mine that now
I still can smooth each fair young brow!
And feel the arms that clasp me tight,
The lips that kiss the last good-night.

—The Quiver.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

EASY GAMES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Children from five to ten years of age prefer games that require a deal of vigorous exercise. Ring games are always attractive, as also, are those where the players form in single or double lines. The more simple the game the better. Even the most familiar and commonplace sort of an exercise gains new interest by being played with musical accompaniment.

Hunting the Deer, requires the players to stand in double lines facing each other. The child standing at the head of the line on the right is the deer, her partner is the hunter. The deer may run any where between the lines. The piano gives the signal for the start, playing some lively hornpipe or reel. The hunter follows the exact path that the deer takes. If he varies in this, he is condemned either to pay a forfeit or to change places with the hunter now standing at the foot of the line. When the deer is finally caught she and the hunter take places at the foot of the lines, and those standing at the head go through with the same and, in turn take place at the foot.

The deer who is sufficiently agile to escape several hunters at one chase may be rewarded by each hunter with a knot of ribbon tied upon the sleeve. This is a merry game, where old and young may join in the frolic.

"*We've caught you Mousie dear*" is a ring game very much like the *Needle's Eye*. It is very pretty and simple for quite young children. Two of the players stand upon hassocks, join hands and lift them to form an arch, which the other players who are marching single file in a circle, pass under. The pianist playing a

march, at intervals strikes a cord and stops playing. At this signal the hands that form the arch drop and close about the neck of the player who happens to be passing under. The children exclaim "We've caught you mousie dear." Mousie now steps upon the hassock and the child whose place she takes joins the march.

AROUND THE HIPPERTY RING.

An even number of players must be chosen. These form a circle around the room. A pianist plays something lively in 4-4 time with a marked accent. The players stand in line, face towards face. Keeping time with the music they go with hipperty hop step, to right of the first, to left of the second, to right of the third, and so on around the circle. If a piano is not at hand the children may sing as they go:—

Hipperty hop, hipperty hop,
As merrily now we sing.
We'll hop to the right then hop to the left
All around the Hipperty ring.

Another pretty musical exercise runs as follows, and is called *Go-to-bed Hop*:—Let the children form a ring, while the pianist plays eight or sixteen bars of music, as the case may require, the children all shake the right hand in time with the music, then left hand shakes the same length of time, third, shake both hands, fourth, hop upon right foot, fifth, hop upon left foot, sixth, hop upon both feet turning around towards right, seventh, hop round and round to left, eighth, turning to right, hop around the circle to place, ninth, turning to left, hop around the circle to place, tenth, *hop away to bed*.

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Startling Facts.

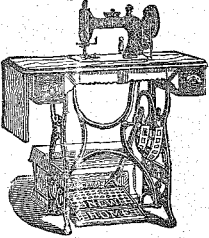
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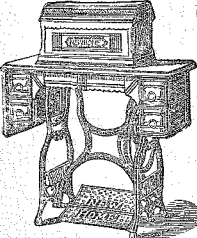
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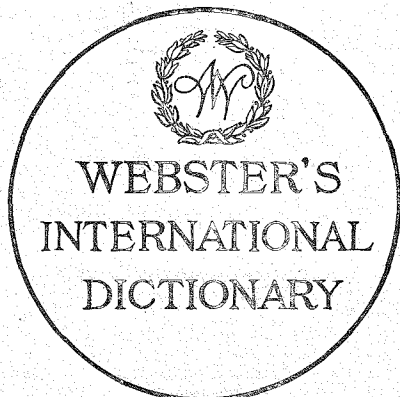
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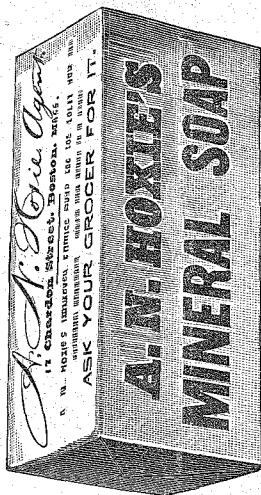
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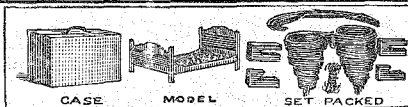
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Autumn

Leaves.

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The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

JULY, 1891.

Vol. 4.

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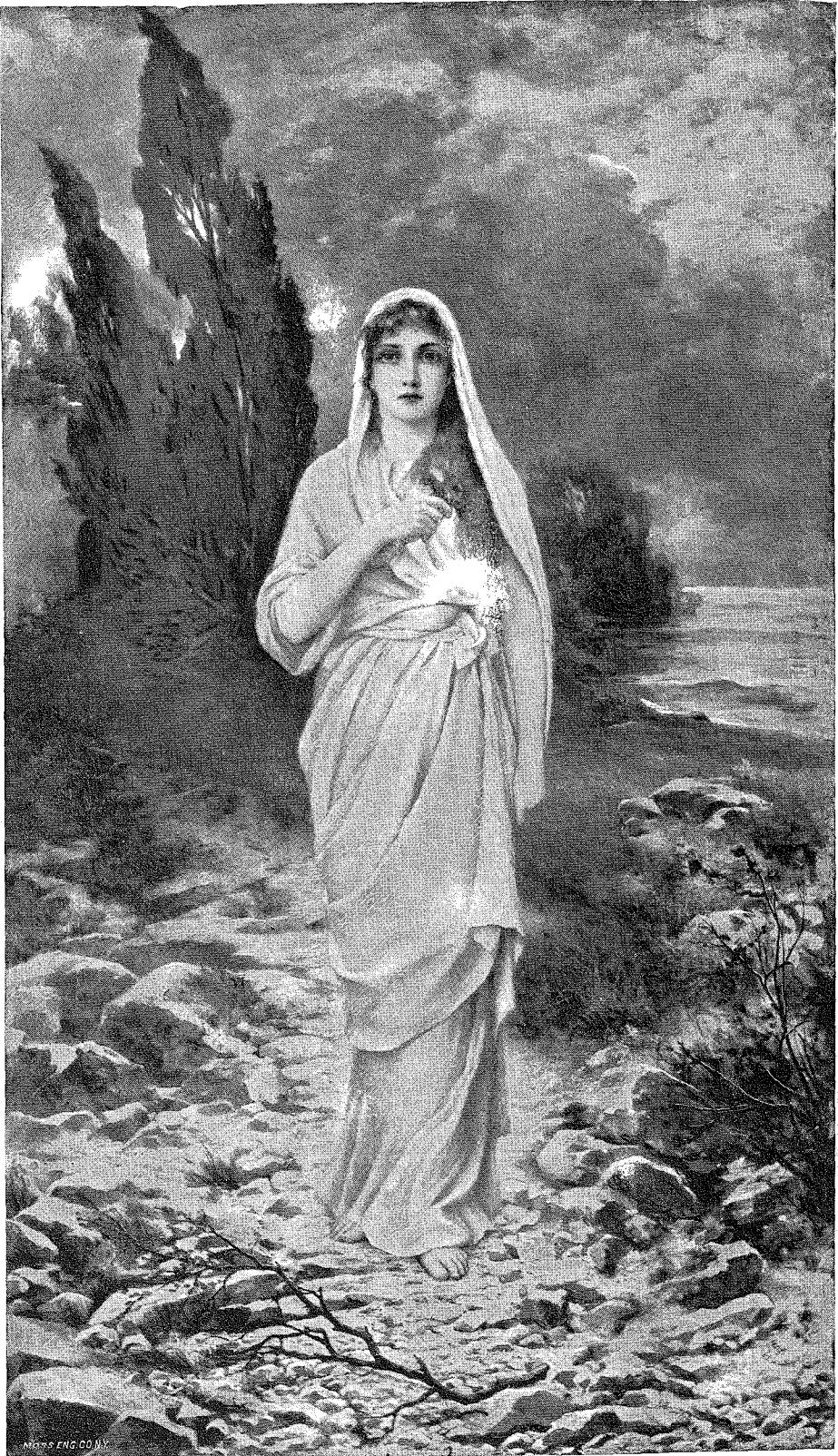
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IN THE SUMMER-TIME www.LatterDayTruth.org

(See page 306)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, JULY, 1891.

No. 7.

INCIDENTS.

BY FRANCES.

"In those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!"
—Whittier.

THE morning was bleak and cheerless. Dull, heavy gray clouds hung low overhead, and just a little way beyond the immediate vision the sky met the earth in a cold embrace. Sleet and snow covered the ground and clinging to the few autumn leaves yet remaining, bent the boughs in graceful curves towards the beds of flowers, now frozen stiff and pale, which during the long warm months of summer had bloomed near by their shade.

The scene carried us back many a day and year, and there arose before us a mental picture strong and vivid. We were once more in the valleys of the mountains and there was stretching out before us a scene in many ways like this. The sky was leadened and the clouds hung low in the valley, while above on the mountain tops the storm raged fiercely. But fierce as was the storm without, there was a fiercer one within the bosom of one individual dwelling there.

But let us go back a little and explain: Some years before the date of which we are writing, a young man in the bloom of life had bidden farewell to home and friends, and turning his back upon all the charms of social and intellectual life which his native town afforded had gone by the way of Panama to the gold fields of California. Like many others, he parted cheerfully with the treasures of

home, friendship and love, for the false but alluring treasure of gold. Through various degrees of success and failure he followed the changing fortunes of a miner in the distant and many times lonely camps of the gold hunters.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,"

wrote the poet; and it may be never in a stranger one of presenting the truth to one of his children for their acceptance or rejection than in the case of this young man. Though he had been brought up by Christian people, he had never united with any church, nor had felt the need of giving his heart into God's keeping; and while strictly moral in all his acts, and possessed of the highest sense of honor, it arose from inherent principle rather than from a sense of love to God.

A company of ten miners had united to board together, and a man was employed to cook for "the mess." No one knew the man, neither anything of his antecedents, but as he was a good cook and faithful to his trust, he gave good satisfaction to the men. Time passed on until upon one occasion the man became intoxicated, and under the influence of liquor talked of things which had never passed his lips in his sober moments. There, for the first time, this young man (whom we will call Evert) heard the gospel presented as the angel restored it to earth. It seemed to make no impression upon any one, however, except Evert, being regarded as only the talk of one whom the men now recognized as a "Mormon;" and this of itself was sufficient to lead them to disregard it, to say nothing of the fact that the man was drunk.

But even devils can speak the truth

and bear witness to it. They knew Christ when the doctors of the law denied and crucified him; and to Evert the man's talk possessed a strange fascination, and he lost no opportunity of listening to and at times questioning him. He would, however, never refer to these things when sober, and seemed to feel disgraced more by the fact of having talked about them, than by having been intoxicated; so false is the estimate men put upon their own actions.

Evert had heard enough, however, to make him long for more, and when returning overland to his home in the east, he purposely went out of his way to visit Salt Lake City.

As my readers know, he there found a measure of truth, but so warped and corrupted by wicked men that to accept it was to accept damnable heresies with it, and this Evert was not prepared to do. He went upon his journey to the east, but bore with him a disquieted heart; and finding no peace, upon his return through Utah he again stopped at Salt Lake, and after spending some weeks in a close study of the faith and doctrine of the church, he resolved to submit to the ordinance of baptism before leaving, but never to affiliate with the people. He reasoned that he could be saved by himself and without any one knowing his faith, if he was obedient and true to the principles of the gospel.

Taking with him the Book of Mormon with a few other volumes of church literature, he left immediately for his destination in California. Spending some time there and the mines not yielding in a satisfactory manner, he went to Nevada, and finally settled in one of the valleys among the mountain ranges. Here began a terrible mental struggle, almost resulting in insanity. If it really was the gospel of Christ which he had embraced, he learned that he had made a mistake in supposing that he could be saved in silence and alone. "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." And if it was not the gospel, he felt that the mistake which he had made must be kept from the knowledge of every one. Upon one side was the truth which he could not deny and

which he was willing to publish to the world, and upon the other those corruptions of the truth, which while he could not believe, he yet did not know were corruptions and could not prove them as such.

Days of study and nights of sleepless anxiety and prayer wore the time away, until it seemed to Evert that the burden of life was more than he could bear; and his constant prayer to God was that he would send him light to guide his feet out of the labyrinths of doubt—almost of despair.

"Do not think of starting down the valley this morning, Bro. B—," said one man in earnest conversation with another. "See how leaden the skies are and how all things portend a storm. Better bide here by our comfortable fire-side and wait for fairer weather."

"No, Harry," the man answered, "I must go to-day, for this is Wednesday and I have only two days left before I must start for Carson to fill appointments already out."

"Why go at all then?" The valley is thinly settled and I doubt if you meet with any who will want to hear what you have to say. The branch here would be glad to have you speak for us both nights, and we will make you comfortable as long as you wish to stay."

"Thank you for your kindness, Harry, but I cannot accept it, for I feel it to be my duty to travel as far down the valley to-day as possible;" and so saying Mr. B— buttoned up his seedy overcoat—a poor protection against the biting wind, sweeping down the mountain side—put the toe of his well worn boot into the stirrup, vaulted to the back of his patient steed who seemed in little better trim than his master for resisting the hardships of the journey, and waving an adieu to his companion he rode away.

The road laying along the base of mountain peaks was a gradual descent until the valley was reached, when turning direct to the south it wound its way along the foothills for a short distance, when diverging farther from the mountains, it passed straight down the valley. The wind moaned and sobbed and the clouds seemingly grew darker as he traveled on, but his heart was buoyant with a

sense of duty being discharged, duty prompted by love.

And who was this Bro. B—— journeying among the mountains and valleys of this wilderness, and what was his object? Only a missionary of the Reorganized Church, and his journey was in behalf of any wandering sheep who might have gone astray in the dark and cloudy day who might be longing for the true fold. Only a man poorly and scantily clad, traveling without purse or scrip and faring just as the poor for whom he labored fared. Many times way-worn and weary, sick at heart and feeble in body, expecting nothing and receiving nothing from the world. Thankful for the opportunity of being heard by the people and rejoicing with great joy over all who repented and turned from paths of darkness to walk in the light. This man was faithful to the trust committed to his care and was never known to shrink or turn back when duty called him.

But to resume. Calling at the few houses on the way, he distributed tracts and talked with the people, until as night was drawing in he drew rein in front of an adobe house some thirty miles from the place of his starting. Numb with the cold and weary with his long journey, he was glad to dismount, and hitching his horse to a post, walked up to an enclosure where, under a thatched roof, a man was busy at his forge and bellows.

The stranger seemed to pay little heed to the traveler, until he announced his business, when, pausing in his work, his countenance suddenly lit up with the most intense interest; he drank in every word with the most eager attention.

"I am," said Bro. B——, "traveling through these mountains and valleys in search of any lost sheep who may have wandered from the Master's fold in the dark and cloudy day."

"I presume you are a minister," said Evart, for it was he whom the stranger addressed, "but I am at a loss to know what you mean by the dark and cloudy day."

"I am an elder of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints, or Mormons, as we are generally called, and am looking for those who were scattered when the church went into apostasy."

"What do you mean by going into apostasy?"

"I mean that when Brigham Young usurped the reins of authority after the death of the Prophet, he led the people astray, teaching false doctrine and introducing many corrupt practices."

It is not our purpose to follow this conversation further. After Evart learned that Bro. B—— was acquainted with the church and its doctrines, he took him into his house, cared for his physical wants and until late at night the two were engaged in most earnest conversation.

As the result of this Evart learned, as our readers already know, that the corrupt doctrines which he never had accepted and never could accept were no part of the restored gospel, and to him this knowledge was like life from the dead. All the doubts, all the anguish was swept from his mind, and he felt that he would never shrink from declaring his faith to all the world.

We have given this only as one out of thousands of similar instances where not only Bro. B—— but many another faithful elder has traversed the mountains, bleak and cold, the valleys parched and dry, for those who were lost, and spared not themselves that wanderers be reclaimed and walk in the old paths. And these are men whom the world regards not at all. They are jostled in the ways of traffic; receive small consideration at the hands of professors of religion; but still with steady and persistent aim they press on, never slacking their endeavors, content if a bare subsistence is afforded their families in order that they may travel and preach the word.

Years passed away after the incident above described, and still, day after day, Bro. B—— pursued his course of travel, at times in the west among the mountains, and then farther east; but ever with the same patient, diligent, painstaking labor. Evart had fallen asleep in Jesus, having cherished feelings of gratitude to the last, for him whom he considered his earthly savior; but still the faithful missionary toiled on, even when the sands of life were almost at an end.

There came a day, however, when his weary, toil-worn feet ceased their travels and his faithful spirit was called to its final rest. Rising from a sick bed at what he deemed the call of duty, he bade a weeping, lingering farewell to his faithful wife and started for his field of labor.

Long she had striven in vain to prevent his going, and standing by the gate as he was borne away, she felt that it was their final separation, and turned to their lonely home oppressed with a sense of loss and sadness never known before. He reached his destination and with the hand of death even then upon him, attended to the business which had called him there, but in life he never returned to his earthly home.

Over the wires flashed the news of his death and sympathizing friends bore it to his wife. Who may picture that scene! Over the sweet, mild face settled such a wan, weary shadow and the tearless eyes looked with such pleading entreaty into the eyes of her friends, that they turned away, unable to bear the sight. Slowly her hands closed over her heart; for a sharp pain like an iron band was tightening around it, and all night long she moaned as one in deepest suffering, but tears came not to her relief.

There came with the morning light many friends, and through that and the succeeding day they strove to comfort her, but she was as one lost in a maze of grief, without strength to find her way out. Not rebelling at the dispensation of Providence, only so way-worn and weary that her heart craved rest—rest from toil, sorrow and pain—rest with the loved one who would never shelter her again in his arms. Many and many a year, she had cheerfully, willingly resigned his companionship that he might labor for the Master. Would not God comfort her now. Oh! would he not speak peace to her troubled soul; would he not say to the waves that were overwhelming her, "Thus far but no farther"?

Word had been sent for the remains to be forwarded home for burial, and at any hour they might be expected. Night again closed in, but still they had not come, and slowly the weary hours dragged on. But now lights are seen coming up the lane, and outlined by dark shadows is the burden borne by strong and loving arms. Her eyes are fixed upon it as though she would pierce the night, the coffin lid, and gaze once more upon the beloved face. Alas! alas! poor stricken suffering one, has God indeed forsaken you in the hour of your deepest need; is it in vain that you have served him, lo, these many years? None but God can

comfort you; will he not draw near to you now?

Nearer they come and now they rest their burden upon the threshold. Three days had now elapsed and it was deemed best to leave the body just outside the window, where the air was colder and friends would keep their watch from the inside.

How slowly, slowly the hours wore away and the heavy pain yet wrung and tugged at her aching heart. "I will dress myself," she said, "and will send those who are watching to their rest; for I would be alone with my dead." Rising from her sleepless couch she heard the clock strike one. "Only one," she moaned, "Oh, I thought it must be morning! Will the morning never come?" Softly she opened the door of her upper chamber and looked over the porch to see that the coffin was undisturbed; when suddenly she became aware that she was not alone, for an angel stood by her side whose unseen presence her spirit recognized, and a voice said to her, "*He is being watched better than you can watch him.*"

Then she knew that all night long the angels of God had been guarding the place where he lay, and there came to her sore and aching heart such a sense of peace and comfort, such a blissful and unquestioning reliance upon the Divine love which encompassed and enclosed her, that her soul was lifted in thanksgiving and praise to God. It was no longer a house of mourning; for others beside the stricken wife were made to know and feel that the angels of God were there, and that the peace which Christ promised to give rested like the dews of heaven upon the household.

They laid his body away to its quiet rest in the earth, but still the angel visitants lingered around the home of those left behind, soothing, strengthening and comforting as only God can comfort. And we ask ourself as we write, "Is it not enough for the disciple to be as his Master?"

Many long years had this faithful servant followed him. In weakness, many times erring as it is human to err, but loving as only those can love who feel that God has forgiven them much. Through the piercing blasts of winter, the scorching heats of summer, in sickness or in health, ever ready at a word to

hasten to the post of duty regardless of danger or discomfort to the physical man, he had sought among the by-ways and hedges for the lost and wandering ones. Brave as a lion and as fearless in defending the truth, his voice had rung amid the cities and villages of corrupt Utah, in the days of its heaven defying arrogance and unscrupulous power. Fame or earthly reward he had never sought, never

desired, but like Paul, had determined to know only Christ and him crucified. As the angels watched the body of Jesus while his mortal remains were resting in the tomb, so had God given them charge concerning his servant who in life had followed the Master and whose ransomed spirit had gone to be with him.

"Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

THE FRANKLIN SERIES.

LETTER I.

DURING a sunlit morn while the refreshing breezes of congenial October wafted the smoke-clouds from o'er a city's habitations, and the hill trees had been touched by the artistic pencil of bracing Mr. Frost, Abron, the subject of the series, began life in this world.

'Twas in a city upon the western borders of a middle state where industry and commercial enterprise extensively exist. Abron's home was almost in the center of the city, and nine other children had preceded his advent to this home; but four went to the cherub realm, so Abron had five home associates. His parents were religious folk; the father having been an Episcopalian, and the mother a Presbyterian. But "the fates" had decreed that this new-born child should come into contact with no "sectarian" belief in the household, but should be a gospelized creature. For, eleven years prior to his nativity, the parents had heard preaching by the Latter Day Saints, and united with that body of knowers."

His mother, shortly after her marriage, which occurred in 1833, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Abron's father was a quiet investigator of the gospel; but his mother opposed it for a time, and viewed the Latter Day Saints as a set of fanatics; but after a prolonged illness wherein human skill failed to effect a cure, God came to her rescue, and she was healed in her baptism. Of course, to them, as to others, came the dark days of appalling apostasy; but they did not go west, but remained in their native state, becoming identified, however, with two different "factions of Mormonism," one of Mr. Rigdon, the other of Mr. Bickerton.

It is said that Abron remembered somewhat of the latter class, as a few of them, chiefly foreigners, met at his father's home upon several Sundays.

Abron's parents sought to instill the principles of morality in the minds of their children, observing family worship morning and evening, his mother taking the lead; for his father had become somewhat indifferent to matters of religion, although he never lost faith in the gospel way.

Abron's mother was enabled to disclose to the great discomfort of Mr. Rigdon, some of his false claims to revelations from God, upon which he severely anathematized her. But, believing she had done only what was a plain duty, she was not troubled over it and quietly withdrew from his church.

For some time prior to Abron's birth, his parents had been much concerned relative to matters of religion. All that in which they had placed confidence, and that seemed to aid them in cherishing the fondest hope, now appeared blighted since the death of the Martyrs, and they prayed much concerning it. But during a period of time of peculiar import to Abron's mother, one night a heavenly messenger appeared to her and told her the name that should be given the child at birth, and consoled her in her entertainment of faith in God and his word.

She related the fact to her husband next day, but he treated it lightly, saying, "The folks would laugh at such a name; and he desired to have the names of his father's children placed upon his, and it was uncertain as to sex."

Time passed, and nativity's hour came.

In process of time, naming the child was called in question, when Abron received the name of an uncle and that of a noted character in national history. Shortly after this, the name given to his mother for him, was taken from her, and she never was able to recall it. While a babe a few months old, during a certain night in a winter of the "early fifties," an angel appeared, surrounded by a halo of light, and the bed-chamber was illuminated. The messenger stood in air at the foot of the bed where the infant Abron lay with his parents. Abron's father alone saw the visitation, and the visitor announced that Abron was "to be a servant of the Most High, and should raise up a righteous people in the church, by preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ." Abron's father kept this message close in his heart for many years, and as the boy was physically not robust, his father waited and watched with anxious care for his future development.

Abron grew up a quiet, unobstrusive child, caring but little for general associates. He commenced his school career when five years old, was apt at his studies and select of his playmates. When about eight or nine years old, a family moved into a large brick residence "four doors" from Abron's home. There were four sons and two daughters in the family, and the parents were Protestant Methodists. The youngest son, who was six months younger than Abron became the schoolmate of the latter, and for several years they were the constant companions of each other, to the exclusion of nearly all other boys.

They avoided the rude and vulgar classes, and sometimes when boys would gather to play marbles or "shinny" near where Guss and Abron were, they would say: "You Christian boys, clear out; we're going to play here; and the two would leave for elsewhere. Neither Abron nor his mate ever mingled with those "who regarded not God nor man." They cared nothing for such characters, and the language of the profane was ever distasteful to their hearing.

Abron at school endeavored to always obey his teachers and occasion them no unnecessary care or talk. He often occupied the "honor seat" in various rooms, and was called "the teacher's pet;" but he "cared nothing for these things," believ-

ing that honor had more merit than dishonor, and that to do good and be good was commendable and lawful. The boys would brand him as "preacher Abron;" and sometimes when a teacher would leave the room for a moment, some one would call out, "Order, now; we'll have a sermon from Rev. Abron!" But it was not in his nature to revile, nor to be "bantered" into misconduct; believing that "two wrongs never made one right."

For several years he pursued his studies, being promoted from one room to another, until he closed his course at the high school and entered an academy.

When from ten to thirteen years of age he was at times peculiarly wrought upon by religious feeling and his mind inclined Godward. He attended for a time the Presbyterian Sunday-school, but after his acquaintance with Guss he went to the Protestant Methodist school. In his fourteenth year he united with the Latter Day Saints, having been baptized in company with another young boy, who still abides in the faith.

When leaving the house in company with his mother on a Sunday evening, an elder brother asked, "Where is he going?" "To be baptized," replied his mother. Abron turning about said, "I am going to be baptized for the remission of my sins." He felt a power of peace resting upon him, and prompting him to obedience.

He continued attendance upon Sunday-school and church, and so constantly did he accompany his mother, that some said, "Here comes Abron, tied to his mother's apron strings." But there was no human being so near him as his mother, who had ever been his constant watcher and guide. Mother was more than a whole town to Abron. One time when fourteen years old he went one hundred miles from home to visit with a married sister, his mother not following for two weeks after, and nothing satisfied him nor relieved his loneliness until mother came, when he was lonesome no more. The lessons taught him by her shall not be forgotten. How could they, when they came from the heart of a mother's love?

During a vacation of school Abron entered upon labor at an institution of a commercial business nature, at which he remained for some few months. In process of time his parents united with the Reorganization, having become satisfied

of the successorship claim, the Holy Spirit bearing unmistakable witness unto their hearts.

In 1869 they removed from their old-time residence into a western place where they located in a small but pleasantly situated town. Here our friend became strongly wrought upon by spiritual influence, inclining him unto God and his work; and he sought the Lord in earnest prayer for guidance and opened his heart for the reception of whatever the Lord might have for him to do. He spoke one day to his father about working for the Lord, and received this answer: "I guess if the Lord wants you to work for him he will let you know."

Abron entered upon the learning of a mechanical trade, at which he served three years. But during this time he lost no sight of higher concerns, for his mind was always exercised about them. Worldly matters had no attraction for him; in fact there were times when he scarcely realized he was in a "material world."

One evening in June, 1870, ere retiring he offered a most earnest prayer unto God, and wept, pleading to learn of the divine will; when upon retiring ere sleep came he was shown a vision. There appeared above him an octagonal room about twelve feet in diameter, and the walls were fully ten feet high; the ceiling was of conical shape and bedecked with diamonds and precious small stones of beautiful appearance. In each corner was a fluted or corrugated column; the walls and columns were brilliantly white. The floor was richly carpeted, and in the center of the room appeared a large, easy upholstered chair. At each column appeared an angel. Suddenly, Jesus was seen occupying the chair, his right arm on the chair arm. He beckoned with the index finger to Abron saying, "Come." Abron went to him, and clasping right hands the Savior said, calling him by name: "I have heard thy prayers, and know the desires of thy heart, that they are to preach my gospel and bring souls unto me. And I say unto thee, be faithful in keeping my commandments, walking in humility before me, watching unto prayer; and ere long thou shalt be called unto the ministry of my word, and thou shalt stand before many people and declare my truth unto them in the power and demonstration of my Spirit, and thou

shalt be the means of bringing souls unto me, such as shall be saved by obedience." At this the vision disappeared, and Abron's heart was strengthened in the Lord, and he waited in patience the Lord's due time.

Nine months of patient, yet anxious waiting developed the fulfillment of the promise of "a call," when one Sunday morn at a prayer service Abron's father spoke in prophecy and it was signified that he should be ordained, and upon vote of the branch it was so ordered, and he was ordained a priest, and the promise of labor's blessings was repeated in the ordination prayer, his father not having been told it before.

A few weeks after ordination he was elected as priest of the branch, his father letting him take charge of meetings. He was now but a little over seventeen years old, but he felt strong in the Lord, and sought to improve upon what talent God had blessed him with, and the Lord approved of it. He began to preach shortly after this, and placing his entire trust in Him who had called him, he made progress in his efforts. He had many blessings bestowed upon him that served as a great help and stimulated him into stronger determinations to serve God.

During the following month the Methodist Episcopal folk had a revival in the town; and the man Abron worked for being a member, asked that he attend, which he finally consented to do. One evening when opportunity was given for promiscuous speaking, Abron arose and testified of God's goodness and mercy, etc., to which hearty amens were said, with "God bless you;" "Come again;" and the preacher came and shook hands with him. Abron said nothing of doctrine, leaving that until another time. Upon going home he related to his parents what he had done, and they smiled and suggested that he give them a touch of "doctrine" next time.

That evening after retiring Abron dreamed he saw those people in a place of darkness, and they were shouting and crying, and the scene was terrible. There was no sign of light, but that of a darker shade than mere starlight. The dream made a strong impression upon his mind. His employer was very desirous that he should "leave the Mormons and join some one of the four churches in town," which

were Lutheran, Disciple, Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal. Of course the latter held the preference.

He said to Abron: "None of them would damn you if you'd join, and you'd be thought so much more of by the people, and have more associates."

But Abron replied: "Maybe they would not damn me, but their doctrines would; and as for company, as long as I have the Savior for my friend, I am content."

Abron had not a single associate in the town aside from his parents and a sister. He might have had by being with the vulgar and profane, but these were not his choice. He let Abron go to meeting in day time. So one morning he arose in meeting and said: "Friends, I believe in Jesus as a Savior, and that his word is true;" "Amen!" "I sought him when young, as he has said, 'Those who love me I will love them; and they who seek me early shall find me.' I believed this, and Jesus said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He would not invite us to come without telling us how; and he said, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe,'" etc. Here an effort was made to sing him down; but a voice spoke to Abron saying, "Speak louder," wherefore he said, raising his hands toward heaven, "I testify unto you this is the way of God, and I know these signs follow the baptized believer; and except ye all 'repent and be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ for the remission of sins,' ye shall perish in your darkness; and I call upon heaven and earth, and you who are here to witness that what I say is true, and shall stand for you or against you in the day of judgment. Amen."

Upon being seated the preacher arose shaking his head, gnashing his teeth and stamping his feet, said: "Brethren and sisters, pay no attention to what you have heard. It is Judaism; it is Mormonism; it is old Joe Smithism; it is a religion out of hell. Go on, brethren, in the good old way. What we've heard amounts to nothing, it doesn't move me a bit." "Amen; glory, praise the Lord," followed this outburst of eloquence (?) and oratorical bombast. One "brother" got up and said: "Old Joe Smith; horse thief, sheep

thief. Laying on of hands; what does that amount to? Why, Jesus laid hands on me." One or two others spoke, and shortly the meeting dismissed.

Upon going home Abron seriously thought of what he had done, and if his employer would discharge him. The thought occurred, "If I should be, God will open up my way." After dinner he went to work and Mr. J. came up stairs, called Abron into another room and said: "What made you talk so in church this morning?"

"Because I wished to do so," replied Abron.

"Who told you what to say?"

"The Lord."

"Well, we want no more of it; it is Mormonism."

"Mr. J., if that is Mormonism, you'll find it in your Bible up there in your church, and if you don't believe it tear it out," said Abron.

"Mrs. Gauger came to our church last winter and said about the same thing, and we want no more of it. Will you do so again?"

"I do not know as there is any special need to repeat it; but if I had not said it, I should," replied Abron.

"We permit friends to speak in our meetings, but not to teach us. We leave that for the minister," said Mr. J. "When you are in a man's house you must do as the man of that house does."

"It would depend entirely upon what he was doing whether I should," said Abron.

That ended the matter, and Mr. J. found that Abron was not so easily turned into a Methodist.

He loaned Abron a book entitled "Mormonism Unveiled" to read; and Abron read four pages and counted what he truly considered were eight lies. Mr. J. saw the book placed on the desk, and asked: "Have you read this through already?"

"No, sir," replied A. "I read four pages, counted eight lies, and that's all I want of it."

"Eight lies!" said Mr. J., seemingly surprised at the reply. "What, that is as true as preaching."

"I believe that," said Abron, "but it depends entirely upon the *kind* of preaching."

The Lord spoke through Abron's

father, saying, at a prayer meeting, "I will manifest my power through you for your own good and not for another," etc. This was peculiarly done; for three members went with Abron to M. E. meetings, at their revival, and after preaching was over the minister said: "Now, every one come up to the altar;" and it was soon surrounded. They knelt, prayed and shouted; and Abron whispered to his associates, "Let's pray for God to send them to their seats, and let his power control."

'Twas done and they went away, and the preacher could not get them to the altar. One man ventured, a Mr. Van Kirk, but Abron prayed, "Father, send him to his seat;" and immediately the man arose and was seated, and never opened his mouth during the meeting. This scene was repeated three evenings consecutively and the minister charged the people with negligence of duty; "possessed of the devil;" "you don't care for human souls." And the revival closed, a failure in securing one convert.

Mr. J. had plow works in connection with his other business; and the water supply for his steam boiler was the product of a spring in a hill back of the foundry, conducted by a pipe into a vat beside the furnace. That following summer the spring failed. The vat box was taken up and a well was commenced to be dug. He reached a depth of thirty-five feet, obtained three feet of water, had it walled up with rock seven feet, when one noon hour Abron arriving a little

early went in to look down the well, when Mr. J. came along and said: "Ah! your're looking down the well? The Mormons will go down deeper than that. Ha! ha!"

A peculiar feeling came over Abron, and he was impelled to pray thus: "Father, thou knowest how this man vilifies thy people and despises thy holy cause. I ask thee that as a punishment thou would'st dry up this water, and may his expense and inconvenience be increased thereby; I ask in Jesus' name. Amen."

The next morning when the workmen returned to labor there was not a thimbleful of water in the well! The stone had all to be taken out and the well dug to upwards of fifty feet, when only eighteen inches of water was had. It occasioned surprise to all who knew of it. Mr. J. remarked in Abron's presence, laughingly, "I guess its some of the Mormons' work."

Abron preached in private houses and good was done by his youthful efforts. His constant reliance upon God brought him needed help; for he fully realized the work was of God, and the blessing must come from him if any human instrumentality should effect any lasting good. Young men used to say in his presence in the shop: "There's one fellow in this town too proud to associate with us boys;" but A. paid no attention to such, for unhallowed associations were not his choice. Had there been other kind he should have sought them out. It was not pride, but a desire for righteousness.

To be continued.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY F. M. COOPER.

The river of life, immortal and grand,
Was seen in a vision of light,
By one who stood on its glittering strand,
In a city that knows no night.

The breadth of that river he did not tell,
Nor how fast its waters flow;
But its banks ne'er echoed a funeral knell,
And its waves kissed not sorrow or woe.

The glittering drops of that pearly stream
The strand either side doth lave;
The glory of God forever will gleam
On the crest of each crystal wave.

MARENGO, Illinois.

No gathering storms will ever arise
To lash its pure waters in foam:
Peaceful its oosom, and tranquil its skies,
In that beautiful land, the soul's home.

This limpid river forever will flow,
And life, its pure waters will bring;
Its fount is the place of glory, we know,
The throne of the Beautiful King.

Its banks and bowers forever arrayed
So lovely, so sweet and so grand;
While on either side, with its fruit and shade,
Life's healing tree doth stand.

UNDER THE CURSE FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS.

Written for the "Autumn Leaves" by R. C. EVANS, as it was given him by the suffering one himself, in the presence of Elder John H. Lake, in the City of Chatham, Kent county, Ontario, March 11th, 1891.

I ALBERT SIDE, was born on the 3d of March, 1828, in the province of Quebec, Canada. My parents were French, were strict Roman Catholics, and I was raised and educated in that faith.

In 1849, I left Lower Canada and came to this city. The first Sunday after I arrived, I went to the Catholic church. I found a number of people standing in the aisle. It was the custom in the church that those who did not pay rent for a pew had to remain standing, unless permission was given them to be seated by priest or pew-holder.

After standing for a time, I went forward to a man that was sitting alone in one of the seats, and supposing him to be a "renter," requested him to permit me to sit with him. He arose, let me in the pew and then took his seat again.

When holy mass was about half over, the priest (Father Jeffery by name) ascended the pulpit and looking over the congregation, said in a loud voice, "You people who are occupying pews that you have not rented, get out of them at once, for you are robbing the holy church."

A number arose, went out and stood in the aisle, leaving several seats empty. I thought the man with whom I was sitting was a pew-renter, and as he had given me the privilege of a seat with him, that I was all right, so I retained my seat.

The priest became very angry and in a harsh, loud voice said:

"If those sitting in unrented pews do not get out at once, I will send men to put them out."

I remained seated, because I honestly thought he had no reference to me.

Two men came down by command of the priest and ejected us from the pew. I saw to my horror that the man who permitted me to sit with him was not a pew-renter; and oh, I felt sorry.

All at once the priest spoke again, and these were the words he said:

"Those two men that I ordered out of the seats disobeyed me. *Now they are both damned forever*, for whatever I speak

when I have this gown on me, *is God's word.*"

Oh, how those words burned into my very heart, for I truly thought I was damned forever! No tongue can tell, no man can imagine what I suffered. I could never go to church again in my life! I lived on a life of fear, misery and gloom. By day as I walked the streets, as I worked at my bench, as I ate my food, those awful words were ringing in my ears, "You are damned forever! Cursed by the priest of God! No hope, no hope!" The love song of the birds lost its sweetness for it seemed to mock my fears. The flowers lost their bloom. The sweet love of my wife and the happy prattle of my children brought to me but the echo of the priest's curse, and again I would hear those solemn words "*damned forever!*" The joy of my life was blasted; time was filled with misery, and eternity promised me nothing but eternal fire. When I looked upon the majestic sun marching along through heaven's blue; as I watched the star-lit sky by night, all brought to me the evidences of God's power, and assured me that his words would all be fulfilled.

When afraid to sleep at times I would stand on the bridge that crossed the river, but the low gurgling of the stream in my hopeless imagination seemed to say, "Damned forever!"

When asleep, frightful dreams would rack my mind till I wished for death, but was afraid to die.

Perhaps I had better state that about one year after the priest had cursed me, I met him on the bridge. He looked at me and said, "Are you not a Frenchman?"

I answered in the affirmative. He then said:

"Why do you not come to church?"

I told him I was one of the two men he had cursed one year before.

"Oh," said he, "you are. Well, poor man, I am very sorry for you, because I

can do nothing for you, for you are damned forever."

After a moment's thought, he looked up and said, "Maybe the Pope can do something for you, as he talks to God daily. I can write to the Pope to try and have the curse removed."

This gave me no hope, for I thought the Holy Pope with all his power could not make God recall his words, and change his mind, so I told the priest that he need not trouble himself to write to the Pope, as I was damned to hell and I must suffer for ever; for as God had passed sentence upon me, not even the Holy Pope could persuade him to alter his decree. He appeared to feel badly and we parted.

Thus I struggled on for thirty-six long years. My life was one long, dark, cold winter, for in all that time I never once thought but what my eternal doom was settled. If my years of torment were to be as numerous as the stars of the night, as the leaves of the forest, as the drops of the ocean, as the sands of the sea shore, and then cease, I would not have been so utterly hopeless; but no ray of hope dawned upon my miserable life, but my curse was ever sounding in my ears, "damned forever!"

In the winter of 1886 Elder R. C. Evans came to the city of Chatham. Bills were posted in every part of the city announcing that "The Boy Preacher" would deliver a series of lectures in Flater's hall. The papers spoke favorably of him, and in a short time every one with whom I conversed seemed to have been to hear him, and finally I was persuaded to go and hear the Boy Preacher myself.

The singing was grand, but it made me sad. When he prayed his heart went out as though he was really talking to God. I could not help but think that God heard that prayer, though I knew that Elder Evans was a Protestant.

Oh, I felt then that I would give the world (if it was mine) could I, like the Boy Preacher, talk in prayer to God. How quickly would I tell him that my sin of disobedience to the priest was an innocent mistake, and that I was ignorant of the fact that I had no right to sit in that pew. But at once the memory of my curse came before me, "Damned forever! There is no hope!" God would

not listen to the prayer of a condemned sinner.

After the singing of the second hymn, Elder Evans began to preach. The hall was packed to the doors, but for one hour and thirty minutes the speaker held his audience spellbound. Not a soul left the hall, and the eyes of all seemed to be riveted upon him, as he preached to us a sermon that I will never forget. I felt a strange feeling come over me, and for the first time in thirty-six long years, I felt that maybe God would have mercy upon me; for the sermon gave me a different idea of God to what I ever had before.

The following evening found me in the hall again. This sermon was on the apostasy and restoration of the Church of Christ. That sermon seemed to be all for me; the elder seemed to know my secret; and I felt as though he looked down into my very soul. (I had never spoken to the brother). That night I seemed to be transplanted into a new world. I felt that there was hope for me, that the priest of Rome was not a representative of God, that the Roman Catholic Church was not the Church of Christ, that the blessing of the Pope or the curses of the priest were as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

Oh, the joy that filled my soul that night will never be forgotten! "I am not cursed, I am not cursed," was about all I could say. The night of hopeless despair had given way to the glorious day of hope and joy.

I continued to attend the meetings, but strange to say Elder Evans did not ask me to be baptized. Night and day I read and studied, and finally requested baptism and confirmation.

I am getting to be an old man now. The weight of my sorrow has blighted the summer of my life, but in its autumn I wish to say to all the world that the religion of Rome is a destructive superstition, a miserable mockery and a cruel lie. But before I leave you, permit me to say that I know from God that the fullness of the gospel of Jesus Christ has been restored to earth in these last days, that the priesthood and authority has been committed by the hand of an angel to Joseph Smith, the Prophet. I know that the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is the Church of God and is in all its doctrine and organization

accepted of God. I bear my testimony that I have been healed of a long standing affliction by the power of God according to the law.

I have given all the facts contained in this sketch of my life to Elder R. C. Evans, of my own free will, for publication in *Autumn Leaves*, with the hope

that it may do good and thus bring glory to God, who has brought me up out of the miry clay of priestcraft and superstition and placed my feet on the rock of truth and light as found in the gospel of Christ.

Given in the presence of Elder J. H. Lake.
ALBERT SIDE.

SINCERITY SEEKING SALVATION.—No. V.

BY ÉLDER T. W. SMITH.

SINCERITY.—"But Mr. Presbutero and others say that there must have been infants in the household of Lydia, when she was baptized, and also in the family of the jailer at Philippi."

Mr. S.—"Lydia was a tradeswoman of a distant city, Thyatira, who was traveling and selling a purple dye, and who, it is not at all likely, had any infants in her household. Indeed, there is no proof that she was a married woman at all. If she had been, she most probably would not have left her husband at home to travel and sell purple; but, as is more likely, her husband would have carried on that business and have left her at home. Her household consisted of female servants, evidently, or other women associated with her in business. But even if she was married, or had been married, and was a widow, there is not the slightest evidence that there were any infants among her children, if she had any at all. Do you not know of hundreds of households or families where every child (even where there are a half-dozen or more children) is old enough to believe the gospel for itself, and repent and be baptized on its own behalf?"

Sincerity.—"Oh yes, I know many families, consisting of parents and children, and every child is fully of age. But how about the jailer and his house?"

Mr. S.—"Why, it says that his house all believed, and all rejoiced as well as all being baptized; and it says that Paul and Silas 'spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house.'—Acts 16: 32-34; so that all of his family were capable of hearing and believing the gospel, and of being baptized, and of

rejoicing because of the pardon of sin, and reception of the Holy Ghost."

Sincerity.—"Do you suppose that they were baptized in the jail or in the jailer's house?"

Mr. S.—"Neither, for we read that 'he took them the same hour of the night and was baptized, he and all his straightway; and when he had brought them into his house, he sat meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house.' So he took them out of the jail to some place, was there baptized, and afterward brought them unto his house; so he was baptized somewhere, outside the jail and outside of his house."

Sincerity.—"Was not Philippi close by a river?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, for we read that Luke says of Paul and others, 'On the Sabbath we went out of the city by a riverside, where prayer was wont to be made, and spake unto the women which resorted thither;' and as Lydia was converted there, it is altogether probable that she was immersed in the river, and that as the jailer took them somewhere, it was to the river, and there was baptized, he and all his.'"

Sincerity.—"Does not Ezekiel say that the Lord will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, the prophet says that God will do this for the children of Israel when he gathers them back to their own land, and delivers them out of the hands of their enemies. (Ezek. 36: 21-38). This sprinkling the Lord says He will do, and not that it is something that man is to do. And it is to be done unto the Jews and not to

who are sprinkled are made clean thereby. But do those who sprinkle infants and adults do it to make them clean from sin? If so, then they must believe in baptismal regeneration, or that baptism cleanses from sin. But, strange to say, these people who quote this Scriptures as an argument in favor of sprinkling as a mode of baptism, deny that people are made clean from sin by baptism; yet this is just what will happen to those who are sprinkled by the Lord among Israel when they are restored to their own land; that is, 'they shall be clean.'

Sincerity.—"Was not the idea of purification by sprinkling, conveyed even in the sprinkling of blood on the books, the altar and tabernacle, etc., etc., in the days of Moses?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, and Paul speaks of 'having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience,' (Heb. 10: 22), and if this sprinkling is that of water, and sprinkling is baptism, then that baptism purifies the heart or cleanses it from an evil conscience. But I understand that the word 'sprinkled' signifies 'purified;' so it would read, 'having our hearts purified from an evil conscience.'

Sincerity.—"What does Paul mean by having our bodies washed with pure water?"

Mr. S.—"He referred to the practice of the priests under the Mosaic law, bathing themselves in the brazen laver at the door of the tabernacle, prior to their entering upon their duties; so we, before assuming our duties as members of the body of Christ, or before we enter upon a Christian course, should be baptized. Paul calls baptism 'the washing of regeneration,' (Titus 13: 6)."

Sincerity.—"What does Isaiah refer to when he says that 'he shall sprinkle many nations?' (Isa. 52: 15)."

Mr. S.—"He means that the Lord will purify many nations. You notice that the Lord himself does this sprinkling, and not sectarian priests. It will take place when all the nations of the earth will be blessed through Abraham and his seed, which is Christ and his Church. (See Gal. 3: 16, 26-29)."

Sincerity.—"Did not Abraham receive circumcision as a sign, or seal of righteousness which was by faith?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, Paul so teaches (Rom. 4: 7-11); but this faith he had before cir-

cumcision, and so baptism is a sign or seal of our faith. The central thought in the gospel is, of course, the death, burial and resurrection of Christ; although they are not the only truths or facts of the gospel, and the form or sign of that doctrine is baptism by immersion, in which, as Paul says, we are 'buried' with Christ. (Col. 2: 12; Rom. 6: 3-5)."

Sincerity.—"Peter said, on the day of Pentecost, 'Repent and be baptized, for remission of sins;' and Ananias commanded Paul to 'arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins; and John the Baptist taught the baptism of repentance for remission of sins.' Now, please tell me how it is that baptism washes away sins, or secures the remission of sins?"

Mr. S.—"Just in the same way that Noah and his family were saved by water in the ark, the like figure whereunto baptism doth also now save us," said Peter. (1 Peter 3: 20, 21). "The water furnished Noah an opportunity of building an ark and trusting himself in it, as God had commanded him. His faith was proved by his works. It was not only faith on his part, but obedience also. If he had not built the ark according to the pattern that God gave him, he might have all the faith that man could possibly exercise, his faith could not have saved him. It would not have been a real, honest, genuine faith at all, if he had not shown that faith by his works. But he really believed what God had said; he believed that God said what he meant and meant what he said, unlike multitudes of professed Christians of to-day, both ministers and members. Baptism saves us and secures the pardon of sin, because we show by obeying the commandment, 'Repent and be baptized,' that we truly believe God and Christ, and that by obeying we receive the promise of remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost. Again: Baptism secures remission of sins in the like manner as the children of Israel were saved from death caused from the bites of the flying, fiery serpents, that is, by looking on the brazen serpent that Moses made and erected on a pole. It was simply faith and works, or faith in and obedience to the command of God. In like manner Naaman, the Syrian leper, was healed by dipping himself seven times in the river Jordan, that is, by having a living faith, or by proving his faith

by corresponding works. So God commands us to believe the gospel, and to repent of sins, and to be baptized for remission of sins; we prove our faith in the word of God by obeying his commandments; otherwise our faith is dead, being alone. I suppose you know that James has said that 'by works a man is justified and not by faith only?'

Sincerity.—"Yes, I understand that; and now tell me what a person is to believe in order to be a proper subject for baptism."

Mr. S.—"Well, you 'must believe that God is,' or exists, and that 'he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him;' and that necessitates the idea that He can be sought and found, which is not possible if God is without body, parts or passions, as the creeds of men teach. There is a class of skeptics called agnostics, who say that God is not comprehensible, or that he cannot be known."

Sincerity.—"Why, that is what the Athanasian creed says, which the Church of England holds, and others likewise believe it, or say that they do. Mr. Episcopas gave me a Book of Common Prayer, and told me that I would therein find the faith that would save my soul, if I did not believe which, I should everlastingly perish; and it says that neither the Father, nor the Son, nor the Holy Ghost can be known, for they are all 'incomprehensible; and you say that is Agnosticism.'"

Mr. S.—"Why, yes, it most assuredly is. But you 'must believe,' says Paul, that 'God is,' and you must 'diligently seek him;' and if God is without body, parts or passions, and if 'his center is nowhere and his circumference everywhere,' and he is 'incomprehensible,' he cannot be known, he cannot exist, and of course cannot be found."

Sincerity.—"What difference is there between modern Christians, or the so-called orthodox and the Athenians of old?"

Mr. S.—"Well, there may be a distinction, but there is no difference, for the Athenians worshiped an 'unknown God,' while the orthodox claim to worship a God who is not only unknown, but one that cannot possibly be known, one that is 'incomprehensible.'"

Sincerity.—"If God is 'a rewarder of them that diligently seek him,' I suppose

a seeker after him must understand what the reward will be, when it is to be bestowed, and where it will be bestowed."

Mr. S.—"Of course. And the reward will be, first, the remission of sins; second, the gift of the Holy Ghost and its various gifts; third, a part in the first resurrection; fourth, immortality and celestial glory; fifth, the earth for an eternal inheritance."

Sincerity.—"Will you please enlighten me on these matters in as brief a manner as the subject would justify?"

Mr. S.—"I will try. First: In regard to remission of sins, that is obtained through faith in the gospel of the kingdom of God and through repentance and baptism by immersion under the hands of those divinely commissioned, or those who are called by divine revelation. Second: The Holy Spirit is given through the laying on of hands of the eldership of the church; and from that Spirit different gifts are bestowed, as the Spirit itself wills or elects. Third: Through that Holy Spirit you will be raised at Christ's coming, if you should die before that day; or if you should be living, you will be changed or translated by it. Fourth: You will receive immortality and celestial glory through or by it at the day of judgment, which is to be at the coming of Christ. As a part of that celestial glory, you will, if faithful to Christ and to your calling as a servant of his, receive the honor of being a king and a priest, and to reign with Christ. Fifth: The earth is to be restored to its original or primeval state, the curse removed; and it is to be given to the righteous for an eternal inheritance."

Sincerity.—"Will you kindly give me some Scriptural references on the three last items, as I believe I understand somewhat about the first two?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, willingly. In reference to the resurrection by the Spirit, and the righteous having part in the first resurrection, please read among other references, John 5: 28, 29; 6: 40; Acts 24: 15; Romans 8: 2; 1 Corinthians 15: 21-23; Revelation 20: 4-6. As to receiving immortality at Christ's coming, see among others, Luke 20: 35, 36; 1 Corinthians 15: 39-54; Revelation 5: 9, 10; 20: 4. As to the earth for an inheritance, etc., Genesis 1: 26 compared with Matthew 25: 34; Psalms 37: 9, 11, 22, 29; Daniel 7: 27; Matthew 5: 5; Revelation 5: 10."

Sincerity.—“When shall we receive our reward?”

Mr. S.—“At Christ’s coming, and not at death.” (Matt. 26: 27; Luke 14: 13, 14; Acts 17: 31; Col. 3: 4; 2 Tim. 4: 1, 7, 8; 1 Peter 5: 4; Rev. 22: 12).”

Sincerity.—“I am satisfied fully upon these points now; but I wish to ask you what is to be understood as ‘the things concerning the kingdom of God,’ as Philip taught, Acts 8: 12; and Paul; Acts 20: 25; 28: 23, 31?”

Mr. S.—“I understand that the ‘kingdom of God,’ or the ‘kingdom of heaven,’ is first, the Church of Jesus Christ; second, the restored kingdom of David or Israel; third, the earth subjected under Christ, and then resigned to the Father who reigns then as ‘God all in all.’”

Sincerity.—“What are the things concerning the church?”

Mr. S.—“The gospel is one of the most important things concerning the church; for it is the rock on which it is builded. Its principles, or ‘first principles,’ are faith, repentance, baptism, the laying on of hands, the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead and the doctrine of eternal judgment. Then we must understand its government or organization. It is called ‘the body of Christ,’ and it is represented by a human body; and so as a human body has various members which differ in form and use or office, so it is with the ‘body’ or Church of Christ.”

Sincerity.—“Are these members of Christ’s body the various churches or denominations?”

Mr. S.—“No, unless they can be found to have existed eighteen centuries ago, for you read that the body of Christ existed then; and if it could exist then, and yet none of the modern churches were in existence then, it could also now exist, as something separate and distinct from them; but if they are essential to the organization and existence of the church or body of Christ now, or in these days, they were equally essential to the formation and existence of the church or body of Christ in the days of Paul. In a human body no member can say to another, ‘I have no need of you;’ but there is not a denomination but that feels and says in its soul, ‘I can do without any and all the other churches,’ because it really believes that itself is the true church of Christ; and that its creed, and name, and organi-

zation are nearer right and more scriptural than any or all the rest. Again, in a human body, every organ and member is in harmony and unison with the others; but as to the various churches or denominations there is no agreement in name, very little in faith, very little in practice, very little in worship, very little in church government.

“In many things they are radically different, and often bitterly antagonistic. In the human body Paul says, ‘There should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another.’ But in Christendom there is nothing but schism or division, and every church cares only for itself.”

Sincerity.—“Does not Paul say that ‘the body is not one member but many?’”

Mr. S.—“Yes, and if it requires all of the so-called orthodox churches to form the church of Christ to-day, and each church is but a member of the body of Christ, and a member only; then if there ever was a time when there were but one or two churches, or even three or four churches, the body of Christ did not exist at that time; for the body is not one, or even two or three or four members, but ‘many,’ Paul says.

“Suppose that only an eye, and an ear, and a hand, and a foot existed, who would or could conscientiously call these four parts or members a body, or say it was the body of a particular individual?”

“So when the Lutheran church was the only Protestant church (and it is now only a member of the body), then there was at that time no such thing in existence as the body of Christ (or church), but one member only, an eye, or an ear, or a foot, or a hand, perhaps. When Calvin brought his system of religion into the world, was that the doctrine of Christ, or only a part? When Henry VIII and Archbishop Cranmer established the Church of England, was that the church of Christ, or only another member of the body? When Wesley founded the Methodist church, was that the full and perfect body of Christ, or only another member? Did John Knox establish the church of Christ, or simply add but another member to the body? And we may ask the same question concerning Elias Smith, George Fox, William Miller, Peter Winebrenner, John Thomas, Alexander Campbell, Mrs. E. G. White, Emanuel Swedenborg, and others.”

Sincerity.—“Why, it appears to me that if each of these denominations is the church of Christ, then there are a score or more churches or bodies of Christ; and if the church is the bride of Christ, or the Lamb’s wife, then Christ must be a polygamist indeed; for he would have a score and more of wives, even more than Brigham Young. But does each of these churches claim to be the church of Christ?”

Mr. S.—“Why, to be consistent and honest, they must do so; but if they do not, but claim to be only so many members of the body or church of Christ, then of course, for any one person to belong to the body or church of Christ, he would necessarily have to unite with them all,

or to belong to every denomination; for no one, separate and alone, can be ‘the body.’

“But as I said before, the body or church of Christ existed eighteen hundred years ago, or in the days of Peter and Paul, and it was not composed of different churches with different faiths, baptisms, hopes, etc., for as Paul shows, there was but ‘one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in the one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all,’ etc. (Eph. 4: 4–6). And if there was but ‘one faith and one baptism’, then there ought to be but one now; but alas! there are many and conflicting faiths and baptisms.”

(To be continued.)

A PARABLE.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A RUMSELLER AND THE DEVIL.

TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY—DEAR SIR:

I have opened apartments fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of rum, wine, gin, brandy, beer, and all their compounds. Our object, though different, can be best obtained by united action. I therefore propose a copartnership. All I want of men is their money; all the rest shall be yours. Bring me the industrious, the respectable, the sober, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers, and beggars. Bring me the child, and I will dash to earth the dearest hopes of the father and mother. Bring me the father and mother, and I will plant discord between them and make them a curse and a reproach to their children. Bring me the young man, and I will ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth. Bring me the young woman, and I will destroy her virtue and return her to you a blasted and withered thing, and an instrument to lead others to destruction. Bring me the mechanic and laborer, and his own money, the hard-earned fruit of toil, shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his once happy home. Bring me the professed follower of Christ, and I will blight and wither every devotional feel-

ing in his heart, and send him forth to plant infidelity and crime among men. Bring me the minister of the gospel, and I will defile the purity of the church and make the name of religion a stink in the land. Bring me the lawyer and the judge, and I will pervert justice, break up the integrity of our civil institutions, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a by-word in the streets.

Awaiting your reply, I am yours truly,
A RUMSELLER.

REPLY.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I address you by this endearing appellation because of the congeniality of our spirits and of the great work we are both engaged in. I most cordially accept your proposals. For five thousand years I have sought in vain for a man so fully after my own heart to do my work among men. I ransacked the lowest depths of hell for spirits who could do for me the whole work of destruction; but little success attended their efforts. I sent out the demon Murder, and he slew a few thousand, most generally the helpless and innocent; but his mission was a failure. I bade my servant Lust go forth. He led innocent youth and beautiful maidens in chains, destroying virtue,

wrecking happiness, blasting character, and causing untimely deaths and dishonored graves. But even then many victims escaped through the power of God, my enemy. I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound; but men soon learned to hate him for his meanness, and comparatively few fell by him. The twin sons, Pestilence and War, went forth, and Famine stole behind them, but these slew indiscriminately the old and the young, men, women and children, the good as well as the bad, and heaven gained as many accessions as hell.

In sadness my satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my crown and kingdom as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the gospel of Christ was making in saving men from my clutches. But when I received your welcome letter I shouted till the welkin of hell rang again—"Eureka, Eureka, I have found him, I have found him!" My dear friend, I could have embraced you a thousand times, and I have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my

—Selected.

person—the most honorable place in my kingdom. In you are combined all the qualifications of just such a friend and partner as I have long wished for, and in your business are all the elements of success. Now shall my throne be established forever. Only carry out your designs and you shall have money, though it be wrung from broken hearts of helpless women and from the mouths of innocent perishing children. Though you fill the jails, work-houses and poor-houses; though you make murder, incest and arson to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every village, town and city, you shall have money. I will also harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though men and women, your victims, shall call you a demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave, and the solemnities of eternity; and when you come to me your works shall produce you a reward.

Forever yours to the very last,

LUCIFER.

FALSE AND TRUE PLEASURE.

NOTHING is more certain in reason and experience than that every inordinate appetite and affection is a punishment to itself, and is perpetually crossing its own pleasure and defeating its own satisfaction by overshooting the mark it aims at. For instance, intemperance in eating and drinking instead of delighting and satisfying nature, doth but load and clog; and instead of quenching a natural thirst, which it is extremely pleasant to do, creates an unnatural one, which is troublesome and endless. The pleasure of revenge, as soon as it is executed, turns into grief and pity, guilt and remorse, and a thousand melancholy wishes that we had restrained ourselves from so unreasonable an act. And the same is as evident in other sensual excesses, not so fit to be described. We may trust epicures for this, that there can be no true pleasure without temperance in the use of pleasure. And God and reason have set no other bounds concerning the use of sensual pleasure but

that we take care not to be injurious to ourselves or others, in the kind or degree of them. And it is very visible that all sensual excess is naturally attended with a double inconvenience; as it goes beyond the limits of nature, it begets bodily pain and diseases; as it transgresseth the rules of reason and religion, it breeds guilt and remorse in the mind. And these are, beyond comparison, the two greatest evils in this world; a diseased body and a discontented mind; and in this I am sure I speak to the feeling and experience of men; and say nothing but what every vicious man finds, and hath a more lively sense of than is expressed by words.

When all is done, there is no pleasure comparable to that of innocency, and freedom from the sting of a guilty conscience; this is a pure and spiritual pleasure, much above any sensual delight. And yet among all the delights of sense, that of health (which is the natural consequent of a sober, and chaste, and regular life) is a sensual pleasure far beyond that

of any vice. For it is the life of life, and that which gives a grateful relish to all our enjoyments. It is not indeed so violent and transporting a pleasure, but it is pure and even, and lasting, and hath no guilt or regret, no sorrow and trouble in it or after it, which is a worm that infallibly breeds in all vicious and unlawful pleasures, and makes them to be bitterness in the end.

EVIDENCE OF A CREATOR IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE WORLD.

How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, or so much as make a good discourse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world! How long might a man be in sprinkling colors upon a canvas with a careless hand, before they could happen to the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than a picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet on Salisbury plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easily to be imagined than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.

EDUCATION.

Such ways of education as are prudently fitted to the particular disposition of children, are like wind and tide together, which will make the work go on amain; but these ways which are applied are like wind and tide, which will make a stir and conflict, but very slow progress.

The principles and virtues must be instilled and dropped into them by degrees, and in such measure as they are capable of receiving them; for children are narrow mouthed vessels, and a great deal cannot be poured into them at once. Young readers are tender and easily wrought upon, apt to be moulded into any fashion; they are like moist clay, which is pliable to any form; but soon

grows hard and then nothing is to be made of it.

Great severities do often work an effect quite contrary to that which is intended, and many times those who were bred up in a severe school, not learning ever after for the sake of the cruelty that was used to force it upon them. So, likewise an endeavor to bring children to piety and goodness by unreasonable strictness and rigor does often beget in them a lasting disgust and prejudice against religion, and teacheth them to hate virtue, at the same time that they teach them to know it.

FORMATION OF A YOUTHFUL MIND.

Men glory in raising great and magnificent structures, and find a secret pleasure to see sets of their own planting grow up and flourish; but it is a greater and more glorious work to build up a man; to see a youth of our own planting, from small beginnings and advantages we have given him, to grow up into a considerable fortune, to take root in the world and to shoot up into such a height and spread his branches so wide, that we who first planted him may ourselves find comfort and shelter under the shadow.

WORLDLY INFLUENCE.

How easily are men checked and diverted from a good cause by the temptations and advantages of this world! How many are cold in their zeal for religion by the favor and friendship of the world, and as their goods and estates have grown greater, their devotion has grown less. How apt are they to be terrified at the apprehension of danger, and sufferings, and by their fearful imaginations to make them greater than they are, and, with the people of Israel, to be disheartened from all future attempts of entering into the land of promise, because it is full of giants and the sons of Anak. How easily was Peter frightened into the denial of his Master! And when our Savior was apprehended, how did his disciples forsake him and fly from him! and though they were constant after to the death, yet it was a great while before they were perfectly armed and steeled against the fear of suffering.

—Archbishop Tillotson, of Canterbury.

SUMMER WOODS.

(See Frontispiece.)

I love at eventide to walk alone,
 Down narrow glens, o'erhung with dewy thorn,
 Where from the long grass underneath, the snail,
 Jet black, creeps out, and sprouts his timid horn.
 I love to muse o'er meadows newly mown,
 Where withering grass perfumes the sultry air;
 Where bees search round, with sad and weary drone,
 In vain, for flowers that bloomed but newly there;
 While in the juicy corn the hidden quail
 Cries, "Wet my foot"; and hid as thoughts unborn,
 The fairy-like and seldom seen land-rail
 Utters, "Craik, craik," like voices underground,
 Right glad to meet the evening's dewy veil,
 And see the light fade into gloom around.

JOHN CLARE.

IN AUSTRALIA.

BY J. W. WIGHT.

A THREE days' stay at the old home-
 stead after the wedding, and Lizzie
 and I left for New South Wales to do mis-
 sionary work. The scenes of that occa-
 sion come before me now after the lapse
 of two years as though it were but yes-
 terday, and recall again our standing sur-
 rounded by friends on the jetty that
 reaches out so far into the bay at Queens-
 ferry.

Less than one week before we had
 stood in discussion with one of Utah's
 representatives on the opposite side of
 the bay, and during so short an interim
 the change from bachelorhood to bene-
 dict had come, so that now we stood
 ready to launch out upon the bay, just
 making a start upon that greater ocean,
 the sea of life.

How strange it all seems that ten thou-
 sand miles apart when perceptive facul-
 ties first came into use, now we stood to-
 gether "two hearts that beat as one!"
 Had it been the hand of fate which had
 beckoned us on to thus continue in a state
 of "single blessedness" of which we hear
 so much; or had our Father listened to
 the pleading of his children and ruled the

union? The first two years as a sample
 would surely declare in favor of the latter
 thought and increase the faith in the
 minds of two of earth's pilgrims at least.

The sails of the sloop having been un-
 furled and the watchword of our good,
 trusty captain, Bro. Jones, having been
 given, we bade adieu to those remaining
 and took our places in the boat. Bro.
 and Sr. Smith were taking their last fare-
 well, so that all in all it was a gloomy
 departure.

The placid bosom of the bay betokened
 a long weary day, but in process of time
 the breeze sprang up; the sails filled out;
 our spirits became more buoyant, and the
 boat danced merrily over the waves, till
 at length we made a landing at Hastings.
 Here we stayed over night, and next
 morning were conveyed by Brn. Baxter
 and McGurk to Frankston, fifteen miles
 distant, where we took train for Mel-
 bourne.

In this, the "Queen City of the South,"
 with an estimated population of 400,000
 and situated on Port Philip bay, some
 forty miles long, we stayed two days,
 awaiting the leaving of the steamer.

The principal places of visit during our stay were the Zoological Gardens and Cole's Book Arcade.

In the former there were animals from every clime and as to self, animals native to our own country were first seen here. The latter place it is said contains 1,000-000 books and is truly a wonderful place, yet some of the leading American works are not found here, because of failure to make terms relative to copyright, I think.

It was at this place that the most trying separation with Bro. Butterworth ensued.

Starting out but ten months before and unaccustomed to travel and the ways of the world, he had leaned for support till the tendrils of this once tender "branch" had so enwrapped themselves as to become almost part and parcel of our being.

Those tendrils were now to be rudely torn away by the hard hand of fate, while this young and diffident man was to be cast upon the mercies of a cold and friendless world to battle alone! What wonder, then, that our heart yearned for him as it was felt how he must realize his position, and all the more keenly as he knew that now he was on his way to open up a new field among those whose faces he had never seen before, in a land of strangers and alone! How pathetic! Yet not alone, for after events proved the watchcare and mercies of a loving Father.

It was with feelings of sadness and a heart too full to speak many words of encouragement that his hand was clasped as we stood separate from the others, he asking what was best to do, and I speaking words of consolation.

What wonder, then, that after boarding the train that bore us swiftly to our destination in one of the suburbs, a feeling of sadness settled down upon our soul as in thought we followed him through the gloaming to his lodgings for the night! But ah! was it fancy? or had the curtains of the intervening distance actually been drawn aside by a hand unseen to permit us to see him seek the lonely seclusion of the room allotted for the night and there pour out his supplications to Him in whom he so confidently trusted? The opening to view of this imaginary tableaux is but to show to all who care to look the character and qualities of this young man, and more especially what an implicit trust he had in Him

who rules the universe. But perchance the imagination had not been so intense, had not the realities of such a confidence been often portrayed to the knowledge of more than the writer.

If any apology is demanded by the reader for this break in the narrative, it is answered in the thought that a recital of events must be made up of both the warp and woof, and that no better woof than that which leads to higher ideas of a complete trust in God, while it shows of what material some of his servants at least are made, can be given. How many of our young brothers and sisters yet basking in the sunshine and love of kind parents and a peaceful home, when they read the history of such trials as these, thus endured by the servants of God, will be stimulated to do more for the assistance of a work that moves men and women to endure so much for its progress?

If there are those who are willing to give up *all*, so far as this life is concerned, have we not even thousands in the church who can afford to make greater monetary sacrifice than others of like material can also be sent forth? Are there none willing to *practically* test the matter? And what has become of the scheme so beautifully portrayed by the St. Joseph brother relative to a home for the poor? Were there those who wondered if any one would answer to the call who were themselves in a condition to practically test it, but forgot that it meant them? "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

What is it that even now opens up the future and impels the spiritual eye to look out upon the broad field with so many avenues of progress and means of aid, and yet so very few stepping into line? O, how many are hiding in a napkin that which has been entrusted to their care, and for which they must needs account when the day of reckoning comes!

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Yes, and the hand that withholds the substance demanded of God will be forced to hang limp when it will be the fullness of joy to strike hands with those found worthy an "abundant entrance into the kingdom of God."

At one p. m. next day we made a start for Sydney in the steamer Elingamite, and as we were still in the bay at lunch it was fully enjoyed.

Arriving at Newcastle in due time, we spent some days with the two branches of Saints in this locality and were privileged to listen to Bro. Smith on "The Thief on the Cross," which was both grand and soul-cheering. Returning to Sydney, we to take boat for Forster, and Bro. and Sr. Smith for Tahiti. It was with feelings of sadness that we took the parting hand, for it was felt that a good counselor was leaving and that at a time when so much needed, while Sr. Smith was leaving a people who loved her and a climate that agreed with her constitution. But it had long since been learned that the life of a traveling elder was full of trial, and the better way was to bear it bravely.

The parting accomplished we were again on our way, and as we passed down the beautiful bay, lunch was thoroughly enjoyed. Scarcely had we left the table when we passed out over the bar and the breakers were up to their old antics.

Sydney harbor is said to be the second finest in the world. The people taking great pride in such fact will greet the new arrival with, "'Ave you see hour 'arbor?"

The principal bay, Port Jackson, extends about four or five miles into the land, while there must be nearly a hundred minor ones, the north shore being lined with the gum tree with here and there a bold rocky cliff standing out in relief, presenting a scene worthy the painter's brush. Or perchance the mansion of some one who prefers such seclusion to the bustle of the city, stands on the side of a precipitous hill, forming a pleasing contrast to its surroundings, and a beautiful background to some tiny bay on the bosom of which is moored the pleasure boat.

Farther inland and opposite the city proper is the city known as "North Shore," and some few miles back from this is where Bro. Rodger made some converts, two of whom are now living in Lamoni.

North Shore is a lazy, dreamy place, seemingly affected by the rays of an almost tropical sun, and, were its surroundings less favorable, it would doubtless die from lack of ambition. One penny will take one over the bay about three-fourths of a mile to the city proper, and the first thing worthy of note are the large brown stone wool stores denoting a large amount of capital in their construction.

Leaving these one is peculiarly struck with the want of system in the laying out of the streets, and as you travel through George, the principal one, it is soon apparent that the same want of system is here. It is said that at one time this was a "bullock track" which accounts for its crookedness, but why in places it is very narrow and at others wide has not yet been learned, but no doubt it was the fancy of the original settlers and the city seems so fond of antiquity that to them it would be sacrilege to make a change.

The difference between the ancient and modern is manifested in the two principal cities. She, with one of the finest locations in the world and the age as well, is behind Melbourne in size, riches and ambition, while the latter is largely built on a swamp, with but a small river, the far famed "Yarra," for its principal harbor. The ubiquitous omnibus, with the yelling driver, and the surging crowds that seem only bent on a continuous tramp, tramp, with hansom cab, grocer's cart, dust carts, and vehicles of various descriptions, making a din and confusion only excelled on the cobbles of 'Frisco's streets, is enough to drive one to seek a side street or, what is better, the parks and gardens. And of these Sydney can certainly boast. Nature having aided the arts of man, it would be difficult to find a more beautiful resort than her botanical gardens. Near these is "Government House" in a very commanding position, to which if a stranger were to try to go he would doubtless be met with the bristling bayonets of the "red coats," while at anchor in the harbor just in front are the gunboats of Her Majesty, the Queen.

Farther on towards the "Heads" is Woolloomaloo Bay from which the 'Frisco mail steamers take their departure, and as one nears the ocean he discovers that settlement is sparser till in places there are but sand ridges, with here and there a pilot or lighthouse. On the south side a perpendicular face has been cut from the solid stone, with holes here and there from which underground cannons would belch forth their leaden messengers of death, did an enemy dare approach with a beligerent design.

The north Head stands up a bold, rocky and perpendicular cliff, a veritable Gibraltar to the foam-crested breakers sending their spray far up its immovable sides.

The next morning we sighted Forster. We passed over the bar in safety and were congratulating ourselves on soon being able to set foot on *terra firma* once more, when the boat stuck fast on the "spit," a ridge of sand thrown up by the tide, and we were compelled to remain until Bro. McLaren came for us in a row-boat, landing us safely.

Conference over, some baptisms attended to, and again the missionary goes forth, causing the first separation since marriage. Bro. Anderson has kindly loaned us a horse, and as twenty miles of our route is the same as was traveled by "Neely" and I, as before described, time is given for reflection and the mind becomes busy with the past. The tall gum trees thickly studding either side of our way remind us of a narrative read some years before entitled, "The Australian Bush," and doubtless had its foundation in the depredations of the noted Kelley gang, to Australia what the Youngers were to the States.

Arriving at Tarree, we put up at a temperance house kept by two old Scotch people, and when it is learned that we are acquainted with Bro. Burton, a true hospitality is extended, thus exemplifying the power of example.

In after time these people came near entering the waters of baptism, but were prevented through her fear of losing custom. He, who was more anxious than she, but controlled by her influence, has since gone to his account, and the mind instinctively asks the question, "What will be his portion?"

Next day we go a distance of twenty-four miles, and as the destination is neared, we pass through a jungle-like forest, which, though the sun is still shining, casts around the deepest shades of coming night, bringing a sensation of loneliness to the traveler.

Staying over night at a Mr. McDonald's, arrangements are made next morning for baptizing the lady on our return, and our kind host pilots us several miles on our way to "New Holm," where we are kindly entertained by Bro. John Rodger and family, baptizing three of the daughters. While here, the "North Brother," a peak rising 1900 feet above the sea level, was climbed, requiring 1 hour and 45 minutes. The effort, however, was well repaid by the magnificent

view obtained. Looking northward, the Hastings river is to be seen thirty miles away, while to the southward as far as the Manning river, a farther view in this direction being obscured by the rugged surface of the country covered with dense forest.

To the westward is seen a vast expanse of "bush," suddenly terminating in a range of mountains extending in a parallel line with the coast; while to the eastward, and only two miles distant, lies the mighty Pacific, dotted here and there with a sail or perchance a coasting steamer. While resting from the weary climb and in the reflective mood of loneliness, intensified by the grave-like silence that seemed to pervade the very air, the mind traveled with the speed of thought across the weary waste of foam-crested billows, till again we stood in the presence of early companionship or anon conversed with those from whom we had been prone to take the parting hand ere the far away land had been started for.

'Tis in moments like this that one realizes the wisdom of the Creator, for as the curtains of the past are thrown back and a peep into memory's store-house indulged, many an otherwise weary hour can be passed in pleasure; or should one feel like desponding at present trial, let a memory-wave pass over the almost barren peaks of past reverses, and the realization comes that from even these has been plucked the fruit of hope, renewed courage arises helping to form one more milestone in the march of events, to also, in its form, stand out in bold relief, marking one of the beauty-spots on the highway of life.

A return brought contact with many a perilous place, and as the stones would give way, necessitating a hasty catching hold of a strong sapling to keep from being precipitated many feet below into a yawning chasm, the danger of the position was the more keenly realized; and when the bottom had been regained, a freer breathing was indulged in.

Returning to Mr. McDonald's, his wife was baptized and the same night a few gathered at the house and seemed interested in the sermon preached. This sister had heard and believed the preaching of Bro. Glaud Rodger, and the teaching of that noble servant of God had so im-

pressed itself that during all these years it had not been forgotten.

It was on the return from this trip that the equestrian qualities so common to the colonials developed, as fifty-four miles were traveled during the last day and Forster reached while the Saints were at social service.

A short stay and another candidate for baptism, this time coming from one of the timber (lumber) crafts trading between here and Sydney, a young Scotchman connected with the Salvation Army.

This same brother afterward had a practical test of the danger of sea-life, having shipped as a sailor on the ship "Garston," bound for "Frisco" and then Great Britain.

All went well for some days, when an unseen rock was struck and she suddenly filled. Time was not had to properly provision the boats, and when it is learned that they were twenty-three days before reaching land, their sufferings can be better imagined than described.

In an open boat with only a quilt to act as a sail and nothing to shelter from the rain or the almost vertical rays of a tropical sun, what wonder that some had begun to debate as to the propriety of casting lots! When landing on an island they were so weak and emaciated they could not stand. On their return, the Forster Saints sent over twenty dollars to the young brother.

Again on the travel, this time with Lizzie as a companion, we stay over night with Bro. and Sr. Mather, he acting as our guide next day. Leaving the main road, we have only a bridle path, and our guide being well up in the art of bushmanship,

no doubt had many a quiet chuckle at the exhibitions of the novices as we rode through the forest single file. Staying all night in Tinooni, there was made a gospel effort with a very good audience and interest.

Bro. Rodger was the pioneer of this place. Next morning we went to Wingham, where Bro. Rodger had a newspaper controversy with a Rev. (?) Hawkins, which must have been trying even to the patience of that good man. Some four miles from here he formed a branch, but nearly all afterward moved away, forming the nucleus of what is now the Namubucca branch.

Failing to create an interest we went some six miles up the river where Mrs. Moore, a sister of Mrs. McDonald, was baptized. Like her, she had been a believer for years. When first the gospel was heard they were young ladies at home and their father was so bitterly opposed as to prevent them joining. Bro. William McLaughlin was the only one of that family, consisting of twelve children, then baptized; but since then five more have entered the waters of regeneration and still others favorable. The husband and father is now left to mourn the loss of a noble wife who in life was anxious for baptism and on her death-bed desired to see an elder but was refused.

Returning to Forster, we had an enjoyable time at a picnic up the river and at a tree in the chapel on Easter night. And surely if we are to have trees, and every locality should, let us have them at Easter, as it comes much nearer memorializing the Savior's birth than on Christmas.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A GREAT ORATOR was once addressing a vast crowd, when right in the midst of an impassioned sentence he paused, pressed his hand upon his forehead, as if he was faint, and quietly said: "I pause for a moment, the air is close; indeed, the crowd is so great, that we will adjourn to the open air. I will sit down and rest while, as quietly as possible, you withdraw; and to prevent confusion, and

at the same time give more air, let the audience first remove from the right hand gallery." What did the man mean? Why, in the midst of his speech he saw the pillars under the gallery yielding to the crushing weight, and that multitude was about to be engulfed in ruin. But his thoughtfulness saved them—an alarming outcry would have been destruction.—*Selected.*

COLUMBIA, LAND OF OUR LOVE.

Ring, ring,
 From the East to the West,
 From the earth to the path of the wild eagle's
 wing!
 O'er the homes of a commonwealth blest,
 Ring, bells of delight, bells of liberty, ring,
 And the guns to the sunrise their jubilee fling;
 And the echoes of joy go and come
 With the call of the fife and the drum!
 For our country wears Liberty's crown,
 Columbia, land of our love!
 And, till the last throne crumbles down,
 As bright as the stars shine above,
 Its seal shall the symbol of brotherhood be,
 And its banner the rainbow that circles the free.

Sound, sound,
 Every mountain and shore
 On the breezes that sweep, and the billows that
 bound
 'Neath the sun and the moon evermore!
 Shout, forest and field! All ye cataracts, sound,
 And ye rivers that water Fame's holiest ground,

And ye gamboling brooks, in your glee,
 Bear the joy of the hills to the sea!
 For our country wears Liberty's crown,
 Columbia, land of our love!
 And, till the last throne crumbles down,
 As bright as the stars shine above,
 Its seal shall the symbol of brotherhood be,
 And its banner the rainbow that circles the free.

Sing, sing,
 Happy voices of men!
 Merry women and children, your melody bring
 To the concert of gladness again!
 Sing household and heart! love and loyalty sing,
 With the music of every harmonious string,
 While the birds of Hope's midsummer clime
 With her toilers make holiday chime.
 For our country wears Liberty's crown,
 Columbia, land of our love!
 And, till the last throne crumbles down,
 As bright as the stars shine above,
 Its seal shall the symbol of brotherhood be
 And its banner the rainbow that circles the free.

—Theron Brown, in "The Household."

CELEBRATING IN THE SIXTIES.

BANG! CH-WHANG! The boys had particularly requested that they be wakened at daylight, and the farmer in compliance with this request (astonishing from such a source) had held the muzzles of the big shot-gun close to the side of the house and sent a double charge of shot and a terrific report up past their open window and tearing on into the vaults of heaven.

It wakened them; out they tumble and run to the open window expecting to see a thunder shower overhead, but no, a little wreath of smoke is floating lazily into the little maple grove and the air floats in from as beautiful a morning as ever smiled upon the blooming prairies.

It is the Fourth of July! the report of the gun had frightened away the memory of the plans formed and reformed till midnight and now all is furious haste, for is not the day all their own? How speedily they dress in their best suits—one in jeans, one in cottonade with little faded linen coats, and for the first time in life the younger essays a paper collar, feeling

that he must have that to be fully dressed up; later in the day it becomes limp and is dragged off, but the crowd don't seem to notice his changed appearance, and the celebration is not stopped by the rash act.

The boys start on foot for the main road; they expect to catch a ride in one of the early wagons. Ah! here comes one, but it is crowded. Another comes, crowded again. Here is one at last, a great big wagon and only two persons in it; but when it gets near enough the boys discover it to be Will Hait, who for the first time has mustered up courage to ask one of the girls of the neighborhood to go with him, and here they are sitting as far apart as the length of the seat allows, and looking prim and uncomfortable, it wont do to ask *them* for a ride, and Will thinks it will not do for him to carry such a promiscuous load, so the boys trudge on till they come to the little hamlet of Rolfe.

Though it is early, many people have gathered, and how fast they come in now; even the settlement a few miles west is

sending in a goodly contingent, though there is to be a rival celebration at that place, which in derision has been named "Gandertown." Clouds of dust rise on all the well traveled roads, the wind is asleep, the flag hangs limp and motionless upon the flagstaff atop the old brick courthouse up on the high hill, and it is getting hot. The boys snuff the goodly smell of gunpowder, the crackers pop, a procession is forming, for the real celebration is to be three miles away in a beautiful grove overlooking the grand Des Moines river. But where is the music? They learn that a team has been sent for the musicians and instruments and then two smart gray horses pulling a load of men come over the hill on a run. They rein up near the edge of the crowd; the musicians are there but not an instrument in sight. The men have pulled their faces as long as they can and a deadly fear creeps through the growing throng. Something has happened! something has gone wrong! and then one man with pale face and set lips says, without regard to grammar, "Have them Gandertowners carried off our drums?" Then the faces in the wagon relax, the silver fife flashes athwart the face of "Fifer Smith," the drums materialize from the bottom of the wagon, the black sticks flash over the terrified head of the "snare;" "Pap" Vaughn swings the padded sticks over the big bass viciously, catches the driver under the ear with one, and the big drum gets the recoil and together they send "calfskin music through the land"—vocal music may be heavenly, brass instruments fill their own place, but martial music makes the heart leap, especially to boys; and verily the spirit of liberty will be among us today, for See! as the music commences the great flag straightens with a coil and flap and gracefully, grandly, majestically waves in air as pure as the world knows, the loyal breath of the great north-west.

But see! The procession is moving. The boys find a seat with the family of an acquaintance, just as their father's wagon wheels into line, full as it will hold, of other boys who have done exactly as they did—got there early to see it all. How the "band" does play! How sweet the air, how fair the drive to and across the pretty river!

The grove is reached, shouts of welcome, swings going up, stands going up;

flags, smoke, crackers, noise, plank seats being laid for the audience who will listen to a speaker from a neighboring city. Sundry men carrying sundry heavy baskets to long, narrow, rough tables, and how fast the depths of the forest absorb the multitude of teams! Hark! loud cheers from the picturesque road leading up the river, and the Palo Alto delegation moves briskly into sight to the sound of more martial music. Cornick is pounding his little drum terrifically, our own musicians catch the sound and grasp their own instruments. Two brave men take the terrible risk and one on each side hold the big drum for Pap. Vaughn; one of them had already partially lost his hearing, however, and then they pound out such a thunderous welcome as makes the oak leaves fairly quiver. How the teams roll in from every prairie road! Here is George Heald with his fine team, also his girl. George is puzzled as many another young man has been to know just how close attention he must pay to the young lady and yet enjoy himself with the rest of the young men; fortunately she is herself ignorant of any rule bearing on the subject, so they go and come quite independently till dinner is announced, then he waits upon her quite as gallantly as his city cousin could do; and this young couple is a type of many present.

What lots of boys! and how some of them have grown since our boys saw them last. There is Jimmie Bruce and Billy McEwen and Abe Gerlock, and Danny Hunt, and Bobby Struthers, and a whole lot of strange boys from up river and down river. Our boys hesitate; they don't know when to commence; the noise confuses them; but at last they set out for the stand where the largest crowd is gathered and the most noise is being made. Smoke and crackers everywhere. One of them has thirty cents, the other forty-five—what shall they buy? Crackers first, of course,—ten cents for common, fifteen for large. The thirty cent boy hesitates;—the big ones are the best, but oh my! fifteen cents is half his fortune; then he sees a yellow one here and there among the red, and the older boys tell him they pop with extra vim, and he buys the big ones. Then in his hurry he breaks off the fuse from the first dozen in detaching them, but fires them as they

are, to save a loss, and burns his fingers in consequence. He don't care for that, however. Then he gets suddenly thirsty as the deliciously foreign smell of lemons is borne to his nostrils; a nickel goes for lemonade and he gets his money's worth, for it is genuine; then just as he begins to feel a little poor Father Slosson's portly form pushes in among the boys, a dollar greenback passes over to the man who tends stand, and a dozen bunches of crackers are handed over and distributed among the boys and our young friend is fortunate enough to get one. He opens it and puts it carelessly in his pocket, the large main fuse hanging out. Pop, pop all around. A boy from up river catches sight of the fuse in the boys pocket and slips round and slyly touches the hot end of a "fizz" cracker to it. Our young friend is all unconscious of danger and his surprise and indignation is great as George Heald strips his coat off with a single jerk, just as the crackers begin to go; then George swings it over his head and there is a perfect cyclone of muffled pops and smoke. When they have done he coolly stamps on the pocket to but out the fire and hands it to its owner who looks at the great black ragged hole and then dons the garment deliberately and the fun goes merrily on.

Along toward noon the boys edge up toward the groaning tables. How good that dinner does look! as the busy farmer's wives deftly set it in tempting display, and at the call of dinner the boys without indecorous haste, and yet without the least delay find seats and odd as it may seem they were within reaching distance of the beautifully browned and artistically carved young turkey which the Fishers have contributed to the feast. And then, how those boys do eat! and what a dinner to tempt them! At just such picnic dinners as this the writer conceived the notion that there are no cooks in the world quite so good as those Iowa women, and no better dinners ever graced a king's table than those set at such gatherings in that early day; and, strange as it may appear, the conviction grows stronger with age.

The dinner has been cleared away and the crowd take seats to hear the speaking. How the boys admire the taste of the unknown person who has made a large flag into a great half coil dropping gracefully

from the limbs of the trees overhead and with this fitting background in which to stand surely the speaker will be full of the fire of patriotism, but his speech is not spread-eagle; it is too short an interval since the civil war, and he dwells chiefly upon that topic. He tells with moistened eyes and strong feeling that is not at all affected of the high courage of Iowa men in the army, and many eyes glisten. Many returned soldiers are present—Malcolm, Chatfield, Seeley, and over here the Cooper brothers,—strong, blackbearded, the very personification of soldierly manhood. And now the speaker has reached the battles and their consequences. He draws a vivid picture, and when he speaks of the domestic gaps which those shot and shell have made, his strong voice breaks, for his life has also been touched to a terrible loss. Passionate tears from women whose husbands or sons have laid down their lives for their country; and over there, see that old man whose eyes wander out from under the leafy canopy to the field of growing corn flanked by the waving grain, and he wonders vaguely if his son—last heard from moving toward Fort Donaldson—sleeps beneath the moving grain, or lies in the cool shadow of the fragrant woods. He has tried hard to hear of him, he has prayed to know; and as he closes his eyes for a single instant he sees before him a little short ravine, flowers and rocks in the bottom by the little stream, a grove of small trees upon a shelving bank and in the edge of that grove a pair of oaks and near the oaks a soldier's grave. He opens his eyes with a start, and is forever after satisfied that he has seen the grave of his son.

The speech is ended; a hum of voices and scattering of people. Where are the boys? There, among that group, preparing to go for a bath in the limpid Des Moines. After they come back there are races and ball games, and the boys wish the table could be set again; but it is getting late, and with wonderful spontaneity the wagons appear and gather in their respective loads. The boys find their father's wagon this time; they are not so anxious to walk as in the morning, and they show the friction of a busy day—the new straw hats look a month old, and on one of them a black spot where a stray cracker left its mark; and then that

pocket and sore fingers! There is a half bunch left in the younger boy's pocket saved for future reference, and to show his thoughtfulness he informs his brother of the fact, and is surprised to find that he has been provident to exactly the same degree. Then they think of tomorrow,

that will be a work day—what is the fifth of July anyway? I'll tell you, boys, its a glass of yesterday's soda water with the fizz all out of it; and how long this day has been after all! It seems a month ago when the old shot-gun ushered in the glorious Fourth.

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I stand
 With unknown thresholds on each hand;
 The darkness deepens as I grope,
 Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,
 That doors are opened, ways are made,
 Burdens are lifted or are laid,
 By some great law unseen and still,
 Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
 "Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
 Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
 Too heavy burdens in the load,
 And too few helpers on the road;
 And joy is weak and grief is strong,
 And years and days so long, so long;

Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,
 That I am glad the good and ill
 By changeless law are ordered still
 "Not as I will."

"Not as I will!"—the sound grows sweet
 Each time my lips the words repeat.
 "Not as I will!"—the darkness feels
 More safe than light when His thought steals
 Like whispered voice to calm and bless
 All unrest and all loneliness.
 "Not as I will," because the one
 Who loved us first and best has gone
 Before us on the road, and still
 For us must all his love fulfill—
 "Not as we will."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE PROMISE, AND THE PROMISER.

BY WILLIAM STREET.

WE are told that "the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." Then the word of God is like a dead letter without the Spirit; and it is like reading any other book if taken only to gratify a desire or a curiosity. But who shall tell the power of the word of God when the Spirit yields the power? It is then like a two-edged sword.

Scripture may be received intellectually and repeated with facility and precision, and even appropriately without a saving power to the speaker or the listener. It is only so far as faith appropriates the word that it is a saving power; and the Promiser tells us that when it is done in faith and by the power of the Spirit, it shall not return unto him void.

The gospel is a gospel of peace, and

the soul needs in the trials and tribulations sympathy and infinite wisdom. God created no want in man but what he can satisfy. He that made us can make us happy. It is only ourselves and our surroundings that make us miserable, especially when they make us selfish and ungrateful for what we enjoy. God has prepared a temple and a sanctuary, that where he is we may be also. Shall not the Lord do whatever he will with his own? Moses' forty years in the wilderness, Abraham's three days' journey to Mount Moriah contained the teaching that should put them amongst the everlasting witnesses. It is the gold that comes from the crucible, the temple of the living God.

"Fear not to call upon him, O soul distressed,

Thy every need hath bound thee to his breast;
But who is often there is often blessed,
Have faith in God!"

"If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding."

King Solomon conscious of the exalted position to which he had been called, and sensible of his own insignificance, and incompetent for the great work set before him, feels his insufficiency. He asks of God what he lacks; and behold, because he asks for wisdom and knowledge and an understanding heart to go in and out, the Lord grants his request. The Promiser is true to his promise.

This is true prayer, asking God for what we lack. If wisdom and knowledge were quite essential to rule and govern a nation over whom he was called to reign, are they essential and to be asked when we go to branch conferences, when we go on a visit on a railroad or on a steamboat, or to train our buds into pretty flowers, or our young branches into beautiful trees? Certainly. "For all these things I will be inquired of." "Ask what I shall give thee."

It was in remembering the mercies of King David that Solomon gained faith in the power and willingness of God to bestow upon his servant what was required. Shall not the great King of all the earth in these latter days give to his children bountifully the riches out of his storehouse—grace, mercy, love and truth—even wisdom, knowledge and truth and an understanding heart to all who ask him in faith? Certainly he will. The Promiser is true to his promise every time.

I was surprised to read of Bro. Joseph being at a testimony meeting, and not one (save him) had asked for wisdom and knowledge.

The crowing of a cock awakened the conscience of Peter. Samson's hair was an insignificant thing to the eyes of those who knew him not, but it cost him his life, strength and sight. The man of God turned aside to eat bread in the house of a stranger, but a lion met him and slew him. When Saul

went to seek his father's asses, he returned an anointed king. The gallows was prepared for Mordecai at eve, but he went forth from the presence of the king clothed in purple, great among the Jews, and was accepted of the multitude. "Despise not the day of small things."

"Let nothing keep you back from Christ,
Neither trials without or within;
But spread before the mercy seat
Your sorrows and your sin."

"Without me ye can do nothing," is the injunction of the Mediator between us and the Promiser; and shall we cease either to watch or pray? To neglect either one of these is an insult to him whose blessings we invoke; and shall we give up prayer because our hearts are dry and cold? Shall we rise from our knees and not watch? Shall we give our testimonies and then go about as if if we had no delight in the exercises? Shall we take of the sacrament and go forth and satisfy the cravings of an uncharitable world, having no duty to perform? Shall we do these things?

We may go forth into the world, and Satan will also follow and hurl his fiery darts at us; but shall we not return to our closets again and get an antidote to relieve his poisonous weapons? I ask you, Shall we not?

Let us wait on him who says he will give liberally "and upbraideth not." Labor accomplished for Him becomes a service only comprehended by those who have been accustomed to seek and ask continually and abide in the vine. This, my beloved, comprehends a great deal more than mere ejaculatory prayer. Moses prayed to enter the promised land, but he beheld on Mount Tabor greater glory than entering the promised land—the coming of the glory of the Son of God and a suffering Savior. Love so amazing, so divine!

Go back to Bethlehem, Gethsemane, Calvary and see what it cost? Turn your eyes towards Nauvoo to Carthage jail, and tell the world what it has cost.

Moses said unto Joshua, ". . . Go out; fight with Amalek: to-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand. And it came to pass when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed."—Exodus 17: 9-11.

"Alas! my Master, how shall we do?" exclaimed the servant of the man of God

when he beheld the city compassed with horses and chariots. Elisha could say "Fear not; they that be for us are more than they that be against us." Elisha saw what we must all learn to see by faith—the things in the past, present and future; "And the Lord opened the young man's eyes and he saw and beheld the mountains were full of horses and chariots."—2 Kings 6: 17.

The chariots of the heavenly hosts are no farther away now from us to-day than they were from Elisha and the young man. The petitioner is no farther away in the closet, in the shop, on the farm than Elisha was at Dothan. Know ye not that ye have a great High Priest who calls us brethren? The Promiser will be

true to his promise every time. Try him. One who has a knowledge of the truth may convince the understanding of one who is in the dark, but the power on the heart and mind must be done by the Spirit's power. Elisha's prayer gave the young man perfect safety. Why? Because his eyes had been opened into the light.

The Samaritans, when they had heard Jesus' prayer, were loth to part with him. Why? Because they had seen and heard him. The woman of Sychar could tell the glad tidings to all around her that the expected Messiah had come. She had to hear him before she could receive him as the Christ; but blessed are they that believe without so seeing.

AN INCIDENT.

BY T. S. BROWN.

IN the year 187— there ran between Chicago and St. Joseph, Michigan, the fine, swift side-wheel steamer *Corona*, owned by the Goodrich Transportation Company, of Chicago.

In competition with this boat was the small propeller *Skylark*. This boat ran up the St. Joseph river to Benton Harbor, the two cities being only a mile apart.

Each boat secured all they could of passengers or freight for either town. This, of course, created quite a rivalry, in which the *Corona* had rather the best of it, being larger and swifter; therefore, as the season of navigation closed, it was whispered around that the *Corona* would in the spring have a larger rival. The secret of her name etc. was closely kept.

Spring came, the *Corona* went promptly to work, the days went by and the new boat did not appear. At last one afternoon while the *Corona* was lying at her dock a steamer was seen outside the bar. She needed no pilot but came steaming boldly in.

Every man of the *Corona's* crew were watching her. At last the steward cried out, "Why, that 's the *Messenger*! I have rode on her." He proved the only one of the crew who knew anything about the new stranger from the north, and the mate

asked him what he thought of her to compete with the *Corona*.

"Well," said the steward, "I'm a *Corona* man; but when it comes down to speed I'm afraid we have got sharp work cut out for us."

At this the *Corona* men set up a shout of derision, but it was checked as the new boat swept swiftly past them, stemming the swift current of the river and doing her work so easily that there was no doubt left of her being far superior to the *Skylark*. She proved within a week to be the "Greyhound of the Lakes," beating her larger rival with wonderful ease.

As the season advanced both boats were daily loaded with passengers. Then the steamer *John Sherman*, a large side-wheel boat, commenced crossing from Chicago, carrying excursions. This boat was said to be the fastest on fresh water, having been for several years in the employment of the government; and it so happened that the time for each boat to leave Chicago was almost the same. The *Messenger* and *Sherman* had long been eyeing each other, but a test of speed had never been made.

The *Sherman* slips away from her dock; she is alive with passengers; the band is

playing softly as she passes the Corona. Her lines also splash in the water; her wheels revolve, and she is close behind the Sherman; then a sharp, clear whistle blows, the bridge bell rings, the bridge swings, and the Messenger glides through—look! just as smart and alert as she is; and here we have them strung out in line, the Sherman not yet a mile ahead, the Corona following closely with something in her action which seemed to say, "This will be the race of her life;" and trailing behind in seeming carelessness the smaller Messenger.

But she is not at all careless; as she passes the lighthouse her speed increases, little waves roll and seethe and crackle away from her sharp prow on either side. Already the distance between her and the Corona is lessening; an hour's run and she is alongside and forging ahead, in spite of the most determined effort that boat has ever made.

Just at this moment a paddle breaks on one of the great wheels of the Corona, and the captain sees at once he must drop out of the race. The crew and many passengers had been watching him to see how he was going to take his defeat. They did not wait long, for as the pretty little propeller went sliding by a look of honest admiration shone in his eyes, then he swung his black hat and shouted, "Hurrah for the Messenger!" and the cheer which went up from his boat brought a hearty response from both the others.

The Corona slackened speed and dropped out of the race; the Messenger, evidently not doing her best, gained upon the Sherman. Slowly she drew alongside, then both seemed to be increasing their speed; the great walking-beam of the Sherman plunged up and down angrily, and the foam flew from her churning wheels. The Messenger was running in almost absolute silence, but under her stern the water was also boiling and whirling.

For forty miles the two boats run almost abreast, then inch by inch the bow of the little propeller creeps ahead, but she cannot throw off her rival. A biscuit might have been tossed from one boat to the other during that long struggle. The cliffs at St. Joseph are alive with spectators, the telegraph informing them that a race is in progress.

The two boats are now outside the bar, perhaps a mile away. They are making a final struggle, and as they strike the breakers on the bar the spray leaps high up, and right here the propeller is at home, and as the piers are reached she slides gracefully in, a half-length ahead; and from cliffs and shore, and crowded boats there goes up a thunder of cheers for the brave little Messenger.

NOTE 1.—This boat (the Messenger) was burned in December, 1890.

NOTE 2.—The captain of the Corona on this occasion was Nelson W. Napier, who lost his life by the sinking of the ill-fated steamer Alpena, of which he became captain the same season the boat was lost.

Do you wish to know what became of the Skylark after the Messenger took her route? Well, she became a coaster; that is, she ran up and down the Michigan side of the lake carrying lumber, etc., then the report got out that one of her engineers had not the certificate which first-class engineers are required by law to procure, and one afternoon she ran into St. Joseph with a small load and tied up for the night at a convenient dock. Just at twilight another steamer made the port, steamed quietly up past the Skylark and also made a landing. This was the United States steamer Michigan, a regular policeman of the lakes, and from her decks some dangerous looking cannon looked out; but her mission was peace itself, to judge by the quiet on board. Darkness closed in, then it grew late, the lights along boats and docks went out one by one except the signal lamps.

But come down with me to the Skylark. It is dark here also, but see! a man steps lightly ashore, looks cautiously around, then quickly casts off the breast-line of the steamer, then running back casts off the stern-line and jumps on board.

The boat is adrift! Shall we call the captain and warn him of his danger? No, for the man we saw was the captain himself, and the boat is drifting silently down the river. Now she passes safely through the draw of the railroad bridge, and then the current turns her partly around and broadside on the drifts, on out over the bar into the open lake. The great revolving light from the lighthouse falls full upon her now and gleams white and ghostly on the silent boat. Again and

again the light revolves, and each time we see the boat less plainly. But hark! a bell rings in the engine-room, a little puff of steam from the exhaust pipe, the water tumbles sluggishly under her stern and like a leviathan waking from sleep the boat slowly turns and heads away to the north. She runs very slowly till she has left the shore far behind; then the bell rings again, fire and flame and vaporous smoke vomit from the black smoke-stack, and she speeds away till the lake fog and the shadows and the mysterious silence swallow her up.

But see! she is not to wander alone upon that dark waste of waters, for here comes the the Michigan and sets her bow right in the wake of the flying Skylark. At daylight the captain of the little propeller is dismayed to find that his trick has failed; the Michigan now draws up swiftly and demands that the engine of the Skylark be forthwith stopped, and that the towline or hawser of the Michigan be made fast on board the propeller.

The captain of the Skylark flatly refuses; then the commander of the Michigan says quite calmly, "Then, sir, if you will not stop your boat I shall be obliged to send a ball through your machinery which will stop her."

The captain of the Skylark makes no reply; then the commander of the Michigan gives a low command to the man at the wheel of his own boat. The wheel spins over and the bow swings away ominously, the black muzzle of a cannon is in plain view, the gunners stand by in absolute silence.

Instantly the captain of the Skylark raises his hand; it is a prearranged signal. Again her signal-bell sounds, the steam shuts off with a hoarse bark, and as the motion of the boat dies the Michigan forges ahead, a tow-line is taken out and made fast on the Skylark, and away she goes to the port of Grand Haven. Here the round sum of two hundred dollars is levied and paid.

POMONA, California.

IN LOWLY WAYS.

BY JENNIE ADAIR.

IT was long ago, but the scene comes back to-day, a still summer afternoon, broken in the school-room only by the rustle of leaves as they were turned in the preparation of lessons and by the voices of teacher and a class reading. And still, after the lapse of years, I hear the words they read:

"If among the high and mighty
You should fail to find me present,
You may meet with better fortune
In the cottage of the peasant."

They were reading of charity, but in the experiences that have come to me since that summer day, I have found that charity is not the only virtue, not the only blessing that is more often found in the humble cottage of the peasant than among the high and mighty ones of earth.

Are not the poor, from the very fact of their poverty, nearer to God? Is it not easier for them to realize their dependence upon God's bounty than for those who never feel need? Does not the

love of God come with a deeper, sweeter, more stirring power to those who have never been lauded, flattered, honored of men? Does not the "Come unto me and ye shall find rest" fall with a tone of sympathy on the ears of those "that labor and are heavy laden"? Ah! ye poor among men, lift up your heads, for it is written that the gospel shall be preached among you. Sigh not for the ease of those who have wealth; it is written, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Another bright day stands out like a picture in my memory of the past, a sunny morning in August. The early train rushed into a little western town whose inhabitants were just beginning to stir themselves about their daily duties.

From the train alighted two young ladies who had met the day previous, one coming from the east and one from the mountains of the west, and together they had completed their journey. We will pass with them down the street, past the

stores where brisk shopkeepers are taking down their blinds and sweeping off their steps, past the groups of loungers sunning themselves and waiting for something to turn up, past workmen going to their day's labor.

We will pass along with them and listen to their conversation. They are talking of their separate journeys, of the incidents of travel, of their separate destinations. We hear one say:

"Brown? Why, I know that family. They are Mormons."

"Yes, they are," is the reply. "I have been here once—that is, just a few days—and I know they are Mormons. So are my uncle and aunt. But then you know, don't you, that there are two different Mormon churches?"

"Yes, I know it. I have played with the children of these Mormons and been in and out of their houses and I know that, while they claim to be different from the Utah Church, there is no difference. They are all alike."

"Well, I don't know much about it. Of course if you have lived among them, you must know something of the people, but I know this that their church paper bears this as a head-line, 'There shall not any man among you have save it be one wife and concubines he shall have none.' I know, too, that my uncle and aunt to whom I am going would not countenance anything wrong if they knew it. There must be a mistake somewhere and I intend to keep my eyes open and see where it is, if I can."

As they converse thus, we pass along, leaving behind the better portion of the town which is divided by a beautiful little river into two parts, one part built upon the highlands and looking down upon the humble cottages dotting the lowlands that lie almost encircled by the river where it makes a great horse-shoe bend.

Pausing a moment the young ladies look down upon the scene before them.

"There you see the Mormon colony," we hear.

"This is called North Torbitt. The people from South Torbitt," pointing to the town behind them, "seldom come down here, except those who are called by business. The world looks down on these people."

Then as they stand there, yielding to a sudden impulse, the one who has been

giving to her younger companion this information goes on to tell of her own sad, almost wrecked life, saying, "I tell you because you will most probably hear it from others who know me, and I prefer to tell you myself."

And the other answers abstractedly, softly, as if talking to herself:

"Into all lives some rain must fall."

"Each has his own cares; none escape; the world has but little happiness, little rest, little peace," and a little tone of bitterness creeps into her voice as she goes on:

"How gives the world?

With small and scanty measure,
A cup of bitterness with every pleasure,
And promises of gain
Whose poor fulfillment
Brings but grief and pain."

We listen to these two who have come from the east and from the west as they stand here gazing upon the humble, the poor abodes below them and as the words of each show that the world has failed to satisfy the deep longings of these two human hearts, those words of meekness and hopefulness come back to us and we fain would whisper to them:

"If among the high and mighty
You should fail to find me present,
You may meet with better fortune
In the cottage of the peasant."

They pass on down the decline and at the foot they part to go their separate ways never to meet again, one to pass by and away from these people of whom the world spoke evil, the other to go among them, knowing these evil reports but willing to think the verdict of the world might be a mistake, strong in the simple integrity of an honest heart, willing to be liberal and charitable, and resolved to "keep her eyes open" to discover the reason why these people should be thus spoken against.

We, too, will bid adieu to our fellow-traveler and go with this one who is saying in her heart that she is willing to go "down lowliest ways if God wills it so."

We see her taking up the simple, homely duties of the little household, thinking the while as she compares it with more pretentious ones, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox with hatred."

We see her sitting in the little church and wondering, as one after another rises and testifies that the gospel is true, if they

realize the full import of their words, and what it is that they claim to "know" and how they know it.

And we see one September evening as we look into the little home of which she is at present an inmate an earnest little group gathered up to the table where lie the sacred books in question while the young girl reads from another lying open before her the emphatic charges of a man who believes them to be "frauds," palmed off by an "impostor" upon too credulous people.

She reads carefully, sometimes pausing to consider and gather the full meaning. The aged couple draw their arm-chairs nearer and watch and listen, Oh, so anxiously, for are not their hearts yearning and longing over this one hovering so near the door of the kingdom. They look at her face occasionally to gather from it, if they can, signs that shall indicate how the battle goes within, but they read in the corrugated brow and earnest eyes only thoughtfulness.

The reader is often interrupted by her listeners. How can they listen quietly while that which is enshrined in their hearts as sacred and pure above all things, the word of God, is derided and ridiculed and set forth as a cunningly devised tale to be unmasked and denounced. They interrupt with, "Now we *know* that is false," "Yes, we *know* that is not true," and then in eager and trembling tones they tell their own version of it, and the young girl looks and listens and a tender feeling of sympathy steals into her heart, even while she fears they may have been misled.

She cannot doubt that they are true, but instinctively she feels that she dare not put her trust in man alone. No, she must know for herself, and then the promise recurs to her, "If any man will do the will of the Father, he shall know of the doctrine," and this is the word that she hides away and ponders in her heart.

When next we look upon them the bright October sun is shining down upon the red sumacs and browning hazel bushes as a little party of ten or a dozen wend their way along the footpath leading down to where, secluded from the haunts of men, the blue waters of the little river ripple in the morning beams, while on the shore the "old trees their arms

outstretching" are mirrored in the clear stream.

They kneel upon the pebbly bank and offer up a prayer of thanks and supplication; they sing and their song is of the beautiful rite about to be performed and of its significance. Two move out into the water and in the almost breathless silence that follows while no sound is heard but the lapping of the tiny waves upon the shore, she who has thus yielded herself "to do the Father's will" covering her face with her hands to shut out the world entirely, lifts her heart to Him in a prayer, wordless, inexpressible, such as we raise when feeling most, and then the silence of a moment is broken, her name is called, and clear and decisive ring out the words, "Being commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen," and she is buried with Christ in baptism, and as he rose, so also she is raised from the liquid grave "to walk in newness of life."

Quietly the little company return home, quietly they return each one to his labor, but one as she passes to and fro about her work "waits the promise of the Father," and as the days go by and patience sometimes fails, the cry of disappointment goes up "Oh, Father, is this all?"

No, no, not all! There comes a time, a sacred, holy time, when He who has said, "He that believeth on my words him will *I visit*," fulfills his word and she kneels before God praying for strength that she may always testify that the "work is true."

And as we remember the many who have been confronted by the problem of the restored gospel, brought by the angel who came and commissioned Joseph Smith to organize the Church of God in these last days; as we remember that while some have received the message, many have turned away in distrust, some have scanned it cynically, some have joined themselves to the church having worldly aims in view; while we remember this, we remember also that

"No cunning finds the key of heaven;
No strength its gates unfold.
Alone to guilelessness and love
The gates shall open fall,
The heart of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all."

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

THE encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII, which has recently appeared, has for some time been looked for with great impatience by many, as it has been understood that in it he would treat of the social question; and those who understand what his utterances mean to the Catholic Church, understand that in these utterances the future policy of that church would be outlined and defined. Its utterances are moderate, discouraging socialism as having its foundation in covetousness and exhorting to a due consideration of the claims of labor, but so far as offering any means of solution of the vexed question is concerned, it fails entirely.

In the light, however, of a recent article in *The Review of Reviews*, the petition recently presented to the Pope, by many of the high dignitaries of the Catholic Church, becomes of much graver importance to all lovers of their country, and demands far more serious consideration than the eagerly looked for letter of Pope Leo XIII. It is the desire of these petitioners that his Holiness should impose certain restrictions upon Catholics who emigrate to this country, among which restrictions these are found, namely, the compulsory attendance of schools established by the church, in which the *language of the emigrant shall be taught*.

When we first read the extract which we append, we confess to thinking that Mr. Stead was perhaps a little mistaken in attaching so much importance to this idea, or rather that however grave the question might be, no such danger was imminent in our country; but if it be an element of danger, which without fostering has reached such proportions; what may it not become under the fostering care of the Church of Rome:—

ARE THE UNITED STATES TO BE ENGLISH
SPEAKING.

TO those who take an extended view of the world and the destinies of its dwellers, the questions which perturb the minds of politicians are trivial compared with the immense problem created by the massacre of the Italian Mafiates in New Orleans. That question is not, as some

imagine, whether or not a diplomatic rupture will develop into an international breach; nor is it the much more important question of the responsibility of the central Government for the enforcement of treaty obligations in the federated States. These issues are on the surface. They relate to the mere mechanism, and therefore to the artificialities of politics. The real question which underlies is far more solid and far more serious. That question is, whether the United States of America are or are not to be an integral portion of the English-speaking world? To most of our readers, in the Old World and the New, the question will seem almost as monstrously absurd as if it were to be asked whether the men of Kent were still speaking English. But, unfortunately, the question is not by any means nonsensical. It is serious, and it is becoming urgent. The real significance of the Mafia incident lies in the kind of bull's-eye lantern which is turned upon the extent to which the Americans are being Europeanised.

ONE LANGUAGE, ONE NATION.

This is a vital matter for the future of the United States. Language is the great unifier of peoples. Language is the simplest and most conspicuous indication of nationality. The American commonwealth is possible chiefly because its citizens speak one tongue. Should the day ever dawn when the American people are smitten with the plague of Babel, not all the bloody cement of the suppression of the Great Rebellion will save the Union from disintegration. The tongues of Europe will reproduce the political divisions of the Old World in the New. Hence, to our thinking, it is more important for the future stability of the Republic and the maintenance of the homogeneity of the Union to exclude every immigrant who cannot speak English, than it is to exclude those who know our language but who have not got a pennypiece, or an immigrant's trunk. This, at present, is impossible; but if the non-English speakers cannot be excluded, they ought only to be admitted on condition of passing an examination say in a couple of years in the language of the country which they

have made their home. If, after that period of grace has expired, they have not mastered, for colloquial purposes, the tongue of the people under whose laws they elect to live, it would be well for the Republic if they could be incontinently shipped back to the land from whence they came. They certainly should not in any case be naturalised as citizens until they can read the language in which the laws are written and in which justice is administered.

IS IT ALREADY TOO LATE?

To this suggestion there comes the bitter reply, "Too late, too late!" The American is already Europeanised. Mr. E. J. Coyle, a journalist of Galveston, Texas, writes to me on March 14th, as follows:—

"*Don't* for a moment, friend Stead, believe that 25 per cent. of the citizens forming our Republic (?) are of Briton or Saxon origin or English-speaking sympathies, for they are not. You state in an editorial in last issue that the Latin-American Republics are to be subjected and won over to English-speaking dominance—all moonshine. Take, for example, this Latin-American province Texas, or California, Arizona, or any of the new accessions ceded by the Guadalupe Hidalgo Treaty, and has the English language gained a foothold? Thank God, no! New Braunfels (Comal Co.), one of our most successful German colonies, located in 1840, has never recognized an English journal in its midst; the children of the second generation speak the language of Goethe. I could take you to five thousand post-offices, schools, and justices courts in our State where Spanish, German, and Bohemian are exclusively used—in fact the official language.

"I am of Erse-Booi, or Irish Slav, origin, and naturally look to Prague, Warsaw, or Moscow for all racial inspiration. I am not antagonistic to Briton or Celt, but am irritated at their insular insolence and pretension. The fittest will survive. During the last State election your correspondent and an 'Anglo-Saxon' Englishman were candidates for the office of county judge in two respective counties. The Englishman was in close touch with the country's traditions and aspirations as ventilated in our press,

yet he met defeat from a Prussian, and mine came from the hands of Van Sickle, a Dutcher. And so it is from Dan to Beersheba: we have a hearing and prestige in a prostituted press, but, in fact, the day of the English-speaking people here is gone, and it will never re-dawn.

"We had better face the music like men, and regard Europe, not the British Islands, as the mother country, not of the United States alone, but of the North American continent.

"Galveston, with a population of 50,000, cannot muster a corporal's squad of merchants of English-speaking origin; the same can be said of all our great Southern cities."

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF IT.

When the Federal Convention assembled in Sydney in March to begin the memorable session which closed last month with the passing of the Federal Convention Act, Sir George Grey, the Nestor of New Zealand, delivered an eloquent speech upon the future of the race in Australasia and in America. "The British," he said, "held out a hand of welcome to almost all mankind. Come in and share the lands of Great Britain as if they belonged to yourselves equally with us," was the invitation addressed to Germans, French, Italians, Spanish, Portuguese, etc. But it was an invitation with a qualification. They were to be invited in order to be welded into one nation in the melting-pot of the common school. They meant to make the language of England the language of themselves and their children. The Old World was to be saved by the New World—to be saved by Australia and America, where they everywhere saw the same things in progress: "One language for mankind, one faith, the same laws, the same literature, all that could bind men together in one mighty mass for the common good." "Here sat the people in one language." That was the keynote, and ought to be the true keynote of the whole English-speaking world. There is a perennial significance about the early tradition of the dispersion of mankind following the confusion of tongues. As it was in the plain of Shinar, so will it be in the United States, if the melting-pot of the common school is not able to fuse all the heterogeneous multitude of men and

women who know not the English tongue into an entirely new nation of English-speaking people.

—Review of Reviews.

It becomes a question of grave impor-

tance to all who love their country that they inform themselves upon all questions having a vital relation thereto, lest they barter away through shameful neglect the blessed boon of liberty for which their forefathers freely shed their blood.

THE DOMESTIC PURSE STRINGS.

THE effect upon the unborn child of certain emotions experienced by the mother can no longer be relegated to the vagaries of old wives' tales, since scientists are everywhere establishing its truth. If the mother has a strong temptation to steal, even though she does not do so, the child's force of resistance may be so weak as to give way before the temptation. If the mother does actually commit theft, the child, unless the resisting powers are unusually developed, will be still more likely to become a thief. The polite term is "kleptomania," but as this is regulated by the social condition of the offender, it is not used in a plain statement of the facts.

A lady in good standing saw her son led off to serve a sentence in prison. As she turned sorrowfully away, she said to a friend:—

"Before he was born, I wanted a little embroidered blanket that especially pleased me. I knew we could very well afford it, but my husband thought otherwise. I could not get over thinking of it, though, and one night I took the money from his pockets and bought it. Just as soon as my boy began to take things that did not belong to him, I knew, O God! [with a burst of sobs], I knew what I had done!"

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to cite further instances of this sort. The papers are full of stories of women who get their milliners to send in a bill of forty dollars instead of thirty, the real price, in order to take the extra ten to themselves; of those who overtax their tired eyes and exhausted bodies by taking in sewing without their husbands' knowledge; and of the farmers' wives who smuggle apples and eggs into town in order to get a few dollars that they can call their own.

What are the facts to be deduced from all this? First, that this system of regarding the wife as financially and moral-

ly irresponsible is a serious evil, to be looked squarely in the face and honestly dealt with. The mother who is obliged to lie and steal in order to possess any money of her own, will, in all probability, be the mother of criminals. They may never see the interior of a prison, but they will be criminals in their dealings with their fellow-men. At the best, they will have very vague ideas of moral responsibility.

The woman who has no knowledge of her husband's financial interests; who, instead of being his confidential partner, is his pensioner, will, if she gets the opportunity, in nine cases out of ten, ruin him through her ignorance. A vague, unknown pile of money, from which you can filch by wheedling or cheating, is so shadowy in its outlines as to be well-nigh inexhaustible. Like a corporation, it has no soul, and is to be taken advantage of as much as possible. If the widow of a man who has treated her as a totally irresponsible being is left penniless, perhaps with children to support, she becomes, in many instances, an object of charity. In some cases she develops unusual business abilities, but she has to starve herself and her children while she is rectifying mistakes, and learning by experience certain things which should have been a part of her daily life as soon as she became a wife. Young women who are self-reliant and earn good salaries often shrink from marriage, because they cannot bear to be so dependent. There ought to be no grounds for this fear; and with many delicate-minded, broad-souled, deep-thinking men there are none, because, to such a man, the wife is an equal sharer in all things, in his purse as in his heart. Still, one cannot blame independent women for hesitating before they take a leap in the dark. The methods employed by women in raising money for

churches and charities are continually the subject of satire and condemnation by the other sex. Why will they persist in these methods? The better to illustrate, it is necessary once more to employ anecdote:—

“Why in the world will women go on getting up these tiresome church fairs and festivals?” asked a gentleman a short time since. “They use up valuable time and wear themselves out in making things, and then they go and buy the same things back. Why do they not just put their names down for a certain amount of money and let it go at that?”

If this gentleman had been at the sewing society the next day, he might have heard the answer to his question.

His wife pledged herself to furnish for the coming festival a certain number of tea-biscuits, a large cake, several pounds of coffee and other articles.

“You know,” she said to a friend, “one can send these things out of the house just as well as not, but if I were to ask my husband to give the money he might open his eyes a little!”

This sentiment was the underlying reason why nearly every woman there pledged provisions and cooked dishes instead of money.

When the time came, their lords could do nothing less than to come down to the church-parlors, take supper, and pay for the coffee, chicken-salad and cake which had come out of their own larders. Each one paid five or six times the value of his supper in the provisions furnished, and gave his wife's time and energies into the bargain. But he was still blissfully unconscious of how much he contributed to that church debt.

“But I would rather be deceived than

bullied by my wife,” said a gentleman the other day.

It would seem that when either course is necessary the financial part of our marriage customs needs reform. What is the remedy? One method would be the granting to the wife of a stated weekly or monthly allowance, for the household and other uses, in proportion to the income of the husband.

To the man who says, “But I cannot pay my wife like a servant,” the answer must be, “Certainly not. She is a partner, and as such is entitled to a share of the dividends. To the end that she may make the best use of such moneys, she should know what she is to expect each week.”

Undoubtedly the ideal remedy is perfect trust, confidence, and a higher moral development, for both men and women; but while mankind is moving steadily on to this, the weaker must not be always going to the wall, for the lack of a protecting hand.

No woman ought to marry without having some understanding with her future husband on this point. She need not take pencil and paper and make him set down the exact figures of her weekly allowance, but should let him thoroughly understand that she expects one. Any young girl should beware of that man who considers women irresponsible creatures; for no matter how tender and considerate the master may be, no enlightened human being is happy as a slave. If she has enough to eat, to drink and to wear, her soul will be dwarfed till not enough is left to pay for the saving; or else, if she be like Nora, in the “Doll's House,” some day she will rise up and say, “I must go away and find myself.”

—Alice E. Ives, in *The Forum*.

THE BRAVEST OF BATTLES.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with the cannon or battles hot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men;

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
A woman that would not yield—
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle field.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But, oh, these aattles! they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

—Joaquin Miller.

THE LINES.

Where weeds will grow the flowers can bloom,
And clustering fruitage shed perfume;
Where briars and thorns oppress the ground,
The Rose and Lily might be found.

Then pluck the weeds, the briar and thorn,
And with the Rose life's path adorn;
Let its sweet odor fill the air,
To banish grief and lighten care.

Where sadness reigns, smiles should appear,
And hope's warm sunshine dry the tear;
Where sorrow fills the heart with woe,
True sympathetic love should flow.

Then dry earth's tears; quell grief and pain
With love which answers back again,
Till this cold world of want and care
Bloom as a garden everywhere.

—Vick's Magazine.

A NOBLE SHOEMAKER.

IT is but a comparatively short time since Count Leo Tolstoi become known, through translations, to American readers. Here was the peer at least—some critics said more than the peer—of Turgenieff, a novelist of such power that his dazzling future was a sunlit certainty. Then, suddenly, with the ball at his feet, the world waiting upon his words, we are told that he laid down his pen, so far as fiction was concerned, and we hear of him as hard at work at shoemaking.

It is a singular picture—this count, of the haughty Russian Empire, of the bluest blood in Europe; a man of wide and exquisite culture and of commanding genius—to see *him* sitting on his shoemaker's bench, and earning his daily bread by his daily labor.

Man of imagination as he is, he is very literal in his interpretation of Scripture. "If any would not work, neither should he eat," meant, to him, work with his hands. He may be mistaken in this; for to work with the pen of the author, is to work, not less truly than it is to use the awl of the shoemaker—but if it be a mistake, what a noble, heroic, self-sacrificing mistake it is!

"What shall I do now?" asked one of his sons, who had just completed his course at the university.

"Whatever honest work comes to hand," was the father's answer. "Sweep the streets, if nothing else offers. I cannot help you. You, like me, must earn your own bread; for I am bidden to sell all that I have, and give to the poor; and I must obey."

Here again, political economists would say, is a mistake. If all the fortunes in the world, these wise men tell us, were equally distributed to-day, to-morrow—or if not to-morrow, then next year—would

find the conditions of men as various as now, since still there would be thrift and unthrift, care and carelessness, wisdom and folly. They may be right, but if what is told of Count Leo Tolstoi is true, his literal obedience has in it something deeper and higher than their statistics. His is an example not at all in danger of being too widely followed.

The count may be an extremist—but the extreme of unselfishness, the extreme of brotherly love, shall we not contemplate it, and be lifted thereby somewhat above the sordid uses of the world; the teachings of the religion which has turned the haughtiest of counts into the humblest of shoemakers—have these teachings no message for us? Does not idle luxury accuse and reproach those who possess it? When our Lord gathers up his jewels, will he not find them among those who prove their love for the God they have not seen, by loving and helping the brother whom they have seen?

To spend many hundreds of dollars on a single dinner-party, while pale women and little children, a few streets away, ache with cold and faint with hunger—surely this is not loving one's brother as one's self. It were better to make shoes with Count Leo Tolstoi.

What madness so great as to forget how soon this brief life ends—how soon we shall go where its utmost riches cannot ease our untrodden way, its utmost glories cannot adorn our unseen path!

What will it have profited us then to have owned a peach-blow vase? Nay, what will it profit us to have possessed all the transient gains and glories of this transient world? The one question will be, whether we have obeyed the voice of God in our own souls.

—Companion.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

In the preparation of matter for this issue, the editor was led to ask himself the question, "Where are all the enthusiastic young brethren and sisters who, when this department was started, were so solicitous for its success?" Matter enough for about one and one-half pages, possibly two, and it is expected to make four! The Department of Correspondence and the Literary Exchange are sharing the same fate, both are being forgotten. Many think, "Well, there are plenty who can do so much better than I, it is of no use for me to write." Thus it is in the work of the Master. Very many seem to have the idea that, "All's well in Zion. There's nothing I can do." And thus they sit down and fold their hands. Jesus and his cause are being forgotten. Let us not forget that there is a time, not far distant we hope, the day nor the hour no man knoweth, when the Bridegroom cometh, bringing his reward with him. Where, oh, where will be your reward, if you have not labored?

One day not long since your editor was standing in the market where were had for sale the first strawberries of the season. The last box was sold as he entered. Standing by was a good brother who had been there perhaps a quarter of an hour watching the fruit go box by box. Finally he was informed that they were gone, when he said that he wanted some very much, but supposed that there was plenty; and now he must go away empty handed. What a lesson did this impress upon the writer's mind! How diligent we ought to be, lest while we stand idly by, others may enter in and carry away all the fruit! We should "work while the day lasts for the night cometh when no man can work."

I trust that we may be among the wise virgins when the cry comes, "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

—Editor.

Dear Readers of the Department:—I am an interested one in the Correspondence Column, and think it was a wise move in establishing such a department. We can see per advertisement in *Herald*, that it is for an interchange of thoughts among the juniors.

There is a certain individual in Bible history who takes a prominent part, and I have often thought how difficult it is to make clear his lineage. This person is Job, the patient one;

and I will here give a few suggestions as to his identity, and would like the opinions of others on the same topic.

Some assert to-day that the Book of Job is founded on fiction; but by careful research, we find there is a multiplicity of evidence to uphold us in thinking candidly of the real existence of Job. We see that he is cited by Ezekiel in his writing (Ezek. 14:14, 20; also by James 5:11), and the genuineness of his existence is substantiated by the corroborative testimony of eastern tradition. He is mentioned by the author of the Book of Tobit, one of the books of the Apocrypha. This author lived, no doubt, during Assyrian captivity. He is repeatedly called to the front by Mahomet as a real character.

There is much diversity of opinion as to the age in which he lived. Many favor the opinion that he was contemporary with Abraham, because of the patriarchal customs, and the non-allusion in his writings to the Mosaic law, and the supposition that the subject mentioned in Job 13:34 and 18:15, has reference to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. He could not have been identical with Abraham, that is, if we go into technicalities, and why not in this as on other topics?

In Job 2:3 the Lord conversing with Satan about Job says,—“Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man?” etc. Here we see he is, according to the testimony of his Creator, the model man of his day; but on trundling back in memory to the days of Abraham, we read that he was the “friend of God,” the father of the faithful, and in primitive times as well as in this last dispensation, those who were endorsed as sons because of their compliance with his laws (Jno. 1:12) were esteemed above all others and called friends (Jno. 15:15, also Doctrine and Covenants 116:1), and God is unchangeable (Doctrine and Covenants 1:8; 2:1, Numbers 23:19, James 1:17). Therefore Abraham must have been the most Godly man, he being a “friend to God,” Job only a servant, and the historian writing these books having the Holy Spirit to dictate to him, must have expressed the mind of the Father, because we read in Doctrine and Covenants, Lectures on Faith 5:44, “possessing the same mind with the Father, which mind is the Holy Spirit.”

There is also another theory extant in saying, "There is a high probability that he was the Jobab of Genesis 10: 29," and there is very good evidence for this argument. In the Septuagint and Arabic there is considerable addition at the end of this book. The following is verbatim from the Codex Alexandrinus: "And he (Job) dwelt in the land of Ausitus, in the confines of Idumea and Arabia; and his former name was Jobab. And he took to wife Arabissa, and begat a son, whose name was Ennon. And his father's name was Zarith, one of the sons of Esau, and his mother's name was Bossora, and thus was he the fifth from Abraham." The Arabic reads: "And Job dwelt in the land of Awz, between the boundaries of Edom and Arabia, and he was first called Jobab and he married a woman, and to her was born a son called Anun." The Syriac copy says also, "His former name was Jobab." This Jobab mentioned in Genesis 10: 29 was a dweller in the East, see verse 30th. Commentators agree that Job was some Arabian of the first rank in the country, the prince or chief magistrate of Uz. Also in the prior verses of Genesis chapter 10th, we see the words Sheba, Ophir and Uz, words likewise found in the book of Job. He may have been the hero of the Book of Job, but it seems hardly feasible to think that it was, considering the short period between his birth and the deluge, and then take into consideration his enormous possessions in stock, and no doubt his brethren had a good allowance of the increase from the animals saved in the ark.

I have arrived at no stipulated period or age in which he lived, but would favor the idea that he lived during the intervention between Abraham and Jethro, and that both Jethro and Job were descendants of Shem; and I do not know of any striking evidence to show that the Elihu mentioned in the Book of Job is not the Elihu of Doctrine and Covenants, section 78: 2. The young prophet who advises Job does not teach contrary to Christ and his apostles, while the other comforters are condemned for their doctrine. Job 42: 7.

I know some will object to my opinion of Jethro being a descendant of Shem, because we read in a standard work of the church, that "he was a Cushite, a prince of Midian, or Ethiopia, and supposed to be a descendant of Abraham by Keturah." If Jethro was a Cushite, he was descended from Ham who was the father of Cush.—Genesis 10: 6, and could not therefore have been a descendant of Abraham by Keturah, Abraham being a descendant of Shem. See Genesis 11th chapter. By refer-

ring to the map we see that the land of Cush (or Ethiopia) is directly south of Egypt proper which is called Mizraim, after another son of Ham; and Egypt is frequently called in Scripture the land of Ham.—Psalms 105: 23, 27; Psalms 106: 22. I have never seen as yet the slightest proof to show that Jethro was an Ethiopian. Jethro could be a priest of Midian, and yet not a Midianite, and he could be a Midianite and not a descendant of Cush, who with his brother Mizraim, according to Biblical and other ancient history, peopled Egypt and Ethiopia.

Josephus tells us that Midian, one of Abraham's sons by his wife Keturah, Gen. 25: 2, was the father of the Midianites; and the evidence is strong in favor of the fact that Jethro was a descendant of Shem. Some will say, "Well, Jethro's daughter was an Ethiopian, because she is called that by Aaron and Miriam, and Moses never denied it, therefore her father must have been of the same race. I have found no evidence to prove that this Ethiopian was Zipporah, the daughter of Jethro; but the evidence is just the opposite. In reading the prior part of Moses' history as given by Josephus, we find that during his early manhood he was a general in the Egyptian army, and in leading the host against Ethiopia, he captured its capital and married Tharba the daughter of its king, hence the accusation of Aaron and Miriam that "he married an Ethiopian woman." What become of this princess, is lost in oblivion. She may have died before he fled to Midian.

The sentiments of the learned are much divided about who was the author of the book of Job. Some commentators think it was Elihu, Moses, Solomon, Isaiah, Ezra, Ezekiel; while others think it was Job himself, originally written in Arabic and translated into Hebrew by Moses who found it during his sojourn in Midian. Job, like many other old patriarchs, had a tough set of sons, who brought him much sorrow; but considering his afflictions, we could not expect much piety from them, when it is hereditary in no one; and sin in his sons was no more incredible than in the sons of Aaron and Eli, and especially considering the disposition of his wife.

I have written this piece to get the opinions of others on the subject. If any of the contributors to the Department find exceptions to what I have said, I will be pleased to get more light on it. This department, I believe, is specially for opinions and discussion. Let us make use of it.

SID. G. WRIGHT.

DELUZ, Cal., May, 1891.

Dear Readers:—In the *Herald* of April 11th I noticed an article from "Margaret;" she speaks of attending other churches and thinks we should do so. Our editor asked for an expression on the subject of "Example," and I think to mingle with the other denominations is an example that will bring good results, so that, in the case that Margaret cites, we may be able to correct false ideas regarding our own church, to study its laws and commandments (Christ's), and so be able to give a reason for our belief. If we attend other churches and live as we should, they will have a greater desire to listen to the elders who may come among them preaching the true gospel. If we are true Saints there is no danger of their mistakes misleading us, for they will be discernible, sometimes with startling clearness.

I hardly think it right to be quick to pick flaws. Is it not better to live meekly and quietly, ready to defend when attacked, but doing so in the spirit of charity? But there is the rub. How easy it is to get the spirit of antagonism aroused! I believe it is the example of the officers that wins souls, as well as their teaching.

Now, I want to ask the young people a question that I hope will be allowed, even if it is outside of church topics. While standing by a mountain brook, I noticed that shadows were playing on the sands at the bottom; and I soon saw that they were made by the eddies as the stream tumbled over the rocks into the pool below. The water was perfectly clear. I could look through those eddies as easily as through the still water. Please tell me why an eddy casts a shadow. Your brother,

H. B. ROOR.

We would be pleased to see many responses to this question.—ED.

EAST LAMOINE, Me., March, 1891.

Editor of Department of Correspondence, Dear Sir:—I am a little girl fifteen years old. I know my people are not Saints but, but I thought I would write to you. I read *Autumn Leaves*, and the *Herald*. I like the reading very much, and my mother likes them also. We have also had copies of the *Ensign*.

The first Latter Day Saint that came here was Elder U. W. Greene. He was visiting a Saint in the neighboring town, and while there he preached several times. Many, hearing that he was a Mormon, went to hear him out of curiosity. They liked him and went to hear him again, which aroused the wicked one in some

of the Baptists, and they began to scandalize him; but he took no heed of it and prayed just as earnestly for them as if they had treated him well. Since that time he has made us several visits. The last time he was here he was accompanied by F. M. Sheehy. They remained a week or more holding meetings in the meeting house in East Lamoine, and also in the school-house in this district and in the adjoining one. Some of the Baptists went to hear them and were convinced that they were not Mormons. After Reunion at Jonesport Elder Sheehy came back, bringing A. H. Parsons with him. They were refused the meeting house, but they held meetings in our school-house. We have had no meetings since, and we wish they or some other elders would come and preach to us. They could have the meeting house now, for the people voted to let any one have it to preach in; and they would be welcomed by the people in this district, also by some in other parts of the town.

If this is worthy of publication you may publish it. It may, perhaps, show those elders that we think their work is right and their cause just.

If such articles are accepted by the *Autumn Leaves*, I will send directions for crotched lace, as I have several pretty patterns.

I will now close, fearing I have written too much already. I am, yours truly,

JOSIE GERRISH.

Little Josie said that if articles containing directions for crotched laces were acceptable, she would send some. Articles of this character should be addressed to Salome, editor of the "Round Table Department." We feel sure that she would gladly welcome articles of this kind. At any rate, send them in and see.—ED.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May, 1891.

Dear Readers:—The editor stated in commencing this department that the object was, "To institute a method whereby the young of the church, and others who may feel an interest in so doing, may have the pleasure and benefit arising from a free interchange of ideas upon subjects of interest which may present themselves." Now, I do not understand from this statement that the department is to be used in publishing letters in the form of testimonies, etc., but any subjects that are of interest are to be discussed. If I have misunderstood the object of the department will the editor please set me right?

If any are interested in the following subject, I would like to see them express their views:

Is there as good an opportunity to-day for an honest young man or woman of fair education, average intelligence, without any capital other than an energetic disposition, to rise in the world as there was fifty years ago? I will state my opinions and reasons for them.

In the young man's case I would say decidedly, there is not; but for the young woman there are avenues opened to her of which her sister of half a century ago had no conception. Fifty years ago this was comparatively a new country with but little competition compared with that of to-day. Then a young man could establish a small business with some hope of success, and at very little expense. Horace Greeley had \$7.50 when he arrived in New York. James Gordon Bennett started publishing the *World* down in a cellar. He was the editor, reporter, compositor, pressman, etc. What degree of success could be expected if those men could start life anew and would use the same methods to-day? A writer says there actually are, on an average, ten new papers started in New York every day. They quietly exist for a few days or weeks and then quietly expire. Very likely some of those misguided editors had the benefit of the advice of some retired old gentleman of a benevolent disposition, who would enter the school room and fire the hearts of the ambitious youth by telling them how he made his fortune, advising them to go and do likewise, and he would bring in a grand final by quoting, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." The

business methods of to-day are of an entirely different nature to what they were when the fortunes of our grandfathers were made; and many of these modern methods are of a decidedly shady character. When it is possible to do so, what article of food is there that is not adulterated? What a spectacle the pages of the newspapers present with their "claim all" show bill advertisements, invariably reading, "The cheapest place in the city," "selling goods away below cost," etc. The clerks are compelled to falsely praise and claim in order to effect a sale.

These are only a few of the methods which honesty would refuse to use, but they seem necessary to-day because of the fierce competition.

I have taken so much space introducing the subject, I fear I will be intruding on others, so will close for the present. ED. MILLER.

In response to Bro. Ed's desire to be set right, if wrong, I would say that he has the right idea of the matter. It was not, nor is it now, the intention of the department to become simply a testimony department; but if nothing but testimonies are received, testimonies will be published. The new matter received for this issue consisted of four letters, enough to make about one and one-half printed pages. Is it expected that the editor will supply the deficiency by notes and editorials? If so, you must look out, for he will try to touch you in the line wherein your duty lieth.—Ed.

TOMORROW.

A bright little boy with laughing face
Whose every motion was full of grace,
Who knew no trouble and feared no care,
Was the light of our household, the youngest
there.

He was too young, this little elf,
With troublesome questions to vex himself;
But for many days a thought would arise,
And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
Than any other beneath the skies;
"Mother," O word that makes the home!
"Tell me, when will to-morrow come?"

"It is almost night," the mother said,
"And time for my boy to be in bed,
When you wake up and it's day again,
It will be to-morrow, my darling then.

The little boy slept through all the night,
But woke with the first red streak of light;
He pressed a kiss on his mother's brow,
And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

"No, little Eddie, this is to-day;
To-morrow is always one night away;"
He pondered awhile, but joys came fast,
And this vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night;
"Will it be to-morrow when it is light;"
From years to come he seemed care to borrow,
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow."

"You cannot catch it, my little Ned,
Enjoy to-day," the mother said,
"Some wait for to-morrow through many a
year,
It is always coming but never is here."

—Author unknown.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SITTING down to indite the thoughts which shall occupy our "Corner" for the present month, we place our hand idly upon the page and lift our eyes to gaze upon the picture before us. It is a day in June. June—that month of months for which each other one seems to have treasured up some gift—the rarest one she owned—to lavish upon. What wealth of fragrance and color! Every breeze is laden with subtle odors, and the sun shades his face with fleecy, drifting clouds as not willing his heated beams should wither the crimson, pink and golden blossoms which bend as they woo the kisses of the breeze. The purple bloom of the wistaria sways above the window, while the sweet-scented syringas bend down lovingly above the wigelia whose crimson, pink and white blooms bend its slender branches to the earth. The soft green carpet of grass lately washed by a refreshing shower makes a lovely background for the whole, and even the gorgeous peonies are not misplaced, just gleaming behind the pink and white rose bushes. A perfect mass of glowing scarlet, the coral honey-suckle leans above the snowy blossoms of her golden leaved sister, just where the yellow rose unfolds her blossoms in rare luxuriance, and among the newly cut grass the red-breasted robin hops, filling his mouth for the unfledged birdlings in their nest on the low-bending limbs of the cherry tree.

Last eve as the sun sank low and the shadows came and went above the grass, an arm stole around me and a softened voice said, "Mamma, our home is beautiful." Then there came to us a memory of our own childhood-days, and the contrast was strong. We remember him of whom it was written, "Dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob the heirs with him of the same promise," and recalled the wanderings of those days when neither cottage nor foot of land in all the world was ours; but driven from one place for the gospel's sake, we sought shelter in another, until the storm was past. But for all this, memories—sweet memories of childhood are not wanting. There is a flower—blue as the skies of June, tinted with the pink of ocean shells, and fragrant as the rose, which we never see without recalling the days when we wandered among them, gathering their clusters, inhaling their fragrance, and rejoicing with the wild birds that spring had come.

Not long since we read a poem, a sweet haunting poem, and when our daughter spoke of our home, there came over us a wave of feeling and a silent prayer that in the far-away days of the future when life might press hard, and bitter experiences crowd upon the untrod way; that memories of her childhood's home might come to her like the music of,

"Those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells."

Because we believe that the heart of every mother will be touched by this sweet poem as deeply as our own was, and because we would have each mother who reads it to question her own heart and know if she is binding the hearts of her boys and girls to her and home with the strong, the deathless ties of love, we transcribe the poem entire.

THE SHADOW KISS.

Have you not looked upon the walls of stone,
That rise above the clatter of the street,
Where droops the convict in his cell alone,
Or bends at weary work in his retreat?

And have you thought within those somber walls
No plants of love or sweet affection grew;
And over all except those gloomy halls
God shed the fragrance of his loving dew?

Not all of love and beauty dwells outside,
Nor all of hate and sin inside the gate,
Where justice ermined, stern and dignified,
Preserves the peace and order of the state.

This little tale of prison-life, to me,
Came like a breath of fragrance from the gloom,
In which the cold world little cares to see
The flowers which, shadow-covered, yield perfume.

Upon his couch he lay, a pale young form,
And one might read upon his careworn face
The early touches of affection warm,
And marks of classic culture and of grace.

A home of ease across the sea was his
In childhood years, where only love he knew,
And grew a rosy boy blessed with the kiss
No other lips but mother's print so true.

Strayed from his mother's side, the years had told
The oft-recurring tale of youth misled;
On fierce temptation's tide he uncontrolled
Had wrecked; the same old story often read.

And so he felt the pain of folly's smart,—
The prisoner's round of table, toil and cell—
For weary months from friends and home apart,
And long regrets no burdened heart may tell.

He drooped and sank emaciate and pale,
And his young soul, bewildered, wandered back

To childhood haunts, of hill and stream and dale,
From whence he took his sad divergent track.

They watched his dreamy footsteps, as he walked
Amid the scenes which memory sacred held;
And heard the wanderer as he fondly talked
With loves of home, by fevered brain impelled.

They saw, those watchers by his bed of pain,
The sweet illusion play upon his face
Of fond affection, in his home again.
As friends and loved ones came to his embrace.

From out the darkness of his brain she came,
His mother there: he saw her visioned form
As if in tenderest tone she spoke his name,
And looked on him in love's own sunshine warm.

He reached his pale, thin hand to clasp her near,
And drew her sweet face closely down to his;
He stroked the hair from her soft brow so dear,
And pressed her lips in many a fondling kiss.
It seemed a sweet oblation lavish poured
For her he grieved so long, yet loved so well;
Poor wayward son—what wealth of love deep stored
Was his in that last hour of life to tell.

Then cold and still—and yet the sweet smile clung
To those pale lips, that gave their shadow kiss;
As if a mother's love-dream o'er him hung,
A sweet remembrance of his boyhood's bliss.

O holy motherhood! what ties are there;
The stormy seas of passion and of sin
Drown not the echoes of thy voice divine;
Thy love bursts prison doors and enters in.
—Dwight Williams.

And so they glide away—the days of June—
giving place to summer's mellow ripening
heats, but the memories of beauty they are
framing in shall never fade. By many a way-
side spring upon the journey of life we shall
pause to rest and quench our thirst from its
cooling waters, and our feet shall press the
green mosses of many a shady nook; but the
rippling water will never refresh us as the
magic draught of long ago; and no path will
ever be pressed by our feet one-half so cool, so
soft and tempting as the one in which we
strayed in the charmed hours of youth, when
life seemed all one long June day.

THE following notice having been sent us by
the managers, we take pleasure in inserting it
in our magazine for the benefit of our readers
who might possibly wish to avail themselves of
the opportunity offered. Pupils graduating
from this Conservatory are pledged to devote a
portion of their time and talent, gratuitously,
for the benefit of others.

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DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day."

ABOUT COMPANY MANNERS.

The more I see of the world, the more I long to urge every one I meet, especially every young person, to be genuine and true. There is nothing that is to me more distressing in the social world than to have an individual in whose reality I have believed suddenly appear before me clothed in company manners.

What do I mean by company manners? I mean manners that are foreign to the person's daily life, manners that disguise rather than ennoble the real self, and have not been acquired by natural and proper development.

I once made the acquaintance of a bright, agreeable little woman who had passed most of her life in the country, and who was known as a faithful daughter, neighbor, wife and mother. She pleased me so well that I often wished the circumstances of her life had afforded better facilities for culture in art and literature than she had had. That true heart culture, however, that comes from earnest purpose seemed to be hers.

The shifting scenes of her husband's career launched her at length in a large city, and there I met her one day at a fashionable private musical. I had not seen her for several years, and the change she had meanwhile undergone shocked me. All the simplicity I had admired was covered by a superficial and pretentious gloss that formed a painful contrast to it.

In the musical circle in which she found herself she felt obliged to imitate some others and profess a musical knowledge that was not hers. She had donned company manners, she had become unreal, and thus was debarring herself from all possibility of profiting by her new surroundings. Had she but remained herself, I thought, had she but kept heart, brain and ear untainted, how much greater would have been her chances of growth.

Every individual is more attractive in natural than in company manners. By this statement I by no means wish to imply that we should make no effort to improve. On the contrary, I mean the improvement should be genuine, not assumed. The distinction is a nice one. What we want to do or at least what we want to strive to do, is to make realities of our highest ideals and possibilities, not to use these as outside garments to be put on or off to suit the occasion.

When you hear a mother reprove her child for being rude to her in the presence of company, you may know that mother's training is a false one. Were it genuine she would teach her child to treat her as well when they were alone as when in the presence of others. Expressions of affection should be reserved for the privacy of the home and not displayed before strangers, but politeness and thoughtfulness

should be the same at home and abroad, should be part and parcel of the daily life.

"No one will be here to dinner to-day," I once heard from the lips of a little girl. "I need not brush my hair and wash my hands—need I, mamma?"

"No one?" said the mother in a gentle tone of reproof. "Why, how is that? Your father and mother are here."

That mother was giving her child the highest training, the true good breeding. Nothing can be more offensive to good taste than an outward display of politeness or decorum that has no foundation. It is sure to betray itself sooner or later.

Equally repulsive it is to those who are earnest in what they undertake to see others gush over a musical composition, a painting, a book, a lecture or a concert they fail to appreciate or comprehend. When we unexpectedly find ourselves in the midst of unfamiliar surroundings, or unusual advantages, if we would but listen, observe, question if you will, instead of dulling our sensibilities with false pretensions, we might learn to appropriate and make our own far more than at first we had deemed it possible we could appropriate. Whereas the unnatural strain we put upon ourselves by false pretensions deadens the receptive faculties through which we might have gained so much.

When I was a maiden of eighteen, overpowered with burning thirst for knowledge, I was one day in the society of a man of letters who was enthusiastically discoursing on a favorite author. My eager countenance caught his eye, and turning to me with a criticism on one of this author's works he asked if I did not agree with him. I hesitated, colored, and finally faltered:—

"I am ashamed to say I have never read the book."

"Why ashamed?" said he. I should feel ashamed for you had you professed to know that of which you were ignorant. One person cannot be familiar with all subjects, and nothing can so disgust a student as to have people simulate a knowledge they do not possess in matters dear to him."

These words have never been forgotten by me, and they are largely responsible for the fact that I am never ashamed to say "I do not know." Some of the best acquirements of my life have been attained because of this.

The advice was quite different from that which the principle of a fashionable young ladies' school of that day gave her pupils.

"It is not my ambition to make bookworms or pedants of you, young ladies," said she. "I merely wish to see you so well informed that when you come into contact with men of science, or letters, or artists you may meet each on

his own ground, and talk intelligently with all."

In other words she was preparing to turn loose upon society a mass of superficial young women who would be ready to make nuisances of themselves to every real person they encountered. Had she instead counseled cultivating the grace of listening well and appreciation of all that bore the stamp of intrinsic worth, her pupils might have made acceptable companions to thinkers in all departments, and a condition to learn from and appreciate all.

It is the duty of every individual to make the most and the best of himself or herself, and success in life depends upon this. We should, however remember that our talents, our circumstances and our surroundings differ. It is far more dignified to perform a small duty well than to make a failure of some great attempt. To do some apparently trifling home duty well is far nobler than to write a worthless book, paint a wretched picture, or drive our neighbors distracted with ear-splitting music. We have not all talents for art, literature or science, but every one of us could make our lives useful by being thorough in whatever we undertake.

Genuine people always respect and admire one another, however different their line of work may be. Be genuine, my friends, be thorough, develop the best that is in you by a natural process, and thus beautify your daily lives. Do not profess to be what you are not. Do not wear one set of manners at home, and another abroad. Good manners only set well when worn continually.—*Auber Forestier in The Practical Housekeeper.*

HOW TO RID THE HOUSE OF FLIES.

If you have an outside door that opens inward from a corner, let it be changed. You will notice that in going into the house you drive the flies which are about the door before you into the corner. Then, opening the door, they are exactly in the position to be driven in swarms into the house as you enter. Put the latch where the hinges are, so the door shall open the other way, and the difference in the number of flies that will get into the house will be perceptible. Do not shout at your little ones every time they stand holding the door open, or leave it open. Do not scold them into a sullen indifference. Give them a kindly, sensible talk about the flies; show the ugly little marks they leave on walls, mirrors, etc., and try to make the children realize how much pleasanter it is to have no flies in the house to annoy at meal time, or when one lies down for rest. They will catch the idea very readily, and make an effort to remember; on occasions of forgetfulness the gentlest hint will be sufficient.

Nevertheless, flies will get into the house, and for their extermination I find nothing so effectual as poisoned fly paper. The sticky fly paper is good also, and, if there are very little children about, it is safer. But the sight of either exposed to view is unpleasant. A small hanging shelf in a good light may be arranged, with a light canopy of tissue paper to hide the trap from sight. The canopy should have plenty of openings to admit the flies, and need not come quite down to the shelf. The flies

will readily find their way under and into it. People living in the country can easily obtain clusters of clover blossoms, which, if hung in the room and left to dry, will drive away flies, and shed a faint, agreeable perfume.

But all means of extermination will fail unless edibles are kept out of their way. The trap will not attract while the table is covered with unwashed dishes. The best of all directions for getting rid of flies may be given in two words—*starve them.*—*Sel.*

TEN GOOD THINGS TO KNOW.

1. That salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.
2. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.
3. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.
4. That a table-spoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.
5. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm salt or gum arabic dissolved.
6. That beeswax and salt will make rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a bag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot rub them first with the wax-rag, then scour them with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.
7. That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to bedsteads is an unfailing bedbug remedy, as a coat of whitewash is for the walls of a log house.
8. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes that have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.
9. That kerosene will make tin teakettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from varnished furniture.
10. That cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from perishable fabrics.—*Ex.*

WASHING SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

Do up silk handkerchiefs by themselves. They should be washed in lukewarm water, and rinsed two or three times in clear, cold water, without bluing. Wring them out, fold and roll them tightly in a cloth, but do not let them get dry before ironing, or they will never look smooth. Colored silk handkerchiefs should be washed with fine, white soap, never with strong, yellow soap.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"To soften a water-proof cloak, place it before the fire, instead of letting it dry cold, when wet. It will again become quite soft and pliable after a thorough heating. It is only the cheap water-proofs that grow so hard, but this process keeps them in good order until wet again, when the same process should be repeated, holding every part in turn to the kitchen fire."

THE LITTLE-RED-APPLE TREE.

Oh, the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
 Oh, the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
 When I was the little-est bit of a boy,
 And you were a boy with me!
 The blue-bird's flight from the topmost boughs,
 And the boys up there—so high
 That we rocked over the roof of the house,
 And whooped as the wind went by.

Ho, the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
 With the garden beds below,
 And the old grape-arbor so welcomely
 Hiding the rake and the hoe—
 Hiding, too, as the sun dripped through
 In spatters of wasted gold
 Frank and Amy away from you
 And me, in the days of old.

Ah, the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
 In the edge of the garden spot,
 Where the apples fell so lavishly
 Into a neighbor's lot;
 So do I think of you,
 Brother of mine, as the tree—
 Giving the ripest wealth of your love
 To the world as well as me.

Oh, the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
 Sweet as its juiciest fruit
 Spanged on the palate spicily,
 And rolled e'er your tongue to boot,
 In the memory, still and the joy
 Of the Little-Red-Apple Tree,
 When I was the little-est bit of a boy,
 And you were a boy with me!

—James Whitcomb Riley, in *St. Nicholas*.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it;
 Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

—LONGFELLOW.

In olden times the venerable grande had built for her a high-backed chair, with a slight projection at top and sides, that protected her from the draughts caused by the badly-built houses of those days. These chairs, home-like in appearance, were, in accordance with the financial status of the family to which she belonged, richly upholstered and carved or merely well cushioned and plainly finished. They were placed near the ingle side, and were immovable institutions. In pioneer times, in our own new country, these institutions still obtained, but the throne-like seat gave way to the "barrel chair," that was almost as comfortable, though necessarily less handsome in appearance.

Now, however, the barrel chairs have given place to screens, and more beautiful articles of protection could not well be imagined. From heavy wood to the lightest of bamboo, these pretty panels stand to decorate and fill their useful offices in our homes.

But the screen most useful is one designed of late for the use of an elderly lady who, despite her years, is busy as a bee, and to whom occupation is a panacea for every ill in life. This screen is made of common pine, painted white and finished in white enamel (which may be bought, ready for use, at any paint store). It stands five feet high and has an ornamental top of Queen Anne spindles. As the screen is really used as a protection against any draught the openings for the panels are filled with

artists' canvas of light weight (sketchers' canvas, at sixty cents per yard, is the material used); cut in half and fitted snugly into the centers of the screen. This canvas is given a coat of white paint and enamel and allowed to dry.

Upon panel number one is then painted conventional pink hollyhocks; on number two, sunflowers; on number three, blue iris—and against the white ground these all look bright and beautiful.

Panel number one is furnished with materials for writing. Two flat pockets, made of pasteboard, covered with pink silk to match the color of the hollyhocks, hang against the panel. They are suspended from brass hooks screwed into the wooden frame of the screen by means of pink silk ribbons that allow the pockets to hang one to the right and one to the left (a little lower down) of the center of the canvas panel. In the upper pockets are envelopes, already stamped, and in the lower one writing paper. A cardboard sheath (made like a chatelaine spectacle case) covered with pink plush and suspended by pink silk ribbons, holds the filled fountain pen. A penwiper of pinked chamois skin is also suspended by ribbons, while lower down and quite across the base of the panel hangs (also from two brass hooks) a flat lapboard made of paper mache cut to fit the panel and which may be lifted from its supporting hooks to the top, to be used as a writing-desk. This is covered with pink flannel.

Panel number two is the "bookcase" panel.

Three pockets of pasteboard covered with the canvas, then painted white, are hung from the framework as above, only that yellow ribbons are used instead of pink, and the pockets have tiny little sunflowers painted on each of them. In the upper two are the favorite books; in the lower one magazines and papers. In a sheath of yellow plush is the dagger-shaped paper-knife.

Panel No. 3 holds all the utensils used in sewing and fancy work. A pretty flat basket hangs in the center, within easy reach of the worker's hands, suspended by blue ribbons. Within this are the needle book and pincushion of blue plush, fastened to the back of the basket, while the three pairs of scissors hang from as many brass hooks screwed in the frame. A blue plush button bag is hanging to another hook; a round willow knitting basket also has a place assigned to it, while the "crazy work" materials, patches and silk threads are snugly tucked away in a pocket at the bottom.

It is a little workshop in itself—and not only contains all the facilities for doing needlework, but combines with it the luxury of a well equipped library. As the lady using it cannot walk about without great and painful effort, she finds the nearness at hand of all these handy articles a source of great comfort; and as the least breath of air chills her sensitive body, the protection afforded by the cosy and bright little nook is a thing of great moment to her.

The reason white is used as a finish is that it relieves the heaviness of the rather stout frame more than a dark tint would, and gives a bright and cheerful air to the whole affair. Ebony, though rich and handsome, would be too somber a finish for this miniature home of a busy invalid, to whom the gay colored ribbons (which harmonize and are not a bit too bright or varied) are a source of delight—*Detroit Free Press*.

A lounge was made of a box three inches wide, two high and seven long. It was covered with Turkey red and the top padded. A back was cut from pasteboard, padded and covered, and fastened to it. At one end was a red pillow three inches wide and a lace tidy was pinned to it.

The chairs were home made like the lounge, some were sawed out with a bracket saw, and some were made camp fashion out of corn-stalks or willow, and the back and seat covered with red. A small round pill box was covered for a footstool.

The bedroom had blue cambric curtains. The bedstead was made of a cigar box, bottom side up with the cover nailed to one end for a head board and a lower piece for a foot board. It was furnished with mattress, sheets, pillows and a cheese-cloth spread tied with blue. Also shams edged with lace.

The washstand was made of half of another cigar box, curtained with blue, and a lace-edged spread for the top. A square of looking glass out of the top of a fancy box was framed in gilt paper and placed over the dressing table. An individual cream pitcher and sauce dish were used for wash bowl and pitcher. A towel was spread over the pitcher, and was made of an old napkin worked across the corner with red cotton.

The dressing table was half a round fig box cover, flounced with red and a lace-edged spread for the top. The mirror was placed over this, and two tiny bottles were gilded and placed on each end, and in the center a tiny blue satin pin-cushion. A wardrobe was a cigar box set on end, with tacks to hang the dresses upon, and a gilt-headed tack for a knob to open it by. It was painted blue.

A square box was covered for a footstool, and with two covered chairs completed the bedroom. The owners added from time to time to the furniture, and made a kitchen by fixing a box 16 by 16 by 12, and moving in their little stoves and dishes. One also put up a stove in the parlor by painting a baking powder can black and trimming with strips of silver paper for nickle, and using a piece of a broom-handle for a pipe and four acorns for feet.

A very nice canopy top bed for a larger doll can be made by using a common grape basket. Take off the handle and fasten it nearer one end than the other, and also leave it up three inches higher. Cover the outside with cambric and also the top. The top must have a wire fixed so the cover will not fall in. Furnish with mattress, sheets, spread and pillow.

DURABLE SCRAP BOOKS

For little ones can be made by sewing together leaves of bright cambric, and pinking, or notching the edges. A pasteboard cover covered on each side with cambric finishes the book. They will give much better satisfaction than boughten ones, as they do not tear easily.—*Toledo Blade*.

Alliteration is an alphabet game. Besides furnishing a deal of amusement it is noticeably helpful to students of language by enlarging the vocabulary and fixing well in the mind the proper definition of terms. It is especially helpful to those learning a foreign language.

The contest in this game is to write the longest story using the same letter for the beginning of every word. For instance taking the letter s a story may run on indefinitely thus:

"So sleepy, soft-hearted, silly, senseless, Simon Sal, somnolently stupid, seeing strange, sad sights successively. Slumber sought supremacy. Still successfully Simon struggled, seeking something satisfactorily suggestive. Suddenly somebody stole stealthily," and so on.

The player who writes the longest story, all other considerations being favorable, wins the game.

Letters much in use, such as a, b, c, s, t, etc., in fact all letters except j, k, q, w, v, x and z count one point per word. With j, k, q, etc., each word counts 10. The letter z furnishes but three verbs, zigzagged, zoned and zealed. X begins no verb, so it must be counted out.

A misspelled word or an ungrammatically arranged sentence loses the player five points.

Each player must read his own paper. A slip in pronunciation or articulation makes a loss of three points.

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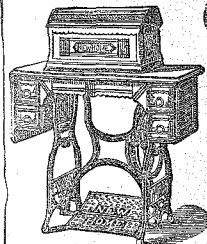
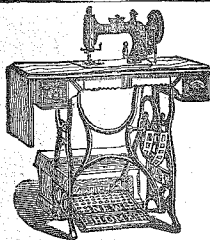
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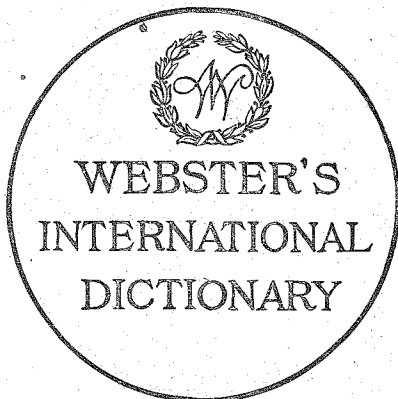
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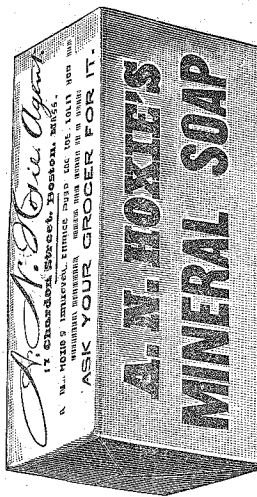
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AUGUST, 1891.

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A FOREST SCENE IN PERU.
(See page 337.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, AUGUST, 1891.

No. 8.

A FOREST SCENE IN PERU.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

(See Frontispiece.)

THE engraving that accompanies this article is neither misnamed nor imaginary in its character.

A study of the picture convinces us that it represents a wild and luxuriant growth of plants and trees of many kinds, that the scene shows an abundant and very probably an almost impenetrable mass of foliage and other vegetable growth of the tropical species. The creek, or river, or bayou, whichever it is, gives evidence of the presence of plenty of water to assist in the growth of such great ferns and hanging vines. But only one specimen of animal life is presented in the picture, and it may be thought strange that the artist did not represent in his sketch at least a jaguar, or some other wild animal, or a serpent, for both wild beasts and serpents are both common and of large size in the South American countries, in Peru as fully as in the other portions of that continent.

The surface area of Peru is eleven times greater than the area of the state of New York. The mountain ranges, together with the border along the Pacific coast, occupy one-third of this great territory. The other two-thirds consists of table lands and sloping or level plains on the eastern side of the Andes mountains, both plains and table-lands being covered with dense forests that extend, in Peru alone, a thousand miles north and south. As for the character of the soil, it is said that in no other country upon the face of the globe can there be found any more fertile or productive land than lies uncultivated in this vast region. The soil is alluvial and wonderfully rich in those

elements that cause a remarkable growth of every kind of plant and tree.

There are also many great rivers in Peru, some of them more than a thousand miles in length, and navigable for six hundred miles. There are the Ucayali, the Huallaga, the Napo, the Marañon, and other large streams, all coming into one and forming the mighty Amazon that goes on eastward through Brazil to the sea, gathering other great rivers as it flows oceanward. Travelers tell us of the scenery along the Peruvian rivers before they unite as one, and of the character and products of the plains and vast timbered regions. Prof. Orton (of Vassar college) writes that all that country is a dense forest, one that is impenetrable to man except by the trails that from olden time have been made and kept open by the natives, in coming and going between the tribes. He says that it stretches away on every side, westward to the Andes, eastward to the Atlantic, and north and south "Along the slope of the entire mountain chain." Of the scenery along the Napo river he writes in the following interesting manner:

"The forest is such an entangled mass of the living and the fallen that it is difficult to say which is predominant—life or death. It is the cemetery, as well as the birthplace, of a world of vegetation. The trees are more lofty than they are on the Lower Amazon, and they are as straight as an arrow, although we saw none of remarkable size. A perpetual mist seems to hang on the branches, and the dense foliage forms dark and lofty vaults, where the sunlight never enters. The soil and

air are always cool and never dry. It is this constant and excessive humidity which renders it so difficult to transport provisions or to prepare a herbarium. The pending branches of moss are so saturated with moisture that sometimes the branches are broken off, to the peril of the passing traveler. Yet the climate is healthy.

"The stillness and gloom are almost painful; the firing of a gun wakes a dull echo, and any unlooked for noise is startling. . . . The silence is almost perfect; its chief interruption being the crashing fall of some old patriarch of the forest, overcome by the embrace of loving vines that twine themselves about the trunk or hang upon the branches. The most striking singularity in these tropical woods is the host of lianas (climbing plants), or air roots, which hang down from the lofty boughs, straight as plumb-lines, some singly, others in clusters, some reaching half way to the ground, others touching it and striking their rootlets into the earth."

We see in the engraving a representation of these festooned and climbing plants, some of them appearing to take root in the ground beneath the trees from which they hang, as Prof. Orton relates of their doing. Ferns also are shown in the picture, and the professor says that in Peru there are ferns fifty feet in height, and they have a palm-like appearance. And plants that seem of the same nature with the scouring rush of the north grow in Peru to be twenty-five feet high. There also flourishes what is known as a "water tree," a kind of bamboo that sometimes yields two quarts of pure water from between the joints.

Very valuable collections of birds and butterflies are made in Peru and along the Amazon, for in these tropical forests are found a greater variety of butterflies and other insects than are found anywhere else in the world. The naturalist Bates gathered twelve hundred species of butterflies in these regions, being three times as many varieties as have been found in all Europe together.

The most common birds in Peru, or those that Prof. Orton found along the Napo river, were parrots, macaws, toucans, and ciganas. The cigana resembles a pheasant, in some respects. The bird seen in the engraving may be a picture of

one of this kind. Most of the parrots are green. The toucan has an enormous bill, and its plumage so gorgeous in color, of the shades of orange, yellow, and red, that, soon after the discovery of Peru by the Spaniards, quantities of the brilliant feathers were carried to Europe and used in trimming the robes of queens and other ladies of high station in the courts of kings and emperors.

Of the inconveniences and perils of travel in that country we are told that we can have but little idea what a trail in a tropical forest really is. "Fording bridgeless rivers, wading through interminable bogs, fens, marshes, quagmires, and swamps, and cutting one's way through dense vegetation, must be done to be understood." White men who journey in this primeval wilderness must provide for themselves two suits of clothing, one to wear in the water and the rain by day and the other to be carried in a rubber case and put on at the close of the day's travel, so as to rest and sleep dry. And then the only time for travel during the year is between November and April, for, though it rains then nearly every day, yet the clouds during these months drop down showers, not floods, as in the other months. During half the other half of the year (May to October) there is no travel between Quito and the eastern provinces, for the incessant heavy rains swell every creek into a furious torrent, as well as widen out the great rivers until they are vast in extent.

The fruit and vegetable products of Peru seem to be unlimited. Those most well known in the north are pine-apples, bananas, oranges, lemons, sweet potatoes, yams, coffee, rice, beans, corn, vanilla, tobacco, cinnamon, cocoa, guavas, sarsaparilla, and India-rubber. Of trees there are the red wood, Brazil wood, balsam, ivory, palm, cedar, aguana, and others, besides various fine dyewoods, balsams and gums. The European grains and vegetables are being grown there with perfect success, including cotton and sugar cane. The land suited to cotton is of immense extent, and its cultivation is increasing, by American and European residents.

The foregoing sketch of the eastern portion of Peru, with its physical appearance and products and possible products of the present time, shows that the greater part of its vast territory lies un-

cultivated and uninhabited. And very likely it has always been as it is now—a wilderness. But the examination of this subject brings to us thoughts of the time when certain portions of Peru were cultivated to a high degree, even as recently as the time of the Spanish conquest, and how much more fully prior to that time we can only conjecture. But wise men say that the evidences are that a still more civilized and powerful nation dwelt there before the Incas and their people had possession, so that these only inherited the order and system of their predecessors, with the Incas, as the fragment of a superior race, to rule over them. The “Manifold Encyclopedia” says that in the valleys of the Cordilleras and on the plains of Cuzco may still be heard many songs in which the Peruvian mourns the happy days of peace, security and comfort that were enjoyed by their ancestors. Of the ancient people and their works the same writer says:

“The Peruvian system of agriculture was brought to its highest perfection only by the prodigious labor of several centuries. Not only was the fertile soil cultivated with the utmost care, but the sandy wastes of the coast, unvisited by any rains, were rendered productive by an artificial system of irrigation, the most stupendous, perhaps, that the world has ever seen. Water was collected in lakes among the mountains, and led down the slopes by canals and subterranean passages constructed on a vast scale, the ruins of which at the present day attest the industry, ingenuity and admirable patience of the Peruvians. The aqueducts were in some cases tunnelled through massive rocks.

“Thus the sandy wastes were converted into productive fields and rich pasture lands, and the coasts teemed with industrious inhabitants. In the valley of Santa there were seven hundred thousand people; there are now only twelve thousand. In the valley of Ancullama there were thirty thousand inhabitants; now there are only four hundred and twenty-five.

“But the triumphs of industry were not more decided on the coast than in the Sierra. Where the mountain slopes were too steep to admit of cultivation, terraces were cut, soil was accumulated on them and the level surfaces were converted into gardens.”

Upon this subject Prescott, in his “Conquest of Peru,” says:

“An industrious population settled along the lofty regions of the plateaus, and towns and hamlets clustered amidst orchards and wide-spreading gardens. Intercourse was maintained between these numerous settlements by means of the great roads which opened an easy communication between the capital and the remotest extremities of the empire.”—Chapter one.

“The whole territory of the empire was divided into three parts, one for the Sun, another for the Inca, and the last for the people. . . . The lands assigned to the Sun furnished a revenue to support the temples and to maintain the costly ceremonial of the Peruvian worship and the multitudinous priesthood. Those reserved for the Inca went to support the royal state, as well as the numerous members of his household and his kindred, and to supply the various exigencies of the government. The remainder of the land was divided in equal shares among the people. It was provided by law that every Peruvian should marry at a certain age. When this event took place the district in which he lived, furnished him with a dwelling. A lot of land was then assigned to him, sufficient to support himself and wife. An additional portion was granted for every child, . . . and the possessions of the tenant were increased or diminished according to the members in his family.”—Chapter two.

“A more thorough and effectual agrarian law than this cannot be imagined. In other countries where such a law has been introduced, its operation has given way, after a time, to the natural order of events, and under the superior thrift of some and the prodigality of others, the usual vicissitudes of fortune have turned things back to their natural inequality. The nearest approach to the Peruvian Constitution was probably in Judea, where, on the recurrence of the great national jubilee, estates reverted to their original proprietors.”—Chapter two.

“The territory was cultivated wholly by the people. The lands belonging to the Sun were first attended to. They next tilled the lands of the aged, the sick, the widow and the orphan. . . . They were then allowed to work on their own ground, each man for himself, but with

the general obligation to assist his neighbor whenever any (just) circumstance demanded it. Lastly, they cultivated the lands of the Incas."—Chapter two.

Prescott relates that at certain intervals a general survey of the country was made, the soil was examined, and all the physical resources and necessities of the empire were investigated by officers appointed for those purposes. Being furnished with these statistics, the government could provide for each region and apportion the labor to be done in each province in such a manner as not to have it fall too heavily upon any one of these. They also took care to assign men who were competent for each class of work to such part of it as they could best do, whether it were in the various branches of agriculture, or in mining, or in working the metals, or in the manufacture of woolen or cotton goods or whatever else they were adapted for. The lives and health of those who were employed in the mines, or at other wearing or unwholesome labor, were guarded as a public benefit, for they worked a less number of hours that their lives might be preserved. We must admit that this was a very wise and thoughtful arrangement, and that modern civilization could profitably learn a deep and important lesson from these remarkable Peruvians.

Also, in the wise providence of the government, there were depositories or store-houses provided and kept filled (in years of plenty) with grain and manufactures of all kinds. From these were individuals assisted in times of sickness or misfortune, and in seasons of scarcity the whole community was supplied as they had need.

When the Spaniards invaded the country they found these depositories well stored with all the various products and manufactures of the country, including fine woolen and cotton goods, and utensils of copper, silver and gold for ornament and use. In many cases the mag-

azines of grain were sufficient to sustain the people of the districts for several years.

Every year the royal officers took an inventory of the various products of the whole country, and the districts from which obtained, and these records were sent up to the capital city, so that the Inca, and the princes and rulers, were made acquainted with the whole results of the industry of the nation.

No man could be rich, no man could be poor. No spendthrift could waste his substance in riotous luxury. No one could impoverish his family by speculation. The law was constantly directed to enforce a steady industry and a proper management. No beggar was tolerated. When a man was reduced by poverty or misfortune there was abundant aid given him to put him right until he could help himself.

All this we believe to have been the remains or continuation of the civilization and refinement of the order and system, of the kindness and benevolence, that were known to and practiced by the Nephites, as related in the Book of Mormon. The discoveries of the Spaniards, and the travels and investigations of Baron Humboldt, of Prescott, and of other learned and world-renowned men, make it certain that such a remarkable civilization did exist and flourish in Peru for many centuries prior to the time of Pizarro and his vandal horde of ruthless adventurers.

What Peru will become in the future we can only conjecture, but we can hope that the fertile and almost boundless plains may yet be cleared and cultivated, and that all the South American region may yet be the center of even a better civilization than that of the Incas and their predecessors, and we may indeed expect it to take place during the mild reign of the Prince of Peace, when "all men shall be blessed in him."

^{Footnote} "THERE is no true gain in and by evil courses. It requires the discernment of faith to perceive this truth; and it requires the courage of character to adhere to it, at all times, as a truth. It often seems as if there would be an advantage in wrong-doing. Hence it is only by faith that a man can be always sure that 'honesty is the best policy.' He who does not realize that God's way is the only safe way, cannot believe that honesty is to be preferred when it seems to point to failure or ruin. Most men are ready to be honest when the good policy of honesty is obvious; but it is when the advantage of honesty is invisible that it is recognized by faith."

FROM THE FOUNTAIN TO THE SEA.

O, the music of the rills,
 How their voice the morning fills,
 As they babble of the springtime in the
 silence of the hills!
 Rippling over moss and heather,
 Now apart and now together,
 With a hope that faileth never, flowing on-
 ward full and free,
 Flowing ever to the sea.

Plunging headlong down the steep,
 Deep is calling unto deep,
 But the waters in their tumult still their
 onward purpose keep;
 In the daylight brightly foaming,
 Dark and somber in the gloaming,
 Rock and boulder gayly breasting forward
 still their course must be,
 Pressing ever to the sea.

Where the stately iris blows,
 Calmly now the streamlet flows,
 And the freshness of the valley on its cur-
 rent comes and goes;
 Flowers rejoicing taste its fullness,
 Thirsty cattle love its coolness,
 And the birds above it winging join its un-
 der song of glee,
 Always singing of the sea.

Now a river deep and wide,
 Busy towns on either side,
 And the argosies of nations proudly borne
 upon its tide!
 Quiet now and darkly flowing,
 Still the depths are seaward going,
 Pausing not for blame or blessing, linger-
 ing not by tower or tree,
 Onward pressing to the sea.

So the river of our years
 Hastens on through hopes and fears,
 Till the rivulet of childhood the eternal
 ocean nears;
 Of its treasures freely giving,
 All its life for others living,
 Thus alone, in self-surrender, can its course
 be strong and free
 To the splendor of the sea.

Unto thee, O God, we move,
 Grant us still thy grace to prove,
 Till we lose life's straightened yearnings in
 the fullness of they love.
 Let our course be in thy favor;
 Guide us, Lord, lest faith should waver;
 Thou of life art Source and Giver, keep us
 pressing on to thee,
 As the river to the sea.

—Selected.

ARE THEY CHRISTIANS?

IN the month of July, 1864, a caravan of covered wagons or "prairie schooners" left the state of Wisconsin, and taking the course of the Star of Empire, came in due time to a fine stream in Iowa, near its northern boundary. The landscape here was enchanting; beautiful groves of natural timber were found along the crystal clear streams, while in other directions the flower-gemmed prairie swept away, soft summer breezes laden with the perfume of flowers came sweeping across this emerald sea, and after the noonday rest in the shadow of a mighty elm, growing upon the bank of the stream, one family announced that they had found what they had come to seek—a place to build a home.

And so good-byes were said, and the caravan moved slowly away, leaving indeed a

feeling of sadness in the hearts of the pioneers thus left alone, and so far from friend or neighbor. But the wagons once out of sight, the bustle and charm of home-making soon made them forget, for the time at least, what little homesickness they might have felt at parting.

The surrounding territory was rapidly looked over, and at last a site for the home was selected; a pretty hill sloping down to a small stream in a fair valley. A mile away the stream looses itself in a grand river. Round, graceful hills sloped away to the north and west, and altogether it was a picture of beauty fresh and unsullied from the contact of what we call "civilization." It was small wonder that a deep love came into each heart for that old homestead which their hands helped to build, and a picture of it

as it was in those dear old days was so stamped on each heart that the joys and griefs of life or the world's rude contact can never efface it.

A house was of course necessary, and to build it was a mighty undertaking. It meant long, wearisome journeys for lumber, and long delays, which they would not have suffered had they been nearer civilization; but at last the lumber was hauled, a carpenter hired, and the house commenced to grow.

And now let us introduce these pioneer home-builders:

Mr. Gray, the head of the family, was a man in the prime of life; then there were three boys, aged twelve, nine and six, respectively, and named James, John and Charles; and last, though not least, Mrs. Gray, the wife and mother, whose love and watchcare bound the little family together.

It is probable that no place could have been found that would have better suited the youthful members of the family than the one selected. They had not rested a week from the long journey before they were aware that the little stream was alive with fish; that the prairie hens scurrying out of sight in the tall grass were rearing numerous fledglings, which were destined, many of them, to fall victims to their father's fowling piece. They knew where the wild plums and grapes were already turning to crimson and purple. They had discovered so many new and wonderful attractions, and there was so much pleasure in it all! And how little in their boyish pleasure do they dream of life's fierce battle which they must each soon take up and wage for himself.

How good it is that they cannot know the fierce storms through which we all must pass. How good it is that they cannot lift the veil of the future and see and know all they must yet endure. Not that for these boys was reserved more of hardship than is the lot of many others; but now it is calm, cool morning in the beautiful valley; too soon comes the noonday heat upon the plain of life.

Our story deals mainly with the life of John Gray, and it is not my intention to present my readers with a hero. This narrative will also lack a heroine, and deal with plain, commonplace people only.

John Gray, at the age of sixteen, was a tall, slim youth, with a look of country freshness, some might say "greenness," about him. He had received a fair common-school education, for the country had settled rapidly in the neighborhood of the Grays, and "Let us have a school," was the watchword of Iowa people; and as a school-house was built not far from the Grays, the boys were not slow to avail themselves of it.

One morning John returned from the post-office which had been established a mile from their home, bearing a, to him, important letter. A married sister living in the town of M., in the state of Michigan, had written an offer of a clerkship to John in the store of her husband, Mr. Ogden, and he might now, if he choose, live in the city.

Long and earnestly was that letter discussed in the Iowa home. To John it meant seeing the world, a practical business education; and possibly more enticing than all else, he could be near the great lake; for in each of these boys there was a natural and passionate love for the water. On the other hand it meant leaving a home he truly loved. Every foot of the surrounding hills, every nook of the winding creek he knew and loved, and something told him they would never appear in after years as they did now; but his desire to see other lands finally decided him to go, and at home they would miss him. This worried him at first, consoled him afterward; for who does not like to feel they have been appreciated enough to be missed.

Several years of his life were spent in M. in his relative's employ, and the lake proved an attraction indeed; all the time he could spare was put in near or upon the water. He learned to row, to sail, and finally purchased a small sail-boat in which he took much pleasure; in fact, nearly all his Sundays were spent alone in his boat, a fact which, though to be regretted, yet loses its worst features when we remember that he always went alone, and being a lover of nature, he drank in each day the beautiful scenes on every hand.

At last there came a season during his stay in M., in which a great revival was held in the Methodist Church at that place. At first John paid no attention to them, but by the pressing invitation of a

friend he finally went, became interested and continued to go.

Now he was naturally of a devout mind, and it was in no wise singular that under the earnest pleading of able and eloquent ministers he soon became a convert; and as he desired to obey the gospel, he soon joined the church on probation, and then became an earnest searcher after truth as contained in the Bible. Yet, singularly enough, the more he examined the Word, the less the teachings of his church seemed in harmony with it. For a time this did not trouble him, but not long after his conversion he wrote to his father, informing his parents of his action, thinking they would rejoice in the step taken. He was aware they belonged to a church known as "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," but what their doctrine was or how it differed from other churches he did not know, as his parents had thought best to allow him to come to the age of understanding before pressing the matter of doctrines; and John had passed from under their care to receive from others the "plan of salvation," according to the teaching of the Methodist church.

Mr. Gray replied to John's letter and asked him before being baptized to study the gospel plan earnestly and fully before submitting himself to that ordinance. If he found they were teaching in all things just what Christ and his apostles taught, neither more or less, then go ahead; otherwise to wait and discover why they did not teach as of old. To this John paid very little heed. He believed the ministers he had heard were earnest, sincere workers in the Master's cause; and if they made a few mistakes in teaching, their zeal certainly made ample amends. The instructions given in Galatians 1:8, 9, and 2d John 1:9, 10, had not found a meaning for him that they did in after years. To be sure he asked a great many questions of his pastors and teachers. Sometimes the answer was in a measure satisfactory; again they seemed blind and absurd.

At last the day arrived for the baptism of the probationists. John was one of three who could not bring themselves to believe that sprinkling was baptism, therefore they were to be immersed in the river in the afternoon. The larger

number were to be sprinkled at the morning service.

As it was December, and plenty of ice on the river, the minister who was to officiate told John quite pointedly that there was not the least necessity for immersion; that it was only a great inconvenience to both parties; but John's views on this point became well defined. He had studied it a great deal, and when he was finally told that it was a mere form at most, he began to wonder if this was indeed a man called of God to preach the gospel, since if he could understand aright he was not preaching it correctly, several things seemed quite amiss. In the first place, he had never heard of Christ or an apostle informing people that they could become Christians on probation; he had never heard of their sprinkling any one. He failed to find it called a "mere form" in the history of their work, but on the contrary, John was a man "sent from God" whose teaching was "the beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ," (Mark 1:1); and that beginning was the teaching of "the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins," (Mark 1:4); and Christ, the Master, found it necessary in order to obey the commands of God to travel the long and lonely way down through the wilderness to submit himself to that ordinance, that, as he said, he might fulfill all righteousness. Evidently it was more than "a form" to him, and as he fulfilled his course, he preached; and his disciples baptized for him. John could not but wonder if, as some said, Christ sprinkled for baptism, why he did not perform the rite himself, since in every other place when so little was required, he had never delegated another to act in his place. Healings and blessings were done by his own hands, but baptism never; at least we have no record of such an event. And again, in the last great command which he had given before his ascension, the greatest and most solemn of his life, he had commanded his disciples to baptize; and to those baptized he promised salvation. (Matt. 28:19; Mark 16:16).

One worthy brother informed John that Christ had not said in Mark 16:16 that he that is not baptized should be damned; to which John replied by asking him to read it over carefully again, and see if there was any hope or promise in it for an

unbaptized person. Another, laboring to convince him of its non-essentiality, told him confidently that the water spoken of in John 3:5 was spiritual water, whereupon John asked him if he considered baptism in water a heavenly thing, to which the brother wonderingly replied that he did not; and on John's repeating the question in regard to the baptism of the Spirit, he replied that he did of course consider it a heavenly blessing. John then pointed out in verse 12 the fact that Christ had been teaching Nicodemus earthly things, and even these he failed to understand. The outcome was that John was baptized in the river, satisfying his own conscience in regard to the method, but after the ceremony he continued his examination of the subject, and we will see what he thought of the question. If John introduced the gospel by teaching baptism for the remission of sins, why did not all professing Christians teach the same in this age? If the minister baptizing him did it merely as "a form," and not for the remission of sins, were his sins remitted? If in the days of Israel the priest had been told to offer for sins, and he told the people that it was a form merely and not an offering for sins, would that offering be acceptable or effectual before God? John thought not, and in the testimony meetings he could not bear the testimonies that some did, for doubts had entered in and he desired to testify to that only which he knew was true.

From this time on, though John took an active part in church work, and was to all appearances an earnest Christian, yet there were those points and others forever coming up, and he came to see that the teaching of to-day was widely at variance from the doctrine of Christ as given in his Bible. Did it ever occur to him to investigate the doctrine held by his parents? Possibly, but in the course of his reading, which now occupied much of his time when not in the store, he came upon several histories of the Mormons, encyclopedias, etc., and even United States history, all denouncing "Mormonism" and Joseph Smith as gross impostors; and these reports, from a source apparently reliable, could have no other effect than to prejudice his mind against such a people; so John simply set them down as a "hard lot." That his parents were good

people he knew; but they had been deluded, that was all. He did not care to investigate a religion he already knew to be unrighteous; in fact, he had not investigated the matter at all, only accepted as true the popular reports which gave one side of the matter; and was not one side enough? So if his father attempted to question him while at home on visits, or by letter, he either declined to answer or stoutly affirmed that his walk in life was as Christlike as he could make it, and that was what Christ required, and not the compliance with empty forms. He was not very clear, however, as to what the "empty forms" were which God had set in the church. He spared his parents the knowledge of his real position toward the Latter Day Saints.

Thus time passed until John secured a position in a wholesale dry goods store in Chicago, where he was soon earning a fair salary.

But how have the old folks at home prospered? Not any too well. Crops were light and prices low, and in an attempt to get into the stock business Mr. Gray had got into debt; and at last, to save part of his property, he had sold the old homestead, the loved home place, and bought a smaller one about thirty miles away, and a house and lot in the village as well; moving into this house.

Mr. Gray was able to get plenty of work in the village, and made a comfortable living; and here John found them when he came home to spend his two weeks' summer vacation; and on this occasion his father tried hard to get him to express his religious views, but found him more reticent on the subject than ever. The truth was, John had before leaving M. become somewhat dissatisfied with his church doctrine, and when he went to Chicago he did not present his letter to any church of his faith there, but wandered around among all denominations, and, of course, being a stranger, did not feel at home, and finally almost ceased to attend at all. He was among a class of young people that were not noted for their piety and took no interest in religious matters; and so John grew cold, and even felt thankful that he was under no church restraint; and yet he had too much of the real Christian principle to fall into bad habits. The many alluring and questionable resorts of the city he

shunned from natural impulse, and he could see no pleasure in vice. His strict ideas of morality and temperance were a surprise to the fast young men with whom a boarding-house life threw him in company, and at least one young man was saved from intemperance and ruin by John's earnest entreaty and staunch friendship. Not that he was perfect, far from it; but to him self-control was natural, and the awful results of human folly which he came in contact with showed him that "Touch not; taste not, handle not," was the only safe policy.

During his life in Chicago he had made frequent visits to his home in Michigan. That there was an attraction there for him was proven by his finally spending a two weeks' vacation there, and bringing a wife back to his city home; a good, pure hearted girl whom he had long known. They at once commenced house-keeping, and John was now supremely happy. The change from a boarding-house to a cozy home of his own he fully appreciated, and when a daughter was born to them his cup of bliss seemed running over. But peace and joy may not last forever, and when the water-cholera broke out, Mr. Gray was among its early victims. It was in the spring of the year, work in the store was rushing; several men from John's department were sick; some one must keep at work, and when the others were gone from one to two weeks, John disregarded the advice of his physician, and sick though he was, he kept his place and even did double duty, losing a single half day when nature could bear up no longer. The consequence was that most of the men came back quite recovered; with him the most symptoms passed away for awhile, and he seemed to be gaining; but a time came when he had to acknowledge that the disease was slowly getting the mastery, and now he, too, sought the physicians; but their skill was vain. A month, two months, six months went by and the once strong young man became a walking skeleton. The physicians gave him from one to two years to live, and the great Dr. Davis told him his only hope was in getting out of the city. But he believed even that could not save him. Cheerful news, was it not, for one in the prime of life to know that in less

than two years he would see his last of earth?

There was no glee in the preparation of that little family to start on the journey to Iowa, for if John was to die he wanted to die at home; beside this, his physician strongly recommended him to go where he could enjoy the pure air and water of his almost native home; and losing no time they sacrificed their fine housekeeping outfit and, without a dollar to spare, made the journey.

For a while the change and freedom from work seemed to relieve Mr. Gray, but hope soon waned as it became apparent that the improvement was merely temporary. John made a trip to the Minnesota lakes, but got no better; and on his return the end seemed fast approaching;—he had caught a severe cold which seemed to increase his suffering. Up to this time he had had a secret hope of recovery, but now it quite went out; and in mental as well as physical agony he prayed God to take him at once if he had no use for him on earth, but if he had, to place in his hands such remedies as would restore his health.

Now, as we have said, he had lost hope; yet he had always believed in prayer and its answer, and when he prayed for relief it was not unmixed with faith that in one way or the other it would be as he had asked. The next morning he crept down to the village drug store to get something to ease his cough. The druggist gave him free of charge a tiny vial of balsam, desiring him to test it, as it was a new remedy. As John read the directions, "only five drops," he very much doubted its efficacy. He promised to try it, however, and did so. The effect of even the first dose was magical, and as John realized the partial relief from the pain of months, he poured out his whole soul in thankfulness to God for so direct and implicit an answer to his prayer; and to this day you could as soon shake his belief in his own existence as to convince him that the virtue that effected his cure was in the medicine and not in the power of God.

At the end of a month he had ceased to take medicine and was rapidly improving. He had indeed been very low; he had walked in the shadow of the dark valley. His friends, noting his improvement, counted him as one who had been rescued

from what seemed certain death. He told them of the simple remedy, and their wonder grew. Because of their unbelief, however, he refrained from telling them his covenant with God whereby he had obtained relief. And now, how could he serve God? Surely He had taken him at his word and he waited now to do His bidding, nothing doubting that there was work for him to do; but how? When and where?

Before we answer this question, let us introduce a few more characters who will play a part in this drama of a life. The first is Mr. Blake, the father of Mrs. John Gray. He is a large, strong, dark, fine looking man, of a most quiet and kindly disposition; a fine mechanic and one of the proprietors of the iron works and machine shop in M. In former years Mr. Blake had been a member of the Methodist Church, but he had suffered such wrong from a brother who happened to be a member of the same denomination, that he withdrew from membership and left church matters to the ladies of the household.

Mrs. Blake, a fair faced and matronly woman, was possessed of a well balanced mind, and was a spiritual and devout member of the M. E. church. She was one of those wide-awake women who take an active interest in church and temperance work.

Two sons were married, and one, twelve years of age, at home. Addie, the oldest daughter, was the Mrs. Gray of our story, and Bertha, a pretty black eyed girl of nineteen, complete the family.

And now after this hasty introduction let us return to the Grays in their Iowa home. We find Mr. Gray recovered from his long illness, and with some financial help from his father he bought a lot in the village and built a small house upon it. Then he opened a small store and restaurant in the railroad depot. Fortune seemed to favor them and their trade and stock of goods increased. A man in the same line of business wished to sell out, and offered his stock to John on such tempting terms that he bought, agreeing to pay for them in installments. At this time he had but two competitors and he did a splendid business; but soon other men thought they could do as well as he, so they too embarked in business, and

they came in one after another till there were seven to compete with. Of course all had their friends and all drew some trade away till John soon found serious trouble to meet the heavy payments falling due, and at last sold his whole stock back to the man he bought of, thereby paying his debts, but leaving him again without a dollar.

He now sought whatever employment he could find, and managed to make a living; but he was not and could not be satisfied with this hand to mouth way of living, and decided that at his first opportunity he would rise above it. While in this mood his brothers invited him to go with them to a couple of lakes about fifteen miles from home. Accepting the invitation, he accompanied them and was much struck with the beauty of the place, and his old longing for the water took possession of him. It followed him home and haunted him, and it was not long before he made a second trip, and on this visit he found an abandoned farm lying close to the lakes. The house and barn were wrecked and dismantled, but not beyond repair. A beautiful grove surrounded the premises; and John saw that work, money and taste would make the place a beautiful home. He made inquiries, found that the place as it was could be bought for ten dollars per acre and any time he might name would be given him to make his payments. The offer was too tempting. If he had a steady occupation or a paying business he might have hesitated, but as it was he felt things could be no worse, so he bought or agreed to buy the place.

The dwellers upon the lake shore, of which there were several, informed Mr. Gray that a good boat would do a paying business, as the lakes were quite a resort in summer; and as this agreed with John's nautical taste, a boat was soon under way. The first plans were for a boat to cost about sixty dollars, but as she grew under the carpenter's hands it was soon found her cost would double that amount; but John wanted it right, and right it was; as strong and beautiful a boat as graces the waters of many more pretentious resorts.

By the time the boat was launched the pleasure seekers were beginning to arrive. James Gray had joined John in the new enterprise. Some days they did a fine

business, then it would be very dull; many people, especially ladies, were afraid of sail boats. Some days the crowd would drift away leaving the boat entirely unnoticed, perhaps the next day they would all want to sail at once, till James Gray decided that one person could easily handle the boat as well as the receipts, and returned to his home in the village, leaving John a little blue and a good deal lonesome. But his father came down to "see how things were running," so he said, but in reality to sail in that new boat; for he was an old boatman and his sons came quite naturally by their love for the water; and during his stay the house was repaired and John and his family took possession of their beautiful home, and all soon grew to love it and its cheerful and beautiful surroundings.

What there was of cultivated land on the place was rented before John's purchase, therefore his living depended mainly upon his boat; and though the residents there had overestimated the revenue he ought to have received from it, yet he did fairly well, and his hopes were kept up by the prospect of a railroad coming directly to the lakes and making it a first class resort, and greatly enhancing the value of his property.

But what of his promise which he had made to do the will of the Lord? He had not forgotten it, but as yet he did not know what His will was, but waited for it to be made manifest what his work was to be; and he was firm in the belief that in its proper time it would not only be shown him what to do, but that unmistakably.

His father remained some time with them, helping to run the boat; sometimes he took the tiller, *then* he was captain. John then became mate and crew. Sometimes John steered the boat, and at once became *the* captain; but there was in either case very few commands to give, and the "crew" did not require a great deal of profanity with their orders. Sailing was usually quite uneventful, but occasionally there came a spice of excitement and danger.

One day, especially, —— Shall I tell it? Perhaps it may interest our young people. Well, one day seven men went out for a sail; they went about two miles from home. The wind was very light, after turning around and heading east

they were running down parallel with the north shore of the lake. They now noticed a narrow dark cloud approaching from the north. The boatmen knew at once that this meant wind, but it seemed so high they were in hopes it would pass over head; and with the hope of making home before it, they kept all sail up, when, almost without warning, it suddenly lowered and struck the water between them and the land. In an instant it bore down upon them, fairly beating the waters of the lake into white, yeasty spray, and looking like the fierce drift of loose snow before an advancing hurricane. So swiftly did it come that, before a sail could be taken in, it struck the boat full broadside. The first great puff must have had a circular motion, for the sails instead of bellying away to leeward swung suddenly inboard, shaking the boat with terrible power and cracking like guns. Then they filled quickly, the boat heeled under the pressure, and then like a horse under the lash she sprang into the race. John happened to be captain, and from his seat at the tiller could best see what the boat could do. "Get in the jib!" yells the captain, and the ready crew slacken the halyards instantly, but the jib is too full of wind to run down, and Mr. Gray was forced to clamber over the rolling, pitching deck of the sorely pressed little vessel, and lying out on the bowsprit, haul it down by force, while the boat puts her bow resolutely into the yeasty waves fast springing up, and the spray drenches boat, crew and party.

"Slack the peak halyards!" shouts John, when Mr. Gray gets near enough to be heard, and in a twinkling the gaff drops and the terrific strain is over. But the boat is still racing along like a mad thing. Strong as is her mast and reinforced with taut shrouds it sways under her scant canvas like a reed. The waves have sprung up like magic, and the boat heels and rocks and rolls in a manner quite new to her. Suddenly the sheet slackens and the boom swings in threateningly; again like a giant the cracking canvas shakes the boat, the eyes of both sailors fly to the pennant, the wind is shifting to head them! and that will never do. They must gain the cove behind Harper's Point, or drift back helplessly into the open lake to be finally laid on a lee shore in a terrific sea; for no boat made could beat up

against such a wind. The eyes of captain and crew meet, the crew is heading the peak halyards, and John nods his head; like magic the peak goes up, John resolutely hauls in the sheet, the boat falls off a point or two and as the full sail fills she heels down perilously. But speed *must* be made. She springs upon the waves and thrashes through them madly, and her lee rail is down to water line. The wind seems steadier, but stronger; the deepest water and heaviest waves are reached, they are just off the point; John plants his feet firmly against the lee rail, lest sheet and tiller lift him bodily from the boat. Suddenly, the boat seems to

spring clear from the crest of one wave and land squarely upon the succeeding one with a crash like striking a rock and the spray from the weather bow goes clean over the top of the mast and the wave-crest combs over the weather rail, drenching all on board. "Keep down!" from captain and mate, settle the passengers back in their seats to take what comes; but the worst has come and passed, and they glide into the cove behind the point, and look out upon the mad waters, thankful to escape their fury. The passengers are satisfied with the result, they have had a great experience. The sailors declare it the best sail they ever had!

(To be continued.)

THE FRANKLIN SERIES.

LETTER II.

IN the early autumn, Abron's employer was ordained an "exhorter" in the M. E. Church; and one evening he went to the home of a friend who Abron knew, and had an interest in. So he thought he too would go and hear what the exhorter might have to say.

When he arrived he found the conversation was upon baptism. Mr. J. was endeavoring to show that "sprinkling" and "pouring" served as good a purpose as immersion. In support of this view he quoted Paul: "Therefore we are planted together in the likeness," etc. "Now," said he, "you know turnips are part in the ground and part out; so are onions; potatoes are covered entire. This shows that immersion is not the only mode of baptism. Don't you see it that way Abron?"

"No, sir," replied Abron; "for we do not plant turnips nor yet always onions; we put in the turnip seed and it is covered, and they grow out."

Well, in a short time Mr. J. had prayer and left for home. Abron remained, had a brief talk with the friends, made an announcement for preaching at a private house, and told the friends if they were honestly seeking truth they would come out and hear. He prayed with them and the Spirit of God was manifest.

Next morning when Abron went to his work Mr. J. said, "Good morning, Abron.

I think those folk were affected last evening, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think they'll come to church; don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

But Abron meant the Latter Day Saints, of course; and they did, and in course of a few weeks the woman was baptized into Christ, and God gave her an instructive vision.

Mr. J. got to hear of it, somehow, and one day accosted Abron thus: "I hear Lou G. has had a vision, and joined your church. Is that true?"

"Yes sir, I believe so."

"Well, Abron, don't you know that's all nonsense about God giving visions to folk now-a days?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it is, just the same; and don't you be deluded into any such stuff as that, for I tell you it's a lie. Lou may be a good woman, but she is deceived! You go up to Bro. White's (the M. E. pastor) and ask him to loan you Adam Clarke's commentary, and that'll show you all about such things, and that they are done away."

Said Abron: "I don't believe that, and Mr. Clarke don't know the mind of the Lord on such matters; and I do not wish to read his book."

"Well, then, you believe such things as

prophecy, visions, and so on are for us now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, any man is a fool that believes so, is all I have to say."

"A fool I am then, Mr. J.," said Abron; and Mr. J. walked out, manifesting anger.

Abron pondered these things in his heart, and felt sorry for the blindness of the world. But so it is, for God had said of the last days: "Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people." How true it is!

One day Abron went to a town two and a half miles away, obtained a place to preach, and went two or three Sundays. Again he went to another town in an opposite direction five miles, got a house and posted notices and preached that evening to a large audience. While preaching, a "local preacher" of the M. E. persuasion, or brimstone-scare-suasion, called out: "Wh-a-t—a-b-o-u-t—J-o-e—S-m-i-t-h?"

Abron said: "I did not come here to preach Joseph Smith, but Christ and him crucified."

After meeting the preacher shook hands with Abron and bade him "God-speed." Some folk who had brought candles held them in hand and called out in the streets: "Let us walk in the light of Mormonism." "Let us walk in the light of Joe Smith; ha, ha!"

Some ladies "pitied" Abron, "he was so young, and out in the world all alone." But he did not feel alone, for he had the satisfaction of knowing that God was with him to bless.

In the latter part of the summer of 187-, he left Mr. J. and went to the town of Kent, and entered "jour-work" for a Mr. P., who was a Congregationalist. In the fall he sought a place to preach publicly; but he talked some in a private house before this effort. He obtained use of an M. E. Church, had a medium sized audience, and had promise of house for nothing, but the M. E. pastor followed him out, called after him and charged him two dollars for that one evening. Abron thought that he was an old Herodian fox! Then he held meetings in his father's home, and in time baptized a woman, who had been ill and could not speak above a whisper, but when raised from the water sang out in a clear tone:

"How happy are they
Who their Savior obey," etc.

She put her arms around her husband's neck and begged of him to go with her. God healed her, and yet the ice had to be cut, and weather cold. The neighbors thought it strange. The next Sunday the husband was baptized and God healed him of an ailment that had perplexed him much.

Abron preached a few times in the Disciple Church; and was challenged to work miracles, and show his power with God. One evening he delivered a prophecy upon a Disciple elder that came to pass in three weeks afterward in his death; and things predicted that would occur just prior to his death did take place!

One evening he went, accompanied by a nephew, to the Congregational Church, and upon being seated, he was impressed to pray thus: "Father, inasmuch as this preacher shall endeavor or think to talk against thy holy truth, or to vilify thy people or thy cause, I pray thee to rebuke him, that he may have no power to do so; I ask in Jesus' name. Amen."

The opening hymn was announced, sung; prayer offered; in which the desire was expressed that his "tongue might be made as the pen of a ready writer," etc. Second hymn was sung; he read his text, spoke about a dozen words; clapped his right hand to his forehead and said: "You are dismissed;" threw his overcoat on his arm and with hat in hand, walked out the back door by the pulpit.

A buzz of whispering passed over the audience, which was large; a deacon arose and announced the doxology, and while singing, Abron and nephew passed out. Abron knew not what the man had in view as a subject for discourse; and he made inquiry next day of his employer as to the trouble, but he did not know; supposed he had been taken suddenly ill.

In the midst of winter Abron was discharged, and thus thrown out of employment on account of his faith in the gospel. His father told him one day there was one of two things he must do, either work and quit preaching, or preach and quit working; for men would not have him if he followed the ministry. Abron believing God had called him, said he would quit the ministry for no man's sake, and began laboring in a general way. Where

these things occurred he was threatened with mob violence, and they tried to enter his father's home. An attempt was made to poison him and his folk; they threatened to hang him, but did not; but ordered him to leave the town upon penalty of death, and he did so. He went to a city in search of work, but did not enter upon any, being advised by one of the "Twelve" to enter the missionary field locally. This he did, and went to a small town in a "middle" state; went out into the country, sought for a house, obtained one, gave out appointment, had a "full house." Blessed of God, he felt encouraged.

After a week or two in that place he was conveyed to town intending to go and see an aged brother. But upon arrival, he received a letter requesting him to come to the town of N. S., in M.—county. He prayed to know what to do, and the Spirit said: "Go to the place from whence you have received the letter. You can go to see Bro. S. sometime again." He did not yield to purchase his ticket until the whistle of the incoming train blew. He heeded, and went. Here he obtained a large church, preached several weeks to full houses, when they turned him out. He went to the school-house, and here a host of friends greeted the "eloquent, young unobtrusive preacher from a famed city," a newspaper correspondent "put it."

One day he prayed to God as to continuing his meetings. The Spirit said: "Continue them, some folk will be baptized." That night upon retiring to rest ere he had fallen asleep, a personage appeared at his bed-side (for the room was lighted by a "full moon" through the thin curtains), what seemed to be a man of medium build, with blue colored clothes, a soft felt hat. He said, addressing Abron: "There is no God, there is no devil; and religion is all nonsense. Your preaching does no good, for people only laugh at you; you had better quit and go to work, for what you do now is foolishness." Then he showed Abron what seemed to be a snake skin about three inches wide and two yards long, and he said: "There is no hereafter, and when you die you'll dry up and be as this," etc. Then he seized Abron by the neck and nearly choked him to death, then left the room. Abron sprung up in bed, re-

sisting his grasp, and gasped for breath for some time; and for nearly a half-hour afterward he felt distinctly the pressure of his fingers and thumb upon his neck, and his neck was pained. This was no nightmare, but an occurrence when wide awake. Our friend was not twenty years old when this occurred.

Here he remained, doing some work for himself as "his own boss," and earned money for clothing. The first of the following year he went to the village of S., where he preached for a time, God blessing him; and hearing and answering his prayers for the sick.

One Tuesday when going to the cemetery to the burial of a child, something said: "Before the week is closed you shall preach another funeral sermon," which he did on Saturday afternoon, of a bright boy of three or four years.

In the month of March he began undergoing what were to him some severe trials; but young in years and the ministry, he found that from sources whence he thought he could look for support it did not come. They who were older in years seeking his, as he thought, from naught but jealousy. He sought God's aid, however, and received it. When at private prayer in timber-land, the Lord sent a messenger to comfort him, telling him, "The Lord shall open up thy way; be thou faithful and humble."

One time when misrepresentations were rife and his soul sorely depressed, the Lord said to him: "Be thou faithful in all things; thou sufferest without just cause; I will afflict those who so treat thee; the place where they labor shall be changed into other mens' hands, and they thrown out of employment, and I will distress them." Abron thought that strange, but he saw it come to pass, and township authorities had to assist unto food, etc.

Time passed on, and Abron continued seeking the Lord's help. In the latter part of spring he was employed to do some work, which he did. But before this he received a letter from a friend he had never seen, and it contained an invitation for him to come there and preach. He pondered as he read it and breathed a silent prayer thus: "Father, shall I go?" The Spirit answered, "Yes; go, for it is I, the Lord, opening up the way before thee; but say naught to any one here

about it." He was asked who the letter was from, and he said, "From a friend."

The job he obtained brought him seven dollars, and this with some he obtained by selling some small articles brought him enough to pay a small debt and get away. He went home for a few days, and then to from where he received the letter. The Lord helped him on his way. He arrived in summer time, and met the friend who had sent him word. Upon asking how they happened to write for him, he received this reply: "You remember a letter you had in the *Saint's Herald* of March last?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was reading the letters through by course, and when I read yours an audible voice spoke to me, saying: 'Send for Bro. Abron to come here; send for Bro. Abron to come here.' This was repeated three or four times during five or six weeks after the first. At last I said to a neighbor, 'We must write for him;' and we did, and you're here."

"Yes," said Abron, with a feeling of gratitude arising in his soul unto God, "that letter appeared when I was in trouble, and the Lord assured me he would open up my way and lead me out, and reaffirmed it to me; but little did I think he was operating with some one off, a stranger in a strange place to me."

Said the friend: "We, three or four of us, prayed a long time to God to send some one here like unto —— of old, but we did not look for one so young as you."

After dinner, he was taken to see a friend and heard this pleasing (?) greeting: "Well, Elder F.'s been here, and Elder B.'s been here, and other notable men, and they never effected any good, and I think there's no use in one like you coming to this place."

Said Abron: "I've come to preach; and don't intend leaving until I do."

The next day he entered upon his labors, and continued them. Persecution arose, and a mob gathered about the house where he "put up," and it seemed that every moment they would break in. Stones were thrown against the door and house, and yelling like Indians they made it hideous. But Abron and two inmates were engaged in prayer, and presently they dispersed. In the autumn a branch was organized as the Spirit directed, and

Abron was ordained an elder; as the Lord had shown him two years previous he should be. The Lord blessed him in all his efforts.

In about a year's time he had baptized between thirty and forty souls; and the gifts of the Holy Spirit were much enjoyed, the Saints living humbly before God. He made his home in that place for about four years. There was a time he was called upon to administer to a person who had a knee joint dislocated, and the leg was swelled half again its natural size, and when Abron anointed the knee and offered prayer the swelling subsided and the joint was "reset" immediately. The Lord also restored a stiffened ankle joint, and removed a bronchial-goiter, healed a person of gravel complaint; in this latter instance a heavenly messenger "laid on hands" with Abron, as the party testified of four hands being distinctly felt, and the disease was immediately rebuked.

A case of chronic diarrhœa, which doctors of some years of trial had failed to cure, also a case of consumption abandoned by physicians, the Lord healed the friend.

During these four years he labored some in a couple of states west of his home, and to good effect. In 1877 a lady was baptized who had been afflicted with heart disease for many years, not being able to attend to home duties, but in her baptism "she was made whole," coming out of the water praising God that she was healed. The news soon spread and many friends called to see her, and when informed *how* she had been made well, many of them cared to hear no more of the matter. By persuading some, from the word of God, concerning tobacco he was instrumental in having several persons quit its use who had been addicted to it for many years, and God blessed them for it.

One day Abron was peculiarly wrought upon by the Lord who gave him some valuable information concerning the work and His judgments, which he was commanded to write; and we here give some of its contents, as it may edify the reader. After speaking about the gathering of the Lord's people and having "a righteous, pure, holy and undefiled people," He tells of judgments, etc., thus: "And my judgments shall spread destruction upon the whole earth, yea such as have not been

since the world began. The time is at hand when men shall quake from fear, and tremble because of my wrath and indignation; for verily my wrath and anger is enkindled against the nations of the earth. I say unto you my servant, there shall be diseases, pestilence, earthquakes, storms and great destructions; and they shall increase more and more, and sorrow shall be among all nations because of these things. And verily, sickness shall come upon men, and the power and skill of man shall not stay it, for it shall carry thousands into eternity; but my work shall roll on and prosper unto the end of time, when ye [God's people] shall be establish-

ed, and all nations and kingdoms shall be subdued, and all churches shall cease to be, for my gospel shall triumph, and the nations shall witness it. The time is not far distant when my servants, yea, all my faithful servants who have been called to the ministry, shall be endowed with great power; and they shall go forth and work greatly, with much power; then shall persecution arise, and with great rage shall men be filled against my servants, and some shall lose their lives for my sake, so great shall be the anger of men," etc.

Abram was not yet twenty years old when the Lord communicated this to him.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

There were seven fishers with nets in their hands,
And they walked and talked by the sea-side sands;

Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall
The words they spake, though they spake so low,
Across the long dim centuries flow,
And we know them, one and all—
Ay! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,
And one was gentle, and one was bold,
And they walked with downcast eyes;
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,
And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone,
And they knew not if he would rise,—
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The livelong night, till the moon went out,
In the drowning waters they beat about:
Beat slow through the fogs their way;
And the sails dropped down with ringing wet
And no man drew but an empty net
And now 'twas the break of the day,—
The great glad break of the day.

"Cast your nets on the other side"—
('Twas Jesus speaking across the tide)
And they cast and were dragging hard;
But that disciple whom Jesus loved
Cried straightway out for his heart was moved:
"It is our risen Lord,—
Our Master, and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets out of the boat,—

Ay! first of them all was he;
Repenting sore the dismal past
He feared no longer his heart to cast
Like an anchor into the sea,—
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others through the mists so dim,
In a little ship came after him,
Dragging their nets through the tide;
And when they had gotten close to the land
They saw a fire of coals on the sand,
And, with arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the crucified!

'Tis long and long and long ago,
Since the rosy lights began to flow
O'er the hills of Galilee;
And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers saw on the sands
The fire of coals by the sea,—
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea;
When Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the net and out of the boat,
To answer, "Lovest thou me?"
Thrice over, "Lovest thou me?"

—Alice Carey.

SINCERITY SEEKING SALVATION.—No. VI.

BY ÉLDER T. W. SMITH.

SINCERITY.—“If churches or denominations are not the members of the ‘one body,’ what or who are the members?”

MR. S.—“Paul shows them to be ‘First, apostles; second, prophets; third, teachers; after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.’—1 Cor. 12: 27, 28; also ‘evangelists’ and ‘pastors;’ (Eph. 4: 11); also ‘elders,’ (Acts 14: 23); also ‘bishops’ and ‘deacons,’ (1 Tim. 3: 1–13; Titus 1: 5, 6; see also Rom. 12: 4–8).”

Sincerity.—“Why, there are very few of these offices or gifts in the churches of the day. They say they are done away with, as they are no longer necessary.”

MR. S.—“Can you tell me what they were *ever* necessary for? or what was the purpose or the purposes that God had in view in giving them in the days of Paul?”

Sincerity.—“Why, as you have just shown that they were the members of the body of Christ, common sense would indicate that they were as necessary to form that body, as our members are to form or constitute our human bodies, and that the Church of Christ could not be called a body without its respective members, any more than I would be a body with two-thirds of my members removed. I would be a strange looking body with but one eye, and one ear, and one lung, and one foot, and one hand, and nothing else, save perhaps a handful of hair.”

MR. S.—“Very good; and beside this sensible conclusion, Paul says that Christ gave the apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers, ‘for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry; for the edifying of the body of Christ.’ Now if this is so, how can the Saints be perfected; how can the work of the ministry be performed; how can the body of Christ be edified without them? Can you see how?”

Sincerity.—“I certainly cannot, any more than I can comprehend how a man can see or hear, or speak, or breathe, or handle, or walk, or taste, or smell or feel, without the organs and members that God gave the body for the purpose of performing these functions, or of enjoy-

ing these pleasures. But these reflections only torment my soul greatly.”

MR. S.—“And why so, pray?”

Sincerity.—“Why, I can clearly see that if all the members that God originally bestowed upon the body of Christ, are not found existing to-day, then I must conclude that there is no such thing as the church of Christ on earth. And then again how is it possible that God can be unchangeable, and also ‘no respecter of persons,’ and yet not give these members to the church to-day as well as formerly; and as scarcely one-fifth of the former day officers, gifts, laws, ordinances, faith and practices of the early church, are found in the various churches, and many of these things are rejected by them as unnecessary and undesirable, I could never unite with any of them; and where, oh where can a truly apostolical, evangelical, complete and perfect Church of Christ be found on earth?”

MR. S.—“Well, I am afraid that you would hardly expect to find it, where only it is found, and that is in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, whom the world, however, calls Mormons.”

Sincerity.—“What! Polygamists?”

MR. S.—“Oh no, by no means; for polygamy is believed by the church just named, to be an abomination in the sight of God, and is a doctrine of the devil, forbidden by express commandment of God. Every man in this church is commanded of the Lord thus, ‘Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart and shall cleave unto her and none else.’ And again: ‘No man among you shall have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none.’”

Sincerity.—“Well, you relieve my mind greatly, for I could not see how you could practice polygamy and be followers of Christ. But I suppose that the Mormons derive their authority to practice polygamy from the Book of Mormon, the ‘Mormon Bible’ that I have heard of?”

MR. S.—“That is just the very opposite of the facts in the case. That book calls polygamy an ‘iniquity,’ a ‘crime!’ and ‘abominable’ in the sight of God, and it is forbidden in the words above quoted;

viz., 'No man among you shall have save it be one wife,' etc."

Sincerity.—"What is their excuse, then, for having more wives than one?"

Mr. S.—"O, they excuse themselves because of the things written in the Bible concerning David and Solomon, his son, who had many wives and concubines. They do not claim to have any authority for their practice in the Book of Mormon."

Sincerity.—"I have heard that the Book of Mormon was made out of a novel, written by a Presbyterian clergyman; but I always have thought that it was a strange and inconsistent employment for a Presbyterian clergyman, in particular, to write romances or fictions."

Mr. S.—"You will learn some of these days that a good deal of the preaching of the day is purely fiction. But the Book of Mormon was not made out of a religious teacher's romance, or out of Rev. 'Solomon Spaulding's writings' as they are called, for these very writings (which some of Spaulding's family and friends have 'sworn' were to their knowledge the same thing as the Book of Mormon with 'slight alterations') have recently been discovered."

Sincerity.—"Why, is that so? Where and when did they come to light? I have always heard that the Mormons got hold of the original manuscripts in some way and destroyed them."

Mr. S.—"They were found by Mr. L. L. Rice, in 1884, in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, among some old books and papers which he obtained from Mr. E. D. Howe, of Painesville, Ohio, who got it from Mr. P. Hurlbut who got it from the Spaulding family in 1834, by consent of Spaulding's widow."

Sincerity.—"But are you sure that these are the same writings that the family and friends of Rev. Spaulding read and compared with the Book of Mormon?"

Mr. S.—"Well, Messrs. Aaron Wright, Oliver Smith, John N. Miller and others have sworn that they had heard Mr. Spaulding read his manuscript many times; and when Mr. Hurlbut obtained the writings from Mrs. Spaulding, in 1834, these men certified that they were his writings, and Mrs. Davidson says that the manuscript which Hurlbut got, was the one that was in Pittsburg,

Pennsylvania, from 1814 to 1816, where Sidney Rigdon is said to have got it, and copied it, and from it Joseph Smith and himself made the Book of Mormon. The manuscript at the death of Spaulding fell into the hands of his widow, who swears it was 'carefully preserved' by her from that time until 1834, when Mr. Hurlbut got it; and as E. D. Howe declares that this which Mr. Rice obtained from him was the one that Hurlbut gave him, so it is proven to be the very manuscript out of which the Book of Mormon was said to have been made by Rigdon and Smith."

Sincerity.—"Are they alike in any sense?"

Mr. S.—"Mr. James H. Fairchild, President of Oberlin College, Ohio, in whose care the manuscript of Spaulding now rests, says of it, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* thus: 'There seems no reason to doubt that this is the long lost story. Mr. Rice, myself and others compared it with the Book of Mormon and could detect no resemblance between the two, in general or in detail. There seems to be no name or incident in common to the two. The solemn style of the Book of Mormon, in imitation of the English Scriptures, does not appear in the manuscript.'"

Sincerity.—"But may not Spaulding have written some other book, which the Book of Mormon may have been copied from?"

Mr. S.—"This is improbable on this ground. Suppose that he had written another work which his daughter read, and which she says was identical with the Book of Mormon, 'with slight alterations' only. Now, if it should appear that the Book of Mormon is a solemn, serious record of what angels, prophets, apostles, and above all, of what Jesus Christ taught, and that these teachings agree with and sustain the teachings of the Bible; and, if it should appear that the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, clergyman, etc., as he is said to have been, was really an infidel, would any writing of his correspond with the Book of Mormon, which is said to be written in Bible style?"

Sincerity.—"You astonish me by charging Mr. Spaulding with infidelity and skepticism."

Mr. S.—"Well, I simply judge him out of his own mouth. Along with the manuscript found by Mr. Rice was another writing or letter of Mr. Spaulding, a part

of which reads thus: 'In giving you my sentiments of the Christian religion, you will perceive that I am not trammelled with traditionary and vulgar prejudice, that I do not believe certain parts and certain propositions to be true, merely because my ancestors believe them and because they are popular. In forming my creed, I bring everything to the standard of reason, that is, intellectual. This is an unerring and sure guide in all matters of faith and practice. Having divested myself heretofore of traditionary and vulgar prejudice, and submitting to the guidance of reason, it is impossible for me to have the same sentiments of the Christian religion which its advocates consider as orthodox. It is, in my view, a mass of contradictions, and an heterogeneous mixture of wisdom and folly. Nor can I find any clear and incontrovertible evidence of its being a revelation from an infinitely benevolent and wise God. It is true that I have never had the leisure nor patience to read the elaborate and varied productions of divines in its vindication, every part of it with critical attention, or study the metaphysical jargon of divines in its vindication. It is enough for me to know that propositions which are in contradiction to each other cannot both be true, and that doctrines and facts which represent the Supreme Being as a barbarous and cruel tyrant, can never be dictated by infinite wisdom. Whatever the clergy say on the contrary can have no effect in altering my sentiments. I know, as well as they, that two and two make four, and that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. But, notwithstanding, I disavow any belief in the divinity of the Bible, and consider it as a mere human production, designed to enrich and aggrandize its authors and to enable them to manage the multitude, yet, casting aside a considerable mass of rubbish and fanatical rant, I find it contains a system of ethics and morals which cannot be excelled on account of their tendency to ameliorate the condition of man and to promote individual, social and public happiness, and that, in various instances, it represents the Almighty as possessing attributes worthy of transcendent character. Having a view, therefore, to those parts of the Bible which are truly good and excellent, I sometimes speak of it in terms of high commendation.'

Sincerity.—“Well, I am astounded to hear a man calling himself a reverend talk like that. The idea of a Presbyterian minister saying that the Bible and the Christian religion is a ‘mass of contradictions,’ and ‘a heterogeneous mixture of wisdom and folly,’ and that he considers it a ‘mere human production designed to enrich and aggrandize its authors,’ etc.”

Mr. S.—“Yes, I have no doubt you are astonished, and so are the hundreds of editors, preachers, writers, lecturers, etc., who, for the past fifty years have been calling him ‘The Rev. Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dartmouth College, a learned scholar and a pious minister of Christ.’ I will now quote *verbatim et literatim* a few lines from the ‘Introduction’ of his wonderful manuscript, and you can see how learned a scholar Dartmouth College can turn out. This ‘graduate’ says: ‘Near the west Bank of the Coneaught River there are the remains of an ancient fort. As I was walking and forming various conjectures respecting the character situation and numbers of those people who far exceeded the present Indians in works of art and ingenuity, I happened to tread on a flat stone. This was at a small distance from the fort and it lay on the top of a great small mound of earth exactly horizontal.’”

Sincerity. — “Well, I declare! Dartmouth College can get but little credit for graduating such specimens of scholarship.”

Mr. S. — “I would like to quote some of his language used to describe certain transactions that are recorded in his book, but it is entirely too coarse and vulgar. No gentleman would use it.”

Sincerity.—“Well, how then did the Book of Mormon come into existence?”

Mr. S.—“I will briefly state the case. Some six hundred years before Christ, a family of Israelites left the land of the Jews or Jerusalem, according to the commandment of God, and according to his promise that he would lead them to a land promised to their ancestor, Joseph, who was sold into Egypt. This family was led by the hand of God to emigrate eastwardly until they came to the sea, probably the Indian Ocean, where, by command of God, they built a vessel, which was driven by winds across the ocean to the western coast of what we call South

America. In course of time the family grew numerous and became divided into two tribes, named, respectively, Nephites and Lamanites, after the names of two sons, Nephi and Laman. In time, wars occurred among them, and the Nephites were finally driven northward through the northern part of South America; through Central America and Mexico, and on to the eastern part of North America. They built many cities, towns and fortifications, the ruins of which exist to this day in Central America, Mexico and in the southwestern portions of the United States.

"From the Lamanites the majority of the Indians of America have doubtless descended. Nephi, who was a prophet, had by the command of God, prepared certain metallic plates and engraved on them in Reformed Egyptian characters the history of their travels from Jerusalem, and the history of their wars, travels and works, as well as writing the word of the Lord, as God had given him and others to speak unto his people.

"This record was handed down from one to another, each of whom wrote the history and experience of his time. Finally, about four hundred years after Christ, a prophet named Mormon made a compilation of these records, which took his name; hence, 'The Book of Mormon.' His son, Moroni by name, hid the plates or record in the earth, where it was discovered in September, 1823, by Joseph Smith, by the direction of an angel.

"In September, 1827, he obtained possession of the plates, and also an instrument called the Urim and Thummim, by the aid of which he commenced, soon after, to translate the record into the English language. The translation, which was occasionally interrupted by several schemes inspired of Satan, was finally completed, and in the latter part of the year 1829, was put into the hands of the printer, and soon after was issued to the world as the Book of Mormon."

Sincerity.—"A truly 'marvelous work and a wonder' that would be."

Mr. S.—"Yes, and that was just what the Lord said he would do, in bringing forth the book. See Isaiah 29, through-out. Please turn and read."

Sincerity reads and then says: "Has

this been accomplished? Were the 'words of the book' sent to the learned, etc.?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, Martin Harris took a paper containing the fac-simile of a number of the characters or hieroglyphics to Prof. Charles Anthon, of New York city, who, after learning that the book was sealed from which the characters were taken, said that he 'could not read a sealed book.' The book was then given to Joseph Smith, an unlearned man, who confessed his utter incapacity to translate it. But the Lord assured him that He would do the work, or in other words, that Joseph should translate it by His aid, which was done."

Sincerity.—"Did any one see the plates beside Joseph Smith?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, eleven men saw them. Three men, namely, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, saw them in the angel's hand. Eight others saw and handled the plates, and have signed a solemn statement to that effect."

Sincerity.—"Has any one seen the original translation as made from the plates? Where is it now?"

Mr. S.—"Yes. I have seen, handled and read the original manuscript translation, and I have seen and handled the identical paper containing the 'words of the book' which Martin Harris took to Prof. Anthon. The original manuscript is now in the possession of the family of Mr. David Whitmer, in Richmond, Ray county, Missouri."

Sincerity.—"Do the Scriptures refer to this book in any other part, beside Isaiah 29?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, particularly in Psalms 85: 10, 11; Ezek. 37: 15-19, and Hosea 8: 11, 12."

Sincerity.—"In Psalms 85, it says, 'Truth shall spring out of the earth.' What is meant by 'truth'?"

Mr. S.—"The laws and commandments of God, and the word of God, or the gospel. See Psalms 119: 142, 151, 160; John 17: 17; James 1: 18; 1 Pet. 1: 25; and as the Book of Mormon contained the law of God, the commandments of God, and the gospel likewise; and as that book, containing this truth was buried in the earth or ground, its coming forth out of the earth, could be very properly called truth springing out of the ground."

(To be continued.)

INFLUENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK UPON THE CHURCH; IMPORTANCE OF EARLY TRAINING, ETC.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

THE character, work and merit of any and every organization or body of men, whether religious or otherwise, depends entirely upon the individual character, work and merit of the persons who compose that body.

That the character of an organization cannot rise above the character of the men and women who compose that organization is just as self-evident a fact as the oft repeated one, "A stream cannot rise above its source."

Whatever tends in its nature to raise or lower individual merit, tends to raise or lower the merit of the organization.

This being conceded, it follows that any one interested in the welfare of an organization, will take advantage of, and make use of, everything that will advance individual merit.

This brings us to the subject the consideration of which is the province of this article, namely, The influence of Sunday school work upon the character, reputation, aims and achievements of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

If we find the influence to be for the good of the church in its peculiar mission of preparing a people for the reception of our Lord and Savior at his second coming, it will behoove us, each and all, to do all in our power to advance the Sunday school cause, to bend all our united efforts to the task of educating the children of the church in the word of the Lord, whether revealed to a Jew in the Holy Land, to a Nephite in America eighteen hundred years ago, or to his chosen servants in our own time, in the history of the church, its apostasy, restoration, etc.

In this work we have no use for idlers or dead weights in the long pull up the steep hill of learning, inasmuch as it is written, "Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

In the education of a human being, in the building up of character, it is necessary to begin at the beginning as early in the young life as possible. Everyone recognizes and takes advantage of this in

the worldly education, and the church is awakening to a realization of the fact that it is just as important to begin the spiritual education, the sowing of the seed of righteousness, as early in childhood as possible. This is the time when the mind is easily moulded by a competent teacher into desirable forms,—easily started in the way of righteousness. The young character is plastic like the fresh clay in the hands of the modeller. If neglected too long it may harden into rough and unsightly seams, hard lines of unbelief, or positive weakness, that only the cruelly sharp chisel of experience, driven by the rough mallet of adversity, held in the hand of the great Artist can remove and shape into anything like Christian perfection.

This may not be the case with all, but it is the case with many who are neglected in early youth. For the want of a little early training, the whole life is warped and bent, thrown hopelessly out of line with all that is good, just as a little defect in laying the foundation of a certain tower threw the whole after-structure out of line. To be sure, the leaning tower became the wonder of the whole world, so compensation to some extent was rendered, but it is not so with a crooked character. The world is so lamentably full of such that they no longer excite curiosity, only pitying contempt.

It is a sad and bitter fact to bring home to the hearts of fond parents, that the reason their children are not honored members of the church, but wandering from the straight and narrow path is, that they were not properly trained. Bring them to a realization of this terrible fact and it hurts them worse than would the surgeon's knife. The remorse is more to be dreaded than the rack of the inquisition.

But for the good of the church the fault has to be pointed out. The hand that does it is the hand of a friend. It wounds that others may see and be saved. Oh, my friends, be warned ere it is too late! How much time and care some of you spend on a single flower, some rare

plant, the training of some pet animal, while your children are left to grow up as they choose, to take the right way or the wrong way, as accident may dictate. And yet what are all your petty cares compared to this masterpiece of God's handiwork, these immortal souls that have been given into your charge? The sacred duty of training them in the right way devolves upon your shoulders. Be sure of this. If you neglect this duty, there is another power that will not neglect to train them in the wrong way.

The work of instructing the young of the church in spiritual things comes under the direct charge of the Sunday school, and when properly carried out makes this work one of the utmost importance to the Zion of the present and much, immeasurably much more to that of the future. From our present standpoint in the work we cannot measure all its importance, nor understand all its influence upon the church of the future, but we can from observation and experience number some of the effects, and I, being delegated to that task, will endeavor to point out a few of the most important:

First. By affording a suitable place and occupation for the Sabbath, it early trains the children to observe the day set apart for the worship of God, and to form the habit of studying the Scriptures. This is the first great step.

Second. It familiarizes the growing mind with the great promises, blessings and commandments that God has given to it and to all the world. It instills into the mind a full conception of the beauty of the Christian character, of the great goodness and wonderful love of the Redeemer, and thus gives rise to a desire to be more Christlike, thus laying the foundation of an honest, upright character that will stand out against the world, the flesh and the devil, and be ready for any duty or calling that may fall to its lot.

Third. It forms habits of study, and so, by stocking the mind with information, fits one to defend the true faith against the flings of adverse critics, and if necessary to preach the gospel to Jew and Gentile.

Last and greatest. It prepares us, by guiding through life, to meet our great Creator and Judge with a clear record, the key to endless happiness.

These are a few of the effects of a Sun-

day school education upon the individual Saint; and remember, what it does for one, it will do for all, if properly extended, thus raising the whole church to a higher level of morality, of intellectuality, making the Sunday school one of the chief instruments in fulfilling the injunction, "Come up higher."

In fact, the Sunday school reaches a want that cannot be supplied from any other source. It is to the church what one of England's greatest writers says the schools of England are to that nation, "What the heart is to the body of man, the organ that sends the life blood leaping through the body to renovate and build up the whole structure."

Is not the influence for good? No need to ask. Of course it is. The truth of this answer is being demonstrated every day, and will be better proven in the future when the cause gets fairly on its feet, so to speak.

Brothers and sisters, we must not neglect this cause. We must not think because we are members of the true church, therefore our calling is sure, our salvation certain. It is not. We must make it sure by our *works*, not by our professions, otherwise we may be reminded in a forcible and unpleasant manner, as were the Jews, that God is able to raise up from the very rocks at our feet children that *will* perform the duties that we neglect.

All over the church the Sunday school workers are forming into line, enlisting, equipping, drilling, preparing to go to the front in the great warfare of truth. All must be volunteers. "Drafted men make poor soldiers." There is an old saying and a good one too. It is this: "Men will not take up arms for a boarding house; they must have a home, a family to defend." And so in this case, we must have men and women who are interested, who earnestly and sincerely want truth, and truth alone, to vanquish.

Be not surprised if our first great battles result in defeat. It is often so. The right often meets with defeat and disaster at first. It is not altogether undesirable that it should be so. Adversity does not kill a just cause. It took long, hard struggles, defeat and hardship to lay the foundation of this great republic. It required disappointment and adversity to knit the tough fibre of such characters as Washington and Grant. So

be not surprised if our first battle be a Bunker Hill. Be not cast down through the cold and hardship and bitter suffering of a Valley Forge.

But, "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." There will come a time—there must come a time—when the right will conquer all wrong.

I came across a little proverb a few days ago that we will do well to bear in mind when striving to forward this cause against so many contrary influences. I found it in an almanac, underneath a medical advertisement, but it is worthy to be inscribed on plates of pure gold—or, better, like the new law in the fleshly

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tablets of our hearts. It is this: "One and God make a majority."

Just as surely as the full light of day follows the first glimmer of morn, just so surely will the little light that we cast into the darkness grow and grow into a full flood of light, the light that is called knowledge, the knowledge of the will of God concerning mankind. We have the assurance that "line will be added unto line," but not till we master what we already have can we hope to receive more. It would be of no use to us.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

WHEN shall it be? what its purpose and design? are questions for thought.

When shall it be?

To the biblical student two facts are most conspicuous; first, the verity of Christ's second advent; second, the non-guaranty that man is to know the day or hour of the thrilling event which is rendered more formidable by the response Christ made to the interrogation of the disciples; namely, "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" He said, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power."—Acts 1: 6. Nor is it to be understood that God designs that his creatures are to remain in ignorance as to his designs, but He doubtless does design to instruct, educate and lead them to perfection by or through His own revealed method; hence one among the first injunctions Christ imposed upon the people in the commencement of his ministerial career was, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me;" and in vain we would look for a reversal or change of that injunction.

In consulting the sixteenth chapter of Matthew, it is made to appear that Christ denounced the Sadducees and Pharisees for a non-proficiency in discerning the signs of the times; and while the fact is

apparent that they had made the face of the skies a study, no proof is made to appear that such study was offensive to the Master save in the fact of their doing the one and failing in the other, for which failure they were hypocritical for professing to believe in God and not making that profession formidable by their works.

Taking another step in this mode of investigation, we see in the vision of the mind the inspiring ultimate of Simeon in taking the child in his arms, as his parents carried him to the temple to do with him after the manner of the law, where Simeon had waited long in the line of duty; now beseeching the Lord, to let him depart in peace; for his eyes had seen His salvation, and as his soul was made aglow in gazing into the face of the babe, he gave, in a few words, an inspirational portrayal of the thrilling effects of the birth and mission of Christ, which we find to be the effect of predicating his faith in God's promises made by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

And Joseph and the babe's mother marveled at the inspirational breathings of Simeon, while Anna evinced her joy on the momentous occasion in speaking to all that looked for redemption in Jerusalem (See Luke 2d), and while the joy arising in contemplating the above is not diminished, in the fact of the denunciation of the Jews because they had killed

the prophets that had been sent unto them, there comes a mingling of sorrow with the joy which the mighty Christ himself shared as he saw and knew the misery that awaited them.

Continuing in the field of thought, evidence looms to the mind that Simeon obeyed and feared the Lord, and partook of the benefits. The Jews disobeyed the Lord, and were condemned, in which there is nothing mysterious when it is understood that all God's decrees relative to man's redemption are made with a view to his moral agency or will power, which the following by Christ abundantly illustrates; and though men, angels or devils may think, act and teach contrary to that thus revealed, it stands out in bold relief, proving alike impregnable to feigned piety, man's sophistry, or the devil's cunning. He says: "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father."—John 10: 17, 18.

The above serves to show that Christ used his will-power and thereby gained the approval of his Father, with no conflict with the fact of Christ having been appointed as a Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world, or it is void of significance; and as with Christ's will-power leading to a recognition of God's revealed economy, and correspondingly laboring to carry it out or rejecting the same, so with man; otherwise the gospel economy were purposeless.

Christ's purpose in referring to the budding of the trees, remarking that such an event denotes the approach of summer is clearly seen in the assurance of the fact that by the development of predicted signs those watching are to see evidence of the nearness of his second advent at the end of the world. But the end of the world, as viewed from a biblical standpoint, signifies a cessation to human governments and the establishment of Christ's divine government in lieu thereof, that God's will may be done in or on earth as it is done in heaven. But the exultant spirit that led Nebuchadnezzar to exclaim, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" is very prevalent indeed in the present time; hence the

demolition of human governments, as contemplated in God's word, is very unpopular and a most objectionable doctrine, many congratulating themselves of it being a myth, on the hypothesis that the anticipations of the apostles were raised to a realization of the event, but they died without the sight. But if that be a legal objection, it might be rendered more formidable in the fact that Enoch, the seventh from Adam, and the writer believes that his predecessors back to Adam also anticipated and prayed for the event; but such objections have no endurance in the light radiating from the biblical fact. That however radiant the teachings of the Bible appear in assurances of the event, it is silent as death, mute as the grave as to the time of its full and complete development, save by the signs of the times, as Christ predicted as taught. Therefore for aught there is taught as to time, the event might have come before or thousands of years subsequently to the demise of the apostles. But from information gleaned from the third chapter of Acts and the second chapter of Second Thessalonians we have a basis for belief that both Peter and Paul had caught the inspiration of their Master, and so instructed the Saints that certain events were to precede the second advent; and though no visible proof exists of efforts to locate those events as to the time, they gave assurance that they were to come before the eventful day. The former declared that the heavens would receive the Savior until the times of restitution spoken of by the mouths of all his holy prophets since the world began; the latter, that that day should not come except there come a falling away first, and in this we see a very pleasing harmony between the teachings of these two apostles,—one declaring a times of restitution, the other declaring a falling away or apostasy involving the necessity for times of restitution, or bringing back that lost through the apostasy.

It follows, therefore, that the blighting effects of a universal apostasy are to be among other signs of the latter day; while the high pretensions and sounding claims to an unbroken succession from apostolic times, the frequent and eloquent portrayal of the rapid march of Christianity afford a striking proof of Paul's

prediction, namely, "Ever learning and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth."

This persistence in contending for the perpetuity of Christ's church in the face of prediction which makes a falling away from that church and the loss of power to preach the gospel a fact, makes between those persistent ones, Christ and his apostles, a visible collision. The number of professing Christians is by some computed at four hundred millions. This may not be correct, but will serve for illustration. Of these, Cardinal Gibbons in a book recently published entitled, "Our Christian Heritage," claims for the Roman Catholic Church two hundred and fifty millions. The priesthood of that church, claiming an unbroken succession from Peter to the present pope, Leo XIII, which makes that the only church.

Nor are the prelates slow in declaring the Protestants to be seceders, apostates, heretics, etc., as are the Protestants not slow in declaring the Romish Church the apostate church represented in Revelations 17th chapter, which fact is sufficiently potent in itself, not only to prove that one of these two parties must be wrong, but in leading the sober thinker and non-biased to a belief that both are wrong.

The belief of those evincing a proficiency to discern the signs of the times that the effects of a universal apostasy are to be among the latter signs, is greatly strengthened in the vivid and inspirational description Christ gives of the immoral condition of the world before and at his coming, which is to be as it was before and at the time of the flood, (See the 24th chapter of Matthew), and from which chapter we also learn that the assurance Christ gave to his disciples of the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem, induced them to propound the following questions: "Tell us when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of thy coming and of the end of the world?" to which Christ gave no immediate response, but continued to instruct them in relation to the signs which should precede the predicted destruction, that they might know when, of the fated city. But the 29th and 30th verses contain that which appears a response to the above interrogations. Christ says: "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall

the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."

Surely these are mighty events, and the assurance we have of the very public manner in which Christ is to appear affords proof that these events will not take place in a corner or in any uncertain manner. And they are to follow and not precede the tribulation of those days, hence the consideration of the tribulation as referred to becomes a very important item for consideration, which doubtless begun at the time Titus marched the Roman army against Jerusalem and so thoroughly took the city and demolished the temple, which terrible event brought misery and death upon thousands, the survivors being scattered among all nations, their beloved city to be trodden under foot of the Gentiles until the fullness of the Gentiles come in.

The deprivation of their city and despoliation of their temple; being prohibited from worshipping therein in their peculiar manner, was the completion of their tribulation, which will never end until they shall be reinstated in the land which by virtue of the covenant God made to Abraham and confirmed to Isaac and Jacob to bequeath to their posterity for an everlasting possession, makes that land more sacred than any other spot under the broad, blue canopy of heaven.

To those striving to acquire a proficiency to discern the signs of the times the two last verses of the 23d chapter of Matthew serve a twofold purpose; for the desolation of the Jews is plainly foretold, as is also the fact of their seeing Christ, at some future time, with the salutation, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord;" which forms a basis for the acceptance of prophetic declaration, found in the Bible in relation to the gathering of Israel.

One of the most conspicuous is found in Hosea. In the third chapter he says: "For the children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without

an ephod, and without a teraphim. Afterward shall the children of Israel return and seek the Lord their God, and David their king; and shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days."

For nothing was Joseph Smith more severely criticised than for announcing the fact, in the inception of the work which the Lord called him to perform, that the time drew near when Israel would be gathered and reinstated in the land of their forefathers. But time, which tests men and things has flown, bringing to pass God's purposes with remarkable rapidity; and men, and circumstances testify to the validity of the claim of the modern prophet; and though but in its incipency the gathering of Israel has begun; the former fertility of the land returning; hence a sign of the latter days, and the nearing of the cessation of the tribulation of those days, which will never be final until the work of gathering which has now begun is completed.

But how many suns shall rise and set ere that begun shall find a culmination, mortals cannot decide; but the unfolding of the buds of the tree is visible, and those seeking a proficiency to discern the signs of the times are encouraged and hopeful, patiently waiting for a more thorough completion of that work by Christ's second coming, which he began at his first appearance; and as Simeon evinced such confidence in Christ's first coming, by the prophetic declarations of his predecessors, in the faith, surely those who have and may be his successors in mortality, and who can read the prediction Christ made himself touching his second coming should have no dubiety or unbelief in so momentous event.

In no uncertain terms Christ taught a

coming retribution,—John 5: 29, and in just as positive language taught that the rendering of the retribution should begin at or subsequent to his second coming. He says: "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, with all his holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory. And before him shall be gathered all nations," etc. Matt. 25: 31, 32.

The conclusion that for the consummation of this work Christ's second coming is an absolute necessity, is a legitimate one.

But the skeptical portion of mankind dispute and decide his second advent a myth, on this hypothesis: "His apostles anticipated the event." Yes, they did, and taught it as a grand reality, and they fell asleep without a realization of their anticipation; and the passage of near two thousand years and the event being still future argues nothing against its reality. The fact of God's revealing events is no guarantee of a revelation to state the time or the season in which the revealed event will develop. Hence Christ taught his disciples that it was not for them to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power. Acts 1: 7.

Christ's saving method is very explicit; but much that is requisite to bring the contemplated culmination is but revealed in generalities, yet the light radiating therefrom is of sufficient effulgence to encourage and give patience to those who have set to their seal that God is true; and well do they know that delving and soaring to enter into details of those matters which God has but revealed in generalities would lead to the advocacy of speculative theories.

(To be continued.)

"GOOD-BY—GOD BLESS YOU."

I love the words—perhaps because,
 When I was leaving mother,
 Standing at last in solemn pause,
 We looked at one another.
 And I—I saw in mother's eyes
 The love she could not tell me—
 A love eternal as the skies,
 Whatever fate befell me;

She put her arms about my neck,
 And soothed the pain of leaving,
 And, though her heart was like to break,
 She spoke no word of grieving;
 She let no tear bedim her eye,
 For fear that might distress me,
 But, kissing me, she said good-by,
 And asked our God to bless me.

—Eugene Field.

SKETCH OF EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF ALVAH SMITH.

BY ELVIRA S. MASON.

MY father was a native of Connecticut. When a small boy he moved with his father's family to Monroe county, New York. He naturally possessed a strong constitution, the only fortune he inherited I trow, unless it was a rigid adherence to the right, and a keen sense of the humorous; the latter serving to dispel many a dismal cloud and to lighten cares and grief in times of trouble; a gift always friendly to health and long life.

Grandfather Smith was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and Grandmother, not one whit less brave, was a soldier at home, helping to drive the treacherous Indians as well as wolves from the door in more ways than one. She was a woman of great fortitude and endurance, attaining to the age of ninety-two years.

With impressions of fearlessness and hardihood received in his youth father was prepared at an early age to take up the burdens and face the perils incident to pioneer life, and in his efforts to assist his father in clearing up the farm, he soon became an expert chopper. They who have been reared in a prairie country can hardly comprehend the herculean task of clearing a farm of dense timber, root and branch, before the sod can be turned and prepared to sow the seed.

It has been said that the pen is mightier than the sword, but those early woodmen must have been forced to acknowledge the axe mightier than either. On it hung their only hope of future sustenance. No wonder, then, the axe was laid at the root of the tree with a vim and energy so persevering that the face of the country was soon changed into fields of waving grain and fruit.

At the age of twenty-one father was united in marriage to Sabrina Wait of the same age. The first seven years of married life were spent on a portion of the home-farm upon which father had toiled so many years to subdue and cultivate it. All manner of fruits suited to the climate and comforts of an improved home did not prevent him from contracting the emigration fever, springing from wonderful stories told of the productive soil of Michigan.

Accordingly the farm was sold, nearly breaking mother's heart, she said. They parted with everything except enough to fill one covered wagon. After a long and tedious journey around through Canada they arrived safely in Jackson county, Michigan. Father located a farm in Leoni township, eight miles west of Jackson, on the border of a small lake, the lake being my only recollection of my birth-place.

I remember watching father and my brothers fishing sometimes at night. I can yet see, in my mind's eye, the light of the lantern dancing about in the boat as it skimmed along the surface of the water. I was six years old when father traded this farm for another, one mile from Jackson. It was a very pretty place and we had good school and church privileges.

I remember hearing mother say that father should not sell or trade this place away, for she would hang to the door post; and we were quick to catch the literal meaning of the expression.

Only two years passed away, however, and father began to get uneasy for more land. He soon had an offer of a half section of dense timber land, forty miles north, in even trade for the farm. Mother protested strongly against the trade, but finally signed the deed, perhaps fearing the door post might give way.

We at once began preparations for moving; mother with a heavy heart, and we children delighted with the prospect of making maple sugar, as we were told there were acres of maple trees on the land. It is a happy thing for children that they are quicker to see the sunny side of life than the dark side. If they could only retain more of the sunshine later on it would serve them well as a seasoning in the trying times of life.

On the evening of the second day we reached our wilderness home, as we called it, and were given a warm welcome at the house of a near neighbor as well as some warm maple sugar, for they were just coming in from the sugar bush, each one bearing a cake of sugar, melted in large pans that looked huge to us. Father completed the house that was being con-

structed for us and we were soon settled, and we children started to school.

The schoolhouse was one mile by the road. Father cut a path through the timber which shortened our walk half a mile. It was customary in those timber countries when one chopped a space large enough, for neighbors to join together and make a log-piling bee. Father had attended several of these and found that intoxicating liquor was used freely and also that he was the only total abstainer in the community, for which he was the object of much ridicule.

The time came around for father to make a bee. I suppose they thought Mr. Smith would hardly dare fail to supply them with their favorite beverage, as a large number of them turned out and began work with a right good will, as though assured that the jug would be passed in due time. But they soon began to have fears of disappointment, and hinted that water was weak stuff to work on. In fact they seemed to think they could not lift much without a little stimulant, although father was giving them a lesson that proved the fallacy of their theory by lifting as much as any two of them, because he had never used stimulants at all.

Meanwhile mother was preparing the nicest dinner a new country market afforded, with plenty of tea and coffee. When the call came for dinner and the men were gathering around the long table set in the yard, two of them picked up their jackets and walked home. They could not eat without a stimulant. What could be the nature of strong drink to so deprave the natural appetite that they could not relish a good dinner without it, was more than we children could understand. Surely "strong drink is raging and he who is deceived thereby is not wise," saith the Lord in his holy word. Men get in a rage from the effects of it and for the want of it when they get accustomed to its use. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the divine command. "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." With such fearful Bible texts as these before us, who would dare to put the bottle to his neighbor's lips?

However, the dinner passed off pleasantly. Father was full of good humor, and his wit did not forsake him in this

emergency. With his jest and amusing stories they seemed to forget there was no strong beverage to serve. He had seen his father pass through like experiences and come off victorious, and so it proved to be in this case. When they found he was not to be shaken in his principles, the result was to make them fast friends as long as we stayed among them, which was not very long, for these that make an uproar among the people came there also. They were not clothed in camel's hair, but they came preaching in the wilderness.

Two Latter Day Saint elders, mother's brother, J. M. Wait, and Elder Stoddard, I think. At all events it was one who had passed through the Missouri persecutions of the church, as his narrative of the trials and sufferings they endured made a vivid impression on my memory.

Mother wept and lamented when her brother told her of the doctrine he had embraced and had come to preach. Being willing to investigate, father hurried around and procured the schoolhouse for them to preach in. He also rode around the neighborhood and gave out notice, and the small house was filled. After hearing three sermons our parents were baptized. Then the uproar began. Their Baptist friends gathered around and tried to persuade them to turn away from such a delusion, and finally closed the schoolhouse against them. They preached three more sermons in our own house, baptized a Mr. Harton and wife, and, after ordaining father and Mr. Harton elders, departed for other fields.

Father began his labors at once, preaching in adjoining districts. The Baptist preacher heard of his appointment and came to "wind up his Mormon doctrine," as he expressed it. He gave notice that he would preach in the afternoon. During the intermission, father retired to a grove near by and prayed that his opposer might be confused in his language. However, the Baptist preacher started out bravely, picturing out to the congregation the delusion of the doctrine they had listened to in the morning, relating the usual stories of the founders and of the rise of the church, when he suddenly became so confused and at a loss for words to express his meaning that he literally wound himself up in his own ball of yarn.

Father was so enthusiastic in the work that he determined to cross Lake Erie and carry the glad tidings to relatives in New York. When he reached the boat and while waiting his turn at the ticket office he heard the captain say to two clergymen, "We carry preachers at half fare."

Father said, "I am a Mormon preacher. will you serve me the same way?"

"Yes," said the captain, "we treat all preachers alike."

The banner was unfurled and colors flying. It was soon whispered around that there was a Mormon preacher on board, and of all things they most desired it was to hear one preach. Accordingly, by request of passengers, the captain invited father to preach in the evening, which he did, laying down the first principles of the gospel with good liberty; and when he sung the hymns, "The gallant ship is under way," and "Rejoice, rejoice, O, Israel," they seemed delighted; and no wonder, for his voice in those days sounded more like a clarinet than vocal music. Singing was the order of the day during the remainder of the passage until the old edition became exhausted, and passengers and crew declared they had been highly entertained with his sweet songs.

Old friends and relatives were happily surprised when father appeared among them after ten years' absence, but the new dispensation gospel they would not receive, and only wondered how Alvah Smith, who had been a good Baptist seventeen years, could be duped by such a delusion. After several weeks' visit father returned home.

The following autumn the call came to emigrate to Utah. Father began to look out for a sale of his timber land. To sell for cash seemed out of the question, and the only opportunity offered to exchange was a farm fourteen miles from Detroit, which he gladly accepted; and there we moved, spending the winter in preparation for the march westward.

Father exchanged this place for a farm in McDonough county, Illinois, and by the middle of February we were on our way. Four weeks' time was occupied to complete the journey. It was with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that our parents first beheld the city of the Saints, the place they had so longed to see and

abide in, and must so soon leave. But a great disappointment awaited them. They soon found that they neither wanted to stay or join the procession that was about to move westward.

Iniquity abounded in the city, and for openly censuring some of those leading apostles, father brought down their wrath upon his head and was cautioned forthwith to keep silent. Suffice it to say he left them with his faith in the latter day work greatly shaken, but with the determination to investigate the whole matter before he departed from the city. With this end in view, he sought the home of father and mother Smith, parents of the Martyr.

After spending the day with them and learning the history of the rise and progress of the church he was greatly cheered and strengthened in faith as well as impressed to hold on to the good he had received and wait for future developments. After four weeks' sojourn in the city we took leave, turning back on the same road we had so recently passed over. We had two covered wagons; our own family in one, and Uncle J. M. Wait and family in the other. They had preceded us to Nauvoo the fall before and were likewise anxious to leave the city.

The farm father had traded for was only twenty-five miles distant, but with the present excitement and prejudice existing in the surrounding country he did not think it best to occupy or attempt to make a sale of it, so we toiled on, over muddy spring roads, until we reached Peru, Illinois, where father found it was a good point to carry passengers to and from Chicago. They were kept busy during the season, father with one team and my second brother with the other, the oldest one getting a position as clerk in a hotel. Uncle Wait located in Ottawa, where he found employment in a cooper shop. We lived in and near Peru four years, when we moved to Palestine Green, near Amboy. A few families of Saints were settled here.

After living on a rented farm one year, father concluded to make a trip to his land in McDonough county, taking the next oldest brother along. They were gone three weeks and we began to fear for their safety, when one evening we were surprised to see them driving over the hill with a drove of cattle in front of

them. Father had sold his land for part cash and the balance in stock.

We were rejoiced at his good luck and the view of having a home of our own again. Father had already bought a piece of land, but lacked the means to build thereon, and now he made haste to get the lumber on the ground and the foundation laid, when he was offered a hotel in Dixon, in exchange for his farm, which he accepted, keeping hotel twelve years; then trading it for two private residences, occupying one and renting the other for the space of three years, and finally exchanging for property in Batavia, Illinois, where he spent the two last years of his life.

Father had not labored in the ministry all these years, neither had he been silent. He did a great deal of fireside preaching wherever an opportunity offered. The latter day gospel was his theme of conversation. Our parents were among the first to unite with the Reorganization. Those

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of like faith and traveling elders were always welcome to their roof, and sometimes their coming seemed a God-send.

At one time mother was very sick with lung fever and Elder William Marks came along and administered to her. She soon began to mend and recovered rapidly. At another time, during a severe fit of sickness, one, Elder Savage, happened to be passing through town and called at our house and administered to her, also with immediate relief. These incidents occurred in the days when the Saints were scattered, and they greatly cheered our parents in their anxious waiting for the revival of the church, which they fully believed was not far distant.

Father's faith in the latter day work seemed to grow brighter as his strength waned, and he realized that his life was drawing to a close. He died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection, and his last words to mother were, "Tell the children to be faithful."

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF COLORADO.

AMONG the ancient races of the American continent, there are perhaps none whose remains have excited greater interest than those of the strange people who at some remote period of antiquity inhabited the mountain ranges between Mexico and Colorado. Here, in the deep recesses of the mountains, lived a race to whom the use of metal was unknown, who made themselves strongholds in the sides of gorges so steep and difficult of access that they can be reached only by the aid of ropes and ladders. These cliff-dwellings consist of caverns in the rock, faced externally with massive walls, and bear a general resemblance to the houses of wild tribes in Syria. They are found in such vast numbers, and extend over so great a space of country, that the total disappearance of their owners has always been a subject of wonder. In the deserted rooms are found the implements of a people ignorant of the use of metal, their simple, household goods, remains of their food, and even articles of their dress. The people themselves have vanished. A few months ago, the world was startled by

the news that somewhere among the mountains of Chihuahua, in Mexico, had been found at last the slender remnant of a race whose works rank high among the wonders of a continent. The men are described by their discoverer, Schwatka, as belonging still, to all intents and purposes, to the Stone Age; and it is possible that from them may be gleaned some knowledge of the manners and customs of the lost cliff-dwellers. Since then, explorations have been continued among the mountains some few hundred miles north of the scene of Schwatka's discovery, and in March a party of searchers returned to Durango, having collected much interesting information, and bringing with them many relics of this singular people. The explorers relate that they found the sides of one canon, which was the principal scene of investigations, honeycombed for a hundred miles with cliff-dwellings. It appears that natural hollows in the rock have been supplemented by massive walls of stone; and if the accounts are to be relied on, some of the habitations thus formed are spacious

enough to hold several hundred men. One dwelling is described in which the rooms now existing are said to number more than a hundred, while remains of its upper stories indicate an even greater amount. A building, supposed from its construction to have been meant for public assemblies, contains, among others, a chamber forty feet long. The floors are strewn with sand, on which remain the evidence of frequent fires. The timbers of this house, as in many other instances, are still in place, and must have cost the builders no small toil, with their rude appliances, before the wood was shaped and smoothed for use. Some buildings are said to show traces of a siege. Others appear to have been purposely dismantled.

It is clear that the cliff-dwellers were not a warlike race. The only martial relics yet discovered consist of armor made of aspen bark, and a few slender arrow-heads of flint. The many implements which have been found point to the peaceful pursuits of husbandry. Nearly every house contains its granary and rude hand-mill, and in addition to the masonry of the dwellings, many reservoirs of stone are to be seen, evidently intended for irrigation. One of these, some fifty

yards across, has water in it still. Most of the implements are of bone, from which the cliff-dwellers contrived to make knives, boring-tools, needles and even saws. Their axes are of stone—in some cases of granite, with a deep groove near the blunt end round which to fix the handle. The handles in many instances remain. The leaves of the yucca appear to have been to this simple race much what the bamboo is to the rude nations of the East. From its fibers they plaited baskets, often with colored patterns; they wove mats, ropes, and string. With looms of which parts in perfect preservation still remain, they wove into cloth, wool and hair and yucca-fiber. Their pottery, like their implements, is already widely known, for many searchers have visited the more easily accessible of the dwellings; but the recent expedition has brought home a great number and many varieties of cups and jars of clay. The most striking kind is decorated with conventional designs, in black upon a white ground. The dryness of the district, and particularly of the rocky chambers where these remains were discovered, is the reason given for their remarkable preservation. Of the inhabitants themselves we learn but little.

—Selected

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY BRO. BURTON'S VISION IN AUTUMN LEAVES.

Saints, where shall we be in the danger approaching?

What of the lights we've been given to keep?

Are they burning clear in the gathering tempest,

Guiding the seamen in life's stormy deep?

Out in the gathering darkness and conflict,

The "servants" are calling the "children" in,

Giving the warning, pointing the pathway

That will lead them to light from the darkness of sin.

Out on life's ocean, with hand on the helm,

Steering their course by the God-given chart,

Teaching and pleading; warning, exhorting,

Striving to rescue the honest in heart.

Strive for perfection, each child of the kingdom,

Let yours be a beacon-light streaming afar;

Never to us may the words be repeated,

"For the lack of your light, there's a wreck on the bar."

ESSAY ON HEALTH.

BY ALMIRA.

THE Hebrew word "Jehovah" has the same signification as our words Lord and God, self-existing. All things were created by that self-existing power, from the tender blade of grass to the hardy oak, from a particle of dust to the world, and the whole system of worlds; from the worm beneath our feet to the perfect physical organization of man, who was created in the beginning from the dust, in the likeness of his Creator, and into him He breathed the breath of life, and man became a living, accountable being,—a perfect living machine, set in motion by the Spirit of God; when entirely devoid of that Spirit or mind it becomes motionless or dead.

To create is to make something out of nothing, and all things were created by the power of faith; and the Creator called all his work "very good" except woman—that he left for Adam to do.

Paul tells us that Christ was in the exact similitude of the Father; yet many people think that God is a Spirit without passions or parts; others worship him as a personal God, and others as both a personage and a spirit. Each individual has a right to his own peculiar views, provided he neither tramples on the feelings of others, nor perverts the word of God.

We are among the created beings of that Allwise Creator, made in his image, and we truly possess a body and a mind or spirit. All material was created in the beginning, and some understand that all the spirits were created at the same time; but be that as it may, we understand that our spirit was created and set in the body as the material part to rule over it.

Our spirit is to the Great Spirit as one drop of water is to the ocean, an individual, yet a part of the great whole.

That part can never become extinct, can never die; but the material can, and is continually dying and taking new life; and continues to do so till disease or age interferes, when it passes through a chemical change and turns back to its original appearance—dust.

Our bodies are to the spirit as our clothes are to the body; or we may compare the body to a house, and the mind

or soul to the tenant. When the house, through age or lack of care, becomes uncomfortable, we get uneasy, and, according to our judgment, or the judgment of others (which is oftentimes very poor) we commence repairs. Not infrequently the process is injurious, and the result, instead of being favorable, is quite the reverse, and occasionally the termination is death. At that time the organs of respiration cease to work and the tenant or spirit moves out. Death is the absence of life, as darkness is the absence of light, or as disease is the absence of health.

We cannot see the spirit or the atmosphere, but we do know that they both exist in every person. Some people claim that the breath is the spirit. If that is so every pair of bellows has a spirit, but no one claims that the bellows have the power of thought.

It is natural for every living being, from the most simple organization to the most perfect, to seek the preservation of its own life, except in cases when the mind has lost its balance or harmony.

Now the question arises, How shall we prolong our lives, increase our usefulness, and establish our happiness?

We can neither be longlived, healthy useful nor happy, unless the spirit and the organs of the body work in harmony, or according to the original plan. Under such conditions we can be both and more useful.

"But," says one, "are not man's bounds set and he cannot pass?"

"Yes," says another, "and I think that his days are to be *few* and full of *trouble*."

So they seem to be, we will admit, but there are causes or there could be no effects. In the early ages the life of man was very long, compared with the present, and it was shortened and shortened till it was said that the age of man should be three-score years and ten, but by reason of great strength he should live to be four-score.

Man's days—and woman's too—are full of trouble, but if it was to be so, why do we make a fuss about it? Why do we struggle to extricate ourselves from it? If a man must die at an early age, or if he must die when he does, and of course

as he does there can be no sin laid to his charge or to the charge of others. If we must have just so much sorrow and vexation, why should we be vexed because somebody tries to vex us? We will think of this at our leisure, and take up ideas concerning the physical organization:—

“Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone on earth below,
With belt'd seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen—
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,
Eternal wisdom, still the same.”

First, we will briefly refer to the frame of the house that holds the mind before speaking of the muscles. It is composed of about two hundred bones. The precise number varies in different periods of life.

Several of the bones are separated in youth and become united in old age. They have three principal uses, to protect the delicate organs, to serve as levers on which the muscles act to produce motion, and to preserve the shape of the body.

The bones are of different shapes, each kind adapted to its own special purpose and our convenience. Bones at maturity are composed of about one part of animal matter to two of mineral; in youth, nearly half and half, in old age the mineral greatly exceeds. They are well supplied with cavities both great and small, which are filled with marrow and blood-vessels. By means of the latter the blood circulates through them as freely as through any part of the body. If madder or sulphur be mixed with the food of pigs, their bones will be tinged with it. When a bone is broken, the blood oozes out of the fractured ends. This is soon followed by a watery fluid, which in a fortnight becomes a gristly substance, strong enough to hold them in place. Bone matter is then slowly deposited, which in five or six weeks will unite the broken parts. So we see that nature has power to repair even the frame of our house.

The joints are packed with a soft, smooth gristle which fits very perfectly. None but the Great Architect could have planned a frame so wisely. Each joint has fluid which lubricates it and prevents the noise and wear of friction. The body is the only machine that oils itself. The bones that form the joints are tied with

strong ligaments or bands, so strong that the bones are sometimes broken without injuring them, but if they are injured the result is often worse than that of a broken bone.

The rickets are caused by a lack of mineral matter in the bones. The patient can be benefited by taking a more nutritive diet, or by taking food that will supply the lime.

The unsightly appearance of the human skeleton instinctively repels us, although its workmanship is very ingenious and its use very great. In life it is covered with a mass of muscles, which give form, strength and movement to the body. The exterior muscles are large. Beneath them are many others, while deeply hidden within are tiny delicate ones, too small to be seen by the naked eye. There are about five hundred, each having its own special use, and all working in exquisite harmony and perfection.

The peculiar property of the muscles is their power of contracting, whereby they decrease in length and increase in thickness. The muscles are arranged in pairs, except twelve single ones, so that, as they contract and expand alternately, the bone to which they are attached is moved to and fro. If the muscles in one side of the face become palsied, those on the other side draw the mouth that way. Squinting is caused by one of the straight muscles of the eye, contracting more strongly than its opposite.

The voluntary muscles are entirely under the control of the will; the involuntary are not wholly. We stand, walk, or labor with our hands, just as our will dictates, but the throbbing of the heart, the action of the lungs, and the work of the digestive organs, if in a healthy condition, go on whether we are asleep or awake. And yet their action may be cultivated or developed by the will.

A very good understanding of the structure of a muscle may be obtained by examining a piece of lean beef, both before and after it is boiled. They are formed on a mechanical principle, which is the binding of many threads into one bundle, confers strength. The ends of the muscles are generally attached to the bones. They can easily be examined at Thanksgiving dinner, or any day when

we are favored with the picking of the bones of a fowl's leg.

If the large muscle of the arm extended to the wrist, it would give it a clumsy, bulky form; but the tendons reach to the wrist from whence fine cords pass to the fingers, giving them grace and beauty of form. It requires the action of many muscles to hold the body upright. The skeleton does not have power of itself. They work so perfectly we never think of them, if they are sound, until science calls our attention to them; yet to acquire the necessary skill to use them in our infancy, takes many lessons, much time and many hard knocks.

By use, the muscles grow larger, become harder, more compact, and dark-colored. By not being used, they decrease in size and become soft, flabby and pale. Violent exercise, however, is injurious, since it tears down faster than nature can build up. Few men have sufficient strength to become both wrestlers and scholars, or workmen, but sufficient exercise should be taken to supply the deficiency of daily employment. That is a law of health.

No education is complete that fails to develop the muscles. We should not exercise after long abstinence from food, nor immediately after a meal, unless the meal or the exercise be very light. Exercise before breakfast is suited to the strong and healthy, but feeble persons should be braced with food before taking much exercise in the house, or braving the outdoor air. Walking is a beneficial exercise as it takes one into the open air and sunlight. Consequently, gardening and farming are healthful employments.

The grace, ease and rapidity with which the muscles contract is astonishing. The motion of the hand of the violinist, the writer, and the artist, will illustrate, while the muscles of the blacksmith's arm, and the hand of the prize-fighter illustrate the solidity, which may be attained by practice.

These illustrations show that the development of the muscles is left to the will or liking of each person.

Next in order we give a few ideas in regard to the organs of respiration, or breathing. The lungs and their helpers were created for the express purpose of breathing. Our strength and activity are in proportion to the quantity of air taken into the lungs at respiration.

We all understand that the lungs are chiefly composed of air-tubes, air-cells, blood-vessels and nerves, packed together with cellular tissues, the common packing matter of the body. We also understand that the air is generally inhaled through the nasal organ, then through the larynx, down the trachea, or wind-pipe, thence into the branches, through the smaller branches, to the air-cells. This is the bellows of the human machine, and except they are well inflated or expanded the whole machine suffers loss. The air is alternately introduced and expelled from the lungs.

The chest encloses a large space which can be made much greater by certain movements of its walls, or it can be made much smaller by being compressed. The latter should never be indulged in by young or old, though fancy should desire and fashion command. It is a violation of God's law, and a just penalty will as surely follow, sooner or later, as in any other violation. Beauty and symmetry are characteristics peculiar to every living being, when created; consequently a contracted, artificially deformed waist is not beautiful. If it is, woman's wisdom must be greater than God's. If it is, why did not the beautiful women of old have contracted forms?

"We don't know but that they did," says a slender little miss.

Why then should the goddess of beauty, which was sculptured and worshiped long before the Christian era, have a fully developed chest?

"They didn't know anything then."

But it has been generally recognized as the beau-ideal of beauty of form, in the female, since that time; and in modern times children are born with full, proportional chests, and will invariably develop so, if they have proper training. If the artificial form is beautiful and beneficial, why do not the gentlemen conform to the style? Truly they use more wisdom in that respect than do "the weaker vessels," although they fail on many other points.

If the expansion of the chest in breathing be limited by any pressure, every air-cell must be embarrassed in doing its part in changing the blood. Either all of them must be unduly contracted, or some of them must become obliterated, so that there will not be as many vesicles as there should be.

In either case the organ is disabled in proportion to the amount of the compression, consequently the blood is not as good as it would be if there were enough vesicles and they could perform their work without constraint. The vigor of the system is therefore lessened, and besides, the lungs themselves, from this unnatural confinement, are especially liable to disease. These air-vesicles, then, do an important work, and the dress, therefore, should always be so loose as to admit of their free motion and greatest expansion, which can, by care and perseverance, be increased about one third.

In inspiration the oxygen of the air is introduced into the blood by the pores of the air-cells, which changes its color from purple to red.

In expiration the carbonic acid gas thrown out of the blood takes the place of the oxygen and is expelled. If, therefore, there be not sufficient provision for

the supply of fresh relays of pure air, a mixture of air and carbonic acid gas will be introduced into the lungs at every breath, so there will not be sufficient oxygen to effect thoroughly the change required in the blood. In such a case the result is the same as when too little air is admitted by reason of compression of the chest. Such causes are not only fertile of debility and disease, but also of death. Such being the case, it is reasonable to suppose that an opposite course will produce opposite effects.

The lungs should be expanded every morning and evening on rising and retiring; and especially by those who have narrow chests, stooping shoulders, or wasted frames and energies. Also full, deep breathing should be practiced by such till it becomes an unconscious habit. Try it; the result will be of more benefit than many drugs, and of less expense than the service of a physician.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

EACH day is a part of life, indeed life's emblem; and life itself is a dawning, rising hastening, fitful day. How sweetly fresh the morning hours, bathed in a dewy sweetness all their own; but, all unheeding that the coming years will drink up the morning dew and consume the indescribable freshness resting like mist from the ocean upon every shrub and tree, we close our eyes in slumber and wait for the sun to travel far upon his course before we awake to realize that the heat and burden of the day have overtaken us and we are not prepared.

"A little more slumber, a little more sleep." . . . We find ourselves in the midst of confusion and doubt. The sun is high in the heavens and we toil on trusting in our own strength to bear up under the burden.

The noon is past and shadows lengthen towards the east. The evening hour is coming, but a strange unrest is abroad. Men are hurrying hither and yon with anxious looks and bated breath. The sky is overcast and the strange stillness in the air bodes no good, and yet none seem to know just what to fear or where to flee for safety, for the motionless atmosphere, the quiet and stillness of all inanimate nature, have in them a warning of danger

breathing in tones more awful than the blast of many trumpets. Presently a low distant rumbling is heard and the leaves of the forest quiver. The sound comes nearer, while lower and lower bend the strong branches of the mighty oaks, and driven from their shelter the birds of the wildwood circle in their flight, ever and anon calling to each other in notes of alarm as they seek in vain for a quiet spot.

And now upon the sands the waves begin to sweep silently one by one in long, slow procession, but soon lashed to fury they leap, curl and writhe, bearing in upon the shore like hissing, coiling serpents and the very rocks tremble as the angry waters rush in at their base and search out every crevice of their seaworn surface. The air is darkened, the moaning of the storm draws nearer and nearer, while above all, the artillery of heaven, peal upon peal, accompanied by the vivid lightning's flash echoes and reverberates over the bending forest, the ceaseless roar of many waters and the hills and vallies wherein stretch out the fields and pastures and cluster the homes of men. Nearer and wilder the storm comes down. In vain the giants of the forest bow and moan; in terrible, swift destruction they

are uprooted, hurled afar and broken, while the angry waters, heaving beyond their bounds, carry with them death and destruction vast and appalling. Safety there is none, for all the elements have combined in fury, and man is but a plaything in their toils. Thus the day passes into night and darkness closes above the scene, shutting from sight the wreck and ruin brought by a single day.

Time moves apace and the Autumn hour of the earth has come. There is a lull in all nature, and through the silence the distant mutterings of the coming storm are heard. The hearts of men are failing them through fear and looking for that which is coming upon the earth. Through the land the restored gospel of the Son of God has been spreading, and before it the man-made systems of men are crumbling and falling. Heaven's artillery has been crashing through them, and they recoil from the shock, quiver and fall to rise no more. Let them die unwept and unsung. Spare them not, for too long they have wounded the bleeding Christ, too long they have affronted heaven with their base counterfeit of the gospel declared by the angels to be "Peace on earth, good will to men."

But amid the upheavals, the swift march and countermarch of the teeming millions of earth's children, the strife, uncertainty and doubt, the failing of men's hearts and the pallor gathering upon all countenances, God knoweth his own and is known of them. "In the day of trouble," says the Psalmist, "He shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me upon a rock."

None better than the Saints can appreciate the truth of the following little gem found in F. H. W. Meyers' "St. Paul":

"WE KNOW."

JOHN 3: 10.

Whoso hath felt the power of the Highest,
Cannot mistake or doubt him, or deny;
Yea, though with one voice, O world, thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I!

Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving
Bursts in the rain and rushes from the sod,
Rather than he in whom the great conceiving
Stirs in his soul and quickens into God.

Yea, though thou then shouldst strike him from his glory,
Poor and forsaken, blinded and alone,
E'en upon the cross he would repeat his story,
Yea, and in hell would whisper "I have known!"

"Stand thou on that side, for on this am I!"
"On this!" What a pavilion! What a tabernacle!
What a rock! "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." What heart would not respond in loving gratitude for knowledge such

as this, or trust in firm reliance upon mercy so great, condescension so boundless?

Let the storm rage and the clouds gather blackness. Let the giants of the forest be uprooted and hurled in the path of its blind fury, while the deafening waves of the ocean roll mountain high; in the pavilion of this knowledge he will hide us and we shall stand as those whose feet are set in a sure place, even as they *who know* in whom they have trusted.

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We are pleased to learn through the secretary that the Literary Exchange still keeps up its meetings, and that a goodly amount of interest is manifested therein. They have thus far supplied all demands made upon them. It is but the nucleus of what might be made a great good in Zion. A fuller notice will appear next month.

By a later note from the secretary, Bro. Peter Hinds, we learn that any parties who are willing to mail the church papers monthly, after having read them, can be furnished with names of those who would be glad to obtain them in this way. If others would be glad to receive them, who have not sent him their names, he would be pleased to have them send them in.

HOPE'S SONG.

I hear it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better farther on."

Night and day it sings the song,
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings it so that heart may hear it,
"It is better farther on."

Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better farther on."

Farther on? How much farther?
Count the milestones one by one;
No! not counting, only trusting—
"It is better farther on."

—Selected.

SPIRITUALISM.

"A CALL FOR THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE PHENOMENA OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

— — —
"The recent organization in Boston of the American Psychical Society whose purpose is the scientific investigation of spiritualistic phenomena is an event which should interest not only the laymen, but particularly the ministers of all denominations. The first Board of Directors consists of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the well known lecturer, Reverend Messrs. M. J. Savage, E. A. Horton, R. Heber Newton, and T. Ernest Allen, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Gen.

W. W. Blackmar, L. A. Phillips M. D., A. E. Dolbear, Professor of Physics in Tuft's College, B. O. Flower, Editor of *Arena*, Hamlin Garland and Mr. E. Gerry Brown.

"The movers in this enterprise feel that the time has come when an attempt ought to be made to clear up, as far as possible, the mystery which, in the minds of most people, envelops this subject. They wish to know the truth whatever that may be. To this end seances will be held with mediums and experiments made with apparatus. Joining the Society commits no one in the least to belief in Spiritualism. All persons who would like further information are requested to send their names to the Secretary, T. Ernest Allen, 63 Glenham street, Providence, Rhode Island."

We insert the foregoing in the LEAVES by request of the American Psychological Society. The card explains itself, the project furnishing an opportunity to assist in explaining the mysterious in Spiritualism. As we understand it the organizers of this movement are not believers in or committed to the interests of Spiritualism. The intention is to subject its phenomena to a rigid, probing, scientific examination, evidently one correct method of learning its real character.

It affords us pleasure to insert the following paper received from the President of this department of the World's Fair. We look upon the movement as a very important one and one which cannot help being productive of great good, if rightly carried out. The time is not far distant when nations as well as individuals will learn the great lesson of the great Teacher, "All ye are brethren."—Ed.

**"THE WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY
OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN
EXPOSITION.**

**"ORIGINAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE OBJECT OF
THIS ORGANIZATION.**

"As is now well known, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus will be celebrated at Chicago, in 1893, under the sanction of the government of the United States, on a scale commensurate with the importance and dignity of the occasion.

"The measures already taken give satisfactory assurances that the exposition then to be made of the material progress of the world, will be such as to deserve unqualified approval.

"But to make the exposition complete and the celebration adequate, the wonderful achievements of the new age in science, literature, education, government, jurisprudence, morals, charity, religion, and other departments of human activity, should also be conspicuously displayed as the most effective means of increasing

the fraternity, progress, prosperity, and peace of mankind.

"It has therefore been proposed that a series of World's Congresses for that purpose be held in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, and THE WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY has been duly authorized and organized, to promote the holding and success of such congresses.

"Among the great themes which the congresses are expected to consider, are the following:

"I. The grounds of fraternal union in the language, literature, domestic life, religion, science, art and civil institutions of different peoples.

"II. The economic, industrial and financial problems of the age.

"III. Educational systems, their advantages and their defects; and the means by which they may best be adapted to the recent enormous increase in all departments of knowledge.

"IV. The practicability of a common language, for use in the commercial relations of the civilized world.

"V. International copyright, and the laws of intellectual property and commerce.

"VI. Immigration and naturalization laws, and the proper international privileges of alien governments, and their subjects or citizens.

"VII. The most efficient and advisable means of preventing or decreasing pauperism, insanity and crime; and of increasing productive ability, prosperity and virtue throughout the world.

"VIII. International law as a bond of union, and a means of mutual protection; and how it may best be enlarged, perfected and authoritatively expressed.

"IX. The establishment of the principles of judicial justice, as the supreme law of international relations; and the general substitution of arbitration for war, in the settlement of international controversies.

"It is impossible to estimate the advantages that would result from the mere establishment of personal acquaintance and friendly relations among the leaders of the intellectual and moral world, who now, for the most part, know each other only through the interchange of publications, and, perhaps, the formalities of correspondence.

"And what is transcendently more important, such congresses, convened under circumstances so auspicious, would doubtless surpass all previous efforts to bring about a real fraternity of nations, and unite the enlightened people of the whole earth in a general co-operation for the attainment of the great ends for which human society is organized.

"This organization is intended to promote the success of the exposition of the material products of civilization, science and art, but will confine its own operations to the exposition in appropriate conventions, of the principles of human progress.

"CHARLES C. BONNEY, *Pres.*,

"THOMAS B. BRYAN, *Vice-Pres.*,

"LYMAN J. GAGE, *Treas.*,

"BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH, *Sec.*

"EXPOSITION HEADQUARTERS, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
"October 30th, 1890."

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

KNOBNOSTER, Mo., June, 1891.

Bro. Editor:—In reading the correspondence, I was interested in what was expressed by a sister from Kewanee, Illinois, in regard to what the Lord said in 1887 on cultivating music and song.

It is very evident that music and song are as fully a part of our worship as preaching and prayer. It was so in days of old-time Saints. Mark in 14th chapter says that after the "last supper" they sang a song. David says (Psa. 33: 2, 3): "Praise the Lord with harp; sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings. Sing unto him a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise." I believe we are free as a people from that "old foggy" prejudice against using an instrument in praise worship. We ought to be, for the Lord spoke plainly in this regard in 1887.

As a church, we believe in *singing* the truth as well as preaching it. It was for this reason that a certain apostle at the Kirtland Association, in a discussion of singing books, said that some of the sentiments in so-called "Gospel Hymns" are "abominable." That is to say *unscriptural*, and hence undesirable.

Let all encourage the development and manifestation of musical genius in the church. And bear in mind that true criticism consists as much in *commendation* as in correction, or pointing out weaknesses.

I am firmly of the opinion that any person who possesses even a small degree of talent can cultivate a musical *taste*, whether he sings and plays or not. We are too inclined because we are not specially gifted or can't sing to say, "That's not my line. I don't need to try." I know a professor of English literature who, on hearing a rendition, can tell you whether it is from Strauss or Wagner, if either, yet he cannot produce a single note. He will tell whether or not it was well executed. What applies to literature, applies, also, to music. We have had quite a discussion in the *Leaves* on what is best for our children to read. All agree that good taste should be exercised and cultivated. It is just so in music and song. It matters not how simple in grade the selection, good taste should prevail. I hope this don't sound *theoretical*. Try your judgment when you hear a selection rendered (not to the end that a harsh ungrateful criticism shall be expressed) and see whether it received its prop-

er expression, or was minced, and presented in a slouchy, slovenly style. See if you can tell. If not, don't give up, but seek to hear what is known to be good in grade and rendition and thus create a taste.

No doubt there are many who could become good singers if they would *try*. Do you ever follow a tune in your mind? (For it is possible to sing mentally.) If you can, and have a clear voice there is no reason why you should not *express* those "mental notes"—vocalize them.

In order to have a strong right arm, it is necessary to *use* it; and then the muscles will become large and useful. Inactivity will produce the opposite. This is a physiological truth. Now, the voice box contains muscles and cords, which produce tones. If you desire a good voice, *use* it. These muscles and cords can be cultivated. They are your servants and you have them at your command. Will you glorify the God who gave them?

To music and song we are indebted for much of the inspiration of our worship. When Moody went to England the first time, he had no singer. He went again and took Sankey. His success in revivals was wonderfully increased. A song has furnished the text from which many an inspiring sermon has been preached when all seemed a blank to the preacher.

Let us be encouraged. We are improving musically—both in effort and taste. I am pleased to note in one branch the flourishing condition of an orchestra, and an effort on the part of the ladies to reach a *climax* of taste in a "pipe-organ fund."

While we consider this subject let us remember that a pure life will produce soul-inspiring music.

GOMER WELLS.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., June, 1891.

Dear Readers of Autumn Leaves:—In *Autumn Leaves* for July is an article on example and a question asked by H. B. Root. Will some one please tell us of anything visible that will not cast a shadow? Is there anything known to exist visible to the eye that will not show a shadow under favorable circumstances? I ask for information. Water is visible, hence water casts a shadow; and any disturbance on the surface which causes a change of density, such as the eddy or ripples or bubbles, offers greater resist-

ance to the light, hence their shadow, or a shadow within a shadow.

Example, relative to our duty attending meetings of other denominations. I think it is all right to do so if circumstances should so require. I will explain by submitting my own case, hoping, if I am wrong, to be set right. I reside one block from our own church building in which we have three meetings on Sunday and one during the week, all of which I am in duty bound to attend; and if I fail to do so I neglect one of the commands, "That thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world thou shalt go to the house of prayer."—Doc. and Cov. I am then commanded to go to the house of prayer. Where is it? Our own church building. What for? To more fully keep myself unspotted from the world. Who is the world? In this case it is other meetings of other denominations; for I have not the time on Sunday to attend other meetings, and I cannot spare but one night a week for meeting. Others may be differently situated, so after all we should use judgment.

Yours in bonds,

G. J. DOUGLASS.

NEWTON, Iowa, July, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Department:—The reading of fiction has been discussed through the pages of our worthy paper, and I should like to hear from others on *this* subject: Does it pay us as Saints to indulge in worldly pleasures, such as the theatre, circus, card playing and dancing? These are the places most frequented. Should we as Saints of the Most High God frequent these places? Does it set the right example to those about us? I fear not. We are to be the light of the world. Many a time we hear the remark made, "There is such and such a person professing to be a Christian attending the theatre (or such as the place may be), they are no better than I. They attend church and theatre, and I do the same, a non-professor." Ought not a line to be drawn right here? I think so. Either serve God or man, for we cannot serve both successfully.

The places of pleasure draw our minds from God to a certain extent. When we attend these places of amusement our minds are naturally on the scenes before us which draw them from God. But some will say, "We can't always have God on our minds." But, dear reader, we can always have his work in view. God should always be our theme. We can find plenty to do in this day and generation to prepare ourselves to meet our Savior when he

comes. Will he look for us among the scenes of pleasure of this world? No. He will not. He will expect us with our lamps trimmed and burning among his faithful Saints.

There are many souls in darkness. Just stop for a minute and ask yourself the question, "Have I any time for idle pleasures?" I think the answer will be, "No!" (at least it ought to be).

Then, dear Saints, let us be up and doing, we that are young. It is our turn to put a shoulder to the wheel. The older ones have fought bravely, and let us do the same. There is a work for us young to do, and let us do it well, and set the example for others, whether it be among saint or sinner. They will follow our light if the beam is cast in the right way. Let us give up the pleasures of this world; they are only for a season; but life eternal is to reign with God and Christ forever.

May this be our blest abode, is my prayer.

Your sister in Christ,

ANNA AMOS.

ONSLow, Iowa, June, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Correspondence Department:—Are angels mortal or immortal?

If mortal are they not subject to death?

If immortal, how can one who was chief be destroyed? (Heb. 2: 14).

These are questions that are not easily answered, and yet they are interesting ones.

In answer to the first question, it is my opinion that angels are mortal; and we will first define mortal. Webster says it means liability to die. This is, as I understand it, a state in which death is a possibility. Now, for angels to be in this condition they must be free agents to obey or disobey God's will as they choose; and by reference to Doctrine and Covenants 28: 10, we find this is the case. Angels are spirits (Heb. 1: 7), and death is a separation, and therefore those angels who disobeyed God's will, or, rather, rebelled against God, were subjected to a separation, they "were thrust down" and thus became the devil and his angels. In consequence of their sin they will in God's own time suffer that spiritual death which is the second death. (See D. and C. 28: 11).

Take the case of Adam for example. We know that Adam was a mortal, and so long as he obeyed God and did not eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil he was exempt from the possibility of death. He became spiritually dead the day he disobeyed. (D. C. 28: 11).

We as mortals, and because of Adam's

transgression, are subject to death; but God in his goodness to his creatures has provided for us who fulfill his commands a life that is immortal after this life; and as we are to be made equal with Christ, we will be exalted higher than the angels who will always remain mortal but without the desire to sin. Immortality is that which has the power of life inherent in itself, and God only possessed this power; but Jesus Christ gained this immortal life through his sufferings and by the redemption of mankind. Thus as we have the promise of heirship with Christ, we have this hope of immortality dwelling in us that angels cannot have.

The second question is solved in answering the first, as angels if mortal can be dealt with as God hath decreed.

Let us hear from others on this subject, as I am not so steadfastly settled in my views as to be non-convincible.

I am your sister in Christ,
ELLA J. GREEN.

AUBURN, Iowa, June, 1891.

Bro. Gunsolley:—This morning in reading your editorial at the head of the Correspondence Column in July *Autumn Leaves* deploring the fact that but very little material was being contributed by others for the department, I thought that I would cast in my mite, although I am one of that number that have made the excuse that others could write so much better than myself that I would not write. Still I believe that we all have a duty to perform in this direction.

I was considerably impressed with the instance of the man and the strawberries you mentioned, and it certainly represents a large part of humanity. I think we too often neglect the duties that are near us in the contemplation of future success. And in reading the masterpiece of some cultured mind we think, "If we could only write like that, we would willingly contribute," but we forget that eminence was attained by beginning at the bottom and by steady and persistent effort climbing to the top, as is so beautifully expressed by Holland in his poem entitled "Step by Step":

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
For we *build* the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round."

Everything must have a beginning, and perfection as a writer or a speaker can often only be attained by hard laborious study and much thought. When I read the life of those whose name is an household word, and whose words

are read with delight long after the ones who wrote them have slept that last sleep, and think how often they burned the midnight oil, I wonder how the mind of man can accomplish so much. There is an old saying that what man has done man can do, and I half believe that it is true. Opportunity makes the man in nine cases out of ten. A man does not know what is in him until an emergency arises to bring it out. But sometimes we can make our opportunities. Christ says that we are unprofitable servants if we do that only which it is our duty to do, that is, having our duty marked out by the law of God or of man. We say within ourselves, "We will go no farther than the law requires," but He says, "Man should be anxiously engaged in a good cause," seeking opportunities to do good, and only such are pleasing in his sight. Luke 17: 10; D. C. page 177.

God says that his gospel has been restored to the earth for the last time. And we see many of its staunch defenders dropping out of the ranks by age and death; and I am led to wonder, sometimes, whence are those coming who will take their places. I see a mighty host of young men and women with strong faith and minds; and if they will only couple these with willing hearts to dare and to do, where one falls from the ranks there will be two to take their place.

I cannot close this short exhortation better than to quote a little poem, the author I do not know, entitled

"THE EGGS THAT NEVER HATCH.

"There's a young man on the corner
Filled with life, and strength, and hope,
Looking far beyond the Present,
With the whole world in his scope.
He is grasping at to-morrow,
That phantom none can catch;
To-day is lost. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

"There's an old man over yonder,
With a worn and weary face,
With searching, anxious features,
And weak, uncertain pace.
He is living in the future,
With no desire to catch
The golden now. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

"There's a world of men and women,
With their life's work yet undone,
Who are sitting, standing, moving
Beneath the same great sun;
Ever eager for the future,
But not content to snatch
The present. They are waiting
For the eggs that never hatch."

This too truly portrays the condition of the world to-day.

Yours for truth,

H. O. SMITH.

Cove, Ohio, July, 1891.

Dear Readers:—It is with many misgivings that I pen you these few lines, knowing that there are so many more able than I am; still, for all that, I must not sit with my hands folded while others fight and win the prize. We can see by the amount of letters in the last *Autumn Leaves* that we are growing indifferent. This should not be; therefore, let us arise in the name of Israel's God and battle for the right while it is called day, for when night cometh no man can work.

I think the young man of fifty years ago had better advantages to make his fortune than the young man of to-day, for several reasons:

First, If he started out in commercial life, he did not have so much opposition to contend against. "Well," some will say, "opposition is the life of trade." That is so for the buyer but not for the seller.

Second, If he starts out as a farmer, the ground won't produce more than two-thirds as much as it would then; and in some places you have to put the worth of your crop in the ground in the shape of fertilizer, or it won't raise anything.

I think the young women of to-day have better advantages than they did in years gone by, for they now occupy the position that the young men did half a century ago. They are getting more and more in demand every year.

I will close for fear I have already taken too much space.

Your brother in gospel bonds,

AMOR.

We are glad to hear from everyone who feels disposed to write; but must insist that you either sign your full name to your letter for publication, or to one addressed to the editor. If you fail to do this you have no assurance that your letter will be even read by the editor.—Ed.

PLANO, Ill., June, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Leaves:—I feel to-night as though I must at least make an effort to write a few lines in appreciation of the many benefits received from your many well written letters. I have thought so many times, "If I could write a letter and it would interest but one of its readers I would feel repaid in at least making the effort." I for one am interested in this latter day work, and am determined by the help of Him who knoweth all to do what I can to advance the cause, though it may be comparatively small.

We all have our trials, some greater than

others, but I try to remember, "No cross, no crown." A sister stated some time ago in a letter, she thought too much mixing with the world's people was not good for Latter Day Saints. I, at least, find it so in my experience. To me there is something so lovable about every true Latter Day Saint, and when I see such an one, I am continually thinking, "If I only could be like them." While on the other hand there is nothing one could possibly desire.

As this is my first attempt at writing you, and as I have written more than I at first intended, I will close for fear of having wearied you with more than you are able to bear with my disconnected letter, I close, hoping it will escape the waste-basket.

I am your sister in the one faith,

HULDAH O. FOGG.

Letters must be written upon *one side* of the paper only in order to make sure escape from the waste-basket. The compositors are very particular in this respect, and they have a right to be so.—Ed.

SAN BENITO, Cal., June, 1891.

Correspondence Department:—Down through the ages of time, this has characterized itself more than any other, in regard to the greed for money. That terrible serpent has fastened its coils around, and pierced its poisonous fangs deeper into this generation than any other.

Though in and of itself there is no great harm in riches, for many of the old Bible worthies, as Abraham and others, were rich (and they paid tithes unto the Lord), the one who possesses them has a battle to fight, for many are the temptations which surround them.

There is within man a longing after more, never satisfied; the more he gets the more he wants; and it has grown to that extent that man will murder, steal, rob and commit every crime in the Black Catalogue for money, simple money. The trouble is they are near-sighted, they cannot see far. Only for the dollar that perishes, this is their savior. They talk about and pity the poor heathen in foreign lands, who worship gods made with human hands—worshiping the God of heaven in their ignorance; but let them look at themselves, for they are the ones to be pitied. When you touch their pockets, there is their thoughts and there is their god; yes, a tender spot in the weakness of man. They worship it in truth and in spirit, which separates them from their Creator and brings destruction on their own heads. The love of God they have exchanged for the love of money, the spirit of generosity

and righteousness have frozen hard around the heart, encasing it in a case of ice which is deaf and dumb to the cries of the needy.

We are commanded to be industrious, for the idler is under as great condemnation as the worshiper of gold.

Man is born mortal, and there are thrown around him many things in this life of which we have got to deny ourselves. It is one of continual self-sacrifice if we wish to go through this probation, or preparatory department of life, to the great university of a thousand years, when Christ will always be present to be our Teacher preparing to fulfill the measure of our creation, which is incomprehensible to us now. Oh! if this longing after more was for the Spirit of God and His blessed gospel, with what power it would roll to the nations of the earth, and thousands would be brought to Christ.

Do we believe the gospel which we profess to love so well? Can we not give one-tenth to God and receive ten-tenths in eternity, and an offering once in a while, that our treasure may be in the bank of heaven and not on earth? Then there is no danger of it failing.

Go ye, Heralds of Zion, to the nations, proclaiming salvation, that none may have an excuse at the judgment bar of God, and the honest in heart be brought home to Zion. For some will hear his voice speak from the heavens in terrible thunder. With his mighty hand will he shake the earth. His anger will be kindled in the sea till it shall "heave itself beyond its bounds" and with famine, pestilence, fire, flood, cyclone, etc, will he sweep over the earth. Alas, where is their God? It will not save them, and they are left in their sins.

"What will a man exchange for his soul?"

N. J. BUTTERFIELD.

HER IDEAL HOME.

WHEN Arthur Moreton asked Laura Willis to be his wife, she answered him "Yes," and began to make preparations for their early wedding. Often she paused in the midst of her delightful tasks to say to herself, "Now I shall have a chance to make a home just according to my ideal, and Arthur will be so fond of it." Then followed in her mind the details: Pretty, soft easy-chairs, music, books, bright and tasty draperies, and—oh yes, of course, flowers and a canary bird, and so on till her castle rose high in the air.

They were married in October, and proceeded at once to furnish their house on Clifton street in an inexpensive but cosy way, and November found them fully settled in their new home.

One stormy evening three months later Mr. Moreton was kept at his office a little longer than usual. When released he hurried to his home, looking to it with a sense of pleasure and pride, just slightly marred by an uneasy feeling of something not exactly comfortable. As he entered and began laying aside his damp hat and overcoat his wife came to meet him with the usual caress, saying:

"I'm glad you've come at last, Arthur. Oh, don't touch me! This dress spots so easily," looking down at the pretty, deli-

cate gown she had donned, with wifely pride in appearing well in her husband's eyes.

A few months ago he would not have minded, but to-night he wanted to say, like any other man, "Why do you wear a dress so easily spoiled?" but he said nothing, as he proceeded to hang up his coat and hat.

"Won't they drip on the floor?" asked Mrs. Moreton. "Perhaps you had better take them to the kitchen." So the cold, tired man took the only slightly dampened garments away.

Seated at last in the cheery sitting-room, he stretched his feet to the fire to wait comfortably for his supper. Presently his wife came bustling in from the dining-room.

"O, Arthur, you do upset everything so when you come home. I just get neat and tidy and you put the chairs out of place, and kick the rugs up, and throw your traps around everywhere!" All of which, though said in a half joking manner, jarred unpleasantly upon the husband's thoughts of rest and comfort. "But come now, tea is ready. I meant to have made the cakes you like so much, but I wanted the time to finish embroidering the table scarf. You will say it is beautiful, I know."

Somehow, man-like, he didn't feel as much like admiring something ornamental for the centre table as much as he did something more inviting on the table before him, so the meal passed rather silently on his part.

When they were again seated for the evening and the table scarf had been much admired and the work praised, for Arthur Moreton was quick to put down unpleasant thoughts, he said to his wife:

"Laura, won't you play me something lively? I am in the mood for music to-night."

"I would like to. Can't you wait just a minute till I put the rest of these tassels on?"

He waited ten, twenty, thirty minutes, and still seeing no chance of amusement, drew a low chair to him and put his feet across its linen-covered seat.

"How vulgar you do look! Why, I wouldn't have thought it of you, Arthur," laughed Mrs. Moreton; then half reprovingly, "You'll get it all dirty. I can't keep anything nice."

She expected him to laugh at her old-maidish ways, as he usually did when thus spoken to. But instead there came

a little pucker in his fore-head, and presently he arose and said:

"I must go out again, Laura; I have forgotten to see Holman to-day about fixing the piazza. It doesn't storm much yet," and he was gone.

When she heard the outer door close behind him she laid her head upon the table and burst into tears.

"He didn't want to stay, I know. I thought he couldn't help liking his home, I tried so hard and it seemed so pretty to me. What is the matter with it?"

What was the matter with it? Why did not Laura Moreton's home realize Laura Willis' ideal?

First, because everything was too good to be used, and the housewife over-particular to the husband's discomfort. Also, because pleasant furnishings were made to receive the time and care due to body and soul of a human being.

—Christian at Work.

Young girls, you who like Laura, dream of such a home as shall be the realization of your many longings, take to your heart the lesson herein contained, and take it in time.—Ed.

A HINT FOR SOME ONE.

I VISITED a popular seaside summer resort for several days last summer and one morning while walking along a road much used for driving and as a fashionable walk, I came across a little bit of an old house standing well back from the road with a generous expanse of yard in front of it. This yard was simply gorgeous with flowers, many of them of the old-fashioned kind that our grandmothers always had in their "posey beds"—poppies, pinks, ragged robins, lady-in-the-green, marigolds, larkspurs, and roses of all kinds. Almost every foot of the entire yard was one big flower-bed.

On a board at the front gate were the words, "Flowers for sale." An elderly woman in a dark blue calico dress and a checked gingham sun-bonnet was working among the flowers, and two young girls were sitting on a little porch making very tasteful bouquets. I stopped to purchase half a dozen of the gorgeous scarlet poppies and was told by the woman that she

was "very sorry," but all her poppies and roses and many of the other flowers were sold, "and I could sell a good many more if I had 'em," she added.

"You find a ready sale for your flowers then?" I said.

"Oh, la, yes," was the reply, "speshly the roses and these big red poppies. And I sell lots of these old-fashioned flowers, too. People come walking or driving by and see 'em and I guess it kind o' reminds 'em of their mother's or their grandmother's gardens, and they stop and buy big bouquets of 'em on that account. And one of the big hotels takes six big bouquets a day for its dinner tables. My girls are making up these bouquets now, and I've orders for six extra ones to-day, on account of a ball, or something, going on at the hotel. I do real well all summer long with my flowers, besides enjoying 'em myself. It costs me almost nothing to raise 'em."

—Vick's Magazine for July.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA,

"A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers."

A TALK ABOUT BEARING PAIN.

There is nothing on earth, not even mental anguish, except to a few high-strung natures, harder to bear than physical pain. And one of the first duties which we owe to ourselves and to others, is the bearing it with fortitude. We all know invalids who are a perpetual cross to all those connected with them; many of us also know others whose patient endurance of suffering is a constant sermon to their friends. Here and there is a sick room which is the heart of the house, to which those in sorrow go for comfort, and those in joy go for sympathy, sure of tender feeling in either case. Some one has said that an invalid in a house is a great educator; sickness itself is a greater to the invalid.

Among the most important of nursery lessons, a lesson which cannot begin too early, is that of self-control in pain as in everything else. Parents make a great mistake when they teach all their other children to give up to the one who happens to be an invalid. Care and consideration should be exacted always; but too much submission is almost certain to make of the sufferer an unreasoning tyrant. The rights of the weak are best observed when they are yielded as such. There are few more unfortunate things which can happen to a child than the Doctor's edict that it must not be permitted to cry; and in very few instances should it be obeyed—unlimited indulgence in most cases being likely to do more harm than tears. People who do not learn self-control in childhood find it a much more difficult lesson in after years; those who never learn it are a burden to themselves and others.

People often get a great deal of pity for sufferings for which they should rather be blamed, sufferings which they might control by the exercise of sufficient will power. Of course nervous people endure tortures of which more healthy constitutions can form no idea, but the more you give way to nervousness the more powerful it becomes, and the less to be resisted.

If people could but be brought to believe it, it very rarely does any good to make a fuss, and it is far better to reserve your strength for bearing the pain than to exhaust it in useless

screams and struggles which not only do you no good, but render you disagreeable to everyone within hearing. The patient sufferers are those who command most sympathy. There are very few people whose dispositions are so sweet as not to be soured by pain; but the bodily suffering must be intense in order to excuse our flinging a pillow at the person who is trying to help us, or turning ourselves into human snapping turtles. At least we should remember that sickness does not excuse everything, and do our best not to be disagreeable in so far as we can. "There is such a difference in sick people," said a professional nurse to the writer once. "Of course we have to take them as they come, and sick folks are scarcely responsible, but there is nothing like sickness for bringing out people's real selves. There are some it is a pleasure to wait upon, and others that need all your patience and more. I can always tell how people have been brought up when I come to nurse them."

And thus we come back to the nursery and the mistaken kindness which cannot bear to say "no" to a sick or afflicted child. If the arena of the invalid is a narrow one, it has its conflicts none the less. "He who ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he who taketh a city," and every mother should teach her child to practice this heroism under any and all circumstances.

When we consider how many of the world's great ones have worn the shirt of the martyr, and done their work in constant pain, we cannot but be amazed at the marvelous triumph of mind over body. It is not so great cause for wonder to hear that Alexander Pope and Thomas Carlyle were chronic invalids, but that Samuel Johnson with his big heart, and Hannah More with her abundant Christian charity, should have "gone softly all their days" because of physical suffering, might give some of us cause to think.

There are few people who have not some cross to bear; let it comfort the invalids to remember that it is not those crosses which are carried in full view, but those which we must at least try to hide, which are heaviest.—*Mrs. M. P. Handy, in Home Journal.*

TEACHING CHILDREN COURAGE.

Courage is a vital element of Christian chivalry. Without it, indeed neither truth nor fidelity to promise can be hoped for. The coward is sure to lie when the truth means punishment, and sure to retreat from his engagements when they involve peril. We need valiant souls that have learned to endure and scorn pain, and to face danger fearlessly and promptly when duty requires. Some parents evade this vital part of training by glosses and deception. A mother who has taken her boy to the dentist's to have a tooth out, will often say, if he is shrinking, "Sit still, my boy; it won't hurt you." Now she knows it will hurt him, but if she can only get him, by this device, to sit still and let the dentist get hold of the tooth, then his discovery of the pain will not hinder its extraction.

This is a double mistake. It destroys her boy's confidence in her, for he detects her in a lie. And though it gets the boy, this time, to sit still, it is under the delusion that there is to be no pain, whereas he should be taught to face the pain and scorn it. This makes the difference between cowards and heroes. A regiment of poltroons could march up to a battery as cheerfully as a regiment of heroes if they thought there was no enemy at the guns. The difference is that heroes know the danger, and face it valiantly.—*Household.*

COURTESY AT HOME.

Good breeding, like charity, should begin at home. The days are past when children used to rise the moment their parents entered the room where they were, and stand until they had received permission to sit. But the mistake is now made usually in the other direction, of allowing to small boys and girls too much license to disturb the peace of the household. I think the best way to train children in courtesy would be to observe toward them a scrupulous politeness. I would go so far as to say that we should make it as much a point to listen to children without interrupting them and to answer them sincerely and respectfully as if they were grown up. And, indeed, many of their wise, quaint sayings are far better worth listening to than the stereotyped commonplaces of most morning callers. Of course, to allow uninterrupted chatter would be to surrender the repose of the household, but it is very easy, if children are themselves scrupulously respected, to teach them in turn scrupulously to respect the convenience of others,

and to know when to talk and when to be silent.

If a child is brought up in the constant exercise of courtesy toward brothers and sisters and playmates, as well as towards parents and uncles and aunts, it will have little left to learn as it grows older.—*Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton in Our Continent.*

THE HABIT OF READING.

"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book-perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It is not the books we finish at a sitting that always do us the most good. Those we run through in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested, than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

Many a child goes astray simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers need sunbeams. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

BAKE 'EM.

It is canning time, and I recently remarked to the wife of a microscopist and entomologist, that "though I had a cupboard full of empty cans, I could not use them and I be sure their contents would keep unspoiled. I was obliged to buy new ones every year." She said she was "surprised at that." "Yes," I said, "I have faithfully tried the methods minutely detailed, and yet, as a family, we are continually eating our canned fruits when we do not want them, because they are beginning to ferment." She thought a moment and then replied: "My husband bakes his glass cans in a hot oven, and also their lids. One germ left will spread and spoil all. Baking kills the germs. Having baked your cans and their lids, and bought new rubbers for them, you will be as well off as if you bought new cans each year."

I tried the plan, putting half a dozen glass cans into a cold oven, then heating it as for bread. When I came to take them out, I did it too suddenly; the cold air cracked two or three, and I found myself dancing around with a glass can wrapped in a towel in each hand, not daring to set it down. The next time I set the cans in a dripping-pan, and when done drew them by degrees to the mouth of the

oven, not taking them out till nearly cold. None of these broke, save one to which I touched a wet dish-cloth, and it cracked with a loud explosion. Bowl, or earthen vessels of any kind, in which sour milk has stood, may be treated the same way with success. Mere scalding will not destroy the bacteria; it needs a more prolonged heat to annihilate them.—*Good Housekeeping.*

FAILURE AT THE END.

HIS life is a failure. He is nearing the end of his career. He has lived almost the allotted three score and ten, or perhaps he has just passed the half century of his existence. In his time he has known success in varying degrees. Perhaps he made a name that stands forth in the annals of great men. He has accomplished much, and he looks forward to spending his declining years in the peace and comfort that his successes seem to assure him. But just when he thinks of these days of delightful retirement there comes a blow that shatters all his past success and his present and future happiness. Perhaps the blow comes in a way that he cannot ward it off, perhaps by reason of some indiscretion of his own. In the final effort, which he says shall be the crowning effort of his life, he may have overreached himself, and the fame and honor which he reared into a beautiful temple passes from his possession. The fortune which he has laid up in the days of his prosperity is swept away. He is a ruined and miserable old man. It may be that his success was not genuine, that behind it all there stood the grinning skeleton of a long line of misdeeds of which the world knows nothing and which when he can no longer keep them secret his infamy becomes known and he stands before the world in dishonor and disgrace. He is an old man. He no longer has the ability to make a new career for himself and thus atone for the wrong. At the end of life's journey he stands alone, deserted by the friends of his brighter days, and Death can come to him with welcome at any time.

Is this picture one of the imagination only? Are there no such cases in reality? Alas! yes. They may be found in almost

every community, but we are apt to pass them unnoticed unless there is something of more than ordinary interest that attracts our attention. There are men who have worked and achieved more or less of distinction in their own communities, or in the world at large. They have been honored with places of trust, fulfilling their duties with credit to themselves and to the satisfaction of their fellow men. But after all their apparent and real success they finally begin to retrograde. They lose friends, for some reason or another. They gradually pass out of the public notice, and eventually go to their graves, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Others there are who, after enjoying all the favors of Fortune, commit some breach of trust, or some graver crime, and they too end their lives in disgrace. It seems impossible to account for or explain the final failure of some lives. But there are such failures, nevertheless.

The old as well as the young have lessons to learn. Perhaps if the young learn the lessons of life thoroughly they will not need to learn them in the days of their old age. And one of these lessons should be to see the failures that sometimes overtake the aged, and by every possible endeavor try to avert such a catastrophe at the end of life's journey. It is pitiable to see an old man in disgrace, more so after having seen him successful up to the time when age came upon him, or until he had passed the time when he was strong in his mind and body. There is no recovery, and the only atoning circumstance is the record of his earlier years, if, indeed, this be any atonement for the present conditions and circumstances.

—Selected.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"When the spinning wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, tell how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"

TIN CANS.

Probably no one article has been put to such a variety of uses as the tin can. A woman up in Maine has found a new use for them, and she tells, in the *Lewiston Journal*, how those too good to throw away she utilizes:

"I learned to use them for brown bread when tenting out at the seashore where dishes were scarce and cans plenty, and I liked them so well that I kept up the practice after coming home, especially after finding out that four of them just laid in my steamer. But this is not all the use I find for them. In a few weeks my kitchen will be decorated with old salt boxes each filled with as many cans, minus the bottoms, as will stand up in it, each can filled with good garden soil and each of these tin pots holding a tomato, dahlia, or other plant. I find it easier to transplant without disturbing the roots when the plants are so treated, and having no bottoms, the cans do not hold water enough to spoil the roots, as might be the case were they are used separately. Sometimes I have sunk in the soil in the garden, near a plant that needs a good deal of water, an old can with a hole or two punched in the bottom to help it leak, and then filled this can with water each night and morning. I also found this a good chance to add fertilizers by putting them in the water. John likes the cans to put around the trunks of young fruit trees. He says he has saved enough trees from the mice in this way to pay for all the canned tomatoes, corn, and peaches we have eaten. He takes off the bottom, cuts open one side, fits them around the stem, and draws the sides together again, and then pushes them down so that an inch or two is below the top of the soil. The pieces of tin straightened out have also done duty as scarecrows, dustpans, and several other things in an emergency."—*Sel.*

A correspondent of an exchange suggests a new use for old fruit cans, as follows: Last spring I found under one of my apple trees in the orchard some twenty of these cans—probably thrown there by some of the females of the family. To put them out of the way of the scythe when mowing my orchard I placed them open end down on spurs of the apple tree. A few days since I thought I would remove them to a permanent resting place, and on taking them down found every can partially filled with the cocoons of the codling moth. With a piece of shingle I scraped them into the fire—setting the old cans again on the trees for another crop of cocoons. I probably trapped with these old cans at least 300 cocoons of the codling moth.

In answer to several querists: To prepare lime for applying to trees to destroy insects, take a peck of fresh lime, break it up into small pieces, add to it four pounds of flour of sulphur, and just boiling water enough to slake the lime to a dry powder, covering the vessel as soon as the water is poured on. When needed for use mix sufficient water with it to make a white-wash, and apply with a whitewash brush.

HOME-MADE CABINET.

Home-made articles are possessed of two virtues, whoever may decry them. First, they are usually manufactured out of stuffs on hand, hence the cost of material is small, and in the second place it is a convenient way of preserving ancient relics, dear from past associations.

The home-made cabinet I shall describe is very attractive as well as useful. You have a mantel mirror and brackets for holding bric-a-brac.

Take an old looking glass that is about as long as it is wide (if it happens to be greater in length than width remedy this by covering with the frame until its exposed surface is a square) and fasten it to a back of thin wooden boards about about three feet square. Place the glass diagonally—or to form a diamond—instead of squarely in the center, and fasten to the back boards by means of four strips of leather placed over the corners. Fasten four small shelves, made of the same thin boards, in the four spaces at the corners.

Buy enough material known as Lincrusta Walton (this is an imitation of fancy leather work in raised patterns), to cover the cabinet, and paste it smoothly upon the shelving and back boards, covering the mirror to form a square as explained above.

When it is perfectly dry and smooth, paint it black and fasten it to the wall above your mantel.

You will be amply repaid for your slight trouble, as the time it takes to make it is very short, and the cost trifling when compared to the beauty of the cabinet.

SHAVING BALLS.

Take common cheap tissue paper in a light blue, yellow or pink (or any pretty shade that will best match your bedroom colors) and cut into circles. To cut it to advantage open your dozen sheets (it is best to buy them by the dozen, as you can get them in this way for about eight cents a dozen) so that they lie in single sheets. Now, instead of doubling the sheets as they were in half fold them in three

parts, and then double together. You have now a square measuring nearly ten by ten. Cut these into circles (seventy-two in all) and begin to crease them. To get a good circle, although one does not need so very true an edge, lay a plate upon the upper sheet and draw around it with a soft pencil.

To crease it, place each circle over the fingers of the left hand and stroke down with the right hand. Lift off and pass it once or twice through the closed hand, after which it should be partly opened and placed in a pile with the others.

To finish, take a hair pin and string upon it the circles, catching them just inside their folded centers by one or the other prongs of the pin. Fill the pin until a ball is formed. Twist the ends of the prongs together and catch the end of a ribbon matching the shade of the paper to the twisted pin. Form the ribbon into a loop and bow at the upper end and hang in a convenient place. Turn the ball upside down when it is finished and shake the circles into the shape of a ball. This is a very convenient article for gentlemen who shave at home, as the paper is always "handy," and each circle comes out with the slightest pull, tearing itself loose from the pin at a touch.

To make a shaving set complete—when one presents such a thing at Christmas time or upon the anniversary—a ball of paper to match the lining of the box containing the set should accompany it, a cake of elegant soap should be placed in the cup, and a cake of magnesia caught about with silk the color of the other trappings should be placed among the other necessities.

These balls hung inside the mirror upon the dresser are really decorative and add to the appearance of the room. A ball will last for six months if made sufficiently full at first.

DECORATIVE BALLS.

Cut circles of cheap paper as for the shaving ball, only cutting the outside rim into scalloped petals as for hydrangeas. Make them somewhat larger than the hydrangeas, and do not make the incision between them quite too deep.

Take each scallop between the thumb and finger and twist the petal as for snowballs. After all are done string on a stout piece of wire or a hairpin, until they form a ball. Slightly crush the first circles, until enough are on to stand out at right angles to the wire. String the circles until they close up around the wire. Then catch a fancy ribbon, the same

color as the paper, to the wire, and make a loop and bow, as for the shaving ball.

One can get prettier shades of color in the imported or American flower papers than in the cheap grades, and since they are "fixtures" and not to be torn apart, it pays to purchase the more desirable article. Two colors may be used in one ball, necessitating the use of two colors of ribbon. Hang from mantel end, or from the chandelier.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LILY TABLE MAT.

For materials use four shades of green single zephyr, one skein of dark green, and a half skein of each of the other shades.

Commence a crochet with the treble stitch, a mat with eighty-nine stitches around; then eleven chains; then fill this chain with treble stitches; then ten treble; then the chain, and proceed the same all around until it is six stitches deep. Finish with the lightest shade. By putting over the thread and drawing it through all three stitches the mat will be very full.

Tack the fullness with the thread which will have a place for the lily, which must be crocheted with one ounce of white zephyr.

Set up three chain, using the three treble, and using one in the center, and going back and forth until six deep, and then finish the edge same as the mat. There must be eight lilies. Then have half an ounce of yellow to represent the center. Set up thirty stitches on knitting needles. Knit plain ten stitches deep. Bind off and sew together. Insert a wire. Sew lily together and put in its place in the mat.

ANOTHER PRETTY LAMP MAT.

Buy a satin ribbon about one inch and a half wide (of two contrasting colors—pale pink or old rose and light green are very pretty) about two yards of each. Cut each color in four equal lengths and gather on one edge; then draw up to form a rosette. Fasten them together to form a circle, placing a piece of lace in the center, and joining the rosettes to it. Fasten the outside edge with a frill of lace. This is very dainty.

CAKE COVER.

Take square of butcher's linen and cut the edge into an octagon shape. Have some pretty pattern stamped upon it, or if you are an artist draw upon it with a pencil some design of your own. Work the lines with orange-colored floss. Finish the edge with buttonhole stitch. This is both pretty and useful.

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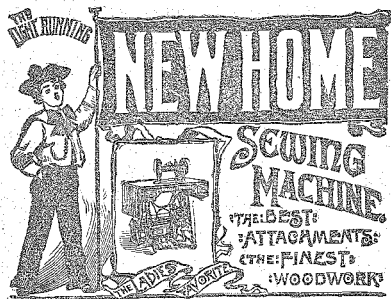
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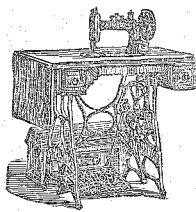
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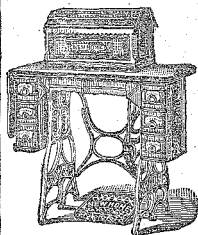


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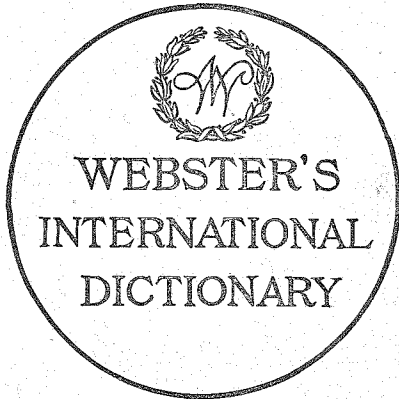
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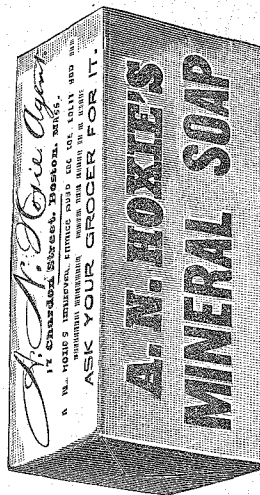
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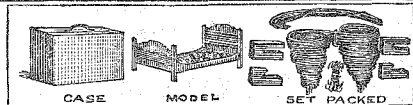
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Autumn

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Vol. 4.

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*September waves his golden-rod
Along the lanes and hollows
And saunters round the sunny fields
A-playing with the swallows*

—Ellen Mackey Hutchinson.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, SEPTEMBER, 1891.

No. 9.

SERMON BY ELDER E. L. KELLEY,

At the Saints' Church, Independence, Missouri, Sunday, January 4th, 1891.

(Reported for the "Ensign" by Sr. Belle Robinson. Published by special permission.)

IN the thirty-fourth verse of the gospel as recorded in the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, is found this language:—"Then Peter opened his mouth and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

This morning we undertook to show that it was proper for all to engage in works of righteousness, and that such works were brought about by keeping the commandments of our heavenly Father. It must indeed be a consolation to his children that live in this day and age of the world, as it was to those in the first century, that he who hath given us life, and permitted us to abide in this temporal state for a time, is willing that we should have the highest privileges and opportunities, and enjoy under his grace and favor the special blessings that he has bestowed upon his children in every age and dispensation. How gracious indeed is the language: "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

It has been taught, evidently by the Jewish hierarchy, as may easily be gleaned from the language of the Apostle Peter, that there were certain tribes or lines of people who belong to the class known as Judah and Israel that were the special favorites of heaven, and who were alone the subjects of salvation and knowledge, and the only recipients of his smiling grace. The apostle himself seems to have been fully traditioned in the belief that,

although God had spoken to Abraham, Moses, Isaac and Jacob, and had even borne witness of Jesus, and communicated with the Apostle in his time, yet he would not and could not speak to any nation outside the Jewish race. To you and me now this seems to have been a very narrow view of religion, but so far as the record discloses, that was the view that all the apostles had up to the time the heavens were opened to Peter, and he was taught a lesson with reference to the word of God, which he, in his biased tutelage had not before perceived. He could read in the scripture of the Old Testament that the dominion of Christ should be from "sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." The Spirit had said through the Psalmist, "I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," but he had not comprehended it. Peter had accepted the view in religion that God had created the world and the human family, but had selected from the human family a kind of royal line; and the people within that royal line were subject to salvation; but if without that tribal line, they were to be without the gates of the city. But the Spirit of the Lord is able to open to the understanding the minds of the children of men so that they may comprehend more after the reception of it, than they could possibly before. This Spirit was specially given in promise that it might be the educator of the believer in the word. "He will guide you into all truth."—John 16: 13. This was the office-work of the Spirit, called also, "the Spirit of truth," and was

the special educator to the church made in promise by Jesus Christ; and the beloved disciple, speaking of it, says, "But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things." Again, "Ye need not that any man teach you."—1 John 2:20-27.

The great world as a rule apply to the wrong instructor when they undertake to learn true religion. When they wish to know of God, about heavenly things and that way of life that is spoken of as "The straight and narrow way," the heavenly way to eternal rest—instead of inquiring after true wisdom by means of this Comforter and Teacher that Jesus gave for the purpose of guiding them into all truth, they seek other standards and other means inadequate to give the desired knowledge. So it is, that it is not infrequent in this age of the world to find men seeking after the wisdom and learning of this life in order to find out God, and that which relates to heaven and the life beyond, while it is taught here in the Bible most emphatically, "that in the wisdom of God, the world, by wisdom, knew not God."—1 Cor. 1:21. A positive challenge to the world that it was impossible that they could find him out except through the Revealer.

In the first chapter of the first Corinthian letter, it is not only taught that in or by the wisdom of this world, the world by its wisdom did not find out God, or comprehend him, but further taught that it pleased God it should not; and if it is true in that time, it is equally true in this, so that if you wish to find out about the Creator of the heavens and the earth, of the Redeemer and the gospel you must not seek it through some one who has the title of being classical—educated in the language of the world; for holy men of God never wrote or spake in or by classical tongue; but in the idioms and vernacular of the common people in the times when they lived.

It is a truth, too, whether we are learned with reference to the languages of the world, either the ancient classics or those termed modern classics. It is not necessary in this day and age of the world, that in order to understand the scriptures, a man must understand the classics; because the scriptures were not spoken in the dress of classical lore, neither were they originally written in that; and this being true, why do you ask for a classical schol-

ar in order that he may tell you what is in them? Those who wrote and those who were the speakers under the inspiration of our Heavenly Father, were of the language of the Galilean and common people, rather than that of the Hebrew in his cultivated state, or of the Grecian, according to his classic culture; and hence, we have the testimony of the Apostle Paul, although himself an educated man:—"And I, brethren, when I came unto you, came not in excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God."—1 Cor. 2:1.

Peter was a man who had the language of the common people of his time, so were John and James; but Paul although he was learned in the language of his time, declares, "My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom." He came under the special power of the Master, is the idea conveyed: and if the teaching of the Scriptures in its plainness, must stand in the power of God rather than in the wisdom of the world, or the wisdom of individuals, it seems to me that the true way of coming to a knowledge and understanding of this same word of God is in taking such things as are written, and seeking and understanding, according to the Spirit, of which Jesus said: "If I go away, I will send you another Comforter, and when He is come, He will guide you into all truth." Again he says, "The Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, which the Father will send in my name." And when we comprehend fully the fact that this was given that the people might be guided into all truth, and then take the other side of the question, and see that the world has been trying to be guided into all truth outside of this, and witness the stupendous failure, we can realize that there is more in the statement of our beloved Master than many of us have given credence to in the time past.

Christianity must be accepted as purest and best, as it, in precept and example, was reflected in the life of the Savior. It is not true, as the many of to-day assume that the Christian work and principles have been in the ascending plane ever since Jesus and the apostles wrote and spoke. The light which burst upon the world then has been very dim since at times. I am not a believer in the theory that either the people of this world, or

the Church of God began as it were, in a very low state, so far as wisdom and goodness are concerned, and gradually grew in perfection and knowledge, taking along all those who were connected; or that the race at any time has begun from a low ebb, to rise and continued its ascendancy without a reverse, nor will it keep on increasing in wisdom and knowledge until the people shall reach the apex of efficiency and understanding of the knowledge that was in Christ, and surpass the apostles.

And when we take the ground that our forefather, Adam, must have been in the night of bondage, so far as light and intelligence is concerned, and that the children afterwards, by unaided wisdom, have developed until they have come into the light of liberty and peace, we are on the wrong side of history. Truth in history reveals as fully the decline of the race as its rise; of the decadence of knowledge as its growth.

Take the Roman nation; there was certainly a decline in that, as there was a growth of the people from the time that the two brothers went out into the wilderness in order that they might make for themselves a position and a name. And it seems to me that if we should take the Roman as he exists to-day, and compare him in knowledge and wisdom with the two brothers that went into the wilderness, that Romulus and Remus would stand preeminent as men of large wisdom and knowledge. Of course their nation as a nation grew, and its boundaries became great. So it is with our own nation. We are greater in power and might, but the men who framed the constitution of the United States were the peers of any that we have to-day. The one that led the armies in the Revolution stood then with the mightiest, and now does with any who have lived since. So at the same time that we have grown great as a nation, we must admit that individual wisdom and knowledge stood equal in the early days of this nation with that of to-day.

It is said by the Psalmist "The law of the Lord is perfect." This law that was to be applied to the children of men in order to relieve them from sin is represented as that which was sufficient, as far back as the writings of David. And in the time of James it is represented to be, "The perfect law of

liberty." It was no more perfect when James wrote than when David wrote; and when we examine the teachings of the Apostle Paul with reference to the writings that had been given to the ancient saints we learn that they were given "for our learning that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." True, also, when the Apostle Peter speaks upon this, he says that, "The prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men spake as moved by the Holy Ghost." When Jesus speaks of that which was given in previous times, he says, "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

That spoken before the Christian era was true, so that the people, so far as they were concerned, ought not to have thought that they had outgrown the word of the Lord to the world, or that they were in advance of their forefathers in everything pertaining to the wisdom and knowledge of the Creator. In the time of the preaching of the Apostle Peter, the opportunities were excellent for learning the truth. He had been taught under the instruction of the Son himself. He had received instruction from one who would not or could not err. So that in his attainment of knowledge respecting the Divine will, he evidently understood as much about religion as anyone that is alive in this world to-day. Possibly he knew more about religion than any man that is living in this time. Why should he not have known more? And so far as direct communication with the Lord is concerned, evidently he had opportunities that are much greater than ours; he had a personal association that you and I cannot have and the Lord was willing to communicate with His children when they had capacity to understand and retain knowledge.

Now, if there is one thing to-day of which the Saints are criticised more than any other, it is for believing this statement in my text, of the Apostle Peter, and acting upon it. It is this: We claim that God may have communicated his will to the people upon the Western Continent, as well as to the people of the Eastern Continent. The idea of the world has been that God was limited in his resources of work; that his boundaries were circumscribed, so

far as communication was concerned with the human family; and when it was announced some sixty years ago that he had also spoken to the Western world and revealed himself, people called it heresy. They said it was not in harmony with the word of God; but when we open the word of God and find that "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him," it is clear that the trouble has been with the people, rather than the man who accepted revelations of sixty years ago.

I presume there would not have been the fight in the world against the Saints there has for the last sixty years, had it not been for this claim that God was equal to the task to-day of what he performed in the first century, and that so far back as the first century of our era, America had divine instruction. When we take up the language of the prophets and apostles, which all accept as true, they are in harmony with the belief that God may have spoken to every nation of the earth, and did speak to them, providing they were willing to do the works of righteousness. Not to accept this, seems to me, the bigoted and unreasonable side. If we find the ruins of the enlightened nations upon this continent, and they talk to us as the ruins of the little country of Greece do, or those of Italy and Palestine, we may as readily come to the reasonable conclusion that a people who were an enlightened people builded them, as we are in the belief that an enlightened people builded the ruins of Athens and Rome or Jerusalem. The records of the people who slumbered upon the Western Continent were uncovered before the disinterment of their nations and cities. Aside from this record, there was no man, prior to 1839, that claimed enlightenment for these peoples; and then it was not made anything to the extent it was soon found to be, as touching the height and grandeur of the civilization that existed upon the Western Continent.

When we open the Book of Mormon and read the history of a people and civilization pursuing the industries and trades common to the first nations of the earth, and extending from the north to the extreme south, and from the east to the west sea; and find that the record was revealed at a time when the special and

usual belief of mankind was the reverse of this being or ever having been the condition of ancient America, and then years after take up and examine the later discovered ruins verifying the truth of the first, it unveils that error of the centuries that miracles are things of the past.

So it may possibly be that if God spoke to the human family, that he spoke to those of the family on the Western Continent as well as the Eastern, and that we may believe it and be in harmony with Bible truth, too. If it is in accordance with Bible truth, no one ought to reject it because it happened in our day. Men and women, however, are just as ready to reject a new thing that is brought to light, which may be contrary to their cherished views or beliefs, in this age of the world, as they have ever been in any previous age.

When Fulton started his steamboat up the Hudson river, there was as much opposition and unjust criticism made of it as there was of any new departure in previous ages. So it was with Professor Morse in the discovery of his invention of the electric telegraph.

Many of our congressmen declared that it was the freak of a crazy brain, the idea of pretending to sit in Philadelphia and talk with people in Washington; yet you can sit in Washington to-day and talk with men on the Pacific Coast. It is just as true in the development of other things in the time in which we live, but old things continue to come to light as new, and it shows that our heavenly Father is at work in this age, which may very properly be termed the "dispensation of the fullness of times;" or as the Apostle Peter says:—"The times of restitution of all things which God hath spoken;" and when this restitution begins, you may expect that the people outside of the Eastern Continent, or those who had records, whatever they may have been, will be brought to light. And when it was announced sixty years ago that a record had been brought forth, claiming to be of historical or divine value, the only way to fairly and honestly test it was to compare it with the word of God, and every fact known to the human family in science and archæology, and if they were in accordance with them, to accept it for what it was, and not for what we would prefer to have it.

Prior to the historical light in this record, what knowledge the world possessed with reference to the Western Continent, had led the people to a conclusion that it had not been settled by a highly civilized people, and that so far as the ancestors of the Indians were concerned, they must have come across Behring's Strait, which separated this from the Asiatic Continent. They began at the wrong place even to bring the ancients here. Some have come to the conclusion that possibly the continent had been before discovered by civilized men, and men had lived upon it for a few years, having been cast accidentally here from some of the islands of the sea, or visited by the mariners of Norway and Sweden, Denmark or Iceland; but when they came to delve into the ruins of Central America, Peru and Bolivia, finding architecture unlike anything in Norway, Denmark, Sweden or Iceland, they saw it was not any of them.

When again, further developments are made, other ruins are found, and it is shown that this architecture is so unlike in one part of America to what it is in another part, that it is agreed that the evidence fully shows that there were two distinct civilized nations who lived and builded here, and that they may have been contemporaneous, and yet without the knowledge of each other; or at least, without close commercial relations. Another fact has been brought to light by the unearthing of these cities, showing that this difference in architecture extends to the ruins in places as they are builded one upon the other, showing the successive habitation by distinct nations, each of which was civilized and enlightened.

These discoveries by archæology have all been made since 1840; but when this book, sixty-two years ago, was put in the hands of the printer, it stated that two civilizations existed; told where the earlier first settled, where the next first settled and builded; and then where a third colony, contemporaneous with the second, also dwelt. And in the subsequent development of ancient America as outlined in archæology, these positions are sustained as true.

John T. Baldwin in his work entitled "Ancient America," places the earliest civilization just north of the straits of

Panama in North America. It is conceded that the next civilization in point of time, must have been near the head of the Amazon river within the countries now known as Peru and Bolivia. These facts were determined by the archæologist as late as 1870. In 1827 it was located by revelation. If science says so in 1870, is not the revelation to be trusted that made the statement forty-three years before? Has God spoken to the people on the Western Continent as well as to the people on the Eastern Continent? If the march of scientific research has simply followed the revelation of Mr. Smith, who is corroborated? Now it is wonderful to me that the same classes of people in this country, who are claiming that there has been such a march forward in the sciences and in the discoveries of the age as there has, cannot find in a single one of these that has been made upon the American Continent, that which contradicts the plain and direct statements of the record published in 1830 under the title of the Book of Mormon.

It seems to me, my friends, that if there are any who are fanatical upon this question, they belong to the class that is not disposed to reason; fanatics don't reason; they go forward blindly; but men who will reason are neither fanatics in politics, in religion or in the sciences.

When in a neighboring city here I had a discussion with an infidel upon the question of the correctness of the Book of Mormon as a history, he admitted that unless he was able to show that man had existed fifty thousand years upon this continent, he would lose the question. This was after the second evening. He brought his witnesses to show this, attacked the book from the standpoint of superior developments. I meet many men who have studied geology a little, and delved a little into the sciences, who think certainly man must have been upon this continent one hundred thousand and fifty thousand years ago. They are not the wisest and most profound men and women who believe this, however. They don't reason very deeply themselves, and do not question critically the theories that have led them into such gross error. So when my friend tried to prove to the people this theory, he introduced Professor Wilson, who had stated from the examination which he had made, that man had

lived upon this continent fifty thousand years; Sir Charles Lyell, one hundred thousand; Prof. Agassiz, ten thousand. When my friend got through introducing his evidence, I summed up his witnesses;—testimony, Prof. Wilson, fifty thousand years; Sir. Charles Lyell, one hundred thousand; Prof. Dana, twenty-five thousand; Prof. Agassiz, ten thousand years. What good were his witnesses? They showed for themselves that it was not knowledge with them; it was only a fancy. They say for themselves that if their manner of ascertaining the data was not at fault, then certain things were true. Just so, but if the rule of this data was at fault, then another thing was equally true, and my friend could prove nothing. The very fact of the great divergence of the testimony of these witnesses proves that it was not a matter of which they had accurate knowledge.

Not only the conclusions arrived at, but the very basis of estimate from which they begin to work, are speculative. For illustration: The alluvial deposit at the delta of the Mississippi is taken for a beginning. Examination is made and it is ascertained that in the decade ensuing from 1810, the deposit was but a fraction of an inch—now the deposit is measured and they say that if the deposit has been in the same proportion in all former years that it was in those estimated, then the continent must be so many thousands of years old. But we know that the first assumption is false. The deposits in some single years are more than twenty of others. The high-water marks and rain-fall for this great antiquity is just as necessary as the deposit itself.

I might make other illustrations, but in order that I do not tire you, I will hasten on. This Record, when discovered, stated that so far as the animals and products of America were concerned, that the first colonists brought them here from Central Asia. The common domestic animals of the continent were thus brought here, and the fishes of the lakes and rivers. Critics jested at the idea and said, "We suppose the man who wrote this brought the fishes over the sea in a vessel because he was afraid that they might have been drowned in the water." They hooted at the idea of domestic animals having been brought because there was no evidence by fossil remains of such

discovered, showing that their existence here was coeval with that of man. The so-called scientists of 1830 were sure young Joseph Smith had blundered. On the contrary the Book of Mormon stated that they were brought here; and the people said, "Smith must have been an ignorant boy because he would not have brought so many things over in his ship if he had understood the sciences of the day." But time revolutionizes. In 1860 the fossil remains of the horse were discovered in the peat beds of Kansas; a short time after in Oregon. In 1865, fossil remains of the sheep and hog were discovered on the Ashley river in South Carolina, and also the remains of the sheep and cow or ox and many others in Clay county, Missouri. Now you can go to the Peabody Museum and find fossil remains of the cow, the horse and the sheep. What enabled this unlearned boy to so far outstrip the wisdom of his day? Witness the dilemma of the self-wise. The history, known as the Book of Mormon, affirmed these things to be true as early as 1827. Science said it is not true; and there were few who lived then who said it was even possibly true, excepting the young Seer. Less than forty years elapse and science has discovered the remains and corroborated the record. Shall we say then that it is not in harmony with the statement of my text that "in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him," since we find evidence that he has made such acceptance?

In 1873, in his sketches of creation, Prof. Winchell gives to the world his conclusions as to the migrating of the plants and animals to America, and from his study of the animals and flora and fauna of America, he arrives at the conclusion that they had their seat in Central Asia. Was it more true then than when published by Mr. Smith in 1830? The world did not laugh at it then, because they had been growing, you see. But in 1836 they laughed, they thought that the boy had made a mistake. If the boy was correct, why not yield to his superior wisdom now?

In 1876 I was in the New Museum at Washington and saw the houses of the Cliff Dwellers as represented there. They were discovered in the canyons of the Little Colorado and the Rio Grande by

Colonel Gunnison of the United States Survey. In 1874 he reported the discovery to the Government in which we live; and to the world they were such a wonderful thing that when you visited the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, one of the most notable things was the representation of the Cliff Dwellers' homes. I take up the record before me, published in 1830, and it tells me of the Cliff cities, where they were built and for what purposes; and when you go and examine them in 1890, as shown by any number of reports in the papers, the conclusion still is that they were made for the same purpose as was set out in this history in 1830.

When we have these facts to see and examine; when we have such evidences (and I have only given you an insight, because they are as numerous as belong to any branch of the work of God), is it not sufficient to arouse in your minds a feeling leading you to say that God truly is no respecter of persons, and possibly He did reveal His will to these ancients. "But," says one, "if it agrees with the will as revealed upon the Eastern Continent, what was the use of it to the people of the nineteenth century? Is there anything new or different in religion revealed to the human family?" It is, to show unto the minds of the people that are not believers, that there is a Supreme Ruler, that He sent His Son into the world. It is efficacious to the minister if he will but use it in presenting to the world the very Christ, because he can prove by these developments that there was a Christ who existed, and when He reveals this Christ by reason of the things that are presented upon this continent, he places his evidences alongside those contained in the Bible, and they harmonize and bring conviction to the heart of the masses.

Now simply because we have been presenting to the world for the last sixty years the fact that God was not a partial God, nor a respecter of persons; that He revealed His will to the people of the Western as He did to the Eastern Continent; that we believe in the Bible as well as this book, and cannot believe this and deny the Bible, because they agree, the people have called us heretics. Is it more wrong for us to believe that which was written upon the Western Continent

than that which was written on the Eastern Continent? Are we to be told that we are not a Christian because we believe in both the Old and the New Testament? God spoke and revealed the Christ in the Old; He was known and He was worshiped. Moses among the slaves of Egypt esteemed the reproach of Christ as but naught, "having respect to the recompense of reward."

"But," says one, "suppose some of our Baptist or Presbyterian friends would take up this Book and claim that God spoke upon the Western Continent; would not that obliterate their belief in Christ?" Certainly not. It would confirm their belief in Christ, if they believe Him as He is. This obliterates no man's belief in Christ, unless it may be his false ideas; it confirms. It was not given to the world for the purpose of making infidels; it was given for the express purpose of giving evidence to men who did not know there was a God, so that they might believe in Him. Now let me read what it purports to be, and see if some of you have not woefully misunderstood it during the canvass of the question for so many years past. I read from the inscription page what the Book of Mormon claims for itself. "Wherefore, it is an abridgement of the record of the people of Nephi; . . . written by way of commandment and also by the Spirit of prophecy and of revelation. An abridgement taken from the Book of Ether; also it is a record of the people of Jared who were scattered at the time the Lord founded the language of the people, when they were building a tower to get to heaven; which is to show unto the remnant of the house of Israel what great things the Lord had done for their fathers, and that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off forever; and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations."

This is what it is, for the convincing of the people by reason of the extraneous proofs and evidences that Jesus is the actual Messiah.

I can take up the book and commend it to any Christian man and woman; and when I was in Boston in the office of the distinguished debater, Mr. Underwood, I told him I was ready to go with him upon

any platform, scientific or historical, and maintain the truth of the Book of Mormon and prove the existence and work of Christ, whether he accepted the Bible or not. I was confident in my cause and have a right to be. The minister of Christ need not lower the gospel standard raised by our blessed Lord. He has ample evidence in the way to withstand the assaults of all the earthly hosts. The trouble with some Christians is, they are so like the old Pharisee that they are trying to obliterate the evidences.

I had a little experience in Kirtland, Ohio, not a great while ago that did me good, so far as coming in contact with people of this world is concerned, because I find that those who read most are the least prejudiced and the least bigoted. The father of the wife of one of the distinguished presidents of the United States came there to view the temple and inspect the interior arrangement. He was a minister too, and understood but little of the belief of the Saints. In talking with him, the question came up as to the divine authenticity of this book, and I asked him if he had ever seen it. Oh yes, he said he had seen it and read it fifty years ago. "Well," I replied, "did you find anything bad in it?" "No," he said, "I did not, but I concluded there was enough in the Bible for me." "Yes," I answered, "and Paul in his day said to Timothy, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.' He referred solely to the Old Testament. What we have as the New Testament was not then in existence. Now do you think it would be wise to discard the New Testament because there was enough to make wise unto salvation in the Old?" "Oh, I don't wish to argue the question," he quickly stated. He had no inclination to discuss the merits of the position. He felt satisfied simply because he believed there was enough in the Bible. The time will come when men must answer as to having stood for or against the truth. The merit lies in standing for the truth, not just that we prefer.

You and I cannot stand upon that basis and say that we have enough in the Bible, nor limit what Deity shall say to us. We have simply enough when we have all that God wishes to reveal unto the human

family; and there is one thing certain, He never reveals anything to the people that is contrary to that which he has revealed or that he does not esteem as valuable. Jesus does not say that God will not reveal any more unto the human family, but He says like this, "Behold I send unto you prophets and wise men and scribes; and some of them ye shall kill and crucify, and some ye shall scourge in your synagogues and persecute them from city to city, that upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar."

God is not fallible, and no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him.

If no one in this age is able to come upon the platform and show that there is a paragraph in this book contrary to the teachings of the word of God, and certainly I have never found a man who could do so—why should one say it will do harm to your children if they read it? And this challenge—to point out a bad principle taught in the Book of Mormon—has been before the world for sixty years. I have made a standing offer of \$100.00 to any man who is able to show that it was contrary to the teachings of the Bible—not simply to my satisfaction, but to the satisfaction of honorable men, unbelievers in the work.

If it is true, why is it not useful? Why does it not have a place among the Christian Archives? Why should any man or any church be found fighting against that which is admitted to be true? It will not suffice to say that it did some in the way we approve of; the Jews rejected Jesus because He did not come as they wanted him to. "Why," says one, "I thought the book was got up as the means of founding a new church in the nineteenth century," Oh no, so far as the starting of the churches is concerned, it does not require a new book for this, nor did it for Joseph Smith to organize one, if that was his object. It was not necessary for Mr. Smith to get up a record of other people or claim inspiration if he just wanted to start a church. The idea is preposterous! He could start a church just as easily as hundreds of others have

started churches without any new history, inspiration from God, or anything of the kind. Nothing of this was necessary.

The Church exists in all its strength and power and progression, so far as that is concerned, and in doctrine and organization, just as fully without this book as it does with it. We believe in and accept the book because it is a correct record of a part of the race of man. It is the work of God as manifest through his revelations on this continent. We can prove that it is, from the most potent evidences which are admissible, and having proven it, find it in teaching agrees with the word of God that we also believe in, and it is not for us to say that God did an unwise thing in revealing himself to the ancient civilized people of this continent; so that in the language of the apostle Peter, I feel that I can say to you to-night that so far as God is concerned in all His works and ways, "He is no respecter of persons," but so far as the intelligent nations that existed on this continent are concerned, the proofs show that He has revealed His will to them, but that they did not abide in His will. In this it is but an analogy to the record of the Jews. The Bible is to-day a mere record of what it was in its glorious period, and the people to whom the will of the Master as expressed therein was revealed, are a hiss and a byword among the nations of the earth, and have been for centuries. No sane man would think of dispensing with the Bible because the nation to whom it was delivered was no longer the head.

And when we lack encouragement in the divine life, let us search the records from the beginning to the end, and all of them together, and have our hearts renewed by these harmonious and glorious testimonies, and then we can give praise and thanksgiving and reverence to Him who has created the heavens and the earth, and has dealt fairly and justly with all people.

In the first century of the Christian era when the man of God was charged with engaging in superfluous works, it was

answered that it was done that "the saying of the prophet might be fulfilled." This to the people ought to have been sufficient reason if they could see no other. The same answer may be as truly made to-day as touching the people of the Western Continent. It is that the prophecy of Isaiah might be fulfilled, "And he shall set up an ensign for the nations and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth."—Isa. 11: 12. And to show the fulfillment and truth of the prophecy of Jeremiah. "Arise, get you up unto the wealthy nation that dwelleth without care, saith the Lord, which have neither gates nor bars, which dwell alone. And their camels shall be a booty and the multitude of their cattle a spoil." Such a state the book shows existed on the American Continent when the prophecy was uttered; and accepting it, two colonies aggregating at least two hundred souls came here and entered upon the work of rebuilding and re-inhabitating. Also that the prophecy of Isaiah might be fulfilled—"And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver unto one that is learned, saying, Read this I pray thee, and he saith, I cannot for it is sealed. And the book is delivered to the unlearned. "And in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the Book." Isa. 29:11.

Reason, archæology and revelation unite in commending the record to the reading world, and we should never play the folly of the old Pharisee by saying: "We know that God spoke to Moses, but as for this man, we know not from whence he is." It may be that the same God who talked with Moses also spoke to the people who were an enlightened and civilized race living here, for "he is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

That we may all arrive at a full knowledge of the truth is my prayer, in Jesus' name.

THE MORNING COMETH.

By night the winter came out of the North,
 And went through the sleeping land:—
 All wrapped in shroud
 Of the dun, gray cloud,
 Over forest and fell,
 Over field and hill
 (The wind was asleep, and his step
 was still),
 Went he like a sower, and scattered forth
 The snow from his spectral hand.

It fell like a dream
 Over meadow and stream,
 Along the ways of the woodland glen,
 Above the homes of sleeping men,
 By the gray rocks on the ocean shore
 Where Mystery sleepeth evermore,
 On the broad highway, on the footpath small,
 Fell the eddying whiteness enwrapping all.

Then the sun looked over the white world's rim,
 And peered through the aisles of the woodland
 dim;

The forest and fell,
 The field and the dell;

The broad highway and the footpath small,

The sun looked forth and beheld them all.
 Then every deed of the vanished night
 Lay plain to the eye of the risen light,—
 Its story writ in the tell-tale snow.
 The hillside fox that had prowled below,
 The hungry wolf that had torn his prey,
 The strange wild creatures that shun the day,
 The skulking thief with his booty fled,
 Pale murder chased by fear of the dead,
 The homeless turned from the rich man's door,
 The mercy that sought out the shivering poor,
 Each left his track where his foot did fall:—
 The Night remembered and told it all.
 So, sooner or later, each hidden deed,
 Wrought in a darkness where none can read,
 But leaving its track on the Ways of Time,
 Shall stand confessed; for a Light sublime
 Will arise at last, when the night is done,
 And Truth will shine as another sun.
 For the elements all are in league with Right,
 And they serve her cause with a tireless might;
 The Earth is the Lord's, and, whatever befall,
 Will mark, will remember, will publish all.

—W. H. Savage in Arena.

A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS IN ITALY.

THE following letter is replete with interest and will, we are sure, be fully appreciated by our young friends in search of information. Next to traveling ourselves, is the privilege of accompanying, in imagination, the intelligent traveler.—ED.

The past winter was exceptionally severe throughout Europe, but in Italy there was more actual suffering from the cold than anywhere except in Paris. The northern provinces of Italy were buried in snow, and there were snow-storms even in Naples and Sicily. In Naples for two days last January no street-cars could run, and very few cabs were out. All traffic was literally at a standstill on account of the snow and ice.

No one who has not been in Italy can realize the discomfort, and even misery, which such weather means. In a country where winter is in no sense a recognized season, and is in no way provided for, where the houses, even of the wealthy, are

heated simply by a brazier containing live coals or hot ashes, and where the poor never have any fire save a few pieces of charcoal in a little grate for cooking, even a moderate degree of cold is a much more serious thing than very severe cold in more northern latitudes. Where there are fireplaces in the hotels and *pensions*, they seem to have been constructed for the express purpose of consuming the greatest amount of wood and giving the least heat,—and this where wood is sold by the pound, like sugar!

Wherever in Italy during the winter we met a group of Americans they told the same story of absolute suffering from the cold. And, when it was quite warm and comfortable out of doors in the sun, it would be bitterly cold in the houses, with their marble floors, thick stone walls, and lofty ceilings. All Italians go out of doors to get warm, and reserve all their warmest wraps to wear in the house; and strangers soon learn to do the same. I

met one lady this spring who said that she had walked the streets to keep warm until she was exhausted with fatigue.

It was amusing and a little pathetic to listen to the complaints of the traveling public, especially of the American traveling public; for America is *par excellence* the land of material comfort, of good fires, good eating, and even luxurious homes.

Winter is no time to travel in Europe. From the first of December to the first of February the churches, galleries, museums, and palaces are so cold that it is dangerous for even the robust to enter them. There is nothing to be done but to go into winter quarters for those two months.

The Riviera has the best winter climate in Europe. The Alps form a barrier against the north winds, the limestone cliffs absorb the sun's rays, and the Mediterranean tempers the air, so that this region has a semi-tropical climate. Genoa is swept by the north winds; but Nervi, a little town just seven miles south, is sheltered and warm. The palm flourishes there, lemons and oranges are cultivated on the narrow strip of land next the sea, and the hills are planted with olive-trees to their very tops. With the dusty-hued olives for a background, the beautiful gardens with orange, lemon, palm, and other tropical trees, and magnolias and roses in greatest profusion, and the blue Mediterranean with its picturesque coast in the foreground,—all bathed in beautiful Italian sunshine,—the whole makes an enchanting landscape. Even the invalid can be comfortable in the Riviera. The hotels are heated, the rooms are carpeted, and the *cuisine* is good.

I think that all the bad Italians must go to America; for I was told that in Nervi, a place of five thousand inhabitants, the jail had not had an occupant for a year. At all events, in two months I did not see an intoxicated person or the least disturbance upon the street. An Italian crowd is a good-mannered, even a gentle, crowd. An American gentleman who had passed the winter in a town of a few thousand inhabitants in the Riviera told me that he had made careful inquiries, and that there had not been an arrest in that town for a year and a half.

The Italians are an industrious people, and as frugal as the Chinese. This is necessary, as wages are so low. An agri-

cultural laborer earns only from a franc to a franc and a half per day (from twenty to thirty cents), and keeps himself. Those employed in the macaroni factories earn from forty to fifty cents a day. All provisions cost more than in America. All cotton goods are much higher in price. Woolen and silk are cheaper; but the cheapness of silk cannot be of consequence to the man who earns from twenty to fifty cents a day. Labor alone is cheap.

The excessive taxation made necessary by the Triple Alliance, the great army, and the expensive iron-clads, is pushing Italy to financial ruin and her people to literal starvation. The taxation amounts almost to confiscation of property. The income tax is one-fifth; the real estate tax is nearly as high. All business is heavily taxed: every bill amounting to ten dollars made out by a business house must bear a stamp for the government tax. Every egg, every quart of milk, every chicken, brought by the peasant to market, is taxed at the city or town gate. Not a pail of water can be drawn from the sea, not a fish can be caught, without paying a tax to the government. Italy is now a great nation. She can enter into stately alliances; but she is paying dearly for honor among nations, for this excessive taxation is reducing the people to the most abject poverty and even driving the peasants in large numbers to emigration. And to the Italians, who love their sunny Italy as no other people, except, perhaps, the French, love their native land, emigration is only one degree less bitter than starvation, which is the alternative.

I think that, if Americans would try to put themselves in the place of these Italians, forced by direst poverty from home and kindred to earn their bread in a strange land, ignorant of the language and customs, they would have more charity for them, and would not condemn all because of the crimes of a few outlaws.

This unfortunate affair at New Orleans has certainly created a wrong impression in regard to Italy and Italians. We were very much amused at the letters of our friends expressing anxiety on our account, and hoping we would leave as soon as possible in order to escape danger or inconvenience. There has been a decrease in the number of Americans traveling in Italy, so much of a falling off from the

usual number that the Italian papers have commented upon it with regret. Americans spend annually, according to the Paris *Herald*, \$25,000,000 in Italy, so are too valuable financially to be in any way inconvenienced. They are always treated with the greatest courtesy and consideration,—a little too much, in fact, for all Americans are supposed to be rich, and are charged accordingly.

Shop-keepers who have never seen you before and do not know where you are staying will insist upon your taking valuable goods away for examination without paying for them. I said to one shop-keeper, "How dare you trust strangers in this way?" "Oh," said he, "I never have found an American who did not pay." I am afraid Americans have a better reputation in Italy than at home. Perhaps only honest Americans travel.

It seems to me that the tone of the Italian press has been very moderate in regard to the New Orleans matter. I think that our papers have been inclined to indulge in a little Fourth of July writing. It certainly is a most dreadful condition of things if our juries are so corrupt that mob law has become a necessity for public safety. Would it not have been better to have lynched the jury?

It is difficult for these centralized governments of Europe to understand the intricacies of our separate State governments. As to a war between Italy and the United States, the newspapers on this side of the water generally regard that as absurd. War requires not only an army and iron-clads, but a great deal of money to keep the army and iron-clads at work; and money Italy has not, and cannot get unless she should confiscate the treasury of the churches,—a move that public sentiment is hardly ready for yet.

The riches shut up in the churches must be seen to be realized. St. Peter's and the Milan Cathedral have in their treasuries, for the services of the church, gold and silver vessels of all descriptions, some of which are inlaid with precious stones, diamond rings and crosses, and reliquaries ablaze with diamonds, and vestments covered with gold embroidery and with precious pearls. In the Milan treasury are two life-size figures of saints in solid silver. The *palla d' ora* in St. Mark's, a screen of gold with figures of Christ and the apostles in enamel, and set

with stones of fabulous value, might furnish sinews of war for some time.

It is not in the great cathedrals alone that there are such treasures; but there are beautiful churches in little out-of-the-way Italian villages. The monastery church of the Deserto, on a hill seven miles from Sorrento, has an inlaid altar of the fifteenth century, which is said to be the finest in Europe. The cathedral of Orvieto, a mountain town that seems to belong to the sixteenth century, has a silver model of the cathedral, which weighs one hundred and forty pounds. In this silver casket is the altar-cloth of Bolsena, upon which the blood from the host miraculously fell while an unbelieving priest was performing mass. The cathedral of Orvieto was built to commemorate this miracle, which is also the subject of one of Raphael's finest pictures in the Vatican.

There is a great deal of enterprise and progression in the Italy of to-day. The large cities are comparatively clean, and are very orderly. "A cross everywhere, and everywhere nastiness at the foot of it," is no longer true of the Eternal City.

The present government is striving to make education general. There are municipal schools in all the cities of Italy; and in the north of Italy attendance is compulsory, but the law is not thoroughly enforced. The schoolhouses in the towns and even in the cities are most miserable buildings. It seems a pity that some of the wealth hoarded up in the churches could not be used for the schools.

But public opinion, and especially public religious opinion, changes slowly; and it is a great deal that Victor Emmanuel and his son have been able to take away so much of the wealth and power of the Church. More reforms will soon come; for there is a strong rationalistic party nominally inside the Church, and a stronger party outside which is avowedly hostile to the Church. In Genoa all ecclesiastical processions have been forbidden within the city limits, because there is such a strong anti-clerical party in that city that there would be a disturbance of the peace, were such processions allowed. During Holy Week this year at Rome there were no imposing processions, and very little ceremonial at the churches. A resident of Rome told me that the relics are very seldom carried in procession

now, because a large party within the Church no longer believe in the relics, and it is considered wise to keep them in the background as much as possible.

Still there remain a few of the old superstitions which seem very strange to the Protestant. That of the Sacred Bambino is one. The Bambino is a very ugly wooden doll, said to have been painted by Saint Luke. It is a great treasure of the Church of St. Maria in Ara Cœli. It is dressed in blue satin, and literally covered with gold and silver chains and diamond ornaments. It has seven gold watches. A carriage and horses, two footmen and a driver are at its disposal when it visits the sick; for it is a miracle-working doll, and it is said even to have raised the dead. The Scala Santa is another anomaly in the nineteenth century. This is the flight of stairs which Christ ascended in Pontius Pilate's house in Jerusalem. It was brought to Rome by the Empress Helena. A papal dispensation allows a remission of sins for twenty-nine years for every one of the twenty-eight steps ascended on the knees and with a contrite and believing heart. During Holy Week these steps were packed with men and women, and I counted three children among the number. Martin Luther, when in Rome, ascended these stairs half-way, when he heard a voice saying, "The just shall live by faith," and he arose and walked down.

Rome has become so modernized that it is hard for strangers in the fine new part of the town to realize that it is the old historic Rome. Florence, at least in her historic square, and in all of the streets

GENOA, Italy.

radiating from the Piazza Signoria, is Florence of the Middle Ages. Venice is only a shadow of her own past. Bologna, Orvieto, and Siena are not of our century. The tide of modern life has not entered these old cities, and in them it is easy to form a conception of what the mediæval cities of Italy were like.

Italy, her cities, her art, her people, and, above all, the beauty of the whole country,—seacoast, mountains, lakes, and smiling valleys—will long continue to be the land most attractive to travelers of all nations. But, on the whole, it is a land pleasanter to travel in than to live in; for, although the old will always fascinate us by its memories and romance, the new, the life of to-day, is the real life for men and women of to-day; and the life of Italy at the present time, although full of great importance and interest, is not what attracts the crowds of tourists or brings to Italy an important part of her revenue. In Italy the tourist lives in an atmosphere of the past, and it becomes a little difficult to get back into the nineteenth century after so long a sojourn in the old.

I wish to mention for the benefit of those contemplating a trip to Rome that Mr. Forbes and Mr. Spadoni have made most exhaustive studies of the history and archæology of old Rome, and both give lectures upon the old ruins of Rome among the ruins themselves. The information and help brought so easily to the visitor are invaluable in helping to a right understanding and appreciation of the ruins of Rome.

—Marie C. Remick, in July Unitarian.

A SONG FOR TO-DAY.

Groweth the morning from gray to gold;
Up, my heart, and greet the sun!
Yesterday's cares are a tale that is told,
Yesterday's tasks are a work that is done,
Yesterday's failures are all forgot,
Buried beneath the billows of sleep;
Yesterday's burdens are as they were not,—
Lay them low in the soundless deep.
Share thy crust, and ask no dole;
Offer the cup thou wouldst never drain.
Only he who saveth his soul
Loseth all that he fain would gain.

Smile with him who has gained his day;
Smile the gladder, if at thy cost.
It was his to do and thine to aspire:
It is his to-day who loved the most.
Pluck the flower that blooms at thy door;
Cherish the love that the day may send.
Cometh an hour when all thy store
Vainly were offered for flower or friend.
Gratefully take what life offereth,
Look to heaven nor seek a reward.
So shalt thou find, come life, come death,
Earth and the sky are in sweet accord.

—Louise Manning Hodgkins.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

God never would send you the darkness
 If He felt you could bear the light;
 But you would not cling to His guiding hand
 If the way were always bright.
 And you would not care to walk by faith,
 Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish
 For your sorrowful heart to bear,
 And many a cruel thorn-crown
 For your tired head to wear:
 He knows how few would reach heaven at all
 If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness.
 And the furnace of sevenfold heat.
 'Tis the only way, believe me,
 To keep you close to His feet;
 For 'tis always so easy to wander
 When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
 And sing, if you can, as you go.
 Your song may cheer some one behind you
 Whose courage is sinking low;
 And, well, if your lips do quiver,—
 God will love you better so.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

OBSERVATIONS.—No. IX.

Get leave to work;
 In this world 'tis the best you get at all;
 For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
 Than man in benediction. God says, "Sweat
 For forehead;" men say, "Crowns;" and so we are crowned,
 Aye, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
 Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work,
 Be sure; 'tis better than what you work to get.

—Elizabeth Browning.

HOW deep the insight God bestows
 Upon the pure, poetic nature. None
 more truly and faithfully than the poet
 goes back of that which is apparent to
 the common eye, and brings to light the
 secret springs and hidden sources of that
 upon which the masses look without
 thought, wonder or gratitude, but merely
 accept as a matter of course. To those
 who have not learned this lesson here,
 will it not be one of the grateful marvels
 of eternity, this wonderful discovery that

"God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
 Than man in benediction"?

Service—not happiness—is the object
 for which God has placed us upon this
 earth; and, this being true, he has placed
 the seal of his eternal disapproval upon
 the direct seeking of the latter, as all
 have found and still will find to their cost
 who make it their pursuit. "I am among
 you as he who serveth," was the declara-
 tion of the Son of God, and no Christian
 rightly apprehends that to which he is
 called who overlooks this vital principle
 of his calling; for it is through and by
 the aid of this that he is to attain that for

which he seeks in vain, if he seek it di-
 rectly.

All our observations are not sought for
 from the outside world, neither are they
 gathered up by the way side, but from
 many an overburdened heart; from many
 a weary brain and toil-worn hand they
 come to us unsought, unasked; but, thank
 God, not unwelcomed, neither unheeded.
 These are only a few of the slight waves
 caused by the terrible throes of the great,
 pulsing heart of humanity, as it writhes
 and throbs beneath the weight of woe
 wrought out by sin; that weight which
 we are called upon to help lighten, and
 from those sufferers whom we are called
 to lift up, strengthen, cheer and bear
 with, even as our Savior did before us.

Let us draw you a picture of the serv-
 ice we mean. Death has deprived a
 pure, noble, high-minded woman of her
 only support and comfort—her husband.
 In the home of a distant relative she is
 offered shelter. Not knowing the charac-
 ter of its inmates she gratefully accepts
 the offer, but finds herself surrounded by
 circumstances most repugnant to every
 instinct of her being. A thrifty house-
 keeper in her day, she finds herself in
 the midst of the most untidy thriftless-
 ness and waste; esteeming personal clean-
 liness, not as next to but as a part of god-
 liness, she is constantly annoyed by an al-
 most utter disregard of it, and after hav-
 ing borne long and patiently with this

condition of things without thanks or gratitude for continued effort put forth to better it, she finally asked the question: "Does God require it of me?"

Who can answer this question? Can any but the Lord?

How came she there? As Christians we do not believe in a world of chance. Who gave her the love of and influence over the unfortunate little ones born into this home? Are there in the world those who need the motherly care she has given them, more than they do? Feeble in body herself, almost an invalid, yet she has been strengthened to take a mother's place to these neglected, untaught children. When she forsakes them, who will take them up?

The Lord has promised to take up those forsaken by father and mother. Did He do this when in his providence he sent her to them? Other homes would open their doors to her gladly and fill her hands with work, for there is always work in this world for willing hands to do; but if God gave her the first work, what of the other? "It is hard," you say, and we grant it; but when was the post of honor not the post of hardship and danger? Who stand nearest the throne of our God? We know not, and upon earth we never shall know, the exact character of the "great tribulations" through which they passed in purifying their robes, but we do know that there are positions in life demanding each day a new martyrdom; and there are brave, heroic spirits undergoing this martyrdom, and undergoing it, "*For His Sake.*" In cases like this the appeal to others is in vain. The soul must enter into its own sanctuary, and there, alone with its Maker, decide that which is duty and that which is not.

Not every case, however, becomes so difficult of solution as the one to which we have referred. Indeed, there are many times when it is frankly admitted, "I feel that I ought to do this, but I am not quite willing to do it." Let us here warn the young Christian to beware of such a position as this, for it is dangerous ground. What you feel that you ought to do, let nothing within reason prevent your doing, especially if your inclination is opposed to your conviction.

Not long since, in our Sunday school work, we were brought face to face with

a problem of this kind. A teacher feeling it to be his duty to resign his position in a large, flourishing Sabbath school that he might go into the country to assist a younger school, laboring under difficulties and struggling, like many human beings, for the bare right to live. Upon one hand was his class most unwilling to give him up, even as he was unwilling to leave them. A short pleasant walk would bring him to this school, but a long wearisome one would be required to reach the other. Inclination was strongly arrayed on one hand and duty upon the other. His class in the flourishing school could be provided for, and this being the case, he decided unhesitatingly to follow where duty led. Let us commend to you this example as worthy of imitation.

"The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side."

But it is not the sleeping for which we should take care. It is that we have so lived, so followed at the call of duty that when Christ shall rend the heavens with the shout of attendant angels His Spirit, which ever prompts to service and duty, may quicken our sleeping dust and we may reign with Him.

"A man cannot chose his own life. He cannot say, 'I will take existence lightly, and keep out of the way of the wretched, mistaken, energetic creatures who fight so heartily in the great battle.' He cannot say, 'I will stop in the tents while the strife is waged and laugh at the fools who are trampled down in the useless struggle.' He cannot do this. He can only do humbly and faithfully that which God has appointed for him to do. If he has a battle to fight, let him fight it bravely. But woe betide him if he skulks when his name is called in the mighty muster-roll! Woe betide him if he hides in the tents when the tocsin summons him to the scene of war!"

Looking out upon the world to-day, we see a mighty revolution winning its bloodless way. A stupendous change is being wrought, and silently into the fabric of all classes of society is being inwoven strands colored with the true meaning of the blood shed upon Calvary; and as they are wrought into the fabric they shape themselves into the memorable words of the Great Teacher: "All ye are brethren."

The victory is not yet won, but thank

God the tocsin has sounded, the battle is on, and woe betide the dull ears which will not hear, and the proud, hard hearts which will not respond. Yes, woe betide him who with strong arms unstrung thinks to abide in his tent, for the cries of the poor, the needy and the oppressed have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and soon he will bring the world to judgment for the oppression the wicked have wrought.

We are living in this age, and as a people have graver responsibilities resting upon us than others have. For this reason we earnestly desire that the youth of the church should be most fully impressed with this one great truth, that the love of God, and service in the best interests of humanity cannot be separated.

There is yet another phase of service. As we have elsewhere said, this is a day of revolution and change. It is also a day of extremes. The equality of action and reaction is being demonstrated, and in many cases the one extreme is as ardently to be shunned as the other.

Heartaches and heartburnings are caused in the breasts of many through the assumptions of ignorance placed in conspicuous places. It has been well said by a wise philosopher. "All true mastery is of the mind."—In the dark ages and under pagan rule, woman was the slave of man's caprice. The reaction has come; and there is the rebound in an opposite direction.

In regard to the refusal of the Methodists to allow women to vote in general conference, a late writer in the *New York Herald* says:

"I knew how it was going to be the moment I heard those grave and reverend doctors of divinity beginning to quote Scripture against her. That's what they used to do in olden times when they wanted authority for burning Christians at the stake or indulging in other pious peccadilloes. Woman, they said, was good enough when money was to be raised or missionary work to be done, but when it came to appearing in the General Conference as a delegate, with a right to talk and vote, why then the Scriptures came in solidly against it."

To this the editor of *The American Spectator* adds:

"This attempt to keep the women in the background by quoting the Bible re-

minds me of Theodore Parker, when a Goliath among moral pigmies, he alone of all Boston's clergy denounced slavery, and for this offense against conservative thought and popular religion, drew upon his head the anathemas of every orthodox pulpit in the modern Athens, which quoted from Sunday to Sunday the Bible to prove that the curse and shame of the Republic should be upheld, even as our good Methodist brethren now quote Paul to prevent women from exercising their right. 'The Bible upholds slavery,' came the cry from every side. 'Well,' Parker is said to have exclaimed, 'if the Bible upholds slavery, away with such a Bible!' Nothing is more pitiful than the spectacle of big men endeavoring to barricade the path of progress with the Bible. Yet this is no new performance, as Bruno and Galileo knew to their sorrow. The late Dr. Howard Crosby, in common with many other leading ministers, strenuously opposed total abstinence on the grounds that it was unscriptural. They claimed and quoted many passages to show that the Bible clearly taught that men should use wine in moderation. In truth, almost every real reform or great discovery has been met with this old cry,—it is at variance with the Holy Scriptures. One would think that by this time sensible people would see that if the Bible opposes true progress or reform, the cause of humanity or of justice, the least said about such opposition, the better for the Bible."

Here arises a new issue, and the question presents itself as to what "true progress and reform" are. Evidently the author quoted is under the impression that it would be both reform and true progress for woman to be allowed to vote. He may or he may not be right, we are not prepared to say; but certainly no one is prepared to deny that the character of the vote cast by her would modify the proposition. If the vote was for reform, truth, justice and right; then, so far as it had power to further these desired ends, it would certainly be a good thing; but, if the contrary obtained and the vote was against these, then it would be the reverse. It would seem from this that the good we are seeking depends upon something *underlying* the desired right of franchise, and this underlying principle

exists perfectly independent of the possession or non-possession of a vote.

But the question has been borne in upon us from another source than this and with a slight difference in its bearings. Some of our elders are disposed to question the right of sisters to preside over prayer meetings, even when as in the case of the Prayer Union, only women are present. By this some of the sisters have been aggrieved and think that justice and right are not being done them, and are disposed to ask if woman is only fit for domestic service, and attending to the drudgery of the household, etc.

To our mind, just here two very grave mistakes are made; and it does not better the matter in the least that the sisters have not been alone in making these mistakes. The first is in regard to the character of service which constitutes greatness in the kingdom of Christ; and the second in accepting a wrong definition, or rather in defining the honor in which the other service is held.

Upon the right hand and upon the left hand of kings and potentates was the place of honor granted only to those in authority, and the mother of Zebedee's children, naturally ambitious for her own, desired that Christ should promise this place to her two sons. At this request the remaining ten were indignant. How natural it is for feelings of indignation to arise when others ask that which we ourselves desire. But if we have desired this would it not be well, yes, even before we have desired it, would it not be well to consider the great lesson which Christ at this time impressed upon the minds of his followers, namely: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are *great* exercise *authority upon them*. *But it shall not be so among you*: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

These words of the great Teacher demand our careful consideration, lest we be led to regard service from a wrong standpoint and look upon it as the world looks, and not as Christ taught us to look, and assured us was the order of *his kingdom*.

Shall we as daughters of Zion hold

inferior the ministry of loving service in his name, to the ministry of the priesthood? And if we do, by what authority? Surely not by any having for its foundation the teachings of Him who spake as never man spake, neither the teachings of his inspired apostles. Because the priesthood is called an "honor which no man taketh unto himself," does it follow that other positions are not honorable? If the twelfth of First Corinthians is intended to teach us anything it is intended to confirm this great lesson—that God bestows more abundant honor upon that part of the body which lacks, and the assurance that those members of the body which seem to be feeble are the *more necessary*.

Shall, then, the feeble members desire the place of the strong ones, or the strong of the feeble? This is to reject the counsel and wisdom of God; to refuse the greater honor bestowed by God, for the less of our own choosing. But on the other hand shall the strong boast of their strength, not rendering to the weaker members the honor God intended should be given? This would be a blot upon them; a sin which many tears of penitence would not erase.

Let us call your attention to the fact that the honor of the priesthood does not alone discriminate against woman, but against those who are *not called*, whether they be *men* or *women*. So far as our knowledge goes, Christ chose and ordained *only men*; but in doing this he did not authorize them for one moment to suppose that the honor conferred upon them was greater than upon any other member of the body, and while we are called upon to honor them in *their place*, they are equally bound to honor us in ours; and if they deprive us of one right which God intended us to possess, he will surely hold them accountable for so doing, and if they are great in the sight of God, great in the kingdom of heaven, it will be because they attain to greatness through humility; neither is there any other highway for us. The only binding power upon earth or in heaven is *vested in the gospel* of the Son of God. It is the savor of life unto life, or of death unto death, because the *righteousness* of God is revealed in it. If a man be called of God to administer in its ordinances and his acts are in harmony with *God's righteousness*, that which he

binds on earth shall be bound in heaven, and that which he looses on earth shall be loosed in heaven; but if his acts are not in harmony with the gospel or the *righteousness* of God, then his binding or loosing is but a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, though he were twice called and ordained.

If we are to judge the future by the past, woman will never be ordained to the priesthood by any man acting under the direction of the Spirit of God; but it does not at all follow that God is withholding from her any honor, neither that her work is less honorable, less important than the work of man who is called to the priesthood. The standard of honor in the kingdom of God is not the standard fixed by men in the kingdoms of this world.

There is no limit to the field of usefulness open to every true Christian, and no hands need be idle because there is no work to be done, and none who labor well and faithfully will come home at the evening hour without bearing their sheaves with them.

And now while advanced reforms are taking up the cause of woman and are ready in her behalf to make battle upon church or state, we turn to our own church and what do we find? Honestly this: that doors of usefulness and honorable service are open to her upon every hand, and she is invited to occupy. From two large and well organized branches women were sent as delegates to our late conference, and this is what Bro. Joseph remarks in regard to them: "Our sister delegates to conference were quite a feature in the late session. They were representatives of the work, alive in their hope in Christ, and were both intelligent and well informed in regard to the faith and needs of the work. None of them tired the assembly with long and noisy speeches, but the votes they cast were on the right side—beyond a question. It was pleasant to know that they were there, watchful as well as prayerful."

The above gives evidence of a spirit of true liberality and is the outspoken sentiment of a manly man; but, reverse the case and let it be the duty of this same man to pass upon other prerogatives as belonging to woman, would it be less manly if constrained to say: "This position I am not at liberty to permit you to

occupy, because the gospel has made no provision for it?" We unhesitatingly answer, not a whit less. He who is authorized to administer the gospel law has no choice. He is but an agent and works in accordance with instructions received. He may err, for man at best is only mortal and sees through a glass darkly; but if he err in the latter case, may it not be possible he has erred in the former?

In looking out upon the world to-day we feel thankful for "a more sure word of prophecy;" thankful that long before any vigorous blows were struck for the breaking of woman's fetters, either in church or state, the Lord showed to his people woman's true position as a *helper* in the gospel; and we believe that the time is not far distant when the church will be led to realize that she needs to foster more this arm of her service, and woman will not only do as she has in the past been doing good service in the church, but her service will be recognized and she will be set apart and ordained to that service by the church who requires it of her. In this we see but a simple act of justice upon the part of the church.

But granting this will never be, what then? Is there aught to discourage; aught to humiliate? Not if we know the manly men of our time; not if we apprehend the temper of those who stand at the head of affairs in our church. There never yet walked upon this earth a manly man who did not love and reverence woman; who was not willing to render her the honor due her as one made to walk by his side truly his equal in all save physical strength. His the adornment, the crown of boldness and daring; hers the crown of meekness and humility; his to battle with the world, hers to be to him a very tower of refuge and strength. Well has the poet said:

"Through court and through mart and through college,

The grand truth is working at length—
There's a purity wiser than knowledge,
There's a righteousness stronger than strength.

And though pride unto pride hath erected
The temple of state and the tower,
God again what the builders rejected,
Uplifteth in honor and power.

And in woman unshackled—the token
That justice, faith, truth are to reign,
That the bow shall be shaftless and broken,
Cast aside be the scepter and chain.

* * * *

Then at last from the deathful reposing,
 Human hope shall awake to God's day;
 And the stone, its cold sepulcher closing,
 The angels of God roll away."

We have no plea to make for woman, for the crowning workmanship of our Father's hand; she sits enthroned as high-priestess in the holy of holies into which no man shall enter. Hers the crown of pain and thorns, the kingdom of home and loving service; and if there be upon God's footstool a man to be pitied, a man who needs our faith and prayers that God may open his eyes, it is the man whose soul is so dwarfed, whose manhood so stunted that he remembers not the honor due to woman, if for no other reason, then for this: that it was a woman who went into the very jaws of death that he might be.

The mission of woman is high and holy, though it never extend beyond the sacred precincts of home; and, until every duty there is done and well done, she has no other. But if the service of the Master calls and she be free to go, let her not shrink from the battle, for the cup of cooling water which her hand can offer will be no less welcome to parched and thirsty lips, nor the wound bound up by her hand less grateful to the sufferer because she is only a private in God's great army; for in His army the highest honors belong to "*Him who serveth.*"

Are we serving? are we fit to receive honor of Him? becomes then the question of vital import. Have we been and are we still striving to be faithful to the few

things entrusted to our care? for it is unto such that He will say, "I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It has from the very first been the design of "Observations" to direct attention to the fact that the work of Joseph Smith forecast and made provision for many of the wonderful changes now taking place in the world; to show the broad, indisputable fact that his influence in the world, directly or indirectly, is world-wide, and that his positive enunciations upon various subjects antedated by years the after-agitation which has arisen; and had the church been true to her trust, had she followed out the teachings which he received from "Him who spake as never man spake" and communicated to her, she would stand to-day as the city set upon a hill and the model for the good which men are blindly seeking and finding not.

Neither in this subject of "Service" and "Woman's Work" have we lost sight of our original design; for we hold that God (who is no respecter of individuals) made known to Joseph Smith that there was a work in the church for woman to do, a work reaching beyond the sacred bounds of home, and that for this work it was necessary she should qualify herself; and not this only, but should be *ordained and set apart thereunto*. And if ordaining means conferring authority, so let it be; but it by no means follows that there is no authority other than the authority of the priesthood.

LOOSING THE GRAVE-CLOTHES.

"PRESBYTERIAN narrowness and dogmatism seem to be getting some of their hardest knocks from Presbyterians. Said Dr. Van Dyke, just before his death, 'If we cannot have liberty and Orthodoxy both, let us have liberty and let Orthodoxy go.' Says Dr. Parkhurst: 'The General Assembly stultified itself last year when it bound itself to keep within Calvinistic lines. Don't misunderstand me. No one has more respect for Calvin than I have; but I object to tying a live church to a man who has been under ground for three hundred years. Perhaps we cannot improve on Calvin;

but it hurts me to think that the church in which my heart is bound up is anchored to a graveyard. It will be as fatal to the church's future to pin her to an old name as it would be to physical science. To tie us to the sixteenth century is an attempt to drive the Presbyterian buggy with a hitched horse. The moment that you have created the suspicion in a person's mind that the church is not in sympathy with a broad Christianity, you have damned the church in his mind.' And again: 'Here is wherein there is danger for the church's future. The young men who would become its ministers pause on

the threshold and ask whether they must pluck out their brains and replace them with sawdust,—whether they can be believers and at the same time Presbyterians.’

“Dr. Parkhurst is rather hard on Princeton. He says: ‘There would have been no Princeton Theological Seminary in existence to-day if the apostles had looked at it as Princeton does. The spirit of such

an institution is to make theology as the shoemaker makes pegs, as the baker turns out crackers, all the crackers from the same dough, and with precisely the same stamp upon them. Princeton’s idea of church unity is precisely the same as the idea in the Catholic Church: the cutting off of the legs of those who do not walk in step; the abscission of the heads of those who do not think in step.’”

OUR COUNTRY.

BY “PAUL PARKER”

THE welfare of our country and the perpetuation of its free government should be dear to every young American, especially to those who believe it “a choice land above all other lands” (B. M. p. 53), and also to those in other countries who will yet make their home in the “land of the free” when the redemption of Zion draweth nigh. And it is with a desire that there might be kindled a flame of patriotism or fresh fuel added to that already burning that the writer ventures upon the task of attempting to enlighten the reader upon the history and institution of our country.

It is a duty we owe to ourselves and to our country that we should be acquainted with all of value that appertains to her history, and that we be imbued with the sentiment that found place in the mind of the “Father of his country” as expressed in his farewell address “watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever might suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.”

Our government is the best ever given to mankind because the principles upon which it rests are from God, and whatever of wrong is found in its administration is the result of human weakness and not of any inherent evil; and elements of wrong found in its framing were placed there by its founders as a compromise, there not being enough whose wisdom

could penetrate the future and discern the evil. But sufficient was found to make provision for its abolishment when it would be fully comprehended.

By reading the thirty-eighth verse, page twenty-four, Book of Mormon, we find that God delivered this nation “out of the hands of all other nations,” and on page fifty, verse one: “And it meaneth . . . that the Lord God will raise up a mighty nation among the Gentiles, yea, even upon the face of this land; and for this purpose have I established the constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood.”—D. C., p. 270.

While it seemed to be the fate of Israel to suffer under their kings, though they were God’s chosen people, they did not seem to be worthy of a better form of government, which they could have had but for their rebellious spirit. In the book of Samuel, eighth chapter, the Lord says they had rejected him in desiring a king and told them of the fatal consequences that would follow. In the Book of Mormon, page 202, Mosiah informs the people in regard to the evils of wicked kings and then says, “Therefore choose you by the voice of this people, judges, that ye may be judged according to the laws which have been given you by our fathers which are correct; and which were given them by the hand of the Lord.” “Now it is not common that the voice of the people desireth anything contrary to that which is right; but it is common for the lesser part of the people to desire that which is not right; therefore this shall

ye observe, and make it your law to do your business by the voice of the people."

Wise provisions are also made to deal with the judges when they are departing from the law, (p. 203). Jesus says, "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be servant of all." (Matt. 20:27). In all the departments of our government, legislative, executive and judicial, the officers are the servants of the people; and notwithstanding we may often envy them in their position of trust, they are simply our servants in all that the word implies and many who have disregarded the wishes of the people have felt their chastening hand in great severity, while those who were obedient have won the lasting gratitude of their countrymen.

At the present time there are great evils in our country which do much to injure her prosperity. Well organized and aggressive, these evils are making a desperate struggle to crush out our free schools or to destroy their usefulness. That which greatly enhances the danger is the loyalty to party leaders which obtains in their ranks, and the unity with which they labor makes it one of the most dangerous foes to our common country. And none but those who give the matter a careful study know of the great struggle which is now being made to get control of the government to use its great power for their own benefit regardless of the fate of our cherished institutions. And

it would be well for us to pay heed to the warning words of our martyred president, A. Lincoln. Mr. Chiniquy in his "Fifty Years in the church of Rome" credits him with having made to him the following statement: "I do not pretend to be a prophet. But though not a prophet I see a very dark cloud on the horizon. And that dark cloud is coming from Rome. It is filled with tears and blood. It will rise and increase till its flanks will be torn by a flash of lightning, followed by a fearful peal of thunder. Then a cyclone such as the world has never seen, will pass over this country, spreading ruin and desolation from north to south. After it is over, there will be long days of peace and prosperity; for Popery, with its Jesuits and merciless inquisition, will have been forever swept away from our country. Neither I nor you, but our children, will see those things."

The liquor traffic is doing very much to blight our happy country, not only in its vast expanse, but in corrupting our homes, defiling our young by its poisonous touch, thus destroying the elements necessary for the sustaining of a free government. Selfishness and covetousness with its continual grasping for wealth is corrupting all classes of society; the millionaire in his fine mansion and the peasant in his lowly cottage are both being defiled by its unhallowed influence.

MEMORIES.

THIS beautiful tribute of affection from the heart of a loving daughter to her parents, came too late for insertion in our June number, but we give it place in the mellow, ripening days of balmy September.—ED.

June 3d, 1891.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

JUNE is to me a month of memories. Memories of the birth of the two whom I call by the ever dear names of father and mother. There is not a foam-crowned wave on the watery world that lies between me and the land of my mother's birth that does not dance and gleam with memories of her love, her

care; and not a gleaming star in the world of night that does not twinkle with a brighter glow, as I think they watch over the place where my father first saw the light.

June roses nod together over them as children, and gleam in the dark hair of the *mother* I know now. A dark head then, silvered now. The breath of June is sweet with rose and woodbine; their fragrance is like some magic power, unloosing the curtains from the past, unveiling anew "pictures hung in memory's hall," kindling memory's camp fire and lighting a golden lamp by the light of which we see as in other days. The keys

respond to the faltering touch, and soon the full chord sounds sweet and strong as the years troop by in the bright sunshine. Sometimes a note of sadness as it marches on; now the joyful sound "a son is born;" now the smiling faces and low, soft answer, "a dear, sweet baby girl;" with the joyous clang of wedding bells. The June air seems full of joy, and the notes glide and flow, dance and ripple as a merry river; then a great wave of sobs and tears, wailing, lamentation; the distant hills rumble with thunder; the lightnings gleam like avenging swords; the voices join in the great inner swell, "He is dead, our Prophet is slain on this June 27th." How intermingled are our joys and sorrows in this life. Truly "in the midst of life, is death."

Sometime, when we reach that land of perpetual June, we will remember these June sorrows, June deaths, June partings, only as we remember the June rose thorns that pricked our fingers in the June of our childhood. Then may there stand with you around the great white throne the children to whom you have given the sweetness, the peace, the love of living

all with you, singing the songs of praise to Him who "knoweth the way that we take"—not always the path strewn with June roses, not always the sunny plain where June breezes blow—but always the path where the prayers of father and mother follow.

I lift for a time the curtain of the future and in fancy think it may be so. 'Tis so thick, so heavy, I can see but just a little way; but O that I might just see the June roses blooming again in the living presence of father and mother. When the second of June again shall come, when the rose-crowned June fifteenth nods to us next year, may they be wafting their fragrant odors on the air that my loved ones breathe, and may it be but as a joyful message that many times yet they shall nod and bloom for joy and pleasure of mother and father.

June roses blossom for thee, loved ones,
 June breezes bring fragrance and health,
 June songsters unite in your birth month to sing,
 And flood earth with rich melody's wealth.
 The blessings of heaven bear you, I pray,
 Protecting from sorrow and pain;
 Peace, comfort, and plenty be added each day,
 Till all rose-crowned June comes once again.

SINCERITY SEEKING SALVATION.—No. VII.

BY ELDER T. W. SMITH.

SINCERITY.—"While I accept these arguments as reasonable, and do not question the history you have given me to be true, yet what need was there of the Book of Mormon, if the New Testament furnishes us with sufficient ground for faith in Christ, and teaches us sufficiently the plan of salvation?"

Mr. S.—"I will answer by asking you to apply that argument to the New Testament itself; for if the Old Testament should prove to be sufficient to make a man wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus, and to make the man of God to be thoroughly or completely furnished unto all good works, no more need be required; hence the New Testament is unnecessary; for Paul said the Scriptures which Timothy knew from a child could do all this, and he referred to the Old Testament, evidently."

Sincerity.—"I see that point readily.

I used a similar argument with Mr. Campbello."

Mr. S.—"Beside, two witnesses, at least, are needed to establish every word, (Matt. 18:16; 1 Cor. 13:1); and of course three are better than two."

Sincerity.—"Does the Book of Mormon then agree with the Bible on all matters of Christian faith and practice, and in the plan of salvation?"

Mr. S.—"It certainly does so agree, and no one can believe the Bible and disbelieve the Book of Mormon. The historical features of the Bible and Book of Mormon differ, but so do the Old and New Testaments differ in that matter. The history of the United States and that of England differ, yet both are doubtless authentic."

Sincerity.—"I wish to ask you another question. Do you as a church believe, teach or practice anything that is con-

trary to the teachings of Christ as contained in the New Testament?"

Mr. S.—"Nothing whatever. But why do you ask that? Has anyone been telling you that we do believe differently to the New Testament?"

Sincerity.—"Yes; Mr. Campbello, in particular, warned me against you, and said you were deceivers, and fanatics, and impostors."

Mr. S.—"I am not surprised to hear that, as that is the general line of argument used by those who cannot prove our doctrine and practice wrong by the Scriptures. But wherein can we deceive you?"

Sincerity.—"I do not know, except that you claim that Joseph Smith was a prophet."

Mr. S.—"But you cannot be deceived in that, if you accept the simple Bible rule by which to test a professed prophet."

Sincerity.—"And pray what is that rule?"

Mr. S.—"When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken presumptuously; thou shalt not be afraid of him." (Deut. 18: 22). Of course if the thing does follow or come to pass, then the prophet has spoken the truth."

Sincerity.—"You mean then that a prophet is to be judged by the fulfillment or non-fulfillment of his predictions; or, in other words, he is to be considered a true prophet if his prophecies come to pass, and a false one if they fail?"

Mr. S.—"Just so. We ask that Joseph Smith be tested by this simple rule. We do not ask any one to accept any revelation that does not bear the test of reason, and common sense, if it contain doctrine; nor must it be received if it be a commandment, and requires the violation of any other commandment which the church has received as from God; nor do we accept any prophecy or prediction, unless thoroughly tested. You are not required to accept any revelation as divine, until you have become satisfied that it is of God. And nothing can be of God that is not harmonious, just and right, and agrees with what God has already revealed; for we believe that God does not change, nor vary, nor walk in crooked paths."

Sincerity.—"Well, I do not see any danger of being deceived, according to that view of the case. But may we not be deceived in regard to Joseph Smith's claim of being called of God to restore the gospel to earth, and to reorganize the church?"

Mr. S.—"That matter is easily settled; for, if you are acquainted with the gospel in its purity and fullness as was taught by Peter and Paul, you can, by hearing what Joseph Smith preached as the gospel, compare it with what Paul and others taught, and if it agrees in every particular with that gospel, you cannot be deceived, unless the ancient doctrine itself was false and deceptive. As to the church organization, if it agrees with the New Testament pattern in all points, how then?"

Sincerity.—"I am inclined to think that if I should test the doctrine and organization of the churches, represented by those who cry 'imposture,' 'deception,' 'fanaticism,' 'heresy,' etc., against you by that rule; that is, their agreement with the doctrine and form of government, etc., of the early Christians, that none of them would stand the test. But may we not be deceived in Joseph Smith's claim of having seen and conversed with and received instruction from an angel?"

Mr. S.—"Well, can any one disprove his claim? Can anyone prove that an angel did not appear to him at that time and place that he affirms he did? If anyone can prove that Joseph Smith was not at the place named by him, or, if there, that it was impossible for him to have seen the angel, there might be some sense in an effort to disprove his claim. But who can do this? Or, if the visits of angels are impossible, or even improbable, it might do to question his claim."

Sincerity.—"But many honest, intelligent people do not believe his claim in this matter."

Mr. S.—"That may be, but hundreds of people do not believe that an angel appeared to Mary, the mother of Jesus, nor to Peter, nor to Paul, nor to John. Many do not believe that Jesus arose from the dead. Multitudes do not believe in the Bible account of creation, or of the flood, or of the whale swallowing Jonah, and many other Bible statements. But their unbelief is no evidence that the events did not occur as recorded."

Sincerity.—“But may we not be deceived in Joseph Smith’s claim that he was commissioned by divine authority to preach the gospel?”

Mr. S.—“Eighteen hundred years ago Peter, James and John claimed that Christ had sent them to preach the gospel, and they gave the people a certain, infallible and unmistakable rule to test their claim by. It was that expressed by Peter on the day of Pentecost; namely, that if they repented and were baptized for the remission of their sins, that they should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. Now, as the Holy Spirit was a divine power, emanating from God and Christ alone, and was something that no human being could of himself bestow, it would follow then, as a matter of course, that if the Holy Ghost was given, in accordance with the promise or offer of the apostle, that God himself, and his Son, must have endorsed the promise made by the apostle, and they were therefore united with or were associated, so to speak, in the transaction; in other words, they were the principals, and the apostles were their agents in the transaction.”

“I can clearly understand that,” replied Sincerity.

“Well then,” said Mr. S., “if Joseph Smith should preach the same gospel (and no one can disprove that fact) and should require people who believe it to repent and be baptized for remission of sins, as they did, and do it ‘in the name of Jesus Christ,’ and then should promise them the gift of the Holy Ghost, what conclusion would you come to, if the Holy Spirit was given in like degree, and in like manner, as it was given in the days of old?”

Sincerity.—“Why, in common honesty, I should be compelled to say that God was working with Joseph Smith as he did with Peter and others; and endorsed and sustained him as his accredited representative as much as he did Peter.”

Mr. S.—“Well, would Joseph be an impostor in promising the Holy Ghost, if people actually received it under his hands as was the case with Peter and John among the Samaritans (Acts 8), and as was the case with Paul and the Ephesians. (Acts 19)?”

Sincerity.—“No, unless Paul and Peter and John were impostors. But how is it that the Rev. Messrs. Presbutero,

Methodus, Episcopas, Luthero, Baptistees, Campbello and others do not make this offer or promise in the name of Jesus Christ?”

Mr. S.—“Simply because they know that they have no authority from Christ to do so.”

Sincerity.—“Where is their authority to officiate as ministers of the gospel (so-called) to be traced from?”

Mr. S.—“From the Church of Rome, of which their respective churches are the daughters, or granddaughters, or great-granddaughters. Their ordinances are to be traced to the authority of the Pope, from whom they have all received their official standing. Mr. Methodus received his office from Wesley, and he from the ministry of the Church of England, and they from the Church of Rome; for the church in England in 755 A. D. submitted to the authority of the Pope of Rome, and remained under his jurisdiction till 1534, or for nearly eight hundred years; and the archbishops, bishops, etc., who seceded from the Roman Church and set up the Church of England, received their offices from the Pope, and they have transmitted their authority to others, and they in turn to others, until this day. Mr. Methodus, of course, obtained his authority from that source. Mr. Luthero received his, of course, from the Pope through Martin Luther, a former monk of the Roman Church. Mr. Presbutero and Mr. Baptistees are merely dissenters from the Church of Rome, or from some one of her daughters. Mr. Campbello sees the point, and so he does not claim to have any especial authority except what he gets out of the Bible; yet nevertheless, if he has any authority at all, by virtue of being ordained an elder or deacon, he has got it from some party who got theirs from Rome.”

Sincerity.—“But suppose a man would claim to possess a valid priesthood in the Church of Christ; how must he get it?”

Mr. S.—“Why, ‘No man taketh this honor unto himself but he that is called of God as was Aaron.’—Heb. 5:4.”

Sincerity.—“And how was he called?”

Mr. S.—“By direct revelation from God to himself, and by revelation from God to Moses the prophet, and president of the Church of God in those days. (Ex. 28:41; 4:14–16, 27, 28). Paul and Barnabas were called to be apostles

through prophets at Antioch. (Acts 13: 1-4). So Timothy received his office through prophecy. (1 Tim. 4: 14; 2 Tim. 1: 6, 14). And the prophet Amos said, 'Surely, the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets.'—Amos 3: 7."

Sincerity.—"But these reverend gentlemen whom I have named assert that there are no prophets in these days save false ones."

Mr. S.—"Then they cannot be called of God as was Aaron, and therefore cannot take upon themselves the priesthood as Aaron did. But how can they learn that God wants them for the ministry? It must be a secret with the Lord until revealed, but if there are no prophets the Lord will not reveal the secret; in other words, if there are no prophets, there will be no call to the ministry."

Sincerity.—"But does not Paul say that prophecies shall fail?—1 Cor. 12: 8."

Mr. S.—"True, but does he say that they will fail because they will be no longer needed? But did you ever think that Paul does not say that *prophets* shall fail, but 'prophecies,' which are the utterances of prophets. However, I think he meant and probably said, that prophesyings will fail; and they would fail or cease, if the Spirit of God, through which they came, should be taken from the church because of transgression."

Sincerity.—"But does history show that the time ever came when prophecy failed, and tongues ceased and knowledge vanished away?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, John Wesley affirms that about the days of the Emperor Constantine, or in the beginning of the fourth century, the various spiritual gifts ceased, on the ground that the 'Christians had all turned heathens again,' and 'had no more of the Spirit of Christ than the other heathen.' And he says that was the 'true reason' why they were no longer found, 'and not because,' said he, 'as is vulgarly supposed that they were no longer necessary.' This idea he calls 'a miserable mistake.'"

Sincerity.—"Why, then, Mr. Methodus must have apostatized from Wesley's doctrine, as well as from Paul's. But do not the ministers say that 'knowledge' exists to a greater extent now than ever before?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, but Paul said that

'knowledge shall vanish away' as well as that prophecies would fail, or that tongues would cease; and of course for the same reason, that is, it would become no longer necessary."

Sincerity.—"But it is the extreme of folly to claim that knowledge would ever become unnecessary."

Mr. S.—"True, and the Lord said, 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' (Hosea 4). And as it is eternal life to know God and Jesus Christ, if knowledge has vanished away, then there is no eternal life to be gained to-day. But that the knowledge of God and Christ is lost in the churches is evident; for their creeds say that they are both 'incomprehensible' and no one can know that they cannot comprehend."

Sincerity.—"But when did Paul mean that prophecies should fail and tongues cease, and knowledge vanish away?"

Mr. S.—"He does not say that they ever will pass away, but that their *imperfect state or condition* will end in the establishment of a perfect state, as any and every imperfect and developing principle, flower, insect, animal, child, etc., etc., will cease its imperfect state, its growing and developing state, when fully matured, ripe, perfected, or fully developed. Read 1 Cor. 13: 9-12."

Sincerity.—"Well, I see into that. I have another question on another subject: Can you tell me what is meant by the title, 'Christ' or 'Messiah' as applied to Jesus?"

Mr. S.—"It means that Jesus is to be the Redeemer of Israel, the Restorer of the throne and kingdom of David, according to the predictions of the prophets, concerning him."

Sincerity.—"Will you please refer to some of them?"

Mr. S.—"Yes. Please read 1 Chronicles 17: 11-15. Here God calls David's kingdom, 'My kingdom.' 1 Cor. 29: 23: David's throne is here called 'the throne of the Lord.' Isaiah 9: 6, 7: Christ is prophesied of as one who shall reign on David's throne, and who shall establish his kingdom: 'At that time Jerusalem shall be called the throne of the Lord.' Jeremiah 3: 17; Ezek. 21: 25-27: The overturning of the kingdom of Israel, and it being finally given to Christ is here predicted. The angel Gabriel declares in Luke 1: 31-33, that Jesus shall

reign on the throne of David, and over the house of Jacob forever. Christ promised in Matthew 19: 28, and in Luke 22: 28-30, that the twelve apostles shall sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel; and hundreds of passages declare the restoration of Palestine to its ancient prosperous state, and that Jerusalem shall be re-inhabited, and restored; and that all Israel shall be restored to their land, and be reunited, and form one kingdom under one king."

Sincerity. — "How long is Christ to reign on earth?"

Mr. S. — "Until he subdues all enemies under his feet, when he shall give up the kingdom to God the Father. (1 Cor. 15: 24-28). He will reign a thousand years. (Rev. 20: 4-6). Then the kingdom of God will come, and the prayer of Christ be answered, 'Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven.'"

Sincerity. — "There is one question connected with the baptism of Christ that I would be pleased to have a little light upon, and that is, I have heard that Christ was circumcised when a child, yet he was baptized when about thirty years old in the River Jordan by John. Now why was not Christ sprinkled in infancy in the room of circumcision, inasmuch as he is our pattern?"

Mr. S. — "True, but you see John's mission ended when Christ was about thirty years old, and Christ observed the law of Moses while it was in force, and was therefore circumcised. But the baptism that he submitted to was certainly not sprinkling, for he was baptized 'in the River Jordan,' and after being baptized, he 'came up out of the water,' and of course he must have gone *into the water* in order to 'come up out of' it. And if Christ is our example or pattern, and was circumcised when an infant, then if sprinkling took the place of circumcision, it would indicate that even if we are sprinkled in infancy, we must afterward be immersed as he was. But there is no evidence at all found in the Scriptures that sprinkling was substituted for circumcision. It is but a vain and empty assertion of men who make void the word of God by their traditions."

Sincerity. — "If Christ was baptized of John, whose baptism was that of immer-

sion for remission of sins, how could that be when he knew no sin?"

Mr. S. — "True, he had no sins of his own to be washed away; but he took on him 'the sin of the world' (John 1: 29) or the Adamic transgression, or the sin of Adam which was the sin of the world, for all sin in or through or by him, as he represented the world. 'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' The preposition *in* signifying *by* or *through*. As Adam by *disobedience* brought death upon all the world, so Christ by *obedience* to the law of righteousness, which is the gospel, (Rom. 1: 16, 17), bought or secured life from the dead, to all mankind, and will raise all men from the grave. But as Paul says, 'No testament is of force while the testator liveth,' so this testament or covenant that Christ made with God, the Father, was not in force until he died. It was then that 'the graves were opened, and many bodies of the Saints which slept arose.'"

Sincerity. — "Then, by obeying the law of baptism, Christ will bring all the dead to life, as Adam by *disobeying* the law that God gave him, brought death upon all mankind; but that act of Christ does not secure us freedom or escape from our personal transgressions, does it?"

Mr. S. — "No, that is secured by our faith in the gospel, and by our repentance, and obedience to the gospel in baptism. The evidence and seal of pardoned sin and our adoption into the family of God, is the Holy Ghost, given us through prayer, and the laying on of the hands of the ministry."

Sincerity. — "Then how does the blood of Christ cleanse us from sin?"

Mr. S. — "God in his infinite wisdom has ordained that without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sins. Why that is needful, he has not informed us. But Christ, having shed his blood, atonement for sin has been made. That is, sins can be forgiven; but the conditions upon which God promises forgiveness are faith in Him, in His Son, and in the gospel, repentance from sin and dead works, and baptism by immersion at the hands of those whom God has called, chosen and ordained or appointed. The gospel is the power, way or means of salvation. By it we are saved, and not by any works of our own devising, or by our

own righteousness. But the gospel law of good works are not our own works, but works of God's devising and appointment, and the righteousness that we do is the righteousness of God as revealed through the gospel. (Rom. 1: 16, 17)."

Sincerity.—"What, then is the gospel of Christ that is to be the power of God unto salvation?"

Mr. S.—"It is the glad tidings of the kingdom of God, or 'the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ.' That kingdom being, first the Church of Christ; second, the restored kingdom of Israel; third, the universal kingdom of the Father."

Sincerity.—"Can I really know if this doctrine is true?"

Mr. S.—"If you do the will of the Father you shall know of the doctrine being divine. (John 7: 17). Do you believe the doctrine?"

Sincerity.—"Yes, I do with all my heart."

Mr. S.—"Then 'repent and be baptized for remission of sins.'"

Sincerity.—"Can you truly baptize me *in the name of the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost?*"

Mr. S.—"Yes, I possess the authority to do so."

Sincerity.—"What do you promise will result?"

Mr. S.—"You will receive the Holy Spirit after you receive the laying on of hands of the elders, and you shall receive such gifts of the Spirit as the Lord will."

Sincerity.—"I hope I shall not be deceived."

Mr. S.—"You cannot be if you are truly sincere."

Sincerity.—"I am ready to obey the gospel, and purify my soul in obeying the truth."

And so they both went down into the water, and Mr. S. baptized him, and with another elder of the church laid hands on him that he might receive the Holy Spirit; which having received he received a knowledge of the doctrine, and could say that he knew that Jesus is the Christ,

the Son of the living God; and further, he knew that there was authority that was of God, possessed by the elders of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and although his companions and friends forsook him and called him a fool and a fanatic, and some of his father's family treated him with coldness and indifference, and he suffered persecution in many forms; yet the fact remained that he had believed and obeyed the gospel in its fullness and purity, and, above all, he knew that he had received the Spirit of God, which proved him to be a son of God; and being a son or child of God, he understood that he was an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ; and that claim and title he would not exchange for the throne of the mightiest monarch on earth, for he was an heir of the world, and heir of all things, and heir to a kingdom and a dominion and to the greatness thereof under the whole heaven.

He received different spiritual gifts, and was called of God and ordained to preach the gospel by the power of the Holy Ghost, and obtained evidence of possessing divine authority; for those whom he baptized and confirmed received in most unmistakable form and measure the gift of the Holy Ghost; and thus he realized that the Lord worked with him, as with Peter, James and John, and confirmed the word that he preached with various "signs" or spiritual gifts. And all this confidence, peace, joy, satisfaction, assurance and divine power he obtained in the despised, hated, maligned, misunderstood and unpopular Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

It was a small body, compared with the popular churches, but Sincerity understood that it was to the few and not to the multitude that Christ said, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," and he found that as Paul and Barnabas said, "That we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."—Acts 14: 22.

THE END.

"One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The only one countersign sure to win!"

THE LITTLE WIVES OF INDIA.

AN AMERICAN PROTEST.

I SOMETIMES wonder how long it will be before the United States of America insist on taking an active part in the government of India. The suggestion, no doubt, will be scouted as monstrous by those who merely look at the surface, but those who are familiar with the undercurrent will know that few things are more probable than that the whole of our Indian administration may be profoundly influenced by American opinion brought to bear, not at first by ironclads and diplomatic despatches, but by the constant pressure of American opinion.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN INDIA.

The administration of India is coming more and more to be regarded as a great experiment, in which the English-speaking race is interested in the elevation of 250 million Asiatics. We in the old country are, at present, solely responsible for the work, but although we are the men at the front, the Americans are the men at the rear; and their criticisms, although pretty plainly audible, will probably increase in volume as the world shrinks, and India and Indian administration is brought more closely under the microscope of civilization. Already we hear of missions organized by the Women's Christian Temperance Union for the purpose of examining into and reporting upon the sale of drink and opium in India and Burmah, and on the way in which the regulations adopted by the Indian Government as substitutes for the C. D. Acts are being worked out in our great dependency. Thus, whether we like it or not, we have got to face the fact that American opinion will exercise a continually increasing pressure upon our Indian administration until at last it is by no means improbable this influence will make itself felt directly through the ordinary channels of Governmental action.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S PROTEST.

An illustration of this tendency is afforded by a very remarkable paper on the "Little Wives of India," which Dr. Emma B. Ryder contributes to the *Home-Maker* for June, a New York monthly magazine

which is not so well known in this country as it deserves to be. Dr. Ryder is a New York physician who is at present at work in Bombay. Her paper is well worth reading by those who imagine that our American kinsfolk will not try their hand at bettering the condition of their fellow creatures in India. Dr. Ryder declares that the condition of the little wives of India for misery, degradation and hopelessness, has no equal on the face of the entire earth. "If the never-published record of oppression, tyranny and murder which goes on constantly in cold blood in the homes of the Hindus could be spread out to view, we should behold a living inferno such as has never been pictured by the imagination of man." Of course we will be told that this is none of Dr. Ryder's business, just as American slave-owners were very emphatic in telling English people, when they were roused by reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that slavery in the Southern States was a domestic institution with which Britishers had no concern. But people who speak the common language and profess the same religion are practically one nation, and the things which powerfully affect one section make themselves felt throughout the whole extent of the community. For our part, we heartily welcome Dr. Ryder's criticisms.

THE EFFECT OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

Dr. Ryder says:—

In coming to India I expected to find women and girls that would much resemble those I had seen in other tropical countries—in Mexico, Central America, and on the Isthmus of Panama—healthy, with dark faces and laughing bright eyes. I can never express the sadness of heart that I experienced when I met these half-developed women, with their look of hopeless endurance, their skeleton-like arms and legs, and saw them walking the prescribed number of paces behind their husbands, with never a smile on their faces. I expected the little girls in India would be the same precocious, strong, fully-developed girls that I found in other tropical countries; and how great was my astonishment to behold the little dwarf-like, quarter-developed beings, and to be

told that they were wives, and serving not only their lords and masters, but the mothers-in-law, and often a community family of ten, twelve, fourteen, or twenty. Talk of maturity for these little creatures! They can never come to full maturity, for they were robbed before they were born, as were their ancestors. If they could have proper exercise, with all the food they need, and above all if they could be made happy until they were twenty-five years old, it might not be a sin for them to give birth to an immortal soul.

THE BRUTALITY OF THE HINDU HUSBAND.

If I could take my readers with me on my round of visits for one week, and let them behold the condition of the Little Wives, it would need no words of mine to send them forth crying into this wilderness of sin. If you could see the suffering faces of the little girls, who are drawn nearly double with contractions, caused by the brutality of their husbands, and who will never be able to stand erect; if you could see the paralyzed limbs that will not again move in obedience to the will; if you could hear the plaintive wail of the little sufferers as, with their tiny hands clasped, they beg you to "make them die," and then turn and listen to the brutal remarks of the legal owner with regard to the condition of his property; if you could stand with me by the side of the little deformed dead body, and, turning from the sickening sight, could be shown the new victim to whom the brute was already betrothed, do you think it would require long arguments to convince you that there was a deadly wrong somewhere, and that someone was responsible for it? After one such scene a Hindu husband said to me, "You look like you

feel bad" (meaning sad). "Doctors ought not to care what see. I don't care what see; nothing trouble me, only when self sick; I not like to have pain self."

THE WORST SLAVERY ON EARTH.

A man may be a vile and loathsome creature; he may be blind, a lunatic, an idiot, a leper, or diseased in a worse form; he may be fifty, seventy, or a hundred years old, and may be married to a baby or a girl of five or ten, who positively loathes his presence, but if he claims her she must go, and the English law for the "Restitution of Conjugal Rights" compels her to remain in his power, or imprisons her if she refuses. There is no other form of slavery on the face of the earth that begins with the slavery as enforced upon these little girls of India.

Dr. Ryder's method of dealing with these evils is as follows:—

I would allow all to marry their children at any age, and by any form they preferred, and to spend an amount of money on the occasion to satisfy the individual pocket, as that seems to be an essential element in all Indian marriage ceremonies. But so soon as the ceremony was ended, I would cause the powerful arm of Statute Law to take these child-brides under its protecting care, and would make it a criminal offence—punishable by fine and imprisonment—for a man to cohabit with his "religious" wife, until the parties had been either duly registered as man and wife, or had been married by civil law. Registering and certificates should be withheld from all children, and those not men and women as decided by taking the totality of conditions.

—Review of Reviews.

WHEN MY SHIP WENT DOWN.

Sank a palace in the sea,
When my ship went down;
Friends whose hearts were gold to me—
Gifts that ne'er again can be—
'Neath the waters brown.
There you lie, O Ship, to day,
In the sand-bar stiff and gray!
You who proudly sailed away
From the splendid town.

Now the ocean's bitter cup
Meets your trembling lip;
Now your gilded halls look up
From Disaster's grip.
Ruin's nets around you weave;
But I have no time to grieve;
I will promptly, I believe,
Build another ship.

—Will Carleton.

BARON HIRSCH'S PLANS FOR THE JEWS.

WHAT I desire to accomplish, what, after many failures, has come to be the object of my life, and that for which I am ready to stake my wealth and my intellectual powers, is to give to a portion of my companions in faith the possibility of finding a new existence, primarily as farmers and also as handicraftsmen, in those lands where the laws and religious tolerance permit them to carry on the struggle for existence as noble and responsible subjects of a human government. . . . Guided by these convictions, my course for philanthropic work was clearly shown me. By establishing organizations in the Orient and in Galicia I wish to give the Jews who had remained in the faith the opportunity of becoming good farmers and craftsmen without removing them from the land upon which they were settled, and agricultural schools and schools for manual training were to supply the means for teaching them. It is necessary, however, to adopt some other method for aiding those Jews who are driven from their country and are obliged to seek new homes across the ocean. And it is at present, therefore, my greatest desire to accomplish a work on a much more important scale, and of quite a different character from any adopted up to the present time—a purpose which, it may be reasonably hoped, will bring about the results already men-

tioned. The question is, then, to help the Russian Jews who have just been exiled from their homes to find new countries where they can use their powers freely, where they can bring into practice again the qualities they have inherited from their ancestors, and, finally, where they can become useful citizens of a free and secure country, in which the rights of all inhabitants are equal. In considering this plan, I naturally thought of the United States, where the liberal constitution is a guarantee of happy development for the followers of all religious faiths. Yet I was obliged to confess that to increase to any great extent the already enormous number of Jews in the United States would be of advantage neither to the country itself nor to the exiled Jews; for it is my firm conviction that this new settlement should be scattered through different lands and spread over a large space, so that there shall be no opportunity for social or religious rupture. I made a study, therefore, of different countries, and after careful examination I have become convinced that the Argentine Republic, Canada, and Australia, above all others, offer the surest guarantee for the accomplishment of this plan. I expect to begin with the Argentine Republic, and arrangements for the purchase of certain lands for the settlement are now being made.

—North American Review for July.

POVERTY'S DEMANDS.

I DO not imagine that the gnawing hunger of the tens of thousands of "out-of-works" in London, who, during the past few weeks, have wearily walked day after day many miles in search of work, was in the least appeased by the lengthy description in the London daily press of the luxurious banquets and *fetes* given on every hand in honor of the wealthy monarch of Germany, who claims to rule by divine right. Nor do I fancy the universal storm of discontent, whose mutterings are heard in every civilized land, will in any degree subside when the gaunt and hunger-eyed millions read the details of the many acts

of reckless extravagance which marked the imperial visit; such, for instance, as the following account of the casket given this foreign autocrat by the municipality of London,—a city within whose borders tens of thousands of men, women, and little children were starving to death at the moment of its presentation.

The address of the municipality of the city of London was presented to the Emperor in a splendid gold casket, richly enameled and ornamented with precious stones.

The designs on the casket embodied features illustrative of the relations ex-

isting between England and Germany. On the cover of the casket are displayed views of the different historic parts of the city, and in their center is the crest of the city of London, with a central figure representing the city. The center piece is surrounded with German eagles. Under the center canopy in the body of the casket are the imperial arms in full blazon.

Canopied figures ornament the sides of this casket and show out prettily against the blue enamel. The body of the casket is supported upon four open arches, one on each side, and at each corner of the casket are griffins holding the arms of the city of London. The eyes of the griffins are fine diamonds, and the cross in the imperial arms is also composed of diamonds. The whole frame work of the city of London's gift is of 18 carat gold.

The lord mayor personally handed the casket containing the address to the imperial guest of the municipality, bowing deeply as he did so.

The intelligence of the masses is rapidly reaching that point where bloody revolutions will inevitably follow unless men and women of wealth speedily lay aside the heartless selfishness and brutal inhumanity which characterize the majority of the rich to-day and recognize the duty devolving on every man and woman

who has been supplied with means to liberally and freely assist in abolishing the misery and wretchedness of the world and bringing about a more just and equitable condition of society. The idea of the moral relationship existing between man and man, and the determination to secure a greater meed of justice, are rapidly becoming controlling thoughts among the masses. The muttering which preceded the French Revolution gave ample warning to an aristocracy of rich and selfish creatures, which if heeded would have doubtless spared the world a scene of savage brutality which had been rendered possible only by the insolence and tyranny of wealth and power. Must this tragedy be repeated on a far more general scale, or will our rich and educated classes see the danger and from selfish motives if actuated by no nobler impulse, avert it? This is their supreme opportunity. They cannot, thanks to education, liberty and progress, drive humanity back into the serfdom from which it has been emancipated. But they may be able to change the feeling of bitterness and hatred which is swelling in millions of hearts to that of fraternal goodwill, by liberal, earnest, and prompt steps which look toward the abolition of poverty, at least of uninvited poverty.

—B. O. Flower in American Spectator.

ARE THEY CHRISTIANS?

SUMMER passes and autumn comes. John has put up a large amount of hay, and put the place in fine shape. But what of the winter? It will be long and probably severe. There is no money laid up and small chance to earn any in winter. There will be coal bills to pay, provided coal can be had, for during snow blockades there are often coal famines and terrible suffering, and there are many mouths to feed; and altogether the prospect is not brilliant. Time drifts on into late November, when suddenly winter itself comes down upon them in a terrible snowstorm for that time of the year. "Shall we winter here?" was John's anxious inquiry. "If not, where then?"

Mr. Blake had written from M—, inviting John and his family to visit them and

stay during the winter, and though the duty is not a pleasant one, we will say that the Blakes had taken great offense when the Grays left Chicago for Iowa, instead of going back to M—, and John was thought very hard-hearted in going to his people instead of bringing Addie home to hers. The fact that John's lease of life was so short according to his physician's prediction, and that he might want to spend his few days of earth near his own kindred, seemed to have no weight whatever with them. Perhaps, however, if Mr. Gray had died on schedule time, he might have been forgiven; but to go to Iowa *and recover* was too much. In fact they were told pointedly during correspondence on the subject, that John would have recovered just as soon in

M——, a fact we very much doubt; for it was not and never could be home to him. He was made doubly sensitive by disease, and knew that for a season he would be a helpless burden to his friends, all of which might seriously affect his recovery. And so when word reached the Blakes in regard to the farm venture, they again fell under censure, and John was again accused of desiring to live near his own family at the expense of the happiness of his wife and her friends. In this he was certainly done an injustice, for the desire to live near his parents did not in the least affect John's plans after his recovery; he simply sought to make a home, and had found a spot which he felt would be in all ways worthy of that name.

Time had in nowise softened the feelings of the Blakes toward Mr. Gray, but in the hope of getting Addie home for winter they had sent the invitation mentioned. John appreciating the condition of affairs was very loth to accept it, but that first storm found them with very little fuel, and his experience was such in getting a load of coal from the village through huge drifts and an unbroken road, that he decided that it was hardly safe to run such a risk. He knew that in hard winters there were "coal famines" along the railroads during snow blockades, and if people in town were often destitute of fuel, what chance did he stand so far away? And as nothing better offered he decided to go to M——, and they hastened preparations.

Charles Gray was at this time living in a village six miles from the lakes, and John decided to lock his household goods in his house and leave them in charge of Charles till his return. Preparations completed, they were ready to start for the home of John's parents, when another snowstorm delayed them. After this was over they made the start at 12:30 p. m., December 1st, 18—. They traveled about a mile that day, and found the roads so impassible that they had to return. The next morning the start was again made, and when they left the house there was but half a scuttle of coal unburned!

The struggle through the drifts was a terrible one, but at last, cold and almost exhausted, they reached the home of the elder Mr. Gray, and their anxiety for the safety of their little family was over.

John had mortgaged his house in the village to buy his team, and as the mortgage was almost due and his father had an interest in the place, he gave him the team and his interest in the place to pay the mortgage, and after a visit of only one day they left for Michigan.

Mr. Ogden, the brother-in-law for whom John had worked in M——, had sold his property there and had gone to California, and they were writing to John's parents glowing accounts of the golden state and urging them to sell out and join them there, which they finally did, Charles Gray being the only one of the family left in Iowa.

The voyage to Michigan was uneventful, and they received an apparently cordial welcome. John at once went to work in the foundry connected with the machine shop of Mr. Blake. Here again he found work for which he was physically unfitted—a great deal of heavy lifting and breaking up iron with heavy sledges. He did not complain, however, for it was employment, and he received ninety cents per day; small wages, but plenty of men were ready to take the place and the wages.

By the time he had worked two weeks the gases had so affected his throat that he could hardly speak aloud. This gradually wore away and in its place came rheumatism, which the dampness and unavoidable exposure of the place made escape from it impossible. From this he suffered terribly, more than even his wife ever knew. As for sympathy from others, he knew it was altogether lacking, so he bore up as best he could.

That he was disliked by the family was made quite plain in many ways, and the fear took possession of him that he should be taken sick and become helpless at their home. There was no open accusation against him, but a certain subtle undercurrent of hostility showed John where he stood in the estimation of the Blakes, until he began to feel toward himself about as they felt toward him. He told himself many times that he was living on their charity; and he felt that, feeling as they did, they were certainly paying a high price to get a visit from their daughter.

What little money he got went for necessary expenses, leaving but little to pay his share of the expenses at the Blake residence.

The crime of which he accused himself (and of which they would accuse him were their minds freely spoken), was that of being unsuccessful; and the cloud which these things cast upon his mind made him reckless of his physical condition, and Mrs. Gray saw with anxiety that he was driving a not overstrong body racked with physical pain entirely beyond the limit of safety, and seemed to take a grim satisfaction in so doing.

The Grays finally decided that they could live far more happily by themselves. They removed from Mr. Blake's and set up housekeeping for themselves, Mrs. Blake very kindly lending them very many useful articles, and under the new condition of things they were much happier; and as John's rheumatism began to wear off they became quite cheerful. About this time John was promoted from the foundry to the machine shop and his wages increased to one dollar per day.

But as spring was now approaching, the question of whether they should or should not remain in M—— came up. When the Blakes had written them to come it was ostensibly to remain during the winter only, but now that they were there the Blakes seemed to think they ought to remain. This brought up the old vexed subject of removing the daughter so far from her friends. Finally John decided to give up the beautiful Iowa home and the pleasant freedom of his western life and settle down to an occupation altogether uncongenial to him, but his wife raised more objections to staying than he expected; her love for him enabled her to see how great was the sacrifice he was making. She was fully aware of her parents' feelings toward him, and as far as happiness in living near her friends was concerned, she felt that if the last few months were a fair sample of what was to be, she much preferred the Iowa home, which she really loved. She felt that all would be better friends farther apart.

In the machine shop things did not progress very smoothly. John was older than most of the men who worked there and who had mastered the trade, and to these younger men it was often necessary to go for information, as from them John must learn his trade; and the snubs, often insults, and being put aside by these young men, did not sweeten his temper

nor help his neglected Christianity.

The lack of Christian sentiment was very noticeable in that establishment, and in its place was much reckless and profane language; and on more than one occasion as John asked a civil question, and received an insulting or profane reply, such replies came very near bringing about a personal encounter. Added to the natural inclination of the men to be overbearing to the newest apprentice was the feeling which obtained among them that John, being a relative of Mr. Blake, was put in there as a spy in the interest of the firm. This made them use him more meanly than ever, and thus his position was anything but a pleasant one.

But the Blakes seemed so averse to Addie's again leaving them that they were between two fires. Mr. Blake had in a very early day been in Iowa, and as his experience had not been very satisfactory, he strongly urged them not to go. "If they had a place paid for and things to work with, it would do; but to go back to a place they had yet to pay for, was folly." His advice was no doubt good, but John felt that he did not take into sufficient consideration the location of the place and its future prospects.

At last the feeling grew so strong against their return that John wrote his brother to sell the hay, sell or give away their more bulky household goods, of which they had a really good outfit, dispose of the boat for any price and send the balance of the goods to him. To this Charles replied that it was impossible to get away to see to the work and would be for some time. What was to be done? Spring was at hand and the agent would want the Grays back on the place, or he could hold their property for breach of contract. The weather was getting warm and spring-like. How John longed for his free life on the prairie!

His wife saw this and knew that if he staid he could never be contented, and her voice was to go back and at least save their property; and that if they could not pay for the farm, sell out and come back. This compromise plan was the one finally adopted.

About this time John's sister, Mrs. Ogden, made him a present of a hundred dollars to help buy a team, and John was very hopeful in consequence. But in the midst of their preparations one of the

oldest children (they had now three little girls) was taken with measles. The other soon came down, and though they got along nicely, it was a full month before it was considered safe to start with them. Even then their youngest was not fully recovered as the sequel will show. Though apparently out of danger, the disease still lingered in the system, and going or staying it is probable that a relapse would have been equally certain.

At last good-byes were said and the Grays went on board the steamboat enroute to their western home, Mrs. Blake exacting from John the promise that if they did fail in Iowa, to go no farther away. She feared they would then join John's parents in California; and John, who had lived nearly all his life away from home, readily made the promise, for he had no thought of leaving his well-loved Iowa.

The trip over the lake was uneventful. They got little sleep, however, on account of cramped quarters. In the morning they hurried from boat to depot, and here Mrs. Gray remained while John bought some needed supplies and forwarded them with his freight, and it was eleven o'clock and almost train time when he returned, and then Mrs. Gray informed him that the baby, as they called her, a little girl not two years old, had been feverish and was not feeling well. She had, however, partaken of lunch with the other children.

Should they stay over and consult a physician? The symptoms were so trifling that they feared he would laugh at them. She was probably a little sea-sick. They had simple remedies with them, and if she continued sick they could stop at some station on the road; and so they started and the train rolled out of the smoky city, through the scattered suburbs and on till they were out on the beautiful prairie, just putting on the emerald robes of spring; and though tired they were contented and happy. If the baby was more quiet than usual it was attributed to its new surroundings. It made no complaint and the fever was gone.

Noon passed and the child asked for water. Taking it in her arms the mother carried it to the rear of the car. In a moment John heard her call him, and he hurried toward her. Oh God, what a sight to meet a parent's eyes! The disease had been burning insidiously till now

came the fatal stroke. It has reached the brain in its ravaging march, and the child in an awful spasm lies in the mother's arms, and from the beautiful eyes the light of reason has gone forever, and the sweet baby lips will never speak again the name of "mother"!

Kind hands aid them; a physician is on the train; he telegraphs ahead for remedies, and advises them to stay on the train till they reach the city they are now approaching;—this in preference to stopping at a small village; but he gives them no hope; there is scarcely a chance for recovery.

The train reaches the city; they cross the street to the hotel. Physicians summoned by telegraph are there to meet them. Every one is kind and prompt; they lack no aid. The doctors work faithfully, but the labor is vain; the child would die.

A nurse was procured for the night, and help during those dark hours was sorely needed. And what an awful night! The two older children were put in the only bed the room afforded. The house was full and no more rooms could be obtained, and there through all the long night that father and mother kept agonized vigil over the little rigid form, locked in the embrace of that terrible spasm from which no skill could release her.

What torture of mind was theirs! Would the others be spared? From the cot of the sufferer to the bedside of the little sleepers they turn with anxious eyes. If they were only at home! If there was only one of their own people to share the grief that was crushing them it would help them. They were completely worn out; they had been at work, and almost sleepless for the thirty-six hours before the child was taken sick, yet they saw no rest or sleep that awful night. John would give up hope, then he would rush away for another physician; but they all said "Useless, a hopeless case." How long, then, must she last? They cannot tell, but probably until the noon of the day now approaching. John was appalled. Must his wife, who was almost prostrated, go through so protracted a strain? He urged her to lie down. She did so, only to rise and gaze in agony at the distorted features of her dying child. Only a mother can fully sympathize with her;

and then suppose her friends blame her for coming as the child was. The agony of such thoughts drove her almost distracted.

John, tired, despairing, walked to the window and looked out. A great, white crescent moon hung high up in the southern heavens. John tried to pray, and as he did so he felt an overpowering sense of his own unworthiness, and he could not pray. What right had he to approach God and ask for his child's life! Did he lead a justified life? His conscience condemned him, and he could only say, "Thy will, oh God, be done!"

But when the physician told him she would suffer so long, his heart went out to God in supplication, for sinner though he was, he did ask God that if the end *must* come, that for the child's sake as well as the other loved ones for whom he felt a keen anxiety it should come quickly. And the end was approaching. Daylight streaked the east and slowly crept up into the heavens, then the sun came and chased away the shadows. John had never seen a death, but his judgment told him the end was very near. The nurse had gone; the child stirred and moved. John saw that a change was at hand. Hiding his emotion from his wife, he induced her to go down and get a breath of fresh air; for John felt she was too weak

and exhausted for that closing scene. He feared for her; he feared for his children. And John to keep the sad vigil alone? Yes, alone.

The mother had scarcely left the room before the sweet child-spirit fled to its Maker, and John with a strange calmness he has not known through all the night, himself straightens the little limbs, folds the little hands, smooths back the hair from the little brow, growing so awfully white; and when he has completed the task takes a long look at his loved one and then quietly goes to meet his wife, and enfolding her in his arms as if to shield the blow, he tells her that the end has come. She bears up better than he had expected. Nature was too near exhausted for violent grief.

The question now arose, "Shall we go forward or return to M——?" John, broken in spirit, was for returning; but his wife, knowing that under the circumstances it would be the worst place for him, thought best to go on to Iowa. Their friends at the hotel advised to the same effect, and so towards evening of that day they again took the western train. The children now seemed well, but the youngest, the baby, *rode ahead in the baggage car.*

(To be continued.)

RAMBLES IN CALIFORNIA.

BY REGINA ROHRER.

SOME of our eastern friends have inquired how we Californians keep our brains cool and active during the months of August and September. To make them envious (you don't know but we have a few feet of soil to sell) we will tell what fun there is (not "for a cent" as the boys would say) for a small outlay.

It is scarcely if ever so hot as to cause sunstrokes. We will fly to a warmer clime for the purpose of bringing back shortly those who choose to come. Our imaginary Topsy is working hard with the swaying of the palms we are prepared with to keep us from fainting until we

again land on the Pacific slope. Californians cannot claim perfection for their state, but they can come as near to it as any part of the United States. Nearly everything that grows for the benefit of mankind, thrives; although irrigation is needed in most parts, some portions need no water. We suppose Mark Twain thought by somewhat underrating the Holy Land, the tendency of writers to exaggerate would be overthrown; but we forgive as the instruction and humor culled from his pages make us wish more of him. We think, underlying all, he has a feeling of awe and respect for

spots in Palestine made sacred by time and past events. There are a few (more, perhaps, among the feminine) who are inclined to make too frequent use of the superlative, and others, nearly overtaken with lethargy for the want of an occasional "too lovely for anything!" "Can nature be overrated? We think not," says the naturalist, astronomer, geologist, philosopher, scientist, artist, antiquarian or botanist; but our *expressions* can.

We board the train to go and meet friends who will accompany us; and as we are jostled about in the great human tide of restless beings like ourselves, a feeling of littleness comes over us which nearly compels us to lose our identity. O, for a few familiar faces to make us feel to at least exist, move and have a being! There is a continual influx, a part bent on pleasure which includes curiosity, adventure, history or the study of human nature—the latter never having made graduates, others settle for life.

To those coming from inland towns where their associates have grown up with them, it is difficult at first getting accustomed to a continual stream of mixed nationality, as this part of the country is mostly a health-resort. The soil in many places is sandy, therefore porous. There is less fog than north; but the summer is not as cool. What one part of California lacks another makes up. There is considerable mining and speculating, therefore the settled aspect which pervades old eastern towns of nearly one nationality is somewhat lacking. At one time the Indians, Mexicans and Spanish predominated; but for many years past, as now, the Americans outnumber others. Old as well as new pleasures are celebrated, Mexicans having yearly cockfights, the English the Maypoles, etc.

There is an abundant variety of flowers and many natural pleasure resorts. This country being cosmopolitan, the eye encounters diversity of costume and custom. Looking down the street we see a Chinese home with fancy round, red ornamentation on the pagoda-like structure. On the knoll yonder is a very old Spanish building so low that you almost stoop to enter, the veranda is the length of this pile of large adobe bricks forming a labyrinth of rooms. Next is a French residence built in the way peculiar to that country. Further on we see a house put

up by an American who has evidently tried to rival, which is a delight to people of our land. We admire the plain, solid English style of architecture as well as any.

Let us see what our little party are doing over there in the canyon. We spy a young doctor and lawyer among the rest who have left their gay city lives for this bracing atmosphere, and are now in a very becoming hunting attire, piling greasewood and pine on a campfire, and occasionally "accidentally on purpose" getting cactus thorns in their delicate palms for the girls to extract. Some are there for health, and from the cheerful bloom on cheeks and the agility of manner, they are gaining it. If mother's bake oven could have been brought there would be ample means for the construction of luxurious pandowdies, apple cobbler and the like, as we have brought as many different kinds of fruit and vegetables as could be collected.

I hear a garrulous, talkative Scotchman keeping things lively, and you must needs be on your metal to parry the sayings and apt repartee of the girl who answers. We feel to agree with the writer who said he loved old country people. "They are in downright earnest; such a roar in their mirth, like a tempest in the Trossachs, take their audiences; and the speaker will have to have his feet well planted on the platform or he will be overmastered with sympathy by the populace. They are not ashamed to cry, with their broad palms wiping away tears, and they make no attempt at suppression of glee. They do not simper, snicker or chuckle. Throw a joke into the ear of the one in our camp and it rolls down the center of his diaphragm and then spreads out both ways toward foot and brow until the emotion becomes volcanic, and from the longest hair on his head to the tip end of the nail on the big toe there is a paroxysm of cackination. No half and half about his character, what he hates he hates; what he likes he likes, and he lets you know it right away. His politics decided, his religion decided, let him [be] right and he is magnificently right."

Some think that mountain life is cooler and more diversified than disporting among the sand fleas on the coast in the hot sand beneath the sun, and indulging in the same routine daily until the season

ends. The mountain slopes are covered with rocks, trees and shrubbery. There is a flowing river and its falls, minor cliffs and canyons, sage brush, mustard flowers, cacti, forming the natural scenery our eyes find rest in beholding after coming from the city's beautiful artificial formations.

During the hottest hours everyone enjoys a comfortable siesta, as the typical Spaniard, after which all stroll out among the picturesque rocks. The stream's course can be traced by the eye along the plain by the thicker, greener foliage. The hunters and hounds are just emerging from the bushes. If the talented young artist, Eccie Baird, residing not far distant were here, her pencil would immediately come in play, sketching us as we sit in open-mouthed wonder. The roar of the cataract is heard as it dashes over the rocks, then goes peacefully and smoothly along as though it never scolded, fussed and spluttered as we humans are wont to do. The stupendous scenery pays for the fatigue experienced after climbing the mountain.

Ferns and rarities we have placed in calico bags thrown over our shoulders; and now that the summit is reached in advance of the male persuasion, whose help was refused, we feel almost like a modern Joan of Arc, viewing the conquered army below, besides our manly escorts have caused our maiden hearts to beat anew with courage by saying we did not look a "speck" older than fifteen. We so enjoyed the deceit our short skirts and blithesome feelings wild nature gave, that we imagined a new lease of life and were loth to correct the gentleman's mistakes. We think could Elizabeth Cady Stanton see us she would be pleased, for we have for the present done away with society's frivolities, looking and feeling better for it; and if it were possible for the few who are working toward this end to encircle the world with these precepts, as Mrs. Dr. Fannie Williams said, their sex would be healthier and consequently more beautiful.

On our way to the springs let us visit the ruins of San Juan Capistrano mission. This temple and San Gabriel are over one hundred years old. The former was destroyed by earthquake many years ago, killing quite a number of worshipers. We carve our name among others who

preceded us. The roof is covered with red tiles. In the tower are three or more bells of different sizes, ringing alternately the time for prayer. A Spanish or Mexican woman with luxuriant chevelures, covered with a black shawl—their usual costume, as Mary the mother of Jesus dressed the same—is seen wending her way toward the priest, solemnly walking the corridor and reading prayers. We are filled with awe and respect for these people who adhere to their word of worship with untiring zeal. Many are traditionated into their doctrines. *Ab incunabiliz*. With steady and immovable determination they adhere to it.

Except among the Spanish unmixed with Mexican and Indian blood their manner of dressing and building is little advanced. They are said to have high tempers when crossed, so we do not feel inclined to dispute any assertion made.

These families are often seen sitting flat on the sidewalk on corners, or on the ground under trees, occasionally eating watermelons, etc., and as these are mostly Indians supported by the government, they seem to lack energy to make homes or accumulate. The old ruins in some deserted looking places on the road through the south and west remind us of Ephesus and places around Jerusalem, "where now occasionally startles the blank and listless quietude the cry of partridge and quail anon disturbs the repose of the perhaps once resounding stadium and theatre, which was the scene of many a tough and anxious struggle. The glorious pomp of its heathen worship is no longer remembered and Christianity which was here nursed as a dear and early child by the apostles, and fostered by general councils until it increased to fullness of stature now lingers on an existence scarcely visible. Nothing more is required to establish the fulfillment of prophecy—for the candlestick is indeed removed out of its place and dark night hangs over Ephesus."

We come to a place where we inquire for lodging. Some one was ushered into our presence who reminded us of a woman we read of "whose weight might be eighteen stone, exclusive of an additional stone of chain and bracelet in which she moved like a walking gibbet with the felon in it." To crown all, on her mountainous bosom was a cameo the size of

our stove lid. Her immense bracelets seemed like hand cuffs. Perhaps she thought as hostess and clerk in a fashionable village it is necessary to "put on." We obtained rooms, clean and comfortable, but reminding us somewhat of Dickens' boat in "David Copperfield," with an abundance of "sky blue pink" chromos adorning.

As we are showing the country to a few friends we have not seen since quarreling over doll play, and who with us in the prison school room puzzled out all about "Whose-old-red-cow, my-o-l-d-red-cow," it is to be hoped our mammas will forgive if we stay over specified time. Next have a look at our clique on the briny deep, as some one remarked, "'Tis good to get the frisky fellows on the deep blue sea in the hope that their nautical experience of head and stomach would have a solacing effect on their somewhat radical views of life, making them better fitted for its arduous duties."

Catilina Island is reached. The party put up at the hotel built for excursions arriving once a week. There are sheep raised here. The hunting is good. The most beautiful shell-work we have seen was made from shells of various varieties and hues from this island, by Mrs. Porter, to wile away many anxious hours of waiting for the return of a lost vessel. We sit on the sand tracing names and pictures only to be effaced by the tide.

Some one said beautifully, "As we glide along the ocean of the universe let us study the law of its tides." By so doing we lay our plans like skillful mariners, avoiding destructive tidal waves, writing none but good deeds on the rock that is everlasting, benefiting coming generations.

The beach being smooth and hard after the receding tide gives opportunity for horseback, carriage and athletic sport. To those never having donned a bathing suit 'tis an odd sight, not easily accustomed to, as they resemble circus style without adornment.

As we would have been thought disagreeable and "speckled sheep" without joining in the sport of floating, diving and swimming, we submitted before the possible danger of a forced ducking in our immaculate lawns. The water can be enjoyed for hours. We came out feeling for the first time the truth of the hack-

neyed, trite saying: "When in Rome do as the Romans do."

While we are enjoying ourselves sitting in the romantic nooks watching the moon's pathway across the vast sheet of water, someone reads, by moonlight, of the sunstrokes, floods and storms of unparalleled severity, the velocity of the wind taking away huge buildings in other parts of the world, and it almost seems wicked to possess the blessings of California while suffering is so near. We have seen but one slightly damaging storm in eight years, and six slight shocks of earthquake, doing no harm. The ocean breeze blows every afternoon, sometimes causing clouds of dust, as there is much dry weather at a time. The sandy localities are chosen for resorts in rainy season. There are a few mosquitoes and fleas during July, August and September. Flies buzz the year round, but not troublesome in winter.

If a Californian who makes his living dealing in real estate chances to read this he must "grin and bear," as we intend to tell the disadvantages as well as advantages. We will not ask pardon for doing justice. In a very few localities can be found small spots of alkali which somewhat injures soil, if penetrating below the surface. It can be easily detected by its snowy appearance in dry weather, and blackness in rainy season.

A California banquet does not cost as much as one in the central, northern or eastern states. Some writer approximately said that the world is gradually sitting down to one table, that the bread will be made of Michigan wheat, cut with Sheffield knives. The rice will be brought from Carolina swamps and cooked with Newcastle coal, set on the table with Burslem pottery, while the air comes through the window upholstered with Nottingham lace. Italy, California and Brazil provide the raisins and nuts. What a time of accord when all the nations add their part to the unusual festivity, and breakfasts, dines and sups together. Some of the most beautiful flowers we have seen are the different varieties of cactus and the many waxy looking white, bell-shaped flowers growing on one immense stalk on the mountain slopes; but we have never seen the fruits and trees De Leo mentioned in his lectures about his travels in upper Egypt. The

breadtree and a tree-fruit containing a lump of good butter; the locust and wild honey bean—a nutritious food not growing wild. What do you say going to a land where we are not obliged to work for our daily bread? They do not need cows, as milk is obtained similar to bread. We were thinking very conceitedly that California was as near perfection as was allowed, until Egypt's products were heard of. Stanley supposed it was the original Garden of Eden. If the printed stories of travelers are to be believed, there grows in Arabia a plant called the laughing plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow and the seed-pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble black beans and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder if taken in small doses makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or madman; for he will cut the most fantastic capers and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

It is well to have muscular and mental employment to prevent languor in this even temperature. Persons who are sleepless can easily sleep here almost while conversing or reading, unless on some pleasing topic; therefore we welcome often a little good excitement. This is why students and those of steady employment should seek summer resorts. The schools are exceptionally fine. More pay is given teachers than in many parts of the central states. There are many here for health. Some consumptives come after the disease has too firm hold, the sudden change not proving as beneficial as sometimes expected, but if taken in the first stages, with morning exercise, drinks of weak limeade, and with meals of raw eggs and rich milk, and mountain camp life in summer, they will be benefited. Many make mistakes by staying too long in one place, sitting on verandas till their ambition leaves them forever.

There are burros on this island for those wishing to travel the mountains, as they are sure footed and strong. They resemble mule colts. Methinks I hear the one that awakened me too early this

morning lifting its woe-begone countenance and breaking into a long disconsolate bray, expressive of despair which has not found its way into poetry, and is only vaguely suggested by some "music in the minor," as some one fittingly said.

Scores of seagulls play around our vessel while we get aboard. We gaze on the receding shore, the haze enveloping the whole; and now the island seems like a huge pile of blackness in the vast sheet of water outlined against the evening sky. We feel as Rebecca Davis when she was nearing home from that southern island, leaving the melancholy lagoons, the low, driving clouds, the forests with their vistas of beckoning special mists all silent as the shores of death, and going back to a real world; to shops, markets, passions and life out of some enchanted land whose ghosts still dwell therein.

In one part of the village can be seen a gay throng in rustling silks returning from the opera. In another we encounter the slow return of a funeral procession and hear murmurs of praise for the dead, more, perhaps, than was given when they lived and deserved and needed encouragement; yet we feel a sense of gratitude in knowing that only our good deeds will some day be remembered, although we will not know it. Sighing, we think, "You will never miss the water till the well runs dry," or "the music till the sweet voiced bird has flown."

If at this hour we were returning to the gates of one of the ancient cities of the Old World instead of the New, we would be permitted to enter only through a place called the "Needle's Eye." There the camels go on their knees to get through, which, I think, is the illustration used by the Savior in speaking of the rich man entering heaven. The watchman there cry the hour of night and announce the time for prayer. Three times a day on the housetops do they pray and the merchants do business as they did two thousand years ago. De Leo said that while there he saw two thousand persons baptized in the river Nile. As excursions have scarcely commenced, there is little danger of many bivouacing in the open air on account of hotels and private houses being filled, as has been the case.

We are now domiciled at a charming old house with big rooms, old-fashioned

claw-legged tables and chairs, vine-hung porches and verandas, and wholesome country fare. It is night, and there in the distance among the hills comes float-

COLTON, Cal.

ing on the evening air a song so heavenly,
 "Recalling sometimes sweet remembrances,
 While far and faint a lingering aftertone,
 Hums through the needled branches of the
 pines."

EDITOR'S CORNER.

The time for toil has past, and night has come,
 The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
 Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
 Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
 Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
 Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
 That I am burdened not so much with grain
 As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
 "Master, behold my sheaves!"

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
 Brambles than flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
 Wherefore I blush and weep as at Thy feet
 I kneel down reverently and repeat,
 "Master, behold my sheaves!"

Few, light and worthless; yet their trifling weight
 Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
 For long I struggled with my helpless fate,
 And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
 Yet these are all my sheaves.

And yet I gathered strength and hope anew;
 For well I know Thy patient love perceives
 Not what I did, but what I strove to do;
 And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
 Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—Florence Percy.

THIS week *Zion's Ensign* comes to us with its usual pleasant, chatty face, enlarged and improved. It is hailed by many as the model paper which they have been seeking for in vain and is undoubtedly calculated to be useful in helping to disseminate the truth. If the increase in publications be a standard for marking the growth of the church, surely Zion is enlarging her borders. We are indebted to the *Ensign* editor for full and free permission to use anything contained in its columns, and have this month availed ourself of this generous offer to reproduce the sermon of Bro. E. L. Kelley in defense of the Book of Mormon.

GLAD TIDINGS, published semi-monthly at Cliford, Ontario, by Bro. E. K. Evans, has also reached our table, and the Canada Saints are rejoicing that they now have a paper of their own. May the Lord bless every instrumental-ity for the upbuilding of Zion, and unite all the

laborers in one common bond of hope, faith and charity; and may each of us hail with gladness of heart every banner unfurled and sword drawn in defense of the truth.

IN our present issue we commence the publication of a series of articles written by "Paul Parker" the intent of which is to instruct the young in the principles of our government and lead them to appreciate, love and cherish our free institutions as they never have before; for, he is firmly persuaded that they cannot too highly appreciate the inestimable blessing of the government under which we are permitted to live, and what is more to the point, that they should understand the genius of our government and cherish the principles as they cherish the best gifts of God. We hope that not only will these articles receive a careful reading but that they will elicit from others well written chapters upon the same subject.

IN furnishing information for the young, we reprint in this issue from the *Review of Reviews* an article well calculated to cause serious reflections in the minds of all thoughtful persons, whether young or old, and to lead each one to inquire, "What amount of responsibility rests upon me for the present condition of the world?" Do not let us put the question away from us as being too remote and foreign, but let each feel that in just so much as we fail to be all that we should be—to do all that we should do; to just that extent we are responsible for the sin which curses the world to-day. God calls upon us for a full surrender—that every energy of our being be consecrated to his service. The great conflict between right and wrong, between sin and righteousness is being waged and cannot be fought without soldiers who are willing to stake all.

What a silent, what a pitiful, what a powerful plea comes up to us in this pen-picture of the wretched condition of the girl-wives of India.

How it makes the soul cry out, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly!" May it lead to the soul-searching question, "What am I doing to hasten that coming?"

HAVING now come to our September issue we realize that it is time we made our arrangements for the coming year. In pursuance of our already announced intention, we will send this year a likeness of Bro. W. W. Blair to all parties sending in either a renewal to our magazine or a new subscription before April 1st, 1892. This picture is not a steel engraving, but is made by the "Ives process"; is the same size as the picture of Bro. Joseph, and a correct likeness of one of the oldest and most faithful banner-bearers of the restored gospel.

Since the expiration of the time in which we offered the engraving of Bro. Joseph with the magazine, many requests have been sent us to purchase it. For this reason we renew the offer of last year to all who send in their subscription before April 1st, 1892. Send us \$1.65 and we will send you the magazine and your choice of either the steel engraving of Bro. Joseph, or the same sized picture of Bro. Blair; or for \$1.75 we will send you the magazine and both pictures.

The above offers are for individual subscribers, but if any of our friends wish to work for the magazine we will for eight names and the money send them an extra copy of the magazine, or for five names and the money we will send a copy of "With the Church in an Early Day." Each subscriber can have his choice of the pictures and one will also be sent to the getter up of the club if desired, but it is not necessary in order to secure the premium that the subscribers take either picture.

This will probably be our last offer of premiums, but if prospered in the future, we shall offer liberal inducements to our friends who are willing to obtain lists for us. This offer is made to the traveling ministry, in addition to a copy of the magazine, which we have always been thankful to be able to furnish them.

It has been our constant aim in the past to give to each reader the full worth of his money in the contents of the magazine; and we have no disposition to do less in the future. Hundreds have told us that some one particular

number has been worth to them the price asked for a volume. We cannot as yet announce the leading features of the next volume, but hope to be able to do so next month.

ANY parties having No. 1, Vol. 1, will find a purchaser, upon any reasonable terms, by writing C. G. Lewis, East Jordan, Michigan.

OUR next issue will contain a correct likeness of Elder Zenas Gurley, Sen., and by special request a reprint of lines written after his death and published at that time in the *Saints' Herald*, entitled, "In Memoriam."

THE long expected illustrated History of Utah by the eminent historian, Hubert H. Bancroft, has at last appeared. It is absolutely a revelation. After visiting the field in person, taking testimony impartially from all sides, critically reviewing the enormous number of 1000 different authorities, and searching many of the secret archives of the Mormon Church, Mr. Bancroft now gives to the world this wonderful and remarkable work, the only true history of Mormonism published.

The work reads like a romance—the wonderful adventures of trappers and travelers, the bloody Indian wars, the thrilling accounts of massacres and miraculous escapes, the famous Danite Association or Destroying Angels, the story of Brigham Young—all this fresh from the pen of the brilliant and gifted author forms a narrative of exciting interest, as fascinating as a novel, yet true to the letter. Above all in surpassing interest is the unfolding of the great Mormon Question and the mysteries of polygamy, which will be read with eager interest by all classes of people throughout the English-speaking world.

The work is published in one large handsome volume of over 800 pages, bound in red and gold, and grandly illustrated with steel-plate portraits of the great Mormon leaders, exquisite half tone engravings and dazzling colored plates. It is issued by the great Publishing House of the Pacific Coast, The History Company of San Francisco, and can only be procured through their authorized agents. We call attention to the advertisement in another column, under heading of \$25.00 Reward.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

“By timely striving and by truly living, thou canst truly live.”

“I’M HURRIED, CHILD.”

“O mother, look! I’ve found a butterfly
Hanging upon a leaf. Do tell me why
There was no butter! Oh, do see its wings!
I never, never saw much prettier things—
All streaked and striped with blue and brown
and gold—
Where is its house, when all the days are
cold?”

“Yes, yes,” she said in accents mild,
“I’m hurried, child.”

“Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers;
And when she thought you’d gone down stairs
Then dolly was afraid, and so I said:
‘Just never mind, but say ’em in the bed,
Because I think that God is just as near.’
When dolls are ’fraid, do you s’pose He can
hear?”

The mother spoke from out the ruffles piled:
“I’m hurried, child.”

“Oh, come and see the flowers in the sky—
The sun has left, and won’t you by-and-by,
Dear mother, take me in your arms, and tell
Me all about the pussy in the well?
And then, perhaps, about ‘Red Riding Hood?’”
“Too much to do! Hush, hush! you drive me
wild;
I’m hurried, child.”

The little one grew very quiet now,
And grieved and puzzled was the childish
brow;

And then it queried: “Mother, do you know
The reason ’cause you must be hurried so?
I guess the hours are littler than I,
So I will take my pennies and will buy
A big clock! oh, as big as it can be!
Yor you and me.”

* * * *

O, mother, sweet, if cares must ever fall,
Pray, do not make them stones to build a wall
Between thee and thy own; and miss the right
To blessedness, so swift to take its flight!
While answering baby questions you are
But entertaining angels unaware;
The richest gifts are gathered by the way
For darkest day.

—Anonymous.

CARE OF THE EYES.

Never should we allow any one suffering under an enfeebling disease, or recovering from an acute illness, to use the eye at all. Never should we disregard the situation of our children’s school-rooms, but forbid the children to be seated so that the light falls into the eye from the front. Never should we allow a bed to be placed so that the light is in the face of the sleeper, and always should we make sure that the eyes have good night rest by having the sleeping-room completely dark, and letting any fanciful love of seeing stars or moon or sunrise be gratified in another room.

Nor can mothers be too careful in the matter of their children’s studies after nightfall. They should prevent and forbid as much studying then as possible, and when the exigencies of our present system of education make it necessary, they should provide the fullest and best light to be had, never permitting any use of the eyes by flickering firelight, or any uncertain flame, and when they detect the first symptom of shortsight in a child they should obtain optical advice at once, and have the child fitted with glasses to relieve the strain.

Plentiful bathing, pure water, and pure air, good food, just enough work, and all the rest it will take, is what the eye needs as much as any of the rest of the body for its perfect health and the preservation of its power.—*Harper’s Bazar*.

WAYS OF PREPARING VEGETABLES.

LIMA BEANS.

Boil in water until tender, adding salt and butter before they are thoroughly done. Allow nearly all the water to boil out then add a cup or more of thin cream or milk. Boil up and serve in this way or thicken with a smooth paste of flour and water or flour and butter until the consistency of good cream.

BEEETS.

Wash carefully and do not break or cut the skin, since in doing this a part of the sweetness is lost in cooking. Boil until perfectly tender. Remove the skin, cut into thin slices and serve with pepper, salt and vinegar, or make a drawn-butter sauce and turn over just before sending to the table. If to be used cold they may be dropped into cold water when taken from the kettle, and by using one’s fingers the skin may

be easily slipped off. Prepare with salt, pepper and vinegar, or vinegar alone as preferred.

CABBAGE.

Cut into shreds and cook until tender. Turn off the water, add a little milk or cream, a small piece of butter, pepper and salt. Bring to a boil and serve. Very nice if cooked until perfectly tender.

When cabbage is young cut in halves or quarters, boil in salted water an hour and a half or two hours (one hour will do when it is cut fine). When tender cover with a sauce made of milk and butter, slightly thickened with flour or corn starch and seasoned with salt and pepper. A piece of charcoal dropped in the water with boiling cabbage will lessen the unpleasant odor.

HOT SLAW.

For one quart of finely cut cabbage take a half teacupful of vinegar, a half teacupful of sour cream, one tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of flour, one egg and butter the size of a hickory nut. Boil the vinegar, sugar and butter; mix the cream and flour together, add the beaten egg and stir into the boiling vinegar. Sprinkle a little salt, pepper and mustard over the cabbage, turn it into the boiling mixture and allow it to remain until well heated through, when it is ready to serve.

COLD SLAW WITH CREAM DRESSING.

Cut the cabbage very fine and season with salt. To two tablespoonfuls of whipped sweet cream add two of sugar and four of vinegar. Beat well together and pour over cabbage.

CARROTS.

Scrape, cut in slices and boil in salted water until tender. Drain and add butter, pepper and cream. Serve as soon as the cream is scalded. Or, when tender, cut into bits and make a sauce with it like that with boiled cabbage. New turnips are nice prepared in this way.

CAULIFLOWER.

Cut off the outside leaves and let it stand in salt and water for an hour or more. Boil until tender. Boil a pint of milk; add butter, salt, a little thickening, and for those who like cheese, a half cupful of it grated. Boil well and turn over the cauliflower.

CORN.

Corn is sweetest when first taken from the stalk. When boiled on the ear, twenty or twenty-five minutes of good boiling is long enough. More than this hardens it. When cut from the ear add butter and a little water and stew for half an hour. The butter will help to keep it from sticking to the bottom of the kettle, as it is very prone to do. It needs almost constant stirring at first to prevent this, but afterward is less troublesome.

CORN PUDDING.

Draw a sharp knife through each row lengthwise and scrape out the pulp. Or, shave off thinly the tops of the grains and scrape. To a pint of the pulp add a quart of milk, three beaten eggs and a spoonful of butter. Set on the top of the stove and stir until it begins to thicken, then add salt to season and bake in a moderately hot oven until it begins to brown. It may be sweetened if preferred.

ONIONS.

Baked.—Wash and skin two very large onions. Parboil fifteen or twenty minutes; push out the hearts, chopping them fine, add to them bread crumbs, pepper and salt, and moisten with cream. Fill the onions with this, put into a dripping pan with a little water, and cook until tender in a slow oven, basting often with melted butter.

Stewed.—After the skins are off allow them to lie in cold water for an hour. Boil for an hour, or until perfectly tender, adding butter and salt before quite done. When tender add milk (cream is better) and as soon as scalded remove from the fire.

PARSNIPS.

Scrape, and if large, cut in halves and boil in salted water until tender. Mash, and to a quart of parsnips, add two beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper. When cool, form into little cakes and fry brown on both sides, in butter. Or, instead of mashing, cut in slices and fry in butter. They are good mashed, with butter and cream, or cut in small sections and stewed, with the butter, pepper and salt well cooked in and the water almost boiled out of them.

Parsnips are better in the spring after remaining in the ground during winter.

EGG PLANT.

Peel, cut in thin slices, sprinkle with salt and let drain for an hour. Or, parboil in salted water and then slice. Dip the slices, first in beaten egg, then in cracker dust and fry in a very little butter.

CELERY.

Cut into short bits and boil until tender. Drain off the water and cover with sweet milk. When it boils thicken with flour and butter rubbed together, add pepper and salt, boil a few minutes longer and serve.

TOMATOES.

Baked.—Scald and peel the desired quantity of tomatoes; place whole in an earthen dish, season with pepper and salt and spread cracker crumbs over the top. Or, they may be sliced and laid in alternate layers of tomatoes and cracker crumbs. Cover and bake one hour in a hot oven.

USE YOUR BIBLE.—I think there are some persons who imagine that there is a sacred quality in a family Bible lying on the center table, and who have the same sort of regard for the book that lies there that some other people have for the value of a horseshoe nailed over the door; and the one is as good as the other. The Bible that is unopened is at best of value only as a respectful profession that you are not exactly an infidel. The Bible that is to lay hold on you is a Bible that you may lay hold upon.—*Lyman Abbott.*

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

LEST some, like Sr. Letha Mowery, should be laboring under a misapprehension, I desire to make this explanation. Because letters are printed dated some months back does not signify that the editor is buried in letters, but that he has been selecting and trying so far as possible to classify them. For instance, if the subject "Fiction" were under discussion and there were plenty of letters on that subject, letters upon new subjects would be held for another issue, space being preferred for the subject under consideration. Let your letters come. The outlook is encouraging.

—EDITOR.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, July, 1891.

Readers of the Department:—I have had a desire for a long time to write you, but, as many have expressed themselves, I don't feel qualified to edify or in any way to instruct your readers. But if all who have expressed this sentiment would refrain from writing, I fear that the Department would suffer great loss, if not die.

With these thoughts before me, and the editorial in the July number wherein the editor stated that scarcely enough material was on hand to fill the allotted space for the Department, I have determined to cast in my mite.

This is a work in which we should all be deeply interested, when we consider the glorious reward that awaits those who have been valiant in the strife that is now being waged against the adversary of our souls. We must not think that because we hold no office in the priesthood that there is nothing for us to do. This is a great mistake, and one into which a great many have fallen. Some seem to think as they have been baptized and have received the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and their names have been placed on the church record, that this is all there is for them to do. Let such stop for a moment and ask themselves these questions: Am I living by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God? Am I abstaining from every appearance of evil? Am I letting my light so shine that others seeing our works may be led to glorify their God?

If you cannot answer these questions in the affirmative it is time that you begin to cast

about and see where you are standing. "Let him that thinketh that he standeth take heed lest he fall."

In Doctrine and Covenants section 18:2 the Lord speaking to Martin Harris tells him what will befall him unless he repent and humble himself; and in paragraph four he says: "And again, I command thee that thou shalt pray vocally as well as in thy heart, yea, before the world as well as in secret, in public as well as in private." And in paragraph five he says: "And misery thou shalt receive if thou wilt slight these counsels." Also read paragraph six; section 21:5; 59:2; 60:1; 61:6; 63:16.

Where are the young men to-day that are fitting themselves to fill the places of those that are being taken away? They will have to be filled. Who is ready to take their place? Not only will these vacancies have to be filled, but there are calls from all over the world, from those who are thirsting for the water of life, who is going to carry it to them?

At the last Reunion at Garner's Grove I remember hearing a brother speak in tongues and give the interpretation, part of which was as follows:

"Verily, verily, thus saith the Lord. Let all the young men that are now assembled under this tent prepare themselves, for the time will soon come when you will be called to preach my gospel."

Are there any who read this that were under the tent at that time? If there are, the call is to you as well as to me. Are we preparing ourselves? If not, it is time we were.

I will now relate a dream that I had a few years ago. I dreamed that I was going on a journey, and at night I came to a tavern at the side of the road. I went into what seemed to be the bar-room. Taking off my hat and coat I washed, and brushed the dust from my clothes. This done, I passed on into another room, where there were a few guests assembled. The room was richly furnished, and there was music and singing—the sweetest that I had ever heard. After viewing my surroundings, I noticed that the guests were all dressed exactly alike. Suddenly the fact dawned upon me that there was going to be a wedding, I began to examine my clothing and found that I was not dressed as the rest. When I had made this discovery I was approached by a personage

who seemed to be the hostess, who told me to pass on into another room. At this I awoke. The dream and the events that took place are as fresh in my mind now as they were at that time. The dream and the interpretation is too plain to need any comment, and I firmly believe was a warning to me; and I will say in conclusion, that what would keep me from the marriage of the Lamb will keep any one else from it. Then let us examine ourselves and see whether we have on the wedding garments. If not, let us put them on at once, for we know not at what hour the cry will be heard, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

J. E. GUNSOLLEY.

NEWTON, Iowa, July, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Department of Correspondence:—

I make my first attempt to write for this department. I have thought many times of writing, but when I see letters in June number dated March and April, I think then that the department is overstocked and I leave my space to some more able writer.

I always look forward for my *Autumn Leaves*, and I always read the letters the first thing with as much pleasure as though they were written directly to me.

One thought I would like to gain more knowledge on, and that is, "Is it wrong to dance?" I do not agree with most church members on that subject. I don't think there is any harm in the dancing part, just keeping step to the music. I think it is the crowd you have to be in. If it is a nice crowd, I don't think there is any harm in it. I do not dance and have no desire to do so. Church members are not supposed to dance, and it causes folks to talk. I do not want to do anything that will cause the people to speak ill of me.

I never try to keep any one outside of the church from dancing by telling them it is wrong and not to do it, if they are in a nice crowd; for I have heard lots of young people say they wouldn't join the church, for they couldn't have any fun. I think after they are in the church, and have the right spirit, they wouldn't care for such things.

I believe in setting a good example before the people, and then sticking to it. Don't let any one think they can coax or hire you to do things that will cause people to make remarks. I have had persons coax and tease me to dance. I refused, and I think to-day that the very same persons think more of me than if I had given up to dance. I know it is rather hard sometimes in selecting the right kind of amusements,

but we as young people must have pleasure to a certain extent.

I think the correspondence has a tendency to bring the young nearer together, and I enjoy it.

I hope I have not written too much for the first. Yours in gospel bonds,

LETHA MOWERY.

ELM CITY, Kan., July, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Department of Correspondence:—

Before me lies the *Autumn Leaves* for July. I have just been reading the good letters of the department which are very interesting to me. I think the Department is a grand thing, if the young brethren and sisters will take interest; I think young Saints should make use of such an opportunity to cultivate and improve their literary talent, no matter how small, for we may learn from the humblest expressions.

There are many important topics brought out, and others suggested, some of which I wish to notice.

I like the principle in the case that "Margaret" cites and Bro. Root reiterates, of going to churches of other denominations, for two reasons, at least. First, For example, "Do unto others as you would that they would do unto you." Second, To learn more directly the ways and customs of those of other churches, that we may be better qualified to show them their error, and to see the difference from the good and the bad. Cannot a person realize any truth better, and appreciate it more to see the opposite to it and the things that are inconsistent with it? I believe we should acquaint ourselves with the conditions, operations, etc., of all classes and grades of the human family, that we may be more thoroughly furnished for an effective warfare against such wrongs that we might find among them, or that we may with more wisdom and knowledge, give our approbation of them. What better way can we get a knowledge of these people than to go among them and see and hear for ourselves.

Some one suggested that we give our opinions on music. I for one am a lover of music, both vocal and instrumental; and this, I would think, would come in as amusements, at least it is amusing and entertaining to me both to sing and to hear good singing. We know this is one thing we may do when we obtain the celestial world; therefore, let us go on unrestrained, for I believe we will go right on building on the foundation that we lay in this life. We (the young of the church) are commanded to cultivate the gift of singing, by the Lord himself. Now this is sadly neglected among

the young Saints as far as I have come in contact with them (and that is not very extensively), and I would love to see more interest taken. We should attend singing classes that are in the rudiments of vocal music, or get some good class-book with instructions on the rudiments given in it, then study and practice the exercises and dig it out for ourselves and be self-made singers. Then each one should choose one of the four parts into which music is divided, to which the voice is best adapted, and sing that only at all times, and thereby become accustomed to it; as music is a part of our worship, and also a command has been given to us to cultivate it, let us cultivate that gift and become more perfect in singing the anthems of Zion.

The question of Bro. Ed. Miller: "If there are as good opportunities to-day for a young man or woman to rise in the world as fifty years ago," attracted my attention immediately, for I have often had and expressed the same opinion as he, that a young man of to-day has not the same opportunity as those of fifty years ago. It seems to me that the "infant industries" and small institutions of our country are crowded to the wall, instead of being fostered and protected. If laws prohibiting corporations of certain kinds were enacted, then infant industries might have a chance. Thus the young man with small means or capital could have a better chance. But even that would not fully remedy matters, for there are many things out of fix in the way of laws and customs in our country to-day, according to the way I look at it. The result of which is the existence of adverse circumstances for the young man that is thrown upon the world with nothing to start in business of any kind with, to obtain him a home. Land is the first necessity (or money to buy land with) in establishing a home; and free and unencumbered homes are the foundation of a free nation. When people of a nation own their homes, there is contentment and happiness. I believe the earth is for the people; and in the light of reason and justice, as sure as a person is born into this world, he is entitled to his portion, or a sufficient amount to sustain him temporarily. The land should be reserved for the increasing population, and it rightly belongs to them, whether it is so regulated by man-made laws or not. Fifty years ago there was plenty of good land for people to take up, on which to establish themselves homes; but to-day, while it is a fact that a great amount has been settled up, it is also a fact, and pretty well authenticated, that there has been given away of the public domain to corporations and railroads more land than all that

has been put into cultivation since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Now, if the people want any of this land, they must pay more for it than if it were government land. A great amount of this land has been obtained by legislation through a subsidized congress. We observe on the other hand, that the land that has been taken up by settlers is fast passing into the hands of capitalists through the mortgage system, and our American people becoming tenants by thousands, especially in the west. I could enumerate many that have lost their homes in this way even among my neighbors. Now this condition of affairs has an awful and far reaching result; and in some places in our country, it is more keenly felt than in others.

Then the manipulation by corporations and banking companies of the currency of our nation has such an awful result on the welfare of every individual not in the ring, that a volume would not discuss the matter fully. These things, and many others of these corrupt times, render it impossible for a young man or woman to rise in the world so easily to-day as did those of fifty years ago. Paul said, "Evil men and seducers will wax worse and worse," and I believe our rights will be tampered with as long as these evil men rule. Read James 5: 1-6. This portrays a class we have with us to-day.

Now of all the movements of reform, of all the political parties, of all the secret organizations of men, I don't believe any of them will ever bring about the desired order of things. No, it will never be till the little "stone cut out of the mountain without hands" rolls forth and breaks in pieces the great image and fills the whole earth; then equity will prevail, peace and safety will be enjoyed by the inhabitants of the earth, under the reign of Him whose right it is to reign. Then the "lion and the lamb shall lie down together in peace," then people shall "build houses and live in them. They shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them."—Isaiah 65: 21, 22. I think then will be a joyful time, and I hope to be worthy to inherit my portion of the earth.

Go on in the good work, brothers and sisters, and may God's blessing be upon us, is my desire.

J. W. GILBERT.

St. Louis, Mo., July, 1891.

Dear Readers:—Sitting alone to-night I thought, "Now is the time for you to write to the *Autumn Leaves*." I have wanted to write to you before now, but having little faith in my own powers as a compositor, I hesitated, for fear my poor effort would not be found worthy of a place among the many interesting letters.

I enjoy the reading of the Department of Correspondence very much, and I find so many letters, when having read them, I say to myself, "I wish I knew her," or him, as the case may be. There are so many of you with whom I would enjoy a conversation, as I know it would profit me much. How words of encouragement help us as we go on our way!

I am a young sister, and am in a state of doubt (as to the truth of this church, never), but as to what I should do.

In one of the late *Heralds* I noticed the announcement of the marriage of Mr. So and So to Sr. —. Now, here, evidently, is an example of a sister marrying outside of the church. These marriages occur frequently; yet it says in Doctrine and Covenants, those who do so are weak in the faith. What then are we to do, marry outside of the church, justifying ourselves by the old phraseology of getting the husband intended for us? Or shall we live and patiently wait for one in the church? Most probably some will answer, "God will direct you."

I would like to have the opinion of some of my older brethren and sisters. You fathers and mothers have children of your own; how would you advise them?

Dear readers, if this escapes the waste basket, please let me hear from you.

Yours in bonds and ever praying for the welfare of Zion,
SISTER H.

June, 1891.

To the Department of Correspondence:—What are proper amusements for those who have named the name of Christ? is a question that should be thoroughly discussed through and by the means now offered the young of the church.

We can see that many games which but a few years back were only allowable in the gambling hall are becoming popular, but the question for us to decide is, Is it right?

There are many things popular now, as well as there were in ancient and former times, but were not and are not allowable for those who are to be the light of the world. We understand that experience is a good teacher; and

had I not been in her schoolroom, I would not write on a question of so grave importance. I was brought up and taught by praying parents, that all games were evil, and were a means employed by the adverse powers (to all good) to draw men from that which should be their daily labor; namely, to prepare themselves to occupy where the Lord intended. And when I launched my bark out on the ocean of time, it was with this thought firmly fixed, that in all games there was no good. And often when I would reprove others, I had to meet such argument as:

"How do you know; you have never indulged in such amusements? You are not a competent judge."

So I resolved to put the matter to a test. In order to do so, I had to say to that which I believed to be the inner or better man, "Be still while I see if there are enjoyments and pleasures to be attained by indulging in such games."

So I commenced with pool-playing, also took up with card-playing and other amusements, and soon became a good player, successful in almost any game that I learned to play. I was soon led to believe there was recreation and amusement or pleasure in them. But the time came for me to take a retrospective view of my standing; and I found myself far below the standard which I had marked out to live by, or attain unto.

Often when I should have been at work, I was indulging in such amusements; and sometimes, I am sorry to say, when I should have been at the bedside of a friend sick or afflicted, I was seeking such pleasure; and, lastly, but not least, I found myself on the Sabbath day when I should have been at church or attending to other religious duties, I was with those of my friends and church members playing games and making merry with much laughter, which is sin. So I resolved never to throw another card, and I have kept my word. And I have learned by sad experience that just to the extent that the desire and interest increases for such worldly pleasure, will it decrease for spiritual things, for they will not go hand in hand.
B. J. SCOTT.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"Come, you must not be idle, if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting:
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden."

HAMMOCK PILLOWS.

A piazza corner is never more delightful than when hung with a well equipped hammock, and no other arrangement affords half so delightful an opportunity for a needed siesta. There are numberless materials which are admirable for the covering of hammock pillows, and they can be made in almost infinite variety. Linen, gray, brown and blue; denim in all its colors, printed duck and awning cloth, as well as Madagascar grass cloth and Turkish fez, can all be used to good advantage.

The first is a pillow of brown denim, on the light side of which black-eyed Susans have been embroidered in English crewels. The color is good and harmonious, the material strong and durable and the embroidery effective as well as simple, so that the pillow can well be said to fill all needs.

Denim is admirable for outdoor use; it is absolutely unharmed by dampness and it withstands the sun as well as any known fabric. Its lighter colored side is best in both the brown and blue, for the reason that the dark is apt to rub off and to leave a slight stain upon the hands and clothing, although that objection can be obviated and the rich dark shades be made usable by the simple process of washing.

After denim, linen in its many colors is to be recommended. It can be found in dull blues and reds, in lovely grays and browns and in many grades and qualities. It is durable; it is handsome, and it is pleasant to the touch besides, while it is a perfect background for decoration of many sorts. The second is a pillow of heavy gray linen, with a spray of wild rose. The work is done in the natural colors with ecclesiastical silk, and is outlined only, except for the stems, which are solid. The pillows can be used with the utmost impunity, as none of the materials are perishable. An excellent plan is to make the cover in slip form, with eyelets worked at the open end. It can then be laced together with a heavy cord, and can be readily taken off and cleaned.

A thoroughly suitable cover, and one that is at once quiet and rich in tone, can be made of dark blue linen with a decoration in golden browns and rich yellows. An effective design for a pillow of the sort can be made from any simple leaf or flower form. Turkish fez embroidered with heavy linen floss is admirable for outdoor use, and the delightful stamped ducks and cottons require no decoration.

The filling of the hammock pillow is an im-

portant element in its success. It must, before all else, be able to endure the dew or even an occasional shower. It must be soft and pleasant to the head and it must be light in weight. The material which best fulfills all these conditions is dried sea moss, but as it is somewhat difficult to obtain and rather more costly than is always desirable, both hair and ordinary excelsior are used. The former is the better for many reasons, but the excelsior can be made to answer. Hay is used and by some persons thought excellent.

Besides the pillows cushions are a great addition to the comfort of the hammock. They can be made long and narrow and to fit any of the regulation hammocks, but a barrel hammock, when carefully made and cushioned, is perhaps the best of all for solid comfort. It is free from the meshes which catch the buttons and hold the ribbons fast, and it is steady as well as always spread, so that it rumples the dainty summer gown far less than any netted one is apt to do so. The barrel hammock is made, as its name suggests, from a barrel, and any possessor of deft fingers can have one if she will but follow these few directions:

First, select a smooth, clean barrel, then knock out both ends and with an auger bore a hole in each end of every stave three inches from the edge. Then pass a manilla clothesline through the holes in such a manner that it shall go over one stave and under the next, and so on. Two ropes must be laced through the holes at both ends of the barrel, so that one shall go over and one under each stave, and care must be taken to have all four start from the same stave. When all the ropes are laced the hoops must be knocked off, and the staves will be found hung upon the ropes in a perfect hammock form. The four ends of rope which will be found free at each end of the hammock must be knotted together and the work will be complete.

The cushions should be made an exact fit. The material may be any of those already suggested, or the lovely printed awning cloth. The barrel hammock can be left in its natural state or painted a quiet brown or gray tone, as the owner may prefer. Some persons use olive or dull-red paint. The cushion is made with a roll-shaped pillow attached, and makes of the hammock a thoroughly comfortable couch, while, as a matter of course, as many pillows can be used as the time and industry of the owner make possible.—*New York Recorder*.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. FOR SALE BY

W. A. ALEXANDER, LEON, Iowa.

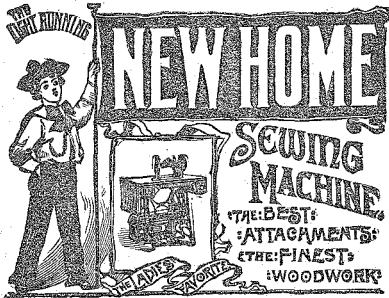
Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

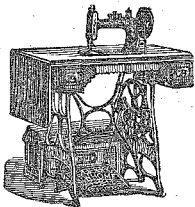
Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at W. A. Alexander's Drug Store.

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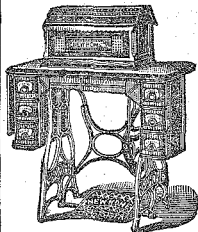


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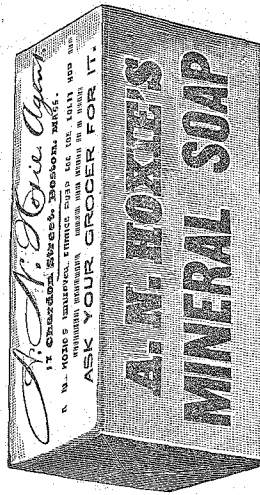
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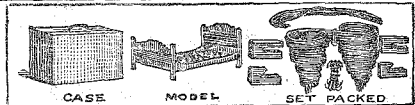
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Mabel Hall

Autumn

Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ
OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

OCTOBER, 1891.

Vol. 4.

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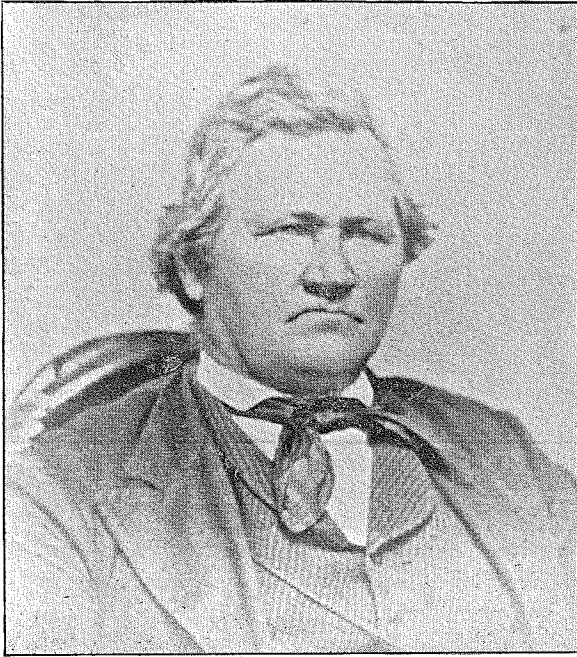
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See page 476.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 10.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY FRANCES.

(Republished by special request.)

Serenely bright this holy Sabbath day!
No sound disturbs the stillness of the air,
Not e'en a zephyr moves the hovering chill
From mountain tops in snowy robes so fair;
The little sparrows hop among the reeds,
Beside the placid lake they seek supplies,
Chirping their praise to Him who marks their fall,
Hears the young raven when for food it cries.

Upon the meadows brown and sear there lies
The flitting shadow from some noonday cloud,
While far above upon the mountain's brow
Bright sun-rays play upon cold winter's shroud.

Thus while I sit and gaze, swift memory brings
The form of one whose locks as snow were white.

Whose spirit from this shadowed earth-vale home,
To realms of glory gladly took its flight.

Gladly I say—and yet he would have staid
A little longer for the Master's sake,
His name to publish, and from sin-bound souls
The rankling fetters of despair to break.
He would have lived to search 'mid mountains vast,

In rock-bound caves, upon the highest hill,
The scattered sheep of Israel's chosen race,
If it had been the Master's holy will.

To preach the word—it was his food, his life,
The meat he had, not given by mortal hand;
The one delight of life—in calm or storm,
God's witness in this latter day to stand;
To lift the ensign of His gospel pure;
Proclaim the God of Jacob in his might,
The restoration of his truth to earth
Amid the darkness of a gathering night.

There never came a cry for reapers strong
To bare their brows and thrust their sickles in,

His heart did not respond, his spirit long,
The harvest for the Master to begin.
When poverty her heavy burden laid,
Demanding tribute of his time and power,
The God of Israel only knows the gloom
His spirit felt in each unfruitful hour.

In times like these, the lonely solitude
Of forest glade or waving field of grain
Witnessed the fervor of his daily prayer
That God would break his fetters once again.
Then, when his pleading faith with God pre-
vailed,

With scanty robes, nor purse nor scrip in store,
But spirit soaring on the wings of love,
Bore forth the banner of the cross once more.

Can he be sleeping now—the silent sleep
Which knows no waking till the glorious morn

When Christ shall come, attended by his saints,
That holy family, church of the First Born?
Sleeping the body; but the spirit free
From every trammel which could once re-
strain,

Obeys the will and labors for the Lamb,
The bleeding Lamb upon Mount Calvary slain.

For him we cannot weep—ours is the loss;
We who no more shall grasp the open hand
Of father, brother in the gospel bond
Till we have passed into that unknown land.
We shall not see that ever smiling face,
Beaming true welcome from his open door;
Alas! the voice of praise and prayer are stilled,
Our tears shall melt beneath their power no more.

Dear father, whom in gospel bonds I loved,
Whose strong, true arms beneath the yield-
ing wave

This body laid, that I might follow Him
Whom Joseph took and placed within the
grave,

Who brought me forth again that I might walk
In life's pure newness, dead to every sin—
I weep that I shall see thee nevermore
Till I the courts of life shall enter in.

And shall I enter there? Oh! solemn thought!
Enter to dwell with loved ones gone before?
Who like to thee through tribulations came,
Faithful to Him whose holy name they bore?
Thus far from home and friends this Sabbath
day

I think of thee, departed saint of God,
And pray for grace and strength to walk the
way,

The narrow way, by Christ and prophets trod.

I think of one, gone from my life and gaze,
Whose loss each day I feel—ah! yes, each
hour!

Whose body unto death thou did'st anoint,
Directed by the Holy Spirit's power.

I think of her whom thou hast left to mourn,
Thy children, too, who in her sorrow share,
Then pray to Him, their father's faithful Friend,
To keep them ever in His guardian care.

God did not call until he gave thee one
Prepared thy mantle to receive and wear;
Where thou hast labored may he enter in,
Thy labors and thy sure reward to share.

Nor he alone, but of thy children whom
Thou hast begotten in the gospel pure,

BLUE SPRING RANCH, Nevada,
Dec. 3d, 1871.

Shall many stand true witnesses for God,
Firm in the faith, unto the end endure.

Thus, with thy soul communing, thou hast
drawn

So near to me I cannot think thee dead;
But almost lift my eyes as if I heard,
Close by my side, thy dear familiar tread.

Ah! Brother Gurley, many a time I've ris'n
To ope the door in answer to thy call;
And many a time in sorrow's solemn hour
To grasp thy hand while silent tears would
fall.

And now I linger here upon Time's shore,
While thou hast passed within the vale to
greet

The many loved ones entered in before,
Who walked this vale of tears with weary
feet;

But when the reaper comes and I shall feel
His cold breath steal the pulse of life away,
If faithful, thou wilt be among the first
My soul to welcome to eternal day.

By many a fireside altar thou hast been
A guest most welcome, and from thence thy
prayer

Has risen to heaven, calling blessings down
Upon the humble Saints abiding there.

In years to come, sweet memories of thy name
Shall chain the hearts of those who knew
thee best;

Father in Christ, dear brother of the Lord,
Rest till the resurrection morning—Rest.

UNITY.

BY ANNA STEADMAN.

"There is no new thing under the sun;
Our doings have been done,
And that which was shall be."

THE idea of unity is as old as the gos-
pel itself, being a part of it; and
whenever and wherever the pure gospel
has been preached, the "glad tidings"
have been "Peace on earth, good will to
men;" and not only has the reconciliation
been between man and God, but between
man and man. What is that command
relative to our bringing gifts to the altar
of God? "First, be reconciled to thy
brother." And again it is written, "He
that loveth not his brother whom he hath

seen, how can he love God whom he hath
not seen?"

One of the marked results following
the preaching of the word has been the
unity and harmony among the disciples
of the One who so plainly declared, "If
ye are not one, ye are not mine." And
when destruction and ruin and a falling
away from the faith are recorded, how
frequently is this one of the first state-
ments, "And there began to be dissen-
sions among the people."

Before those understanding as clearly
as do Latter Day Saints that "by one
Spirit are we all baptized into one body,"

in which body there must be and can be no "schism" while we are led by that "one Spirit," it may seem unnecessary to dwell upon the subject of unity as a principle, and yet it may be well to consider it in connection with the importance of the work confronting us as a church, as a peculiar people with a special message which they must give to the world as a trumpet that gives a certain sound, easy to be understood by those that hear it.

What is our work? "It becomes every man that is warned to warn his neighbor in meekness and mildness," to spread abroad as far as he can, the wonderful story of the restored gospel; to lend his hand to sustain the ensign that God has lifted up for the nations of the earth; to tell with tones of gladness ringing that the time is near for the return of Jesus to fulfill the promise made to the men of Galilee as they stood gazing up into heaven.

Our work is to tell the truth, to tell of a risen Savior to *every soul that does not know it*, and this includes the children and makes Sunday school work a part of the church work, coequal in importance with any other part.

When we earnestly desire to accomplish a certain thing, we very naturally begin to study, to think, to decide upon the most effectual means by which to gain the desired result. We take advantage of every auxiliary, we cast aside everything that we discover to be a hindrance.

So now let us think carefully over this matter of our Sunday school work, keeping in mind that the desired result is a great one—the teaching to our children of the principles of the gospel of salvation.

We can have no higher model than the perfect one, God. Study him in his works and we are so impressed by the order manifest everywhere that some one has framed the statement that "Order is the first law of heaven." That it is a most important law we must not fail to recognize; and while it may seem to our finite minds that, in instances on record, God deviated from the regular order of things to demonstrate a truth or to show his infinite love for the work of his hands, could we look with his comprehension we might know it to be only the bringing in of higher laws which from the first have formed a part of the perfect order of God.

We study the natural world about us; we notice the sureness with which certain results follow certain causes; we mark the perfection of design governing all things and we talk of the "laws of nature." What is it but the orderly way in which God has arranged all things to work harmoniously, to join perfectly in unity? We find in his works infinite variety but perfect conjunction.

Look upon the flowers of wood or field, or walk through a cultivated garden and behold an example. If all were exactly alike what tameness, what monotony there would be! But no! here is one stately and tall, and there, nestling close to the sod, blooms another; here is one of snowy white, emblem of purity, and there one blushes red like the prime and vigor of active life.

The air is laden with sweet perfume, and when you search you find it comes not from the stately white one, not from the blushing red one, not from the dainty blue one, but from that little colorless one that would be unnoticed but for its sweetness.

This sensitive plant closes its petals and curls its leaves at a touch, and there is one brave and hardy that shakes its head defiantly in the blasts of the storm.

Each has its own characteristic, each fills its own place, each has its own part in the perfect whole. We cannot say which is fairest or most to be admired, for while diverse they may be equally attractive.

Now shall we say that in this garden which our heavenly Father has planted, the church, there are those possessing diverse talents, diverse traits of character, fitted for different positions and different work?

Here one stands out prominently, and there one works in obscurity; here is one called into the ranks of the army in the field and there is one as brave, as true, bearing her burden at home. One can preach, another can write, another can teach, and still another who perhaps lives closest to God, like the little colorless blossom has no prominence, but her hands are stretched out to the needy and her ears are open to the cries of the distressed, and her prayers and alms rise to heaven as sweet incense.

From all ranks and conditions of life we are gathered, but the departments of

the work are many and for each one there is some place which he can fill well.

"Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

It is the duty of each to diligently seek out the place in which he can work effectively and then to work in contentment, humility, and earnestness whether that place be high or low, prominent or obscure; for we are *all equal* in God's sight if our desires are pure, and joined to our faith is heartfelt labor.

A statement has been made that seems worthy of thought and it is to this effect. None of us are perfect; none of us live independently; the life of no one of us is a complete one; we are but fractions, parts of a great whole. Yes, we are members of one body and all are needed. In our individual lives may we combine the purity of the lily, the sweetness of the rose and the humility of the violet, and may we unite as the varied workmanship of a great Creator to praise him with our lips and with the *acts of our lives*.

The latter days! These are words that bring to us at times a sense of alarm when we remember the fields white for the harvest, when we look upon the world in its need, when duties seem to come more than one at a time because the laborers are few.

"We have no time to watsé
In critic's sneer or cynic's bark,
Quarrel or reprimand;
'Twill soon be dark;
Then choose thine aim
And may God speed the mark."

Truly, there is no time to waste, and time is worse than wasted when, instead of being devoted to the advancement of the work, it is spent in criticism of the attempts of a fellow-laborer. We find among six things that the Lord hates, "He that soweth discord among the brethren," and does not the critic do something of that kind?

If one seems to be pursuing an unwise course, is there not a kindly way of pointing out the error? We read, "When the righteous smite me with the word of the Lord it is kindness; and when they reprove me it shall be an excellent oil, and shall not destroy my faith, for yet my prayer also shall be for them."

A wise man will receive kind reproof intended to benefit him. His judgment

tells him it is unwise to follow anything false or to build upon any rock but truth; for all else must surely fail. The warning of a friend who sees him going into error is as an excellent oil," healing where sharp words of criticism would deepen his wound, and leaving unshaken his faith where harshness would engender distrust; for our lives are so bound together that we are stronger when we can love each other, and weaker when we lose confidence, and

"When we climb to God
'Tis on the rounds of love to men."

Now, to live in unity and accord does not imply that right or truth must ever be yielded for the sake of peace. Peace is desirable, but truth is more to be desired. "Buy the truth and sell it not." sell it not for ease; sell it not for fame; sell it not for love; sell it not for peace.

But we must learn so to govern ourselves, so to keep self and selfish desires under control that when we consider any subject to take action upon it, it shall not be to gain supremacy over others, but simply to find the right and do it.

We need to do intelligent thinking; we ought to think, each one for himself. "The simple believe every word but the prudent man looketh well to his going." How else can we be safe? And when the problem becomes too deep for our solution, we ought to ask the One who is willing to give liberally to those who lack wisdom.

He has promised to send his Spirit to guide his children and the only thing that can prevent is failure on our part to stand in an attitude to receive his guidance when we come before him unitedly. His words are, "If any man lack wisdom; let him ask of God," not "If any man lack *love*."

An impressive picture is brought before the mind and our love of the brave and noble and majestic is appealed to when we read God's own description of his church as it emerges from the wilderness: "clear as the moon and fair as the sun and terrible as an army with banners."

But following the thrill of joy at the pleasing thought comes the deep, earnest, practical thought, "If we are an army, if we would do valiantly, if we would accomplish anything we must be an orderly, well-disciplined army.

Have we ever read on the pages of his-

tory of a decisive battle lost to one of the contending armies because its forces failed to cooperate? Can we afford to run any risk in this great battle, this fight of faith? Can we afford to be broken by disunion? What are those brave old words spoken so long ago? They are as true to-day, they hold the same warning to-day, as when first uttered. "United we stand; divided" — name it not. United we shall stand; united we shall press forward; our trumpet will give its certain sound and as obedient soldiers, trained to obey, we shall move on "beneath the banner of the cross."

Let us have no thought of disunion. Let us be liberal one with another and merciful in all things.

Let us be as Jerusalem of old, "a city that is compact together whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord unto the testimony of Israel to give thanks unto the name of the Lord."

And let the burden of our prayer be as David's, "Pray for the *peace* of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.

"Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces.

"For my brethren and companions'

sakes, I will now say, 'Peace be within thee.'"

"Seamless and fair!

Let us not rend thy perfect garment, Lord!

But ever keep it whole throughout,
Maintaining in Thy church a blessed accord.

Let all be one!

One church, one faith, one love, one hope, one joy,

One Bridegroom and one holy Bride—
This unity divine let none destroy.

One temple vast!

Builded on living stones by Thine own hand,
One household and one brotherhood—
Knit all together by love's perfect band.

Let truth prevail!

Truth ever true, not shifting with the wind;
Walk we in light as sons of noon,
The shadows that divide us left behind.

Let love prevail!

Love, the most excellent of gifts divine,
The love that seeketh not her own—
Long-suffering love, all-patient, Lord, like Thine!

Let love prevail!

The love that envies not, that thinks no ill,
That faileth not, but ever lives,
All things believing, hoping, bearing still.

So be it, Lord!

Even here on earth, where all things broken lie,
So shall it be in love's own day,
In love's own kingdom everlastingly."

OBSERVATIONS.—No. X.

THE UNIVERSAL USE OF STIMULANTS— THE BIG PROBLEM.

LIVES there a man or woman who, with uplifted hand, can affirm that the use of any nerve stimulant whatever is physiological; that it is a normal necessity of sustenance to body and mind; that it promotes the highest physical and intellectual power; that it is necessary to persons in health; that it is not in some degree an impairment of the normal well-being?

This embraces all—the alcoholic in all the forms of simple spirits and of vinous and malt liquors, opium in all its mixtures, tobacco in all its uses, chewing, snuffing and smoking, coffee and tea. The proposition is here put forth that none of these are elements of physiological living; that none of them nourish the body or mind; that the sole need of any one of them is created by the habit of use; that they are all mere nerve stimulants without benefit to the normal being,

and that in some degree every one of them is an impairment of body and mind.

Let all come up to the rack—men and women prohibitionists, temperate drinkers and toppers, the members of the Evangelical Alliance and of the Saloon-keepers' Alliance, and affirm the contrary to this proposition. Let the professional slugger stand up and say if he does not forego all these stimulants when he tries to train to his highest point of force and endurance. Let the man of mental labor stand up and say if he can have the highest command of his intellect under the influence of any of these stimulants.

What would be the deliverance of such an inquisition? The good matron would say, "I should feel a goneness without my cup of tea; it braces me up; and a tea without tea would be a cold affair." The father and sons of the family would say, "We should feel a depression if cut off from the morning coffee." The chewer and smoker would tell how hard they

have tried to quit, and how broken up their nervous system was by the suspension. And all would plead that it is a little thing, and doesn't harm them much, or if it does it is their own; that it does not intoxicate, and that it does not lead to a degree of indulgence which disables them and impoverishes their families.

By this time a Nation of toppers will have dawned upon the inquisition; all slaves to the habitual use of stimulants; each one having his special tap; all pleading that they can't break off, and all making essentially the same defense as the drinker of alcoholic liquors, save that only they who are far gone plead that they can't break off drinking. In all this Nation of toppers is only a difference in degree, not in kind.

The morning meal brings a nerve-stimulating cup without which it would be inhospitable, and would leave a nerve sinking. In the common American custom in the West and South the breakfast coffee is strong in substance and large in quantity. The average coffee stimulant which a prohibition politician takes at breakfast is a more powerful nerve stimulant than the average morning dram of the toper, and the effect of an omission is greater. Yet toppers are far along when they come to morning cocktails or 11 o'clocks. Many repeat the large portion of strong coffee at noon and night. Many have strong tea with each meal.

Is it harmless? Doth not the experience of the intelligent recognize that it is a concession to the weakness of the older flesh by withholding it from youth? Is not the effect of coffee and tea at meals to promote not digestion but eating? Is not the incessant stimulation of appetite destructive to health? When the physician is called and he begins by removing the exciting causes of disease, does he not cut off the coffee and tea? When he permits a return to the latter, it is diluted to the least degree that will make palatable the hot water and milk. The doctors will testify that while drunkenness hath slain its thousands, eating has slain its tens of thousands. And these are facinorators of eating, not of assimilating.

Right after the morning meal—if not before—the smoker must have his smoke and the chewer his chew. The chewer is in general constant. His system is saturated with this nerve stimulant. If sus-

ended, he feels a goneness like the far down drunkard when his supply is cut off. He is a tobacco drunkard. The effect of three or four drams of spirits, wine or beer each day on the nervous system is much less than of this incessant chewing of tobacco.

The smoker's pipe or cigar is more than equivalent to a glass of beer or an average dram of spirits in its effect on the nervous system. He must have it after every meal, and at intervals between. The constant tendency is to increase until a pipe or cigar in the mouth is incessant. They are tobacco toppers. They may plead that they cannot carry it so far as the alcohol drunkards, but of that they are not so sure as they think. And they are fully up or down to the regular moderate drinkers in the quantity of stimulant which they habitually require.

This incessant stimulation of the nervous system is wear and tear that must tell in time. These incessant blows on the brain must dull and in time impair. It is doubtful if any man whose profession is mental labor will testify that he gets the highest command of his intellectual powers under the influence of any stimulant whatever. If he did testify this, all would think that it is because the habitual use requires the continuation to keep his faculties up to their lower level. He has not the clearness of head and the long endurance of intense mental application that is attainable without the use of any stimulant.

The plea that they can't get along without the stimulous of coffee, tea or tobacco, gives away the argument against alcoholic drink, save as to the comparative liability to excess. For alcoholic drink is only a nerve stimulant. Its elevation is essentially the same as from tobacco, opium and coffee and tea. The depression and unstringing of the nerves is greater from the suspension of the habitual use of these than from the suspension of what may be called temperate or moderate drinking spirits, wine or beer.

He that falls into the habit of taking intoxicating liquor at regular times is continually under the stimulating effect. It rises with the dram, and falls as the time approaches for the next. His brain becomes dulled by this rising and falling, and its average level is lower than it was

without any stimulating. If taken with moderation, and not at such times as immediately disorder the brain for mental labor, it is probable that the doctors will say that pure spiritous liquor is less hurtful than tobacco, coffee or tea. And the drinker can stop without much, if any, of the depression and unstringing of the nerves that they tell of who break off the other things.

Tobacco appears to be the worst in these effects of breaking off. The stories men tell of their enslavement to this habit are humiliating to manhood. The tobacco toper has no call to throw stones at the beer or spirit toper. Yet they do it. The taker of a drink of spirits, wine or beer feels a gentle elevation the same as the chewer and smoker. When this becomes a habit of regular times, he in like manner feels a lack if he omits. It is the same as the lack felt from omitting the regular coffee or tea or chew or smoke. It is no greater as to any of them, and is not so great as that which is told of the tobacco habit.

The habit of chewing tobacco was as common in the itinerating preachers of the new settlements as among the Democratic politicians at the period when chewing, drinking and a dirty shirt were proof of a Jeffersonian friend to the people. It is so still in the new country and in the South, although there is a new revelation in the Northern cities which is working against the use of tobacco by preachers. Yet a great work has been done in the new settlements by preachers who were hard chewers and hard smokers. But the saint who keeps going on his chew through the church services, has no call to preach against the sinner who drinks beer or spirits.

Recently a famous rough preacher came out of the South. His epithets were hard on drinkers and sellers of intoxicating drinks. At Chicago he announced that as a concession to Northern ideas he had quit chewing tobacco. After a brief suspension he resumed. He couldn't stand it. His nerves were shattered without their habitual stimulant. It was observed that his preaching lost force by the suspension. Like a drinker on the verge of delirium tremens—to cut off the use suddenly was worse than to keep on.

This tobacco toper, a slave to the use of a stimulant, his nervous system con-

stantly under its influence, and sinking if he stops, his whole body and brain narcotized, preaches the depravity of the nature which uses stimulating drink, and the utter condemnation of those who supply it. True, he pleads that his intoxicating substance has a limitation; but this gives up all the argument against the use of stimulants; all principle of self-denial and of the duty to conquer the appetite and habit, and falls back on the plea that it is kept from self-destruction by a barrier outside of his own will. And this pitiful plea has to serve also for the nastiness which he carries wherever he goes.

The you're-another argument is childish. The beer, wine and whisky toper cannot excuse himself by the tobacco toppers and by the plea that all use stimulants in some form. But the mind that has concentrated its moral sense against one form, and which condemns that as unnatural and unnecessary, and which supposes that all will be comprised by removing the means of indulging that, has not begun to take in the bigness of the problem, in the universal use of stimulants whose influence on the nervous system is essentially the same as the moderate stimulation of alcoholic liquors, and whose seeming need is from the same creation of habit.

* * * WHAT is the nature of this universal need of stimulants, all making essentially the same argument, and each pleading that its special indulgence is a needed comfort, and that it is really almost harmless when indulged in moderation? The zealous women who have missions afar, and who make an outcry over wines at the President's or Secretary Whitney's dinners, would denounce as a crank, or as a defender of intemperance, one who should point to the coffee and tea on their own tables, and tell them that the nature and convivial habit and need of these mere nerve stimulants at meals is the same as of the wines.

Has physiology gone wrong in denying the normal need and benefit of all nerve stimulants? Has normal nature overpowered scientific hypothesis? Or has all mankind become depraved by the generating of the debased natures which require the sustenance of stimulants, and which have no hope to attain to the high-

est human capabilities? Is therefore the fight against the making and selling of stimulating liquors a fight against that which has become the nature of mankind, and which in that case must be as vain as any other attempt to deprive mankind of what nature demands?

Surely the problem is a subject for thought deeper than the customary treatment by which each clings to his own special comfort and indulgence, and makes essentially the same plea that is made by the others whose special comfort and indulgence he wants to make a crime.

The subject for thought is greater than the most fiery zealots for criminal laws think. Perhaps the proposition here affirmatively laid down, namely, that none of these stimulants are beneficial to the normal condition; that the only need of any of them is created by the habit of use; that in some degree they are an impairment of body and mind, may be thought rash and unthinking. It will not be popular with those who want only to make sins of other people's indulgences. But a rational and scientific affirmation of the contrary to this proposition would be an interesting contribution to the materials for thought.

—Selected.

It may prove an interesting problem for some readers into whose hands the above ably written, and as all well-informed, thinking students of physiology will affirm, truthful article may fall, to answer the following question: If Joseph Smith was, as you affirm, an impostor and a fraud, how came he in possession of such wonderful knowledge as enabled him thirty or forty years in advance of all agitation upon this subject to declare that which now the best minds of the century are hastening to confirm, and not to confirm only, but, in part, to enforce upon the attention of all by making it obligatory upon those who hold the keys of public instruction in their hands, to unlock the door which leads to a knowledge of the injurious nature of such things, and constrain the people, whether they will or not, to learn for themselves their downward tendency.

You have affirmed that he was an illiterate, ignorant, idle, and some have gone so far as to add, a vicious boy. Admitting these claims to be true, that he was neither maligned nor misrepresented by his ene-

mies, but was just what the great mass of mankind believed him to have been: what then?

Said one in olden times, "Why, herein is a *marvelous thing*, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. . . . Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one who was born blind."

You have called him illiterate, ignorant, idle, and vicious; and we answer you in the words of the blind man upon whose eyes long centuries ago Jesus laid clay, that he might receive his sight, "We know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshiper of God *and doeth his will*, him God heareth."

We have presented to you in these pages evidence of the fact that men who received their authority from Joseph Smith were instruments in the hands of God of giving sight to those who were born blind, and while we did this we wished to assure you as earnestly as did this man whom Jesus healed, that we do not believe God bestows upon sinners authority to act in his name. The devil may give to his servants power to produce lying signs and work wonders, for his authority in this domain is boundless and undisputed; but not so the almighty Maker of heaven and earth. "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts, ye double minded," is the requisition, without compliance with which no man can draw near to God.

But leaving out of view the thousands of genuine miracles by which the divine authority of this man was established, we come now to ask you, "Whence had he this wisdom?" As early as the year 1833 he said to his followers: The Lord has told me that neither strong drinks, tobacco nor hot drinks are good for man. Some, like yourselves, doubting the inspiration of this, said: "If the people do not use tobacco, neither coffee nor tea, they will have more money to pay as tithing, therefore it is policy to palm this off on the people as a revelation from God."

Strange inconsistency, that the best minds, the highest intelligence of the nineteenth century after the most disinterested and philanthropic research, in every available field of science and learning for the fifty-five years which have intervened since the Lord revealed this to

Joseph Smith, should at last have returned from these fields of research with nothing in their hands better than the *wisdom of an illiterate, ignorant, idle, and vicious boy!!* "Doth a fountain at the same place send forth sweet water and bitter?" "Can the fig tree bear olive berries, either a vine figs?" . . .

These are but a few of the questions remaining for those to answer who deny the commission of Joseph Smith as being divine in its character; who not satisfied with this, drag his name before the world as a synonym of all that is base and vile. So let it be, but mark you, the wisest and best reformers of our day are but groping towards the flaming torch of light and truth, which with a strong arm, a firm clasp of the hand and an undaunted heart nerving both arm and hand, he held aloft amid the howling of ignorance—the hatred of creeds, to lighten the darkness of millions who had long forgotten that it was the right of God to speak to man,

and the privilege of man to receive instruction direct from Him.

But leaving this phase of the matter, we turn to contemplate one far sadder and more far-reaching in its consequences, namely: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kin." When the Son of God revealed himself unto the Jews, he offered them first of all the nations, the blessings, fullness and privileges of the gospel; but he was rejected by them—found no honor for himself or his gospel in his own country. Was this rejection a light matter? How long will it take the sons of men to learn that, "Where much is given much will be required"? If but this one object-lesson was given, namely: the long night of rejection, dispersion and wanderings of the Jews, it would seem that it ought to be all-sufficient for every one who thereafter should take upon himself the name of Christ and through adoption become an heir of God.

THE LESSON OF PAIN.

O Pain! mysterious guest,
Coming unbidden, unguessed,
To greatest and to least,
Birthday and wedding feast;
Standing where lover's eyes
Shine with love's prophecies,—
Whence, wherefore art thou sent,
Unwelcome visitant ?

Not that our hearts may know
To feel for other woe,
And learn from their own sting
To pity suffering;
That were too small and vain,
The loss outweighs the gain;—
And God deals justly, who,
Rendereth to each his due.

Not that some favored souls
May reach the higher goals,
And, however, shining high,
Tempt other souls to fly;
Nor that those bent on sin
May find a curse therein,
And, by his lifted rod,
Know an offended God.

No! Heaven-sent, bitter-sweet,
With swift and tireless feet,
Thou comest unasked for, Pain,
Again and yet again,
Bound on this errand blest,
To make of us our best,—
That which we could not be
Save for thy help and thee.

The gold ore grieveth not,
Though fires are fierce and hot;
Nor counts it wrong or loss,
To lose its cumbering dross.
Intent on being pure,
It can abide, endure,
However fierce the blast,
So it is gold at last.

So from thy crucible
Our souls, debased and dull,
Shall come, dear Pain, some day,
With their dross burned away.
Come with new name and sign
To own thee all divine,
And see in thy stern eyes
All joyful promises.

—Susan Coolidge in S. School Times.

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

HOW rarely is an absent one mentioned with commendation that a fault of character is not immediately set forth to qualify the good impressions.

"Mr. A. is a man of fine talent," you say; and forthwith is responded, "O, yes, a man of fine talent; but has no control over his passions."

"Mr. B. is a man of excellent principles." "But," is answered, "I don't like some of his practices."

"Mr. C. is a kind father and husband; but if all I have heard be true, he is not over-nice in regard to his word. "And, ten chances to one, the commendation is not forgotten, while the disparaging declarations find a prominent place in the memories of all who heard them, and color their estimation of A. B. and C.

It is remarked by Swedenborg, that whenever the angels come to any one, they explore him in search of good. They see not his evil, but his good qualities; and, attaching themselves to these, excite them into useful activities. Were they to see only the man's evils, they would recede from him, for they could not conjoin themselves to these; and thus man would be left unaided, to be borne down by the powers of evil.

If, then, we would help our fellowman to rise above what is false and evil in his character, let us turn our eyes, as far as possible, away from his faults, and fix them steadily upon his good qualities. We shall then aid him in the upward movement, and give external power to the good he really possesses.

And now by way of illustration. A young man named Westfield was the subject of conversation between three or four persons. One of them, a Mr. Hartman, had met Westfield only recently. The first impression formed of his character was quite favorable, and he expressed himself accordingly. To his surprise and pain one of the company remarked, "Yes, Westfield is clever enough in his way; but—" and he shrugged his shoulders and looked a world of mystery. "No force of character," said another. "I have never liked the way he treated Mr. Green," said a third. "It shows, to my mind, a defect of principle. The young man is well enough in his way, I suppose, and I

wouldn't say a word against him for the world; but—" and he shrugged his shoulders.

Ah, how much wrong has been done to character and worldly prospects by a single shrug! From no lip present came even the smallest word in favor of the young man. No one spoke of the disadvantages against which he had struggled successfully, nor portrayed a single virtue of the many he possessed. No one looked at the brighter qualities of his mind. And why? Poor, weak, human nature! quick to mark evils and defects, but slow to acknowledge what is good in thy neighbor—prone to flatter self, yet offering extorted praise at the shrine of another's merits, how low art thou fallen!

A few evenings after the little conversation we have mentioned, Mr. Hartman was thrown in company with Westfield. The latter, remembering his first interview with this gentleman, whose position in society was one of standing and influence, met him again with a lively glow of satisfaction, which showed itself in countenance and manner. But the few disparaging words spoken against the young man had poisoned the mind of Mr. Hartman; and, instead of meeting him with the frank cordiality expected, he received him with a cold repulse.

Disappointed and mortified, Westfield turned from the man toward whom warm feelings and hopeful thoughts had been going forth for many days and, in a little while, quietly retired from a company, in mingling with which he had promised himself both pleasure and profit. "That hope blasted!" exclaimed the young man, striking his hands together, while a shadow of intense pain darkened his countenance.

He was alone, having returned to his chamber for self-communion. There existed at this time an important crisis in the young man's affairs. He was a clerk on a very moderate salary. His own wants were few, and these his salary would have amply supplied; but a widowed mother and a young sister looked to him as their only support. To sustain all was beyond his ability; and much to his anxiety and deep discouragement, he found himself falling into debt. His of-

fense toward Mr. Green, which had been alluded to as involving something wrong on his part, was nothing more nor less than leaving his service for that of another man, who made a small advance in his salary—a thing which the former positively refused to do. He had been with Mr. Green from his boyhood up, and somehow or other Mr. Green imagined that he possessed certain claims to his continued service; and when the fact of Westfield's having left him was alluded to, gave to others the impression that he was badly used in the matter. He did not mean to injure the young man, but he had been valuable; the loss fretted him and produced unkind feelings, and these found relief in words. Selfishness prevented him from seeing, as he ought to have seen, the bright side of Westfield's character, and so he injured him by throwing a shadow on his good name.

"That hope blasted!" repeated the unhappy young man. And what was this fondly cherished hope, the extinguishment of which had moved him so deeply? A few words will explain.

Mr. Hartman was a man of considerable wealth, and had just closed a large contract with the state for the erection of certain public works, to be commenced immediately. On that very day Westfield had learned the fact that he was quietly in search of a competent, confidential disbursing clerk, whose salary would be double what he was receiving, and it was his purpose to see him immediately, offer himself, and endeavor, if possible to secure the situation.

He had called at his office twice during the day, but failed to see him. The manner in which Mr. Hartman met his advances in the evening, satisfied him that to ask for the situation so much desired would be altogether vain.

Westfield was a young man of integrity, competent in business matters, and industrious. He had his faults and his weaknesses, as we all have; but these were greatly overbalanced by his virtues. Yet he was not above temptation. Who is? Who has not some easily besetting sin? Who can say that he may not fall?

To Mr. Hartman, as a private clerk, Westfield would have been invaluable. He was just the kind of man he was in search of. Moreover, he was just think-

ing of him for this very position of private clerk, when the poison of ill-natured detraction entered his mind, and he turned his thoughts from him.

The more he brooded over his disappointment, and pondered the unhappy condition of affairs the more deeply did the mind of Westfield become disturbed.

"I cannot bear these thoughts," he said, starting up from a chair in which he had been sitting in gloomy despondency, and, in the effort to escape his troubled feelings he went forth upon the street. It was late in the evening. There was no purpose in the young man's mind as he walked square after square with hasty steps; and he was about returning, when he was met by a man with whom he had a slight acquaintance and who seemed particularly well pleased to see him.

"The very man I was thinking about," said Mr. Lee—that was his name; "quite a coincidence. Which way are you going?"

"Home," replied Westfield, somewhat indifferently.

"In any particular hurry?"

"No."

"Come with me then!"

"Where are you going?"

"To the Union House. There's to be a raffle there at ten o'clock for six gold watches—chances on each watch only one dollar. I've got five chances. They are splendid watches; come along and try your luck."

"I don't care if I do," said Westfield.

He was ready to catch at almost anything that would divert his mind. Under other circumstances this would have been no temptation. So he went to the Union Hotel, ventured a dollar, and, most unexpectedly, became the owner of a gold watch.

New thoughts and new feelings were stirring in his mind as he took his way homeward that night, excited as well by some things seen and heard at the Union House, as by the good fortune which had attended his first venture of a small sum of money in the hope of gaining largely on the deposit.

The effect of his cold treatment of Westfield did not escape the observation of Mr. Hartman. He saw that the young man was both hurt and troubled; that he kept aloof from the rest of the company, and soon retired.

"Do you know young Westfield?" he inquired of a gentleman with whom, sometime afterward, he happened to be in conversation.

"Very well," was the answer.

"Has he good business capacity?"

"Few young men excel him."

"Do you know anything of his character?"

"It stands fair."

"I have heard that he did not treat his former employer, Mr. Green, very well."

"He left him for a higher salary; and as he has a mother and sister to support, he was bound, in my opinion, to seek the largest possible returns for his labor."

"Had Green no particular claim on him?"

"No more than you or I have."

"I heard the fact of his leaving Mr. Green's employment commented on in a way that left on my mind an unfavorable impression of the young man."

"Some people are always more ready to suppose evil than good of another," was replied to this.

"I am in search of a competent young man as a private clerk, and had thought of Westfield; but these disparaging remarks caused me to decide against him."

"In my opinion," said the gentleman with whom Mr. Hartman was conversing, "you will search a good while before finding anyone so well suited to your purpose, in every respect, as young Westfield."

"You speak earnestly in regard to him."

"I do, and because I know him well."

A very different impression of the young man was now entertained by Mr. Hartman. It was past eleven o'clock on that night as he rode homeward passing on his way the Union House, and just at the moment when Westfield in company with several young men came forth after closing the raffle. They were talking loud and boisterously. Mr. Hartman leaned from the carriage window, attracted by the voices, and his eyes rested for a moment on Westfield. The form was familiar, but he failed to get sight of his face. The carriage swept by, and the form passed from his vision; but he still thought of it, and tried to make out his identity. Not many hours of tranquil sleep had Westfield that night. As he lay awake through the silent watches, temptation poured in upon him like a

flood, and pressing against the feeble barriers of weakened good principles seemed ready to bear them away in hopeless ruin. In a single hour he had become possessor of a gold watch, which could readily be converted into money, and which, at a low valuation, would bring the sum of fifty dollars, equal to a month's salary. How easily had this been acquired! True, to raffle was to gamble; and yet he easily silenced this objection, for at religious fairs he had often seen goods disposed of by raffle, and had himself more than once taken a chance.

Another raffle for valuable articles had been announced for the next night at the Union, and Westfield, urged by the hope of new success, resolved to be present, and again try his luck.

The following morning found the young man in a more sober, thoughtful mood. He did not show his watch to his mother, nor mention to her the fact of his having won it. Indeed, when she asked him where he had been so late on the night before he evaded the question. On his way to the store in which he was employed, Westfield called at a jeweler and asked the value of his watch.

"It is worth about seventy-five dollars," answered the jeweler, looking very earnestly at Westfield, and with a certain meaning look in his countenance that the young man did not like.

"It is perfectly new, as you can see. I would like to sell it."

"What do you ask for it?"

"I will take sixty dollars."

"I'll buy it for fifty," said the jeweler.

"Very well, it is yours."

Westfield felt like a guilty man. He was certain that the jeweler suspected him of having obtained it through some improper means.

The money was paid over at once, and thrusting the sum into his pocket, he went hurriedly out.

As he was leaving the store, he encountered Mr. Hartman, who was entering. He dropped his eyes to the ground, while a crimson flush overspread his face.

"Ah! Mr. Westfield," said Mr. Hartman, detaining him, "I am glad to meet you. Will you call at my office this morning?"

"If you wish me to do so," replied the young man, struggling to overcome the confusion of mind into which the sudden

encounter, under the circumstances, had thrown him.

"I do. Call at eleven o'clock—I wish to see you particularly."

"Do you know that young man?" inquired the jeweler, as Mr. Hartman, to whom he was well known, presented himself at the counter.

"What young man?" inquired Mr. Hartman.

"The young man with whom I saw you speaking at the door."

"Yes; his name is Westfield; and a very excellent young man he is. Do you know anything about him?"

"I know that he has just sold me a watch for fifty dollars, which I sold for seventy-five yesterday to a man who told me he was going to raffle it." The jeweler didn't say this. It came in his thoughts to say it, but he checked the utterance and meekly replied: "Nothing at all. He is a stranger to me."

Had the first impulse to produce an unfavorable impression in regard to a stranger been obeyed, the life-prospect of Westfield would have been utterly blasted. The evening that followed, instead of finding him at home, rejoicing with his mother and sister over the hopeful future,

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would have seen him again in the dangerous company of unscrupulous men, and entering in through the gate that leads to destruction. Now he saw clearly his error, the danger he had escaped, and wondered at his blind infatuation, while he shuddered at the fearful consequences that might have followed, had not a better way opened to his erring footsteps at the very moment when, in strange bewilderment, he was unable to see the right path.

Mr. Hartman never had cause to regret his choice of a clerk. He often thought of the injustice which the young man had suffered at the hands of those who should have seen his good qualities, instead of seeking for and delighting in the portrayal of bad ones; and he thought, too, of the actual injury this false judgment had come near inflicting on a most worthy, capable and honest person.

He did not know all. The reader can penetrate more deeply below the surface, and see how a few carelessly-uttered disparaging words, proved hidden rocks, on which the hopes of a fellow being, for this life and the next came near being wrecked.

Selected by ADDIE.

TWO KINDS OF BAGS.

BY WILLIS W. KEARNEY.

Read before a meeting of the Latter Day Saints' Literary Exchange, Lamoni, Iowa.

FEVER since the fall of Adam it has been necessary that man should labor in order that he might provide himself and those dependent upon him with that which is necessary to sustain life. By so doing he learns the value of the things so labored for. This was so intended by the allwise Creator when he said, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." If man knew not the value of these things, he would have no desire to labor that he might procure them. Thus, in placing a valuation upon different things, he learns which of those things will most benefit him, and which will not; and he also learns to choose only those things which will be beneficial to him, and to reject those things which will not.

Thus in all his dealings man is actuated by the desire to better his condition.

This is the principle which causes vast areas of land that have lain wrapped in nature's solitude for untold centuries to be converted into prosperous farms, yielding their products for the good of man; that has changed dreary deserts into blossoming fields; that builds up cities and towns; that constructs railways from one end of the land to the other; that sends out vast fleets of vessels across the mighty ocean to exchange products with other nations. And it is the height of wisdom that it should be so.

And so it has been from time immemorial. But as we pause amid the hurry and worry of earning a place to dwell,

and the conveniences of life, if not its riches, there comes to us from the distant past the words of one who cries as much to us as to the dwellers of those times, "Consider your ways. Ye have sown much, and bring in little; ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."—Haggai 1: 5, 6.

What shall we consider? How little after all we bring in! We put our wages into a bag with holes—spend it in that which is soon gone—and what has it profited us? True, we have not suffered for the good things of this world, but our life does not end here. We have to do with another life, another existence. Have we accumulated anything here that will benefit us hereafter? If we have not, then we have put our wages "into a bag with holes;" for it has done us no real lasting good after all. We can carry nothing of earthly treasures away when we leave this world, therefore we should endeavor to make the best use of them in our power while we have the opportunity; a use that will, if possible, bring us a reward in the hereafter, as well as in the present existence.

I think we could not do better, under the circumstances, than to accept the advice of the infant philosopher, who said:

"And this is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sing in a pottet,
Have it mended when you've dot it."

Yes, if there is a hole in the bag in which we keep our wages, we could not do better than to have it mended. How can we do this? Where can we put our wages so it will not leak out? Christ gives the answer in the following: "Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Ab, that is the secret of the matter, when the heart is in it!

In this connection we call to mind a parable given by our Lord at Jerusalem, which reads as follows: "And one of the company said unto him, 'Master, speak unto my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.' And he said unto him, 'Man, who made me a judge or a

divider over you? Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' And he spake a parable unto them, saying, 'The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasures for himself and is not rich toward God.'"—Luke 12: 13-21.

In this parable is illustrated the consequences of living solely for one's self; of thinking only of what will benefit us, and giving no thought to the welfare of others.

Some people occasionally spend a nickle or a dime for candy, peanuts or cigars, which afford pleasure for a short time, but are soon consumed and the money gone, and they have nothing to show for it,—have neither blessed themselves or anybody else, neither have they laid up treasures in heaven. These are the little holes in the bag of earthly prosperity.

As time goes on and the bag waxes old, larger holes make their appearance through which slip the gains of wages in drink, or are lost in speculation and folly, until finally the bottom drops out altogether, and they die poverty-stricken indeed, having no treasure to go to. This is gathering riches in man's way, and is truly a bag with holes.

But the question arises, "How can we be rich toward God?" Some may answer, "By paying our tithes that His gospel may be preached in all the world." Certainly, that is part of our duty; but will this fill the bill entirely? Is this the only way we can be rich toward God? No. We learn of another way in the following commandment given by the Lord to the children of Israel, and it is equally as applicable to us as to them: "For the poor shall never cease out of the land: therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt

open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land." —Deut. 15: 11.

Thus we see that we are not only required to pay our tithing, but also to give liberally to the poor; and Paul, in the ninth chapter of his second letter to the Corinthians, tells of the manner in which we should give. He says: "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver."

It may seem hard to be required to give so much, but Christ said: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and

they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Will we not be amply repaid for all we can give if we receive eternal life in return? Yes, I think it would be a good investment, bringing us large returns; for we would not only be providing for ourselves in this life, but we would also bless others, and be laying up treasures for ourselves in heaven, in the "bags which wax not old," where we may enjoy them, not for a brief time and then see them vanish away, as with our earthly treasure, but for eternity.

PERFECTION OF CHARACTER THE END OF PUNISHMENT.

THE ordinary conception of hell had its rise in a crude, savage conception of God. He was conceived of as a jealous God, sitting off somewhere in space, looking down on his pygmy man, whom he had created for the purpose of carrying out a law of righteousness based on the fiat of his irresistible will. If man obeyed his arbitrary commands, well and good: he would be rewarded. If not, he would be overwhelmed with disaster in this life, and pursued in the life to come with greater calamities. Hell, of course, was quite a logical result from such a fearful idea of what God was. Given a God touchy, wrathful, implacable, with all power in his hands, and the idea of eternal punishment follows quite naturally. But conceive of God as being infinitely beneficent as even nature reveals him to be, full of a father's compassion, as one who works in the lowest as in the highest of his creatures toward some wise and perfect end, and such a conception of hell, either as a place of torture or as a permanent mental mood, or of punishment as purposeless and vindictive, and an end in itself, will be simply inconceivable. We have changed our conception of God; and, as a consequence, the lurid imagery of the old theology with its "crimson marl and cressets of burning naphtha" has given place to a glorious spiritual house of many mansions, in which each wearied son of earth shall finally find rest and peace, and attain that

holiness of character for which all along in diviner moments he longed and thirsted.

Since God is perfect and full of compassion, the purpose of punishment must be remedial and reformative. Indeed, if we argued from human analogy, we can suppose nothing else. It is only in a rude, savage state of society that punishment is ever looked upon as vindictive and as the satisfaction of hatred. The more civilized communities become, the more does punishment come to be looked upon as simply a mean toward a great end,—that end the reformation of the moral character through discipline and suffering. To suppose, then, that God keeps the soul of the unrighteous in a state of permanent misery is to suppose that poor, fallible man is more just and compassionate than God, and as a consequence, the Creator becomes degraded below the creature. We cannot, however, hold such an obviously absurd conclusion; and so we say, as much in answer to the finding of the reason as the tender promptings of the heart, that the conception of punishment as a final end in itself is one which no sane mind can entertain for a moment. It contradicts common sense and the ordinary facts of life.

What is the ultimate end of punishment? It must be perfection of character in each individual case. Any other supposition lands us in absurdity, since, unless this be the end, we not only cannot account for the fact of pain in the

universe, but we are at a loss to account for the reason of man's existence, seeing that pain is apparently inseparable from his condition on this planet.

Man is capable of holiness; and, although he rests in the majority of instances, so far as this present life is concerned, in the thought or in the realization of a mere material well-being, we know beyond controversy, from the constitution of his nature, that he cannot in any ultimate sense stop there. The end of his being, the satisfaction of his complex nature, can only be found finally in the attainment of righteous character, and in a life of communion with God. If he stop short of this, if he do what is not in accordance with this great end, if he deliberately shrink back from what he recognizes as the only permanent and final form of his happiness, then he shall find no satisfaction even in his greatest accomplishments, and shall always carry with him the dull, heavy weight of divinely inflicted pain. Until he strive to realize that ideal of holiness which stretches out before him as an infinite possibility, he must, of necessity, progress farther and farther into the dark realms of misery and dissatisfaction. So long as man refuses to conform his life, though in never so small a degree, to what he is clearly conscious is his highest and best good, so long must his state be described as one of pain and dissatisfaction. Now, obviously, we cannot conceive of any man being able to rest in this state, *because he is clearly fitted for happiness and the fulfillment of a moral ideal*; and, therefore, we must come to the conclusion that, since happiness to a morally constituted being can only be found in the attainment of righteousness, the end of all punishment so far as man is concerned must be his complete moral regeneration. Punishment, then, is simply a means to an end, and that end, arguing from the data of experience, complete reformation of character through the infliction of pain. Punishment, in fact, on this, the only reasonable hypothesis, is seen to be a form of love; and so, instead of being looked upon as an intolerable evil to be dreaded, in a true final sense, we ought to look upon it as one of God's choicest gifts. Sinful indulgence and wrong-doing are freighted with suffering and pain in order to teach man that true happiness is

moral and spiritual, and is not to be found in a life of animal pleasure, or in the heaping to himself of riches, or in the unjust accumulation of more than the average share of power. The way of the transgressor is made hard, in order that he may seek a righteous character and enter on that narrow pathway of moral self-endeavor whose light shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Thus, when we grasp the grander conception of God made clear to us through the revelation of a larger and saner thought, the old savage conception of hell necessarily passes out of sight, and with it the absurd notion that punishment is a final end, containing within itself no great purpose lying toward moral reformation of character.

Our own laureate sings,—

“That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one worm shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.”

If not one worm shall be destroyed; if, as Emerson sings, “there is no God dare harm a worm,”—how utterly absurd—nay, how positively wicked—for men to conceive of the infinitely beneficent Father consigning the children of his love (for, with all our follies and sins, we are the children of his love) to perpetual exile from holiness and joy, or holding them upon the tough rack of a continuous suffering consciousness! There is no theological dogma which has done more to give atheism a permanent foothold in society than the awful thought that beyond the narrow arc of time comprising this present life the eternally compassionate One, whom, in answer to emotional promptings we dare not quell, we call “Our Father,” forgets to be gracious to those who, in their keen spiritual distresses, most need the ministrations of his loving kindness and tender mercy. Far better the nirvana of Buddha, which is simply the reversion of the soul to the All-life and the loss of personal consciousness in God, than this debasing, illogical conception put forth in the name of the All-wise and All-merciful Father as divine, infallible truth.

Instead of such a conception as the final end of human strife, we gladly turn to the wider thought of a progressive universe and of a finally perfected human society. We look not at things that are

seen, but at the things that are unseen; not at the building with its scaffoldings and half-completed walls, but the glorious edifice all perfect in proportion as it rises up before the eye of the spiritual imagination; not at the actualities, but at the possibilities, of humanity. We say boldly that, so long as a man sins, he must suffer, that "whatsoever he soweth, *that* must he also reap;" but we deny absolutely that, as a result of sowing finite acts, he must go on forever reaping infinite harvests of woe. Such a conception violates not only the fundamental law of man's nature, not only the warm instincts of the heart: it violates also the law of moral causality, for the effect cannot be any greater than the cause producing it. A finite act, or any series of finite acts, however bad, cannot by any possibility merit infinite punishment. We maintain that punishment, whether it be inflicted in this or any other state, must be remedial and reformatory, and that the ultimate result will be the perfection of man in all his diversified and varied powers.

We may, then, without presumption, entertain the great uplifting hope that a day shall come to humanity when all its discordant elements shall be fused into a living, vital unity of the spirit, when the whole family in heaven and on earth shall enter into conscious communion with the Infinite Source of all life and blessing,

and each soul be able finally to realize all that it has in it to become. Any other conclusion is contrary to the common humanities of life, opposed to the *general strain* of Scripture, and utterly irreconcilable with the conception of a perfect Creator who works from a motive of love toward a final end of perfection in the lowest and highest of his creatures.

This universe is in the line of evolution. It is slowly becoming perfect. Just as the moral idealist is not so much concerned about a reassuring answer to the question, Is the present state of human society for or against a law of righteousness? so much as in ascertaining whether or not the inherent tendency of things contains within itself the promise and potency of a final moral triumph, so we should not be concerned too much with the present anomalies of life,—its laws of selfishness, corporate and individual, its inherited dread of what lies beyond the bounds of sense, its proneness to blindly obey historical authority in matters of spiritual moment,—but rather should rest serenely on the great uplifting fact that we are in a universe which is steadily nearing the goal of perfection, and partakers of a divine nature which, slowly through a material universe, and the intelligence of man, is realizing its own infinite perfection.

—James C. Hodgins, in July Unitarian.

OCTOBER'S PARTY.

October gave a party;
 The leaves by hundreds came,
 And Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
 And those of every name.
 The sunshine spread a carpet,
 And everything, as grand,
 Miss Weather led the dancing,
 Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
 The Oaks in crimson dressed;
 The lovely Misses Maple
 In scarlet looked their best,

And balanced all their partners,
 And gaily fluttered by;
 The sight was like a rainbow
 New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rustic hollows,
 At "hide-and-peek" they played;
 The party closed at sundown,
 And everybody stayed.
 Professor Wind played louder;
 They flew along the ground;
 And then the party ended
 In jolly "hands around."

—Selected.

OUR COUNTRY.

BY "PAUL PARKER."

HAVING considered, in our previous article the principles upon which our government was founded, the purpose of this one shall be to consider the causes as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, that led to its establishment.

The dawn of the Reformation in Europe was the birth of civil as well as religious liberty; and for the purpose of blessing the brotherhood of mankind the liberty-loving people were moved upon by the Spirit of God to seek homes in the New World. That they might escape their persecutors may have seemed to be the motive which impelled them to such action, not knowing that they were the pioneers of a new government to be built upon principles which had their origin in heaven.

With the accession of George III. to the throne of Great Britain in October, 1760, commenced the oppression that led to a separation of the Colonies from the Mother country. He forsook the counsel of the old and tried statesmen—William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, being the chief one—for the younger and untried. He selected the Earl of Bute as his chief adviser, who had no reputation as a statesman but was a "gay Scottish lord."

The treasury of Great Britain was empty, and it was decided that the American Colonies should be taxed to replenish it. This measure was bitterly opposed, and especially because they had no representation in the British Parliament, believing that "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

There were many brave and wise men who opposed the aggression of the King. John Adams, Samuel Adams and James Otis, of Massachusetts; Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; Thomas Jefferson and Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia; and many others who in after years proved their devotion to their country.

The Americans were not without friends in the British Parliament. When the Stamp Act was introduced into that body, Charles Townshend, a very eloquent man, made a speech in which he said: "And now these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence

until they have grown to a degree of strength and opulence, and protected by our armies, will they grudge to contribute their mite to relieve us from the heavy weight of that burden which we lie under?"

Colonel Barre who had been to America and understood quite well the temper of the people, replied with much scorn: "They *planted by your care!* No, your *oppressions* planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny. . . . They *nourished up by your indulgence!* They grew by your *neglect* of them. They *protected by your armies!* They have nobly taken up arms in your defense. And believe me—remember I this day told you so—that the same spirit of freedom, which actuated that people at first, will accompany them still; but prudence forbids me to explain myself further."

Pitt in a speech on American affairs said: "They are subjects of this kingdom, equally entitled with yourselves to all the natural rights of mankind and the peculiar privileges of Englishmen; equally bound by its laws, and equally participating in the constitution of this free country. The Americans are the sons, not the bastards of England. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative powers. When, therefore, in this House, we give and grant that which is our own. But in an American tax, what do we do? We, your majesty's Commons for Great Britain, give and grant to your majesty the property of your majesty's Commons of America. It is an absurdity of terms. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here."

These acts of the British Parliament aroused the Americans to the danger that was now approaching, threatening their civil and religious liberty. It is a very interesting story of the great trials and excitement through which they passed before the war for their liberties began; but it cannot be told here.

Among the leading patriots very few thought of a separation from the parent government, and among that number were Samuel Adams and Christopher Gadsden, until in 1775 when the petitions

from Congress we treated by the king with scorn, and he was sending armies over to harass them into subjection.

Washington declared when he took command of the army that he "abhorred the idea of independence;" but when the hostility of the king was manifested in the manner referred to above, he said, "I am now fully convinced that nothing else will save us." The desire of independence was spreading all over the land like fire impelled by a terrific gale of wind, and it was intensified when Thomas Paine wrote the following brave words: "The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth." "'Tis not the concern of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom; but of a continent of at least one-eighth part of the habitable globe." "'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity is virtually involved in it even to the end of time." "The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, 'Tis time to part.' The last chord is now broken; the people of England are presenting addresses against us. A government of our own is our natural right. Ye that love mankind, that dare oppose not only tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the Old World is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted around the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her; Europe regards her like a stranger; and England hath given her warning to depart. O, receive the fugitive, and prepare an asylum for mankind!"

The time seemed to be now near at hand when the prophetic words of William Livingston would be fulfilled, "Courage Americans; liberty, religion, science are on the wing to these shores. The finger of God points out a mighty empire to your sons. The savages of the wilderness were never expelled to make room for idolators and slaves. The land we possess was the gift of heaven to our fathers, and Divine Providence seems to have decreed it to our posterity. So legible is this munificent and celestial deed in past events, that we need not be discouraged by the bickerings between us and the parent country. The angry cloud will soon be dispersed, and America advance to felicity and glory with redoubled activity and vigor. The day dawns in which the foundations of this empire are to be laid by the establishment of a *regu-*

lar American Constitution. All that has hitherto been done seems to be little beside the collection of materials for the construction of this glorious fabric. 'Tis time to put them together. The transfer of the European part of the great family is so swift, and our growth so vast, *that before seven years roll over our heads the first stone must be laid.* Peace or war, famine or plenty, poverty or affluence—in a word, no circumstances, whether prosperous or adverse, can happen to our parent—nay, no conduct of hers, whether wise or imprudent—no possible temper on her part, will put a stop to this building."

These remarkable words had been uttered in 1768. The seventh year had come and the first blood of the patriots had been shed at Lexington and Concord, when the stirring events of 1776 were making it a memorable year in American history, well described by Mr. Paine when he said, "These are the times that try men's souls."

It was a brave body of men that composed the members of the Continental Congress in 1776. A price had been set on the heads of some of its members by the king, but this did not deter them from their duty to their country. Most of them were young men, and all that they had was sacrificed on the altar of their country, and with her, come weal or woe, they would follow her fortunes. They were a noble band of men laying the foundation for civil and religious liberty upon a foundation so enduring that the storms of one hundred years have not loosed her moorings, and they lit the torch that has given light to the pilgrim in every land seeking for that boon which God had bequeathed to all mankind; and none but tyrants sought to take it away.

What a glorious sight it must have been on the 7th of June, 1776, in the presence of those ever-to-be honored men, when Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, arose in his place in the hall of Congress—since known as Independence Hall, and with his clear musical voice read aloud this resolution:

"THAT THESE UNITED COLONIES ARE, AND OF RIGHT OUGHT TO BE, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES; AND THAT ALL POLITICAL CONNECTION BETWEEN US AND THE STATE OF GREAT BRITIAN IS, AND OUGHT TO BE TOTALLY DISSOLVED."

The resolution was referred to a com-

mittee composed of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert P. Livingston; the first named being the chairman, who also had the task of putting the whole in proper form. It was adopted July 4th. That memorable document shall be now considered in regard to the circumstances which gave cause for the utterance of every paragraph.

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed: that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves, by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in di-

rect object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world."

This is the first government which believed in the equality of mankind, others holding to the idea that the common people should be the willing servants of their sovereign, and the only rights they possessed were those that should be given them, thus making them dependent on the mental conditions of their sovereigns, which might not always be a credit to themselves or of any good to others, and not of any inherent right which belonged to them. And for the purpose of providing law that would maintain those inalienable rights, governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed, which made it necessary for the greatest among them to be the servant of all.

"He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good."

Laws by the Colonial Assemblies concerning their commerce and money affairs had often been passed, but the assent of the king was withheld. Those laws were necessary for the public good.

"He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only."

The assembly of New York attempted to conciliate the troublesome Indians of the frontier, but their motives were misconstrued, and the king forbade the Colonial Governors to enter into any alliance until his assent should be given, and then "he utterly neglected to attend to the matter."

Massachusetts passed a law to have officers of the King pay taxes like other people who lived in the colony; the governor withheld his assent, and when the people complained, the assembly was prorogued and refused to call them together which was a means of great annoyance to them because laws of pressing necessity could not be passed. Other

laws were passed by Parliament, which deprived them of their legislative rights, and also the right of electing their own officers, "a right inestimable to freemen and formidable to tyrants only."

"He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of the public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures."

The people of Massachusetts had manfully opposed the encroachments of the British Government, by reason of which they became objects of royal displeasure. The different offices of the government were removed from Boston to Salem, but the public records were left in Boston, guarded by two regiments of soldiers, making it almost impossible for the members of the assembly to refer to them. The purpose was to coerce them into compliance to the wishes of the king.

"He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people."

Several of the Colonial Assemblies had protested against the British Government for imposing taxes on them without their consent, and for so doing were dissolved.

"He has refused for a long time after such dissolution to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions within."

The assemblies of New York and Massachusetts had both been dissolved and were not called together for nearly one year, in the meantime were exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions from within; and when the latter assembly met, the meeting house was surrounded by a guard of soldiers with cannon pointed at the place in which they were assembled. They refused to act under such conditions and returned home.

"He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws of naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands."

Secret agents were sent to America by the king for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the Colonies. They found a large number of German settlements, composed of a liberty loving set of people. The king was advised to prevent immigration, and the condition upon which land could be obtained was made so difficult that at the commencement of the Revolution emigration had almost ceased. The king's fear concerning the Germans was well founded, because in the struggle for liberty they were nearly all on the side of the patriots.

"He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers."

By different acts of Parliament the judicial powers of many of the Colonies were taken from them, the judges, and sheriffs were appointed by the king and were dependent upon him for their salaries, and in most cases were deprived of the right of trial by jury.

"He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices and the amount and payment of their salaries."

As stated above, the important officers of the Colonies, including the governor, depending entirely upon the king for both position and pay, became very insolent and guilty of many acts of petty tyranny which were very offensive to the people.

"He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance."

After the passage of the Stamp Act, and another for the collection of duties; also a change in the admiralty courts, swarms of officers were sent over which the people were required to pay.

"He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures."

When peace was declared at the close of the French and Indian war, in 1763, the British Government left a large standing army in the Colonies which the people were required to aid in supporting. They protested against it. There was no need of such an army only to suppress the spirit of liberty. When they continued to complain other soldiers were sent over to awe them into subjection. It was with that class of troops that the battles of

Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill were fought.

"He has affected to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power."

In 1774 when General Gage was made commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, to carry certain laws of Parliament into effect, the military power was made independent and superior to the civil law. It being in time of peace, made it the more aggravating.

"He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation."

The British Government made changes in the government of the Colonies which deprived the people of rights granted them by their charters which effectually would have deprived them of local self-government, and placed unusual authority in the hands of the officers appointed by the crown.

"For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us."

In the years 1774 and 1775 about seventeen hundred soldiers had been sent over for the purpose of quelling the rising tide of opposition to British encroachments on the liberties of the people.

"For protecting them by a mock trial from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States."

In Maryland in 1768, and in North Carolina in 1771, some of the citizens were cruelly murdered by the soldiers. Their trial was a mockery of justice and they were set free, while on the other hand for opposing the tyranny of the soldiers the citizens would be hung without mercy.

"For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world."

Lord North at the head of the British Ministry, for the purpose of punishing the Colonists cut off their trade with Great Britain, Ireland and the West Indies, also New Foundland.

"For imposing taxes on us without our consent."

For the purpose of raising revenue, duties were placed on paper, printer's colors, glass, tea and several other articles. This hastened the crisis, for the Colonists would not consent to be taxed without having a voice in the government.

"For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury."

Knowing that jurymen selected from among their own countrymen would not aid them in their work of petty tyranny, the law was so changed that officers of the crown would sit in judgment on offenses committed by the Americans.

"For transporting us beyond the seas to be tried for pretended offenses."

Americans were transported "beyond the seas" to be tried for offenses, and often pretended ones, which was cruel, causing many hardships and unjust separations of families.

"For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies."

The Canadians gave up their political rights, which gave them a great degree of liberty for doubtful religious privileges, and afterward when her sister colonies rejoiced in freedom, she still remained a dependent child.

"For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our government."

This is a reiteration of paragraph four. It was the purpose of the British Government to so change the government of the Colonies that all the important officers would be appointed by the crown instead of elected by the people.

"For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever."

The Colonial Governors would suspend the legislatures and then proclaim laws of their own making to govern the people.

"He has abdicated government here by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us."

The King in 1775 declared the Americans to be rebels, when they only sought to defend their homes against the oppressor, and "waged war against us," the royal governors left to save their lives, virtually "abdicated" the government and leaving the people to make a new, a better one, on principles of freedom and right.

"He has plundered our seas, ravaged

our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people."

The British naval officers were clothed with such power as to seize American vessels and destroy them, and after the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill many of the towns on the seacoast were destroyed.

"He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation."

For the purpose of making sure of their work of oppression, seventeen thousand Hessians were hired and sent into America. Their masters received \$22.50 per head, also an annual subsidy, and a compensation for persons who would be injured while crossing the ocean, and in other ways; making in all a large sum. Frederick the Great was so disgusted that all that passed through his dominions were required to pay the usual toll for cattle, "for," said he, "as such they were sold."

"He has constrained our fellow citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands."

Americans taken captive on the high seas were compelled to enter the King's service and thus "become the executioners of their friends and brethren."

"He has excited domestic insurrections among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions."

The governors sought to persuade the slaves against their masters. Agents were sent among the Indians to excite them against the Americans, and in this they were very successful; for during the Revolutionary War they were really all against the Americans, and great was the destruction of life and property. Among the terrible massacres were those in the Wyoming and Mohawk valleys.

"In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked

by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people."

For ten years the Colonists had petitioned in the most affectionate terms, but their answers were "repeated injuries."

"Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends."

The Colonists appealed in vain to "their British brethren" to stop their oppression, and also an appeal was sent to Ireland; but their ears were closed to those who sought naught but the rights which God had given them—to seek after peace and happiness.

"We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

They were a God-fearing people, and many were the prayers offered in the pulpit, at the family altars, and in private places by both ministers and soldiers.

THE HISTORY OF A POEM.

IT FORMS ONE OF THE MOST TOUCHING INCIDENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

ONE of the finest poems in the modern literature of song is that one known everywhere by its first pathetic line,

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."

and which was written by Gen. William Haines Lytle, on the eve of the battle of Chickamauga. We are indebted to the late Col. Realf, poet, author and soldier, who shared the fortunes of war with his friend, Gen. Lytle, for an account of the peculiar circumstances under which the poem was written.

Col. Realf shared the tent of Gen. Lytle on the night preceding the battle. The two friends were both given to writing poems at such times, and each had an unfinished poem on hand. They read and criticised each other's efforts humorously for some time, when Gen. Lytle said, with a grave smile:

"Realf, I shall never live to finish that poem."

"Nonsense," said his friend, "you will live to write volumes of such stuff."

"No," said the general, solemnly, "as I was speaking to you a feeling came over me suddenly, which is more startling than prophecy, that I shall be killed in to-morrow's fight."

Col. Realf asked him to define this feeling, and he said:

"As I was talking to you I saw the green hills of Ohio as they looked when I stood among them. They began to recede from me in a weird way—and as they disappeared the conviction flashed through me like the lightning's shock that I should never see them again."

Gen. Lytle was a native of Ohio, and dearly loved his birth-state.

Col. Realf laughed at his friend, and rallied him upon his superstition, but acknowledged afterwards that he became so thrilled himself with an unnatural fear that he begged the General to finish the poem before he slept, that such fine work might not be lost to the world.

In the small hours Gen. Lytle awakened his friend from the slumber into which he had fallen, to read to him that beautiful poem, which must live as long as our literature survives.

Imagine the scene. The two men united by the bonds of friendship, of congenial tastes, both ready and willing to face death on the morning in its direst form, scanning by the light of their tent lantern each other's features, when the finished poem had been read aloud.

Col. Realf said that his own eyes filled with tears, but the General said not a word, as he placed the manuscript in his pocket and lay down to his last night's rest upon earth.

Before dawn came the call to arms. When Realf next saw his friend he lay cold in death among the heaps of slain. Then he thought of the poem, and searching the pocket where he had seen him place it, he drew it forth, and forwarded it to Gen. Lytle's friends with his other effects. We give the poem in its entirety, feeling sure all will renew their admiration of it when they read under what tragic circumstances it was written:

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!

 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,

And the dark plutonian shadows

 Gather on the evening blast.

Let thine arm, O, queen, support me,

 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,

Hearken to the great heart secrets

 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions

 Rear their eagles high no more,

And my wrecked and scattered galleys

 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;

Though no glittering guards surround me,

 Prompt to do their master's will,

I must perish like a Roman—

 Die the great Triumvir still!

Let not Cæsar's servile minions

 Mock the lion thus laid low;

'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,

 'Twas his own that struck the blow.

Hear then, pillowed on thy bosom,

 Ere his star fades quite away,

Him who drunk with thy caresses,

 Madly flung a world away!

Should the base plebian rabble

 Dare assail my fame at Rome,

Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
 Weeps within her widowed home;
 Seek her, say the gods have told me—
 Altar's augurs, circling wings—
 That her blood with mine commingled,
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
 Light the path to stygian horrors
 With the splendors of thy smile.
 Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,

Let his brow the laurel twine,
 I can scorn the senate's triumph,
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
 Hark, the insulting foeman's cry,
 They are coming; quick, my falchion,
 Let me front them ere I die.
 Ah! no more amid the battle
 Shall my heart exulting swell;
 Isis and Osiris guard thee,
 Cleopatra! Rome! farewell.

—Selected.

ARE THEY CHRISTIANS?—No. 3.

THE details of the little funeral which took place from the house of Charles Gray we pass over, and we next find the Grays en route from the village to their home. The road leads round the fair margin of the lake, which lies like a sea of glass under the blue sky and warm sun of May; and as they reach the summit of the last little hill the home is seen once more. Will it be home now? Will they ever be happy again? are the thoughts in each mind as they approach.

Their coming is very opportune. A little prairie fire, set by some farmer to clear his land is creeping, creeping, close up to the barn. It is too small, almost, to attract attention; but it means mischief, and Mr. Gray has only time to turn the key in the lock and then quickly subdues the fire.

They found things about as they had left them and commenced work where they had left off, and after a few days they might almost have imagined they had not been away if the little empty chair were not such a touching witness of a sad experience. But now work was commenced in earnest. John had bought a large quantity of seed potatoes in Michigan. He knew that some years they had sold at high prices; if he could only strike such a year the cherished home would yet be theirs. That prospect and hope of obtaining a home they could call their own always cheered and encouraged them, and that hope and ambition was the foundation of every project.

But what about a team? Their stock of money was getting low. They needed

a cow also, and bought one; and when she was paid for John had less than five dollars left! A cheap team that would buy; but soon he heard of a man who would sell him a team on a year's time, and so he got his team and gave a mortgage on the team, the wagon, harness, and two mowing machines; but there was no alternative; he was not in position to make his own terms.

And now what lots of work for two pairs of hands to do, and with what good will they went to work. The crops were got in, the boat painted and launched, for she must help to buy the season's bread, and the place looked trim and neat. Neighbors were friendly and called often, and the Grays came to wonder why their terrible loss did not longer oppress them, and as the summer wore away they again acknowledged a subdued happiness and contentment; not that they did not mourn the loss of their child, but they fully realized that she was dwelling in a fairer land than ours, and their own hopes and aspirations grew better and more spiritual, knowing that a Christian life and conduct would alone unlock for them the pearly gates through which their child had passed.

And so the summer passed away, and in the late fall a son was born to them, filling their hearts with joy, and filling the void in the mother-heart, and the name of little Zelia became a sweet and tender memory.

John had laid up no money during the summer. He had not sold the farm; winter was again upon them, and they de-

cided to remain this time, so they could be there in season to get in a good crop. He had a large amount of hay stacked, and hoped to pay living expenses from sales in the neighboring village, but the number of buyers was far below the number of anxious sellers, and the price was very low; but they managed to get through the winter. Coal and flour drew upon the scant funds, but in the time of actual necessity means seemed to be given them to buy. A day's work done, a little hay sold often filled the coal bin or flour barrel but a day in advance of a week of storm. As these evidences of God's providence and mercy were shown them, the Grays felt constrained to return fervent thanks for His watchcare.

At one time, funds being low, they made a trade whereby Mr. Clark, their neighbor, became possessor of a fine carpet, a relic of life in Chicago and for which they now had no fitting place. In return they received flour enough to do them the balance of the winter and a pair of sleighs or "bobs," as the roads were better adapted to them than to a wagon. After the trade was made John hitched the bobs behind his wagon and hauled them home. The next day he went to the village where the man lived of whom he had purchased his team. One of the notes would fall due in another month and John explained to Mr. Lewis just the condition he was in, and that unless he could find market for his hay it would be impossible to take up the note. He asked for an extension of time, and said if Mr. Lewis could not grant it he would bring in the mortgaged property without causing him the expense of foreclosure and sale.

Now it so happened that in the fall John had by his vote helped to defeat a railroad tax scheme in which Mr. Lewis was interested, and probably for this reason he felt unfriendly toward Mr. Gray. At any rate he accepted John's proposition to bring in the property, and accordingly on the following day John sorrowfully made his word good, and thus at once went his mowing machines, his team, wagon and harness. He had his sleighs left, however, but singularly enough though he kept them nearly a year he never hitched a team to them, not having a team in sleighing season.

Why so many details? That our young

people may know the ups and downs which others have experienced. Life is a loom, using warp and woof. If I held up for your inspection the warp only, it would be very threadbare.

Spring would soon return, they must have a team and wagon, but how to get them. As soon as John's team was gone there seemed to be a better market for hay, and prices advanced; but he could not even hire a team; every one seemed suddenly busy. At last, in some way, by cramping and twisting he managed to buy an old horse, and in order to get a mate to it he was again forced to go to the usurers. This time he had to mortgage his team, cow and other chattels; but there was no help for it, and he again owned a team. He scraped together a harness not at all beautiful, its only merit being usefulness. The sleighs were now in "dry dock" and useless, so he traded sixty dollars worth of hay for an old wagon, and lo! the seemingly impossible was accomplished.

Spring had now arrived. Mr. Gray was in nowise behind his neighbors in getting in his crops, and after they were in he concluded to break up more land. He bought a plow and did two days work; that was all. Spinal meningitis was attacking young horses in a remote part of the neighborhood. It was more accommodating to John, however, and he lost his good old gray and nearly a month of valuable time in trying to save its life, during which time he was obliged to hire his crops cultivated. John was not to be vanquished; he hired a horse of a neighbor and went on with the work. The boat was nearly always idle, for he could not be in two places at once, and many a picnic party went away disappointed.

The farm this summer looked thrifty and nice, but though John tried hard to sell it he could not do so; it seemed as though the very fates were against him, and the prospect, to make the best of it, was rather gloomy.

In the month of August of that summer a camp meeting was held in the grove between the lakes. The services were mainly conducted by two young Methodist ministers, and as the meetings were only a quarter of a mile from the home of the Grays, they attended many of the meetings, and were much interested. Mr. Gray had earnestly prayed that he might

know in what more acceptable way he might serve God, and he thought that perhaps it would be in some way made known to him at that time.

The ministers seemed earnest and zealous and with them came quite a company of young people, several of them having exceptionally good voices, and the music seemed to the Grays the most beautiful they had ever heard.

Of course the ministers upon becoming acquainted with Mr. Gray took occasion to inquire as to the state of his soul, to which he frankly replied, and in turn asked them some of the puzzling questions which had made him to doubt the theology of Methodism. Upon one occasion he asked Rev. Young if he believed in the spiritual gifts promised in the days of the apostles; to which Mr. Young replied that between he and John (as though it were a secret and should go no further) he did believe in them, and that they had never been taken away. John's surprise knew no bounds and he instantly said, "In heaven's name why don't you teach them then?" to which Rev. Young replied that it was entirely too strong meat for his congregation; they were as yet only fit to receive the milk of doctrine. John thought this singular since there were old, white-haired men and women there who had been almost a lifetime in the church. Surely some of these were able to bear it, as their own testimony was that during a long life of Christian experience they had constantly grown in grace and knowledge!

The very next day John had a similar talk with Rev. Thompson, who expressed the opinion, in fact stated as a positive truth that spiritual gifts had been taken away in the infancy of the gospel and would never be returned. He could not point John to any Scripture, however, which in any way even hinted at such an important event; and John's thoughts were something like this: "Why did not Christ say to the apostles that the gifts were only for a favored few? See Mark 16: 17. But instead, he said the gospel was to go into all the world to every person and whosoever obeyed the gospel was to receive those gifts in some manner or form, and in that way they were confirmed in their belief that the word spoken was true. See Mark 16: 20. This was plainly what these signs were for, that men might

know they were obedient to the true gospel of Christ; for those gifts would not be given to those who preached any other gospel. Again, St. Peter speaks very plainly in Acts 2: 39 that the promise was to as many as God should call without distinction as to time or place. Had God then called those people who reject the gifts promised them? Again, had he *called* one man to believe in them and withhold the teaching of them, and another man teaching the same people that they need never expect them as they were past and gone, and with them had gone the prophetic office? In fact a clean sweep had been made of those most precious gifts and officers mentioned in 1 Cor. 12: 28, and Eph. 4: 11; and though it must have pleased God to put them in the church, how soon he must have lost pleasure in them and taken them out!"

One friend tried to enlighten John by claiming they were to be held only till the church was set up. But if the highest officers were taken out, who were for the work of the ministry and the edifying of the body of Christ, who was to guide the staggering barque when the "dark and perilous time" should come in the last days, even to the falling away of the church. 2 Thess. 2: 3?

Would a wise shipowner remove his ablest officers just as his vessel started on a long and perilous voyage? John thought not, and when another friend tried to explain that prophecy should cease, as stated in 1 Cor. 13: 9, John told him it no doubt would when *knowledge* vanished away, as in verse 10; and it would not do for modern Christians to acknowledge such a possibility as yet, as they claimed that superior knowledge of these latter days had made the gifts and officers of God quite unnecessary. And yet St. Paul especially directs the Saints to strive for the higher gifts.—See 1 Cor. 14: 1, 39; and this command comes away down to us through the centuries of time, for that epistle was not to the Corinthians only, but to all in *every place* who were *called to be Saints*.—1 Cor. 1: 2.

John asked himself, was he called to be a Saint? If so, he wanted to lay hold of every precious gift promised, and as the meetings progressed he plainly saw he could no longer believe in Methodist theology without doing violence to the doctrine of Christ as he found it in the Bible;

and Mrs. Gray was unfavorably impressed by the intense feeling and excitement which seemed to be necessary to induce the people to obey what they were told was the gospel. But they both had an earnest desire to know if God had upon the earth a people who believed and taught the Bible as it is written. They saw more than ever the necessity of obedience to the gospel ordinances, but who held authority to administer them? Surely not those who did not believe that baptism was for the remission of sins, and who did not lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Spirit or believe the gifts would follow those who believe. Was there such a people, and could they find them? They had come now to realize that if such a church existed it could not be among the popular orthodox denominations, and as soon as they realized this they found that Christ had always found friends among the meek and lowly. Then the thought came up, and was discussed, "Suppose such belief was found among some despised sect, would they take upon themselves such a name?" and they decided that they could and would, and in solemn prayer to God made covenant with him that if he would show them his people they would join themselves to them, whether weak or strong, and whether their number was two persons, or tens of thousands.

Note how soon God answered their prayer when they had reached this stage of humility and earnest desire for salvation. The meetings had ceased at the lakes and one day during conversation with a neighbor John was told that a party of Latter Day Saints had desired the use of the grove where the meetings had been held, and for a similar purpose, and that they had been summarily refused, the neighbor evidently justifying the act. To his surprise Mr. Gray told him he considered such an act unchristian and unjust; and finding that the report was true, he immediately took steps to learn the address of the parties who had been refused the grove. He wrote a letter to Lamoni telling the people there of the circumstance and offering them the free use of his grove for meeting purposes, and that the privilege extended to all who preached Christ. They never heard of the camping party again, but they received some of the publications of the church setting forth the doctrine, etc.,

and they were surprised to find that in all the ground covered by them they exactly agreed with their views and the Bible as they understood it.

They at first were greatly staggered by this. They wanted the truth, had prayed for it; but to come from a people they had so despised and of whom no good words were ever spoken was almost too much. However, even this was expressly in line with the teaching of Christ, whose call was to a meek and lowly people, and the promise they had made came up in remembrance, and as they could not deny that these people held the truth, and as they thought upon the matter the name became less repugnant to them, and if they had been maligned and misrepresented they were not to blame, and they finally came to believe that their prayers were about to be answered.

And now their prayers went up that if the work shown them was true, that God would send one in authority to further instruct them, and if they were satisfied, to baptize them, that they might feel that their past sins were blotted out. Upon one occasion while working in the field, Mr. Gray felt impressed to go aside and pray, and in the most fervent manner he asked that the messenger come speedily, and renewing his promise to obey the truth. Soon after he quit work for dinner, and as he was putting his team in the barn Mrs. Gray came and told him some of the Latter Day Saints were in the house. His feelings overcame him so that he could hardly speak. Could anyone blame him for fully believing that his prayer was answered? Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it seems incredible that anyone should disbelieve who holds that prayer is ever answered, yet there are those who can explain away Christ's greatest miracles.

In John's mind, however, there was no doubt that the messenger had been sent just as he had asked, and he hastened to the house, fully believing that he was to meet a true disciple of Christ, and as he came to the door a man stepped into it and spoke to him pleasantly. To his dying day John will never forget the sudden revulsion of feeling and keen disappointment, for though the man's face and manners were pleasing, John instantly felt that between them there was no spiritual fellowship whatever!

(To be continued.)

ESSAY ON HEALTH.

BY ALMIRA.

FOURTH in order we give a few hints on digestion and indigestion.

First, Food should be selected and prepared in the manner that is rightly adapted to the age and occupation of the consumer. Then it should be thoroughly masticated and well mixed with saliva, before being swallowed. After being introduced into the stomach it is exposed to the flow of gastric juice, which is generally in proportion to the amount of food the system requires.

When one is greedy, and takes more food than is required to repair the wasted matter of the system, it must remain undigested, and will prove a source of irritation to the stomach. Such a course if persisted in, will produce derangement of the stomach, if not permanent disease. The action of the gastric juice upon the food is of a chemical nature.

While digestion is going on, the stomach is kept in constant motion by the contracting and relaxing of its muscles, which keeps up a sort of churning of its contents, and thus mixes it thoroughly with the gastric juice. By the combined chemical and mechanical action of the stomach its contents, in from one to three or four hours, are reduced to a greyish semi-fluid mass, called chyme.

During this time the communication between the stomach and intestines has been entirely closed by a valve, called the pylorus. It is a faithful gatekeeper, never allowing any undigested substance that can be digested to pass it. The valve remains closed till some portion changed to chyme comes in contact. Then it opens and lets it pass on into the intestines.

At first this work is slow. After a while it is more rapid. The flow of the gastric juice is influenced by various circumstances.

Cold water will check it for awhile, and ice for a longer period. If the muscles of the stomach are not strong and active, it will take it a longer time to assume its digestive heat, which is about ninety-eight degrees, consequently such a one must suffer. Anger, fatigue, and anxiety delay and even suspend the secretions. Too much liquid in the stomach, especially at meals, dilutes the gastric juice and

disqualifies it for its work. It has but slight effect on the fats and sugars of the food. After the chyme passes out of the stomach into the duodenum, it is acted upon by the bile and the pancreatic juice.

The bile is secreted by the liver, the largest organ in the body. The veins of the stomach absorb the sugar and albumen; the intestines, the oil and fat; thus the work goes on according to the plan of the Creator, to the making of the blood which is continually building up the body.

Rapid eating, over-eating, eating between meals and on retiring should be avoided. They are violations of law, and the penalty will follow.

Plain, simple food, properly cooked, is more nutritious and just as satisfactory (if we only thought so) as the luxuries of an epicure. The Hebrew captives fully understood the matter, and that was why they found favor with the king of Babylon. No one should live to eat, but he should eat to live.

A good laugh is better than sauce or condiments. Care and grief are foes to digestion, foes to us, and foes to everybody; while on the other hand, a light heart and a cheerful face are friends to digestion, to long life, to everybody, even our enemies.

God designed that we should enjoy eating, or he would never have made so complete a machine for that purpose, nor such a variety of material for its consumption. Solomon tells us to eat, drink and enjoy the fruit that is given us by labor, and truly that is the way we should receive it. By so doing and discarding all nostrums, digestion will take care of itself, if forgotten and the mind is turned in some pleasant direction or to some duty, the beauties of nature or the comforting of the suffering, etc.

Next we refer to the organs of circulation which are the heart, the arteries, the veins and the capillaries. The blood is the liquid which circulates through these organs. It permeates every part of the body with a few exceptions. The average quantity in each person is about eighteen pounds. It is composed of a thin, colorless liquid, filled with red disks.

Disks are constantly forming in the blood and constantly dying. They contain the oxygen so essential to every operation of life. It stimulates to action, and tears down all that is worn out. The blood thus becoming foul is caught by the circulation and carried back to the lungs, where it receives fresh oxygen from the air, and goes bounding on its way.

The heart is the engine which propels the blood. It is a hollow, pear-shaped muscle about the size of the fist. It hangs point downward, just to the left of the center of the chest. The right and left halves of the heart are entirely distinct, and perform different offices. The left side propels the red blood through the arteries to every part of the system; the right forces the dark blood through the veins to the lungs. The capillaries or hair-like veins connect the end of the arteries with the veins. The arteries are generally located as far from the surface as possible, while the capillaries are very near the surface.

Congestion is an unnatural accumulation of blood in any part of the system. The excess is indicated by redness and often by pain. If we put our feet in hot water, it expands the capillaries and the blood rushes in and fills them, consequently the excess or congestion of some other part will be relieved. If one is troubled by cold feet it is much better to rub them briskly on a woolen carpet or rug from five to ten minutes daily, till they become naturally warm, than to heat them. The former method gives tone to the capillaries, the latter weakens them.

Blushing is a temporary congestion, caused by the mind's action on the nerves, causing the capillaries to expand for a moment, then to contract again and expel the blood. On the other hand, extreme terror will cause the face to grow pale. Under such circumstances the supply of blood to the surface is diminished in consequence of an excessive stimulation of the nerves of the small arteries, which causes them to contract and cut off the natural supply of blood.

Inflammation means simply a burning. If we have an irritation or an injury of any organ of the body, the blood sets thither and reddens it. The pressure of distended vessels upon the nerves frets them and produces pain. The four

characteristics of an inflammation are redness, heat, pain and swelling.

Generally an excess of blood seeks the weakest part and develops into disease. Then every simple natural habit that tends to equalize the circulation must be safe and beneficial.

All liniments used for pain and lameness are to be rubbed in briskly by the hand. The rubbing will equalize the circulation quite as well without the liniment, in our opinion.

Fifth in order are a few hints in regard to the nervous system. It includes the brain, the spinal cord and the nerves. It is composed of two kinds of matter, the white and the gray. The former consists of milk-white, glistening fibres, averaging about one one-thousandth of an inch in diameter; the latter, of small ashen-colored cells, forming a pulp-like substance of the consistency of blanc-mange. This is often gathered in little masses, termed ganglions, a knot, because when a nerve passes through a group of the cells, they give it the appearance of a knot. It is also termed a nerve center. The white fibers are conductors, while the gray cells are generators of nervous force. The nerve centers answer to the stations along a telegraph line, where messages are received and transmitted; and the fibres correspond to the wires which communicate between different parts. The brain is the seat of the mind, or the throne on which the spirit exhibits itself as ruler. Its average weight is about fifty ounces—in some as high as sixty, and even sixty-four, while an idiot's brain has been as low as twenty.

The brain consists of two parts, the cerebrum and the cerebellum. The cerebrum fills the front and upper part of the skull, and comprises about seven-eighths of the entire weight of the brain. It is divided into two hemispheres, connected beneath by fibres of white matter. It is the center of intelligence and thought.

The cerebellum lies below the cerebrum, in the back part of the head. It is about one-eighth of the entire brain. This part of the brain is the center for the control of voluntary muscles, and also of the domestic and animal passions of man. The cranial nerves, twelve pairs in number, spring from the lower part of the brain, and the nervous cord, which is continuous with the spinal cord within

the skull. By them we have the sense of smell, taste, sight, hearing, and the toothache, all conducted to the brain. Then the mind feels the pain and that is what *does* feel it.

Some of these nerves give expression to the face; some give motion to the eyelids; some give vocal movement to the larynx, and others to the tongue. The pneumogastric nerves preside over the larynx, lungs, liver and stomach, and one branch extends to the heart. This is the only nerve that goes so far from the head.

The sympathetic system consists of a double chain of nerve centers on either side of the back bone, extending into the chest and abdomen. From these, delicate nerves run to the organs on which life depends, the heart, lungs, stomach, etc., to the blood vessels, and to the spinal and cranial nerves over the body. Thus the entire system is bound together with cords of sympathy, so that if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.

Here lies the secret of the control exercised by mind through the brain, over all the organs of the body, or the vital operations. Every organ responds to the changing moods of the mind, and especially those of respiration, circulation, digestion and secretion, processes intimately linked with this system and controlled by it. Each half of the body is presided over, not by its own half of the brain, but that of the opposite side. The nerve fibres, descending from the brain, cross each other.

When paralysis happens in one half of the brain, the opposite half of the body is deprived of feeling and motion. The nerves of the face do not cross, consequently the face may be motionless on one side and the limbs on the other. The sensory fibres of the spinal nerves also cross, so that an injury to the spinal cord may cause a loss of motion in one leg and of feeling in the other.

There are thirty-one pairs of nerves that issue from the spinal cord through apertures provided for them in the backbone. Each nerve arises by two roots, the motory and the sensory. These roots soon unite yet they preserve their special function. When the posterior or back root of a nerve is cut, one loses the power of feeling; when the anterior or front root is cut, the power of motion. Since the gray matter generates nervous force a

ganglion is capable of receiving an impression, and of sending it back, or reflecting it so to excite the muscles to action.

This is done without the consciousness of the mind. Thus we wink involuntarily at a flash of light or a threatened blow, start at a sudden sound, and jump back from danger.

The spinal cord conducts certain impressions to the brain, but responds to others without troubling that organ. The nervous cord is continuous with the spinal cord, connecting it with the nerves of the brain. It carries on the process of respiration. We breathe eighteen times every minute; we stand erect without a consciousness of effort; we walk, eat, digest and at the same time carry on a train of thought. Thus, by reflex action, our brain is relieved of the burden of many of the petty cares of life. If we were obliged to attend to every breath, every pulsation of the heart, every wink of the eye, our time would be wasted in keeping alive. Mere standing or sitting would require our entire attention. An act which at first demands all our thought, soon requires less and less, and at last becomes mechanical. Thus we can play a familiar tune, knit, sew, etc., and carry on a conversation at the same time. Whatever we become thoroughly drilled in, becomes embodied in our nervous structure. All the possibilities of an education and the powers of forming habits are based on this principle.

No act we perform ends with itself, neither do words or thoughts. They leave behind them, in the nerve centers, a tendency to do or say the same thing again. Our physical being thus helps the mind to fix upon us the habits of a good or an evil life. Our bodies are truly the servants of the mind, usually very obedient. Our very thoughts are written in our muscles, so that the expression of the face, and even the features grow into harmony with the life we live.

The brain system demands brain exercise to give it life and activity. The brain grows by what it feeds on. One who devotes her time to the reading of light literature, or lolling on the sofa, worrying through the follies of an idle fashionable life, decays mentally as well as physically.

Physical weakness will as surely follow mental poverty, as physical strength will

follow pure mental riches; while on the other hand an excessive use of the mind withdraws force from the body. Then there is a necessity of understanding just how much mental and how much physical

exercise to take each day; and that is enough to be comfortably tired, but not exhausted, either mentally or physically. By such practice the brain and body both will become stronger.

THE LAW OF INHERITANCE AND CRIMINAL OSTENTATION.

BY PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

SO much attention has been attracted by my essays in the June and July *Arenas* on "Revolutionary Measures and Neglected Crimes" that I feel that the facts given below will be timely as emphasizing the views set forth in the above essays.

The views here given will not be pleasant reading for the intensely ambitious and vain, the avaricious, the hypocritical, the unprincipled, the coarsely brutal, the ignorantly superstitious, and the silly fools who are ruled by fashion and the drift of opinion among their associates. They cannot rise to a conception of our duties to society; they think only of squandering on selfish pleasures whatever they can grasp, and think it right that wealth should be governed by no law but the pleasure of its owner. "I will do what I please with my own" is their motto.

They are easily caught with the shallow sophism that a rich man who does not spend liberally is mean, and that he does his duty nobly when he spends generously, employing an army of servants, cooks, musicians, coachmen, butlers, flunkeys, gardeners, painters, and architects to assist in spending his fortune. They do not comprehend that in this he is simply *destroying* the wealth he holds, consuming it to gratify his own selfish vanity, and thus making the world so much the poorer, and if his example were largely followed the effect would be the general poverty and degradation of the nation.

If he pays a hundred retainers fair salaries to minister to his vanity, the hundred thousand dollars annually is destroyed and lost to the commonwealth. But if he lives simply as an unselfish man would, employing the hundred men in useful labors, the country is enriched by the result—the food produced and

made more cheap, the houses built for tenants, the roads opened, and the other forms of permanent wealth, which remain to enrich society after his life is ended.

If he should indulge the insane impulse to devastate the farms he has cultivated, to destroy the orchards, gardens, and vineyards and burn down the cottages he has erected, because it is his own property, to be used as gratifies himself, he would be exactly on the same plane as the prodigal spendthrift who wastes and destroys the same amount of labor in his luxurious riot, leaving his own family and descendants as paupers, and leaving the country unimproved, its manufactures undeveloped, its roads unbuilt, its farms impoverished, and its business depressed. The spendthrift degrades the community in which he lives, by turning its wealth away from useful industry, and teaching by example universal profligacy and neglect of all things that improve society, bringing us back to the barbarous times when an ostentatious and heartless nobility were everywhere surrounded by abject poverty and ignorance.

If men of means should become so misanthropic and devilish as to destroy, by fire, the houses, manufactories, and farms they have developed, that nothing should be left behind them for others to enjoy, laws would soon be in operation to check such unnatural crimes. But the equally destructive crime of profligate waste and ostentation is no less wicked, and even more urgently calls for legal restraint, for it is more corrupting and demoralizing to society while equally impoverishing. It propagates *crime* by the attractions of sensual pleasure and dissipation, for the wanton destruction of wealth is, in all cases, a crime against humanity, destroying, as it does, the essential element of all progress, the capital by which society

is advanced and means accumulated for all good works that are needed.

It is not ostentation alone which destroys wealth, but that is the head devil of the forces that work against mankind's progress, in suppressing which the whole tribe will be paralyzed, for then wealth will accumulate for all that society needs.

I would check this ostentation by taxing superfluous and ill-gotten wealth, and, if necessary, our taxes should bear heavily on all forms of ostentation. The man who builds a million-dollar home, like the present editor of the *Tribune* (a contrast to Horace Greeley), should be required to lavish his wealth as generously for the commonwealth as for himself when the tax-collector calls, and to all such edifices the commonwealth should be the sole heir.

The commonwealth should inherit all such ambitious and baronial establishments as have been erected to make social inequality more flagrant and offensive, and corrupt the public mind with barbaric display. The character of such display was well illustrated by Mr. Grant Allen in the *Contemporary Review*, as follows:

"The love of diamonds, of precious stones, of silver plate, of costly raw material is essentially a taste that goes with the slave-owning and slave-driving temperament. The love of simple and beautiful artistic products, which derive their chief value, not from rarity or dearness, but from the intelligent care and skill bestowed upon them, is essentially a taste that goes with the free and sympathetic—in a single word, the socialistic—temperament. The one frame of mind is barbaric; the other, civilized; the one, selfishly monopolist, the other, altruistically benevolent.

"Everybody recognizes, I feel sure, in a vague sort of way, that an excessive love of precious stones, of gold ornament, of heavy silver, of bullion and plumes, is coarse and barbaric. But why they think so, they hardly, perhaps realize in full. This is one of those instinctive judgments that go deeper down into the roots of things than the individual who judges can himself always distinguish. It is not merely, or primarily, I believe, an æsthetic feeling. It is not simply that gliding and glitter and shininess—the gaudy vulgarity of the Albert Memorial or the new chapel at Windsor—are felt at once to be

indicative of a low grade of artistic sensibility: people who have reached the higher democratic and ethical plane recognize further, in some dim way, that pleasures of this coarse order are essentially selfish, vulgar, monopolist, aristocratic. They belong to the world of snobs and plutocrats, of slaves and slave-drivers, not to the world of free and equal human energies.

"The savage is reckless of human life, careless of human privations, human toil, human suffering. If he is in a position to command, he wastes much labor of slaves or subjects in procuring for himself such barbaric ornaments. What marks his low grade is the utter disproportion between the time or toil expended and the result obtained from it. Years may be spent in gathering gold for a necklet, a torque, an armlet; years may be wasted in collecting gems for a crown, or ivory for a throne, or feathers of a special bird for a royal Hawaiian mantle. So, in like manner, a little lower down in the scale, months may go to the polishing of a chieftain's obsidian sceptre; or a little higher up, thousands of slaves may spend their lives in piling stone upon stone to heap high the bare pyramid of a Cheops or a Montezuma. The barbaric element is seen at once in the reckless selfishness of the whole procedure; much time of many men is sacrificed without stint, that one man may be glorified by some useless trinket or some meaningless memorial.

"The taste for crowns and coronets, for gold lace and silver plate, for ivory and tiger skins, for mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell, which descends to us straight from the cowries and shiny beads of the naked savage, is a special heirloom of our most barbaric existing caste—the kingly and noble class, who toil not, neither do they spin, who never have acquired any civilized art, who hunt, and shoot, and fish, like the earliest tribes of men, who regard warfare and slaying as the highest task of our race, and who love to be arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. Jewelry, and feathers, and furs, and precious metals belong by right to the lower races; among the higher, they are most prized by the aristocratic and least civilized classes.

"The barbaric nature, too, is reckless of the suffering it inflicts upon other men,

and still more upon the feelings of the brute creation. To gratify it, thousands of human beings labor needlessly in unwholesome mines; seek pearls in deep waters at the risk of their lives; fish for coral in strange seas, till blood spurts from their eyes and mouths; dig diamonds in hot deserts till sand chokes their lungs. Others pile up ivory by tearing live tusks from the bleeding jaws of wounded elephants, and carry it seaward on the weary heads of bruised and footsore slaves. Baby seals die by thousands on arctic ice, deprived of their mothers, that fine ladies of the barbaric type in London or Paris may go clad from head to foot in rich sealskin mantles. Humming-birds fall slaughtered by the million in Trinidad and Brazil, to deck the hats of New York beauties with savage trophies. Tortoises are burnt alive by slow torture over hot coal fires to make their shell more daintily dappled for long-handled eye-glasses. Every species of cruelty is inflicted on man and beast, from the Pole to the Tropics, that wealth may go gaudily decked in barbaric finery."

Citizens unaccustomed to fashionable life do not realize how wealth is squandered in our great cities in the presence of human suffering, which goes unrelieved. For a little idle amusement in sailing, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt has a yacht costing between \$750,000 and \$1,000,000. To show what money can do, Mr. Marquand has a palace at the corner of 68th Street and Madison Avenue, which required a column and a half in small type to describe its ineffable interior splendors upon which the power of art has been exhausted. It is sufficient to say that a single apartment in this palace is described as having cost \$400,000. The aristocracy that occupy such palaces as this and the Massachusetts palace and grounds, shut off from the gaze of common citizens by lofty walls, reminding us of the middle ages of Europe, will, of course, be no less ostentatious in their personal adornment in the display of diamonds and pearls. Mrs. Hicks-Lord is said to wear \$150,000 in diamonds, and Mrs. Astor \$200,000. The wife of a wealthy senator is said to have accumulated jewels to the amount of \$2,000,000. These American women are said to have each more diamonds than the royal families of Europe, excepting Great Britain

and Russia. Mrs. John Jacob Astor is said to have worn in one fancy dress jewels worth \$300,000, and to have been guarded to and from the ball by ten mounted policemen.

The dinner service of Mrs. William Astor, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, is valued at \$100,000, and the dinner service of J. W. Mackay is said to have cost \$195,000. Two New York ladies are said to have necklaces each worth \$250,000. Such are undenied statements of the press.

This extravagance, of course, runs through all the details of household display, as in Marquand's \$46,000 piano, and Judge Packer's \$47,000 sideboard at Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, and the peachblow vase, 7½ inches high, bought by Mr. Walters of Baltimore for \$18,000.

Even the foreign diplomatic corps at Washington are overwhelmed by American ostentation, which they cannot rival. "You Americans have so much money you can do anything (said a hostess in a diplomatic corps) but we cannot give away so much money on a single evening." "The money is creeping in, creeping in, and the good old days are almost gone," said Mrs. George Bancroft. We have not yet a household of a hundred retainers like some English lords, but we are outshining them in our own way, and Americans already purchase about one-third of the diamonds in the market. The imported stones for eight months in 1886 and 1887 averaged nearly one million of dollars a month.

Not satisfied with American display, our nabobs would outshine European aristocracy and connect their families by marriage with foreign lords.

London correspondents of American papers glory in these details. One of June 6th says: "*Vivat* America! once more her daughters are to the fore in all social festivities. No ball this season has been so much discussed and talked about as that given by Mrs. Ames Van Wart, on Tuesday evening last. The floral decorations surpassed anything ever seen. Gorgeous magnificence are the only terms in which to describe the whole affair. The Van Warts are not favorites in Anglo-American circles; they pose for ultra exclusiveness, and make enemies right and left by the impertinent way in which they 'drop' acquaintances who are

of no further use to them. The supper room was built out sixty feet extra, and hung with softly tinted silks. Mrs. Mackay contemplates another 'royal' dinner party, which is to surpass in gorgeousness any that have gone before. H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, has already been secured as the *piece de resistance*, and the list of intended guests is already in his hands awaiting his royal sanction." Another correspondent says that "Mrs. Mackay's entertainment was, beyond doubt, the most superb ever given by an American in London," to which he adds a list of the nobility and royalty present. "Fully one thousand requests for invitations from the smartest English set were refused."

This ostentatious splendor and sympathy with European aristocracy are not the indication of national prosperity, but of national decline and danger, like the hectic hue of consumption. History shows that the concentration of all wealth in the hands of a few (three per cent. of the population) must be a fatal condition as it was to Egypt, to Rome, to Persia, Babylon, and Greece.

If, as Daniel Webster said at Bunker Hill, "Liberty cannot long endure in any country where the tendency of legislation is to concentrate wealth in the hands of a few," how long can it endure when we have already had more than thirty years of such legislation, and its inevitable effect, profligate ostentation standing face to face with misery, proving that the concentration is accomplished, transfers to this country the fatal division of society into warring elements; the masses against the classes, which in the next twenty years will bring on the European convulsions that will prostrate thrones and aristocracies, and will extend throughout America in the warfare of capital and labor.

Vainly will the calm philosopher endeavor to avert it by showing that labor is far better paid now than in the past, for it is they who are better paid that make the struggle. It is not the down-trodden, but the uprising who are dangerous to the old social order, bringing on struggles and violence in which impartial history cannot entirely approve either party.

The coming struggle can be averted

only by the ready and friendly surrender of the ruling classes to the demands of the rising democracy, a surrender which history does not allow us to expect. The wisdom of Solomon saved Athens from such a convulsion, by intervening in a spirit of justice between the aristocracy and the proletariat, but no Solon would calm the agitation among ninety millions, the causes of which have been in operation during forty years of injustice, producing the results foreseen by Abraham Lincoln.

The foregoing suggestions illustrate the necessity of ending the reign of plutocracy by changing the law of inheritance, and restoring to the commonwealth at death the millionaire hoards gathered from the people by monopolistic laws and financial cunning before plutocracy shall become the corrupting and governing power. My emphatic language on this subject in the *July Arena* has elicited many responses, and it has been sustained by the admirable essay of Professor Ely in the *July North American Review*. As *The Arena* and *Review* have taken up this question, it must become a prominent question in the politics of the next twenty years.

Professor Ely's essay is very plausible and very moderate in comparison to my own. He shows that we need three things: education, the abolition of monopolies, and a reform in the laws of inheritance. The change as to inheritance he shows to be entirely just, easy to adopt, and already partially tried in Australia, New Zealand and Switzerland.

Our law of inheritance he shows to be artificial and not based on justice, as "no human being has a right to say what shall take place on this earth, or what use shall be made of anything he may leave after he is dead and gone." "All inheritances of every sort should be taxed." "The State must be recognized as a co-heir entitled to share in all inheritances."

Professor Ely favors a tax of from one to twenty per cent., and says, "Mr. Andrew Carnegie is willing to set a tax rate of even fifty per cent." But it will not be long before radical thinkers will maintain that at least all above a hundred thousand dollars should revert to the commonwealth from which it was obtained.—*Spectator*.

SERMON BY ELDER JOHN KALER.

“The Saints shall wear robes as the lilies,
When Jesus returning again,
Shall bring back the rose to the valleys,
And plant the fruit trees on the plain.

“Then let us be pure as the lilies,
And joyous and glad as the rose,
So when Jesus selecteth His jewels,
In Zion we'll find our repose.”

—Saints' Harp, No. 1006.

AFTER singing the above, the speaker said:

We have just been singing about the lilies. Christ said, “Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”—Matt. 6: 28, 29.

The Savior saw beautiful lessons in the birds of the air and flowers of the field. “Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these,” suggests to me a thought. Why? I answer, the lilies of the field transgress no law; they continually abide the laws of nature, receiving the sunshine and rain that cause them to grow and become beautiful. We find that Solomon was created *above* the lilies, in that he was endowed with intelligence and bore a moral responsibility to God which the lilies could not; yet he transgressed, not only the law of nature, but also the spiritual law.

By disobedience and banishment from God's presence, primeval man became, by his own actions, as the flowers and grasses of the field. When he had lived his time, with them, he must wither and return to the dust. Man and the earth, sin-cursed, partook of like nature and destiny. It was then that God told him, “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,” which was obtained by sowing the seed and cultivating the soil. By obeying this unchangeable law, man has from the first produced bread, and in no other way can it be produced.

The wise man says, (Eccl. 3: 14), “I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever.” He made the earth revolve, causing day and night, and winter and summer. Has man ever been able to change God's way? No! The sunshine and rain caused the grass to grow, flowers to bloom, the earth to bring forth fruits and grains in the beginning. We

in the same way receive the same blessings to-day.

Why can we not so understand the spiritual laws by which salvation is obtained? God is unchangeable, as is also his word. It is called the *everlasting* (eternal) gospel. (Rev. 14: 6). Peter says the gospel is the word of God and that we can purify our souls (or become righteous) in obeying it. He also says that Noah was a preacher of righteousness, and “in the gospel is the righteousness of God revealed.”—Paul. So Noah preached the gospel, which has six basic principles,—faith, repentance, baptisms, laying on of hands, resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment (Heb. 6: 1, 2). By obedience to these, Noah and his family were saved; by disobedience, the world was lost? The antediluvians would not abide the conditions by which the flood could be avoided, and how did they fare? Our Father has given us laws and when we live up to them they prove a blessing. Thus we are the means of blessing ourselves and others by our own actions. Make bread out of grain and you bless mankind, but make intoxicants out of it and you *curse* instead of bless. If all things were used in the way the Creator intended, the world would be free from the curse of intemperance.

Paul declares that the gospel was preached to Abraham. Jesus said to the Jews, “Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad.” (John 8: 56). So Abraham, by obeying the gospel, received the Spirit of God by which he foresaw the coming of the Savior. We read of Melchisedek administering bread and wine to him, which confirms Paul's declaration. We read of Jacob laying his hands upon his posterity to bless them. This is the fourth principle of the doctrine of Christ.

Moses taught the gospel, for after they passed through the sea they were all baptized in the cloud and in the sea, and did all eat the same spiritual meat and drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that rock which followed them, and that rock was Christ. (1 Cor. 10: 1-4). The Israelites were baptized in the sea just as John the Baptist baptized in the river Jordan, for the remission of sins.

Then they were baptized in the cloud of light, or Spirit of God. But they tempted Christ and transgressed the everlasting gospel covenant, when the law of Moses was added; a law of works, which Paul says could make nothing perfect; but was to govern the Jews as a nation until Christ should come to *restore* the perfect law of the Lord

Jeremiah said to backsliding Israel, "Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein."—Jer. 6: 16.

The preacher said, "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." (Ecl. 7: 29). This is why John the Baptist had to prepare the way of the Lord and make His paths *straight*. Since the days of Malachi, the voice of inspiration to Israel had ceased and they had sought to interpret the Scriptures by their own wisdom, and as the natural man cannot comprehend the things of the Spirit of God, they did not have a proper understanding of how Jesus should come, and what his mission should be. "There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."—Job. 32: 8. If they had received the same Spirit to interpret the Scriptures that inspired the prophets who wrote them, they would not have stumbled.

But you ask, "If the gospel was taken away in Moses' day and not restored till Christ, what became of all the people who lived and died during this time, for there was no salvation in the Mosaic law?" I answer, they had the gospel taught them after death (although some say there is no probation after death); but do you think because a man dies a heathen that he must remain a heathen through all eternity? *All* the dead shall be resurrected and stand before God to be judged out of the things written in the books. (Rev. 20: 12, 13). Jesus said those who are taught His words and reject them shall be judged by them in that day. (John 12: 47, 48). Hence they must be taught, either in this life or hereafter, the things in the books before they can be judged.

The resurrection of the dead is the fifth principle of the doctrine of Christ. An individual once told me he could not

believe in a literal resurrection from the grave. He argued that when a man's body goes back to dust, that same dust may be taken up by a hill of potatoes; these would then be eaten and thus become a part of another man's body; this man in turn dies and his dust is absorbed by the grasses which an ox eats; and it thus again becomes a part of its body, which when killed, cooked and eaten by another man becomes particles in his body. How would God resurrect it when it is thus transformed, divided and subdivided? He believed Christ was resurrected, but said as His body did not see corruption, it would not be subject to the above conditions. I replied that Paul said if the dead rise not, then Christ is not risen; and if so, our hope is vain. "But now is Christ risen, and become the first fruits of them that slept. . . . Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming." Again, one lump of clay is just as good as another of the same kind. "Thou sowest not that body that shall be, but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him." Jesus came forth resurrected physically, and rose to the right hand of God. The apostle argues that we can obtain the same kind of a resurrection by abiding the same law as he taught and obeyed.

There are two resurrections. Jesus speaks of them in John 5: 28, 29. Paul said there would be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust. (Acts 24: 15). When the Lord returns, the dead in Christ shall rise first. (1 Thess. 4: 16). The "dead in Christ" are those who walked in the light as Jesus did. He was an obedient son and did always those things that pleased his Father in heaven. (John 8: 28, 29). Revelations 20 says: "This is the first resurrection." If there isn't a second, what is the use of talking of a first? Yes, the resurrection is possible; it is one of the eternal laws of God.

Why do learned men differ about these things? The reason is very plain. The record says (1 Cor. 1: 2) that the world by its wisdom knows not God . . . for "the natural man receiveth not of the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." But how can we receive this spiritual discernment? By obeying the

"law of the spirit of life in Christ." "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth . . . being born again, not of corruptible seed but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever. . . . And this 'is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."—1 Peter 1:22-25. "How are we born again by the word of God? The word through Jesus was, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Again, the inspired apostle says to inquiring believers on Pentecost day: "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." You can hear professed Christians continually praying for a pentecostal shower of the Holy Spirit, and at the same time stubbornly refusing to obey the law by which the apostle positively states it is to be received. "He that turneth away his ear from the hearing of the law, even his prayer shall be an abomination."—Prov. 28:9.

The Pharisees were righteous in that they worshiped God and paid tithes. Jesus in rebuking them said: "These things you ought to have done and not left the others undone;" and in Luke he tells them they rejected the counsel of God by refusing to be baptized of John. Again, Jesus tells his disciples, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Why did he say this? Because their righteousness was *self-righteousness*. They taught in their *own* wisdom; but Paul says we are saved by the righteousness of God which is obtained through the gospel. Jesus taught the people to do not only those things they were doing,

but to come to a *higher* standard. It is the same to-day in the teachings of Latter Day Saints. They teach the people to observe all things. They comprehend that these "all things" grow out of the six fundamental principles of the doctrine of Christ, and all things are not observed unless these six principles are taught.

Behold the Son of God coming into the world to take not on him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham. Hear him say, "Sacrifice and offering thou would'st not, but a body hast thou prepared me. Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God."—Heb. 10:5-7. Many people are taught that Jesus came "to die for sinners," and that all there is for us to do in order to be saved is to believe this declaration; but the Master came to teach the world a divine law, saying, "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Jesus told his ministers to preach the gospel in all the world and they who believe and obey this gospel shall be saved. Then let us remember that there is as much beauty in the *life* of Christ as in his death, and that he was put to death because of the doctrine he taught, which was that the world must be sanctified through the truth. "In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

". . . If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1:7. Then let us strive to be pure as the lilies in obedience to a fullness of divine truth, that when Jesus comes to select his jewels, we shall be with those who will shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of our Father.

AUTUMN.

Over the purple seas
A fragrant wand'ring breeze
Comes from some sunny island of the South :
Where tall and vernal pine
Gives out a breath like wine,
And stoops to kiss the creeper's scarlet mouth.

Across the limpid lakes,
The light in blushes breaks
From roseate sky with white clouds mottled o'er,

While billows rise and fall
Against the breaker's wall,
Or greet with coy caress the circling shore.

Afar in musky wood,
Where stately trees have stood,
And kept their watch and ward for ages past;
Dead leaves of burnished brown
Reluctantly drop down,
As if they knew on earth they'd looked their last.
—Selected.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONT.

THE SPIRIT OF GAYETY.

I have been led to meditate on this subject, and in the hope that it may benefit someone, and that help may be received by hearing from others, I will write a few of my thoughts.

How many of us have had this spirit of gayety with us! When I speak of the spirit of gayety, I mean the desire that leads us to engage too much in jesting, in laughter and in light speeches. Can we say that at such times we enjoy the Spirit of the Divine Master? Do we realize our position? We may for the time think we are enjoying ourselves, and no doubt we are having what the world designates "a good time;" but let us look around us and consider the conditions of our neighbors. In speaking of our neighbors we mean everyone with whom we come in contact. How many there are suffering great agony both in body and in spirit! Have we time to engage in such things? Life is too short. Let us think more of the work in which we are engaged. Let us be up and doing, so that the work of the Lord may be hastened. See how many of the older ones, "those who have fought the good fight of faith," are being called home. As they drop out of the ranks is it not our duty to take their place? O, may we prepare ourselves that the places vacated may be filled acceptably and the work not suffer! This gayety, this lightness of which we see and hear so much, will not benefit us. We are taught in the divine word to be "sober minded." How many of us are so! The intention of the writer is not to infer that we should be long-faced and sober. Far from that. Wherever we are, let us be cheerful, and let us wear a smile, so that we may cheer and comfort others. We have no reason to be otherwise. If we are doing right, striving to keep the commandments of God, and living as near as possible to our Father, we have the promise that God's Spirit will come and *obide* with us. If our thoughts are, then, on worldly affairs and worldly pleasures, does it not grieve the Spirit? Can we claim the promise? No. "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or he will hold to the one, and despise the other. We cannot serve God and mammon."—Matt. 6:24 We may not realize as we have a good time (?) here and another there, that we are wandering away from God. By persisting in these actions, the result will

not be beneficial to us or to others; but instead, the time will come when we will look upon such times with regret. "My Spirit will not always strive with man."—Gen. 8:5, Inspired Translation. The writer in thinking over this subject was led to wonder why we were allowed to gratify our desires in that direction. It seemed as though the Lord, looking at the heart and also seeing what would be the result, would in some way prevent us from following our inclinations; but in conversing with a friend this thought was presented to me: It is suffered to be so in order that we might see that by engaging in such things we cannot enjoy God's Spirit, and if we accept it as a trial sent from God, the tendency will be to draw us closer to God. The writer having felt the strivings of the Spirit within and feeling that many others have had the same experiences, was led to contemplate these things, and come to these conclusions.

An incident was a short time ago related to me which will serve to illustrate the thought presented. A daughter, one who loved her parents dearly, manifested a desire to attend a party where gayety and pleasure was the object of the gathering, and also the main principle of those gathered at all times. She first asked permission of her mother, who refused. She then went to her father and told him how great was her desire to attend. Her father tried to reason with her (he being a very righteous man and she also with him being a member of the church) and show her the inconsistency of her desire, but still she persisted. A number of her young friends were going. Her father seeing her determination made this proposition to her: "You may go and watch them for an hour, and at the end of that time, when you have seen the persons with whom you would have to associate, come to me, and if your desire is as great to remain with them and engage in their pleasures, you may do so." The child went and did as her father suggested. At the end of the time she returned to her home, but said nothing to her father about returning. She had proved for herself that it was better for her to absent herself from such places. So it appears to the writer are the ways of our heavenly Father. He recognizes our agency, and it draws us closer to him, if we are willing to be guided by his Spirit.

Still further in regard to this subject, we are always setting an example which will be followed by someone. Many of us teach in the Sabbath school. Ought not our example everywhere be worthy of imitation? We are none of us perfect, but our Father knows our weaknesses, and if we humble ourselves before him and pray for his guidance in all things, we will none of us be disappointed. Let us come to the light that our deeds may be made manifest. Let us strive to be sober-minded that the Spirit of God may be found dwelling within us. We are taught that the Spirit will not dwell in unholy temples. Let us then try to keep the temple holy that we may be filled with the Spirit of God, and not with that Spirit that tends to lead us further and further away. May we profit by our experiences.

SISTER ALICE.

LAMONI, Iowa, Aug. 18th, 1891.

LAMONI, Iowa, August, 1891.

My Dear Mr. Editor:—Through your kindness we hand you the following as an answer to the query in August *Leaves* propounded by Sr. Ella J. Green, viz., “Are angels mortal or immortal?”

Webster’s first definition—“subject to death”—does not throw much light upon our minds in regard to the meaning of the word “mortal.” What do we understand by death? Webster says, “Cessation or extinction of bodily life.” Are we to understand that mortality applies to others besides those having earthly bodies?

Mortality is a condition of earthly existence only; and does not apply to the spirits of men, angels or devils, who do not have earthly bodies. Hebrews 2: 9, says Jesus was made a little lower than the angels for (or by) the suffering of death, etc. This plainly implies that angels do not suffer death—hence they must be immortal.

But we do not claim that they cannot suffer spiritual death—separation from God. Adam and Eve were just as much immortal after they transgressed as they were before, so far as their spirits were concerned; but by their transgression death, or separation of body and spirit, was brought upon them and their seed, thus making them mortal beings. Read 2 Nephi 6: 2, 3, 4; and also Alma 9: 5. They are too lengthy to reproduce here. It is shown very plainly in those scriptures that the spirit of man would never die or become annihilated.

We understand angels to be resurrected or translated personages designed to minister to embodied beings as men. Christ was a spirit when he went to preach the gospel to the

“spirits in prison;” but was an angel when he appeared to his disciples after his resurrection. We will all admit that resurrected beings are immortal, for they have gone through all that is mortal in any sense—the earthly existence; and translated bodies have undergone a change equivalent to death and the resurrection, hence have “put on immortality.”

The propounder of the question under consideration cites the second death as evidence that the angels who fell and “were cast down” are mortal. Will not these angels still continue to exist and be as everlasting and never dying as the angels of God? We think they will. The very material from which the spirit is formed has immortality inherent in itself; and we believe this material to be intelligence. As proof see Doctrine and Covenants 90: 5: “Man was in the beginning with God. Intelligence or the light of truth was not created or made, neither indeed can be,” etc., hence always existed and always will, whether separated from God or not. But God, no doubt, has the power to dissimilate the spiritual body; but even then each atom would retain its intelligence and would never cease to exist.

We are told that Adam was a mortal and so long as he obeyed God he was exempt from death.

Well, was he not immortal just so long as he was exempt from death? And if he had never disobeyed God he would have always been exempt from death and would never have been mortal. It is because of the death of the body that we are mortal. Christ’s mission was to bring us back to our Edenic state, to a state of immortality, having our bodies with us, that we might enjoy a fullness of glory; for Christ says in Doctrine and Covenants 90: 5, that “the elements are eternal, and spirit and element inseparably connected receive a fullness of joy; and when separated man cannot receive a fullness of joy.”

I remain a seeker after truth,

ALMA B. HANSON.

SNOWFLAKE, Neb., July, 1891.

ELLA J. GREEN,

Dear Sister:—Having read the article written by you, as published in the August number of *Autumn Leaves*, in which you ask, “Are angels mortal or immortal? If mortal, are they not subject to death? If immortal, how can one who was chief be destroyed?” I desire to say that I fully agree with you that “These are questions that are not easily answered, and yet they are interesting ones.” I desire to say fur-

ther that I fail to concur in the opinion expressed by you that "angels are mortal."

We cannot always accept without question, or modification, the definition of Scriptural terms even of so great an authority as Webster. I do not think Webster had any thought of the spiritual man or of angels when he gave the definition referred to. The term mortal pertains to the natural man, not to the spiritual.

David speaking of the works of God says: "Who maketh his angels spirits," (Psalms 104: 4), showing their order to be spiritual, not natural, therefore not being liable to death in the sense in which Webster used the term.

There is a spiritual death, and there is a natural death. Separation from God constitutes spiritual death, whether the separation refers to man or to angels. Separation of body and spirit constitutes natural death, and applies to mortal man, not to angels.

When you say, "For angels to be in this condition (liability to die) they must be free agents to obey or disobey God's will, as they choose," I fully agree; but when you use this as an argument to prove that this separation, or spiritual death, is the same in regard to the angels as the death of the body is to the natural man, I fail to concur.

If separation from God constitutes spiritual death, it must be evident that when Satan and his angels who rebelled against God were cast out of heaven, in other words were separated from God, that that excommunication was death to them. They were angels. Had been, so long as they retained their allegiance, angels of God. When they were cast out what did they become? Fallen angels. Evil spirits. Their chief was called the devil, or Satan, and his followers were, and still are, called his (the devil's) angels.

When our parents transgressed they were driven out from the garden of Eden. Were no longer permitted to eat of the fruit of the tree of life, and the sentence of death, spiritual death, was passed upon them.

"I the Lord God caused that he (Adam) should be cast out from the garden of Eden, from my presence, because of his transgression; wherein he became spiritually dead; which is the first death, even that same death, which is the last death, which is spiritual, which shall be pronounced upon the wicked when I shall say,—Depart ye cursed. But behold I say unto you, that I, the Lord God, gave unto Adam and unto his seed, *that they should not die as to the temporal death*, until I, the Lord God, should send forth angels to declare unto them repentance and redemption through faith on the name of

mine only begotten Son; and thus did I, the Lord God, appoint unto man the days of his probation; that by his natural death he might be raised in immortality unto eternal life, even as many as would believe, and they that believe not unto eternal damnation, for they cannot be redeemed from their spiritual fall, because they repent not, for they will love darkness rather than light, and their deeds are evil, and they receive their wages of whom they list to obey."—D. C., 28: 11, 12.

You say, "In consequence of their (the angels') sin they will in God's own time suffer that spiritual death which is the second death." (See D. C. 28: 11). In this you do violence to the statement. It does not refer in any sense to fallen angels, but to fallen man, and it clearly states that "he (man) became spiritually dead." This is called "the first death," and is said to be the same death that shall ultimately be pronounced upon the wicked when God shall say, "Depart ye cursed."

The reason why the final sentence of death is reserved until the judgment day is found in the fact that God in his wisdom hath appointed a means whereby man by obedience may be redeemed from this fallen condition, or spiritual death, hence the statement, "Thus did I, the Lord God, appoint unto man the days of his probation; that by his natural death he might be raised in immortality unto eternal life, even as many as would believe."

When all stand before the judgment seat of Christ to receive a reward for the deeds done in the body, it will then be determined who have so lived as to be redeemed from this fallen condition, or spiritual death. It will then come to pass that those who have refused to turn from their sins and yield obedience to the gospel of life and salvation, thereby failing to be born again, will have a final sentence passed upon them when Christ will say, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."—Matt. 25: 42. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."—Rev. 20: 15.

This judgment pertains to man, and to man only. I know of no evidence to prove that any second, or spiritual death, will ever be passed upon the fallen angels. I understand that when they were cast out of heaven their separation from God and heaven was final; that no probation was given them, and that those of mankind who are finally doomed to an eternal separation from God will belong to the same order as do the fallen angels. "They are they who are the sons of perdition, . . . for they are vessels

of wrath, doomed to suffer the wrath of God, with the devil and his angels, in eternity; . . . these are they who shall go away into the lake of fire and brimstone, with the devil and his angels, and the only ones on whom the second death shall have any power. . . . The Father saves all the works of his hands, except those sons of perdition who deny the Son after the Father hath revealed him; . . . they shall go away into everlasting punishment, which is endless punishment, which is eternal punishment, to reign with the devil and his angels in eternity."—D. C. 76:4.

I can hardly comprehend the statement that, "We will be exalted higher than the angels who will always remain mortal, but without the desire to sin." We read that the devil was before his fall, "an angel of God, who was in authority in the presence of God," and that when he fell, "The heavens wept over him; he was Lucifer, a son of the morning. And we beheld, and lo, he is fallen! is fallen! even a son of the morning."—D. C. 76:3.

I know of no evidence to prove that man will ever attain to a higher condition than did the angels, who dwelt in the presence of God, before their fall.

Lucifer was a "son of the morning, an angel in authority in the presence of God." He was strong enough in power to influence one-third of the hosts of heaven to turn from their allegiance to the King of heaven, and to follow him in rebellion. This he did because of their agency. (D. C. 28:10).

Their nature precludes the idea of mortality as that pertains, as I understand, wholly to things of an earthly nature. The statement that Lucifer turned from God one-third of the hosts of heaven because of their agency, proves conclusively that they were responsible to the one giving them their agency, therefore capable of sinning. The fact of their transgression shows that at one time one-third of the hosts of heaven did have a desire to sin, and that that desire bore fruit in open rebellion to properly constituted authority.

You say, "Immortality is that which has the power of life inherent in itself, and God only possessed this power; but Jesus Christ gained this immortal life through his sufferings and by the redemption of mankind. Thus we have the promise of heirship with Christ, we have this hope of immortality dwelling in us that angels cannot have."

To my mind this is a very strange conclusion. This is assuming that Jesus Christ and his followers will have that which never before hath been attained by even the heavenly hosts.

That they will have "the power of life inherent in themselves." As I understand it that means that having received eternal life, or immortality, from God, that this eternal life is theirs unconditionally, and independently of God. Certainly it cannot be understood that when we have put off this mortal, and have become clothed with immortality, that we then lose our agency. If this were to obtain, might it not be possible that each one would become a law unto himself? Agency points to a superior power, one to whom we are accountable. If we retain our agency, it proves that God retains his authority. This carries with it the further thought, that if we have our agency, and consequently are responsible for our actions, if we should fail to retain our integrity, and for any cause should rebel against the authority of God, we would be liable to the same result that befell Lucifer and his followers.

I understand that God is the center of all life, and I agree with Paul, "In him [God] we live, and move, and have our being; . . . for we are his offspring."—Acts 17:38. And again, "And when all things shall be subdued unto him [Christ], then shall the Son also be subject unto him [God] that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."—1 Cor. 15:28.

Death, as applied to mortals, means dissolution, disintegration, a return of our bodies to the dust from whence they were taken.

Death, as applied to the spiritual man, or to angels, signifies a separation from God.

The race of mankind has become separated from God as a result of the transgression of law; hence, have become dead in transgression and sin. Life comes to us through the redemption that is brought to light in the gospel.

Lucifer and his angels were separated from God because of rebellion. This separation was spiritual death. They are spiritually dead without any hope of redemption, because they sinned wilfully.

Those upon whom the sentence of the second death is passed will receive the same punishment because they likewise once received the knowledge of the truth, and having felt its power, turned from the same and have become "sons of perdition," hence will have their portion in the fire prepared for the devil and his angels.

My answers to the first and second questions are: Angels are spirits. Separation from God constitutes spiritual death. Men and angels are both subject to spiritual death.

Angels are not clothed with mortality, consequently are not subject to death as mortals.

My answer to the third question is: Satan

will be destroyed when his power is taken from him.

The promise in the beginning was, "And he [the seed of the woman] shall bruise thy [Satan's] head." The head denotes power, authority, etc. The time is coming when he (Satan) will not be permitted to deceive the nations any more. (Rev. 20:3) His power has been, and is still, felt among the nations. He has arrayed his forces against the influences for good in all the history of the world. The time is surely coming when deception will be overcome and the truth will prevail. Then the reign of Satan will be ended. Truth will have been established. Satan will have been destroyed.

I trust this criticism will not be thought harsh.

I was greatly interested in your communication, and hope good will result from an interchange of thought.

Your brother in Christ,
CHARLES H. PORTER.

—
ATTLEBORO, Mass., July, 1891.

Dear Readers:—I have been extremely interested and comforted by reading and thinking over the different letters to this Department in the past issues.

It is more than pleasing to me to see the decided stand taken by the younger brethren in regard to prohibition. The consistent position assumed, too, on dancing, card-playing and the like is commendable.

Here in the east it is quite popular now for members of churches, and those considered in good standing, to play cards and have their card parties.

Brethren and sisters, let the world do as they may, we can well afford to let the dance and the cards alone. The good that will result by an interchange of views on these subjects cannot but result in lasting good to the kingdom of our Lord.

In answer to the question, "Why does an eddy cast a shadow?" would say that an eddy

is a counter current raised above the level of the water. Anything raised above its own level will cast a shadow.

Does dew rise or fall?

Bro. J. F. McDowell said in an article to *Saints' Herald* in 1887 on prohibition: "We as a church shall have to take a decided stand, I believe, upon the question for this reason: The world will desire to know where we stand. We must be found and that not astride the fence."

Would it not be a practical idea to have the church represented at the World's Fair in 1893? I would like to correspond with some of the young men of the church that favor prohibition.

Your brother in Christ,
ARTHUR B. PIERCE.

—
NORTH PLYMOUTH, Mass., Sept., 1891.

Dear Readers of the Autumn Leaves:—While sitting here alone to-night reading *Autumn Leaves*, after the cares of the day are over and my companion and little ones are asleep, these thoughts come to my mind and I think I will write them, as they may encourage someone: How much good these *Leaves* do me and how much good they must do others as they are scattered over the world! And how much time and thought it requires of someone to fill its pages from month to month! And I wondered if they ever felt discouraged in their work. I am sure you have no need to be, if you could realize the great work you are doing and will do for the young and the old both in and out of the church. I believe I receive good from every page from the Frontispiece to Round Table; and if I profit by its instructions I am sure my life will become purer, nobler and more fitted for the kingdom as the years go by. And every family of Saints ought to have them. Dear brothers and sisters can we afford to be without them?

Long live Sister Frances and her colaborers, is my prayer to-night.

Yours in the hope of eternal life,
SR. N. R. NICKERSON.

LOOK WITHIN.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass,
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who have not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.—*S&L*

EDITOR'S CORNER.

ZENOS H. GURLEY, SEN.

(See Frontispiece).

IN accordance with our announcement of last month we give our readers in this issue the likeness of "Father Gurley," as that is the title by which he was most familiarly known to those who loved him. Twenty years last August the clods of the valley have rested lightly above his form, but he lives to-day in the hearts of many—very many Saints, who cherish his memory as among the unchangeable brightness woven into the links of memory, never to be clouded, never obliterated.

It was said of him at the time of his death that "perhaps no more energetic defender of the 'one faith' has lived in modern Israel," and as we cast our mind over the list of those with whose services in the gospel we have been more or less acquainted for the last quarter of a century, we are led to most heartily endorse the above, if not to wonder, "Has the church indeed produced his equal in this respect?"

His history as it stands connected with the Reorganization has been recently published in the *Herald*, and for this reason we need not advert to it here, but we do hope that the time will come when the various incidents of his life will be gathered together and left to posterity in a permanent and compact form; not that he may have praise of men, for he never labored for that and is now where the absolute vanity of it must be fully apparent, but that others reading what he did under the stress of difficulties and all manner of hindrances may be encouraged to press on, especially when they know the wonderful manner in which God often blessed and comforted him, and established him in the faith. To us it is not strange that he was an energetic defender of the faith, for it had brought to him a rich harvest of glorious testimonies, such, indeed, as is vouchsafed to very few in these latter days.

As we glance backward over the lapse of years we find many pictures of him lining the walls of memory, but none stand out with greater force and vividness than that which came to us at the "Sweet hour of prayer." Many and many a time at these seasons we have felt that one was among us who like those of old, "talked with God face to face." We have heard many prayers in our day, eloquent, fervent, learned and full of pleading faith, but never any which so impressed us with the ab-

solute sense of divine presence as his; and he has often told us that frequently while praying, absent friends have passed before him, and he knew they were in trouble and needed his faith and prayers.

And while thus through the long vista of vanished years we look back, while the soft warmth of September enwraps the earth and the subdued light falls through the branches, already giving many russet leaves to the breeze; a thought of our own life steals in and there arises in the soul a longing which is not pain, an assurance which bears no stamp of falsehood or fiction, and we repeat with the poet:

"Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sear
At life's inner portal?
*What is holiest below,
Must forever live and grow.*

"He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again."

By letter from Palestine, dated August 11th, 1891, we learn that while the Jews are gathering into the country very rapidly, people of other nationalities are leaving it for Zanzibar, Australia and other parts of the world. "Three hundred Jews," writes Sister Alley, "came here last week, and the Sultan gave them the land of Bashan to settle in." The railroad is progressing, but the work has been twice stopped by the Sultan, though he has ordered it to be resumed.

Mr. Alley is still very anxious for an elder to bear to them the gospel message.

WE are glad to be able to announce to our readers that we now have the manuscript and with our January issue will begin the publication of the autobiography of Elder Joseph Luff, of the quorum of the Twelve. To those who are at all acquainted with Bro. Luff it will be needless to say that those who fail to secure this by not subscribing in time for the volume which contains it, will lose much. Bro. Luff has dealt very rigidly with himself, and seems to have given prominence to all the faults of a generous nature that he might not appear to screen himself in the least from the criticism of the

public. Indeed, to such an extent has he done this, that one is led to question whether it be a duty to use all the mantle of charity for one's neighbors leaving not a shred for one's self? Ben this as it may, two excellent purposes will be subserved thereby; the boys who read it will be encouraged to strive, as perhaps they have never striven before, to become manly men; and critics who oppose our holy religion will be constrained to acknowledge that there is in it a wonderful power when it can so transform and change the natural man, while those who have read the plain, unvarnished story of his boyhood and know the limited advantages for education or self-culture of any description which he has had, will, when permitted to listen to the unstudied eloquence, the breadth of thought and soundness of logical reasoning used by Bro. Luff inquire as did those of old, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"

We of course desire to increase the circulation of our magazine, for we believe that it is calculated to do good, else it would never be published by us; but it is for your sakes that we say, if you want to be strengthened and confirmed in the faith, if you wish your boys to know what obstacles have been overcome by pluck and perseverance, and what true nobility may be developed in the face of the most adverse circumstances, do not fail to send for the magazine in time to secure the first chapters of this life-history. There are many points also in the history (to some of which your attention will be called as they appear) which bear upon the living problems of the hour.

It will be our constant aim to maintain the high standard which has from the first been aimed at and to collect and disseminate such gems of truth within our pages as shall strengthen and confirm the Saints and win those who may read to a closer investigation of the truth.

TO LOVERS of good music we wish to say that we have under advisement the publication of one or more pages of choice music in each number of Volume V., while many interesting articles have been promised us; in fact are in process of preparation, but we are not yet prepared to announce them.

In pursuance of our already announced intention, we shall send this year a likeness of Bro. W. W. Blair to all parties sending in either a renewal to our magazine or a new subscription before April 1st, 1892. This picture is not a steel engraving, but is made by the "Ives process"; is the same size as the picture of Bro.

Joseph, and a correct likeness of one of the oldest and most faithful banner-bearers of the restored gospel.

Since the expiration of the time in which we offered the engraving of Bro. Joseph with the magazine, many requests have been sent us to purchase it. For this reason we renew the offer of last year to all who send in their subscription before April 1st, 1892. Send us \$1.65 and we will send you the magazine and your choice of either the steel engraving of Bro. Joseph, or the same sized picture of Bro. Blair; or for \$1.75 we will send you the magazine and both pictures.

The above offers are for individual subscribers, but if any of our friends wish to work for the magazine we will for eight names and the money send them an extra copy of the magazine, or for five names and the money we will send a copy of "With the Church in an Early Day." Each subscriber can have his choice of the pictures and one will also be sent to the getter up of the club if desired, but it is not necessary in order to secure the premium that the subscribers take either picture.

WE have at the office a copy of Volume I. of AUTUMN LEAVES which can be had for the regular subscription price of \$1.50.

OUR next issue will contain a remarkable case of healing sent us by Bro. Gomer Reese, of Montana; also the likeness of Elder James Whitehead, formerly Private Secretary to the Martyr, together with some incidents of his life.

NOTICE TO BOOK SUBSCRIBERS.

THE publication of "Pattie; or Leaves From A Life," has been delayed for want of means to pay for the work. Neither Sr. Eleanor nor the Board of Publication are financially able to assume the risk, which will make it necessary for all subscribers who have not paid in advance to do so at once. As soon as sufficient money is received to cover the cost, the book will be issued. The price of the book, including postage, is \$1.12, which we hope you will kindly forward to David Dancer by January 1st.

The book has been carefully revised by the author, and will contain her portrait; also an introduction by Bro. W. W. Blair. It will be of the same size as "With the Church in an Early Day."

The story of Pattie is not a work of fiction, as some imagine, though in romance it equals any found in fiction. The book is all that it purports to be—a true narrative from real life—and

at the solicitation of many friends the real name of Pattie will appear in the revised book Those who desire books representing the faith

of the Latter Day Saints, for their own or their Sunday school library, have this opportunity to encourage their production. ELEANOR.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTEA,

"In thy quiet corner, work and wait,
And do thy best to make that one place sweet
With flowers of love and faith."

HOME-MAKER OR HOUSE-KEEPER.

WHAT a busy world it is! So much to be done and so little time in which to do it all! All the time there is?

Yes, yet that doesn't help us any if we have not the happy faculty of so economizing that time as to make the most of it; to have, if possible, a surplus to draw upon when unlooked-for rushes upon us would otherwise bring us to our last available minute, heated and hurried, and discouraged in mind and tired in body; a state of affairs which even the strongest will cannot face with equanimity.

Then it is we think with remorse of the wasted time and strength put into unnecessary work which only brought, in the doing, a sense of satisfaction, without which we would be equally if not more happy in the end.

How many aching backs, pale faces, weak chests, heavy hearts, and warped tempers is the demon of overwork responsible for! All telling of a weakness only too common with our women.

Have we any right to thus abuse the health and strength given us for higher purposes? We sweep away with our too ready broom the very light of our life; fade in our washtubs the glowing colors of home; rub off with constant scrubbing and cleaning the last vestige of happiness and home enjoyment.

What happiness can there be without health? and how can a tired, broken-down woman do her duty to her family or herself? Is it worth it, the cleanliness, which, to be sure, we all know, is next to Godliness? "Next!" remember, not to be made a fetish of, and worshipped above all else at any cost.

Is there not such a thing as over-cleanliness? Have you not been in houses where a speck of dust would be a relief to the eye?

Better a little wholesome disorder and litter than a worn out wife and mother. Better an hour of pleasure with your loved ones in an

unswept room, than the constant grind and toil from sunrise to sunset, and no time to spare for those near and dear to us.

There are so many ways to save work; so many little things that could be left undone and no one be the sufferer thereby. Why, after a hard day, when things have gone contrary, and like Martha of old, you are "troubled about many things,"—why can you not let the little duty wait?

Are you strong enough to keep your house immaculate, care for your children, give to your husband the companionship he certainly expected when he married you, and with it all keep up your own health and spirits? Yes? Well, then go ahead. You are one in a thousand.

But if not, then you must let something go. What is it to be?

Not the children; they are too precious a charge—these jewels given into our hands, for which by and by we must render an account.

And surely not the hours devoted to the husband—those happy evening hours; you will never get them back again if you once let them go.

Then is it to be yourself? A thousand times no!

Let it be the unnecessary work.

Nor do I advocate untidiness or poor house-keeping. Every woman should be a good housekeeper, but with it and above all should she be a good home-maker.

Don't let the house, however grand, crowd out the home, more beautiful still. Have a system of work by all means, but don't let it be as unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians. Do not become a slave to system.

This theory I carry out at all cost in my own home. My work is subservient to me, and I can with a clear conscience spend an hour resting while I listen to the prattle of my children, at the cost of a neglected household duty, one thought of which does not intrude upon or mar my enjoyment of these real treasures upon earth.

—Laura Atwater Kirkman in *The Household*.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water, and drank, will instantly relieve "heartburn" or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, in-

creasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will, in a few days, cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat, it is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and by allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of tepid water, it acts promptly as an emetic; and in cases of poisoning is always at hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extraction of teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations.

Mustard is another valuable remedy. No family should be without it. Two or three teaspoonfuls of ground mustard stirred into half a pint of water acts as an emetic very promptly, and is milder and easier to take than salt and water. Equal parts of ground mustard and flour or meal, made into a paste with warm water, and spread on a thin piece of muslin, with another piece of muslin laid over it, forms the often indispensable "mustard plaster." It

is almost a specific for colic, when applied a few minutes over the "pit of the stomach." For all internal pains and congestions, there is no remedy of such general utility. It acts as a counter-irritant, by drawing the blood to the surface; hence in severe cases of croup a small mustard plaster should be applied to the back of the child's neck. The same treatment will relieve almost any case of headache. A mustard plaster should be moved about over the spot to be acted upon, for if left too long in one place it is liable to blister. A mustard plaster acts as well when at considerable distance from the affected part. An excellent substitute for mustard plasters is what is known as "mustard leaves." They come a dozen in a box, and are about four by five inches in size; they are perfectly dry, and will keep for a long time. For use, it is only necessary to dip one in a dish of water for a minute, and then apply it.

Common baking soda is the best of all remedies in cases of scalds and burns. It may be used on the surface of the burned place, either dry or wet. When applied promptly, the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences. It is the best application for eruptions caused by poisonous ivy and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.—*Bryant.*

Where do all our designs for embroidery and fancy work of all kinds come from? From nature most of all, as all our curving, trailing designs are in some way taken from nature. Flowers, leaves, birds and fruits, insects, etc., of course we take direct from nature, but there is hardly a curving or trailing design that does not have its type or original in nature somewhere.

Our set designs we can trace back through Saxon, Roman, Grecian and Egyptian. We all know the design used often called the "Walls of Troy," so called from its real or supposed resemblance to the walls of Troy, and we know that it is of Grecian origin. Almost all of our designs in which many lines and angles occur come from the figures of geometry in some way or combination.

Who has not seen a Log Cabin Quilt? And I presume every one would think that design a modern one, yet the mummy of a cat, found in the ruins of Bubasta, in Egypt, and placed there thousands of years ago, was wrapped in a cloth of that exact design.

Embroidery and fancy work of many kinds was done by Arabians and Turks centuries ago, and the old Egyptians had great skill in the art.

We find in the Bible the directions given by God, himself, to Moses, as to the decorations of the Tabernacle, and the hanging for the door, "shall be of blue and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, wrought with needle work," and the robes of Aaron "of gold, blue, purple, scarlet and fine linen with cunning work." May not this have been drawn work? — *Home Magazine.*

"Those who like durable and substantial embroidery will do well to take up Mountmellick work, for it has the advantage of washing as long, or even longer, than the material upon which it is executed. True Mountmellick work is always carried out upon white satin jean. The best quality has a smooth, glossy surface, and is very heavy and thick, so thick indeed, that many people prefer to use sateen, which has much the same effect, while allowing the needle to pass through more easily. The extreme solidity of the jean is, from the worker's point of view, a disadvantage rather than otherwise, as it renders the task of embroidering it somewhat trying to tender fingers. It can, however, be greatly softened by washing it before

the work is begun. The original Mountmellick embroidery was executed with pure white threads, and the best of the work nowadays is carried out with white knitting-cotton of various sizes. Some workers, however, prefer the gloss of flax threads to the dullness of cotton; the latter generally shows to all the better advantage, owing to the brightness of the background. Large-eyed crewel needles will be found necessary, selected according to the size of the cotton. The designs are generally bold and floral in character, the flowers and leaves being often very naturally drawn, though treated conventionally. There are certain favorite patterns which have been so frequently used in Mountmellick embroidery that they are now looked upon as one of its chief characteristics. Among these are naturally drawn passion flowers, blackberries and leaves, ferns, wheat ears and others more conventional in style."

"A pretty little thing to leave on a sick friend's table is a plant saucer, with three pine cones standing upright in the center. The arrangement of sticks and hair-pins by which you compel them to assume and maintain an erect position may be concealed by a mat of real moss. There should also be a layer of sand in the bottom of the dish. Grain or grass seed should be scattered over the cones, and if the saucer is kept full of water, the seeds will sprout and show a beautiful tender green, in fine contrast to the rich brown of the cones.

It is such a pleasure to watch green things growing, that either of these simple gifts is an aid to pass the weary hours. Even a finger-bowl with a thin layer of cotton sprinkled with flax-seed, which grows and lives for a while on such nourishment as it drains from the water beneath, is a cheerful, pretty decoration for a sick-room.

Another pleasant sight for an invalid's eyes while it lasts is a carrot or sweet-potato hollowed out on the inside to leave a wall about three-quarters of an inch thick. The vegetable is suspended by cords passed through holes pierced in the sides, and the cavity filled with water. In a few days upturning sprays of green will sprout from the bottom and cover the outside, and if a small bunch of violets is put in the quaint little hanging basket, it will have a charming appearance."

A PRETTY CALENDAR.

"Cut out of egg shell paper, of rather heavy quality, an oblong piece measuring about three by four and a half inches. Cut the edges so that they have a ragged uneven look, and finish them by painting with gold paint that must blend off into the white of the paper.

Cut a circle of celluloid just large enough to cover the photographed face of some famous beauty or friend and out of the circles cut the center carefully (also circular in shape) and place the photograph behind it. Punch two small holes in each side of the circle of celluloid and clear through the egg shell card board. Through these run pale pink, blue or green narrow fancy ribbon, and tie in tiny bows in front. Paint a band upon the egg shell paper

just below the photograph (which is prettier colored) running it diagonally across the card board and edging it with gold. Attach to the center of the lower half of the card board and right upon the painted band (which should match the fancy ribbon in color) a printed calendar in book form. Paste a stiff standard at the back to support it upon the table."

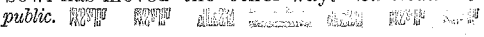
HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

This is simply a large flat box capable of holding four little piles of clean handkerchiefs, and, what is more, of keeping them clean.

The box is made of pasteboard and covered with some kind of thin curtain goods, the name of which I do not know, over rose-colored cheese-cloth. It is lined with cotton wadding, and has several loose leaves of the wadding cut to fit the box. The edges are finished in lace and bows of pink satin ribbon beautifying each corner.

Open each of the loose covers or leaves of wadding, carefully splitting them. Sprinkle sachet powder thickly upon the shreds of cotton and close again, patting the sides gently together. White rose powder is rather the most lasting and agreeable of all perfumes, and there should be a bottle of the extract to use upon the handkerchiefs themselves. When they come from the wash tip the bottle of extract upon each one for a second, place in piles between the loose leaves, and your handkerchiefs will always be ready to use, and will be dry and sweet, and not saturated with cologne that burns the skin and soils the gloves.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PROOF OF THE EARTH'S MOTION.

Take a good-sized bowl, fill it with water and place it upon the floor of the room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder—a white substance which is sometimes used by ladies in making their toilets, and which can be purchased of any druggist. Next, upon the surface of this coating of white powder make, with powdered charcoal, a straight black line, say an inch or two in length. Having made this little black mark on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor close to the bowl a stick or some other straight object, so that it will lie exactly parallel with the charcoal mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the room, this will serve as well. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object it was parallel with. It will be found to have moved about, and to have shifted its position from East to West—that is to say, in that direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth upon its axis. The earth, in simply revolving, has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder upon the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from East to West, which is perfectly good proof that everything else contained in the bowl has moved the other way.—*St. Louis Republic.* 

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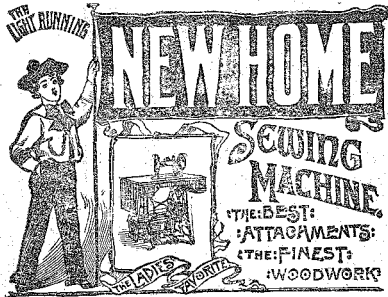
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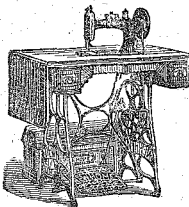
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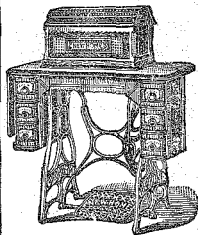


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NOVEMBER, 1891.

Vol. 4.

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M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price \$1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

Prospectus of
AUTUMN LEAVES
For 1892.

WITH January 1st, 1892, our Magazine will enter upon its fifth volume, and we may safely say that never at any previous time have the prospects for furnishing our patrons the full worth of money invested been so good as they now are for the forthcoming volume. Among the prominent features of the volume will be, the

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Each issue of the Magazine will contain one choice selection of MUSIC from the SAINTS' HARMONY, or other available source; every other issue the likeness of someone prominently connected with the work.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

that we are still offering the splendid Steel Engraving of Pres. JOSEPH SMITH, also an excellent likeness of Elder W. W. BLAIR (the same size as the steel engraving) to all subscribers who send us their names, accompanied with price of subscription and amount to cover cost of mailing, before April 1st, 1892.

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We thank our friends for their generous, untiring support in the past, and shall try by earnest, faithful endeavor to merit it in the future. The ministry will please remember that it gives us pleasure to send a copy of the Magazine to the family at home while they are in the field. Do not fail to send us the address.

Send all remittances and letters pertaining to business to DAVID DANCER, box 82, LAMONI, Iowa.

Send all literary matter to

17sep10t **M. WALKER, Editor.**

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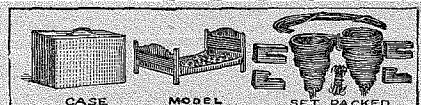
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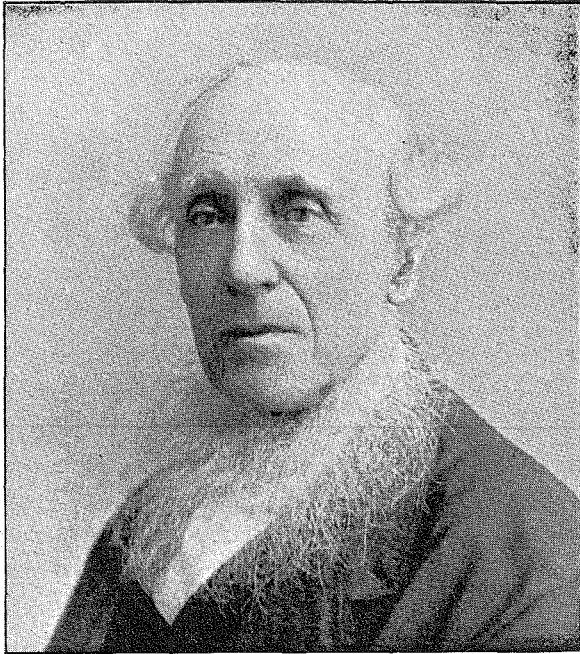
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(See page 499.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, NOVEMBER, 1891.

No. 11.

MODESTY AND MORALITY.

BY T. W. WILLIAMS.

IN this day when the religious and political world is almost in convulsion, when a revolution of the moral condition of the world seems imminent, and when the fabric which has served as a cloak to the safe-keeping of society shall be torn in shreds, thus exposing to the gaze of the rising race its defects and weaknesses, and shall be supplanted by that unadorned virtue, purity and true modesty upon which God can look with admiration, over which angels can rejoice and by which men and women shall become more the creatures which God designed them to be, it becomes more apparent that those claiming to be actuated by a higher power and to be imbued with that Spirit from which emanates perfect purity become foremost in this work of moral reconstruction.

History repeats itself in our day and we find man's success or defeat mainly dependent on the way he governs his being. In reviewing the characters of the Bible who became licentious and immoral one concludes that man in his natural state is an immoral being, and when the passions are allowed full vent, with no bridle or rein to check them, and when actuated by no higher impulse than self-gratification, it has always resulted in his destruction.

In the past the subject of man's morals seems to have been his individual right; and to have questioned this right would have been to call down a unanimous denunciation for such interference. So jealous were they of this freedom, that when God's servants reproved them they have been compelled to flee for their lives. But thanks to the Providence which doeth all things well, a brighter and more aus-

picious day has come; and to such an extent that desire for moral reform has imbued the better grades of civilization, creating a desire to purge out all that is offensive, and with the lancet of chastity cut out this eating ulcer which has even now consumed much of the essence of society, and by applying the healing balm which virtue affords to heal up and restore man's moral nature which has been so universally corrupted and perverted.

In our diagnosis where shall we begin? Our effort would be fruitless were we to attempt a reform without removing the cause, or it would break out with renewed force in some other place. To what source are we indebted for such a degradation of the masses and the public prostitution of society? Is it chargeable to one or many causes? In man we find the principle of transmission, or the means whereby he can and will bestow upon his offspring his peculiar weaknesses and vices, as well as any commendable trait or virtue. Then in order to obtain the highest ultimatum, we must commence at the earliest stage, and in establishing this truth in the minds of the present generation so prepare them that they can bestow upon their descendants that which they have failed to secure from their progenitors; and if, as is often remarked, a child is possessed with the characteristics of one or both of its parents, how careful the parents should be that they are good ones. Then at the sanctuary of marriage, when from the busy throngs of human beings two souls stepped aside and in the presence of God and that heavenly host which surrounds his throne plighted their vows to each other, and thereby covenanted with God to make the effort and bend

their energies to fulfill his plans concerning them, to them as to the first created beings God has said, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth."

To think that there is a nature so perverted as to assume this sacred trust, calling heaven to sanction the union, and then willfully and deliberately pervert the object God had in view and use such only for selfish desires and carnal pleasure, is almost incredible.

That man is able to transmit to his posterity his peculiar characteristics and family likeness, yes even a sensual and carnal nature, a morbid and cross disposition, none will deny; and why can he not transmit his weaknesses, his desires and evil traits? If passion sways, if carnality prompts and sensuality rules in the act which is consummated in the birth of an immortal soul, must not the race become more sensual and carnal?

When one views a character whose very nature seems perverted, whose soul seems dwarfed, the query comes, "Who has sinned, this man or his parents?" Will not parents be answerable at the throne of God for the body they create to clothe an immortal spirit? Then let man and woman enter wedlock with a desire to do God's will and to fill the measure of their creation, and not for the gratification of *unnatural*, sensual pleasure. Marriage was never instituted that it might be a license to sensuality and evil, but that it might be a safeguard to virtue. To you, O man, is delegated a sacred trust; that by a proper regard to the laws of your being you can fulfill God's decree and people the earth with souls worthy your love and the sanctioning smile of heaven, thus increasing your joy and happiness, or by refusing to perform the necessary requirements which chastity demands, or by traducing it to that of debauchery and evil, your offspring will be a blotch on society, a dishonor to God and a curse to you, who justly can rise up and curse you to your face!

None should assume this trust until they have first contemplated its responsibilities, weighed its requirements and have resolved to assume its duties. Those beings who will place themselves in a condition to produce offspring and then by illegitimate means thwart the same, or by their evil concupiscence, bad and morbid desires transmit to said offspring

all that is sensual and weak, cannot hope for aught save the chastening rod of God, either in this world or in the world to come. That no true Latter Day Saint would come under this ban, we admit; but that many professed Latter Day Saints stand condemned, none dare deny.

Some imbibe the idea that marriage is a cloak for that which, if committed under other circumstances, would be a grave sin. This we cannot concede. The purpose of marriage is apparent to all, and when man traduces it to any other purpose he sins. Were he the only one to suffer, it would not be so bad; but that through his acts others must suffer from birth to death, is too grave an evil to pass by without a protest.

No true man will require that of a woman which will demand her to doff her womanly virtues, and no woman will shrink that which in the end is conducive to her virtue and happiness. Then when men and women shall realize their true condition and that wedlock is an added trust, and not a licensed privilege, and when we succeed in securing an adherence to those principles which are prescribed in the natural and spiritual law, we shall then have gained one point in our work of reform.

Now, suppose we have educated the masses to that extent in the marriage relation that they live within the laws of their being, what shall we do in order to perpetuate the perfect bodies and pure natures which they shall bestow upon their posterity; and what shall be done to keep them exempt from the vices which predominate everywhere? Something must be done with the rising buds of promise lest they fall into the rut in which their fathers groped. Another source by which innocence is contaminated with vice is the promiscuous recourse the young have with others of their own age already tarnished; as a sage has aptly said, "Tell me the company you keep and I can tell you who you are." So, in like manner, can we judge as to the character of the young.

Do you desire them to be virtuous and pure; or licentious, depraved and evil? If the former, do not allow them to run listlessly in the streets without aim or object in life save to learn and practice evil. Select their companions for them, and then seek to have them form such

associations. Point out to your daughters the priceless gem of virtue which they can hold inviolate in their being, and the means whereby it can be retained. Show your sons the advantage of morality and chastity and the evil consequences of lust and vice. Man is subject to influences, and those influences will imperceptibly lead him down to their level. Seek by your example, your acts and your language to denounce the seductive evils which so many of our young are succumbing to, and which older ones have been so careless about, choosing rather to allow them to blindly enter the seething chasm of iniquity than speak to them lest they provoke a desire in them to sin. Will they not learn this sooner or later? Which is best, to glean this intelligence from the vultures of vice, or as a warning from your pure paternal lips? Some parents go so far as to deliberately lie when they are questioned by their children concerning these things! And when their children learn the true nature of things, they find that those who should have informed them have willfully deceived them. Remember that upon your shoulders shall fall heavily the chastening hand of eternal justice if you permit the immortal souls which are so graciously entrusted to your care to be destroyed physically and spiritually because of your negligence. Take them into your confidence; make the moral attraction of the home such that no inducement will cause them to forsake it; place a premium on morality and virtue; show them the folly of the "wild oats" argument, and thus do your part and rid yourselves of the condemnation which otherwise will attach to you.

Another stagnant cesspool whose destructive germs are scattered everywhere is that of impure literature. To establish our position, we quote thus from an exchange: "Among the many satanic agencies for depraving the minds and corrupting the morals of the young, none exert a more dangerous and insidious influence than the vicious literature whose moral poison sensualizes their natures and renders them easy and early victims to vice in all its forms. That there should be human beings fiendish enough to deliberately plan and work to excite immoral thoughts and debasing curiosity to stimulate passion and start the fires of unholy desire in innocent children, is almost past belief;

but it is a horrible and menacing fact that there are men continually at work using the printing press, cheap picture-making processes, all the contrivances of trade, and all the ingenuity of the evasions of law to maliciously and purposely destroy this sweetest and most hopeful treasure of humanity, the purity of little children."

A picture, a story, a suggestion used for the debauching of youthful innocence does its work fatally well. A child cannot if it would, forget readily a leading toward evil of this sort. The obscenity reaches down through the purity which is its priceless birthright, down to that animalism which underlies the human and divine in our natures, and stirring that animalism to conscious life, it forces a warring of elements in the soul for which the child has as yet no moral strength.

To-day we hear so much about modesty, but that the term is perverted I verily believe. False modesty is that which prefers to remain under the bane of evil than to have it decried and exposed to the gaze of an implicated public. True modesty will never blush when vice is exposed and virtue extolled. How we will hail the day when the youth of our land of either sex will protest against the immoral in society and demand that which is conducive to their moral, intellectual and spiritual advancement. Let the young organize themselves in societies. Let them be called the "moral reform society." Let these questions be discussed. Let plans be made to aid the "Young America," that ere they enter the busy thoroughfares where vice rides and virtue walks they may be prepared to resist the inducements which sin holds forth in glowing colors to them. Let a general protest arise against impurity in every form. Let us manifest our peculiarity as a people by our staunch and earnest protest in this matter. Confucius has well said, "Virtue is more to man than either water or fire. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire, but I have never seen men die from treading the course of virtue."

Sherlock says, "Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves." If these men, void of that higher light

which we profess to have were able to comprehend man's true sphere, and that course which was the most conducive to his happiness, how much more perfectly should we comprehend God's plan and walk therein.

Paul says in 1 Corinthians 3: 16, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Then can one transgress the laws of his natural being and still be in favor with God? Verily no! When we as a people comply with the laws of our being, both natural and spiritual, leading chaste, virtuous, temperate lives, sickness shall become a thing of the past; the destroying angel will pass over us, and when we fill out our appointed time on earth we will not die as others, but our rest shall be glorious.

Do not consider that to be for your good which makes you quit your modesty,

TEMPLE, Lake Co., Ohio, August 27th.

or inclines you to any practice which will not allow you to look the world in the face. May God assist each one to so act that their temple may be pure and holy and a fit receptacle for the Spirit of God; and may the spirit of reform be as immanent and widespread as moral prostitution has been. May it penetrate the strongholds, tear down the altars before which immortal souls have sacrificed their honor, their characters, their lives, their all, and plant in its place the gospel standard of peace and salvation, effected when "God's only Son" sacrificed the associations which heaven afforded, assumed humanity's garb, passed through this earthly pilgrimage unscathed and untarnished, terminating it by an eternal sacrifice upon Calvary's cross, by which that standard was made effective and which is proffered to all who will accept its terms and rally around it.

The chastity of man and the purity of woman is the work of the gospel. Shall it be effective?

THE PIONEER'S WIFE.

She stood in the doorway one sultry morn,
Her brain was sick and her heart forlorn;
The house was little and plain and bare,
And the buzzing flies were everywhere;
Through the shutterless window stared the sun
On the breakfast dishes, unwashed, undone;
The whitewashed walls were rude and rough,
A box with a curtain of homely stuff
For a cupboard, apart in a corner stood,
And the breakfast board was uncovered wood.

Hot in the shine of a Summer's day
The treeless plain stretched miles away;
Making the joyless scene more drear,
Two little graves formed hillocks near,
But for the cactus' friendly bloom,
A shadeless and a flowerless tomb;
No music of water enlivened the morn,
Only the ditch that watered the corn,
Whose tide moved on with a lazy roll
That had no power to stir the soul.

Brushing away the falling tear,
"God help the wife of the pioneer!"
Burst from her lips—when lo! a breeze
Rustled the shining emerald leaves
In the cornfield near: The poet's soul

In the woman made an angel's scroll
Of the happy sound, and thereon, plain,
She read her life's young song again;
The ancient house and the apple trees,
The dewy clover and humming bees;
The rushing brook and the peaceful shade,
Where fitting birds their dwellings made,
The hills, the rocks, the mosses too,
The moonlight where the pine trees grew,
The lover's nook by the trysting tree,
The echo-spot, where sounds of glee
Spoke to the hills of flying hours
That mortals spend in youth's bright bowers,
When no funeral train has passed the gate
And no heart has learned to bear and wait.

A peaceful smile o'er her features stole
While the picture cheered her burdened soul
And her thoughts flew on to the meeting-place,
Brightened with more than earthly grace.
She knelt in the doorway; this little prayer
Stirred the waves of the heavy air:
"To soothe the pain of the soul's earth strife,
Thank God for the hints of the better life!"
And the breeze through all that sultry morn
Rustled the leaves in the fields of corn.

—Selected.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY CHARLES H. PORTER.

OF all the noted places of earth Stratford-on-Avon stands among the foremost. It is a town of about eight thousand population. We do not read of any great battle being fought there as a reason for its becoming famous; indeed, any one of a poetic or sentimental frame of mind that has ever been there would say that it would be impossible to imagine that the quiet and calm atmosphere which seems to pervade the place has ever been disturbed by the gathering of troops or the booming of cannon; nor do we find any imposing monuments, or works of art to attract the attention of the traveler; yet Stratford is, and perhaps always will be, one of the chief places of resort, not alone to the tourist, but also to those who know it best.

Who has not heard of this town as the birthplace of Shakespeare, who stands at the head of all the poets of his time, and as many think, the peer of any poet who has lived in any age of the world? His name has become familiar in nearly every household where the English language is used; and Stratford-on-Avon is as familiar as the name of her illustrious poet. But if Shakespeare had never been born, Stratford must yet have been a place of renown. Its fame does not depend alone upon the honor brought it by being the birthplace of this great man. Nature seems to have exerted herself in bestowing charms upon the place. Never have I beheld more delightful scenery. The very air seems impregnated with a quiet beauty which I have noticed in no other place. No wonder Stratford was the home of England's greatest poet. The greatest wonder is that other poets have not drawn inspiration from its lovely surroundings.

A writer has said, "If you are wise you will try to get there [Stratford] in the evening, attend to the first duty of man upon arrival in a strange town—find a place wherein to lay your head, having a quiet stroll to see nothing in particular, and leave visiting until next day."

I arrived there in the evening, found a nephew that I had parted from as a young boy twenty years before, now grown to stalwart manhood, awaiting me at the

depot. After supper, in company with him, I went to the Fountain Hotel and engaged a room for two days, and postponed the visiting of places of interest until next day.

In front of the Fountain Hotel is a grand fountain and clock-tower built by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, America, and presented to the town of Shakespeare. My nephew gave me a short account of it, and among other things informed me that it contained a clock that not only struck the hours but also chimed the quarters. Never having heard such a clock my curiosity was aroused, and I felt pleased that I had secured a room in that particular locality.

Being somewhat weary from traveling, I slept well, and on awakening in the morning the first thing I noticed was the musical chime of the fountain clock. I counted four strokes, and thinking this meant four o'clock, I lay and cogitated upon events past and present until I heard the clock again chime four. This was followed by a short pause and then four more strokes. Thinking this meant a quarter past four, I continued my train of thought for another quarter of an hour, then I heard the clock chime four strokes three times with short pauses between. This also was satisfactory, and I contented myself in peace until the end of the next quarter when it chimed four strokes four times in succession with short pauses between, when to my great surprise the clock struck seven very distinctly, and in an entirely different tone to what the chimes were given. I thought for a moment. What can it mean? Then the truth flashed in my mind. It is seven o'clock. I reached at once for my watch and found this to be a fact. Seven o'clock and I in bed thinking it was only 4:45! What a dreamy, foolish man I was to be deluded by a clock that I knew so little about as not to be able to read its chimes although they rang so clearly, and with my watch close at hand!

I sprang out of bed at once, and having returned thanks for blessings received, and asked for a continuation of the same, made a hasty but careful toilet, and went out from the hotel, when the first thing

that attracted my attention was the fountain and tower. It stands in a broad space at the conjunction of several streets. It is a tall, stately monument, and is very much like the fountain monument of Birmingham, built in commemoration of the public services of Mr. Chamberlain of that city. The fountain is supported by four pillars. On the east is a basin and cup for the accommodation of the thirsty traveler. There are three steps leading to the basin. Over the basin is the inscription,

"Honest water,
Which ne'er left man I' the mire."
Timon of Athens, Act 1, Scene 2.

On the foundation-stone is inscribed,

"This stone was laid by Lady Hodgson, June 20th, 1887. *Arthur Hodgson, K. C. M. G., Mayor.*"

On the north is a trough for horses, above which is written,

"Ten thousand honors and blessings on the
Bard
Who has gilded the dull realities of life
With innocent illusions."
Washington Irving's Stratford-on-Avon.

On the west is the entrance, over which is inscribed,

"The gift of an American Citizen, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. To the town of Shakespeare, in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria."

On the south is a watering-trough, above which is the following beautiful inscription,

"In her days, man shall eat in safety; and sing the merry songs of peace to all his neighbors;

"God shall be truly known; and those about her from her shall read the perfect ways of honor,

"And by those claim their greatness, not by blood."
Henry VIII., Act V, Scene IV.

On the southeast and northwest corners is couched the British Lion, and on the southwest and northeast corners is the American Eagle.

It is a beautiful work of art and is a worthy memorial to commemorate the life and labors even of Shakespeare.

The design is beautifully illustrative of both England and America in many things, and shows a happy blending not alone of the national emblems, but also of the products of the countries, such as American maize, English oak, etc. It is said to have cost about £1500, (\$7,500).

After breakfast I went to visit the principal places of interest in the town. The town itself if it had no particular places of interest would yet be of general inter-

est to the tourist. Its quiet streets, broad and clean; its old ancient buildings; its magnificent trees; the quiet sober mien of its inhabitants; the slow moving waters of the river Avon; the rich verdure of its pastures; the lovely contrast of hill and vale, beautifully watered and timbered, all conspire to impress the traveler as perhaps few scenes on earth do. Indeed we can travel thousands of miles and yet see nothing either in England or America that will so act upon the imagination as does this delightful town. If I wanted to go anywhere to forget the toils and cares of life, and obtain rest and quietness, I would, if possible, go to Stratford. A writer speaking upon this subject says:

"Of all places, Stratford-on-Avon is one the genius of which is least in accordance with hurry and scurry of any description. Except on market and excursion days, it is a place for lotus-eaters, for dreamers, for contemplative philosophers—a place where it seems to be always afternoon. The sky, on its many bright days, has a brilliancy and depth of hue such as might do no discredit to Italy; the slow-moving river travels lazily along between the banks of the low-lying water-meadows almost without a ripple, except when a slight puff of wind may chance to ruffle its surface; the sunshine lies in broad masses in its quiet streets, little broken or disturbed by traffic of any sort; and nobody seems to be in a hurry. The business which is not done to-day may be done to-morrow, or the day after, or sometime or other. We may saunter to our shop-door and bathe in the sunlight, idly noting the beauty of the flowers piled up on the projecting ledge over our neighbor's shop-window across the way; or looking, perchance, for any passing crony with whom to chat in subdued tones about the next flower show, or regatta, or anything else which does not involve much troubled thought; then return to the cool interior and quietly continue our work on the last order received, or our preparations for the next batch of customers."

The first place of public interest that I visited was the Guild Chapel in which it is said Shakespeare worshiped. We are told that the first chapel of the Guild on the site where the present edifice stands was built by Robert De Stratford in 1269; but with the exception of the

chancel, built in 1451, the present chapel was built in the time of Henry VII., by Sir Hugh Clopton. In former times its bell regularly rang the curfew at eight o'clock every night. It is a fine old building, and as I walked down the aisle I thought of the thousands who had trod in the same place; and as I ascended to the pulpit, opened the Bible and stood facing the empty pews, in imagination I drew before me the many who from time to time had sat in those same pews, had turned their faces toward the pulpit where I was then standing, and had listened to the voice of men who had assumed to teach them truths from the same book that lay open before me, and in thought I asked, "Where are they? Whither have they gone?" The answer came, "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."—Ecc. 1: 4. I thought of the great man (Shakespeare) who with others had sat there as listeners to Bible truth, and my thoughts were saddened by the reflection that no matter how great soever man or his works may be, they are only as "grass, and the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field."—Isa. 40: 6.

One blessed thought, however, followed this reflection, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."—John 11: 25. Yes, 'tis a blessed thought, one fraught with hope and promise, that all, both small and great, shall come forth and receive the reward of their own labors, for their works do follow them.

Adjoining the Guild Chapel are the old Guild Hall and Grammar School. These buildings are very ancient. I do not remember the dates, although they are printed on the front of the edifice. Shakespeare is said to have received his schooling at this place. The Guild Hall is a long room on the ground floor, and the room above it is the Grammar School.

"New Place" is situated on the opposite corner from the Guild Chapel. "This is the house to which Shakespeare retired from London during the later years of his life, and in which he died. He purchased it in 1597, and died in 1616." I did not go into the building; I did not care to do so. The grounds or gardens are well kept and are open to the public. I availed myself of the opportunity afforded to walk through

them and give rein to contemplative fancy. They are very pleasant, and it was easy to imagine the poet as walking in the soft twilight along the same paths, and enjoying himself beneath the same trees under which I was then quietly dreaming. "The corporation now holds New Place in trust for the nation."

Not far from New Place is the Memorial Theatre. This is built of red brick and is considered a very fine building. "Its site was presented by Mr. C. E. Flower, and the memorial stone was laid April 23d, 1877." In addition to the theatre, there is also a library and picture gallery. This building is open to the public, an admission fee of sixpence (twelve-and-a-half cents) being charged; indeed, sixpence seems to be the regular admission fee to nearly all places of public interest in and around Stratford that are in any way connected with Shakespeare. Even the fine old church is turned into a show for strangers because his dust is buried there and his bust adorns the church.

"The Church of Stratford-on-Avon is a remarkably fine and imposing structure, of pointed gothic architecture, and having much the appearance of a cathedral; its transepts, nave, aisles and chancel containing some very beautiful workmanship. The bold and commanding architecture gives a fine aspect to the exterior of the building, with its tower and steeple, as seen from the Avon, on the banks of which it stands. . . . The south aisle having been erected by John De Stratford, Bishop of Winchester, afterward Bishop of Canterbury, at the commencement of the fourteenth century. The north aisle is very probably of a still earlier date. The chancel and choir, rebuilt by Thomas Balsall, D. D., about the middle of the fifteenth century are remarkable for their fine height, and for their extreme simplicity. Five exceedingly effective windows rise to the roof on either side, one of these being the American Memorial Window. The Memorial Window was presented by American visitors, and unveiled in the first week of May, 1885, . . . and cost £224 (about \$1,120.) It represents the Seven Ages of Man, each age being illustrated by a subject from Scripture. The first age, or Infancy, is represented by Moses in the bulrushes; the second, or Youth,

by Samuel before Eli; the third, or Manhood, by Isaac and Rebecca; the fourth period, the Soldier, by Joshua leading the armies of Israel; the fifth, or Justice, by the Judgment of Solomon; the sixth age, or Philosophy, by Abraham and the Angels; and the seventh, or 'Second Childness,' and mere Oblivion, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything, by Jacob blessing Isaac." The contributions of Americans who visit Stratford are now being asked to fill another window in memory of Shakespeare. "The chancel is 65 feet long, 25 feet wide and 42 feet high." The west window of the church is very beautiful, but is fanciful in design. It neither teaches nor illustrates truth. It is supposed to represent the Twelve Apostles, and in the center the baptism of Christ.

I cannot say that I admire the taste that turns a sacred edifice into something much like unto a museum. The Church itself impressed me as being very grand and beautiful; but with the monuments, etc., including the Clopton Chapel once dedicated to "Our Lady" now filled with the tombs and monuments of the Clopton family; an altar tomb to the memory of Dean Balsall; a bust of Governor James Kendall; monument and bust of Shakespeare and others; and withal the sexton selling permits to visitors at sixpence each, it seemed to detract from the sacredness of the place. I could hardly realize that this was a house set apart for the worship of God. It seemed more like a place of public interest because of the high order of its curiosities. Below the monument of Shakespeare and a few feet from the wall is a stone with the following inscription:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

The church grounds are not devoid of interest. In England it is customary to use the grounds surrounding the Church for cemetery purposes. Stratford is no exception to this rule. The churchyard, as it is there called, seems quite full of graves, and the headstones and monuments are very numerous. Anyone of a thoughtful frame of mind can easily spend an hour or two there reading epitaphs and examining the different styles of monuments, etc.

The avenue leading to the entrance of the church is lined with magnificent limes, and the river Avon flowing quietly along as a boundary line on one side of the grounds is skirted with large elms which appear to have been standing there for generations.

The birthplace of Shakespeare is a great curiosity to those who are not accustomed to seeing such buildings, but to me it differed but little from ancient buildings with which I was and had been familiar. It is a cottage of moderate size, and like most old English cottages, is built of timber and plaster. It is very well preserved, care having been taken in repairing it to keep it as nearly like it was as anciently as possible. To me its gable windows, and its diamond shaped window panes were perfectly natural, for I had been familiar with similar sights in my younger days.

There are many places of interest around Stratford which I did not visit, including Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, Mary Arden's cottage at Wilm-cote, Charlecote Park, Clopton House, etc. I received purer pleasure from walking through the town and fields adjoining than I could have done from spending the time in looking at the old cottages in which these now famous persons were born and raised.

I brought away with me some pictures of memory that I expect to be lasting. Among them is the beautiful fountain and clock-tower; the church and surrounding grounds; the guild chapel; the gardens at New Place; Memorial Theatre and grounds; the beautiful view of both the town and surrounding country, embracing the river Avon with the church upon its bank, obtained from a walk through the low-lying meadows. I passed into these meadows by crossing a stone bridge of fourteen arches, built in the time of Henry VII. by Sir Hugh Clopton.

I cannot describe a walk through these meadows as well as Washington Irving has done, so will content myself with quoting from him.

"My route lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fanciful doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley: sometimes glittering from among willows, which fringed its borders; sometimes disappearing among groves, or beneath green banks; and sometimes rambling out into full

view, and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow land. This beautiful bosom is called the Vale of the Red Horse. A distant line of undulating blue hills seems to be its boundary, whilst all the soft intervening landscape lies in a manner enchained in the silver links of the Avon."

Having walked through these meadows I recrossed the river by the foot bridge below Lucy's mill, quietly wended my way back to my stopping place by way of

the road leading by the mill, so on to the churchyard, passing along its paths and through the grounds once more, probably for the last time, and so returned from my stroll, thinking that I had certainly been privileged to behold one of the most beautiful sights of nature.

Whenever my mind reverts to my visit to my native land, I shall surely remember the town of England's most renowned poet.

NEW YORK'S PERIL.

THE New York *Journal* says: Is New York in any danger of slipping off into the Bay in case a so-called earthquake like that which visited Charleston, in August 1886, should occur? A number of prominent architects of this city are giving serious attention to the question, particularly since the test borings of the Rapid Transit Commission and the projectors of the various tunnel schemes have demonstrated the character of the foundation that Manhattan Island rests upon. The accepted theory of the Charleston "earthquake," as it is usually called, is that the trouble was caused by a gigantic land-slip, rather than an earthquake proper. The scientists who have examined the locality around Charleston say that the city is built upon a thick layer of soil that rests upon a *sloping bed of granite* and extending from the Appalachian Mountain system. When the earthquake came that cost so many lives and appalled the country this layer of ground, many feet in thickness, that Charleston is built upon, slipped down a few inches upon its rocky bed. Just what caused the "slip" has never been determined. Charleston has no heavy buildings to pull the city "down hill" by their weight, and there has been no heavy blasting to start the vast body of ground into motion. Neither was there any evidence of volcanic action.

In New York two of the dangerous conditions exist, and in that part of the city below Canal street, where the great buildings jostle against each other as they tower skyward, the same underground inclined plain of rock exists. If no one

ever paused to count up the enormous weight of the great buildings down town, the total weight of one great structure will be a surprise to him. Take, for instance, the Equitable Building. The walls of that and all other structures of its class weigh about 115 pounds to the cubic foot, and the floors about 180 pounds to the square foot. The walls of the Equitable Building contain about 2,100,000 cubic feet, which, weighing 150 pounds per foot, makes a total weight for the walls of 315,000,000 pounds. The floor space of the building is about 400,000 square feet, which, at 180 pounds, will weigh 72,000,000 pounds; this must be taken ten times over, for the nine floors and the roof, which makes 720,000,000 pounds, plus the weight of the walls, making a total of 1,035,000,000 pounds, or 517,500 tons. This is without the heavy safes and office furniture, elevator, machinery, electric light engines, dynamos, heating apparatus and boilers, which weigh at least 25,000 tons more. This is only one of the great buildings, and there are others that are heavier. An architect, who is well posted on such matters, has made the following estimate of some of the principal buildings below Canal street. Washington Building, 350,000 tons; Produce Exchange, including tower, 412,000; Standard Oil Building, 400,000; Welles Building, 250,000; United States Army Building, 450,000; Kemble Building 250,000; Aldrich Court, 180,000; American Bank Note Company and Trinity buildings, on Trinity place, 250,000; Trinity Church, 150,000; Trinity Building, 100,000; Mutual Life, old build-

ing, 300,000; Mutual Life, new building, 550,000; Sub-Treasury, 100,000; Edison Building, 300,000; the block bounded by Broad, Wall and William streets and Exchange place, which includes the Mills Building, the United States Trust Company's Building, the Mechanics' Bank Building and a number of other large structures, has upon it not less than 1,450,000 tons of masonry and iron work. The Custom House weighs 250,000 tons, the Boreel Building, 350,000, the Electric Building, 350,000, the Central Building, 450,000, the Telephone Building, 250,000, the old Coal and Iron Exchange, 300,000, the Cotton Exchange, 200,000, the Farmers' Loan and Trust, 150,000, Delmonico's new building, 150,000, the north side of Wall street, from William to Broadway, with the exception of the Sub-Treasury, 900,000, Union Trust Company, 318,000, the Post Office, the heaviest single building in the city, a little over 600,000, the Pulitzer, 360,000, the Tribune, 378,000, the Times, 400,000, the Potter, 350,000, Temple Court, 350,000, and the Stewart Building, 350,000. This makes the total weight of the buildings enumerated 11,877,000,000 tons, and it is probable that the structures that are not sky-craners and the ordinary buildings that crowd the streets in the district named weigh five times as much more, and their contents three times as much again. This would make the total weight on the few acres bounded by Canal street, the East and North rivers in round numbers 96,000,000,000 tons or 192,000,000,000,000 pounds, an appalling weight to place upon so small a piece of ground and probably a greater one than any other spot of like size in the world carries. Nine-tenths of this great weight is supported on spiles that are driven into the surface deposit of alluvial soil. Under this blanket of diluvium or drift, as the geologists call the silt that the water has deposited on the rocks that form the foundation of Manhattan Island, is a substratum of granite as shown in the profile map. Over this in spots are gneiss or trap, usually mixed with mica enough to make it fracture too easily to be of any use. There is also slate, hornblende, serpentine, augite and a quartz and mica rock. At Union Square the granite comes to the surface or "outcrops" for the first time, and from there north it lies in folds and forms "pockets" that hold the rocks

and soil of a more recent formation that rest above them. South of Union Square, as a glance at the map will show, this understratum of granite gradually slopes down until it disappears below the water-line. On this inclined plane rests, first an intermediate layer of quartz and mica rock, and over the layer of soil that was deposited years ago when the entire island was under water. About the same conditions exist at Charleston, as the geological map of that city shows. There is the same sloping bed of granite, the overlying quartz and mica rock, and then the thick layer of alluvial soil that slipped down on its granite and quartz bed and caused the disaster which cost over fifty lives and destroyed \$5,000,000 of property. Can such an accident happen to New York and what would be the result should it come? If it does, Charleston's horror would be multiplied a thousand times. In the Southern city there were no buildings that were over four stories high. They were surrounded by open spaces of ground where thousands took refuge.

No such places of safety exist in New York, and the density of population is many times as great. During the day there are more persons in the district below Canal street than there are in the whole State of South Carolina.

There is more chance of a land-slip occurring in New York than there was in Charleston. In the first place, there is vastly more weight on the natural soil and made ground of the lower part of the city than there is on the whole country in South Carolina. Then a large amount of the acreage of the city below Canal street at one time consisted of swamps or ponds. The largest of these was the "swamp" on the East Side, which has left its name to the leather district to this day. This swamp extended from the East River nearly to East Broadway, and from Peck Slip to Catharine street. Right above it was a big pond of ten or twelve acres, called "Collect" (or "Kollect") by the Knickerbockers. The Tombs now stands about where the center of this lake was a hundred years ago. The outlet of the pond flowed through a marsh both east and west and formed the course for the canal which gave to Canal street its name. On the west side were Lisperard's meadows, through the center of which West Broadway now runs. They

extended from Murry street to Canal street and were a deep, spongy morass. These swamps have all been filled up, and great buildings resting on spiles cover the spot where the ducks and geese of the good Dutch burghers fed, but no filling up has ever changed the nature of the sub-soil. Dig down a few feet in any portion of lower New York and you will strike water and quicksand.

How easily this may be started into a slide that will push a slice of Battery Park and Mr. Gould's elevated loop off into the Bay, no one knows. An added thousand tons of weight, or a single heavy blast may do it, and then the consequences are almost beyond the power of imagination. The lower part of the city in ruins and half a million mangled human beings buried under millions of tons of debris

are among the possibilities. None of the architects or scientific men seen by a reporter of the *Sunday Journal* would deny that such a disaster might occur in New York, and two or three of them intimated that the big blast which is soon to destroy Diamond Reef just north of Governor's Island, would give the staying power of New York's buildings and soil a pretty severe test. If New York's sub-strata is of such a nature to give rise to occasional feelings of alarm, Staten Island is in a much worse plight. The soil of that favorite residence spot rests on a sharp ridge of granite which slopes to the Bay on one side and to the Kills on the other. If there ever should be a crack running north and south through the center of the island the soil on both sides of it would fall off by its own weight.

ESSAY ON HEALTH.

BY ALMIRA.

A THOUGHT ON SLEEP.

SLEEP is as essential as food and exercise. During the day, the process of tearing down goes on; during the night, the work of building up should make good the loss.

More sleep is needed in youth than old age; more should be taken by weak-nerved people than by the strong.

It is difficult to decide on the amount of sleep that others require, but from six to eight hours, and even more should be taken by brain workers.

It is a violation of nature's law to spend the sleeping hours in pleasure-seeking, in borrowing trouble, or in living over troubles.

We should not try to produce sleep by opiates, but by keeping the simple laws of health, and cultivating a calm, trusting mind, trusting in the All-Good.

A word on bathing. There have been various ideas written on bathing, but all know that it is necessary to keep our bodies clean. God did not forget to give his chosen people a strict command concerning the same, and, no doubt, he enjoins the same upon his children to-day. Strong, hardy people can stand a cold bath, but it is injurious to the feeble. The latter

should use tepid water in a comfortable place. In all cases the forehead and face should be bathed in cool water first and the body should be briskly rubbed and wiped dry.

Sunshine is as free a gift as water, and it is as inestimable a gift, so we will not neglect to speak a word in favor of its merits. True, we occasionally hear of persons taking an over-dose and the result is sun-stroke, but that does not lessen its value. The error was in the application. Sunlight imparts vital magnetism and thereby it becomes a preventive of disease and also a curative agent. Even the plants and animals seem to have a knowledge of this fact. We say to the delicate, of both sexes and of all ages, to take a proper amount of sunshine each day when nature offers it.

"It makes my head ache so I can't," is the response.

Wring out a cloth in cold water and apply it to the top and front of the head, put on a high crowned hat, and thin garments and sit in the sunshine from ten to twenty minutes. Try it, and also practice walking in the sunshine.

Dr. Frederic A. Mesmer in 1778 discovered the wonderful effect of animal

magnetism as a curative agent. He was denounced as a humbug by medical men, as a matter of course. Such is generally the first reception of truth, while error is received with favor. Those who have not investigated say "I don't have any faith in it."

What if you don't? A fact will remain as such, through all ages, whether we accept it or not and oftentimes we suffer the loss.

If there is no reality in it, why do parents and nurses rub the bruises of the little one? Why does the hand so naturally apply itself to the locality of our pain?

Thus we see it is practiced by instinct, even by those who condemn it when practiced professionally—"When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." While the disciples of Mesmer have been laboring to make some headway in regard to animal magnetism being used as a healing agent in our Christian civilization, in Japan its beneficial effects are so far admitted, that it is common to employ manipulators in cases of very *slight* ailments, as well as very *severe*.

The manipulators are blind men, who go about the streets with long staves in their hands, and reed whistles in their mouths. They work on their patients about thirty minutes. People are often relieved of pain, soreness or lameness by animal magnetism, by briskly rubbing the diseased parts, after using popular lotions and nostrums, the latter taking the credit, when in fact it belongs to the former.

According to the testimony of medical men, electro-magnetism and other forms of electricity have been and now are extensively employed in medical institutions of both the old and the new world, with marked success.

Electricity, the same agent that the Creator and the Ruler of the universe employs to move and regulate the sublime planetary system, is used by the mind to move the feet and arms, and to perform the various functions of the human body. Animal electricity is controlled by the mind to which it belongs, while chemical or other electricity is controlled by the will of the operator.

The perfect control which the mind has over its electrical agent, is plainly exhibited when failure in business, family trouble or bereavement overtakes a person.

The brain, stimulated to painful activity, consumes more than its due proportion of the nervo-electric fluid, and the mind withdraws enough from the stomach and vital organs to supply the demands, thereby the whole body will be weakened and even prostrated. Consequently in diseases caused by mental depression, electricity or animal magnetism is a valuable assistant.

It is the interruption or partial withdrawal of the nervo-electric circulation which causes what we term nervous diseases and there are very many such cases. An inharmonious action of the nervous forces in lungs, liver, heart, kidneys or any other organ of the body will produce disease.

In the diseased lungs and shortness of breath, there is an interruption of these forces. All the internal organs perform their appointed labors under the stimulus of electricity. For instance, the lungs are not expanded and contracted by the inhaling and exhaling of air, but the diaphragm is thrown downward, and the air vesicles open by the nervo-electric forces acting on the muscles controlling the former, and on the little muscular fibers and tissues composing the latter. By the electric movement, air of a necessity rushes in to fill the vacuum; when the same forces contract them exhalation necessarily follows.

In dyspepsia, the interruption of a free passage of nervo-electricity through the pneumogastric nerve leading to the stomach is not infrequently the cause. Cut the pneumogastric nerve in the neck of an animal, and the process of digestion ceases at once; apply the galvanic battery to the end of the nerve leading to the stomach, and it is immediately resumed. From this we draw the conclusion, as well as from experience, that a dyspeptic will be benefited by manipulation administered by the hand of a person who is highly electrical, and well skilled.

Dr. Foote calls the brain the capital of the nervous system. "It stands in the same relation to the human body that Washington does to the United States. The telegraph wires proceeding from Washington, connect with other wires leading to every part of the Republic. In like manner there are nerves proceeding from the brain, which connect with other nerves leading to every part of the

human system, and they are conveying impressions to and from the brain with the rapidity of lightning. Is Washington, itself, the author of the telegram, or is it the mind of a citizen? Then is it the brain of man, or the mind (or spirit) that sends out and receives messages on the material telegraph wires?"

"The brain, of course," says one.

If that is so, why do they not operate after the spirit has abandoned its home of clay?

The telegraph operators supply the electricity by galvanic batteries. Now the question arises, how shall we get supplies of animo-vital electricity?

Dr. Foote tells us that the principal source is the stomach. The dissolution of any substance sets free the element commonly called electricity. The food we eat, if digestible, goes through a process of dissolution in the stomach, and, as it dissolves, the electricity emitted ascends through the nerve made for that purpose to the ash-colored matter of the brain, then is sent on the nerves to every part of the system.

The vitalizing property of air, oxygen, is mainly electricity; and we are constantly receiving it by the lungs and pores. It is taken up by the blood and carried to the brain. The blood, on entering the ash-colored matter, discharges its load of electricity and nerve-nutrient and returns to the body for another.

The complete withdrawal of *nervo-electricity* from any part paralyzes it, so that it has neither sense nor motion. If withdrawn from the motor fibers only, sensation remains, while motion is lost; if from the nerve fibers of sensation only, then motion continues and sensation is lost.

If withdrawn from the nerves of special sense, the power of hearing, seeing, tasting, etc., are lost; if withdrawn from only one pair, one of the foregoing difficulties will be produced without affecting the other senses.

Too little vital electricity given to the liver renders that organ torpid, too much causes nervous congestion and inflammation; so in like manner may any organ of the body be affected.

According to our understanding of the nervous system and its connection with the mind, we must come to the conclusion that the state of one's health must be

governed in a very great degree by the state of the mind. It certainly has great power over the body, even as much as the mind of the shipbuilder has over inert matter; also the mind of the blacksmith, the farmer, as well as the dressmaker, the housekeeper and the cook; and the specimens of each individual's work show the superiority or the inferiority of each workman's mind. The material may be similar and yet the result very different, for the reason that the minds of the workers were differently developed.

"That is no new idea," say you, "everybody knows *that*. That has nothing to do with the human body."

No; but the mind has a rightful power to command the body to be obedient in accepting or rejecting the influences surrounding it, and that command should always be given in obedience to the laws of our Creator. We should know ourselves and fear our God. Only the mind which is within us can harm us. No external influence can harm us unless it finds an affinity within.

Disease cannot affect the body unless conditions will admit, and in all cases they are admitted through effects resulting from injudicious habits, sometimes our own, sometimes those of other people.

To make it plain, we will point out some of them: Intemperance in eating and drinking; lack of wisdom in dressing; indulgence in narcotics, whether smoked, chewed or swallowed; indulging in licentious habits; cherishing hatred towards others; cultivating temper or irritability, and exhibiting it; cherishing envy, jealousy, prejudice or any of the long list of errors.

"O, fie! Who believes that such indulgences have anything to do with health?"

All do who have wisely informed themselves in regard to their own physical and spiritual welfare.

"But I have known some of our most learned and devoted people to be sick year after year. How is that?"

So have we known many instances of the kind, and like *you*, wondered why it was so; wondered why *God* suffered his *own* to be thus afflicted, when he is a God of mercy, having all knowledge, all power, and being everywhere present.

Now, where is the fault? We cannot lay it to our loving Father's charge, for mortal must not censure God. We must

look a little deeper into the mind. Stowed away in its secret chambers was the indulgence of fear in regard to accepting the simple, natural laws of health, and instead perhaps the practice of medicating was excessively indulged in. Some of our very best people have sat down with folded hands, because of some slight physical ailment, and converted themselves into a small druggist's stand, and many have died in consequence before their time. Solomon says, "Make not thyself overwise, for why shouldst thou destroy thyself?" 'Tis false wisdom or a perversion of God's laws that destroys. Solomon also says, "Be not overmuch wicked, neither be thou foolish: for why wilt thou die before thy time?"

In another recess of the mind we find doubt and despondency walking hand in hand; in another, confusion in regard to financial matters, friendship, health, etc.

The foregoing ideas in regard to the mind and nerves show us plainly that all depressing emotions are dispatched to every part of the body, and their impress is left thereon, on the face the most visible.

Now, if we indulge in those habits and emotions week after week, to say nothing about years, the result must be disastrous, probably fatal. Or if we fix our mind on some slight physical ailment, it will tend to make it a serious one, no fate causing it, but natural laws.

Now, if such is the fact, will not an opposite course tend to health and happiness? Most certainly. By such laws we are made responsible beings, and our God a kind, just and loving Father. Now,

what shall we do? Indulge in sinful passions and selfish desires to the injury of both body and spirit, or abstain from them and cultivate their opposites?

The latter, of course, we will. We will forget our past sad, wearisome experience (only to profit by it) and firmly take hold of the better form of living.

First, we will cultivate cheerful thoughts. The wise man understood the better way of living when he said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones." "The spirit of man will sustain his infirmities; but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

Second, we will cultivate hope, love and faith. Faith in our Creator, Benefactor, as in a loving Father. He does not give us a spirit of fear, but of power, of love and of a sound mind. To be carnally minded is death; to be spiritually minded is life. The more we cultivate the spirit and the less we trouble ourselves about the body and the pleasures of sense, the better it will be for us, both spiritually and physically.

Brothers and sisters, please accept and demonstrate some or all of these facts, and may you be wonderfully blessed thereby.

FAITH.

"Oh! ye who are weary with earth and its care,
Whose hearts are now burdened with all they
can bear;

Tossed by the tempest, and torn with its strife,
The faith of a child is the secret of life.

"The smile of the skeptic may darken to sneers,
And the delvers in earth may voice only jeers;
But away from our life hope's joy is beguiled,
To laugh at the faith of an innocent child."

THE FOURTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.

SOMEBODY has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean, or sands on the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes. It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in

this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, so far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything.—*Sel.*

MY SLAIN.

This sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee.

This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,

With her low prattle maketh me afraid.

Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so

You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,

Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh

For the dear babe I killed so long ago.

I tremble at the touch of your caress;

I am not worthy of your innocent faith;

I who with whetted knives of worldliness

Did put my own child-heartedness to death,

Beside whose grave I pace forevermore,

Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now,

To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up

When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough

Laughs into blossoms, or a buttercup

Plays with the sunshine, or a violet

Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!

The meaning of the daisies in the grass

I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,

It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.

O moaning life, with life irreconciled!

O backward-looking thought, O pain, O tears,

For us there is not any silver sound

Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Wo worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
Which makes men mummies, weighs out
every grain

Of that which was miraculous before,

And sneers the heart down with the scoffing
brain.

Wo worth the peering analytic days

That dry the tender juices in the breast,

And put the thunders of the Lord to test,

So that no marvel must be, and no praise,

Nor any God except Necessity.

What can ye give my poor starved life in lieu

Of this dead cherub which I slew for ye?

Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew

My early foolish freshness of the dunce,

Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens
at once.

—Selected.

ARE THEY CHRISTIANS?—No. 4.

FOR the moment Mr. Gray felt quite embarrassed, but greeted the stranger civilly and stepped into the house. Another man sat at the secretary, writing; but as John entered he arose and faced him, and as John fastened his eyes upon him he instantly knew him for a brother indeed, and warmly greeted him. It proved that he was an elder in the church, but the other man was a friendly Baptist living about twenty miles away who had kindly brought him forward on his journey. This man was investigating the gospel, but had not yet obeyed it.

The same impressions of the two men had been experienced by Mrs. Gray upon their first arrival and while they were as yet total strangers.

In the afternoon John secured the use of a schoolhouse a mile south of his home, inviting the neighbors to come, and that evening and for a week following this minister who we will call Brand held evening meetings. The people heard that a real, live Mormon had come among them,

and he had fair audiences. Some had never heard of such a people and seemed pleased with his teachings; others expressed surprise that he taught the doctrine of holiness and righteousness instead of heresy and licentiousness, as they had been informed they did. Some seemed surprised that he used the same Bible that they did, since they had heard that the Latter Day Saints used a Bible of their own, fitted to their taste and belief. In fact they were compelled to acknowledge that there was nothing objectionable in his teaching.

The week drew to a close and no one seemed constrained to obey the gospel call, and when Sunday afternoon arrived John and Elder Brand attended the Sunday school, called a union school, though its officers were all in the Methodist church. When the teacher of the Bible class of which John was a member came to Elder Brand who had taken a seat with John in the class, he ignored his presence entirely and put the questions falling to

Elder Brand by rotation to the next in the class. The slight or insult was so noticeable that a little murmur of surprise ran round the room. The superintendent, a fine young man, apologized for the rudeness of the teacher after the services closed.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray had fully discussed the question of being baptized, and as they now fully believed the work was of God, Mrs. Gray expressed a desire that the work be finished then, that they might indeed put on Christ; and John being of the same mind they decided that the ordinance be performed that day. They had as yet given not so much as a hint of their intention, but had plied Elder Brand with innumerable questions, satisfying themselves fully that the church was grounded in the gospel of Christ.

On the way from Sunday school John asked Mr. Brand if he would baptize them. The surprised Elder said he would be glad to, provided they were fully prepared for that ordinance, and in the afternoon they repaired to the lake. It was a beautiful autumn day, scarcely a ripple upon the calm waters, and there with no other witnesses than those that nature provided, Mr. and Mrs. Gray were baptized for the remission of their sins, buried with Christ in baptism, fully trusting they should rise to newness of life, the sins of the past blotted out and before them a new page clean and white; and they there made the solemn covenant to keep every page of their lives so, as far as was in their power.

They were now members of the despised church, the one they had held as deluding and iniquitous, and after the confirmation Elder Brand informed John that he would be ordained to the priesthood, and John began to see that in this line probably was the work which was reserved for him to do, and he had still a great desire to make his promise good.

Mr. Brand now made known the circumstances of his coming, his home being many miles westward, but he said that he got an impression by the Spirit that he must leave his work and go to the north and east where he would find work to do. Nothing doubting and though busy in his hay field he at once set out. He knew not just where he was going, but kept on in that direction till he arrived at the residence of the president of that district, when he was handed Mr. Gray's letter to Lamoni, and he then knew

just what his destination was. He was positive, however, that he would have found the Grays had he never seen their letter.

Mrs. Gray had not written her parents that they were investigating a new doctrine. So after Mr. Brand had bidden farewell they wrote at length, giving all the circumstances and reasons for the change and setting forth particularly and plainly each point of doctrine, especial pains being taken to make it plain that they had not joined themselves to a polygamous institution. They did not expect the Blakes to investigate the gospel with a view to embracing it; they were too strongly entrenched in Methodism and too thoroughly respectable to think of joining themselves to such a society, but they did expect they would investigate the statements made them far enough to know for themselves as to whether popular report of them, the Latter Day Saints, was true or false, and whether they were practicing righteous principles or not.

Greatly disappointed therefore were the Grays at the reply when received. The Blakes wrote they were simply dumbfounded; it was past belief that their daughter, so carefully reared and shielded from every evil and error, should allow herself to be trapped into that terrible institution. Their feelings toward John were intensely bitter; they knew that Addie would never have thought of such an act if he had not coaxed her into it, and that every good principle had deserted him they seemed fully to believe, and they warned Addie in the strongest language to go no farther but get out of that church if she could, before her girls grew up, and John, as the climax of iniquity, brought home some of those Elders (presumably already supplied with several wives), and in spite of her entreaties, adding her girls to the number. As a final request they wished Mrs. Gray to promise that whatever she did do, not to consent to go to Utah! They did not by the least sign acknowledge that there might be a people who were trying to live according to the word of God, and another people who, assuming the same name, were guilty of palpable iniquity; and one proof they furnished to prove the terrible character of the Saints was that of a neighbor who once had a brother in the regular army and was captured by the Mormons and held for several years a prisoner in Utah. He had no

money himself but informed his captors that his mother, a widow in Wisconsin, was rich, and if they would allow him to go after her he could induce her to go to Salt Lake. Accordingly they appointed two elders to go with him, holding him still a prisoner. In this way they traveled across the free states of Iowa and Wisconsin stopping with their Mormon brethren (?) on the way. Arriving at home he gave them the slip; but did not thereafter appear in public (or at home unless secretly) for fear those two would assassinate him.

The Grays upon reading this statement were filled with amazement that such evidence should be offered to condemn a church and people who never saw Utah and had no sympathy or interest in the people of that land more than in any people who had been duped and drawn into iniquity. The story itself was terribly gauzy. Did the Mormons hope to capture the United States army one by one? Did they hold him a prisoner several years that they might feed him, or did they make a slave of him? If so, they must have used him pretty well or he could never hoodwink them with the story that he would bring his mother among them, for whatever else they have been guilty of no one can accuse them of being fools. Why not escape in Iowa, for two men under such circumstances could not have held him a moment? Why did he not report at once to his commander and have his captors dealt with according to law? In fact there was no shadow of reason in the story at all.

There was no attempt on the part of the Blakes to prove the doctrine they held right, or that of the Latter Day Saints wrong. The trouble did not rest there, but they believed every slander ever told or written against that people; of themselves they knew nothing against them.

To Mrs. Gray the reply of the Blakes was not so much of a surprise as to John. He had never for a moment doubted that his word would be taken; the worst he imagined they could think was that they had both been deceived, but this letter developed the fact that to the minds of the Blakes he had become wholly depraved and had deliberately enticed Addie into an institution full of horrible iniquities. John was therefore at a loss how to reply, but finally did so, going

over the ground carefully and setting forth the doctrine of the church so clearly that none need mistake their position. He urged them to use the Bible and condemn them if possible, as they were always willing to listen to the truth, and even if it condemned them they were still willing to obey. He gave full address of the ministry near the Blakes and urged them to inquire for themselves. He was painstaking, earnest, friendly; he deplored the fact that his word was no longer good among them; he reviewed the story of the captured soldier and pointed out its many absurdities, and told them if they would secure and send him the name and register of that man he would prove without a doubt by army records that he was a deserter. It is needless to say he was never troubled to hunt up the record.

The Grays sent the church publications, which ought to be proof enough, and would be in any court in the world. Their efforts were now directed to convince them that they had acted conscientiously in what they had done. It was all in vain; they would listen to no argument upon any point, forbade John writing them upon any religious subject whatever, threatened to burn any literature sent them, and fairly intrenched themselves behind a bulwark of most unrelenting hatred toward John and wrote that they wished their daughter had never seen his face!

To John this was particularly galling. He was and had always been a loving and devoted husband and father, and as he saw himself shown up as a person of evil disposition, leading his family into dark and downward paths, he felt his position keenly; for though he was forbidden to answer, they scored him in nearly every letter from behind their intrenchments, but when the insinuation came that he kept back letters addressed to his wife, Mrs. Gray replied with some energy, that as yet her husband was above such a suspicion.

Time had passed during this correspondence and it was again fall-time. The crops had been light,—the prospect was altogether discouraging. If they paid the money on the farm, the mortgage would surely take their team and cow, leaving them again helpless, with back payments on the farm yet to make.

John's brother Charles had followed his parents and friends to California and was writing glowing accounts of that semi-tropic land. Is it any wonder that from the bleak prospect of another winter, without money to properly prepare for it, the minds of the Grays often turned to that sunny clime? At last affairs so shaped themselves that they saw they must abandon their home, and yet their hearts clung to it, but all chance of making it theirs was gone. They wrote the condition of affairs to the Blakes, intimating their intention of going to California. Another storm of indignation burst upon them. "John had not been satisfied to marry Addie and carry her off to Iowa so he could be near his parents, then drag her into the mire of a polluted institution called a church, but he must now drag her to the ends of the earth. He was also breaking his pledged word to not take her farther away than Iowa;" a promise which he well remembered, but no one with common reason could think of returning to M.—while the Blakes held so unreasonably hostile a position toward them; they therefore decided to please themselves, since they could not please others; and as their friends in California were settled and showed a disposition to help them, they decided to go.

The crops were gathered and marketed at very low prices, the stock all went to pay the mortgage. Fifty tons of fine hay brought twenty dollars; the boat, the pride of the lakes, brought twenty-five. His wagon which had cost him the price of a new one he now sold for five dollars; three wagons piled high with new household goods, seventeen dollars—a single piece upon one wagon had cost eighteen dollars. They expected to sacrifice, and were not disappointed. Many of our older readers remember similar sacrifices, and they can easily believe that the Grays did not carry away a fortune with them. The time of departure is drawing nigh, the time, December, and cold and threatening a storm. The situation of the Grays in their dismantled home was not calculated to raise their spirits greatly, and one subject greatly oppressed them. They must leave one of the little family in the silent city of the dead, and they dare not spend from their scant funds enough to buy even the humblest headstone to mark the grave of

the little sleeper. There was, however, in the front yard of their home a beautiful white limestone about nine inches thick and perhaps forty inches square each way. The stone was in its natural shape, except that Mr. Gray had had the name "Gray" cut upon one edge in large letters; this they decided to place in the cemetery lot more as a landmark than as a fitting monument. John went alone to place it,—the weather was too cold to take the family. It was to be his last visit to the spot which held all that was mortal of his child. He drove across the cemetery to the lot; the ground was frozen hard and the wagon rattled discordantly in this silent city which stood upon the brow of a hill a mile or more from human habitation.

It was almost sunset. Dark, gray clouds as cold as the hearts of men hung in the west; the bitter winter wind crept through the sear frost-browned grass and rattled the lone wild gum-weeds like a sigh. Think you this lone man here is happy, as stopping the wagon he sits for a moment looking over the desolate plain and valley, his whole life passes in review before him, his youthful hopes and high ambitions, the many disappointments, griefs and heartaches, the cruel injustice of those who should be his friends; and now after bright hopes he must give up his home and try again and in a strange land?

He raises the lever and drops the stone upon the center of the lot. How it crashes upon the frozen earth, aye, and upon the heart of this lone man whose cup overflows with the blow, and he weeps upon the ground which covers his dead! Come now, ye who have prepared arrows and darts of injustice, thrust him through in his weakness; and you who are willing to persecute, prepare to stone him as Stephen; for though he has not the face of an angel, he rises at length and prays that if any have sinned against him it may be forgiven them. Bitterness and grief are swallowed up as he draws near the throne and prays that his life may be good enough and pure enough to come into the presence of his child in the world to come. Very calmly he prepares to depart. He says a last farewell as to a present friend, takes one long, lingering look at the bleak hills, the shivering valley, the little grave, and is gone!

(To be continued.)

THROUGH CHRIST WE SHALL LIVE.

BY EMMA IDLER.

"I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Now while we live, Oh let us try
To make our life sublime,
That in the day of judgment
We may with glory shine.

For us the Savior died,
For us his life he gave;
For us was crucified,
For us rose from the grave.

For us he's gone on high,
For us to intercede,
And we shall never die
If we on him believe.

He'll freely all forgive,
If earnestly we seek
His mercy, pardon, love,
Which is for us so great.

To him we all must pray
For wisdom, strength and grace;
To keep us in the way
Of righteousness and peace.

That when the hour shall come,
We'll be prepared to die;
Then in that blessed home
We'll dwell with God on high.

No sorrow, pain, or death
Can reach that blest abode;
Our trials o'er, there we shall rest,
Forever blest, with God.

How happy we shall be,
And sing his praise for aye,
Through all eternity—
One everlasting day.

A FEW INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ELDER JAMES WHITEHEAD.

(See Frontispiece.)

I FEEL it to be my duty to bear testimony to certain things that transpired in my early days in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, hoping that they by the blessing of Almighty God may prove a comfort to some who are struggling to obtain eternal life.

I was born in England, in the county of Lancashire, in the township of Fulwood, and then resided in the town of Preston, thirty-two miles from Liverpool. I always tried to lead a religious life, being a member of a church known as the Reformed Church of England.

The officiating pastor of the church was Rev. James Fielding, and I, being the superintendent of the Sunday school, often had business with him.

One morning I called to consult with him on business pertaining to church matters. He handed a letter to me to read, stating that it was from his brother living in America. I read it, and to my great astonishment I felt very much affected by its contents. He noticed the effect the letter produced upon me, and remarked about it. He asked me what I thought of the letter. I said, "I believe

it is true;" and he said he also was inclined to believe it.

He then asked me if I thought he should read it to his congregation. I told him if it was me, I would read it the first opportunity I had; and he did read it the next Sunday evening, and it had a wonderful effect on the congregation.

The letter told of the appearing of the angel to Joseph Smith, and the particulars in regard to the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated by the gift of God. The doctrine of baptism and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, by those who were ordained to that power, to confirm them members of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and that he with others was coming to England to preach this gospel of Christ.

Rev. Fielding laid the subject before his whole congregation in great plainness, and proved that the ministration of angels was scriptural doctrine. He asked me if I thought he should commence to baptize for the remission of sins. I told him I did not think he had authority to do so, but must wait till the messengers came;

that they would give him all necessary information. He did wait and they came and preached in his church three times. Then he closed his doors against them.

The greater part of his flock left him and joined the Latter Day Saints, and he had to give up preaching. I was among the number that joined the church. I was baptized in the river Ribble, that runs by Preston, by Heber C. Kimball, one of the twelve apostles, October 18th, 1837, and great was my joy after he had buried me with Christ by baptism, and raised me up from the watery grave. I could not help singing praise to God while in the water, and the servant of God sang with me. I looked at him and his countenance was white as snow, his eyes like balls of living light. O, how great was our joy at that time! I never can forget it. I thank God that to this day I have never doubted the work I then engaged in.

When I left Bro. Kimball to go home, he asked me to go to the meeting on Sunday afternoon; there would be a confirmation meeting. I promised him I would, and I went according to promise. There were quite a number to be confirmed and we all sat on a long bench. Bro. Kimball took me by the hand and placed me on the end of the bench. The elders laid hands on me first. Bro. Kimball was mouth, while they confirmed me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and said, "In the name of Jesus Christ receive thou the gift of the Holy Ghost." I felt such a power run through my whole body, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, that I had never felt before. I went home full of joy and thanksgiving to God for his mercies shown unto me.

What I am going to relate now I did not know for two years after it took place. A gentleman friend of mine who belonged to the same church to which I had belonged before we joined the Latter Day Saints was baptized before I was. The very day I was baptized he went to see the elders, at their room. He said:

"Bro. Kimball, I have heard that you baptized Mr. Whitehead this afternoon."

"Yes, Bro. George, I baptized him."

"Well, he will not stay long in the church," and he began to speak against me.

Bro. Kimball said to him, "Brother,

stop! Say nothing against Bro. Whitehead. I asked him to come on Sunday to be confirmed and he will come. I will confirm him. Come to me after the confirmation and I will tell you whether he will stay in the church or not, and what will be his conduct in the church through his life."

He went to see directly after the meeting what my destiny was to be. Bro. Kimball said, "Bro. George, I advise you to keep still about that man. He will not leave the church, but will be faithful and true to the end of his earthly life. His life is hid with Christ in God, and his mind will expand so that he will comprehend the great principles of the kingdom of God, and when he has finished his work God will take him home to dwell with him and his beloved Son. Bro. George, never say another word against him while you live."

After my confirmation I went on my way rejoicing, and happy in the love of God, trying to do right. In about three weeks I was ordained a teacher and attended to the duties of that office and received much valuable instruction from the elders sent from America. In six weeks I was ordained a priest. O, how precious are the glorious callings of God! I felt exceedingly happy in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to man. Many obeyed the gospel and rejoiced in the Giver of all good. In a short time I was called and ordained an elder, and was called on after to visit and administer to the sick.

The time arrived for the elders to return to their homes in America. Heber Kimball prophesied that he would baptize my wife before he returned. He did baptize her the last visit he made to Preston before his return to America.

Previous to their return they gave to some of the elders the Book of Covenants. I went to visit them at their lodgings to ask some advice of Brn. Kimball and Hyde. After attending to what I went for, Bro. Kimball presented to me a Book of Covenants. He asked me if I knew what it was about. I told him after I had examined it that it was the word of the Lord through the prophet.

"Yes, it is, and I have given one to Bro. Thomas Webster."

"Well," I said, "I suppose he has as much right to one as I have."

"Do you know what I have given it to him for?"

"I suppose you gave it to him to read, as you did to me."

He said, "Bro. Whitehead, I gave it to him to persecute you with."

I felt strange, but said nothing.

Sometime after I went to see them again. After we had talked a little, he presented to me a large envelope sealed with three seals with red sealing wax, and said, "Bro. Whitehead, I want you to put your name on that envelope so that it cannot be tampered with without your knowing it."

I looked at it and said, "Brother, have you got ink and a pen?"

He handed me pen and ink, and I wrote my name on the envelope, commencing with James on the first seal, and running to the second seal the full name, Whitehead. I wrote "W." on the second seal and finished with "d" on the third seal, and handed it back.

He looked at it sometime and handed it to Elder Hyde and said, "What do you think of that?"

Elder Hyde said it was written by inspiration.

Elder Kimball said, "Yes, it was."

I did not know what was in that envelope for about two months after they had returned to their homes in America. I was going up town one day and saw a large poster on the board where they put up advertisements, bills, etc. I went to see what was advertised. To my great astonishment I saw that it was a notice by Thomas Webster that on the second Wednesday evening at half-past seven he would expose Mormonism from the Book of Covenants to the public, at the room occupied by the Latter Day Saints on Sundays. I began to realize that the Book of Covenants had been given to persecute us with; but,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

The Saints seemed somewhat agitated. We went on as usual. The Sunday before the exposure was to be made I had been preaching in the market-place to a vast crowd of people. I had never felt more power to preach the gospel than that day. At the close of preaching we went to the room for afternoon services. The room was so crowded that we could with difficulty get into it. Willard Rich-

ards (one who was left in charge while the brethren had gone home to America) was in the stand. He beckoned to me to go to him. I went and sat beside him. He gave out a hymn, and after singing, I offered prayer. We then partook of the sacrament in remembrance of our divine Master. Then Bro. Richards arose, put his hand into a side pocket and drew out an envelope, and, handing it to me, asked if I remembered it. I said I did. He then asked me if I thought it had been molested since I put my name on it. I stated that I believed it had not. There were six others who had put their names on it; they all stated that they did not believe it had been molested.

Willard Richards then said: "Heber C. Kimball handed that to me previous to his leaving England for America, and told me to keep it safe and it would be made known to me when to open it and make known the contents to the children of God, and I have been warned to make it known this afternoon. I do not know what is in this envelope or what its contents may be, but I am satisfied that the time has come to make it known, whatever it may be."

He then allowed any one that wished to come and look at the envelope. A number went and examined it. He then broke the seals visible to all, and drew out a written paper and read it. After it had been read anyone could go up to the stand and read for themselves. It was a prophecy about Thomas Webster, that he and others would leave the church. It also told the course they would pursue. Also every word that was on that poster was given in that prophecy word for word!

O, our God, how wonderful are thy ways! Such a meeting I had never seen before. The children of God wept for joy, mingled with sorrow for their brethren, because they were turning away from the glorious truths as they had been revealed from heaven. Such a feeling I had never seen before. The wicked were confounded and the children of God sang for joy.

The notice was out for the lecture on the second Wednesday evening at half-past seven. The time came. Thomas Webster and the six that went with him were there at the appointed time. No one else went near the meeting and they went

away. They rented a room and opened it for preaching on Sundays, but no one would go to hear them, so they gave that up. This was the end of their career as far as we were concerned. We went on our way rejoicing, proclaiming the gospel of Jesus, and many were added to the church daily. The Saints were very faithful and they truly loved one another. Things moved on in power and we were glad.

Much of my time was occupied in visiting the sick and preaching the gospel. I was called upon to visit a sick sister. I was satisfied she was going home, but she lingered a little while. One evening she sent for me to go and see her, and as soon as I could I went. I took hold of her hand; she looked at me. O, what a smile; so happy, so happy! She said, "Bro. Whitehead, I am going home. I have seen Jesus, and he told me that he was going to call me home; and he also told me that when you had finished your mission on earth you would come and dwell with him."

O, my God, help me to do thy will on earth, that I may realize that blessed promise! All promises are conditional. If we keep the laws of God we shall realize the promises; if we do not keep his law there is no promise for us.

We continued to preach and attend to our duties. Many came into the church and we went on our way rejoicing until the brethren again visited us from America, and great was our joy when they returned to us again; for they were laden with good tidings from heaven for the children of God.

As soon as they returned they called Father Peter Melling to be a patriarch in the church, and ordained and set him apart for that office according to instructions given from heaven through the Choice Seer, Joseph Smith. They also chose me to be his scribe, to write the blessings from his mouth to the fatherless in the church; and truly the blessings were grand.

The brethren seemed to have additional power, for hundreds came into the church from every direction. It would be hard to find a happier people than we were in those days. It seemed that we were overwhelmed with the gifts and blessings that God had bestowed upon his people. We had the gifts of tongues, interpreta-

tion, prophecy, and healing. The twelve called a general conference, which was held in Manchester. We had a grand time, so harmonious and peaceful. There were sixteen high priests called and ordained at that conference, and it pleased the Lord to call his servant now writing to be one, thanks be to his great and holy name!

After conference Father Melling began to hold blessing meetings. So great was the Spirit of God on the patriarch that sometimes it seemed as if he was in heavenly places with his divine Master, enjoying another and better life. It was surely a feast of good things both for him and his scribe and the children of God who were fortunate enough to be there.

There were many calls, so we were enjoying the good blessings of God almost every day. I sometimes feel, O, if I could only enjoy some of those glorious blessings again! But the remembrance of them strengthens me much in the good work in which I am engaged.

Here I would like to mention an incident that took place in Liverpool at a blessing meeting. There were a great many Saints present at this meeting, two large rooms full, and among the number were three of the twelve. Father Melling opened the meeting by singing, after which one of the twelve prayed. Then he commenced to bless. I had written six blessings when one of the twelve asked me to let him write, for it was so hot and crowded he thought it was too hard for one to keep at work. He wrote four and stopped. I took the chair again and wrote two more. Father Melling called for another. Before he blessed this one, one of the twelve asked if he might speak to Bro. Whitehead. He gave him liberty to speak. He said, "Bro. Whitehead, take the man's name, age, and where he lives; then lay your pen down and when you write the blessings off to-morrow morning you will write every word as correctly as if you took them down to-night."

*I took him at his word; Father Melling blessed him, and I thought I never heard as long a blessing given before. He blessed no more that night.

Before we were dismissed the same one of the twelve spoke to the Saints present and told them that if Father Melling was willing we would have a meeting at the

same place next night; but not a blessing meeting. He agreed to have one, and also agreed that Bro. Whitehead should write that blessing and bring it to the meeting, to be read to the congregation. He wanted everyone there to come, and when it was read if any one could find a single word wrong, to make it known. If all was right we would have a meeting as the Spirit directed. We were then dismissed.

It was a great trial to me. We went home and I went to bed. For sometime I could not sleep, but at last did. I awoke just as light appeared. I arose and called upon my heavenly Father in the name of his Son for help. I went down stairs into the wash-house and bathed my head in cold water. I then went to my room where my papers were, and again called in earnest prayer for help. I took my pen and got a large sheet of paper and wrote the heading, and then commenced to write the blessing. After I had written three sides of the paper the word "Amen" came. I did not read it over. I laid it away and commenced to copy the others. When I had written three I was called to breakfast.

Father Melling came in just as I had finished eating. I went back to my room and he followed me. He asked me if I had written the blessing. I told him I had. He then asked if I would let him read it. I handed it to him and commenced copying the blessings again. After he had read it he said, "Have you read it?"

I looked up and said, "No."

Tears were rolling down his face and he said, "I do not believe one word is wrong, but we will take it to-night."

I said, "Yes, Bro. Melling, you can take it." But he said he would rather I should take it.

I copied the remainder that day and at night went to the meeting. I took the blessing with me and it was read to the Saints. No one could find a wrong word in it. We had such a meeting as we seldom have, speaking in tongues, interpretations, and prophecy in tongues. One sister got up and spoke in tongues. Interpretation was asked for, but no one got up. Then one of the twelve arose and said, "Bro. Whitehead knows every word that has been said in that tongue. He will not interpret it, but I will."

He did; he gave a true interpretation. I will tell you one thing that was given. It was this: that I should live till my my hair was as white as wool.

On the next Sunday it was given out that John Taylor would preach the following Wednesday evening on the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. We all went to hear the lecture. Father Melling and I went together. He took a seat in the stand and I sat among the audience, but was requested to go and sit on the platform; so I went. They commenced the meeting, but no John Taylor came. One of the twelve got up and told the congregation that John Taylor was sick, "but," he said, "I will appoint a substitute. I will appoint Bro. Whitehead."

I told him that I could not preach on that subject; I did not know enough about it.

"Yes, you can; the Spirit has pointed you out to deliver this lecture."

I got up. I would have been glad if the floor had opened and swallowed me. I opened the Bible, and it opened to the chapter speaking about the sticks of Judah and Ephraim. I closed the book and laid it down, and stood for a few moments as dark as midnight; then I felt the Spirit come upon me. I felt it come on my head and fill my whole body. I began to speak and spoke for one hour and thirty minutes; then stopped and sat down. The brother got up and told the congregation that I had said I could not speak on that subject. "I told him he could," he said, "and now I leave it to you whether I told the truth or not. I have heard that subject spoken on many times, but have never heard it discussed as I have heard it this night."

I said it was not me.

"No," he said, "it was the Spirit of the Lord in you."

When we were dismissed he put his arm around me and said, "Bro. Whitehead, you will never deny the work of God worlds without end, neither will you deny your brethren."

Father Melling continued to bless the children of God. We had glorious meetings. I have often thought that the Patriarchate was one of the greatest blessings our heavenly Father could give to his children; for the blessings of God through him made glad the hearts of the sorrowful, comforted them that were cast down

and stimulated the children of the kingdom to renewed efforts to do right.

In about one year Father Melling left England for Nauvoo, the place appointed for the gathering of the Saints. I was then at liberty to go home to my family. I had been home but a very short time before I got a letter from Parley Pratt from Manchester, asking me to go there; he wanted to see me. I was in Preston, thirty-two miles from Manchester. I had no money to pay my fare, as I had spent nearly all I had. My wife said, "How can you go? You cannot walk thirty-two miles." She offered me all the money she had. I said, "No, I cannot take that; I will walk to Bolton to-morrow, twenty-four miles, and the next day I will go on to Manchester."

It was a sorrowful parting. I started the next day at ten o'clock and reached Bolton a little after six in the evening when I arrived at a brother's house. I was very much fatigued. The sister said, "Bro. Whitehead, how did you come?" I answered that I had walked.

She threw up her hands and said, "Walked twenty-four miles! O, you look so tired; I will get you something to eat."

I said, "No, sister, I will go to bed. I shall feel better after having had a rest."

I went to my room, and shutting the door, took off my coat and vest, and saw that under my arm my shirt was covered with blood. [To the reader who is not acquainted with Father Whitehead it is necessary to say that he is a cripple and had walked that distance with a crutch under his arm.—Ed.] I opened my shirt front and looked at my arm. It was in a sad condition—not the least bit of skin left on it. I felt sorrowful, and knelt down and laid my case before the Lord, and asked him to heal my arm. I felt the Spirit of peace rest upon me. I laid down and soon fell asleep and slept till after six in the morning. When I awoke I rose up and moved my arm. I felt it was well. I looked at it and it was as well as if I had not walked a yard. All the skin was as perfect as it was before I commenced my journey. I dressed and went down stairs. Sr. Barrow said, "You look so different from what you did last evening."

I said, "I feel different; I feel well this morning, quite ready for my breakfast."

She asked me how I was going to get

to Manchester. I said I was going to walk.

"No, you are not. Joseph [her husband] told me to tell you not to start until he returned. He soon came, and handed me a ticket to go on the cars. I went on my way rejoicing, and was soon in Bro. Parley's office in Manchester.

He took me by the hand and said that he was glad I had come. "I have a large district, Bro. Whitehead, and I cannot attend to any part of it outside of Manchester. I want you to take charge of all the rest, and I will give you a letter of authority to do so."

I said, "Bro. Parley, I do not feel that I can take charge. I will tell you what I will do; if it please you, I will assist you all I can in your district; you still keep charge."

"Bro. Whitehead, I can't do that. I asked the Lord to send someone to take charge of all but Manchester, and you was appointed by the Spirit; now what can I do?"

I said, "Bro. Parley, I will do all I can; please pray for me."

He sent me to Stockport, seven miles from Manchester. There had been a branch of about three hundred members there, but they had become divided and scattered on account of men aspiring to place and power for which they were not fitted. By prayer and faithful work we soon had things in good shape, and the work began to revive, and we would baptize as many as twenty-four persons in a week. I was in Parley's district about one year, and in that time we had baptized many souls.

In January, 1842, I went to Parley's office to tell him that I was going to America. He looked at me for a moment and said: "You are going to America?"

"Yes, Bro. Parley, the Spirit of God manifested to me to go."

He turned around with his face to the wall and stood for some minutes, then turned back and said, "Yes, it is the Lord's will that you shall go to America; there is something there for you to do. Have you anything to go with?"

"No, not a penny, but the Lord will open my way; I am not troubled about that."

I went from there to see my mother, brothers and sisters in Preston. My mother was sick in bed. She asked me

to pray for her, for she was going to leave us. I knelt down and called upon God to spare her life for awhile. When I arose I said, "Mother, you will live many years," and she did; she lived twelve years after that time.

She told my sister to go to the bureau and get her purse. She then said to me, "My child, open your hand." I did so, and she emptied the contents of the purse into it.

I then soon had enough money to take me and my family to America. We sailed on the fifth day of February, 1842, and arrived at Nauvoo on the thirteenth day of April the same year.

We had a wonderful manifestation of God's power on the sea. We encountered stormy head winds, and had not sailed five hundred miles in two weeks. The captain said if the wind did not change he would have to return, for he would not have provisions to last us to America.

That night the Saints who were on the ship had a prayer meeting, and a sister prophesied in tongues that before midnight we should have a storm and the wind would change, but no one would be harmed. About half-past eleven the storm commenced. It was a very severe storm and it raged till four o'clock in the morning. After it calmed down the captain called his men together to see if they were all there, for he was afraid some of them had been washed overboard; but they were all safe—none of them had been injured. After that we had a prosperous voyage until we arrived in America.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed" with his own precious blood.

TESTIMONY OF HEALING.

IN the early part of May, 1891, my wife was taken with an attack of lagrippe, and in a few days the disease assumed a dangerous form. In conformity with the word of God I sent for Father J. E. Reese to assist in anointing the sick and praying for her recovery. We did this three different times, but she received no permanent relief, as the disease would soon return with greater violence than ever.

The last time we administered to her was early one morning, when the Spirit of the Lord rested upon us in great power, and the Lord through the gift of tongues and interpretation told us to be of good cheer; that we were not alone, that he would take cognizance of our petitions, and would send his messenger to administer to the afflicted one.

She received relief for a short time, but soon grew worse than ever. Her eyes by this time were turning an orange yellow, also her body from her stomach upward, and her arms midway between elbows and wrists. By two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day I could see that death was inevitable unless relief soon came from some source, and the promise of the Lord was not yet fulfilled. I felt tried,

so I poured out my soul to God, that he would arise and rescue the perishing one. I resolved to leave nothing undone on my part, so I made up my mind to send for a doctor, and I was sitting by my wife's bedside conversing with her about the matter, when immediately an angel appeared at the bedside, (visible to my wife only) and shed such a hallowed influence over the entire bed, that mortal tongues are powerless to express. In one hand the angel seemed to hold a small spoon of exceeding brightness, which he placed to my wife's lips, and immediately the Spirit of God pervaded her entire frame, and the angel said: "That is all you need; this is the balm that Jesus used while here on earth in healing the sick. You will get well right away. Be careful. You won't be thirsty any more. [My wife had been troubled several days with a burning thirst and would not dare drink water.] If your mouth gets dry, take a little water; it won't hurt you." My wife had a great desire in her heart that the angel would always abide with us, whereupon the angel said: "I will remain here to-night," and soon disappeared. She got well from that very moment, and her flesh and eyes be

gan to regain their natural color. The words still ring in my ears, "Ye are not alone, I will send my messenger to minister to her;"—to God be all the praise.

Let us not forget that his messengers are encamped about his people. I testify with all soberness that this is

BELGRADE, Mont., Aug., 10th, 1891

true, and that we are living in that age of the world when bright angels do wend their way from the eternal mansions of bliss to earth's erring children, to make life's journey brighter and easier, and to help us on to God.

GOMER REESE.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Leaves—only dead leaves
That autumn winds have scattered around ;

Leaves—only dead leaves
That wither upon the ground :
Shrivelled by frost, and yellow and brown ;
Tramped by feet of wayfarers down :
Drenched with rain by night and day ;
Rotting and turning to mire and clay.

Leaves—only dead leaves
That covered the trees in spring with green :

Leaves—only dead leaves
That darkened the summer's sheen ;
Weighing down branches to the ground ;
Flinging their deep, broad shadows around ;
Crowning with glory the forest fair,
As the glory of woman's flowing hair.

Hopes—only dead hopes
Torn from the heart by the storm of life ;

Hopes—only dead hopes
Killed by sorrow and strife :
Withered and chilled by the cold world's frown ;
Crushed and torn and trampled down ;
Like forest leaves 'neath the winter's sky,
The hopes of our young life wither and die.

Hopes—only dead hopes
That budded in life-spring fair and bright ;

Hopes—only dead hopes
That made our young hearts light.
Spring will gladden the earth again ;
Trees will bud and leaves be green ;
Oh ! heart, take courage—all nature cries
Like faith and love, hope never dies.

—Selected.

A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

WE were standing at the gate, Mrs. M. and I, when he came down the street, a tall bronze fisherman. Those say, who knew him ten years ago, that then there was not a finer looking man in the town than this same one whose blue eyes first opened to the light under the stormy skies of Sweden.

There he had followed the avocation of his father, a fisherman, and in many a battle with rough winds and wild waters his frame grew tall and strong and hardy.

But he left the humble home in that far away land and sought the one famed among the nations for the freedom and prosperity of its people. But, alas! of what value are opportunities and rights and privileges unless man so uses them as to benefit himself.

This man "sold himself for naught" and upon his own brawny arms fastened

the manacles of a slave. He toiled to "spend his money for that which is not bread and his labor for that which satisfieth not."

And now, as he came reeling down the street, we hardly paused in our conversation, so common was the sight. But as he neared us he stooped and picked up from the ground a withered flower and tried to fasten it in his rough blouse.

"Wait a moment," said my friend, "I'll give you a fresh one;" and she gathered as she spoke a beautiful pink cluster and gave it into his hand.

He took it with thanks and, looking at it, murmured, "Beautiful! Beautiful! As I was once."

"Why did you spoil yourself?" I asked, and he answered me one word, "Drink."

"But you mustn't do it," I said, shaking my head, but he looked beyond me at

my friend, a white haired old lady, stammered out, "When you get to heaven, may I meet you there," touched his old hat and staggered on with the blossoms that had spoken to him of purity and heaven. And those sweet words came to me:

"That delicate flower with scented breath
And look so like a smile, seems,
As it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the in-dwelling Deity,
A visible token of the upholding Love
Which is the soul of this wide universe."

RUTH.

THE LITTLE FERN.

A great many centuries ago, when the earth was even more beautiful than it is now, there grew in one of the many valleys a dainty little fern leaf.

All around the tiny plant were many others, but none of them so graceful and delicate as this one I tell you of. Every day the cheery breezes sought out their playmate, and the merry sunbeams darted in and out, playing hide-and-seek among reeds and rushes; and when the twilight shadows deepened, and the sunbeams had all gone away, the little fern curled itself up for the night with only the dewdrops for company.

So day after day went by; and no one knew of or found the sweet wild fern, or the beautiful valley it grew in. But,—for this was a very long time ago,—a great change took place in the earth; and rocks and soil were upturned, and the rivers found new channels to flow in.

Now, when all this happened, the little fern was quite covered up with the moist clay, and perhaps you think it might as well never have lived as to have been hidden away where none could see it.

But after all, it was not really lost; for hundreds of years afterwards, when all the clay had become stone, and had broken into many fragments, a very wise and learned man found a bit of rock upon

which was all the delicate tracery of the little fern leaf, with outline just as perfect and lovely as when long, long ago it had swayed to the breezes in its own beautiful valley.

And so wonderful did it seem to the wise man, that he took the fern leaf home with him and placed it in his cabinet where all could admire it; and where, if they were clever enough, they could think out the story for themselves and find the lesson which was hidden away with the fern in the bit of rock.

Lesson! did I say? Well, let's not call it a lesson, but only a truth which it will do everyone of us good to remember, and that is, that none of the beauty in this fair world around us, nor anything that is sweet and lovely in our own hearts and lives will ever be useless and lost. For as the little fern leaf lay hidden away for years and years, and yet finally was found by the wise man and given a place with his other rare and precious possessions where it could still, though silently, aid those who looked upon it; so we, as boys and girls, men and women who are to be, can now, day by day, cultivate all lovely traits of character, making ourselves ready to take our places in the world's work.

And when that time comes we shall not only be able to aid others silently, as did the little fern, but may also, by word and deed, lend a hand to each and every one around us.

—Fairyland Of Flowers.

A wonderful thing is a seed;
The one thing deathless forever—
Forever old and forever new,
Utterly faithful and utterly true—
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses, and roses will grow;
Plant hate, and hate to life will spring;
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

—Selected.

A VIGNETTE.

High in the blue the swallows swim like moths;
Bronzed brambles lean o'er chalky cliffs; below
The stream beneath the mill-wheel whirrs and froths,
Then wounded writhes along the meadow slow,
White roads with flinty margins rise and fall;
Red houses look out from their orchards green;
The garrulous magpies to each other call,

And, scant of grass, the tethered oxen glean.
A silvery sound of horse-bells shakes the air,
Now calm with coming night. The acacias stand
Etched on the orange sky, where shadows rare
Guard as mute sentinels the enchanted land
Through which the sun sinks to the unseen sea,
Behind the wooded heights of Normandy!—Sel.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Some day,
 When others braid your thick brown hair
 And drape your form in silk and lace;
 When others call you "dear" and "fair,"
 And hold your hand and kiss your face,
 You'll not forget that far above
 All others' is a mother's love.

Some day,
 When you must feel love's heavy loss,
 You will remember other years,
 When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
 And mix my memory with thy tears.
 In such dark hours be not afraid;
 Within their shadows I have prayed.

Some day,
 A flower, a song, a word, may be
 A link between us, strong and sweet;
 And then, dear child, remember me!
 And let your heart to "mother" beat.
 My love is with you everywhere;
 You cannot get beyond my prayer.

Some day—
 At longest it cannot be long—
 I shall with glad impatience wait,
 Amid the glory and the song,
 For you before the golden gate.
 After earth's parting and earth's pain,
 Never to part! never again!—*Sel.*

DEATH OF KING POMARE V.

DEAR AUTUMN LEAVES:

PERHAPS your readers would enjoy a detail of the death and funeral of the native king, Pomare, the fifth and last king of this people. He was sick for several weeks, the cause of his death being intoxicating drink. Under its influence he was a demon, but when sober, a mild, sympathetic, gentlemanly man, who loved his people, and befriended our cause at times.

The doctors told him long ago if he did not stop drinking, it would kill him. Not long since his chief doctor said to him, "You have been told often enough; now kill yourself if you wish." From that time he slackened, but it was too late.

Three weeks before he died, he wrote a letter to Bro. Devore, requesting him and our church here to hold services on June 3d, that the prevailing sickness, which was carrying off many on this and other islands might be abated. He requested the same of the Protestants, as he was one himself, also of the Catholics; but the latter would not observe it. We observed the day, and it will long be remembered by us because of what transpired. That morning he requested one of our elders to go and preach to his household at the same hours we held services in the church. In the evening the king placed five dollars in his hand saying, "Buy food with that." On Friday

morning the 12th of June, about daybreak, he asked them to wash him and dress him in white, which they did, and laid him back on the bed, when he died immediately without a struggle. They then dressed him in his kingly attire and laid him in his palace, which was divided into three apartments by curtains white and black alternately from ceiling to floor.

The next morning we went to see him, but too late, as he was not in a condition to be seen. It had become necessary to put him in air tight caskets; the second one they were sealing when we arrived. We registered our names in a book and came home.

The funeral did not take place until Tuesday the 16th. Our people were called upon to sing two whole nights, and the French Protestant missionaries held services in the palace every day. On Monday the natives came from other islands in great numbers, and together with those on this one, went to the palace, as that was the native's day to lament for their king. They desired the native governor of each island to be present, and wherein they were not, men were chosen to represent them. Three of our brethren were chosen, all being related to the royal family. When one of the royal family dies it is the native custom to give the nearest relative one franc which is twenty cents, or a few yards of dry goods, which was carried out in this case.

On the third day the casket sprung a leak, and a third one was brought and the two placed within.

On the 16th at seven a.m. all were in readiness to take their departure from the palace to the place of interment, four miles from the city, near his country residence where he was laid in a vault prepared by his orders long before his death. The prince (so-called for years), being a nephew of the king, showed us marked respect as we walked up to the front of the palace, where our people stood, by bowing to us from the veranda, and sending a servant to us with a message to come up among the officials and noted men, but not understanding the servant, we remained where we were. The hearse was prepared especially for the occasion, draped in white and black and flowers, with six horses attached and draped in black, with a French soldier at the head of each one, and a native at each corner of the hearse; on either side about thirty French soldiers clad in full uniform, which differs widely from that of "the boys in blue" in America. Back of them stood the mass of natives extending a long distance on each side of the road from the palace. Our people stood on the right of the hearse, next the veranda. The soldiers were drilled for a short time in view of the vast assembly.

PAPEETE, Tahiti, July 1st.

One of the ministers then read a chapter in French and they sung a hymn, being led by one of our sisters; those from certain islands sung on this occasion as they were called upon, then another minister prayed in the native tongue, and all started for the place of interment with a band in front, with the two French ministers and four chief magistrates dressed in scarlet cloaks in front of the hearse. The Prince and French Governor in their place, the rest falling in as they moved on.

On the following day a council began between the French and natives which lasted a day and a half, the natives urging that Prince Hinoi should be crowned. At noon of the second day the French put an end to all controversy by bringing a lot of soldiers into the palace grounds, demanding the king's flag, which had been permitted to float for twelve years with the understanding that it should go into their hands at his death, also one of his kingly suits and crown, which are to be sent to France and placed in the museum. The prince took the flag down and gave it to them, thus ending all kingly power with this race of natives. The French promised to befriend them and make the prince a president over certain territory.

ELLA R. DEVORE.

MY TREASURES.

BY "NONA."

THEY are not pearls or diamonds, neither gold nor silver; yet they are more precious to me than either. I keep them in a little box which sets on my bureau in my bedroom.

Sometimes when I am lonely I open the box and lift from its resting place each of these treasures one by one, and in doing so my mind wanders back to many a scene in the past.

Forgetful of the present, and present surroundings, I live again in the past, sometimes smiling and again tears start to my eyes as some sad life picture is brought vividly to my mind.

Come now and I will show you these treasures and then you will not wonder at my loving them; perhaps you have

some that are just as dear to you as mine are to me. We will lay aside the cover. The first thing that our eyes rest upon is a scrap of a wedding dress. A cousin left us in her youthful loveliness and made her home in the far west, and as we gaze on the scrap of snow white I think of her as I last saw her on her wedding morn, pure and innocent, with a look of happiness shining in her dark eyes.

Next is a small, delicate needlebook that carries my mind away back to my childhood home, when I sat at my mother's knee. She it was who gave me this and who made it herself out of pieces of delicate tinted ribbons and thread. Her initials are on the back of it. Although many years have passed I remember the

day she gave it to me, and it shall ever be kept as one of my dearest treasures.

And here is a little card, a reward of merit; on it these words are written in her handwriting: "Presented to — by Aris Smith, Teacher." She was such a dear teacher, loved by all her pupils; so pleasant and kind. I can only remember her as a smiling, sweet-faced girl. The card, you see, is soiled some; but it has been so long ago. She is here no more, but many springs have strewed her grave with flowers; but she is not forgotten, neither are her deeds of kindness, and that is why I keep this little card. Ah! how vividly it and the needlebook bring back my happy childhood days to me.

That bunch of flowers you have just picked up was given by a friend with the request to keep them with kind remembrances of her. They are faded now, but not so the memory of her. And that lock of hair,—that is my aunt's. I think a great deal of that. She lives far away in the sunny south. You say it is a pretty color? Yes, but I expect now her hair is streaked with gray, for she is passing down the shady side of life. But all beauty must fade here. The loveliest flower must droop and die, the fairest face must soon grow old, and sunny locks be turned to gray; yet there are some things that never die—sweet memories of the past.

That ring? My father gave me that. It is worn and thin, and so I have put it away that I may keep it better. It is just silver, but it is as precious to me as if it were made of pure gold. And that other ring? Well! that has a history too, but I will not tell you about that now; just put

it down in the corner of the box on that little piece of velvet; that is where I always keep it. I never wear it any more. Why? O, because I —.

That you have now is piece of wedding cake. Only a few years ago a dear friend of mine was married and I put away that bit of cake because it was hers, and I am going to keep it too as long as I can. Here is a scrap of lace; it is yellow with age. It was worn by a dear friend who has now passed to a brighter world than this. Ah! many have been the pleasant hours I have spent with her, and

"Fond memory to its duty true,
Brings back her faded form to view."

I am going to keep this little scrap of lace because I have so often seen her wear it. And there is a scrap of paper with just a few words on; and here is a shell; and here a broken pencil; and another lock of hair; and a piece of broken vase; a scrap of cardboard with my name on; and you wonder why I keep all these and why when I look at them sometimes the tears will come unbidden to my eyes. But then you do not know; you cannot understand; but you are young yet—perhaps sometime you will know.

There is one thing still left in the box,—see, a letter, and it is tear-stained. I cannot look upon that letter and keep the tears back. It was written by a brother, and is the last he ever wrote to me. I had not been home many days till with broken hearts we saw him laid in the cold grave. But his tender loving letter is dearer to me than precious jewels. Oh, it was so hard to part with him. There, we will put it away, for my heart is sad. Some other day we will look at them again.

THE JEWS.

THE Jews date from the creation of the world, which they consider to have taken place 3,760 years and three months before the commencement of the Christian era. Professor Brunialti, of the statistical archives of Rome, estimates that there are altogether in the world 6,588,000 Jews, of which number 5,500,000 are in Europe, 240,000 in Asia, 500,000 in Africe, 308,000 in America and 20,000 in Australia. Taking the

European countries, by far the largest number of Jews in proportion to the population are in Roumania, where the average is about 7.44 per 100 inhabitants. Russia comes next with 3.57 per 100 inhabitants, while Germany has 1.22, Great Britain 0.20 and Portugal only 0.04. According to the English laws, the Jews, if natural born subjects, are nearly on the same footing as other English subjects. The Reform Act of 1832 gave the right

of voting for members of Parliament to Jews; and in 1858, 1866 and 1868 (after a prolonged struggle) Acts were passed which prescribed an oath in a form unobjectionable to Jews, and thus rendered possible their admission either to the House of Lords or to the House of Commons. To the latter Jews have been elected repeatedly, but no Jew by religion has as yet been raised to the peerage. In

1846—twelve years before the passage of the first act which legalized their admission to Parliament—an act was passed which enabled Jews to hold municipal offices. In the exercise of their religion the Jews are as free as all other British subjects; but there are certain offices, such as Lord Chancellor, etc., from which the Jews (like other Nonconformists from the Church of England) are excluded.

—Cassell's Cyclopaedia.

MARCH OF THE OCEAN.

“THE Atlantic coast line from Cape Cod to cape Hatteras, which at this season of the year is fringed with merry bathers, is retreating with a steady and alarming rapidity before the waves of the ocean,” said a geologist to a Washington *Star* writer. “Each average year the waters advance one rod inland where no bluffs afford a temporary and receding barrier. Property owners at summer resorts all along the shore view with dread the encroachment of the sea, trying their best to oppose its progress with breakwaters and other feeble expedients. Nevertheless, the eating away of the shore still proceeds, inexorable Neptune devouring it inch by inch. Ocean avenue at Long Branch only a few years ago was a broad road, now it is a narrow one comparatively, its width decreasing annually. At other points the beaches of a generation back are hundreds of yards out at sea. The seaside cottage, with a broad lawn before it, has an ‘expectation of life’ of a decade or so perhaps, but it must go. Not long since a huge hotel at a popular summer city had to be dragged by a team of locomotives a considerable distance to escape the waters which were undermining it. Along the gulf coast from Mobile bay to the mouth of the Mississippi the same direful process is going on. Villas and orange groves on the shore are swept away and inundated by the advancing waves. Thirty-four years ago Last Island, a health and pleasure resort of New Orleans, was swallowed up by the storm waters, with most of its transient population, and only a tide-washed bank remains to mark its site. More than once since then villages and settlements on the margin of the gulf

and upon the delta islands of the Mississippi have been wiped from the face of the land. All these occurrences tell the same story of encroachment by the ocean upon the continent. Comparison of maps shows that the Atlantic coast from Barnegat inlet twelve miles southward, known as Long Beach, has in thirty-two years retreated 545 feet—more than one-tenth of a mile. Surveys of Cape May county demonstrate that within the last century the shore along it has receded three-quarters of a mile. On the Carolina coast the advance of the sea upon the rice plantations has been going on steadily for three generations. ‘The sea is devouring the land,’ says Lafcadio Hearn. ‘Many and many a mile of ground has yielded to the tireless charging of ocean’s cavalry. Far out you can see with a good glass the porpoises at play where of old the sugar cane shook out its million bannerets, and shark fins are now seen in deep water above a site where pigeons used to coo.’ One curious feature of these alterations of the coast line by the encroachment of the seas is found in the exposure by the advancing waters of ancient meadows and forests long buried. In this manner have been disclosed to view old cedar swamps, and thus a singular industry—actual mining for timber—has been created. At several points in eastern New Jersey enormous quantities of white cedar and magnolia logs, sound and fit for use, are found submerged in what have now become salt marshes. Many of the trees thus exhumed were forest giants. In the Great Cedar swamp, on the creek of the same name, the trunks reach a diameter of seven feet. The cause of all this is

that the Atlantic and Gulf coasts are actually sinking, and the rate at which they are going down is estimated by the official geologist of New Jersey at two feet per century. Now, the general seaward slope of the edge of the continent is about six feet to the mile, so that the sinking of each one hundred years gives a third of a mile of lowland to the ocean. This would seem to be rather less than the rate of encroachment indicated by comparison of maps made at successive periods. Modern geologic science has ascertained that the entire crust of the earth is in a condition of such sensitive equilibrium that the taking of weight from one part of it to another brings about elevation of the portion from whence the weight is removed and produces a corresponding depression of the portion where it is added. The rivers which empty into the Atlantic from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras and along the shore of the gulf carry out into the ocean each year billions of tons of material, which is thus deposited outside the ocean's edge. The weight thus transferred causes a steadily progressive depression of the coast line.

"If all the water in the Atlantic ocean were dried up you would perhaps be surprised to observe that the eastern edge of the great land mass which we call the North American continent is not the present beach line at all. You would see that the continent itself extends far out into the ocean, a distance varying from 50 to 150 miles. Once upon a time this terrace

was all above the waters; the east shore of the continent had a very different shape, there was a deep sea close to the coast, and the localities where now are situated New York, Philadelphia and Boston, were far inland. Gradually, owing to the causes I have mentioned, this great terrace has sunk, so that ships are sailing over what was a few thousands of years ago dry land. So short a time, from the geological point of view, has been required to effect this change that the beds of the Hudson, the Potomac and other great streams are still deep channels cut out of the terrace, a sufficient period not having elapsed for filling them up with detritus. The process by which this was accomplished is steadily and progressively going on. Each year the Atlantic shore line—and the same is true of the Gulf coast—is farther westward by an average distance of a rod. For each century there is a loss of one-third of a mile to the edge of the continent. How long is it going to be at this rate before the eastern coastal plain of the United States is submerged beneath the ocean, together with all its populous cities and fertile fields? These plains, originally fashioned by the sea, the ocean is reclaiming for its own. Its octopus arms are seizing them in their embrace and day by day, month by month, year by year, generation by generation, the monster is creeping further inland. Its power is too great for puny man to oppose successfully; he can only slowly retreat before the invasion."

—Selected.

AN INTERESTING INDUSTRY.

MAKING buttons of blood is one of the many ways known of utilizing waste. There is a large factory in Bridgeport, near Chicago, employing about one hundred boys and girls, in which waste animal blood is converted into buttons. The same firm has another large factory elsewhere. A man named Hirsh was the first to introduce the business into this country, some years ago. He lost \$16,000 the first six months, but he stuck to it and is now immensely wealthy. There are a number of similar factories in England. From eight thousand to ten thousand gallons of blood are used in the Bridgeport factory every day. Nothing

but fresh beef blood is used. It is said that pigs' blood is just as good, but it is too much trouble to collect and save it. Considerable of the blood evaporates during the process of drying, but what remains is pure albumen. Some of it is light in color and some dark, according to the chemical treatment given it. These thin sheets of dried blood are then broken up, and are ready to be worked into various shapes and sizes. Not only are buttons made from blood in this way, but tons of earrings, breastpins, beltclasps, combs and trinkets are made annually there from blood.

—Phrenological Journal.

OBSERVATIONS.—No. XII.

God give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands,
 Men whose the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
 Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking;
 For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds —
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—J. G. Holland.

THE one problem of problems which is confronting the world to-day is, to put it in simple phrase, "Man's inhumanity to man;" for, in the carrying out of this *inhumanity* every crime known to the decalogue is perpetrated. We do not purpose standing to-day on a promontory of observation overlooking the world, but the church. She who is a city set upon a hill which cannot be hid—as the salt of the earth.

A glance at the world reveals a moving panorama of ceaseless unrest; for, not an angel, but the angels of God have troubled the waters, and there is none mighty and strong to say, "Peace, be still!" The children of men are walking *bound* in the midst of many a fiery furnace, but there is with them no "form of the fourth like the Son of God." Upon every hand brave defenders of the people are rising up, but they are not clad in the armor of righteousness, neither are their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

And we turn in weariness of spirit from the broken cisterns which can hold no water, to the church of God, hoping that here at least we shall find the living water of which whosoever drinketh shall never thirst. We hear the world arraigning the world on this wise:

"There is a crime which has run in wild unbridled career around the globe, from the most ancient recorded time, beginning in barbaric tyranny and robbery of the toiler, advancing with the power and wealth of nations, and flourishing unchecked in modern civilization, sapping the strength of nations, paralyzing the conscience of humanity, impoverishing the spirit and power of benevolence, stimulating with alcoholic energy the mad rush for wealth and power, and making abortive the greater part of what saints, heroes, and martyrs might achieve for human redemption. But alas! such has been its insinuating and blinding power

that it has never been opposed by legislation, and never arrested by the Church, which assumes to obey the sinless martyr of Jerusalem, and to war against all sins, yet has never made war upon this giant sin, but has fondled and caressed it so kindly that the pious and conscientious, believing it no sin or crime, have lost all conception of its enormity, and may never realize it until an enlightened people shall pour their hot indignation upon the crime and the unconscious criminals.

"This crime which the world's dazzled intellect and torpid conscience has so long tolerated without resistance, and which antiquity admired in its despotic rulers, splendid in proportion to the people's misery, is that misleading form of intense and heartless selfishness, which grasps the elements of life and happiness, the wealth of a nation, to squander and destroy it in that ostentation which has no other purpose than to uplift the man of wealth and humiliate his humbler brother. That purpose is a *crime*; a crime incompatible with genuine Christianity; a crime which was once checked by the religious fervor of Wesley, but checked only for a time. Its criminality is not so much in the heartless motive as in its *wanton destruction of happiness and life* to achieve a selfish purpose.

"This feature of social ostentation, its *absolute cruelty*, has not attracted the investigation of moralists and pietists. On the contrary, the crime is cherished in the *higher* ranks of the clergy, and an eminent divine in Cincinnati occupying an absurdly expensive church, actually preached a sermon in vindication of LUXURY—defending it on the audacious assumption that it was right because some men had very expensive tastes and it was proper that such tastes should be gratified. A private interview with John Wesley would have been very edifying to that clergyman, as the more remote example of the founder of Christianity had been forgotten.

"That squandering wealth in ostentation and luxury is a crime becomes very apparent by a close examination of the act. There would be no harm in building a \$700,000 stable for his horses, like a Syracuse millionaire, or in placing a \$50,000 service on a dinner table, like a New York Astor, if money were as free as air and water; but every dollar represents an average day's labor, for there are more toilers who receive less than a dollar than there are who receive more. Hence the \$700,000 stable represents the labor of a thousand men for two years and four months. It also represents seven hundred lives; for a thousand dollars would meet the cost of the first ten years of a child, and the cost of the second ten years would be fully repaid by his labor. The fancy stable, therefore, represents the physical basis of seven hundred lives, and affirms that the owner values it more highly, or is willing that seven hundred should die, that his vanity may be gratified."

We feel the justice of every word uttered in the article of Prof. Buchanan's from which we have taken the above, and in which he makes it plain that the com-

monwealth has the right and ought to interfere to put a check at least to such criminal inhumanity as this. But what comfort do we find here? All praise and honor be to every man who is trying by voice, pen or act to help in lifting up, in bettering his fellow man; and let us not forget that he who does this is, to the full limit of what he does, serving God. Christ said, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsars, and unto God the things which are God's." There is a law of right for all men, but the law obligatory upon the Christian is deeper, higher, holier and more binding, and it is this law we are searching for to-day. This is the fountain of living water of which we would drink that we may not thirst any more neither come again to draw.

Circumstances have lately led us to ponder much upon this subject, to question why it is that no effort is being put forth for the establishment of the poor upon the land of Zion? Have we no wise men among us, none whose souls burn with the love of God and who are jealous for the Lord God of hosts? Have we none who feel, "I am not my own but bought with a price?"

We ask the question for this reason: There is a mighty cry in the world to-day for light—light upon this vexed question. Are our lamps burning? Is there in Zion to-day one—*yes one*—who is complying with the law of the Lord? Have we one who can say, "Follow me as I follow Christ"?

Yes, thank God, we have a mighty host who are marching towards conquest and victory; but the sands are stained with the blood oozing from feet shod in worn sandals, while ours are perfectly clothed; their torn garments flutter in the breeze, while we are clad in fine linen and soft raiment; tears bedew their sleepless pillows and they rise from their weary couches to pray for God's work, while we sleep on in undisturbed repose. Yes, they are a host, these brave and valiant ones, though few in number. Their children are left to serve strangers, that the gospel may be preached. Theirs toil while our own are educated; theirs shiver in the blasts while our own are warmed and fed; theirs wring out the bitter dregs of poverty while ours live luxuriously.

This is no highly drawn picture, no fancy sketch, as dozens of letters from different parts where our elders have gone, now on our table or carefully laid away in our drawer, attest.

What an object lesson for the church of God to present to the world! The more pitiable that the world is lying in darkness, groping for light, while we have the law which solves it all; but it is only a dead letter, with not even *one* so poor as to honor it.

We grant you most cheerfully that wise men are needed to execute this law. Have we none?

Men of noble souls and large hearts are needed as leaders. Have we none? Men of sterling worth and executive ability are called for. Have we none? Men and women who love God well enough to keep his law are called for. Have we any such? Yes, in the fear of God we answer, we have more than those who are in authority will ever know until the time shall come when those whose duty it is to say, "This is the way, walk ye in it," shall-step into the path and invite them to follow.

Teachers of the world are saying (and to our mind truthfully saying), "A man must possess justly what he owns. Nothing is falser than the saying that a man has a right to do what he likes with his own. He has only a right to do what he ought with his own; which after all is his own in a very qualified sense. The only things which a man can call his own (and even here he is under the law of conscience), are his spiritual, intellectual and physical faculties. The material object on which he exercises these faculties is subject to a higher ownership than his—to the indefeasible title of the human race, represented to him by the community in which he lives. Of the material surroundings which he calls 'mine' he is but a trustee. . . . It has been well observed by Mr. Mill, that 'the earth belongs first of all to the inhabitants of it;' that, 'every person alive ought to have a subsistence *before* any one has more.'" . . .

There is a band—a noble band of workers in Zion, who shrink not at any sacrifice—no matter how costly, that the work of God may roll on and a people be prepared for the coming of Christ, but there is another and a very different

class of individuals, a class who are perfectly willing to let others make all these sacrifices—perfectly willing that men should go forth and preach the gospel, so they are not called upon to make any sacrifice themselves. Yes, upon pressing occasions they are even willing to give a dollar or two to help things along provided they may remain at home and have all the comforts of life, even though the sick are uncared for, the poor unclothed and the hungry unfed. Have such really been bought, or do they not rather still belong to *self*?

And now the question arises, How far is the church responsible for such a state of things? Is it the people or the priesthood?

That there is a law of consecration—a law which allows the individual to control so much *and only so much* of this world's goods as are necessary for the support of himself and those dependent upon him, we all know; but if there is a member of the church who has ever com-

plied with it, we have never seen them—never heard of them. Is this law of any value? Why, then, is it so ignored, so neglected? The answer may be given, “The Saints are not prepared to observe it” (?)

Did not God know the condition of the Saints before it was given? The world to-day is groping in darkness for the very lamp which we have, but have never lighted; and who many ever know what the effect of one object lesson in this direction might have been? If just one man of means, possessed of business talent would say, “I have served self long enough; now I will give my means and talent to God,” and would spend—wisely as God has given him wisdom—his means, and use his talent to promote the good of others so far as his means went, who can, who dare estimate the results? That sometime in the near future the Lord will inspire the heart of one or more to do this, ought to be the earnest prayer of all who love the weal of Zion.

WHY EBEN HIGGINS WAS THANKFUL.

A STORY FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

“‘AINT right to grumble at Providence, Eben.”

“I aint a-grumblin’, Rachel,” said Farmer Higgins, in a tone that belied his words, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and laid it carefully on the mantel-piece. “I aint a-grumblin’, but I do think its mighty hard that after more’n thirty years of savin’ and pinchin’ we’ve got so little to show fur it all. And so little to be thankful fur, too, now in our old age,” he added, slowly.

“Now, Eben, if that aint grumblin’ at Providence, I don’t know what you call it,” said his wife, in a tone of mild reproof. “Because the Lord aint showered down blessin’s on us as He has on some of our neighbors, you’re ready to give up, and say He aint kind and just to us. I know it’s been a hard year, but—”

“Hard? well, I should say it has!” interrupted her husband, bitterly. “Now, what have I got to show fur all the hard work I done last fall and spring, not countin’ them hot days when I was ’most

too weak and aillin’ to put one foot before the other? What have I got to show fur it, I say? Why, nothin’! The peach and apple crops was failures; more’n half my hogs died of cholera; there aint two barrels of sound pertaters in the cellar this minute, and my terbaccer won’t hardly pay for the haulin’ of it into town.

“And to make things wuss—though, fur that matter, I don’t know as they *could* be much wuss—the old mare must lay down and die jest when I needed her fur the fall plowin’. I’m only statin’ facts to you, Rachel; I aint in the habit of complainin’ when things happen to go wrong; and I’ve allus kept a stiff upper lip, so to speak, till now. But we’re gittin’ along in years, and its mighty hard to think that now when we’re old, and need the comforts of life, we’ve got nothin’!”

“We’ve got each other, Eben,” said Rachel, softly, laying her worn, wrinkled hand on his.

“Oh, it’s easy enough to *talk*!” said her

husband, shaking off her hand impatiently, almost roughly. "You was allus a powerful hand at preachin' up patience and furbearance, and all that sort of thing, and"—with a sudden softening of his voice—"I reckon you live up to your doctrine as well as anybody I know of, but I can't allus look at matters in the light you do."

"Now, if I'd allus been a triffin' critter, lettin' my land go to weeds and ruin, and hatin' to turn my hand at earnin' a livin', I wouldn't expect nothin' else but trouble and hard times; but I've never shirked work yit, and I've tried to be honest in my dealin's with others. I've meddled with nobody's business but my own, and I've *allus* given a good part of my earnin's to the church."

"Yet here I am, sixty years old, clean worn out with hard work, owin' one or two debts that I see no prospect of payin' soon, and with not enough money to keep us in bread and meat for the winter. I tell you it don't seem right!"

"Eben! Eben! what's come over you?" cried Rachel, a quiver of surprise and pain in her voice. "It aint like you to complain in this way! Fur thirty years we've toiled together, and if we've had troubles we've had lots of blessings, too. Don't forgit 'em now, Eben, jest because things has gone a little wrong and we've got to do without some of the comforts of life."

"I aint afeared that we'll suffer. The Lord has allus pervided fur us, and I know He won't desert us in our old age. Why, only yestiddy Deacon Jones was a-sayin' that he'd knowed you nigh on to twenty-five years, and he never yet had seen the time when you seemed down-hearted or put out by misfortune."

"No, I don't reckon he ever did, fur Deacon Jones is about the last man in the world I'd tell my troubles to, or go to fur sympathy or advice. He's about as big-goty as folks ever git to be, and thinks, bein' a pillar in the church, his opinion is wuth a good deal, and not to be slighted by no means."

"It aint been so long ago since *you* was called one of the pillars, too," said Rachel, with a sigh. "O Eben, I'm afeared you're back-slidin'. You don't seem to have no enjoyment of religion any more, and you appear to have no faith in the very men you used to consider 'shinin'

lights' in the church. It's nigh on to six months since you was inside the meetin'-house, or to prayer-meetin', and folks is beginnin' to talk as if you—"

"Let 'em talk," interrupted Eben, harshly. "Whenever I feel that I've got somethin' to be thankful fur, I'll go to meetin' and do as much prayin' and praisin' as the rest of 'em, but I aint goin' till I *do* feel that way, and there's no use in sayin' another word about it."

"If Dick hadn't disapp'inted me so, I could bear these money troubles better; but to think that he got ashamed of his old father and mother, and his home, and must go gallivantin' off to the city to hunt somethin' better suited to his fine taste than farm work. I tell you, mother, it's hard! We made a big mistake when we gave him so much book-learnin', fur right then is when he got ashamed of us and the old farm."

"Still, I could forgive all that if he'd let us hear from him once in a while; but to break away from us fur good and all, and never send us a line, or come to see us, is more than I'm willing to overlook."

"Maybe he will come to-morrow," said Rachel, furtively wiping away a tear. "It's Thanksgiving day, you know, and jest a year since he left us. I think he'll remember that he's allus spent his Thanksgivin's at home, and won't disapp'int us by stayin' away. And if he should come," she added, in a tone that implied her own doubts upon the subject, "you won't act huffish toward him, and hurt his feelin's by hintin' that he is ashamed of us?"

"'Taint likely I'll have a chance to hurt his feelin's, fur he's too taken up with the city and its fine ways to care to run down here to see two such old folks as us," said Eben, as he took his pipe and refilled it.

"As fur keepin' Thanksgivin'," he continued, as he stooped for a hot coal, "you needn't go to any extra fixin's, fur there's nobody to keep it with us, and I reckon a plain, every-day dinner'll be good enough for us. Besides, I don't believe a settin' an extra fine table one day in the year just fur the looks of the thing, especially when you know you've got to fall back on plain, common victuals the very next."

"O Eben, it wouldn't be Thanksgivin' with no turkey, or pies, or extra fixin's of

any kind! And we've allus kept it jest the same as if there was a houseful of children and grandchildren to keep it with us. Even if Dick don't come, somebody else might happen in jest at dinner-time."

"Well, well! do as you please about it," said Eben, impatiently, as he put on his coat and took his hat from its peg, preparatory to going out. "Where's the key of the smokehouse?" he asked, querulously. "It seems as if it's allus out of pocket jest when I want it. I reckon I'd better lock up, though there's mighty little about here to tempt a thief."

"Don't forgit to see that the chicks are snug and warm," said Rachel, as she handed him the key. "I clean forget whether I fastened the door of the henhouse or not, and I'm thinkin' it'll be snowin' afore mornin'."

"It appears as if you're allus forgittin' somethin' lately!" grumbled Eben, as he opened the door, letting in a sudden gust of wind which fanned the fire into a brighter blaze, and sent a shower of sparks over the broad, clean-swept hearth. "Seems as if there's a dozen things to be done about the place after dark!" he muttered to himself, as he went out, closing the door after him with a loud bang.

"Poor Eben! he's tried and out of humor to-night, and no wonder!" thought Rachel, as she put away her knitting, and laid a fresh log on the fire. "Things has been goin' wrong fur a good many months, and a body can't allus be patient under afflictions. And Dick's neglect is hurtin' him wuss than anything else. I can see that he's gittin' more down-hearted every day, though to-night is the first time he ever owned up to it. If Dick only would write or come!"

"I reckon you're right about it snowin'," remarked Eben, when he came in a few minutes later. "The wind is risin', and there's a good prospect of a heavy fall by mornin', anyhow."

"Well, I'm allus glad to see it snow on Thanksgivin' day," said Rachel, cheerfully, as she drew her husband's rocking-chair closer to the fire. "Do set down, Eben, and git your feet good and warm. I'm afeard goin' out in the night air'll give you a bad cold."

"It's already done it, and I'm goin' straight to bed," said Eben, gruffly, as he

sat down and drew off his heavy boots. "I've had a tetch of rheumatiz in my right shoulder all day, and my head aches 's if it'd split open. Shouldn't be surprised if I was in fur a long spell of sickness. And if it should come, I reckon your faith in Providence won't be much stronger than mine," he added, as he crept into bed.

"If you'd let me make you some ginger tea"—began Rachel.

"Don't want any of your teas," interrupted Eben, crossly. "If you'd allus think to have this lockin'-up business done afore dark there wouldn't be no need of your ginger tea. But you aint put yourself to much trouble on my account lately, and seem to think I'm able to stand any amount of cold weather."

"I do wonder what ail's Eben to-night!" thought Rachel, as she wound up the old clock. "He never spoke so short-like to me afore!"

"How late it is," said Eben to himself, as the noisy twittering of the sparrows outside his window separated itself in his consciousness from the sound of the old clock striking six. With the convulsive start of a man suddenly raised from a deep sleep he sprang from the bed, and hastily put on his clothes.

"I don't know when I ever slept so sound afore," he muttered, as he stirred the hot embers in the fireplace, before which he had bewailed the injustice of Providence, the night before. The remembrance of his words came back to him as he did so, but he put the thought from his mind. He shivered as he laid on kindling and wood.

"Phew! how cold it is! Snow must be five or six inches deep. It's a good thing I thought to bring in plenty of seasoned wood last night, fur these green logs won't burn wuth shucks by themselves. I'll jest start a good fire in the kitchen and have the rooms snug and warm afore wakin' Rachel.

"It's surprisin' how a good night's rest is calculated to make a man forgit his aches and troubles," he mused, as he bustled in and out of the kitchen. "I was purty grumpish last night to Rachel, and I expect I hurt her feelin's, but I'll make up for it this mornin' by helpin' her with that Thanksgivin' dinner she's so sot on havin'."

His conscience-smitten feeling when he thought of his surliness led him to do far more than had entered his mind even then, for in a few minutes he tramped through the snow to the barn, resolved to sacrifice the largest and fattest of the turkeys for the dinner, even though there were only himself and Rachel to eat it.

He killed the turkey and plucked it, and tramped back through the drifts to the house. Still Rachel had not arisen, and as he peered into the bedroom he noticed with surprise that she was still asleep.

With a good-humored chuckle he went back into the kitchen.

"Let her sleep," said he. "I'll get things ready for her, 'nd see if mother won't think she's gettin' lazy in her old age, when she gets up. I'll tell her she's scand'lous lazy and shif'less."

He returned to the kitchen, where the teakettle was already puffing out great clouds of steam, and awkwardly set the table for breakfast. When all was done he thought it time to finish his joke on Rachel.

"Come, mother," he said, in his cheeriest voice, as he stirred the fire vigorously, "it's past seven, and time you was out of bed. Them turkeys and chickens,—what there is left of 'em," he added to himself, smiling to think of the surprise he had prepared,—“are jest a-clamorin' fur their breakfast, and the pesky sparrows are tryin' to outdo 'em in makin' a racket."

There was no answer from the bed, and, laying down the poker, he crossed the room to give the bedclothes a gentle shake. But one glance at the face on the pillow, and he dropped on his knees and stretched out his hands with a wild, despairing cry. For there, with her thin, toil-worn hands folded together, and a strange, solemn peace on her face, she lay asleep—the long, sweet sleep that knows no earthly waking.

"Rachel! wife! speak to me," he moaned, after a few moments of unutterable anguish, laying his quivering lips against her cold face. "Oh, it *can't* be that she's dead! It can't be that the Lord has taken her away from me when I need her so! And to leave me so sudden-like, without a word, without a sign! O, Rachel, won't you never speak to me ag'in?"

Then the memory of his harsh words to her came back to stab him with a deeper pain. To think that they had been the last, the very last, words she had heard from his lips! That she would never know how he had repented those words, and had been trying even now to atone for them by his acts of love and helpfulness!

He staggered to his feet, and groped his way, as one suddenly stricken with blindness, to the window, through which the morning sunshine streamed. How peaceful and bright the world looked under its thick coat of pure white!

The sparrows chattered on their snowy perches in the trees, and quarrelled beneath the window. The impatient rooster, to whom morning but no breakfast had come, sent out into the clear air his eager call. Even old Brindle, in her snug shed out beyond the snow, was noisily urging her wants upon his attention.

A boy was trudging over the field, in the direction of the village, whistling merrily as he went his way; a rabbit went skurrying over the snow, and disappeared in the alder-thicket that skirted the river shore, and up from the long meadow path came the faint, musical tinkle of sheep-bells.

How strangely full of life and beauty the whole world seemed this Thanksgiving morning, while she,—Rachel, his wife,—lay there forever deaf and blind to it all!

What a true and tender helpmeet she had always been! how patient and thoughtful of his comfort in the long years they had walked together! And now she was gone from him forever—she who had always expressed the wish that one of them should not be left to mourn the other, but that in death, as in life, they should not be separated.

But he must not stay here in helpless grief. There were sad duties that called him.

He hurried out and called to the merry boy, already far on his way, and asked him to summon a doctor, and to beg a neighbor's wife to come and perform those offices for which he had neither the heart nor the skill. Before long the neighbors came flocking in, with their awkward words of consolation, and their tearful praises of Rachel. Eben Higgins heard them, but his thoughts were far

away. Nothing that they could say was more than Rachel deserved, but—how had he spoken to her, only last night!

It was nearly time for Thanksgiving service. The church-bell was ringing. One kindly woman asked Eben if he would come over to dinner with her, but he declined. He could not eat. He could not endure the thought of leaving Rachel on this day. He would not carry his grief-laden face to the house of another.

No, he would rather stay with his dead. So, one by one, his friends left him, and he seated himself again by the bed whereon Rachel lay, and gave himself up to his sorrow. In the afternoon some of the neighbors returned, but when they saw his hopeless grief and guessed at his wish to be alone, they departed again.

Ah! the long, desolate hours when he wandered from room to room, gathering up, here and there, trifles that served but to increase the bitterness of his sorrow and remorse!—the half-knit sock her hands would never touch again, the worn thimble she would never need, the work-basket in which was folded away the little square of patchwork her busy fingers had fashioned only the day before.

So the long day wore on. As evening fell he went out again to the barn, as he had always done, and then back to the house. He crept into the darkened room where she lay in her coffin, her worn hands crossed upon her quiet breast, and, kneeling down, laid his gray head against her cold, still face. It seemed as if death, with tender and loving hand, had smoothed away from that placid face every trace of age and sorrow; for, to Eben, it wore the grace and sweetness of youth.

"Dear Lord, I need her so!" he moaned. "How can I live without her? Rachel! Rachel!"

"Did you call me, Eben? I thought I'd let you sleep a bit this mornin', bein' as it's Thanksgivin' day, and you wa'n't feelin' well. I knowed a good long nap would help you powerful. Why, husband, you've been cryin', and your hands is a-tremblin' as if you had a hard ager! What ails you, Eben, have you been a-dreamin'?"

"Thank God it was all a dream!" he

said, drawing her face down to his, and kissing her as fondly as he had ever done in their early married life.

"I dreamed that I had lost you, wife—that you was dead and layin' in your coffin," he went on, with a shudder, taking her hand in his, and holding it close; for the spell of that terrible dream was upon him yet, and even with her dear eyes smiling into his own, a strange, haunting fear possessed him that she would slip from his sight forever.

"Poor Eben, you fretted yourself sick yestiddy, and so you had bad dreams," said Rachel, deeply touched at the tender caress. "When folks aint well they allus have bad dreams.

"But I've got somethin' that'll cheer you up," she added, eagerly, drawing with trembling hands a letter from her pocket. "It's from Dick, father,—such a long, lovin' letter, too! And he's sent us two hundred dollars! Jest think, while we was worryin', and thinkin' hard of him fur not comin' or writin', he was layin' up this as a surprise fur us! And he did write, Eben, two or three times, but he says he felt hurt because we didn't answer the letters, not thinkin' they had been lost, and so he wouldn't write ag'in. But he's comin' to keep Christmas with us, he says, fur they've promised to let him off then. O Eben, I'm so glad, fur *your* sake, that this money's come!"

"Fur *my* sake, mother? Why I don't deserve it one bit," said Eben, tears running down his face. "I was feelin' hard and bitter toward everybody, yestiddy, and I said to myself that the Lord had forsaken me, that I had nothin' to be thankful fur, and nothin' to look forward to; and I spoke harsh to you—*you*, the best, the patientest wife a man was ever blessed with!

"But I've been punished fur it. I feel that a warnin' was sent to me in that dream, and, God helpin' me, I'll never grieve you ag'in by hard words and complainin's. What does it matter if I lose everything else in the world, if I can still keep *you*, Rachel, my wife?"

An hour later these two old people walked across the snow-covered fields to the old "meetin'-house" on the hill. And if Eben's manner was more devout than usual,—if, in singing, his voice rang out clearer than it had done for years,—if the look he now and then gave his wife was

full of a new, sweet tenderness,—it was because there was thanksgiving in his heart, and a deeper love and a more

abiding faith in God and man had come into his meagre and almost hopeless life.

—Youth's Companion.

AFTER HARVEST.

The days of the harvest are past again;
 We have cut the corn and bound the sheaves,
 And gathered the apples green and gold
 'Mid the brown and crimson orchard leaves.
 With a flowery promise the springtime came,
 With the building birds and the blossoms sweet;
 But oh, the honey and fruit and wine!
 And oh, the joy of the corn and wheat!
 What was the bloom to the apple's gold,
 And what the flower to the honeycomb?
 What was the song that sped the plow
 To the joyful song of the harvest home?

So sweet, so fair, are the days of youth,
 So full of promise, so gay of song!
 To the tilt of joy, and the dream of love,
 Right merrily go the hours along.
 But yet in the harvest time of life
 We never wish for its spring again;

We have tried our strength and proved our heart,
 Our hands have gathered their golden gain;
 We have eaten with sorrow her bitter bread,
 And love has fed us with honeycomb.
 Sweet youth, we can never weep for thee
 When life has come to its harvest home.

When the apples are red on the topmost bough,
 We do not think of their blossoming hour;
 When the vine hangs low with its purple fruit,
 We do not long for its pale-green flower.
 So, then, when hopes of our spring, at last,
 Are found in the fruit of the busy brain,
 In the heart's sweet love, in the hand's brave toil,
 We shall not wish for our youth again.
 Ah, no! we shall say with a glad content,
 "After the years of our hard unrest,
 Thank God for our ripened hopes and toil!
 Thank God! the harvest of life is best!"

—The Independent.

GIRLS' WRITING.

GIRLS should look to their handwriting for it may serve them at some future crisis better than the shorthand or the typewriter.

There is a lady in the Department of the Interior, Mrs. Avery by name, who has a snug and easy place of sixteen hundred dollars a year chiefly on the account of the extraordinary excellence of her penmanship. It is she who is selected to copy the letters of the department which are regarded as of the greatest consequence, such, for example, as are to receive the attention of the president, who frequently compliments Mrs. Avery's admirable penmanship.

Considering the advantage it is to many girls to write a good hand, it is strange that more of them do not try to acquire this accomplishment. Of late years our school girls and school boys do a great deal more writing than they did formerly. Much is done in school now by the way of dictation, and in many schools the pupils

have pencil or pen in hand almost half the time.

But it would not be true to say that the girls of to-day write more legibly and neatly than their mothers did. It would be well if they paid far more attention to this matter than they do. But they should make a serious study of it—acquire the habit of taking the best posture; learn to use the muscles to advantage, so that they may not easily become tired; and then practice, as one who intends to become a professional musician practices.

When a piece of writing gets worse and worse, page after page, it is because the writer did the work with only one end of the muscles of the arm, instead of employing the whole of its exquisite and harmonious machinery.

Mrs. Avery, it is said, writes as easily as she does legibly. She writes as well at the end of her day's work as at the beginning, and her fingers never ache.

—Selected.

LEARNING AND LABOR.

BY ABBIE A. HORTON.

TRIALS and difficulties, toil and temptation; tears and heartfelt prayers *all* have their great uses; for nothing is worth the having in this world but what comes to us through them. The beautiful and truthful sentiments we read daily may gratify the senses and please the taste, but if penned with a knowledge and experience that come from severe trial, they bring with them the witness and the evidence of their worth that cannot err.

This evidence imparts joy and peace the world cannot give. Obedience and sacrifice are the pearly gates through which we enter into the Blessed City; and trial, persecution, toil and pain are sometimes but our faithful guides who lead us there.

The wise man said, "In all labor is profit;" and Peter and Paul agree, for the one tells us not to think it "*Strange* concerning the fiery trials which are to try you;" and the other writes, "For whom the Lord *loveth*, he *chasteneth* and *scourgeth* every son whom He receiveth."

There is a *standing provision* made for man's *intellectual, physical* and *spiritual* benefit, and it is couched in these words: "In sorrow shalt thou eat of *it* [the tree of knowledge of good and evil] all the days of thy life." "By the *sweat* of thy *face* shalt thou eat bread." "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

There are different kinds of labor, and that which is most important ought to be *first* engaged in; and as with every other rule of action the way is made *clear* for finding this kind out, and it is this: "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness."

A great many of the mistakes of life might be avoided by beginning in one's early youth, as soon as spiritual instruction can be understood, to *grade* our work as to its importance in accordance with the word of wisdom, "Seek first." Herein lies the comfort and satisfaction of the Sunday school teacher,—that while we seek to aid the children in ascending the steps of a higher learning, we are not only helping *them*, but also *ourselves* by going "over the ground" again, and thus we can become more perfect.

Our father, always true to the wisdom, justice and condescension of His divine character shows us every side of the outlying field of labor. In His revealed word we are made acquainted with the gains and losses, the brightness and the darkness, the bliss and the woe; and while we are rewarded Sunday after Sunday by the consciousness of having done our "very best," the future has in store for us a more enduring crown; but if we let the cares and pleasures take up our allotted time, then we are punished by a sense of neglect and shall be by a loss of treasure which might have been laid up in heaven.

As teachers our work is to educate and instruct, or in other words, to *draw forth* youth's latent faculties and impart information in the things most necessary to know.

Modern philosophers tell us that, in utility, the *first* and most important study for youth is that which bears most directly on the preservation of life and health, and the proper performance of the most *common industrial labors*, called the sciences of physiology and natural philosophy. Then, *next* in importance is a knowledge of our moral and religious relations, together with the preliminary steps of acquiring a knowledge of the mother-tongue and the faculty of reading and writing it.

The power of applying steadily, day after day to one occupation is said to be the distinction between civilized man and the savage or semi-barbarous; and "as the boy is the barbarian of the civilized community, this aversion to steady industry is still strong in him." It is said that our Savior, while being taught by his Heavenly Father set the good example of obtaining a good industrial education by an apprenticeship with Joseph in the carpenter's shop.

School education, and religious and industrial training ought to be conjoined in preparing both the boys and the girls for future usefulness by promoting health and inducing habits of steady and patient endurance of work; but how to teach in these different departments is said to be "a gold mine waiting to be *worked*; the gold fields of future generations."

As to infant classes, we read that: "few situations in life require so much discretion, so much energy, so much tenderness, so much self-control and love as that of a teacher of babes."

"Play, and the moral training which shall be connected with it should be the leading idea; songs of a moral or narrative kind, rhymes and nursery jingles—descriptions of objects and pictures by the teacher, and now and then collecting the children around her and reading some simple story of incidents and the affections." All this, it seems to us, needs a teacher who is *naturally* endowed for the work.

In the intermediate classes, we begin to draw forth from the pupils' minds who have been previously informed, testing their memory of facts already learned, and without book in hand, obtaining if possible, their relative truths of both past and future. Such is the office-work of the Spirit of Truth, spoken of by our brother E. L. Kelley, as "the *Special Educator* of the Church."

Too much cannot be said in favor of industrial schools for the instruction of children in the preliminary branches of education, and in those things which develop the physical and intellectual part of their natures; but there should be a higher culture connected with these for the trials and afflictions and difficulties of life which

tend to develop a virtuous character can only disclose their *best* uses by the study of the Scriptures, by the embracing of the gospel and receiving its gifts and blessings.

We can now see that it does not devolve upon the Sunday school teacher alone with his excellent and improved method of instruction to bring out all the latent faculties of the childrens' minds. Parents have a great work to do also; and *they* can render good assistance in the different departments already mentioned: they can also by their presence in the Sunday school and by taking active part in its exercises show how much importance they attach to the devoted labors of those who have been appointed to educate and instruct their little ones.

May teachers and parents and pupils continue to learn and labor "Till we in the unity of the faith, all come to the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

May our work and our prayers be acceptable for whom we plead.

"Protect them in their tender years

From seen and unseen ill;

And may they, as their days increase

Have thy kind watchcare still;

May they grow up in health and strength

Of body and of mind,

Be filled with pure intelligence

And wisdom's treasures find."

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

PRESERVING AUTUMN LEAVES.

SMALL and medium-sized Autumn leaves are best for preserving. They should be of as great variety of form and color as possible. As soon as gathered the leaves should be pressed between sheets of paper. Old newspapers will answer, or old books may be used. Place the leaf on a page so as to cover it, then turn over five or six leaves and place another layer, and so on until they are disposed of. After a day or two the leaves should be shifted in another book, where the dry paper will absorb more moisture.

After a few days in this way, the books or newspapers all the time being subjected to pressure, the leaves will be dry. Now procure from a druggist some white wax and place it in

a saucer on the stove to melt. When the wax is melted add a few drops of turpentine, which softens the wax and makes the waxed leaf more pliable and natural. Try a leaf by dipping it into the wax, face downward, then draw it slowly over the edge of the saucer once or twice to remove all superfluous wax, and hold it in a horizontal position with the right side of the leaf up, and it will dry in a minute or two.

If the wax is too hot it will wither the leaf, and if too cool the wax will show in lumps; if just right it will be perfectly even, and show the colors of the leaf as bright as when first gathered. Sometimes, when there are uneven spots of wax on the leaf, they can be removed by slightly scraping them with the thumb-nail. The wax should be removed from the stove

during the operation, when it is too hot, but move it back and forward again when it cools. Autumn leaves prepared for decorating in this way will retain their forms and colors a very long time, and may be used in a variety of ways.

—Inter Ocean.

WASHING WINDOWS.

There is a right and a wrong way to wash windows, and as this operation is usually dreaded, the following method will doubtless be appreciated, as it saves both time and labor: Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the window, for when the

sun shines on the window, it causes it to be dry streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a painter's brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the woodwork inside before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simply in warm water diluted with ammonia—do not use soap. Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners; wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth—do not use linen, as it makes the glass linty when dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspaper. You will find this can be done in half the time taken where soap is used, and the result will be brighter windows.

—Commercial Reporter.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

I saw the years, like bright autumnal leaves

Fall on the frosty path of ages flown,
And there an angel bound them up in sheaves,
As one who garners in the fields alone—

As one who garners quietly and sings
A song that all the hush with music thrills,
While breezes low waft slumber from their wings,
And twilight listens on the lonely hills.

Among the leaves the smiling spirit found
Were some so fair as sun and dew could form;
But there were some her gentle fingers bound
That withered were and seared with rain and storm.

Then I was sad, because I knew that I
Had wasted there full many a precious year;
The angel paused in pity at my sigh,
And knowing all my thinking, said with cheer:

"Fear not! The future still shall bring thee leaves,
And if thou keepest them but sweet and fair
Then will I lift the withered from my sheaves
And place instead the bright and lovely there."

—Anonymous.

We are thankful to-day for the sunshine and gladness of all nature, as the autumn stands with loaded arms ready to pour her fullness into our garners. When the earth shall put on her vestures of ice and snow, the heart of both man and beast shall rejoice in this abundance, while safely locked away beneath her cold garments she will treasure the germs of a new life for plant and herbage, tree and flower. We are thankful for liberty, for life and health, and for peace which reigns in our land. It is the season of thanksgiving, but who can count up his blessing? They come anew with the light of each morning and return like doves to their windows on the wings of the evening.

Unnumbered and forever uncounted are the mercies and blessings of God to man.

But to-day, as we sit down to prepare our own little "Corner" we feel such a wave of thankfulness pulsing through our whole being that the blood ebbs and flows in swifter currents and thoughts crowd upon expression eager to find utterance. Here we are permitted to exchange thoughts with our dearest friends, and while we name them not, to silently thank them for their wealth of love, which we garner up as the days and years go by. What a reservoir of strength it becomes none but God can know! Here as from month to month we sit down to assure them that in weakness we are still striving; that in gladness we are still rejoicing that ever we were called to obey the gospel, we feel that it is a blessed privilege to be permitted to encourage even one of those who are in the forefront of the battle; to say to them, Press on, for the prize is sure.

From one letter we cannot refrain gleanings just a few words: "I feel sometimes," the writer says, "like I had been buried when I think how little I write. The *Autumn Leaves* of July I read with streaming eyes, nearly every article. It was either exceptionally good or I was in an exceptional condition, the Spirit of joy and peace with me to receive and appreciate all good which met my eye. Oh, I want to help you and I know I can do a little bit by and by. Oh, Sr. Walker, sometimes the days are long and the nights seem positively endless, yet I do not feel alone! May God bless all who are helping *our harvesters*." . . .

"Our harvesters"! Yes they are out in the field and the brave little wives and tender hearted mothers are at home. Home where "sometimes the days seem long and the nights positively endless." Oh, the touching pathos of that brief sentence! And yet this is not enough—not enough to give up husband and father to preach the gospel—not enough to do all her own work with three little ones clinging to her knees, but she longs to use the pen that she may in that way too help to roll on the work. With such examples as these upon every hand, how could one help being strong. This is a bravery which only a woman knows how to exercise. Not the bravery required for an hour or a day; but for the long stretch of week added to week, month added to month, and year to year. Thanksgiving! Aye for such faith, such willing labors of love, all who love the work of God in these latter days have need to be thankful.

Thanksgiving! Aye, patient toilers, weary and lonely watchers, the "Harvest Home," will soon be here and you shall in no wise lose

your reward. Then will indeed come your thanksgiving.

WITH this issue of the LEAVES will appear our prospectus for 1892. Many additional articles of great interest are promised for the forthcoming volume, and altogether we feel much encouraged. Still we would be glad to have the young take a greater interest in contributing to its pages. We wish to call especial attention to the contribution from our young friend, Elder T. W. Williams, because we are glad and thankful that one of our young men wrote the article. There is great hope for any people when the young step forth upon such a platform and fearlessly advocate such principles. Let us say to you, they are coming. We hear, as it were, the steady tramp of a mighty host, and the watchword is onward and upward.

An installment of "Our Country" has unavoidably been omitted this issue. Will be continued in our next.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

In this issue will be found a communication from W. L. Crosman of Boston, Massachusetts, upon the single tax doctrine. We bespeak for it a careful and thoughtful reading and hope it may call out many expressions of opinion, as this is a question much agitated at the present day in political circles. While it may not be wise to go to extremes in politics, it is desirable that we familiarize ourselves with the prominent questions of our time, that we may be furnished sufficiently with information to vote intelligently when called upon to do so.

—Editor.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Sister Celia Richards, Glenwood, Iowa, writes: "There is no branch here and only a few Saints. We do not have any church or Sunday school. . . . I never get to go to church only when I go to camp meeting and that is two weeks a year. We take the *Herald*, *Hope* and *Autumn Leaves* to read. No telling what we would do without them."

Sister Carrie Okerstrom, Industry, Kansas, says: "I think it is good for a Latter Day Saint to attend meetings of other denominations, for

we are told to 'prove all things, hold fast that which is good,' and in what way can we do this better than by attending other churches?" Sr. Okerstrom is one of the isolated ones who is called upon to endure a great deal for the work's sake.—Ed.

Sister Violet Jordan, Temple, Missouri, says that she wrote a letter over a year ago, but concluded it was not good enough to send; so she concluded to burn it but was restrained from doing so and put it away, and was led to revise and send it finally. It is to be regretted that space will not permit its publication in this issue. She is full of zeal and believes in letting her light shine and in telling others of the good things the gospel has done for her.

Bro. Ira Lytle, Hollister, California, writes: "I take *Autumn Leaves* and do not see how I could do without them. . . . It seems strange to me that there are so many people in the world to-day that are toiling from day to day to keep starvation from the door and doing nothing to save their own souls and gain life eternal. . . . I would like to ask some of the readers to express themselves upon Secret Societies."

Jonas H. Drury, Brownville, Nebraska, says: "It seems I am nearing a day when, like the light of the sun will appear the truth of this work, and then all doubt will be removed. I can praise the Lord for his goodness, and trust in his name."

BROUGHTON, Kansas, Aug., 1891.

Dear Readers of the Department:—I do love to read the letters and advice given, for it is good for both old and young. The desire for knowledge of things seen and unseen is increasing in the church as well as in the world. Having the *Autumn Leaves* before me, I notice a question asked: What are proper amusements for those who have named the name of Christ? This indeed is a question that should be thoroughly discussed. If we are the children of the light, we should walk in the light.

The term proper amusements, is the thing to be considered. If we are the children of God and believe in the mission of his Son Jesus, we should search out the path he trod and walk therein.

"But," says one, "you are drawing the line too close. Do you mean to say that we should follow the footsteps of our Lord, who was the light, the life and the way, and he set such examples as he would have us follow?"

Do we see any place in the history of his life where he went to a place where he ought not to have been? We do not. This being the case, we must look for something that he did do. The first thing we find him doing is teaching when he was but twelve years of age. Some may say he had a special mission to perform. Are you and I left without anything to do? No. We are not. We all have a work to do.

Recollect if we indulge in procrastination, we are not doing as God would have us do. We find Paul using language like this: "For to be carnally minded is death but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."—Romans 8: 6. Can we be spiritually minded and follow the ways of the world? I answer in the negative.

And again we read: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God." Now I would ask the question, Does God lead us in places of ill repute? You will no doubt agree with me on this. The Spirit of God will lead us in the way of truth and righteousness. And on the other hand the games that are popular in the world to-day will lead the mind of man away from the way he should go.

I understand the word amuse to mean, to entertain agreeably. Now what could be more acceptable with God or man than good music,

either vocal or instrumental? I heartily welcome Bro. Gilbert's version on this point and could mention others in which there is much good, but this will suffice for this time. I would like to have the opinion of others on this subject.

May God bless the young of the church, that we may perform the labor enjoined upon us with meekness and patience, is the prayer and desire of your brother in Christ,

R. W. DAVIS.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug., 1891.

Taxes on the products of labor tend to restrict production. Fines for drunkenness and other offenses against law and order discourage the committing of these offenses. Does the taxing (or fining) of persons for erecting buildings, or in other ways creating wealth, tend to encourage the investment of capital? In most places it is a greater crime to build a hen house than to steal hens. The latter is punished by one fine, but the former offense involves the payment of a penalty every year. That which a man produces is his as against the whole world, but our system of taxation does not recognize this truth. Therefore no taxes should be levied on buildings or commodities.

The value which attaches to land by reason of the increased competition for its use and which is due to the growth of population and public improvements, justly belongs to the whole community, and should be taken for the use of national, state, and local governments. Whenever ground rent is thus taken for the support of government, industry and enterprise will be relieved from taxation, and no inducement will remain for holding land without using it. No land owner will hold land out of use when he knows he will have to pay the same amount of ground rent as if he used it. When land is taxed at its full selling value, the holders of unused land will either put it to use themselves or sell it for whatever price they can get; and if no purchasers can be found, they will have to give it away or leave it free to those who wish to use it. Tax goods and you raise the selling price; tax land at its commercial value and you lower the selling price. When a man must sell a commodity he will take a low price for it or give it away. Land speculation will thus cease and natural opportunities will be opened to labor. Workmen who cannot make fair bargains with employers will then be able to employ themselves; not that everybody will take to farming, but that with agricultural, mining and building lands

accessible to those willing to put them to use, there would be no lack of employment, and wages in all industries would rise to their natural level—the full earnings of labor. The labor problem is, How shall all men willing to work always find opportunity to work and thus produce wealth? The single tax, by opening natural opportunities, and at the same time relieving industries from the burdens now placed upon them, solves the labor problem. No person would then work for another person for less than he could make by working for himself on land that was either free or of low rental value. Laborers who cannot now secure employment must take in wages what is offered them; that is, what the most hungry man will consent to work for. To illustrate: Two men are on a fertile island, one owns the island, and the other must either consent to work for the wages the owner will give him, which will barely be enough to exist on, or starve. Now if part of the island was free to the laborer, he would not consent to work for less than he could make by working for himself on the free land of the island. It makes no great difference whether a person owns the land on which and from which men must gain a living, or whether the men are owned. In both cases the men will only get enough to live on; indeed, in the latter case they will get better food and good housing.

"The land shall not be sold forever; for the land is mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with me."—Leviticus 25:23.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein."—Psalm 24:1.

"But the earth hath He given to the children of men."—Psalm 115:16.

See also Ecclesiastes 5:9; Isaiah 66:1, 2, quoted in Acts 7:49, 50; Ezekiel 11:14-17.

By the above it will be seen that single taxers have the teachings of Holy Writ to prove the justice of their principles. We do not propose to tax property, but monopoly.

W. L. CROSMAN.

DENVER, Colo., Sept., 1891.

Kind Readers.—The past two days I have been looking over the September *Leaves*, and this evening I have read a second time the letters in the Department. Glad to see so many new ones this month, and would be pleased to see more next month. So many feel not capable of writing a letter for the press. They think that "bad grammar" and "bad composition" would not be acceptable. Anyone that can talk can

write. Write just what you think, and don't write on a subject which you know nothing about. It is doubtless the editor's place to say what should be the style of written matter, but if he allows we will speak. I would say write just what you think and as you would talk. Do not apologize when you begin, and at the close do "not excuse yourself for the little that you have said." It always spoils a speech, and it is the same in writing. Do not make the letter long by saying that you can't and never did write before, and apologize for what you have written. Do not estimate your own work, you may be at fault.

Among the many young and earnest-hearted brothers and sisters in the church, and with the Department to bring them together in a sort of "round table" meeting, we ought to move along in one vast concourse, having the *Leaves* to give the watchword from month to month. I try to examine all papers that come in my way, and magazines of all kinds, and it is with pride I say that the *Autumn Leaves* is the best magazine of its kind published. Our young people are certainly much indebted to Sr. Walker for the work that she is doing in editing such a valuable paper, and in forming the Department and securing Bro. Gunsolley to take charge of it. We ought indeed to show our appreciation more than we do, in writing oftener and more of the readers casting in their mite and adding their names to the list of contributors.

The premium that is offered for the coming volume ought to secure all the old subscribers and many new ones. Every family in the church where there are children of school age ought to take the *Leaves*. It is not a local paper, it is world-wide. I feel justly proud of the *Leaves*, as I have said, and try to make use of it outside. I had selected pieces for it to present before our young people's union society, and one of my M. E. brethren selected the poem, "The Two Mirrors," for the society.

There are some parts of the *Leaves* that are not presentable at all times, nor to all persons. When it comes to some point or claim of the Saints that need not be brought out prominently at all times, as it might bring disgust to the hearers, when some other selection would be enticing. The last number is excellent and interesting to those outside of the church. The article, "Rambles in California," is a narrative and especially interesting to all classes; also part of Bro. Gilbert's letter, in his discussion of the question as to the advantages of young men and women of to-day. His letter could be

read, and is interesting. When an article has much to say of "we Saints" it sometimes is loathsome from the first to those outside. It is all right to present the most interesting part first; and it is true that the truth should not always be spoken; that is, if a truth might offend at one time, better present some other truth that maybe would interest.

During the past month it has been my privilege to visit Independence, Missouri, (the center of Zion), and see the beautiful city and to visit a few friends there. The young members there do not seem to take much interest in the Department, at least none of them write, but it is because they are interested in much other good work. As those that read only *Autumn Leaves* know but little of the doings in Zion we will speak of what we saw during our short visit. Not being privileged to meet with the young people, we could not enjoy the fellowship of such a meeting, but from the earnestness that is manifested, the work is moving on grandly.

Going in from Kansas City the first thing that deeply interests the eye of a Saint is the fine stone church building that is lately put up and not yet finished on the inside. Not far from the church, across the street, is the "temple lot." Could anyone say that it is not a divinely chosen spot?

The young people have weekly prayer meetings, and it is said that all take part, in fact, in all the work it is said there are no drones. What a grand sight to see such a large body of young people all working together! When the Spirit of God moves and all are willing to obey the promptings, there is power in mortal man.

A fine orchestra of nearly a score of members furnishes music for the church; the young people in this obeying the Lord's command, that the gift of music be cultivated.

Through the kindness of the *Ensign* editors the sisters there and throughout the church are now offered "The Young Ladies' Department," and in the hands of the Independence sisters, with an able one at the head, that Department will accomplish great good. The Sunday school work claims its share of attention, and several societies, among them the Hawthorne, is doing a noble work; having now on hand a large sum of money to be used in the new church.

Seeing the young members here enjoying the communion of one another, can we help but think of other young members that are isolated from any branch and have not such privileges, and to pity those that are in branches

that are sufficiently large that they might be united together and accomplish much good by an earnest effort? With those that do not have the chance of meeting with Saints—touching on the subject that has been mentioned in the *Leaves*, that of attending services at other churches—we would say let them work there; go to the service; show your willingness to meet them on Christian ground; you need not go one step off of your own ground; nor is it necessary that you ask others to come on Latter Day Saint ground; meet them on Christian ground, and do not always want to discuss doctrinal points. Be with them so far as is consistent, and don't go away from them just to criticise. I know Saints that attend other churches, I sometimes think only to find fault with the sermon or something that is said, which they think is not just in harmony with our belief. To my mind this is very wrong. We need not speak of the faults that we see in them. At times it may be well to correct, but we should be extremely careful in what spirit we speak. You consider yourself an honest Christian; place the same estimate on those that profess to be serving God. Mankind in all honesty cannot see alike.

One "thought" more. I think it would be well if the readers, after reading the letters, and finding one of more interest than another, that they sit down and write to that brother or sister and speak of the interest you find in their letter and ask them for further information on the subject of which they wrote. By this we would all get acquainted in many parts of the United States, and increase the number of our correspondents, a thing that many of us might do. We all feel that we could write better to one person than to several. We could learn to write in this way, observing a principle in education that we learn to do by doing.

Let us all take courage; the work is moving grandly on, and we know our Leader. His word is written, and from time to time he reveals his divine will unto us. If our appetites do not relish and desire more of the gospel food, there is something wrong with the appetite, and not the food that is placed before us.

One interested in the Christian work,

A. A. REAMS.

P. S—It has been my privilege the past month to go from my Iowa home to the Centennial State, going through the state of Kansas. Our trip and the sights that Colorado presents may form the subject for a future letter.

A. A. R.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"How many days have been idly spent;
How like an arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned aside.
Who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wide?
Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide."

GIFTS FOR "MEN FOLKS."

"If your friend is at all partial to a prettily decorated room, an embroidered table cover, or foot rest, the cushioned top of which may be embroidered, will be an acceptable gift.

"A very comfortable and useful gift is a long, twenty-inch wide tuck, made of plain or figured India silk, with fringe on each end. This is to be thrown over a rocker, tied in place at the top, and at the seat.

"An envelope and paper case, to stand on a writing table, are very pretty when painted in oil colors. A cane basket for hanging in the corner of a room is also a suitable gift.

"Shirt cases are made in different forms. Some are a piece about twenty inches long, of the length of the shirt when folded. This has two side pieces like the flaps on an envelope. Others are made just like an envelope, with ribbons to tie. They are made of India silk, embroidered on the two side flaps, and lined with quilted or tacked silk, and sachet powder scattered between the cotton before making up. The edges have a cord around them. Others, again, are made like a book-cover, but without the stiffening, the upper side decorated. Make the two sides the size of the drawers, with a piece at the back two or three inches wide. The two large pieces are sewed to this. Line with the softest of silk, tacked or tied at intervals with strands of filofloss in a bow knot; overhand the edges and finish with a cord with loop at the front edge for lifting. Only the upper side is decorated.

"A lovely sofa cushion is worked upon the new kind of huckaback toweling which has appeared lately. It is loosely woven and very soft to the touch. Upon it is worked a cactus design in outline, with shadings, and some solid work here and there. The whole ground is covered with darned work in gold-colored silk, so that no white is visible except the cross-stitch over the darning and in some parts of the design. The effect is very beautiful and rich. The material treated in this way makes handsome screen panels."

WHITE BROADCLOTH TABLE-COVER.

"A table-cover of white broadcloth is elegant. Take a square of one yard and a half, and decorate it with a conventional border design, set four inches above the straight cut edge. Work in long-and-short stitch in white or any delicate color of filofloss; work the flower forms well in with the long-and-short stitch, and couch two rows of medium-sized gold thread around this. Do the stems in three rows of gold thread, couched down, the stitches alternating. Couch the outside line of the leaf with the gold thread, and inside of this lay four lines, following the outline, and running

each line inside of the other, until the four rows are finished, when the end of the thread must be well fastened after being drawn through. Line with India silk to the lower edge of the design. This is very Japanese in effect."

A DAINTY GLOVE MENDER.

"A lady never goes with unmended gloves, and a dainty woman likes to have the little belongings that tend to make her gloves fresh and new as pretty as possible; so out of her imaginative brain has sprung this arrangement of threads, needles, scissors, and mender, all prettily grouped and ready to be fastened on the dainty silk apron, in the pockets of which are the gloves that are to receive attention. An ivory ring has tied on it a pretty bow of bright yellow ribbon, one end sloped off to a point, the other cut out in a vandyke. In the pointed end are stuck a row of very fine needles, the size that will not break the kid, and yet have sufficiently large eyes to carry the thread. The threads—the regular ones used for sewing gloves—may be gotten at most of the large glove shops, and are in the various shades of tan, gray, pearl and black. They are drawn over the rim, are loosely braided to keep them straight, and then are allowed to fall in a fluffy string. The little ivory ball, small enough to slip up in the finger of the glove, has a hole through the point, and through this is drawn a narrow, yellow ribbon, which is then tied in a bow and looped over the ring. At the other side a yellow ribbon holds the scissors in place, and when the industrious woman sits down to mend her gloves nothing is lacking; there is the neele, thread for it, the tiny mending egg that exposes the rip or tear, and the scissors that carefully clip the thread when the work is all over. If it were preferred, blue, pink, green, or, indeed, any color liked, might be used for such a chatelaine; but the yellow, especially when a bright color is chosen, is to be preferred to all others."

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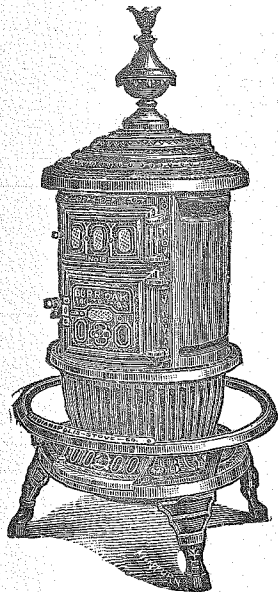
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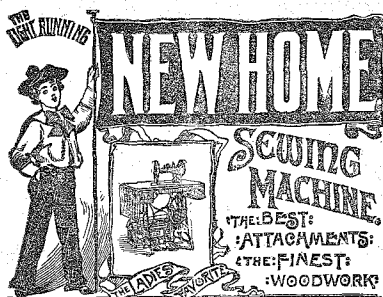
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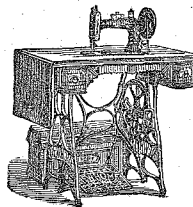
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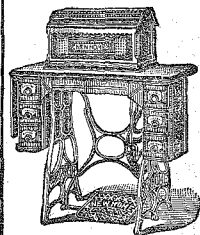


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Autumn

Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ
OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

DECEMBER, 1891.

Vol. 4.

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LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price \$1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

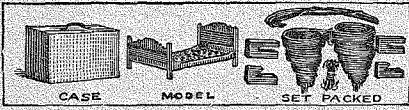
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Prospectus of AUTUMN LEAVES For 1892.

WITH January 1st, 1892, our Magazine will enter upon its fifth volume, and we may safely say that never at any previous time have the prospects for furnishing our patrons the full worth of money invested been so good as they now are for the forthcoming volume. Among the prominent features of the volume will be, the

Autobiography of Elder Joseph Luff,
of the Quorum of the Twelve, together with an excellent **LIKENESS of BRO. LUFF.**

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TALKS WITH THE YOUNG,

by ELDER D. S. MILLS, of California, on evidences of their faith, drawn from the prophecies, from the records God has written in the rock and in the earth, as well as from all available sources of information. This series of itself will be invaluable to all who love the latter day work. **BRO. MILLS' LIKENESS** will also be given.

Each issue of the Magazine will contain one choice selection of **MUSIC** from the **SAINTS' HARMONY**, or other available source; every other issue the likeness of someone prominently connected with the work.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

that we are still offering the splendid Steel Engraving of Pres. JOSEPH SMITH, also an excellent likeness of Elder W. W. BLAIR (the same size as the steel engraving) to all subscribers who send us their names, accompanied with price of subscription and amount to cover cost of mailing, before April 1st, 1892.

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We thank our friends for their generous, untiring support in the past, and shall try by every best, faithful endeavor to merit it in the future. The ministry will please remember that it gives us pleasure to send a copy of the Magazine to the family at home while they are in the field. Do not fail to send us the address.

Send all remittances and letters pertaining to business to DAVID DANCER, box 82, LAMONI, Iowa.

Send all literary matter to M. WALKER, Editor.

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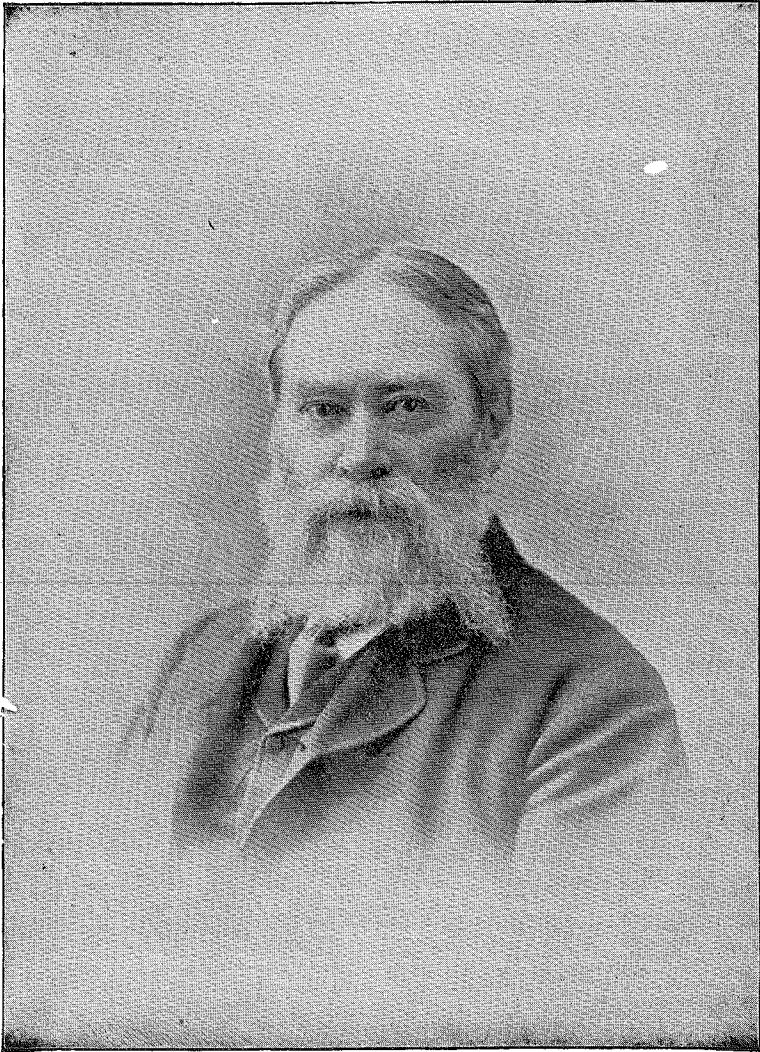
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J. N. Lowell

(See page 529.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. IV.

LAMONI, IOWA, DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 12.

OBSERVATIONS.—No. XIII.

"I never wanted to live so much as I do now. I want to live forever. I want to see the progress of the age. I want to see the end of all organized systems of wrong and oppression. I have seen slavery die and I want to see all evil die."—*Charles Sumner.*

SINCE the death of Mr. Lowell, in August last, many sketches, many comments upon his work and life have appeared, but none which has met our eye seemed to us at all the tribute due him until we opened the *Review of Reviews*, and read with interest, enchained from the opening to the closing sentence, the grand and worthy tribute paid by W. T. Stead to our loved and departed countryman. And as we discovered how much the writings of Lowell had influenced the career of this other man, we thought in our soul that were there not another to rise up and say, "My inspiration came from you" it would yet be enough to satisfy the holiest ambition of anyone. To know that from him proceeded the force which set in motion such a power, is tribute worthy of even a Lowell, for some of the grandest utterances we have ever read have come from the pen of the editor of the *Review of Reviews*.

But we leave Mr. Stead to tell his own story, in his own inimitable way. While we read there stole into our heart the thought, had we but the power to influence just one—one capable of taking up the work and carrying it out to perfection—to obey the grand law of consecration, which God has given to his people in these last days, we would be willing to die, feeling that we had in no-wise lived in vain.

Let the young as they read this consider. Here is a youth of the world, one who never heard the sound of the restored

gospel, but has on the contrary given up his life to dreams and thoughts of ambition, so brought to see his selfishness by the words,

"What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart?"

that he feels and relizes how utterly unworthy such a selfish life would be. Read the story carefully, and God help us all to learn a lesson from its reading.

When James Russell Lowell died on August 12th, the greatest of contemporary Americans passed away.

He had no compeer since Emerson died; he has left no successor. On this side the Atlantic there still linger veterans not unequal to him whom we have just lost. But neither on one side of the Atlantic nor on the other is there any poet left us whose verse is instinct with so much inspiration, or one who has in him so much of the seer of these latter days.

Out rushed his song, like molten iron glowing
To show God sitting by the humblest hearth,
With calmest courage he was ever ready

To teach that action was the birth of thought.

And still his deathless words of light are
swimming

Serene throughout the great deep infinite
Of human soul, unwaning and undimming,
To cheer and guide the mariner by night.

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.

It is idle for me to try to do a Character Sketch of such a man. He was many-sided. Those who knew him intimately have written much, and will yet write more, about the personal characteristics, about his genial humor, of his wide and varied culture, and also, no doubt, about his after-dinner speaking, and his services as diplomatist at Madrid and at London.

But all these things are but as the mere carving on the pediment of the Pharos from which streams far and wide over the troubled and turbid waters the light of his Divine message. This man was one of the prophets of the nineteenth century—the Milton of an epoch which had in Lincoln no unworthy representative of Oliver Cromwell. That was and is his supreme significance, and it would almost savor of the profane to devote this article to anything but a humble and reverent attempt to explain, so far as I can, what his message is and wherein, from my own experience, consists its helpfulness to the present generation.

A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

In what I write there is an autobiographic note that is not to be avoided, for this article is simply the fervent outpouring of the gratitude of one among the thousands whom he has helped—a thanksgiving and an experience rather than a criticism or a biography. In some of the critical moments of my life I found in Lowell help such as I found in none other outside Carlyle's "Cromwell" and Holy Writ. And it may be that I can best help others to find help there by telling faithfully and gratefully how in Lowell's verse and prose I found that which I sorely needed, and which became an abiding possession and a strength for evermore.

I was little more than a boy of fifteen when first I felt the inspiration of Lowell's word. In those days, which seem far away down the vista of nearly thirty years, I chanced at a country house upon a yellow-backed shilling edition of the "Biglow Papers," lying side by side with a well thumbed copy of Artemus Ward, as a specimen of American humor. But it was not the humor of the delicious verse that made a dint on my life. In those days the ambitions of my boyhood took anything but a journalistic bent. My father used sometimes to quote Thomas Binney's saying that if the Apostle Paul were alive to-day he would edit a daily paper; but most editors seem to have but little of the Pauline inspiration and none of the glowing enthusiasm of humanity calculated to kindle the imagination or stir the sympathy of a lad full of daydreams from the poets and high imaginings drawn from the traditions of the Puritan and Cove-

nanting struggles of the seventeenth century.

I. HIS IDEAL OF JOURNALISM.

It was not till several years later that I ever bethought myself of Journalism as a profession; but I think I can trace the first set of my mind in a journalistic direction to reading the preface to the Pious Editor's Creed, which, as many of my readers may never have seen it, I make no scruple about quoting almost entire:—

I know of no so responsible position as that of the public journalist. The editor of our day bears the same relation to his time that a clerk bore to the age before the invention of printing. Indeed, the position which he holds is that which the clergyman should hold even now. But the clergyman chooses to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to throw such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life. As if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and eddies all around him at the caucus, the ratification meeting, and the polls! Who taught him to exhort men to prepare for eternity, and for some future era of which the present forms no integral part? The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting, and in that he must plant, or nowhere. Yet he would fain believe and teach that we are going to have more of eternity than we have now. This *going* of his is like that of the auctioneer, on which *gone* follows before we have made up our minds to bid—in which manner, not three months back, I lost an excellent copy of Chappelow on Job. So it has come to pass that the preacher, instead of being a living force, has faded into an emblematic figure at christenings, weddings, and funerals. Or, if he exercises any other function, it is as keeper and feeder of certain theologic dogmas, which, when occasion offers, he unkennels with a *staboy!* "to bark and bite as 'tis their nature to," whence that reproach of *odium theologicum* has arisen.

Meanwhile, see what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them. And from what a Bible can he choose his text—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity—the open volume of the world, upon which, with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist and crawled over by the hammering geologist, he must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this Wilderness of Sin (Numbers xxxiii 12) called Progress of

Civilization, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order.

THE ORIGIN OF "THE NEW JOURNALISM."

I feel to-day, as I transcribe these words, as if all my life long, ever since I read them, I had been doing little else but trying as best I could to circulate and propagate the ideas contained in this preface. All that is real and true in what Matthew Arnold called the "New Journalism," which he said I had invented, is there in germ. That great ideal of the editor as "the Captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order" still glows like a pillar of fire amid the midnight gloom before the journalist of the world. But, alas! it may still be asked, as it was when the Rev. Homer Wilbur preached the sermon which led the editor of the *Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss* unaccountably to absent himself from the meeting-house, of the thousands of mutton-loving shepherds who edit our newspapers, "How many have even the dimmest perception of their immense power and the duties consequent thereon? Here and there haply one. Nine hundred and ninety-nine labor to impress upon the people the great principles of Tweedledum, and other nine hundred and ninety-nine preach with equal earnestness the gospel according to Tweedledee."

HOW I FIRST GOT LOWELL'S POEMS.

It was three or four years before I again felt the kindling touch of Mr. Lowell's genius. Like many other youths in those days, I was in the habit of competing for modest prizes offered for essays in the *Boys' Own Magazine*, which was then published by S. O. Beeton. I wrote several, always under the name of W. T. Silcoates, and only succeeded once in gaining a prize. My solitary success was an essay on Oliver Cromwell, in compiling which I took a great deal more pains than in writing any book that I have since published, so at least it seems to me looking back twenty years and more, and I certainly enjoyed much more keenly that first triumph than any literary successes achieved in later years. The prize was one guinea, which had to be taken out in books published by the proprietors of the *Boys' Own Magazine*. I remember, as well as if it were yesterday, carefully going through the little catalogue making up my guinea's worth, and after selecting books valued at

twenty shillings, I chose "The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell" to make up the guinea. That little volume, with its green paper cover, lies before me now, thumbed almost to pieces, underscored, and marked in the margin throughout, and inside there is written, "To W. T. Silcoates, with Mr. Beeton's best wishes." It was one of "Beeton's Companion Poets," and bore on its cover "Books of Worth." With the exception of the little copy of Thomas à Kempis, which General Gordon gave to me as he was starting for Khar-toum, it is the most precious of all my books. It has been with me everywhere. In Russia, in Ireland, in Rome, in prison, it has been a constant companion.

II. HIS PASSION FOR HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

That little book reached me at a somewhat critical time. I was saturated with the memories of the Puritans, and filled with a deep sense of the unworthiness of my old literary ambition. My health, impaired by overstudy, affected my eyes, and for some terrible months I was haunted by the consciousness of a possible blindness. I had give up reading at night-time and in the train, and by way of occupation I committed to memory long screeds of verse—Byron, Longfellow, Coleridge, and Campbell being special favorites. All chance of literary success seemed to fade and disappear with my dimming sight, and I looked out on life in a sadder and more serious mood than any I had formerly entertained. It was then that I came upon Mr. Lowell's little-known poem, "Extreme Unction," which I find marked in pencil—"This poem changed my life."

Go! leave me, Priest; my soul would be,
Alone with the consoler, Death;
Far sadder eyes than thine will see
This crumbling clay yield up its breath;
These shrivelled hands have deeper stains
Than holy oil can cleanse away,
Hands that have plucked the world's coarse
gains
As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Call, if thou canst, to these gray eyes
Some faith from youth's traditions wrung;
This fruitless husk which dustward dries
Has been a heart once, has been young;
On this bowed head the awful Past
Once laid its consecrating hands;
The future in its purpose vast
Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

But look! those shadows block the door?
 Who are those two that stand aloof?
 See! on my hands this freshening gore
 Writes o'er again its crimson proof!
 My looked-for death-bed guests are met;
 There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
 And there, with eyes that goad me yet!
 The ghost of my Ideal stands!

God bends from out the deep and says,
 "I gave thee the great gift of life;
 Wast thou not called in many ways?
 Are not my earth and heaven at strife?
 I gave thee of my seed to sow,
 Bringest thou me my hundredfold?"
 Can I look up with face aglow,
 And answer, "Father, here is gold?"

I have been innocent; God knows
 When first this wasted life began,
 Not grape with grape more kindly grows,
 Than I with every brother-man:
 Now here I gasp; what lose my kind,
 When this fast ebbing breath shall part?
 What bands of love and service bind
 This being to the world's sad heart?

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth
 Without a place to lay His head;
 He found free welcome at my hearth,
 He shared my cup and broke my bread:
 Now, when I hear those steps sublime,
 That bring the other world to this,
 My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime,
 Starts sideways with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born,
 God said, "Another man shall be,"
 And the great Maker did not scorn
 Out of himself to fashion me;
 He sunned me with his ripening looks,
 And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
 As effortless as woodland nooks
 Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
 Am exiled back to brutish clod,
 Have borne unquenched for four score years,
 A spark of the eternal God;
 And to what end? How yield I back
 The trust for such high uses given?
 Heaven's light hath but revealed a track
 Whereby to crawl away from heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
 To see a soul just set adrift
 On that drear voyage from whose night
 The ominous shadows never lift;
 But 'tis more awful to behold
 A helpless infant newly born,
 Whose little hands unconscious hold
 The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away
 Those keys that might have open set
 The golden sluices of the day,
 But clutch the keys of darkness yet;
 I hear the reapers singing go
 Into God's harvest; I, that might
 With them have chosen, here below
 Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious youth, that once was mine!
 O high Ideal! all in vain

Ye enter at this ruined shrine
 Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
 The bat and owl inhabit here,
 The snake nests in the altar-stone,
 The sacred vessels moulder near,
 The image of the God is gone.

REPENTANCE AND REMORSE.

It may seem somewhat fantastic that a lad of eighteen should have appropriated to himself the reproaches which the poet placed in the mouth of an octogenarian. But youth is a rare self-torturer. With my enfeebled health and failing eyesight, an oppressive sense of having lived for myself and my own ambitious day-dreams, it did not seem unnatural then; it seemed only too terribly real. I don't think any four lines ever printed went into my life so deeply as these:—

Now here I gasp; what lose my kind,
 When this fast-ebbing breath shall part?
 What bands of love and service bind
 This being to the world's sad heart?

These questions used to ring in my ears night and day. And the only answer that came was Richard's bitter death cry—

There is no creature loves me,
 And if I die no one will pity me.

All this, I dare say, was vey morbid. Probably few lads of eighteen had more relatives and friends to love and pity him. I was one of a large and singularly united family, and I had my Sunday school class besides. But there was that guilty sense of having lived for myself, of having had my ideal of life on the plane of personal literary success, and I felt I deserved to feel all that Lowell's octogenarian felt.

INSPIRATION AND HOPE.

At the same time this remorseful horror would sometimes abate somewhat, probably owing to occasional better health, and then an immense inspiration thrilled me from the lines:—

On this bowed head the awful Past
 Once laid its consecrating hands,
 The Future in its purpose vast
 Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

If I recovered and my eyesight did not fail, perhaps, after all, I might yet live to better purpose. To what purpose? The answer came in the next verse:—

God bends from out the deep, and says,
 "I gave thee the great gift of life;
 Wast thou not called in many ways?
 Are not my heaven and earth at strife?"

The idea that everything wrong in the world was a divine call to use your life

in righting it sank deep into my soul. And there, in the darkness and the gloom of that time of weakness and trial, I put away from me, as of the Evil One, all dreams of fame and the literary ambition on which I had fed my boyhood, and resolutely set myself there and then to do what little I could, where I was, among those who surrounded me, to fulfill "the trust for such high uses given." It was one of the decisive moments in my life. Since then I can honestly say that I have never regarded literary or journalistic success as worth a straw, excepting in so far as it enabled me to strike a heavier blow in the cause of those for whom I was called to fight.

A PASSION FOR HELPFUL FELLOWSHIP.

The yearning for helpful fellowship with my fellows grew under Lowell's influence to control my life. Living in a village where you knew every one, and every one knew you, it was almost with a sense of positive pain I would find myself in a great city, and feel that of all the hundred thousands around me I did not know one. To meet and mingle with hurrying myriads and to know that of all those multitudes you knew none, had helped none, and that not a human being cared in the least whether you lived or died, maddened into despair or broke your heart in solitude, was appalling to me. There seemed something unnatural about it. How well I remember, night after night, looking down from the Manors railway station over the house-crowded valley at the base of All Saints' Church, Newcastle, which towered above them all, all black and empty, like the vast sepulcher of a dead God and thinking that behind every lighted window which gleamed through the smoky darkness there was at least one human being whose heart was full of all the tragedies of love and hate, of life and death, and yet between them and me what a great gulf was fixed! How could bands of love and service be woven between these innumerable units so as to make us all one brotherhood once more? There they sat by lamp and candle—so near, and yet, in all the realities of their existence, as far apart as the fixed stars. And there grew up in me, largely under Lowell's influence, a feeling as if there was something that blasphemed God in whatever interposed

a barrier impeding the free flow of the helpful sympathy and confident intercourse between man and man.

LIKE THE BLAST OF A TRUMPET.

But how could anything be done? It was hard to say, beyond endeavoring, each in his own sphere, to be as helpful, as lovingkind and as sympathetic as he knew how. Yet how trivial seemed everything you could do; how infinitesimal the utmost that any individual could achieve! But when in this desponding mood, Lowell's memorial verses to W. Lloyd Garrison inspired me as with the blast of a trumpet:—

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned
young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean;—
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Help came but slowly; surely no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less:
What need of help? He knew how types were
set,
He had a dauntless spirit, and a press.

Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
The compact nucleus, round which systems
grow!
Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,
And whirls impregnate with the central glow.

O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendors of the New
Day burst?

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond
his cell,
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn
her frown?
Brave Luther answered Yes; that thunder's
swell
Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple
crown.

Whatever can be known of earth we know,
Sneered Europe's wise men in their snail-
shells curled;
No! said one man in Genoa, and that No
Out of the dark created this New World.

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?
Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward must?
He and his works, like sand, from earth are
blown.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!
See one straightforward conscience put in
pawn
To win a world; see the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,

Fortressed in conscience and impregnable
will?

We stride the river daily at its spring,
Nor, in our childish thoughtlessness foresee,
What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,
How like an equal it shall greet the sea.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

That is good healthy teaching, which
helps to stiffen the backbone and encour-
age one to persevere. It is also a step-
ping-stone that brings us into the heart
of the great Abolitionist campaign, which
practically saved the soul of the American
people.

III. THE CHRISTIANITY FOR OUR DAY.

Mr. Lowell was a Puritan by heredity,
and the moral fervor of the men of the
Mayflower was wrought into the inmost
fibre of his being. But his Puritanism
was a living force applied to the living
issues of to-day. That is what constitutes
his peculiar helpfulness to the present
generation. There is a constant ten-
dency in creeds to petrify. The living
faith of one century becomes a mere
sarcophagus in the next. To prevent
this only one specific is known to man,
and that is to be constantly in campaign
against the evils of the world. One of
the great uses of the devil is to keep the
Church from the lethargy that ends in
death. If there is but a sufficiently resolute
warfare kept up against the wrongs, the
abuses, and the miseries of the world, the
living Spirit will perpetually renew, re-
shape, and revolutionize the methods
adopted to achieve success. The Puritan
revolt against ritual, the Quaker revolt
against sacraments, were natural and
necessary. But the same law of combat
led in time to a revolt against the worship
of the doctrine of the Puritans. Men are
always prone to bow down and worship their
nets and their bows and their spears, for-
getting that they were fashioned not to be
worshiped but to be used. It is not neces-
sary to be disrespectful to the discarded
rites or the suppressed doctrines. It is
not necessary to prove that they are false,
it is only obvious that they have become
obsolete. To hear some good people talk
you would imagine that it was necessary to
denounce the inventor of the bow because
Armstrong forges rifled cannon. The

bow was very good in its day, but no
degree of respect for the first bowman
would justify our substituting bows and
arrows for the magazine rifle.

CHRISTIANITY OUT OF GEAR.

Mr. Lowell's poems are all instinct with
help in this direction. There is nothing
in his writings that repudiates or disowns
any of the vital doctrines of the men of
the *Mayflower*. He reverences his spiri-
tual ancestry. But he refuses in his own
phrase to make their creed his jailer, and
protests against making

Their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath
made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our
tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great impulse which
drove them across the sea.

The great, the central doctrine of the
Christian religion, belief in Christ, with
its development in the doctrine of justifi-
cation by faith, is constantly getting out
of gear. That is to say, it is, under the
stress of circumstances, always exposed to
the danger of being held in such a way
as to make it of none effect as a practical
motive force in life. Against this falsi-
fication of Christ's teaching I know no
more effective, no more inspiring protest
than is to be found in Mr. Lowell's poetry.

A SCENE FROM THE OLD SLAVERY TIMES.

We talk glibly about slavery, and few
of us realize what it means. But if we
want to understand the extent to which
the Christian creeds, as interpreted by
the Christian Church, have been harmo-
nized with the most damnable negation
of everything that Christ came to teach,
it is necessary to recall such a scene as
this, which I take from a remarkable
little book, just published in America, by
the Rev. Calvin Fairbanks, a stout old
Abolitionist, who for his zeal in the cause
of the oppressed passed seventeen years in
gaol, where he received no less than 37,
000 lashes. It was a scene which he
himself witnessed, and which fortunately
did not terminate as most scenes of the
kind did. But let him speak for him-
self:—

Early in May, 1834, my sympathy and
patriotism were roused on behalf of one of the
most beautiful and exquisite young girls, only
one sixty-fourth African. She was self-educated
and accomplished, and her jealous mistress
doomed her to be sold, hating her for her
beauty and accomplishments. There were

2,000 people at the sale, representing the wealth and culture of America. A short, thick-necked, black-eyed Frenchman from New Orleans was determined to secure her. Upon the block stood the auctioneer by his victim, who seemed ready to drop to the earth. He directed attention to the valuable piece of property, calling particular attention to her exquisite qualities as a mistress for any gentleman. This he kept prominent in the vilest manner, outraging all decency. Bids began at 250 dollars and ran up to 1,400. The Frenchman from New Orleans alone bid against me. I bid 1,450. My contestant stood silent. The hammer rose, trembled, lowered, rose, fell, and the fiend flushed and quick as thought dropped his hammer. . . .

"Look here, gentlemen! Who is going to lose such a chance as this? Here is a girl fit to be the mistress of a king!"

A suppressed cry of shame rose through that throng. Southern women blushed. Bids rose to 1,475. There was again a lull.

Then the auctioneer turned his victim's profile to that excited crowd . . . exclaiming, "Ah, gentlemen, who is going to be the owner of this prize? Whose is the next bid?"

The Frenchman bid 1,480. The hammer rose high, quivered, lowered. Eliza gave me an appealing, agonized look.

"Are you all done? Once, twice, do I hear no more, three," and the hammer quivered as the Frenchman's face flushed with triumph, three, and the hammer fell down.

"Fourteen hundred and eighty-five."

The Frenchman turned away. The hammer fell. She was mine. She fainted.

"You've got her d—d cheap, sir. What are you going to do with her?"

"Free her, sir," I cried.

That scene took place in a Christian State. All those who were present had probably been baptized. The auctioneer was in all probability a Church member. And throughout half the Union nearly every Christian church and Christian minister denounced those who protested against slavery as if they were the very worst of criminals. Every one sees to-day that the doctrines of grace, of the atonement, and of justification by faith had got sadly out of gear before such an infamy could be perpetrated in broad daylight in a Christian land. And the worst of it is that as soon as these doctrines get out of gear, they operate absolutely in an opposite direction to that in which they were instituted to work. It is not that they are false. They are only applied the other way on, and instead of acting as spurs to urge men to redress wrong, they act as opiates to their consciences, and hell is tolerated on earth because Christians imagine that they have secured themselves against hell hereafter.

"GOD'S NEW MESSIAH."

Against this hideous perversion of God's truth Mr. Lowell took up his parable, and in one pregnant line he pierced the hollow sham of a Christianity which maintained such horrors. It occurs in the "Lines on the Present Crisis":—

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

The only objection to make to this verse is that the choice does not come once only. It is of constant recurrence. Whenever a duty is shirked, there Christ is rejected. Whenever we act knowingly and deliberately as we know that Christ would not have acted had He been in our circumstances, then we proclaim our disbelief in Him. And whenever we refuse to try to remedy wrongs which degrade our brother or our sister, and render it impossible for them to lead a divine or even a decently human life, there also we deny Him, and crucify Him again in the person of the least of these His brethren.

A PREACHER OF THE LIVING CHRIST.

It was in thus harmonizing the broadest humanitarianism with the strictest orthodox theories of the divine mission of Christ that Mr. Lowell was most helpful to me. For he enabled me to hitch on all that was best and noblest in human endeavor to the old, old doctrine of Calvary. He has been, and long will be, the most potent preacher of the living Christ that this century has produced. There is no denial of any of the older theories of the atonement in its supernatural invisible side. There is no questioning of the sacraments. They are all left just where they were. But the test is applied with loving but unsparing severity: "What are you doing with the least of these My brethren?" Doctrine, ritual, sacrament—all these may be unimpeachably correct; but if these "little ones" are being crucified, what does it avail? Nay, worse still, if they who were made in the image of God are being made again in the image of the brute and the fiend, what

avails it? This is admirably put in Mr. Lowell's "Parable":—

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, My brethren, believe in Me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made Himself known to the children of
earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers and
kings,
"Behold, now, the giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace-chambers lofty and rare
They lodged Him and served Him with kingly
fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;
And in church, and palace, and judgment hall
He saw His image high over all.

But still, wherever His steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head,
And from under the heavy foundation stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced My sheep from their Father's
fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt;
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and soul, through all our land.

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame
To hold Thine earth forever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as Thou leftest them, Thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said He,
"The images ye have made of me!"

SERVING GOD BY HELPING MAN.

The last two stanzas are texts which should be preached upon in every pulpit in Christendom, at least on one stated occasion every year. But their echo should never be absent from any Christian congregation. That is the Christianity that

is wanted for our day, for every day—a Christianity that refashions the character of the individual and makes him feel and see in every departure from the divine ideal in his fellow-man or woman, a concrete blasphemy against God and his Christ. The helping of man is the best serving of God.

He's true to God who's true to man; whenever
wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the
all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are
slaves most base
Where love of right is for themselves and not
for all their race.

It is the constant vibration of the same idea in all his more serious verse that will make Lowell the poet-prophet of the Christian Democracy. We may apply to him the observation he applied to another poet when he said:—

Wordsworth was not a great artist in the technical sense of the word, neither was Isaiah; but he had the gift, in some respects rare, of being greatly and suddenly inspired.

There is much in his poetry that is not poetry at all. There is a good deal of his artistic work which, although graceful and pretty, is mere filigree and polish. The real abiding power which dwelt in him when he was "greatly and suddenly inspired" lies in those poems where he reveals the Christ still wandering among men, seeking to help and to save.

* * * * *

HIS PROTEST AGAINST IRRELIGION.

But he was not unmindful of the great services rendered to mankind by the narrowest and most intolerant of the Churches. No man ever paid a more eloquent tribute to the greatness of the Puritans. On one occasion the newspapers reported an outburst of his—provoked by the disdainful tone in which some agnostics of the sniffingly superior school had alluded to Christianity—which shows how far he was from sharing the supercilious attitude of many modern Liberal thinkers. The report says that after listening with some indignation to the sneers of the scorners, Mr. Lowell rose and spoke as follows:—

The worst kind of religion is no religion at all, and these men, living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without a religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea

Islanders, or cut off their heads, and tanned their hides, like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of scepticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man may live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted—a place where age is revered, infancy respected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard—when sceptics can find such a place ten

miles square on this globe, where the gospel has not gone, and cleared the way and laid the foundations and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the sceptical literati to move thither and ventilate their views. So long as these men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope, and humanity of faith in that Savior who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom.

THE BELL OF THE ANGELS.

It is said, somewhere, at twilight
 A great bell softly swings,
 And a man may listen and hearken
 To the wondrous music that rings,
 If he put from his heart's inner chamber
 All the passion, pain and strife,
 Heartache, and weary longing
 That throb in the pulses of life;
 If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
 All thoughts of wicked things,

He can hear in the holy twilight
 How the bell of the angels rings.
 Let us look in our hearts, and question
 Can purer thoughts enter in
 To a soul if it be already
 The dwelling of thoughts of sin?
 So then, let us ponder a little—
 Let us look in our hearts, and see
 If the twilight bell of the angels
 Can ring for you and me.

—Selected.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE BOOK OF ELDER SAMUEL HALL.

BY ELDER D. S. MILLS.

MY parents were very pious and devout members of the Roman Catholic Church, and as such they early instilled its fundamental doctrines into the minds of their children. I was reared and educated for the ministry, receiving all the advantages of such early education and training as was considered most essential to qualify me for the high and holy calling which they so much desired me to fill. In return, I certainly felt to please them and appreciate their kindness, considering myself under great obligation to them. And I became filled with quite a religious zeal and fervor, being anxious to gratify their desires as well as to discharge every supposed duty in the fear of God. Thus was I filled with holy desires, and I led a humble, prayerful life. In my youthful imaginations I revered the priestly office as one filled by very pure and godly men, of the highest type of mortals, those who

bordered on the divine. Innocently I dreamed of heavenly bliss, when I might become good enough to perform the sacred duties of the office. Hence it was with a light heart full of expectancy, that I left home with all its endearments, when I was pronounced acceptable in the sight of God and the church officials, and duly, or at least formally qualified as such a Priest.

I was set to officiate with many older ones in the city of Montreal, Canada, and I entered the (to me) hallowed walls with a reverential awe, both for the institution and its devoted inmates, male and female. But, alas, none but God can know of the terrible and soul crushing disappointment I was doomed to suffer! Yes suffer, for suffer I did, both by day and by night, as the hot and scalding tears wet my pillow, and with wringing hands my very soul was drawn out to God in terrible

anguish. I was horrified beyond endurance at the sacrilegious and blasphemous abominations I was daily and nightly compelled to witness, enacted by the so-called holy fathers and sisters in Christ in their saintly robes and garbs. Had an angel from heaven told me of it I would not have believed it possible. In fact, at times I could hardly believe my senses, and I actually wondered if it was a dream, or if I was in my right mind. Or was I in some vile institution or den of demons, with my reason failing? At such times I felt to flee from this polluted and detestable spot. But alas! where should I go? Here had been centered my life, my only hope, and this worse than hell had robbed me of all. Nothing remained upon which to build a hope, and, like the exiled Marcellus, go where I might, in the whole world, the powers of Rome were there. That church which I had considered as infallible, was a mass of corruption.

In this state I continued to suffer, oft wishing I were dead. At last I caught a straw of hope in the prospective visit of the aged and venerated bishop of the diocese. When at last he came I watched my opportunity, and alone with him, in tears, I told him of what I suffered, and of the debauchery of these priests and nuns. On my knees I implored him to investigate and correct the terrible evil. But, judge of my amazement and of the woe that pierced my soul, when he turned and mildly rebuked me, coolly saying, "Young man, you are overzealous and have much to learn. Let these fathers alone; they are doing very well, and when you are as old as they are, you will, I trust, be like them. There is no harm in them, and you are in an excellent school to learn the duties of your office. So worry no more over it. Your trial will do you good; now let it depart; join with the holy fathers, and be one with them hereafter."

This was indeed a stunning blow! But, much as I feared him and his displeasure, I feared God more, and was glad when the Bishop was gone. Then came confused ideas of my future course. One thing was certain; to ever descend to their vile and wicked practices would kill me, and indeed I would rather be dead. Then I hopelessly prayed, asking God for help, and wondering if the church

and religion had fled from earth forever, leaving all the race of man irrevocably lost. In short, I hardly dared to think, and tried to stop all thought. But to no purpose; day and night it was worse and worse.

One day, while idly walking down the street, I picked up a pamphlet which shot a ray of light across my darkened soul. Putting it in my pocket I carried it to my room, and there I read and reread it in tears, with anxious wonderment, for it told of the great *apostasy* of the primitive church. This the Scriptures had plainly foretold, and now I knew it was a terrible truth. And then with bated breath, I tremblingly read of the restoration of the gospel by an angel to Joseph Smith, who had laid his hands upon him and ordained him to the holy priesthood, thus instructing and qualifying him to organize the true apostolic church, with all its gifts and powers, as it was in the days of Christ and his apostles.

All this was in direct and positive fulfillment of Malachi third chapter, Matthew 24:14, and Revelations 14:6, together with various other Scriptures cited. These I had often read before, but did not understand them.

After reading in much astonishment of these things I threw myself upon my knees and wept and prayed, and asked God if it was true. While I felt the urgent necessity of just such a work, I feared it was too good news to be true; yet I felt that God had sent this little tract, in the hour of need, to bless me in some way or other. I also read a notice of a conference of the restored church to be held in Nauvoo, Illinois, on the sixth of April of that year, and that the prophet Joseph Smith would be there. All lovers of truth were invited to be present and hear and judge for themselves, advising them also to ask wisdom of God, as the apostle James had recommended. Truly this was a revelation to me; for, as I prayed over it I felt strongly impressed with its truth, and I at last made up my mind to go to Nauvoo, attend the conference, see Joseph Smith, and thus, if possible, learn for myself of the truth or falsity of this strange work. Should I find it true, I resolved that I would accept it, and proclaim it; but, if I found it false, then I would flee to some remote corner of the earth, and there drag out

my future days as best I might, alone and unknown of my family and friends. For I well knew that they would not believe if I told them of the true but fallen condition of the church to which their souls were wed; and I had not the heart to meet them with the facts while I had no power to do them any good. So as the time of the conference drew nigh I obtained leave of absence, and the privilege to visit New York. Taking a valise, with scanty wardrobe, a few dollars in money, my Bible, and a prayer book, I left those walls of Babel and started for Nauvoo, the Mormon city, as if going to a place of refuge.

Suffice it to say that on my way I heard all sorts of wild stories about "Joe Smith, the terrible Mormon" etc., etc., all of which was as a dagger to my breast. I said to myself, "My God! is it possible that I am again to be so fearfully disappointed as I have been? Are there no true and accepted, faithful servants of God upon earth? Is there no apostolic church accepted of Him? Are all in the same condition of the mother of harlots which I have left, and her many lip-serving daughters? For I saw that these had all been *Catholic reformers* in some sense, but none *Gospel restorers* in any sense whatever. Thus I journeyed on, with grave fears, feeling that I would not be deceived, even if disappointed again, and go I would, and know of this Mormonism, whether it was of God, man, or Satan.

Finally arriving at Nauvoo I put up at the hotel, and there I left my few effects and in my valise every cent I had. Then I went to the conference meeting of the Saints, which had already commenced. On arriving, I found a large assemblage of respectable looking people, who were being addressed by an earnest, plain-spoken man. Pressing my way forward I succeeded in getting near enough to hear, and to my utter astonishment and delight, I heard as I never heard before; aye, it was as a living stream of life and light! It seemed as if every word came from the very bosom of eternity to my inmost soul; yes, *every word to me!* And, best of all, I knew that what I heard was true, for the Holy Spirit bore strong witness to me that the speaker was a true and mighty prophet of God! When he had done telling of the faith once de-

livered to the Saints, and how it was now restored again, and called upon all to prove it for themselves, I turned to a man near me and said, "That is Joseph Smith." "Yes," said he, "and he is a prophet of God." "Yes," said I, "I know he is."

As soon as might be, after his very hearty greeting by many of the congregation, I went up and introduced myself to him, and also demanded baptism at his hands. "Yes," he said, "this is the Lords doings; come with me." Down to the river we went, and taking off our coats and vests, he led me down into the water, saying: "Being commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." I felt a solemn yet happy assurance in thus obeying Christ, and then, seating me upon the bank, Joseph laid his hands upon my head, and confirmed me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, pronouncing the gift of the Holy Ghost upon me. Continuing, he also there and then ordained me an elder in the church; while the Spirit of God bore witness to me of my acceptance, and I praised God in tears for the restored gospel in this day and hour of his judgment. As I arose the prophet spoke by the power of the Spirit saying to me, "Bro. Hall, you are now a legally qualified servant of Jesus Christ, a minister of life to this generation; go and preach this gospel, and you shall be blessed in blessing many. "When shall I go?" said I. "Go now," said he.

"Shall I stay till the close of the conference and then go?"

"No," said he, "go now."

"Very well," said I, "I will go and get my things at the hotel and start off."

"No, no," said he, "go *now*, just as you are. Your things are safe, you will not need them, and you will lack nothing. Go right along down south, and tarry not by the way till you preach the gospel. I bless you; good day."

He then walked back leaving me gazing after him, almost bewildered at the sudden denouement and strange situation I was in. His words were all as the voice of heaven to me, though so entirely unexpected. I felt I must haste in my going and not tarry, yet why I knew not, for I could see no immediate cause for such haste.

But I reasoned to myself, Surely there must be some cause or reason for it, and I will go and see what it is. So taking my coat and vest on my arm I started off at a brisk walk in a southerly direction as told. While thus passing on, my mind was discussing the situation something like this, "Here I am, a fugitive from the corrupt Catholic church in which I have been reared, am in a strange country, have heard but one short sermon, and am sent to preach the gospel. I have not a cent in my pocket, am in my wet clothing, and no doubt am surrounded by enemies to my faith. How far shall I walk ere I may preach and tarry; and where, when, and how shall I be fed? But I have been told I shall lack nothing, and I will prove these words whether they be of God, or of man; otherwise I might never know."

Thus I soliloquized, and walked briskly all the afternoon, while the sun dried my clothes. Then I put on my vest and coat, and about night I reached a place where the roads crossed. Just then a wagon with four men in it came in on the other road, and overtook me. They asked me to ride, which invitation I most gladly accepted. The men eyed me pretty sharply and by and by the driver said, "Your pants look as if you had been in the water." "Yes," I said, "I have been baptized by Joseph Smith for the remission of my sins, and I never felt so well satisfied in all my life as I do now."

This opened up a lively conversation, and, "Oh, so you are a Mormon," they said. "Well, I never saw one before. What do you think of Joe Smith? How does he look and act? What is he doing? Where are you going? What are you going to do?" These with many similar queries were duly answered as best I could, and when I told them I was going to preach at the first opportunity, they said they had come some distance and were to stay a few days on business at a small town a few miles further on, and would be very glad to hear me preach. They would find me a room, get me a congregation, and pay my fare at a hotel if I would preach for them that evening. To this I gladly agreed, and continued preaching to them by the way.

On our arrival at the town they soon obtained a suitable hall, and with a bell went through the streets ringing it and

crying out, "Come and hear a late Catholic priest on Mormonism at the hall!"

Accordingly a large crowd of curious people came to see and hear me, and they listened very attentively to my discourse. The Spirit of God blessed me as I spoke, and I gave to them as God gave to me, my thoughts being truly a revelation to me as much as they were to them. Many were in tears, and at the close of the meeting I was asked to continue meetings nightly during the week. To this I agreed on condition of being fed and lodged, which was promptly furnished me.

While at the hotel daily I conversed with the many visitors upon the wonderful latter day work, and many deep thinkers became quite interested. Thus I continued day and night to teach the people, as God was teaching me, and it was truly marvelous how I was enabled to teach them the truths of heaven which I myself had never heard taught. Being familiar with the Scriptures, and with both sacred and profane history, it seemed as if passages came to me in the right time and place.

And, after each meeting, how earnestly I prayed and thanked God from the very depths of my soul for the light of heaven, restored to earth again, which had in so short a time wrought such a marvelous change in my life-hopes and prospects. This was just what I needed, to know that my sins were remitted, and that I was in covenant with God. For he had confirmed the promise made in his word, and given me the Holy Ghost through the laying on of the hands of his servant and prophet, Joseph Smith. Thus I had become a living witness of Joseph's divine calling, so that no man need tell me of him, neither yea nor nay; for God had set his holy seal to it forever in my heart. That Spirit was doing its work, leading and guiding me into all truth, bringing to my remembrance all things whatsoever he had said, and teaching me things to come. My soul feasted with others, and I knew that in this there was no hypocrisy, no deception, no idle tale, no traditional precepts of uninspired men—who teach for hire and divine for money, thereby making merchandise of men's souls. It was the pure and unadulterated gospel of the Son of God, borne by an holy angel fresh from the councils of

heaven. How favored were we to live and hear, to obey and to receive its powers, not in word only, but in the demonstration of the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; thus enabling us to work day by day in harmony with the living God! I now knew why I was sent so suddenly as I was, not tarrying by the way until I preached this gospel, for, as the first fruits of my labors, I baptized the four men who brought me into town and so providentially opened the way for me to preach.

Within a month I baptized thirty-four persons there and organized a branch of the church. I was guided by the Spirit of God in doing that work, for I afterwards found that the organization was according to the true pattern that had been given to the church. How we rejoiced together as one family in Christ. I was no longer a friendless stranger, alone in the world, but at home in my Father's house, with dear Saints whom God continually acknowledged and blessed. By the Holy Spirit some spake in tongues, some in prophecy, and some in interpretation of tongues; some were wonderfully healed by the loving power of God, while glorious visions were also enjoyed by some. Thus the gifts and powers of the gospel were divided to every one severally as God willed.

While enjoying all these heavenly seasons the agents and emissaries of Satan raged around us. But their plans were often frustrated, for, from time to time we were warned by the Spirit of God concerning their designs. Finally, after a few weeks of marvelous labor and valuable experience, I turned my steps toward Nauvoo; but, as you may believe, with far different feelings from those I had when I left it such a short time before. I now knew that my sudden call and sending was of God, even though I went in my wet clothing; for, had I been five minutes later, or very much earlier, I should not have seen those men as I did; and, more than likely, I would have received a coat of tar and feathers at the first town I preached in. This was often the case with the true gospel-bearers in those days of religious intolerance.

Thus I early learned a valuable lesson in the church, namely, to be sure and follow the voice of the Spirit of God, no matter how strange it might seem to be at

the time. So long as it agreed with the former commandments of God it called upon me to obey.

Upon my arrival at Nauvoo I found my valise all right, just as Joseph had said; and when I reported to the prophet he said, "Brother Hall, you went empty in purse, relying upon the promise of God; have you lacked aught of the necessities of life?"

I answered, "No. Thank God, he has performed his part of the work, while I have tried to perform my part. I am more than satisfied with the test made of your promise to me."

My next mission was to the Eastern States to travel and labor as the Spirit should direct, and I was not mistaken in its directions to me.

When Joseph the prophet was slain, (for the testimony he bore to this generation), I felt with my brethren much as the disciples did when John the Baptist was beheaded and Jesus was hung upon the cross. When Brigham Young took the leadership of a portion of the church, I mourned with many others, and wandered upon the mountains of Israel, as I gave heed to the prophetic words of Joseph, that Brigham would lead them to destruction.

But, thanks to God, that blood spilled upon the floor of Carthage jail has not cried to heaven in vain. For now comes the answer of heaven through Joseph the son of the Martyr, as his sure voice goes out ringing through the land calling in familiar tones to scattered Israel, "Come home to your Father's house, remembering the former covenants and commandments, not only to say, but to do, according to that which is written."

Thus is he setting in order the house (church) of God by the authority of heaven, preparing for the redemption of Zion; and while again in my declining years God blesses my efforts as in years gone by in proclaiming the angel's message, it adds to and confirms my hope in the unchangeable purposes of God, and I well know that while my days will be few in mortality, yet my faith is as an anchor reaching within the veil, that God's purpose will speedily be accomplished and that my work and testimony with those of my brethren will certainly meet this generation at the bar of God.

THE CHILDREN'S GATE.

This side of the Ivory Gate of Dreams,
 Is a gate made of Mother-of-pearl,
 For the baby crew to toddle through,
 And on dimple cheek and floating curl
 Its rainbow radiance flashes and gleams.

It is easy to find the gate which stands
 At the end of the road beyond the hill
 That hides the sun when the day is done;
 In the silver dusk the wind is still,
 And songs drift far through the twilight lands.

Like a flowered silk is the soft, green grass
 All the way, and the smiling gateman sits
 Humming a tune to the twilight moon,
 And a pair of baby dream-wings fits
 To each little drowsy lad and lass.

Into his country they flutter away—
 A safe, happy land the gateman knows;
 Though they laugh or cry in passing by,
 Home through the dawn, as the great sun throws
 Wide his bars of light to make the day.

—Selected.

THE POWER AND GLORY OF EDUCATED WOMAN.

WHEN did woman possess such fine educational advantages as she now enjoys?

The high-school, the seminary and college are open to her. She has every opportunity for mental and moral development that man possesses. As a result, her influence is widening and she is coming to the front in all departments of life. Everywhere is educated woman making manifest her power and glory.

In proof of this we are often referred to the many geniuses of which her sex is so proud, to the literary phenomena which she has produced, to the scientists who have received recognition from the magnates of earth by their discoveries, to the commanding leaders of society who have graced the select circles and won *eclat*, and to the choice spirits, who by their wit and talent, have drawn around them the *litterati* of the city.

But while not ignoring her conspicuous names on the scroll of fame and in public

position, we think that the truest power and greatest glory of educated woman are found not in lofty station, not upon the commercial and political arena, not in man-eating competing circles, but in the equally important, though less notable, avocations and situations of life.

Her education does not ignore the amenities, civilities and proprieties of society, but promotes their cultivation and exaltation. Instead of making her independent of her surroundings, it begets a due regard to the rights of others, deepens self-respect, and genders kinder feelings and susceptibilities.

She becomes more womanly, more refined in taste, more delicate in sentiment, more polished in manner, sweeter in person, more attractive in speech and more graceful in movement.

Into all connections she carries good breeding. She becomes a moulding force and a refining agent.

Nor does true education lessen, but

intensifies, her heart power and excellence. Love is her chief attraction and source of influence. Bereft of it, she is like Samson shorn of his locks. But when there is added to it the trained intellect—the knowledge and discipline which fit for duty and position, it impels increasingly to nobler and grander realizations. It is then modified, directed, broadened and elevated. The power and glory of educated woman are not in tearing down, but in building up—not in removing the old land-marks of wisdom and experience, but in acting in harmony with the laws of nature and of Christianity.

Education liberalizes her ideas, shows her what she can do, and directs the course of her activities along the channels of her instincts and capabilities. She comes to know and to understand her own constitution—wherein consists her highest happiness and greatest strength. Her taste and inclination lead her along the God ordained paths. She has no quarrel with the Almighty, but finds it her meat and drink to follow his will as Providence and Revelation indicate.

It is to be also noted that her real power and glory lie not so much outside, as inside of the home. True, she must aid in every worthy enterprise as far as she can, but her work of works and sphere of spheres is in the household. Here she is queen-regent. Here her magnetism, her devotion and her goodness hold sway. The more she, as “a wise woman, builds her house,” the more she fits herself for its responsibilities, and the more she brings into use her talents, learning, skill and acquirements the greater her influence and honor.

To our mind the truest power and glory of educated woman are not in segregation or exclusiveness, but in general association or social commingling in all worthy and proper relations. Hers should not be an aristocracy of intellect, or an affinity of culture merely, but a warm identification and generous co-operation with her sisterhood as the time, circumstances and occasion demand. The select coterie creates selfishness and onesidedness, and circumscribes the range of contact and control. There may be more of responsive congeniality, but there will be less of womanhood—the absence of that indescribable touch of kinship which evokes sympathy and interest.

Real education fosters breadth of soul, lifts out of the narrow and contracted, and is generous and impelling. It is extensive as well as intensive. It reaches out after others. That is the base coin which fosters pride and arrogance.

That is the conception and consummation which sends her forth, not with superior air, or in a patronizing way, but with becoming love and recognition of female equality, to give her sisters of every rank the benefit of her knowledge and experience.

Nor are we to find her true power and glory in the front of the so-called advanced thought of the day, or in the company of the opposers of Christianity, but in upholding the gospel and in active efforts for the truth and Kingdom of Jesus Christ. She has the most to lose in the overthrow of the Christian religion. Were Calvary blotted out of existence, she would again sink in the scale of being and return to barbarism and degradation.

Jesus Christ has done more for her social and moral elevation than all the philosophers of the earth.

His service is especially adapted to her nature and development. To him she is indebted for her progress and improvement. None should adhere to his cause so tenaciously or defend and propagate it so zealously.

It will not do to nurture the intellect at His expense.

To exalt the mind above Christ, or to substitute science, art, literature for the word of Jesus, the Bible, grace and heaven, is to receive a stone for bread. Wisdom and self-interest alike require the making education the hand-maid of piety and the promoter of righteousness.

Then it becomes a crown of privilege and enjoyment.

She who prostitutes it to infidelity and scepticism is a suicide, striking at the very life of her regeneration and purification. A few are thus engaged, but, in the main, the educated woman of the nineteenth century is loyal to Him who died for her redemption, maintains that grand palladium of her liberty—the good old Bible, and strives to extend the gospel, which is the great civilizer and Christianizer of her sex in all climes.

She stands foremost in all moral reforms.

She is the hope and stay of most of our churches.

She is pre-eminently awake to mission and temperance work.

The present advance in Christian enterprise is largely due to her sympathies, prayers, consecration, contributions and efficiency. She is proving the Deborah to stir up the Baraks and thousands of Israel to wage war upon the Jabins and Siseras of evil and to win victories for her Prince and Savior.

In brief, says the *Presbyterian Observer*,

we hold that educated woman exhibits her truest power and greatest glory in this age of her history as the presiding genius that controls the moral forces of the world, the beacon-light that guides the frail barks upon the sea of life to safe and pleasant harbors, and the messenger of heaven that scatters peace, joy and purity along her pathway. Her God-given mission is to gladden and bless all with whom she comes in contact, and to girdle the globe with beneficent and Christianizing agencies.

—The Mother's Magazine.

HAPPY WOMEN.

Impatient women, as you wait
In cheerful homes to-night, to hear
The sound of steps that, soon or late,
Shall come as music to your ear,

Forget yourselves a little while,
And think in pity of the pain
Of women who will never smile
To hear a coming step again.

Babies that in their cradles sleep,
Belong to you in perfect trust;
Think of the mothers left to weep,
Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,
And all your world is full of light,
O women! safe in happy homes,
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night.

—Phebe Cary.

MAKE WIGS, ALWAYS WIGS, NOTHING BUT WIGS.

BY ALDIE BLAKESLEE EMERY.

IN the year 1760 Andre, a wig maker and a very dear friend of Voltaire, was anxious to become famous.

Having come to the conclusion that his occupation—wig making—would never gain him this most desired honor, he decided to become a dramatist.

He wrote a play of five acts, entitled, "The Earthquake of Lisbon," and sent it to his friend Voltaire for criticism.

Imagine Andre's surprise and disappointment when he received a letter of four pages from Voltaire containing no other words than, "Make wigs, always wigs, nothing but wigs."

After reading this epistle, Andre maintained that his friend was growing old, because he repeated himself.

Andre had not chosen an occupation which he was capable of making a success. Dramatizing was not his forte and Voltaire was kind enough to give his friend a most excellent piece of advice.

How many unhappy disciples of Andre do we find in the world of to-day! Alas; it is not the station which we occupy that stamps the value upon us, but the manner in which we occupy that station.

Some one has likened life with its various stations to a table filled with holes of different shapes; circular, triangular, square and oblong. Now let us represent the people filling these positions by bits of wood of similar shapes. How often do we find the triangular person in the square hole, the oblong person endeavoring to settle himself in the triangular hole, and the square person squeezing himself into the round hole.

And yet the world contains many beautiful lives and characters, whose praises history will never record, because they do not call attention to their own virtues.

Gray has so beautifully expressed this in the verses of "The Elegy in the Country Church Yard":

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have
swayed,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
But knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of their soul.
Some village Hampden, who with dauntless
breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest—
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
fined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter, to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

Our talents are given us to use, and it remains for us very carefully to study and decide for which work we have the greatest ability.

Having chosen our occupation we must guard against that besetting sin "fickleness of purpose" which is liable to lead us to think that we have mistaken our calling and that in some other field we might be more useful.

Whatever the calling, to the most patient and industrious, toil and trial will come.

We look with pleasure upon the man

BUCHANAN, Mich., June, 1891.

AN HONEST SALOON ADVERTISEMENT!

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

GRATIFIED for past patronage, and having a new stock of choice Wines, Spirits, and Lager Beer, I continue to make drunkards and beggars out of sober and industrious people. My liquors excite riot, robbery and bloodshed; diminish comforts, increase expenses, shorten lives, and are sure to multiply fatal accidents and distressing diseases, and are likely to render these latter incurable.

They will cost some of you life, some of you reason, many of you character, and all of you peace. Will make fathers and

who, in whatever line of work or business, is rapidly making a success. We admire his clear thought, his sound judgment, his keen discernment; we even envy him, as with ease he solves the difficult question, but we do not see and seldom imagine what toil and patience may have been the source of this power. The hardest work is at the beginning, but this overcome by perseverance places us on the avenue which leads to success.

"Genius may conceive, but patient labor must consummate." We need be ashamed of no kind of talents; they all tend toward the happiness of mankind, they all improve, exalt and gladden life.

No one should be discouraged because he does not find himself adapted for the work in which his friends appear to excel. All cannot participate in the same employment. Our wise Creator has not endowed all with the same powers; some were placed here to sow, and others to reap; some to serve, and others to be served. One is given talent for music, another for art, another for sculpture and another for literature; so it remains for each to decide which field is meant for him, and to work in it with his might, worthily and well. Then whether it be the sphere of the honored statesman or the honest voter; of the queen or the Raleigh who spread his mantle to protect her feet; of Voltaire or his wig maker, let every duty be performed faithfully; let the Creator's will be done.

mothers fiends; wives widows; children orphans; and all poor. I train the young to ignorance, infidelity and dissipation, lewdness, and every vice; corrupt the ministers of religion, and members of the church, hinder the gospel, and send hundreds to temporal and eternal death.

I will accommodate the public, even at the cost of my soul, for I have a family to support, and the trade pays, for the public encourages it. I have a license. My traffic is therefore lawful, and Christians even countenance it; and if I do not sell drink, somebody else will.

I know the Bible says, "Thou shalt

not kill," "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," and not to put "a stumbling block in a brother's way." I also read, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," and I suppose that a drunkard-maker will not share any better fate; but I want a lazy living, and have made up my mind that my iniquity pays very good wages. I shall therefore carry on my trade and do my best to decrease the wealth, impair the health and endanger the safety of the people. As my traffic flourishes in proportion to your ignor-

ance and indulgence, I must do all I can to prevent your mental culture, moral purity, social happiness and eternal welfare. For proof of my ability I refer to the pawn-shop, the police office, the hospital, lunatic asylum, jail and the gallows, whither so many of my customers have gone. I teach old and young to drink, and charge only for the materials. A very few lessons are enough.

Yours till death,

LICK R. SELLER.

—Selected.

THE BURDEN-BEARER.

"O! the blessed promise, given on the hills of Galilee,
To the weary, heavy-laden, still is made to you and me.
Many a heart has thrilled to hear it—many a tear been wiped away;
Many a load of sin been lifted, many a midnight turned to day;
Many a broken, contrite spirit, lonely, sorrowing and sad,
Felt the mighty consolation—heard the heavenly tidings glad;
And the dying gazed with rapture, trusting in the Savior's name,
On the land of rest and refuge, when the Burden-bearer came.

"Lazarus lies unfeeling and fainting—Peter sinks beneath the wave—
Loving Mary lingers sadly, near the Savior's guarded grave—
Blind Bartimeus, by the wayside, begs his bread disconsolate—
For the moving of the waters, at the pool the suffering wait—
In the wilderness the lepers wander, outcast, in their pain—
Paul and Silas, in the prison, bear the fetter and the chain—
Mary Magdalene is weeping, friendless in her sin and shame,
But their burdens *all* were lifted when the Burden-bearer came.

"Every phase of human sorrow fills the path we tread to-day—
Harps are hanging on the willows—souls are fainting by the way—
But there still is balm in Gilead and though here, on earth, we weep,
God, within the many mansions, giveth his beloved sleep.
On the cloud his rainbow glitters—shines the star of Faith above—
God will not forsake nor leaves us—let us trust his truth and love—
And beyond the shining river we shall bless his holy name—
That to bear our sins and sorrows, Christ, the Burden-bearer, came."

ARE THEY CHRISTIANS?—No. 5.

THE uneventful trip to California we will pass over; and we next find the Grays upon a small ranch near the city of Pasadena, and they are again accused of being foolish and visionary, because they have contracted to purchase the place upon which they lived in much the same manner as they did the Iowa farm. The chances, however, are infinitely more promising, and it is sincerely to be hoped

that by earnest endeavor they may earn what they have so long desired, a home.

The feelings of the Blakes toward them have not changed. Correspondence is to Mrs. Gray only, and though John wrote long letters describing their home, the surrounding scenery and many things of interest from this new, strange land, they were never answered, and his very existence was ignored.

At last Mrs. Ogden, the married sister of Mrs. Gray, wrote without his knowledge, asking the Blakes to assist John and Addie in building a house and thus securing them a home.

Had John known of her intentions, the letter would not have been sent; as it was, a rather bitter correspondence took place between the Blakes and Ogdens, culminating in Mr. Blake sending a letter to Mr. Ogden in which he stated that John Gray had disgraced his family by enticing her into the Mormon church. This letter fell into the hands of Mr. Gray; in fact the whole correspondence was given him. John at once wrote his father-in-law and in respectful but decided language took exception to what Mr. Blake had written, and again for the third time he carefully set forth the doctrines of his church and people, showing plainly that it was exactly in line with what Christ taught; in Christ's time it was the gospel, to-day, in the light of Orthodoxy, it was blasphemy, heresy; and he challenged him if he had any one thing of which to accuse him in which he had led Addie out of plain Bible teaching, to take his Bible and set them right and not be forever accusing him in such a sneaking, wholesale manner, and aside from the heretical views he was supposed to have imbibed and taught, he had been accused of falsehood; of alienating the affections of his wife from her father's family; of withholding mail addressed to her; of being a bigamist at heart, and of being unwilling to support his own family, and through Mrs. Ogden asking help from the Blakes, and he thought it time such accusations ceased; and finally, in language as kindly as he was able to express himself, he urged Mr. Blake to take earnest heed as to his own position before God and make a preparation for a life in the world to come; and in a friendly though earnest way he asked that they, as an act of simple justice, if they could condemn his religion to do so, and not be forever firing stray shots at him and forbidding him in positive terms to make reply or defend himself; and more than all he urged them to go to the Latter Day Saints living in B—, quite near the Blakes, and learn for themselves as to whether the doctrine was as pernicious as they had been led to believe, especially upon

the question of polygamy; and urged that they [themselves] should claim to fully believe in that dogma and see for themselves how quickly they would be rejected as Christians or fit subjects for baptism, and that their professions must be in line with the gospel or they certainly would be rejected, since it was not the practice of these people to sweep in whole congregations upon a mere profession of faith, leaving them to discover afterward (if they could) what the gospel really was.

As we said before, this letter was sent with a kindly spirit and intention. His request for Mr. Blake to give the subject more of his time and attention was from a heartfelt desire that he might see him as head of his family earnestly seeking the truth and not ashamed of it or its standard bearers when he found it, and that he might be prepared for the great change which at his age might come so soon.

Was this letter received in as kindly a spirit as it was sent? Hardly. The only answer John got was his own letter back and upon a margin of it the admonition, "Remember, we want no more such letters." To this he replied that he had written the letter because he felt himself falsely accused, and its return unanswered only corroborated his statement that he was denied the privilege of self-defense, a privilege accorded to the meanest criminals with which our courts may deal.

Mrs. Gray's sister Bertha had ceased to write to the Grays, her time being much spent in preparing herself for a teacher, and in local missionary work. Toward the Grays, she had shared all the prejudice which did duty in place of any real or tangible wrong of which they could accuse them, but as the letters came and went, she took pains to examine her own creed upon certain points which John assailed, and to herself she had to acknowledge that as far as Bible texts went he had the best of the argument; but should a sect of which all manner of things had been spoken rise up and condemn popular, orthodox Methodism? For herself she thought not, but she could not shake off a certain disquiet. Some of John's texts and quotations read so different when examined than when glibly passed over. Her own baptism, for

instance, was a ghost that would not down. She had not even thought of the remission of her sins when the few drops of water were sprinkled on her brow, and this was to represent her burial with Christ? and the words "farce" and "counterfeit" mixed themselves unpleasantly with her cogitations; and then John had made so much that was new to her out of Mark 16:15-20. The gospel was to go to every creature and each was promised some spiritual gift, and in the twentieth verse it says so plainly that *the word was confirmed by signs following*; and John's statement that no man or woman could say of a truth that God accepted them till those gifts were experienced by them, was horribly straightforward and startling, so different from her teachers and commentaries; and then he nailed the matter down with such terrible force when he referred back to St. Matthew's account of the same occurrence (Matt. 28:20), where Christ told them to teach others to observe all things which he had commanded them to observe, and in this manner an unchangeable gospel, sent out by an unchangeable God, should go through the world to every creature and the end should come. Do what she could, she could not fully square her creed with the Gospel message. Surely something was wrong.

As the correspondence progressed and both John and Addie told a plain story of their belief, she could see nothing so very objectionable in it, and she began to wonder at the antagonism of her parents toward John upon such a ground; and when he entreated them again and again not to accuse him or his church unjustly, she ventured to suggest that it would be no more than right to find out if they had a foundation for so much prejudice, and she horrified her parents by saying that the next time she was in B——, a neighboring village, she should make inquiries as to the moral standing and doctrine of these people. They did not think she would carry out her design; but some time after, while on a missionary visit near B——, she wrote she should go from there to B—— for the express purpose of finding out for herself what there was good or bad in "Mormonism," and that they need not fear her conversion, as she was not so easily carried away. This letter produced a sensation at home, and

Mrs. Blake thinking it time something was done telegraphed for Bertha to come home.

After the message was sent she began to study the matter in a new light. They had been repeatedly asked to investigate the gospel and doctrine of these people, and had stubbornly refused, but now refusal meant danger; to have another child drawn into their meshes would be terrible indeed, and she dared not trust even Bertha to tamper with it, for secretly she believed that those people had just enough doctrine and followed the Bible text just close enough to deceive the unwary. What should she do? Plainly she was the only safe one to investigate it; then if she discovered too many good points it was not necessary all the family should know them; but what should she do? Make a trip to B——? She at once came to the conclusion that what she learned there during a short stay would be only the outside instead of the inside workings of this subtle machine which she fully believed no one knew but the initiated. If there was someone in, or who had been in that church, and she could win their confidence and learn all the dark secrets, then how she would pour the hot shot into the Gray citadel; but she knew no such person. But stop! There was Addie. Yes, why not Addie; had not she and John repeatedly invited the Blakes to visit them and see the wonders of California! Of course John had never been sincere, etc., and had invited them because he thought they would not come, etc., but now she would go and beard the lion in his den; she would write never a word, but take them completely by surprise. In this way she might be able to get some inside views of their religion as carried into their domestic life and know if Addie really was as free from all restraint as her letters claimed, so when Bertha arrived she was electrified by the announcement that her mother was going to visit Addie, and during Mrs. Blake's preparation for the trip, Bertha, by judicious pumping, discovered the main object of her mother's sudden resolution to go.

It was quite an undertaking for an old lady alone, and she looked a little lonesome and dejected as she sat in the tourist sleeping car on the Santa Fe track, in Kansas City, waiting for the train to pull

out on its long journey over plains, hills, rivers, mountains and canyons till at last it drops into the lovely valleys of California. As she thought of the scenes she must pass through and the possible dangers, she felt herself very poor and weak indeed, but realizing that over and through and above all there is God's mercy and providence, she took courage.

Her attention was soon arrested by the entrance of three persons, an old lady perhaps ten years her senior, a young man of about thirty, and a young girl not much past twenty years who walked between her companions, upheld and almost carried by them. As Mrs. Blake looked at the frail form, the sunken cheek, the lily white and deadly clear complexion, and noted the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes, she knew her to be the victim of consumption. They move to sections near the center of the car and upon the opposite side from her, and hastily prepare a bed for the invalid, and as she is tenderly placed upon it, a paroxysm of coughing shakes the slender frame till it seems the cord of life must snap, and

when it ceased she lay limp and white like a beautiful wax figure of the dead.

Mrs. Blake has watched them with great interest, and now her gaze wanders to her fellow travelers who have already found and taken possession of their allotted sections. With sorrow, if not contempt, she notes the general expression upon the faces is that of dissatisfaction, presumably because this invalid among them will mar to some extent the pleasure of the trip. But here upon her own side of the car are a man and wife. They would both be called young, and his face as he takes in the new comers is full of interest and compassion, while his wife is bending forward, a look of awe as well as tender pity in her great dark eyes, and Mrs. Blake feels a sudden inclination to go and hug her for very sympathy, but the lady has crossed the aisle and in a very low voice offers her aid, which the old lady declines with thanks, and as she retires from the section the car creaks and jars and the great journey has commenced.

(To be continued).

OUR COUNTRY.

BY "PAUL PARKER."

IT is not the purpose of the writer to give a history of the military events that succeeded the Declaration of Independence, but rather to examine the men and means of that eventful period of our history.

The service in the army was much like that of all patriots struggling for liberty. Homes were left without fathers and sons; they had offered their lives for liberty. On the weary march in winter they left the snow stained with their blood; they suffered for the want of food and clothing; many had their homes destroyed by fire, their wives and children murdered in their absence; and thousands had suffered in prison ships. Often the prospects of success were very dark, the cherished boon of liberty sometimes seemed to be beyond their reach, and gloom and discouragement were their almost daily companions. But, amid all the surrounding gloom, some could perceive the star of hope

shining in the distant horizon. Among that number was General Washington. When the continental congress was in despair they turned to him as a source of strength, and for six months they invested him with power equal to a dictator. During the severe winter of 1777-8 at Valley Forge the suffering of the soldiers was very serious. One day a Quaker, on returning from the woods, told his wife that the patriots would succeed in their struggle for liberty. She desired to know his reason for such hope. He informed her that, while in the woods, he heard a man praying, and on going close to the person he discovered that it was General Washington; and it seemed to him that a cause with such devout men at its head must surely succeed.

After nearly eight years of war, with all of its hardships, the patriots succeeded in their purpose; on November 25th, 1783, the last of the British soldiers embarked

from New York for their homes. The colonies had been invincible in war because Jehovah had been on their side. What they could do in peace was a momentous question. Could they maintain those liberties so dearly bought? It was a serious subject and the wisest saw that their work was not yet finished; that a government must be formed with self preserving powers, one built in the hearts and affections of its citizens, and one that had no need of a vast army to hold it in unity. The old confederation had been sufficient to carry them through the war, but then it became evident that its work was over, and unless something was done, and that speedily, the colonies would soon be a prey to the designing monarchs of the old world. Neither one of the colonies alone had power to prevent the encroachment of a foreign foe. Also soon there would be commercial troubles among the colonies which could not be avoided, because of the difference in their governments. Wise men foresaw the evils and dreaded the consequences, unless a more stable government could be secured.

For the purpose of making such changes in the old confederation as would insure a better government a convention was called to meet in Philadelphia on May 14th, 1787. Men of ability and scholarship composed that great body of patriots, of whom God has said, "And for this purpose have I established the constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose."—Doctrine and Covenants, page 270.

A brief reference to the members of that convention will readily convince the most skeptical as to the great wisdom that was found in it, wisdom which subsequently proved of such value.

George Washington, of Virginia, who was made president of the convention, had as his associates James Madison, who became the fourth president, Edmond Randolph, the governor, George Mason, George Wythe, John Blair and James McClurg, a professor in William and Mary College.

New Jersey sent William Livingston, eleven times her governor, William Patterson, ten times her attorney general, David Berley, her chief justice, and William Houston, who had been a member of the continental congress.

North Carolina sent Alexander Martin, a soldier of the Revolution, and others as associates.

South Carolina sent four delegates, the most conspicuous being Pierce Butler and John Rutledge, the latter pronounced by Patrick Henry to be the most eloquent speaker of the continental congress.

Georgia sent William Houston and William Pierce.

Connecticut sent three of her noted men. One was Roger Sherman, who had risen from the ranks of the humble, started life with a common school education, and became one of the most eminent lawyers in this state. During his lifetime he was a member of the legislature, had signed the Declaration of Rights in 1774, the Declaration of Independence in 1776, the Articles of Confederation in 1781, and was for many years a member of congress. With him was associated Oliver Ellsworth and William Samuel Johnson, the latter a noted scholar. His fame had reached England, and he had been made a doctor of laws by Oxford, and also a member of the Royal Society, an honor conferred only upon those who are noted for their great learning.

Massachusetts sent four members, the most able ones being Elbridge Gerry and Rufus King, the former a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the latter a hater of slavery.

New York sent three, the most prominent being Alexander Hamilton, who was afterward shot by Aaron Burr in a duel.

George Reed, who had signed the Declaration of Independence with four associates, represented Delaware.

Pennsylvania sent eight of her prominent sons, Jared Ingersoll, a prominent lawyer, James Wilson, a lawyer also and of pronounced ability, and Robert and Gouveneur Morris. During the Revolution Robert asked a friend for the loan of fifty thousand dollars and was asked, "What security can thee give, Robert?" "My honor and my note," was the reply. "Then thee can have it," was the friend's answer. He gave it to Washington to pay the soldiers, who at that time were sorely in need of it. This good man lingered many years in prison for debt and died in poverty. The fourth was Benjamin Franklin, whose great ability was known on two continents. He had been Postmaster General under George

the Third, and had been very successful as agent for the colonies in Europe, and especially so in France, in obtaining money to carry on the war. The others were George Olymer, a signer of the Declaration, Thomas Fitz Simons, a great merchant, and Thomas Mifflin, a general in the Revolution.

Maryland sent five, the most noted being Luther Martin.

New Hampshire could not send delegates because of the lack of money to pay their expenses.

Rhode Island refused to send any.

These noted men had met to form a government, of whose future greatness they had not the faintest conception, and little knew that they were engaged in a work that would be felt in future generations, in tearing crowns from the heads of despots, and in establishing governments whose principles would be founded in right, justice and liberty. From May to September 17th, the struggle was an arduous one. Sometimes great bitterness was manifested in the debates. Sectional feeling was a great hindrance, and fear was entertained that, if a Union of the States was formed, the great ones, Massachusetts, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, would control the government. South Carolina and Georgia wanted slavery maintained, and the Northern states were opposed to it. The New England states wanted the general government to regulate commerce, the South was opposed to it, fearing that they would be at the mercy of the commercial states, and be burdened with an export duty. This, they understood, would be extremely hard for them, as they were almost exclusively agricultural in their pursuits. Sometimes they despaired of success, for some delegates threatened to withdraw, unless the wishes of their state were complied with, and two of the New York delegation, because things did not suit them, became offended and went home.

After much debating it became evident to the members that the only possible chance of forming a government was to compromise upon those subjects wherein they differed so widely. In the matter of representation it was agreed to as it yet continues. The members of the lower house should be apportioned in accordance with the population which would give

the larger states the greatest number; but in the Senate each state should have two members. This would place the small states on an equality with the larger ones. The states of South Carolina and Georgia would consent for the general government to regulate commerce if the Northern states would consent to slavery, which they finally did, with a provision that no slaves could be imported after the year 1808. Had the two states which were so determined to have slavery perpetuated but known of the dreadful consequence of it, no doubt they would have yielded rather than have the country pass through the dreadful war that came to pass seventy-two years later.

By the terms of the constitution when nine states should ratify the articles the new government would begin. By the month of June, 1788, this was done, and Congress fixed the day for choosing presidential electors on the first Wednesday in January 1789, the first Wednesday in February for their meeting, and March 4th, as the time for the commencement of the government under the constitution.

The new Congress was to meet on March 4th, but, because of the difficulties of travel in those days, a quorum was not present until April 6th, on which day the votes were counted, and George Washington was declared elected President and John Adams Vice President. Messengers were dispatched to Mount Vernon and to Boston to notify these men of their election. It took six days for the messenger to reach George Washington, and he was found at work on his farm, all unconscious of what was going on in New York. What a contrast between that time and this. Now men will spend many years scheming to get the office, and not always using honorable means to accomplish it.

Before leaving for New York Washington went and bade his aged mother (who was then eighty years old,) an affectionate farewell, telling her that he would come and see her as soon as public business would permit of it. "You will see me no more," she answered, "my great age and the disease which is rapidly approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world." The kind hearted son tenderly kissed her, and when she took his brawny hand said, "Go, George; fulfill the high destinies which heaven appears to assign to you; go, my son,

and may heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you."

Well might he be called the father of his country, his great virtues, lofty character, and love for his fellow men entitles him to all encomiums that a grateful people could bestow on him. From the time he left Mount Vernon until his arrival at New York, the seat of government, it was a continuous ovation. When nearing Philadelphia, while passing under an arch, Angelica Peale who was concealed in it, dropped a wreath of laurel on his head, and the shouts went up from the multitude, "Long live George Washington! Long live the father of his country!" At Trenton he passed through a triumphal arch (erected by the women) on which were the words, "*The Defender of the Mothers, will be the Protector of the Daughters.*"

Upon his arrival at New York he received a hearty welcome, the ships in the harbor fired a salute, the batteries on shore answered them, flags were displayed, and a joyous, happy and grateful people received him gladly. At night there were great illuminations, and everything that only a free people could do was done to welcome him who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"

On April 30th, 1789, the streets were crowded by people who came to witness his inauguration, house tops and windows were filled, and a great military parade was a part of the programme. At the appointed time he walked out on the balcony of the old Federal Hall, accompanied by Vice President John Adams, Secretary Otis, Chancellor Livingston, and other distinguished gentlemen. The populace cheered him, and he felt overcome by the great demonstrations and took a seat. The audience saw the effect of their action and in an instant all became quiet. He then stepped forward, Secretary Otis held before him an open bible, and Chancellor Livingston read the oath:

"You do solemnly swear that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Washington solemnly repeated the

the words, and, reverently kissing the Bible, with a deep feeling of solemnity, added, "So help me God." The chancellor then proclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" Loud huzzas and the discharge of artillery followed. Washington went to the Senate chamber, where members of both houses of Congress were present to hear his inaugural address.

Great care had been taken by the people to select the very best men for the various offices in the new government, and so successful had they been that Washington in delivering his address said that "in them he saw the surest pledge that the foundation of the national policy would be laid in the pure and immutable principle of private morality, and the pre-eminence of free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens and command the respect of the world." And continuing he said, "I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction which an ardent love of my country can inspire, since there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public property and felicity; since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which heaven itself has ordained; and since the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally staked on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people."

What might have been the condition of the world to-day had the experiment failed? Certainly the inspiration from our happy and prosperous community would have been lacking, as an example of a government by the people, to those who were struggling under despots. And had it been a failure under the pure and able one at the beginning, who would have been willing to try where there was less intelligence.

(To be Continued.)

FORTY YEARS.

Married, how long ago? Count the years by the slim, old wedding-ring,
Once thick and heavy. How fast they fly, the winters that melt in spring!
And youth goes with them; so love, sweetheart, is the only lasting thing!

We two, ah, what did we know of love when roses of June were red?
When you wept sweet tears at a song, or sobbed at some thoughtless word I said,
And blushed if I only pressed your hand or a kiss on your fair brown head.

Our hearts were light as bright bubbles blown. Like children in fairyland
We wandered down where the daisies grew to that wonderful golden strand
Where all the dreams of the heart come true, and lovers walk hand in hand.

Since then, since then, O, the long, long road we have wandered through calm
and storm,
When leaves flew by us and snowflakes whirled and we watched the swallows form
In winged clouds, sweeping down the sky to lands where the sun was warm.

There was always brightness for you and me and over the tears we wept
For life's sore losses and hurting pain a rainbow of hope still crept,
And deep in your sweet, tear-clouded eyes my sunshine forever slept!

Look at me, dear, with your true, kind eyes beaming under your soft white hair;
They are far more beautiful now, sweetheart, than when morning and youth
were fair;
And far more lovely your pale, worn cheeks than when blushes were burning
there.

I talk like a lover? Of course, I do. What else should I talk like, pray?
For a man is never a lover true to the girl of his heart, I say,
Till he's lived as her husband forty years and seen her grow old and gray.

—Selected.

CHRISTIANITY

IS the religion of Christians, or true Saints. By Christianity is here meant, not that religious system as it may be understood and set in any particular society calling itself Christian, but as it is contained in the sacred books that are acknowledged by all these societies or churches, and which contain the only authorized rule of faith and practice.

The lofty profession which Christianity makes as a religion, and the promises it holds forth to mankind, entitle it to the most serious consideration of all. For it may in truth be said that no other religion presents itself under aspects so sublime, or such as are calculated to awaken desires and hopes so enlarged and magnificent. It not only professes to be from God, but, also, to have been taught to men by the Son of God, incarnate in our nature, the second person in the adorable Trinity of divine persons, "the same in substance, equal in

power and glory." It declares that this divine personage is the appointed Redeemer of mankind from sin, death and misery; that he was announced as such to our first parents, upon their lapse from the innocence and blessedness of their primeval state; that he was exhibited to the faith and hope of the patriarchs in express promises, and by the institutions of sacrifices, as a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of the world, so that man might be reconciled to God through Him, and be restored to his forfeited inheritance of eternal life.

It represents all former dispensations of true religion, and revelations of God's will, and all promises of grace from God to man, as emanating from the anticipated sacrifice and sacerdotal intercession of its Author, and as all being preparatory to the introduction of his perfect religion; and that, as to the great political movements among the nations of antiquity,

the rise and fall of empires were all either remotely or proximately connected with the designs of His advent among men. It professes to have completed the former revelation of God's will and purposes; to have accomplished ancient prophecies, fulfilled ancient types, and taking up the glory of the Mosaic religion into its own "glory that excelleth, and to contain within itself a perfect system of faith, morals, and acceptable worship.

It not only exhibits so effectual a sacrifice for sin that remission of all offenses against God flows from its merits to all who heartily confide in it, and obey it sincerely, but it also proclaims itself to be a remedy for all moral disorders of our fallen nature. It casts out every vice, implants every virtue, and restores man to "the image of God in which he was created," even to "righteousness and true holiness."

Its promises, both to individuals and to society, are of the largest kind. It represents its founder as now exercising the office of the High Priest of the human race before God, and as having sat down at his right hand, a mediatorial and reconciling government being committed to him, until he shall come to judge all nations, to distribute the rewards of eternity to his followers, and to inflict just punishment upon those who reject him.

By virtue of this constitution of things it promises pardon to the guilty of every age and country (to those who seek by faith, repentance, and obedience), comfort to the afflicted and troubled, victory over the fear of death, a happy intermediate state to the disembodied spirit, and, finally, the resurrection of the body from the dead, with honor and immortality to be conferred upon the whole man glorified in the immediate presence of God.

It holds out the loftiest hopes to the world at large. It promises to introduce harmony among families and nations, to terminate all wars and all oppressions, and, ultimately, to fill the world with truth, peace, order, and purity. It represents the present and the past state of society, as in contest with its own principles of justice, mercy, and truth, and also teaches the final triumph of the latter over everything contrary to itself. It exhibits the ambition, the policy, and the restlessness of statesmen and warriors as being but the overruled instruments

by which it is working out its own purposes of wisdom and benevolence. And, it not only defies the proudest array of human power, but professes to subordinate it by a secret and irresistible working to its own design. Finally, it exhibits itself as enlarging its plans and completing its designs by moral swasion, by the evidence of its truth, and by the secret, divine influence which accompanies it.

Such are the professions and promises of Christianity, a religion which enters into no compromise with other systems, but which represents itself as the only religion now in the world having God for its author. And, in his name, and by the hope of his mercy, and the terrors of his frowns, it commands the obedience of faith to all people to whom it is published, upon the solemn sanction, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."—Mark 16: 16.

Corresponding with these professions, which throw every other religion that pretends to offer hope to man into utter insignificance, it is allowed that the evidence of its truth ought to be adequate to sustain the weight of so vast a fabric, and that men have a right to know that they are not deluded with a grand and impressive theory only, but are receiving from this professed system of truth and salvation "the true sayings of God." For such are the positive promises of God and his Christ, both in modern and in ancient scriptures, that such evidence shall not be detached from the true system of Christianity.

Such evidence it has afforded in all ages, in its splendid train of miracles; in numerous appeals to the fulfillment of ancient and modern prophecies; in its own internal evidence; in the influence which it has always exercised, and continues to exert upon the happiness of mankind, and in various collateral circumstances. It is only necessary here to say that the miracles (to which Christianity appeals as proof of its divine authority) are not only those which were wrought by Christ and his apostles, but also those which took place so abundantly among Latter Day Israel, as well as those among the patriarchs, under the law of Moses, and by the ministry of the prophets. For the religion of those ancient times

was but Christianity in its antecedent revelations.

All these miracles, therefore, must be taken collectively, and presents attestations of the loftiest kind as being manifestly the work of the "finger of God," wrought under circumstances which precluded mistake, and exhibited an immense variety, from the staying of the very wheels of the planetary system,—as when the sun and moon paused in their course, and the shadow on the dial of Ahaz went backward,—to the supernatural change wrought upon the elements of matter, the healing of incurable diseases, the expulsion of tormenting demons, and the raising of the dead.

Magnificent as this array of miracles is, it is equalled by the prophetic evidences that are founded upon the acknowledged principle that future and distant contingencies can only be known to that Being, one of whose attributes are absolute prescience. And here, too, the variety and the grandeur presented by the prophetic scheme exhibit attestations to the truth of Christianity suited to its great claims and its elevated character. Within the range of prophetic vision all time is included, unto the final consummation of all things; and the greatest as well as the smallest events are seen with equal distinctness, from the subversion of mighty empires and gigantic cities to the parting of the raiment of our Lord, and the casting of the lot for his robe, by the Roman guard stationed at his cross.

Here is a part of the testimony of the Palmyra Seer, of Christianity in the latter days.

"Now, what do we hear in the gospel which we have received? A voice of gladness, a voice of mercy from heaven, and a voice of truth out of the earth, glad tidings for the dead; a voice of gladness for the living and the dead; glad tidings of great joy! How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those that bring glad tidings of good things, and that say unto Zion, Behold thy God reigneth. As the dews of Carmel, so shall the knowledge of God descend upon them.

"And again, What do we hear? Glad tidings of Cumorah; Moroni, an angel from heaven, declaring the fulfillment of the prophets—the book to be revealed. The voice of the Lord in the wilderness

of Fayette, Seneca county, declaring the three witnesses to bear record of the book. The voice of Michael on the banks of the Susquehanna, detecting the devil when he appeared as an angel of light. The voice of Peter, James and John, in the wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna county, and Colesville, Broome county, on the Susquehanna river, declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom, and of the dispensation of the fullness of times.

"And again, the voice of God in the chamber of old Father Whitmer, in Fayette, Seneca county, and at sundry times, and in divers places, through all the travels and tribulations of this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. And the voice of Michael the Archangel; the voice of Gabriel and of Raphael, and of divers angels from Michael or Adam, down to the present time, all declaring each one their dispensation, their rights, their keys, their honors, their majesty and glory, and the power of their priesthood, giving line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little,—giving us consolation by holding forth that which is to come, confirming our hope."—D. C., page 327.

Nowhere, except in the revealed word of God, have we a perfect system of morals, and the deficiencies of Pagan morality only exalt the purity, the comprehensiveness and the practicability of ours.

The character of the Being acknowledged as supreme must always impress itself upon moral feeling and practice, the obligation of which rest upon his will. The God of the Bible is "holy," without spot; "just," without partiality; "God," boundlessly benevolent and beneficent; and his law is the image of himself, "holy, just, and good."

These great moral qualities are not made known to us merely in the abstract, so as to be comparatively feeble in their influence; but, in the person of Christ, our God incarnate, they are seen exemplified in action and in the actual circumstances of human life. With Pagans the authority of moral rules was either the opinion of the wise, or the tradition of the ancient, confirmed, it is true, in some degree, by observation and experience. But to us they are given as commands that immediately issue from the Supreme Governor, and are ratified as his by the most solemn

and explicit attestations. With them many great moral principles, (being indistinctly apprehended), were matters of doubt and debate.

To us the explicit manner in which the commands are given excludes both; for it cannot be a question whether we are commanded to love our neighbor as ourselves; to do to others as we would that they should do to us, a precept which comprehends almost all relative morality in one plain principle, to forgive our enemies, to love all mankind; to live righteously and soberly, as well as godly; that magistrates must be a terror only to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well; that subjects are to render honor to whom honor, and tribute to whom tribute is due; that masters are to be just and merciful, and servants faithful and obedient.

These and many other familiar precepts are too explicit to be mistaken, and too authoritative to be disputed, two of the most powerful means of rendering law effectual. Those who never enjoyed the benefit of revelation, never conceived justly and comprehensively of that moral state of the heart from which right and beneficent conduct alone can flow; and, therefore, when they who have no revelation do speak of the same virtues as those enjoyed by Christianity, they are to be understood as attaching to them a lower idea. In this the infinite superiority of Christianity displays itself.

The principle of obedience is not only a sense of duty to God and the fear of his displeasure; but a tender love, excited by his infinite compassion to us in the gift of his Son, which shrinks from offending. To this influential motive as a reason of obedience, is added another, drawn from its end; one not less influential but which the heathen moralist never knew—the testimony that we please God, manifested in the acceptance of our prayers, and in spiritual and felicitous communion with him.

By Christianity, impurity of thought and desire is restrained in an equal degree as are their overt acts in the lips and conduct. Humanity, meekness, gentleness, placability, disinterestedness, and charity, are all clearly and solemnly enjoined, as the grosser vices are prohibited, and on the unruly tongue itself is impressed "the law of kindness." Nor are the injunctions feeble. They are strictly *law*, and not

mere advice and recommendations. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" and thus our entrance into heaven and our escape from perdition, are made to depend upon this preparation of mind.

To all this is added the possibility, nay certainty, of attainment, if we use the appropriate means. A heathen could draw, though not with lines so perfect, a *beau ideal* of virtue, which he never thought attainable? But the "full assurance of hope" is given by the religion of Christ to all who are seeking the moral renovation of their natures, by the application of its divine laws, and by obedience to its reasonable demands; because "it is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure."

When such is the moral nature of Christianity, how obvious it is that its tendency, both as to individuals and to society, must be, in the highest sense, beneficial, even by the application of the outward laws and principles only. But the spirit thereof will accomplish a great deal more. From every passion which wastes, and burns, and frets, and enfeebles the spirit, the individual is set free, and his inward peace renders his obedience cheerful and voluntary. And we might appear to infidels themselves, whether, if the moral principles of the gospel were wrought into the hearts and embodied into the conduct of all men, if the world would not be happy. Whether, if governments ruled and subjects obeyed by the laws of Christ; if the rules of strict justice which are enjoined upon us regulated all the transactions of men, and all that mercy to the distressed which we are taught to feel and to practice came into operation, and if the precepts which delineate and enforce the duties of husbands, wives, masters, servants, parents, children, did, in fact, fully and generally govern all these relations, whether a better age than that by the facts called *golden*, would not then be realized. Christianity tends to this.

With a vast number of individuals it has wrought these moral changes. All nations, wherever it has been fully and faithfully exhibited, bear amidst their remaining vices, the impress of its hallowing and benevolent influence. It is now in active force in many of the darkest and worst parts of the earth, to convey the same blessings, and he who would

arrest its progress, were he able, would quench the only hope which remains to our world, and would prove himself an enemy, not only to himself, but to all mankind.

What then, we ask, does all this prove, but that the Scriptures are worthy of God, and propose the very end which rendered revelation necessary? Of the whole system of practical religion which it contains we may say, as of that which is embodied in our Lord's sermon on the mount, Behold, Christianity in its native form, as delivered by its great Author—a picture of

God, as far as he is imitable by man, drawn by God's own hand.

What beauty appears in the whole! How just a symmetry! What exact proportion in every part! How desirable is the happiness here described! How grand and lovely the holiness! If wisdom, mercy, justice, simplicity, holiness, purity, meekness, contentment and charity be images of God, and rays of divinity, then that doctrine, in which all these shine so gloriously, and in which nothing else is ingredient, must needs be of God.

SALT LAKE CITY.

“**B**EAUTIFUL for situation is Zion,” was my exclamation as I looked for the first time upon the circle of mountains that enclose this valley of the Great Salt Lake in the early dawn of the morning after my arrival last January. The valley is from fifteen to twenty miles wide, and some fifty miles of its length are visible from the sloping bench or tableland upon which the city is built. Behind us the mountains rise up directly, not to snowy summits in summer, but to picturesquely rounded points and ridges, green now to the very top, treeless, and in places craggy; and before us smiles the valley; and the blue hem to the northwest against the darker blue mountain wall is the great lake. The city is on the eastern side of the valley, and the land on which it is built slopes toward the west and north and south. A very narrow valley or canon opens just back of the city, and through it comes City Creek, from which our water supply is chiefly derived. The city is about as large as Boston, territorially considered; for, when the Saints arrived here in 1848, they each took a whole block in the new city, and they left the streets too wide for talking across. Each block contains ten acres, and so we have to walk only about six blocks to count a mile. On each side of these great streets is an irrigation ditch, flowing with pure cold water. In the center is generally a line of telegraph poles, carrying the wires for the electric cars that are run on each side of the centre. This electric center to the street

gives it the appearance of two streets with a double track railroad between them. Beside the streams of water there is always a line of trees, and often two lines, so that the city seen from the hill-tops now looks like a great forest.

There are fifty-five thousand people here, more than half Mormons, or of Mormon parentage or apostates. The influx of Gentiles for the last few years has been great, and the improvements tending to modernize the city have gone forward rapidly; and yet the eye of the stranger catches something at every turn to remind him that he is in Zion, the city of the Saints. The stranger distinguishes the Mormon of either sex at a glance, and the Mormon infallibly knows the Gentile; and only a small proportion of all that we meet are indistinguishable.

Many of the houses are of adobe bricks. The rest, with few exceptions, are of burned bricks, as lumber has always been very expensive here. The adobe houses are often plastered on the outside, and painted or whitewashed so that they present a very neat appearance. The intended centre of the city is the temple block, where the great temple rears its white granite walls with the proportions of a European cathedral and the beauty of a Chicago grain elevator. Each way from this block the streets are numbered and named, First East, Second East, Third East, and so on for each cardinal point,—a scheme which entices some minds at first by its apparent simplicity, but which in practice causes such perplexity, confu-

sion and vexation that I think the recording angel has long since ceased to note what people say when they are disappointed in getting to the place they seek.

For example, a friend will tell you that Mr. Smith lives at 435 East 9th South. You go there, and find a park or a vacant lot filled with dock and sunflowers, and return to be informed that he meant 435 South 9th East. But the people here are patient and good natured, and they are willing to direct the stranger a great many times if he needs it, as he generally does; and they are mostly firm in the faith that they have hit upon the ideal system of street naming and numbering.

Our cause here has been prosperous, even popular, from the very first. Mr. Eliot preached to about three hundred people the first meeting, and we have seldom had less since and generally a greater number. We have paid all our bills so far; and, though the times are hard, we expect to be self-supporting from this time forward. We have met now for six months in the Salt Lake Theatre, a theatre built by President Brigham Young many years ago. It is quite large, and is well arranged and seated, and is the only theatre in the city. We have with us a large number of persons who have been Mormons, or whose people are or have been Mormons, many of them people of influence and the highest standing in the community. No orthodox church has ever attracted this class as ours does; and now that it is done the wonder is that we never thought of it before. All the churches have had high hopes, at times, of "converting the Mormons;" but the results have been almost as meager as have followed similar efforts at converting the Jews. The reasons for this are straightforward and easily seen and comprehended by an outsider. The Mormons are a sincere people, and build their faith upon the Bible as a whole more simply and completely and literally than any other church ever dreamed of doing. They take it all, Old Testament as well as the New, and try to live up to it in all particulars. They believe in miracles and revelations through dreams and visions, not simply in the days of Christ and the prophets, but as among the true people of God in all ages. They heal the sick, cast out devils, raise the dead, and speak with tongues now, just as Jesus and

his disciples did. At least this is what they believe is done now, and they point to their miracles as showing that they only fulfill the word of Jesus,—“These signs shall follow them that believe.” They do not strain the interpretation of any scripture: they take all literally; and, if any prophecy seems unfulfilled, they either have fulfilled it or will as soon as they can get round to it. The Bible seemed not to recognize America, and so Joseph Smith found the American part, showing how this continent was peopled, and how Christ was prophesied of here before he came, and how he came here as well as in Asia. Even the Garden of Eden is located as in Jackson county in Missouri. Such a system is sure to be outgrown by the intelligent and educated; but, as they let go of it, all belief in miracles and in special inspiration or revelation is sure to go, too. Natural Religion, Theism, Christianity as a result of natural evolution, may have some attractions; but never again can anything be “proved” from the Bible or come to them as of any special divine authority. It is “Mormonism or nothing,” they say as long as they try to hold on to it; and then their feeling is that the Mormon Church is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the religion of the Book. And so, in increasing numbers, they come to us, and will come as the schools improve and the masses become better educated.

And yet we labor under many disadvantages, especially in trying to conduct a Sunday school. There are so few who can be persuaded to even try to be teachers, and yet for every teacher we could form a class up to a large number at least. Our theater, admirably arranged for speaking and hearing, is not adapted to the needs of a Sunday school; and yet it is the best we can do. My Bible class is large and interesting, from forty to sixty. We have no Sunday school library and no money to get books, and no place to keep them if we had them. And yet what an opportunity to do good by circulating good books is here! I never saw anything like it. A free library here with ten thousand good books would be used as hardly any other city of this size would use it, and not anywhere would it be used by people so hungry. The joy of my work here amid its perplexities and difficulties is the eager reception that is

given to every word printed or spoken that I have to give.

—David Utter, in September Unitarian.

The above article written by Mr. Utter, the Unitarian minister in charge of the interests of that denomination at Salt Lake City, evidences a degree of candor and fairness not too often accorded that sect which are everywhere “evil spoken against” by the Christian world. We are now speaking (let it be understood) of primitive Mormonism, the doctrines taught by the representatives of the faith held and promulgated by the church during the lifetime of Joseph Smith. This faith many of those very persons of whom Mr. Utter is writing, embraced in an early day; but in the time of apostacy when the church gave heed to “seducing spirits and doctrines of devils” they followed their blind guides and with them fell into the ditch.

“Mormonism or nothing.” After confessing that, “The Mormons are a sincere people and build their faith upon the Bible as a whole more simply and completely and literally than any other church ever dreamed of doing;” the question naturally arises what other result could follow than “Mormonism or nothing”?

Christ taught no uncertain gospel, and when some were staggered at his teachings and turned away, he asked of those remaining if they too would forsake him. The response is similar, “Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.” If Christ had eternal life to bestow and it cannot be found in the line of obedience to his precepts; then the sooner we turn to “nothing”; the better.

There are two and but two paths left for those to tread who turn away from the light of the gospel of the Son of God. The one is with the multitude, down to destruction. The other is with the honorable men of the earth, whose religion consists in doing good; for once having known the truth of the doctrine of Christ, having proved for themselves that Jesus is the only Savior—*the Son of God*—whose faith embraces not only love for man but *obedience to God*—when they cease to render obedience there are but the two paths left. If they will not come back to the paths they *have forsaken*, then it is better that of two evils, they choose the less. Better the company of honorable men and women than the downward path to ruin.

PECULIARITIES OF THE VOICE.

“SOCRATES divined the quality of a man’s mind or soul by the tone of his voice, and all students remember his expression, ‘Speak that I may see you.’ Dr. Durant explains character by voice, and tells us these facts: ‘We perceive in a stutterer one that is easily enraged, easily pacified, vain, officious, inconstant, and ordinarily quick. A person whose utterance is thick and coarse, is malicious, cunning and disdainful. A coarse voice indicates a robust physique, a great talker, quick tempered, though conspicuously discreet. A piercing, fine or weak voice is indicative of timidity, cunning, and generally of quick wit. An attractive and clear voice expresses a man who is prudent, sincere and ingenious, but proud and incredulous; whereas a firm voice, without harshness, denotes a person is robust, intelligent, circumspect

and benevolent. A man possessing a trembling and hesitating voice is timid, weak, vain, and sometimes jealous. A voice combining great sound and firmness indicates a man who is strong, audacious, rash, obstinate and self-important. A sharp and rude voice in singing as well as in conversation, denotes a coarse mind, inferior judgment and strong appetites. A hoarse voice, seemingly the effect of a cold, signifies a person more simple than wise, credulous and truthful, vain and inconstant. A full and sweet voice denotes a man who is peaceful, inclined to timidity, discreet and self-willed. A voice at first grave and then sharp and piercing, denotes the quick temper of an imprudent man. A soft, sweet voice is found in a person of a peaceable and suitable character.’”

THE MORAL GYMNASIUM.

WE commend the following to a very careful reading by the young. It is good for all, but especially good for those who are now forming habits which through life will cling to them and become a part of themselves. There is no point in life where we can stand still, consequently we are either moving upward or downward. The end of the upward movement is "Life," of the downward movement, "Death." The former requires strength; the latter is subserved by weakness. Read carefully that you may act wisely and gain strength for the battle of life—Ed.

THE MORAL GYMNASIUM.

[From "How to Get Muscular," by the Rev. Charles
Wadsworth, Jr.]

WE desire to become strong. Here is a definite aim and purpose. How may it be attained? How can I get strong? It is the same old simple problem. Certain conditions must be arranged and observed, and the result will follow. If I obey these regulations, the wished-for issue will come. As Moses expressed it, "Keep all the commandments, that thou mayst be strong." It becomes simply a question as to what these conditions are. Discover them and observe them, and the result is secure.

In the brief inquiry which I shall make, it is not physical strength solely or principally that I shall have in view. Strength of mind and strength of will seem to me vastly more important than mere strength of body, and it is with them that I am mainly concerned. We shall find, however, that here as always the physical is a parable of the spiritual, and that it suggests and reveals the secrets which we desire to know. Our question is, How can I get strong? What must I do? What conditions must I observe? What commandments must I keep? The first of these conditions which I would note is exercise. Exercise is essential. No man ever built up a good muscle without exercise. A splendid biceps never came to a man who merely sat down and prayed for it. A full round chest is the result not of meditation, or aspiration, or worship alone. It never comes without work. Nothing can take the place of exercise. Medicine cannot, electricity cannot. No one even pretends to have invented a pill which will make men broad-shouldered. The man who desires a substantial grip must make the acquaintance of the dumb-bell. Indian clubs are the only seeds which produce a crop of well-knit, flexible shoulder-caps. Another man's exercising will not do me any good. I might hire a man to train

for me. His putting up weights would not enlarge my arm. All this is simple and plain enough in physical matters; and yet even in this sphere it is worth our thoughtful consideration. As a people we do not exercise enough. . . .

Applying these well-known truths and principles to spiritual spheres, we repeat, strength of mind and will can be secured only by exercise. Work alone will build up muscularity of brain and character.

The essence of exercise is the overcoming of resistance; this is done in two ways. The muscle is used to lift some external weight, or the body itself is made the weight and the muscle is made to lift that. In either case the muscle is set over against the attraction of gravity, and compelled to pull in opposition to it. In a word, exercise is a tug-of-war between the world and the individual. The apparatus may vary widely, but always it will be found that there is a rope with the earth at one end and the man at the other. They pull against each other, and the man gets his exercise by overcoming the resistance which the earth offers to his movement. A gymnasium is simply a room in which by ingenious arrangements the earth and the man are placed in opposition to each other.

Man's mind and will find plenty of resistance in the world. It is indeed a great mental and moral gymnasium. It is prepared exactly to afford men that exercise which is essential for their development and strength. When we analyze the condition we find that there is, so to speak, a rope; the man's mind or will is at one end, the world is at the other. The man's part is to pull against the world. He must make a weight go up while the world tries to drag it down. In this he gets the necessary exercise. A problem is, so to speak, a mental chest-weight. We can solve it only as we pull on the rope. No problem solves itself. The simplest example in addition must be worked out by the child. The answer

does not come until he compels it to. He has to pull on the rope if he would find the sum. The cube root of any quantity does not come out and show itself to us of its own accord. It lies away down, hidden and unknown, and we have to tug very hard to bring it up from its concealment.

So of every problem, the solution is like the weight at the other end of the rope. We have to overcome resistance to get the answer. Sometimes the weight to be lifted is ourselves. The world by its attraction of gravitation lays hold upon our lower nature. It pulls us downward. We incline toward evil. Here is exercise for the will. We must lift ourselves up in spite of the downward drawing of the earth. Here the struggle begins. We resolve to do good, immediately evil is present with us. We pull, the world pulls at the same time. We find we are very heavy. It is exactly like a boy trying to climb up on a bar. The earth pulls him down, he pulls himself up. It is a question whether the earth will master him, or he the earth. This is our great conflict, shall we lift ourselves up? Or shall the world drag us down? We are confronted with opposition; we are compelled to overcome resistance. This affords abundant exercise.

We are placed in a great mental and moral gymnasium, wherein are all manner of apparatus. All sorts of problems confront our minds: practical problems relating to our business and our daily bread; political problems relating to our social system, our government, methods and policies of administration; personal problems; speculative problems; religious problems. Weights of all sizes are here. Lifting these weights is the exercise that will bring development and strength to the mind. Here, too, are innumerable exercises for the will. Every variety of resistance presents itself in the world, and must be overcome. There is the resistance arising from opposing interests, the resistance arising from general conditions, the resistance arising from evil. The most ingeniously constructed apparatus in a physical gymnasium are not so complete or numerous. The will is encircled with struggles. It pulls against the world in all ways. It ought to develop broad shoulders, a huge biceps and a grip like steel.

If we desire to become strong, we must

take advantage of these arrangements and appliances. We must solve problems and grapple with difficulties. There is no other way to build up muscle.

In thus exercising in this gymnasium, we must be careful not to make mistakes. Very often I have seen an ignorant, thoughtless man come into a gymnasium, and begin unwisely, and do himself only injury. I have seen little, undeveloped boys try to put up very heavy dumb-bells. I have seen a man with very small arms spend all of his time on the running-track. He needed development in another direction. I have seen men break their arms by experimenting on the trapeze. Injudicious exercise will not make us strong.

1. The exercise needs to be gradual. Do not try the hardest things first. Lifting one pound fits us to lift two. There are men who fly at the highest problems. They do not seem to understand that the mind needs training and discipline before it will be able to lift the heaviest weights. It is not well to try to walk fifty miles the first time we stand on our feet. As a rule, we all are too eager to try the hundred-pound dumb-bells. We take hold of unsolvable problems, not content to exercise ourselves with those simple ones which we are fitted to handle. The will, too, should be exercised gradually. God sets before it, first of all, the simplest exercise. It is not confronted with the whole big world, and expected at first to lift that. Such an achievement would be impossible. God gives the will a task which it can perform. He says to the man, "Give me thy heart." The will tries to lift the heart up to God; then the earth draws the heart downward, and the will has to struggle against the earth. But this is something which the will can do: it can choose, it can decide. It overcomes the world in a little matter first, and so develops strength to overcome it in greater matters hereafter. It is only as the exercise is gradual that it will make us strong.

2. Then, too, it needs to be selective. Each man is strongest in some particular direction. Every one has his forte. In another direction he will be weak. He needs development on his weak side. Instructors in gymnasiums to-day study individuals. They examine and analyze a man, and prescribe the exercise he especially needs. . . .

With regard to the mind, it might be the memory that needed training, or it might be the logical faculty, or it might be the perceptive powers. In either case, the exercise should be selected with a view to the needs, in order that the undeveloped part might be developed. So, too, of the will, it might be weak in judgment, or in decision, or in resolution. It might require the exercise of responsibility, or of opposition, or of adversity.

In his dealings with human beings, the all-wise Spirit orders the experiences and arranges the changes for a life with selective care. The object is to strengthen by exercise the undeveloped powers. Have we seen it in our own history? We have been in a great gymnasium, and the Master has given us now the chest-weight, and now the rings. At one time we have been compelled to carry burdens, and at another to lift ourselves. The aim has been to overcome weakness, that "the child of God might be thoroughly furnished unto every good work." And while undoubtedly the experience was often very trying, and we went heavily in grief and bitterness, is it not true that the experience was most beneficial and greatly needed? And are we not to-day glad for the development which has come out of the adversity in which we were then exercised?

3. We see, therefore, that this exercise must be varied. No point, perhaps, calls for more emphasis than this. The development which results from one single movement continually repeated is only a deformity. A man who has nothing but an arm is a monstrosity. There are more than five hundred muscles in the human body; the exercise which makes a "strong man" must be a varied exercise,—it must bring every one of these five hundred muscles into play. Manhood should not be developed hemispherically, or in sections. The arms are not enlarged first, and then, subsequently, the back attended to. All must work and grow together. The tree does not first build fiber, and then afterward weave bark. . . .

What is needed to make strong men is varied exercise. Do not let your specialty swallow you up. If in the world you are all the while exercising your cunning and shrewdness, take time to exercise your taste for literature, your love for art, your desire for music. Above all, take time to exercise your faculty of reverence

for truth. What we see to-day is men developing their meaner powers with greatest eagerness; their greed, their selfishness, their coarseness, their deceitfulness,—these grow very strong in the battle for existence. But the nobler powers which inhere in manhood, the powers seen in such men as Shakespeare, and Wordsworth, and Tennyson, these are neglected; they wither as a muscle withers when never used. What is the result? A curious creature having enormous cunning and not the least refinement, great shrewdness and no particle of reverence. As we gaze upon such individuals, we find the old question rising to our lips: "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" What must life be to the man whose better powers have all become atrophied, and who is conscious only of the meanest faculties of his nature? Varied exercise, that is what is needed to-day. . . .

4. Lastly, this exercise needs to be regular. Spasmodic exercise never developed strength. I knew a man who came about once in six weeks to the gymnasium, and tried in that one visit to take exercise enough for all the rest of the time. He worked on every machine, and used every apparatus. The result was not "a strong man," but an exhausted man. Spasmodic exertion never developed a brain. . . .

As a minister of the gospel I feel that I have a mission to men's minds. A man cannot be saved unless he is saved all round. The mind needs saving, and here, too, "Faith without works is dead." Regular mental exercise will make the brain muscular, and win for it the strength so much to be desired. Strength of will, too, is the result, not of spasmodic, but of regular activity. We do not meet the adversary now and then in pitched battles, and overcome the world by some special and widely separated efforts. It is a daily and an hourly struggle, and only as we are ever engaged in it do we win. To come to church once a month, to pray once a week, to read the Word now and then, to try to do right only during Lent, all this is spasmodic. It never made a will muscular. The strength of the will of Jesus was built up by regular exercise, taken every day. And many of his parables illustrate and emphasize the necessity of this feature. It is the man who is watchful who is ready. It is the man

who perseveres who prevails. It is the man who endures who is saved. Every day let us make the effort, every day let us open our hearts and give them anew and more completely to God. Every day let us resist the allurements.

Every day let us lift ourselves higher in spite of the world. Every day let us reach for a truer manhood, and try to come nearer to the Man of men. We will find thus that regular exercise in which our wills will become strong.

A SERMON TO PARENTS.

WE are sure that no father or mother who reads the *Leaves* can peruse the following chapter, from the pen of that rare humorist, Bob Burdette, and fail to be helped by its tender teaching:

How quiet the house is at midnight. The people who talk and laugh and sing in it every day are asleep, and the people who fell asleep in it long ago come back into it. Every house has these two classes of tenants. Do we love best those with whom we can laugh and talk and sing, or the dear silent ones who come so noiselessly to our side and whisper to us in faint, sweet, far away whispers that have no sound, so that we hear only their very stillness?

I am not tired, but my pen is weary. It falls from my fingers and I raise my head. I start to leave the table and my eyes fall upon a little book lying on the floor. It is a little First Reader. He left it there this afternoon. I remember just how I was impatient because he could not read the simple little lesson—such an easy lesson—and I told him it was a waste of my time to teach him, and pushed him away from me. I remember now. I see the flush come into the little tired face, the cheerful look in his eyes—his mother's brave, patient cheeriness, struggling with disappointment and pain. I see him lie down on the floor, and the little face bend over the troublesome little lesson, such a simple, easy lesson, any baby might read it. Then, after a little struggle alone it has to be given up, and the baffled little soldier, with one more appealing look toward me for reinforcements, sighs and goes away from the lesson he cannot read to the play that comforts him. And there lies the little book just as he left it. Ah, me! I could kneel down and kiss it now as though it were alive and loving.

Why, what was my time worth to me

to-day? What was there in the book I wanted to read one-half so precious to me as one cooing word from the prattling lips that quivered when I turned away? I hate the book I read. I will never look at it again. Were it the last book in the world I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are lies. I say to you, though all men praise the book, and though an hour ago I thought it excellent, I say to you that there is poison in its hateful pages. Why, what can I learn from books that baby lips cannot teach me? Do you know I want to go to the door of his room and listen; the house is so still; maybe he is not breathing. Why, if between my book and my boy I choose my book, why should not God leave me with my books? My hateful books.

But I was not harsh. I was only a little impatient. Because, you see his lesson was so easy, so simple. Ah me, there were two of us trying to read this afternoon. They were two easy, simple lessons. Mine was such a very simple, easy, pleasant, loving one to learn. Just a line, just a little throb of patience, of gentleness, of love that would have made my own heart glow and laugh and sing. The letters were so large and plain, the words so easy, and the sentences so short. And I! Oh, pity me, I missed every word. I did not read one line aright. See, here is my copy now, all blurred and blistered with tears and heart-ache, all marred and misspelled and blotted. I am ashamed to show it to the Master. And yet I know He will be patient with me; I know how loving and gentle He will be. Why, how patiently and lovingly all these years He has been teaching me this simple lesson I failed upon to-day. But when my little pupil stumbled on a single word—is my time, then, so much more precious than the Master's, that I cannot teach the little lesson more than once?

Ab, friend, we do waste time when we plait scourges for ourselves. Those hurrying days, these busy, anxious, shrewd, ambitious times of ours are wasted when they take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame and love and gold for kisses. Some day, then, when our hungry souls will seek for bread, our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy lesson, such

as any child may read. You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on your bookshelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blind may read; a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be the better and happier.

—Inter-Ocean.

THE DAUPHIN'S DEATHBED.

THE little dauphin is ill; the little dauphin is dying. In all the churches of the kingdom the holy sacrament remains exposed night and day, and great tapers burn for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old capital are sad and silent, the bells ring no more, the carriages slacken their pace and creep silently along as they near the house where the little dauphin, beloved of all, lies dying. In the neighborhood of the palace the curious townspeople gaze through the railings upon the beadles with gilded paunches, who walk up and down as they converse in the courts and put on important airs. All the castle is in a flutter. Chamberlains and major domos run up and down the marble stairways. The galleries are full of pages and of courtiers in silken apparel, who hurry from one group to another, begging in low tones for news.

Upon the wide perrons the maids of honor, in tears, exchange low courtesies and wipe their eyes with daintily embroidered handkerchiefs. A large assemblage of robed physicians has gathered in the orangery. They can be seen through the panes, waving their long black sleeves and inclining their periwigs with professional gesture. The governor and the equerry of the little dauphin walk up and down before the door, waiting anxiously the decision of the learned faculty. Scullions pass by without saluting them, seeming unaware of their presence.

The equerry swears like a pagan; the governor quotes verses from Horace. And, meanwhile, over there, in the direction of the stables, is heard a long and

plaintive neighing; it is the little dauphin's sorrel, forgotten by the hostlers and calling sadly before the empty manger. And the king? Where is his highness the king? The king has locked himself up in a room at the other end of the castle, that he may mourn alone. Majesties, you know, do not like to be seen weeping. For the queen it is different. Sitting by the bedside of the little dauphin, she bows her fair face, bathed in tears, and sobs very loudly before everybody. For seven nights she has sat at the sick bed of the little dauphin.

With her own hands she had held the spoon of medicine to his lips and given him the little food—a sip of wine and a light cake or a taste of fruit—all he could take. The queen, stern and haughty, had become kind and gentle; the shadow of coming death had transformed the stately queen into a loving mother—the mother who counts nothing in life great but the treasure she is to lose.

On the bed, embroidered with lace, the little dauphin, whiter than the pillows on which he is extended, lies with closed eyes, his face thin and worn. They think that he is asleep; but no, the little dauphin is not asleep; he hears all. He turns towards his mother and, seeing her tears, puts his hands caressingly in hers, draws the jeweled hand of the queen to his lips and kisses it reverently. "Mme. la Reine, why do you weep? Do you really believe that I am going to die?" The queen tries to answer. Sobs prevent her from speaking. "Do not weep, Mme. la Reine. You forget that I am the dauphin, and that dauphins cannot die

thus. Do not weep so." The queen sobs more violently, and the little dauphin begins to feel frightened.

"Halloo," says he. "I do not want Death to come and take me away, and I know how to prevent him from coming here. Order up on the spot forty of the strongest lansquenets to keep guard around our bed! Have 100 big cannons watch day and night with lighted fuses. under our windows! And woe to Death if he dare to come near us!" In order to humor the royal child the queen gives the required command. In an instant the great cannons are heard rolling in the courts and forty tall lansquenets, with halberds in their fists, file in through the open doorway with all the pomp and dignity of a royal review, and draw up around the room. They are all veterans, with grizzly mustaches. The little dauphin claps his hands on seeing them. He recognizes one and calls: "Lorraine! Lorraine!" The veteran makes a step toward the bed. "I love you well, my old Lorraine. Let me see your big sword. If Death wants to fetch me, you will kill him before he can touch me, won't you?"

Lorraine answers, "Yes, monseigneur." And two great tears roll down his tanned cheeks. There is a restless little stir in the ranks of the tall lansquenets, as if they, hardened and roughened as they are, feel saddened at the strange stillness and sense of loss at the deathbed of the little dauphin.

At that moment the chaplain approaches the little dauphin, and, pointing to the crucifix at the side of the bed, talks to him in low tones. The little dauphin listens with astonished air; then, suddenly interrupting him: "I understand well what you are saying, Monsieur l'Abbe; but still, couldn't my little friend, Beppo, die in my place if I gave him plenty of money?" The chaplain continues to talk to him in low tones, and the little dauphin looks more and more astonished. When the chaplain has finished the little dauphin resumes, with a heavy sigh: "What you have said is all very sad, Monsieur l'Abbe; but one thing consoles me, and that is that up there, in the paradise of the stars, I shall still be the dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and cannot fail to treat me according to my rank." Then he added, turning toward his mother: "Bring me my fairest clothes, my doublet of white ermine, and my pumps of velvet! I wish to look brave to the angels, and to enter paradise in glory and splendor, in the dress of a dauphin!" A third time the chaplain bends over the little dauphin and talks to him in low tones. In the midst of his discourse the royal child tosses restlessly, interrupts him angrily: "Why, then," he cries, "what is the use to me—to be dauphin is nothing at all!" And refusing to listen to anything more, the little dauphin turns toward the wall and weeps bitterly.

—Alphonse Daudet.

THE SPIDER'S WARNING.

A NARROW prison cell, a wan and haggard inmate, gloom and damp.

A single window only, barely a foot square, heavily barred, and six feet at least from the ground.

Prostrate upon a wretched heap of straw in a corner was the prisoner; not asleep, but watching intently, and watching what? One might guess a dozen times and yet not hit upon the truth.

The prisoner, upon his side upon a heap of straw, his chin resting upon his hand, and his elbow fixed upon the floor, watched a large spider's web spun in the corner.

A curious place for a spider to rear his

airy castle—a corner of that dark cell where the sunlight never came and fine fat flies were few and far between.

For no crime had the Frenchman suffered (for De Jonval was a Frank born and bred). He had simply talked of liberty and equal rights to man within the dominion of the potent stadtholder of Holland.

At first the Frenchman rejoiced that the martyr's fate was his, and when he discovered the spider in the corner of the dungeon he talked to him of liberty and brotherhood. But even the spider fled from the sanguine republican. And as weeks grew into months De Jonval grew

weary of his confinement and pined for the free air of heaven. The stadtholder was iron; tears and prayers moved him not a jot. Then, too, the "tricolor" menaced Holland, and the French general, Pichegru, with a large force was hovering on the frontier, like some huge bird of prey preparing for a swoop upon his quarry.

The spider, too, was a constant source of consolation; and from long observations of the habits of his black friend, the Frenchman became quite wise. The spider never appeared during bad weather, and De Jonval was able to predict frost at least a week previous to its coming, simply by watching the spider's movements and noting his own feelings, for he had observed that when the spider kept securely housed, and he, the Frenchman, was troubled with a bad headache, cold weather was near.

And while De Jonval was amusing himself with these interesting observations, troublous times came to Holland.

Pichegru advanced suddenly across the border. The stadtholder did not attempt to dispute the march of the Frenchman. He simply retired, and when the French army was well in the center of the land, he adopted against the invaders the old-time tactics that years before had baffled Spanish Alva, and had cost the French king's brother, the Duke of Anjou, a splendid army. The word was given and the dikes were cut. The Dutchland was all a swamp; the Frenchman could not advance—could hardly retreat; the fate of Anjou and his gallant army seemed in store for him. He had waited until winter set in before he had given the command for the forward movement, for the wily Gaul had anticipated the tactics of the Holland commander. But the weather had suddenly shifted around, and an almost summer mildness reigned over the land. And affairs were thus on the morning when the prisoner of Utrecht lay at full length upon his pallet and watched for his friend, the spider.

The jailer brought the prisoner his breakfast, a sorry repast enough, for the prudent Dutchman knew that there was nothing like simple food to reduce hot blood and curb impetuous wills.

"You do not eat, mynheer," said the jailer, who leaned by the door, swung his

keys musically, and watched the prisoner.

"I have little appetite."

"That is bad," the jailer remarked thoughtfully. "Mynheer should eat and so keep his strength."

De Jonval made a wry face.

"Bah! such food as this is enough to take away the appetite of a well man, let alone a sick man," the Frenchman said.

"That is true, mynheer," the jailer replied, "the food is coarse, but I will see that you have a better dinner, although I go against my instructions, and would suffer if the government should find it out."

"The matter is between us two," De Jonval rejoined. "I shall say nothing, and I judge you will not care to speak of it."

"I feel more inclined to do you a kindness, mynheer, because two days ago I thought it might be probable that we should change places,—you become the jailer and I the prisoner."

"How so?" asked the Frenchman in astonishment.

The jailer then related to De Jonval what had transpired during the past week. He told of Pichegru's advance, how the French general had threatened the capture of Utrecht, and had only been prevented from taking the town by the cutting of the dikes and the flooding of the country with water.

"You see, mynheer," said the jailer in conclusion, "your countryman depended upon hard weather. If a frost had come he surely would have taken the city, but as it is he soon must retreat to Belgium."

"Hark ye, Betolf," said De Jonval, "if I could get a note to Pichegru, he would be sure to secure my release, by intercession with the stadtholder, possibly exchanging a prisoner for me. Now will you give me a good turn; give me pen, ink and paper, afterward smuggle the note through the lines to the French general."

"I could do that easily enough," the jailer said thoughtfully. "My brother is turning a pretty penny now by supplying Pichegru with fresh provisions, but"—and he hesitated.

"Do not fear; what possible information can I, a poor, helpless prisoner, convey to Pichegru?"

"That is true," the jailer said. "It is a bargain."

Great was the astonishment of the French

general to receive a note dated from the prison at Utrecht. And what did the note contain?

A simple explanation about the spider, who had not appeared for three days, and the writer's headache. Within a week he predicted a hard frost, and implored Pichegru not to fall back.

The general knew De Jonval; he re-

solved to wait a week, and then—true prophet, O spider!—there came the hardest frost that Holland had known for one hundred years. The waters were bound with an icy chain. The French advanced, Utrecht fell, and De Jonval was released! *To the spider's warning the prisoner of Utrecht owed his release.*

—Selected.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONT.

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

AS PEN in hand, the editor thinks to say a word to the "Department" readers, his mind naturally turns backward to reflect upon the work of the past two years during which he has had oversight of the "Department," and forward, wondering what the future will develop.

In his retrospective view he can see many young ladies and young gentlemen who have contributed to the support of this department of our excellent magazine; and while he is personally acquainted with but a few of them, he is convinced that they are earnest in their warfare against error and in defense of truth, as indicated by the character of their letters; and he is further convinced that he can look to them for support in the future. Some of us have committed error, perhaps, in our opinions; and, doubtless, some of us have had these errors in a measure, corrected. It is to be hoped that every difference of opinion and contrary argument has been taken kindly, and that gain has resulted therefrom; and while opposition may not have convinced us of our error, it ought to have taught us that nearly every question has two sides, and that an opponent may be just as honest and sincere in his views as are we in ours.

It will be noticed that some who have pleaded their ignorance and lack of experience, have written splendid letters. This should teach us that none are so weak that they cannot accomplish some good if they desire to do so and make a proper effort. And this should be borne constantly in mind, that multiplicity of words and excellency of speech alone cannot produce good letters, but there must be thought and sentiment back of these. While good language adds very much to the

force of the argument, yet, it is possible to have strong argument and the language not be the best. And it is well to remember this too, that a child usually creeps before it walks, and walks before it runs; and that by exercising this faculty of correspondence (if you will allow the expression) it will become stronger, thus enabling one to write more readily, and with greater profit to the one who reads, as well as to the one who writes.

In his prospective view the editor can see ten correspondents where in the past there was one. He can see a greater variety of subjects discussed and a livelier interest in the discussions. He can see in the letters, not so much of excuses for writing or not writing, and apologies for writing too much and in such a manner, but he can see brief letters to the point, and shorn of all such appendages as excuses and apologies. He can see the spirit of investigation broadening and extending until the correspondence shall load his table, instead of now occupying one little corner of a small drawer. Shall these anticipations not be realized?

Thanks are here tendered to those who have so ably supported the "Department" thus far; and a request made that those who have felt inclined to write, but have not done so because of a feeling of timidity, that they would say nothing about their weakness, etc.—to feel it is enough without telling it to others—but go to work at once; and if your effort is not worthy to appear in public, trust to the judgment of the editor to assign it to its proper place.

It is thought well to mention just here our Literary Exchange. We have just completed a year's work which, we think, has resulted in some considerable good. No one knows, except Father, how many hearts have been gladdened, and how much light has been shed upon homes

where there has been famine for good reading. And nothing but the hereafter will reveal how much more might have been done, had there been a more active interest shown by more of the young Saints. The Saints of Denver, Colorado, are organizing for the purpose of furthering on this good work, and we hope soon to see like movements in every place where there are a number of young people of the church. We will soon issue a circular letter together with a constitution of our organization here in Lamoni, and a brief report of the past year's work, which will be mailed to the Saints in the various localities, after which we expect to see the work taken up in many places. You are reminded in the meantime that this will take money, and that our treasury is now almost exhausted, and that if you could spare a few cents, or dollars, to aid in this work, it would be gratefully received, and you can send the same to W. W. Kearney, Lamoni, Iowa. Send all matter referring to exchange of literature to Peter M. Hinds, Lamoni, Iowa.

Faithfully yours,

EDITOR.

PLANO, Ill., Sept., 1891.

Dear Readers:—Perhaps it is unjust in my occupying your valuable space so often, but I am interested in the "Department" and am willing to do my share in supporting the cause. So many of our young people have for an excuse for not writing, "There are so many who can do so much better than I can," etc. But as I understand it, this Department is not organized for criticism, but for advancement of our talents, if we have any in our possession. What if we do make mistakes occasionally? It is by experience that we learn, and if we are ever going to prepare ourselves to fill the places of our fathers and mothers in this work, it is time for us to begin.

And to begin with we should cultivate our minds in all the various branches that our life's work may require. I am a very strong advocate of the necessity of education. Not only have we got to prepare to take the church work in our hands, but we have a position in the world that we must occupy; and in order to fill both these positions, we are obliged to have a keen foresight into all matters of general interest. The more deeply we educate our minds in the sciences, arts, etc., the more intelligent citizens we will make, and at the same time keep true to our religion, and and study nature in all her phases and we

will make church members the body can well feel proud of. True education will never detract from our religious sentiments, but will add a force and beauty that will make it dearer to us; and in studying natural philosophy, we are studying God's works; and an insight into these matters will fill us with a deeper respect for our Creator. And in these ways we can come to a clearer understanding of his workings, both in the present and the ages long past.

Let us also cultivate a refined taste for music, painting, good reading, and all these finer branches; and it will make our life more pure, and in grander harmony with the workings of nature.

I know of no element that can touch my finer feelings with the beauty and effectiveness that sweet music can. It stirs my whole soul into a brighter and purer life, and I believe the best and truest influences my life has ever known have arisen through the study of nature and the love for that element, which mother's teachings infused into my mind when I was a small child. These ideas may seem strange to some and appear valueless to them, but they are nevertheless true to me.

I can understand God's love and power better when I see and comprehend his divine influence in surrounding objects. There is a grand plan in nature which I find closely corresponds with the plan of our spiritual salvation. And the same influence and power holds true in the scientific world; and the better we understand these workings the clearer becomes the relationship we hold to our Maker.

If any of the readers have different ideas, I should be very much pleased to hear from them. We exchange ideas on these subjects for the information and education we receive; therefore if I have made a mistake I would consider it a favor if someone would tell me of it.

With best wishes,

AGNES WHITE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 1891.

Dear Editor and Readers of the Autumn Leaves:—A certain reader of this good magazine, having suffered long and patiently from physical weakness, which was partly the result of her own ignorance and weakness in days gone by, has now dared to hope that God in his mercy and loving kindness, may restore her to health. She has long ago repented of her sins, and is not without faith, having many times received direct answers to prayers of faith, yet concerning this thing no assurance is given in prayer that it may be done unto her.

Dear readers, will you not join her in prayer that her request may be granted, if it be according to His will?

She also wishes to make it known that the *Autumn Leaves* has been a help to her in time of need, many of the articles having brought special comfort to her soul at times when all looked dark.

If the editor considers the publication of this letter as putting the valuable space of her paper to a selfish use, she will of course withhold it from publication and by so doing will not at all offend. A FELLOW SUFFERER.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct., 1891.

To the Readers of the Column:—It is often the case that people who are ignorant and poor have a tendency to be humble, while those who are well educated and wealthy often cultivate an independent, patronizing spirit that is opposed to humility and meekness. I have met persons who, from having observed these facts, almost believe that to be in great favor with God one must be poor and ignorant. I don't believe it ever was the intention of the Creator that it should be so. Now, acknowledging that ignorance and poverty produce humility, is that any credit to one so afflicted that it creates in them this divine attribute? To my mind it is simply the natural effect from cause and it seems to me it is little short of a miracle that a poverty and ignorant stricken person is not humble. In the case of wealth and education, persons possessing these often compare themselves with those less fortunate and become puffed up thereby. I think this too is unnatural. Why the mere possession of wealth by individuals should exalt them in their own estimation or that of thinking people, I am unable to explain. As to education, it would seem that an ignorant man should be humble because he *thinks* he is ignorant, while an educated one should be so because he *knows* he is ignorant.

It is written of Enoch, "There were no poor amongst them." If we have obeyed the same laws he did and have the same financial system, the same cause should produce like results. If we have not obeyed the same laws, why don't we?

On page 137 of Doctrine and Covenants it reads: "And if ye seek the riches which it is the will of the Father to give unto you, ye shall be the richest of all people; for ye shall have the riches of eternity; and it must needs be that the riches of the earth are mine to give; but beware of pride lest ye become as the

Nepites of old." On page 134, Book of Mormon: "But our kings and our leaders were mighty men in the faith of the Lord; and they taught the people the ways of the Lord; . . . And we multiplied exceedingly and spread upon the face of the land, and became exceeding rich in gold and in silver and in precious things, and in fine workmanship of wood, in buildings, and in machinery. . . . But the word of the Lord was verified, which he spake unto our fathers, saying, That inasmuch as ye will keep my commandments, ye shall prosper in the land."

Just one more passage on page 115: "And now behold, my brethren, this is the word which I declare unto you, that many of you have begun to search for gold, and for silver, and all manner of precious ores . . . and the hand of providence hath smiled upon you most pleasingly, that you have obtained many riches; and because some of you have obtained more abundantly than that of your brethren, ye are lifted up in the pride of your hearts, and wear stiff necks, and high heads because of the costliness of your apparel . . . because ye suppose that ye are better than they. . . . Think of your brethren, like unto yourselves, and be familiar with all, and free with your substance, that they may be rich like unto you. But before ye seek for riches, seek ye for the kingdom of God. And after ye have obtained a hope in Christ, ye shall obtain riches if ye seek them; and ye will seek them, for the intent to do good; to clothe the naked, and to feed the hungry, and to liberate the captive, and to administer relief to the sick and the afflicted."

I believe we are, to a certain extent, under condemnation for not being better prepared to "do good; to clothe the naked, and to feed the hungry, and to liberate the captive [spread the gospel], and administer relief to the sick and afflicted."

From the passages that have been quoted, I think it is evident that it is the Lord's will to bless his people temporally as well as spiritually; but I don't think we are justified in spending our means for the luxuries of life while there are millions who are suffering for the necessities. This is a day of sacrifice, and if we naturally have expensive tastes we must sacrifice and not cultivate them. The Lord is doing his work well, he wants to raise up a people this time who will build up Zion. We must "come up higher" by getting down lower; and if we can't do this by being blessed temporally, the only alternative will be that we must remain poor and have less power for "doing good," or the Lord will send down reserved

noble spirits to take bodies who will not imbibe the colossal selfishness and Luciferic exaltation which italicizes the nineteenth century.

May we, the rising generation, the hope of the church, who are called to be the pure in heart, never partake of this spirit.

Do the readers of the Department think it is God's will that his people should be either poor or ignorant?

ED MILLER.

ELM CITY, Kansas, Sept., 1891.

Dear Readers of the Department of Correspondence.—

Many of our young people seem to be in doubt in regard to the question of marrying out of the church, similar to that expressed by Sr. H— in her letter in *Autumn Leaves* for September. Hoping that I may enlighten some on that subject, I will give my opinion concerning it, as the sister desired to hear from us.

The statement in Doctrine and Covenants 111 : 1, that such persons as are determined to marry out of the church "will be considered weak in the faith of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," as I understand, is not a revelation from God, but is the opinion of the wise men at the head of our church, and is a wise saying, too. I believe the young Saints would do well to fully consider it before making that important move in life, for next to obeying the gospel, is this move in importance. No Saint should ever make any deliberations in that direction without first asking for divine guidance.

There are many reasons why Saints should not unite in matrimony with those out of the church. It is many times the case that trouble accrues from the house being divided in religious matters; there is not the freedom, the unity and confidence as would otherwise prevail; they will not work together for the same good, even though they both be professed Christians, of different churches. It there are any places on earth that people should be united, it is in the church and in the home.

"Two heads are better than one," if so be that they are united for the same purposes; but if divided these two heads are worse than none. The members of this church must teach their children the doctrine of Christ, and bring them up in the admonition of the Lord; but if the parents are divided in faith, then there will be trouble, if both are zealous in their respective beliefs, or, the one or the other must sorrowfully submit to have their children taught in a way repugnant to their desire, or no instruction at all, or else teach them in secret and be compelled to be sneaking about it in order to keep from raising a racket.

Then persons united in matrimony, but opposite in faith, must necessarily be more or less deprived of the privileges of a Saint, of attending meeting, of reading the church papers and books, or entering into the work so freely as those who are united in every sense of the word: then they can counsel together, pray together in the same spirit, build up and comfort one another, and each one share the other's joys and sorrows.

I can better imagine the results of marrying out of the church, together with what I have seen in others doing so, than I can picture it in words. I have seen great changes in our members, even in keeping company with those not of our church; first, indifference; and from that to worse, and sometimes to apostacy; I know of one case of the latter. I believe in the verity of the statement "that they are weak in the faith who marry out of the church," for they surely do not stop to consider the consequences, or their inclination is stronger than their faith; yet I do not doubt there being good people that would get along all right with a Saint in wedlock, who are not of the church, but you cannot always tell what will come to pass.

Now, God deals with us according to the degree of faith we exercise in him. Have we the faith that he will provide, appoint, or so order concerning this matter? I believe in the genial adaptation of certain persons, that is, certain persons are better suited in their physical organism and character, and are calculated to get along better together than any others; each possessing just what the other admires and loves; certain persons say Mr. A— and Miss B— are so adapted to each other that in all the world there could none be found who would make a better wife for Mr. A—, or a better husband for Miss B—. Now, the question is, Will God direct us in finding the intended one? It is evident by a study of the Scriptures, that God's all seeing eye is over his faithful Saints even in this matter, and that a man's helpmeet should be in sympathy with him in all things, and especially in the work of God.

In Genesis twenty-fourth chapter is shown God's hand in providing and even appointing a certain damsel to be the wife of Isaac, (verses 14 and 44). Then Abraham's charge to his servant to "not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites among whom I dwell, but thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac," is an example of the propriety of one choosing a wife of his own people or church.

It will be interesting to read the whole of the 24th chapter. Also in the case of Ruth is shown providential care. She was providentially guided until she became the wife of Boaz; and by her Boaz begat Obed, and Obed begat Jesse, and Jesse begat David. (Ruth 4: 21, 22). Thus God chose her because of her virtue and goodness, to be an ancestral mother of David. But some will say these are instances of special favor from God, and for special purposes; but does not God make a specialty of all his faithful children? Every one has a special calling and He is no respecter of persons, and I have no doubt that He will provide in all things if we will only trust in Him. I believe the reason why so many are so faithless in this matter, is because of the prevailing recklessness and indifference regarding the sacredness of the marriage rite; it tends to deaden the faith of this generation, to look for divine guidance. But we should always remember the admonition, "Seek first to build up the kingdom of God and to establish His righteousness, and all else will be added unto you." If we will go about seeking to build up the kingdom of God, and be faithful and worthy of God's blessings, the Lord will see to it that we may have a companion of the right kind and at the right time.

I now quote from Proverbs 28: 22: "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtain-

eth favor from the Lord." And again: "House and riches are inheritance of fathers: and a prudent wife is from the Lord."—Prov. 19: 14. Also 31: 10: "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies." Then she must be a very good gift; and James says that "every good and perfect gift comes from God."

I consider from the foregoing that God does guide in this matter, even more than many of us imagine; God is the giver of all good things, hence the necessity of looking to Him for any good thing we desire. While I believe that God may give wisdom to some to direct, I also believe that He will reveal to some whom they should choose. I can cite instances of the latter among the members of our church; but there are differences of gifts and differences of administrations, and He works differently with almost every individual. To some He will reveal; to some he will give wisdom to direct; to others He will impress upon their minds what they shall do. Some do not believe the Lord will do such things for us, and I believe it is because they are weak in the faith.

Now I would say to all the young Saints, Whatever you do, be very careful how you marry out of the church.

Sincerely for truth,

J. W. GILBERT.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

"AS A HEN GATHERETH HER CHICKENS UNDER HER WINGS."

THE October sky was overcast with clouds and occasionally here and there a drop of rain fell pattering on the brown and yellow leaves. The wind whispered low to the earth of coming snows, storms and tempests. At the call of the busy housewife a motherly hen with a brood of young chickens came up to be fed. Brown, white, speckled, yellow and black, and like the mother, they clustered around her, impatient for their food, but, in obedience to the mother's warning notes, stand back until the hand which fed them was at a safe distance. Then, half flying, scratching, tumbling and eager, they devoured the choice morsels.

After eating they quench their thirst with the water placed near by, and then they began gathering about the parent bird, and in low

chirripy tones to coax her for something they seemed very much to want.

We once had a pet chicken, a little lame one which was not able to follow the hen, and we took it into the house to nurse. It would first settle itself on our foot, then with the help of its wings, climb up to our lap, and when there tuck its head in our sleeve. When perfectly sheltered it would begin to sing in a low, contented tone, until finally the song would cease and chicky would be sound asleep. So, though the chickens were only talking to the mother, we understood what they were teasing for. Presently the old hen settled herself, and then how quickly twenty-one pairs of restless little feet scrambled under her soft breast and wings for shelter and warmth.

"As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,"—what coaxing, what eagerness upon the part of her brood to be gathered to that

shelter. Little feet were tired of walking and scratching, and the cold wind chilled their tender bodies, but there under the soft down of her breast and the shelter of her wings, all fear, all shivering with cold ceased, and a perfect concert of quietly satisfied, contented chirrup reached the attentive ear.

Beautiful figure used by our Savior as emblematic of his love! Would that we were as willing to rest in the shelter of his arms as the tired chickens beneath the brooding wings of the mother hen. There, safely sheltered, the storms of life have no terrors, and we find his love like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

THERE is a pathos, a measureless sweetness in the following lines, which commend them to every bereaved mother's heart, and because they were written by one who had been in the furnace of affliction seven times heated, they speak forth the love and trust which it is possible for every true Christian to exercise in time of trial and affliction.

BEST.

Mother, I see you with your nursery light,
Leading your babies all in white,

To their sweet rest;

Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,
And that is best.

I cannot help tears, when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine
On your warm breast;

But the Savior's is purer than yours or mine—
He can love best!

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms
And sore oppress;

My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,
And that is best.

You know, over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow
Naught can arrest;

Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,
And that is best.

You know that of yours, your feeblest one,
And dearest, may live long years alone,
Unloved, unblest;

Mine are cherished of saints around God's throne,
And that is best.

You must dread for yours the crime that sears,
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
And unconfest;

Mine entered spotless on eternal years,
Oh, how much the best!

But grief is selfish; I cannot see
Always why I should so stricken be
More than the rest;

But I know that, as well as for them, for me
God did the best.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

With this issue of our magazine the fourth volume closes, and sitting here to-night in the same room and surrounded by the same familiar objects which surrounded us when the need of this work was first borne in upon our minds, the question comes to us as to how faithfully it has been performed?

At times we have labored under difficulties; and many times we have felt discouraged because of our failure to in any degree approximate to the accomplishment of that which we desired; but, at other times, we have been encouraged to press on, knowing that when we have done *our best*, we have done all the Master requires. This we have endeavored to do, but it is not for us to judge of our own work; others must do that.

That we have had the earnest, cordial support of many friends, we gratefully acknowledge; and many words of cheer have reached us from those whom we have never met, as well as from those we have known for years. For these, too, we are grateful; and we are not ashamed to confess that they were many times needed. Is there any heart so brave, any soul so strong, as to be above the need of human sympathy? Or, rather, is not each heart, which now bravely battles with the ills of life, cheered on and "lifted over" many a rough place by the hope that when the race is finished and the goal won, they shall hear "the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" say, as he welcomes them, "Well done"?

THE new volume (the holiday number of which is already in process of preparation) we confidently expect, in many ways, will be an improvement upon previous ones. Our portraits hereafter will be cabinet size, and six at least will be given during the year, and to these will be added one choice piece of sacred music in each number. It is not difficult to see that these two features alone are a pledge to you for value received. And in addition to these, there will be choice articles every month from the best talent in the church, articles which you cannot afford to miss reading.

It will be a special favor to us if our patrons will make an effort to renew their subscription before the holiday number is issued, as it will be a great saving of expense to us, and time to the office; and, for a trifling additional expense, your choice of either of two valuable portraits may be secured.

OUR magazine has not yet reached the circulation to which it ought to attain and would attain if only THE YOUNG, in whose in-

terest it is published, would put forth the necessary effort. There are some of our young people who respond nobly. Indeed they never wait to be asked, but make it their business to canvass the branches in which they live, collect the money and send such a list of names as would (if we had one such agent in each branch) double our subscription list this year. The Autobiography of Bro.

Luff is especially intended to interest and encourage the young, and we can but hope they will try to put it in as many hands as possible. The portrait of Bro. Luff is also an exceptionally good one. We have also many agents among the ministry, (and friends not in the ministry), who have each year done nobly for us, and we ask that they will not forget us this year.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"Economy is wealth.
Temperance is health."

GOOD USES FOR STALE BREAD.

Never throw away a bit of bread when there are so many ways of making it palatable after it has become stale. Crumbs, broken pieces, half slices or whole ones, in whatever shape or however dry, all may be prepared in ways to please the most fastidious.

It is one of the arts of good housekeeping to avoid having stale bread, and one may be quite successful by using care as to the times of baking and the amount baked, being careful too, not to cut at each meal more than is needed. Then if one or all of the family are fond of crusts, and the one most interested sees to it that slices left from one meal are wrapped and kept moist enough to use at the next, there may be very little left to become dry or to be used in any other way than as fresh bread. There are, however, times and circumstances when all cannot be thus disposed of, and one who gets in the way of putting it to the many nice uses for it as stale bread is glad when it cannot.

Dry bread is not good for dry toast. The softer the bread between the crispness of the toasted surfaces, the better (in my way of thinking), so use the left over slices for milk toast or French toast.

For milk toast, put the milk on to boil while toasting the bread. A little water added to the milk will help to prevent it from scorching. Mix a little flour and water, or milk into a smooth paste and when the milk has reached the boiling point, stir it in, adding salt and a big spoonful of butter. Use only flour enough to make it seem a little creamy. Be sure to scrape any edges of the toast that may have burned, and when all is toasted dip each slice in hot water or hot milk, reserving the creamy mixture to pour over all in the dish. The clear

milk or water softens the toast more quickly and leaves a more bountiful supply to be served with each slice, which is sure to be appreciated by all who partake.

For French toast, add two beaten eggs to a pint of sweet milk, with a teaspoonful of salt. Dip slices of bread in this and fry in butter in a hot frying pan or on pancake griddle. Have the pieces as uniform in size as possible. If some are half slices, cut the whole slices to match. It is good eaten with sugar or maple syrup or just as it is. Sugar may be added to the milk instead of salt if preferred.

Many people have an aversion to bread pudding, and one reason for this is that often there is too much bread used in the making. The two following receipts are good, hardly deserving the name of "bread pudding" with the estimate in which it is usually held.

Brown Betty.—Put in your pudding dish a layer of tart apples (pared, cored and cut in thick slices) and sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon. Butter half slices of bread and lay over the apples. Add another layer of apples and then one of bread until the dish is full. Add a little water, cover and bake until nearly done; then uncover and let it brown. Or the apples may be chopped and mixed with an equal quantity of bread crumbs, seasoned with butter, sugar and cinnamon, a little water added and baked in the same way. Good with sweetened cream.

Lemon Pudding.—Soak one pint of bread crumbs in a quart of milk. If the crumbs are very dry allow a little more milk. Add to this four well beaten eggs. Mix a little of the grated rind and the juice of one lemon with one cupful of sugar, melt a heaping tablespoonful of butter and stir all together thoroughly. The whites from two or three of the eggs may be

reserved for meringue if desired. Beat them very stiff, adding a little sugar, and when the pudding is baked spread over the top, returning to the oven to brown slightly. The same pudding may be made with the lemon omitted, in which case other flavoring should be used.

Many are accustomed to think of bread stuffing as an accompaniment for poultry only, but it is an improvement with almost any kind of meat. It may be baked in the pan with a roast or by itself. When cooked alone, it is nice to take crumbs, season with salt, pepper, butter and sage or other sweet herb, and moisten with milk. Bake about half an hour.

Stuffed beefsteak is good. Secure a thick steak and pound it well. Soak a pint of stale bread, mix smooth with the hands, season with pepper, salt, butter and herbs and spread it over the steak. Roll up the steak and tie with a cord at each end and in the middle. Roast with water in the pan and baste frequently.

Another use for the scraps is in making "meat balls." Chop cold meat fine, mix with an equal quantity of soaked stale bread, season to taste, make into balls and fry in a hot skillet. A little celery chopped with the meat is good.

Bread pancakes nearly always find favor, and in the opinion of some, almost any kind of griddle cakes are improved by the addition of a small quantity of bread crumbs.

For bread pancakes allow stale bread in the proportion of one pint to a quart of milk. Soak the bread (in the milk) until it can be beaten fine. Then add salt and eggs, baking powder (if for sweet milk; soda if for sour) and flour to make a thin batter. Bread may be added to buckwheat cakes after the following rule: Before time for stirring up the batter at night put a pint of stale bread to soak in hot water. When soft, work the lumps out of it, add a quart of buckwheat flour and a cupful of soft yeast with enough warm water to make a thick batter. In the morning thin with sweet milk, adding salt and a little sugar.

For any use which requires the bread in crumbs, the best way is to dry it in the oven when it is not too hot, or in the warming oven. When perfectly crisp it can easily be rolled fine on the moulding board and can then be put away ready for use. In a dry place it will keep a long time. If any should become browned in the oven, try the crumbs for the children (or yourself) instead of bread with milk.

No bread should ever be allowed to mould, for then it is lost beyond reclaiming. When there is danger of this the scraps may be hung up in a thin cotton bag where they will be free from dampness, until they are needed to be put to soak or to dry for crumbs.

Bread crumbs make an agreeable substitute for cracker crumbs in scalloped oysters. A handful of them added to stewed tomatoes or put in the soup a little while before serving will be liked by nearly all.

To fry veal cutlets, have them cut thin, pound well, dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs and fry for half an hour or more, keeping covered most of the time in order that they may be well cooked through.

For a breakfast dish, sometime try the following: Bring to a boil one pint of sweet milk. When it boils add a good spoonful of butter, salt and enough bread crumbs to make it neither too stiff to be delicate nor too thin to be eaten with a fork. Nice with eggs, soft boiled or scrambled.

A TWO MINUTE'S TALK ON "THREE MINUTE" MUSH.

You who have cooked Rolled Oats in "three minutes" and thus cooked, like them, and you who do not, try my way a few days, for the sake of the little folks. If you have a rice boiler put it on the stove when dinner is started, put in about half the amount of rolled oats generally used for breakfast, with an abundance of cold water. Salt, cover and let it cook, back out of the way. If a fire is made for supper do not move it off; let it cook. In the morning pour in some milk, if you have plenty, and let it cook. It won't cook too much, and the children won't have to be *made* to eat it more than once, if they are like mine, and they can digest it too, which they cannot the raw mush. If milk is not at hand add a little more water and it is ready. The family that must do with a pint or a quart of milk at night will find the cream goes farther if it is whipped with the eggbeater and a spoonful dropped on each plate of hot mush, then the milk added.

When milk is plenty break a few eggs in a half pan of boiling milk and let them poach.

A nourishing drink for the sick can be made with rolled oats cooked as above, run through a fine strainer and a few spoonfuls beaten in a glass of cool, sweet milk. MRS. H. C. S.

FIRE KINDLERS.

"To make fire kindlers, take a quart of tar and three pounds of resin, melt them, bring to a cooling temperature, mix with as much coarse sawdust, with a little charcoal added, as can be worked in; spread out while hot upon a board; when cool, break up into lumps of the size of a large hickory nut, and you have, at a small expense, kindling material enough for a household for a whole year. They will easily ignite from a match, and burn with a strong blaze long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn."

HOW TO COOK CRANBERRIES.

Recipes adopted by the American Cranberry Growers' Association:

1. Wash them clean and remove all stems and leaves.

2. Always cook in a porcelain-lined kettle or stewpan. Never cook in tin or brass.

3. The sooner they are eaten after cooking, the sooner you will know how good they are.

Sauce No. 1.—One quart berries, one pint water, one pound granulated sugar. Boil ten minutes; shake the vessel, do not stir. This means a full, heaped, dry measure quart, which should weigh fully seventeen ounces.

Sauce No. 2.—One quart berries, one pint water, one pound granulated sugar. Bring sugar and water to a boil; add the fruit; and boil till clear, fifteen or twenty minutes.

Sauce No. 3.—One pound berries, one pint (scant) cold water, one-half pound granulated sugar. Boil together berries and water ten

minutes; add sugar, and boil five minutes longer.

Strained Sauce.—One and one-half pounds berries, one pint water; three-fourths pound sugar. Boil together berries and water ten to twelve minutes; strain through a colander, and add sugar.

Cranberry Jelly—One and one-half pounds berries, one pint of water. Boil fifteen minutes; strain through jelly bag or coarse cloth; cook the juice fifteen minutes; add as much sugar as you have juice, and boil again fifteen minutes, and turn into forms or jelly cups; dip forms into cold water to prevent sticking.

Frozen Cranberries.—Some prefer the flavor of frozen cranberries. Freeze them solid and

throw into hot water; use one-fourth less sugar than in former recipe.—*Sel.*

Cranberry Pies—For pies with upper crusts the berries should be used whole and cooked in the pastry in the following proportion: Four parts berries, three parts sugar, one part water.

Steamed Batter Pudding—Stir the cranberries with a light batter; steam two hours; serve with liquid sauce.

Steamed Cranberry Dumplings.—Use cranberries the same as apples; steam about one hour and serve with sauce.

Cranberry Tarts.—Either of the sauces above will make delicious tarts. Strained sauce generally preferred.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"Summe up at night, what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dresse and undresse thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both, since we shall be
Most surely judged; make thy accounts agree."
—George Herbert.

CHOICE OF WORK.

Half the misery in the world has been occasioned by attempting to force people into places for which they are not fitted. The majority of the offenders are parents who do not understand their children, and who wish them to be other than the beings that nature has made them. Of course there are in all children bad tendencies that are to be overcome, bad habits that must be broken up, and little weaknesses that must be met and remedied, but these need not touch the well-spring of the soul itself, or interfere with the development of vigorous, healthy individuality. The bent of a child's mind manifests itself very early. The boy shows aptness with tools, mechanical skill that is sometimes remarkable; or he shows talent for declamation, writing, or drawing. If the gift be one that may enable him to be a useful, successful, honorable man, let the parents beware how they interfere, even if the career which it foretells is not that which they would have chosen. There are thousands of starveling lawyers and doctors, eking out a wretched existence to-day, who might have made first-rate mechanics. As boys they had a fondness for the forge or carpenter's bench, but these, belonging to the plebeian realm of manual labor, were tabooed, and the victims forced to put their unwilling minds upon things that they could not comprehend, and which they could never master. The thriving blacksmith and the prosperous carpenter, though their hands are sooty and seamed, are infinitely happier as men and more useful as members of society than the half-educated physician who detests his patients and the lawyer who waits reluctantly for clients that never come.

There are other boys who, but for discouragement, might make model farmers, and in that most independent and honorable calling be able to utilize all the intelligence and culture they may possess and acquire.

There are hundreds rusting in editorial rooms who are admirably fitted for business, who, in the competition of buying and selling, might be alert and alive, when they are only idlers and dreamers. . . .

In boys and girls alike, the one marked trait, if it is consistent with usefulness and happiness, should be encouraged and cultivated. The child who has a gift for writing should have patient teaching and training. When there is a love for drawing and for colors, even if the artist's profession be not the one that the prudent father would select, the child should be allowed to hold to the life which nature has ordained for him. It may be taken for granted, though he may have to struggle with poverty and discouragement, that the struggle will be not half so disheartening and painful as that from which he may evolve an indifferent merchant or a less than indifferent professional man.

The same freedom of choice, under the same conditions, should be granted the daughter of the household. If she has marked ability that may enable her to support herself in comfort and dignity she should be allowed every facility to cultivate her gifts. If she chooses, then, to marry, the chances are that it will be a voluntary decision based from the one and only right motive, and her professional training and ability will make her all the better fitted to preside over the house and the family where she is destined to reign. People have a right to be happy as well as a need to be useful. There is no happiness in this life greater than that of finding pleasure in work, and it is happiness to which every human being is entitled and from which none need be debarred.—*M. H. K., in Inter-Ocean.*

LETTER-HOLDER.

A very easily made trifle is a letter-holder. One of the ordinary size will require four pieces

of card-board six by ten inches, a quarter-yard of figured silk or cretonne, same quantity of plain material, two yards of ribbon three-fourths of an inch wide. On the two pieces of card-board paste the cretonne, turning the stuff smoothly over the edges, holding it firmly in place by many stitches. Cover the other two pieces in the same way with the plain material. Lay one of the first covered boards on the table, and pin across it one piece of the ribbon, two inches below the top; the same at the bottom, with the second ribbon. Next lay on this, one of the card-boards covered with plain stuff. Overseam the edges neatly to avoid the spaces through which the ribbon passes, but closing these spaces firmly by several strong stitches on each side of the ribbon. The same is done with the remaining two pieces of covered card-board, and an excellent letter or photograph holder will be the result; the ribbon slipping easily through the unsewed spaces allows you to enlarge the hinge or back of your holder as occasion requires. Any amount of ornamentation in embroidery and hand-painting may be put upon such a holder.

GENTLEMAN'S NECKTIE CASE.

Buy 14 inches of plush, 18 inches wide, and $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard of surah silk of contrasting color. Take 2 pieces of pasteboard, 18 inches long and 6 inches wide; cover them with cotton wadding. These are put between the outside and lining; leave a space between them an inch and a quarter in the center, so the case will fold easily. The plush is plain, finished with a large ribbon bow, same color as the lining. Shir the surah at top and bottom, leaving a little frill. Then put 3 bands of ribbon, (1 inch and a quarter in width same color as lining), 1 in the center across, and the other two about 2 inches from each end. The bands are caught down 3 times across.

Cravat cases are made of leather board, cut 20 inches long and 10 inches wide; and may be covered on the outside with either linen, satin or leather, and on the inside with satin. There should be two narrow ribbon bands, one stretched across the top, and the other near the bottom, to hold the neckties in place. The case when folded is 20 inches long and 5 inches wide. Ladies may use any piece of choice leather they may have; or, if they have long evening gloves, that are passé as gloves, the wrists may be utilized and a single large initial letter in silver, with the entire name engraved upon it in fine writing, fastened upon the outside of the cover.

I saw a beautiful necktie case not long ago of wine-colored plush and pale-blue satin. It was heavily wadded, and tacked with knots of pale-blue ribbon. On one side were embroidered, in coarse blue rope silk, the words, "Not the only tie that binds us," running irregularly lengthwise of the case.

A BASKET HANDKERCHIEF-CASE.

This novel little affair has the double merit of being inexpensive and quickly made.

The materials are a piece of the matting in which tea-chests are wrapped—if they cannot

be had, coffee-sacking will answer—three yards of ribbon one and one-eighth inches wide, and five-eighths of a yard of China silk of the same color.

As the matting ravel badly, commence by turning it down to the depth of three inches, basting flatly. Now, beginning at one corner, measure six inches on each side, and mark by pin or a cross-stitch of thread.

Then fold each of these six-inch measurements into a plait three inches deep, making the corner, of course, come in between them. Sew firmly with strong thread and proceed in the same way with the three other corners. Next, with coarse silk, work in the middle of each of the four sides a star three inches long and four inches wide.

Begin in the center, work four stitches, two one and a half inches and two two inches long to mark the size, filling in with shorter stitches between. Cover the sides and bottom with a layer of cotton wadding, sprinkled with violet sachet powder. Measure from the top of the case down the side and to the middle of the bottom, allow an inch and cut from the China silk a strip of this width—it will probably be about eight inches. Stitch it together. Turn down half an inch for a heading, gathering it so as to leave a little upright double frill. Draw up to fit the inside of the case and sew around the edge, taking care not to let the stitches show on the outside. Turn in the other edge, gather as closely as possible, tack it to the bottom and cover with a button an inch in diameter, made of the silk, or a little plaited rosette. Cut a piece of stiff paper to exactly fit the oblong opening, and use for a pattern to shape the matting, which must be turned in to prevent raveling. Cover with a layer of wadding half an inch thick, and a piece of China silk, which must be allowed one-half longer than the length of the lid and about an inch wider. The extra length is gathered. Fasten the lid in place by tacking it lightly to the box at two of its corners. Make four small bows, and sew one at each of the four corners where the plaits project from the basket.

Work a star on the center of the lid, as on the sides. Two little ball tassels on each corner of the case, two on the center of the lid and two on the middle of front edge of the lid make a pretty addition.—*The Ladies' Home Journal*.

"The 'Quotation' party is for a rather larger gathering, and requires more preparation. The invitations bear appropriate quotations, the rooms are decorated with them, and the whole atmosphere is literary. The guests being conveniently seated, the hostess draws a quotation from a basket and reads it aloud. The first guest is given a minute to name the author; and if he fails the point goes to the first who gives the correct name. Then it is number two's turn, and so on. This may be varied by calling an author's name, a point being taken by the first one who gives a quotation from that author. A topic may be named and appropriate quotations called for; or quotations may be written in groups on slips of paper, and one slip given to a lady and gentleman together."

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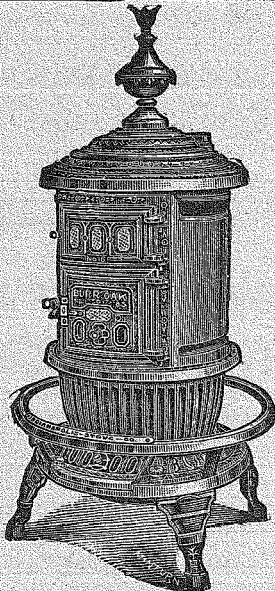
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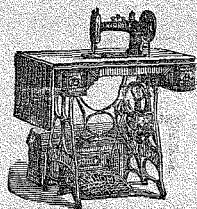
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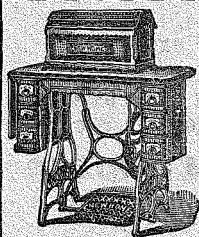


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