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EDW. HUNTER

Born June 22, 1793 ; died Oct. 16, 1883.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1902.

No. 8.

HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

BY HIS MOTHER, LUCY SMITH.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JOSEPH SMITH, SENIOR, AND DON CARLOS, VISIT STOCKHOLM.

In the summer after the Church was organized, my husband set out, with Don Carlos, to visit his father, Asael Smith. After a tedious journey, they arrived at the house of John Smith, my husband's brother. His wife Clarissa had never before seen my husband, but as soon as he entered, she exclaimed, "There, Mr. Smith, is your brother Joseph."

John, turning suddenly, cried out, "Joseph, is this you?"

"It is I," said Joseph; "is my father yet alive? I have come to see him once more, before he dies."

For a particular account of this visit, I shall give my readers an extract from brother John Smith's journal. He writes as follows:

The next morning after brother Joseph arrived, we set out together for Stockholm to see our father, who was living at that place with our brother Silas. We arrived about dark at the house of my brother Jesse, who was absent with his wife. The children informed us,

that their parents were with our father, who was supposed to be dying. We hastened without delay to the house of brother Silas, and upon arriving there, were told that father was just recovering from a severe fit, and, as it was not considered advisable to let him or mother know that Joseph was there, we went to spend the night with brother Jesse.

As soon as we were settled, brothers Jesse and Joseph entered into conversation respecting their families. Joseph briefly related the history of his family, the death of Alvin, etc. He then began to speak of the discovery and translation of the Book of Mormon. At this Jesse grew very angry, and exclaimed, "If you say another word about that Book of Mormon, you shall not stay a minute longer in my house, and if I can't get you out any other way, I will hew you down with my broadaxe."

We had always been accustomed to being treated with much harshness by our brother, but he had never carried it to so great an extent before. However, we spent the night with him, and the next morning visited our aged parents. They were overjoyed to see Joseph, for he had been absent from them so long, that they had been fearful of never beholding his face again in the flesh.

After the usual salutations, enquiries, and explanations, the subject of the Book of Mormon was introduced. Father received with gladness, that which Joseph communicated; and remarked, that he had always expected that something would appear to make known the true Gospel.

In a few moments brother Jesse came in, and on hearing that the subject of our conversation was the Book of Mormon, his wrath rose as high as it did the night before. "My father's mind," said Jesse, "is weak; and I will not have it corrupted with such blasphemous stuff, so just shut up your head."

Brother Joseph reasoned mildly with him, but to no purpose. Brother Silas then said, "Jesse, our brother has come to make us a visit, and I am glad to see him, and am willing he should talk as he pleases in my house." Jesse replied in so insulting a manner, and continued to talk so abusively, that Silas was under the necessity of requesting him to leave the house.

After this, brother Joseph proceeded in conversation, and father seemed to be pleased with every word which he said. But I must confess that I was too pious, at that time, to believe one word of it.

I returned home next day, leaving Joseph with my father. Soon after which, Jesse came to my house and informed me, that all my brothers were coming to make me a visit, "and as true as you live," said he, "they all believe that cursed Mormon book, every word of it, and they are setting a trap for you, to make you believe it."

I thanked him for taking so much trouble upon himself, to inform

me that my brothers were coming to see me, but told him that I considered myself amply able to judge for myself in matters of religion. "I know," he replied, "that you are a pretty good judge of such things, but I tell you that they are as wary as the devil. And I want you to go with me and see our sister Susan and sister-in-law Fanny, and we will bar their minds against Joseph's influence."

We accordingly visited them, and conversed upon the subject as we thought proper, and requested them to be at my house the next day.

My brothers arrived according to previous arrangement, and Jesse, who came also, was very careful to hear every word which passed among us, and would not allow one word to be said about the Book of Mormon in his presence. They agreed that night to visit our sisters the following day, and as we were about leaving, brother Asael took me aside and said, "Now, John, I want you to have some conversation with Joseph, but if you do, you must cheat it out of Jesse. And if you wish, I can work the card for you."

I told him that I would be glad to have a talk with Joseph alone, if I could get an opportunity.

"Well," replied Asael, "I will take a certain number in my carriage, and Silas will take the rest, and you may bring out a horse for Joseph to ride, but when we are out of sight, take the horse back to the stable again, and keep Joseph over night."

I did as Asael advised, and that evening Joseph explained to me the principles of "Mormonism," the truth of which I have never since denied.

The next morning, we (Joseph and myself) went to our sisters, where we met our brothers. Jesse censured me very sharply for keeping Joseph over night.

In the evening, when we were about to separate, I agreed to take Joseph in my wagon twenty miles on his journey the next day. Jesse rode home with me that evening, leaving Joseph with our sisters. As Joseph did not expect to see Jesse again, when we were about starting, Joseph gave Jesse his hand in a pleasant, affectionate manner, and said, "Farewell, brother Jesse." "Farewell, Jo, for ever," replied Jesse, in a surly tone.

"I am afraid," returned Joseph, in a kind, but solemn manner, "it will be for ever, unless you repent."

This was too much for even Jesse's obdurate heart. He melted into tears; however, he made no reply, nor ever mentioned the circumstance afterwards.

I took my brother twenty miles on his journey the next day, as I had agreed. Before he left me, he requested me to promise him, that

I would read a Book of Mormon, which he had given me, and even should I not believe it, that I would not condemn it; "for," said he, "if you do not condemn it, you shall have a testimony of its truth." I fulfilled my promise, and thus proved his testimony to be true.

Just before my husband's return, as Joseph was about commencing a discourse one Sunday morning, Parley P. Pratt came in, very much fatigued. He had heard of us at considerable distance, and had traveled very fast, in order to get there by meeting time, as he wished to hear what we had to say, that he might be prepared to show us our error. But when Joseph had finished his discourse, Mr. Pratt arose, and expressed his hearty concurrence in every sentiment advanced. The following day he was baptized and ordained. In a few days he set off for Canaan, N. Y., where his brother Orson resided, whom he baptized on the nineteenth of September, 1830.

About this time Joseph's trouble commenced at Colesville with the mob, who served a writ upon him, and dragged him from the desk as he was about taking his text to preach. But as a relation of this affair is given in his history,* I shall mention only one circumstance pertaining to it, for which I am dependent upon Esquire Reid, Joseph's counsel in the case, and I shall relate it as near in his own words as my memory will admit:—

I was so busy at that time, when Mr. Smith sent for me, that it was almost impossible for me to attend the case, and never having seen Mr. Smith, I determined to decline going. But soon after coming to this conclusion, I thought I heard some one say to me, "You *must* go, and deliver the Lord's Anointed!" Supposing it was the man who came after me, I replied, "The Lord's Anointed? What do you mean by the Lord's Anointed?" He was surprised at being accosted in this manner, and replied, "What do you mean, sir? I said nothing about the Lord's Anointed." I was convinced that he told the truth, for these few words filled my mind with peculiar feelings, such as I had never before experienced; and I immediately hastened to the place of trial. Whilst I was engaged in the case, these emotions increased, and when I came to speak upon it, I was inspired with an eloquence which was altogether new to

* See *Times and Seasons*, vol. IV., pp. 40 and 61. *Supp. to Mill. Star*, vol. XIV., p. 31.

me, and which was overpowering and irresistible. I succeeded, as I expected, in obtaining the prisoner's discharge. This the more enraged the adverse party, and I soon discovered that Mr. Smith was liable to abuse from them, should he not make his escape. The most of them being fond of liquor, I invited them into another room to drink, and thus succeeded in attracting their attention, until Mr. Smith was beyond their reach. I knew not where he went, but I was satisfied that he was out of their hands.

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

After escaping the hands of the mob, Joseph traveled till day-break the next morning, before he ventured to ask for victuals, although he had taken nothing, save a small crust of bread, for two days. About day-break he arrived at the house of one of his wife's sisters, where he found Emma, who had suffered great anxiety about him, since his first arrest. They returned home together, and immediately afterwards Joseph received a commandment by revelation, to move his family to Waterloo.

Joseph had at this time just completed a house, which he had built on a small farm, that he had purchased of his father-in-law; however, he locked up his house with his furniture in it, and repaired with Emma, immediately to Manchester. About the time of his arrival at our house, Hyrum had settled up his business, for the purpose of being at liberty to do whatever the Lord required of him: and he requested Joseph to ask the Lord for a revelation concerning the matter. The answer given was, that he should take a bed, his family, and what clothing he needed for them, and go straightway to Colesville, for his enemies were combining in secret chambers to take away his life. At the same time, Mr. Smith received a commandment to go forthwith to Waterloo, and prepare a place for his family, as our enemies also sought his destruction in the neighborhood in which we then resided, but in Waterloo he should find favor in the eyes of the people. The next day, by ten o'clock, Hyrum was on his journey. Joseph and Emma left for Macedon, and William went away from home in another direction, on business. Samuel was absent on a third mission to Livonia, for which he had set out on the first of October, soon after the arrival

of my husband and Don Carlos from their visit to father Smith. Catherine and Don Carlos were also away from home. Calvin Stodard and his wife, Sophronia, had moved several miles distant, some time previous. This left no one but Mr. Smith, myself, and our little girl, Lucy, at home.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JOSEPH SMITH, SENIOR, IMPRISONED—AN ATTEMPT TO TAKE HYRUM.

On the same day that Hyrum left for Colesville, which was Wednesday, the neighbors began to call, one after another, and inquire very particularly for Hyrum.

This gave me great anxiety, for I knew that they had no business with him. The same night, my husband was taken rather ill, and, continuing unwell the next day, he was unable to take breakfast with me. About ten o'clock I commenced preparing him some milk porridge, but, before it was ready for him, a Quaker gentleman called to see him, and the following is the substance of their conversation:

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

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

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

Mr. Smith.—“I can pay you six dollars now,—the rest you will have to wait for, as I cannot get it for you.”

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

Mr. Smith, (decidedly).—“That I shall not do.”

Quaker.—“Then, thou shalt go to jail.”

"Sir," I interrupted (taking my gold beads from my neck, and holding them towards him), "these beads are the full value of the remainder of the debt. I beseech you to take them, and give up the note."

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

"Now, here, sir," I replied, "just look at yourself as you are. Because God has raised up my son to bring forth a book, which was written for the salvation of the souls of men, for the salvation of your soul as well as mine, you have come here to distress me, by taking my husband to jail; and you think, by this, that you will compel us to deny the work of God, and destroy a book which was translated by the gift and power of God. But, sir, we shall not burn the Book of Mormon, nor deny the inspiration of the Almighty."

The Quaker then stepped to the door, and called a constable, who was waiting there for the signal. The constable came forward, and, laying his hand on Mr. Smith's shoulder, said, "You are my prisoner."

I entreated the officer to allow me time to get some one to become my husband's security, but he refused. I then requested that he might be permitted to eat the porridge which I had been preparing, as he had taken no nourishment since the night before. This was also denied, and the Quaker ordered my husband to get immediately into a wagon which stood waiting to convey him to prison.

After they had taken him to the wagon, the Quaker stood over him as guard, and the officer came back and ate up the food which I had prepared for my husband, who sat in the burning sun, faint and sick.

I shall make no remarks in regard to my feelings on this occasion. Any human heart can imagine how I felt. But verily, verily, those men will have their reward.

They drove off with my husband, leaving me alone with my little girl. The next morning, I went on foot several miles to see a friend by the name of Abner Lackey, who, I hoped, would assist me. I was not disappointed. He went without delay to the magistrate's office, and had my papers prepared, so that I could get my

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

Shortly after I returned home, a pert young gentleman came in, and asked if Mr. Hyrum Smith was at home. I told him, as I had others, that he was in Colesville. The young man said that Hyrum was owing a small debt to Dr. McIntyre, and that he had come to collect it by the doctor's orders, as he (McIntyre) was from home. I told the young man that this debt was to be paid in corn and beans, which should be sent to him the next day. I then hired a man to take the produce the following day to the doctor's house, which was accordingly done, and, when the man returned, he informed me that the clerk agreed to erase the account. It was now too late in the day to set out for Canandaigua, where my husband was confined in prison, and I concluded to defer going till the next morning; in hopes that some of my sons would return during the interval. The night came on, but neither of my sons made their appearance. When the night closed in, the darkness was hideous, scarcely any object was discernible. I sat down and began to contemplate the situation of myself and family. My husband, an affectionate companion and tender father as ever blessed the confidence of a family, was an imprisoned debtor, torn from his family and immured in a dungeon, where he had already lain two dismal nights, and now another must be added to the number, before I could reach him to render him any assistance. And where were his children? Alvin was murdered by a quack physician; but still he lay at peace. Hyrum was flying from his home, and why I knew not; the secret combinations of his enemies were not yet fully developed. Joseph had but recently escaped from his persecutors, who sought to accomplish his destruction. Samuel was gone, without purse or scrip, to preach the Gospel, for which he was as much despised and hated as were the ancient disciples. William was also gone, and, I had not, unlike Naomi, even my daughters-in-law, to comfort my heart in this the hour of my affliction.

While I was thus meditating, a heavy rap at the door brought me suddenly to my feet. I bade the stranger enter. He asked me, in a hurried manner, where Hyrum was. I answered the question as usual. Just then, a second person came in, and

the first observed to a second, "Mrs. Smith says her son is not at home." The person addressed looked suspiciously around, and remarked, "He is at home, for your neighbors have seen him here today." "Then, sir," I replied, "they have seen what I have not." "We have a search warrant," rejoined he, "and if you do not give him up, we shall be under the necessity of taking whatever we find that belongs to him." Finding some corn stored in the chamber above the room where Hyrum had lived, they declared their intention of taking it, but I forbade their meddling with it. At this instant a third stranger entered, and then a fourth. The last observed, "I do not know, but you will think strange of so many of us coming in, but my candle was out, and I came in to re-light it by your fire." I told him I did not know what to think. I had but little reason to consider myself safe either day or night, and that I would like to know what their business was, and for what cause they were seizing upon our property. The foremost replied that it was wanted to settle a debt which Hyrum was owing to Dr. M'Intyre. I told him that it was paid. He disputed my word, and ordered his men to take the corn. As they were going up stairs, I looked out of the window, and one glance almost turned my head giddy. As far as I could see by the light of two candles and a pair of carriage lamps, the heads of men appeared in every direction, some on foot, some on horseback, and the rest in wagons. I saw that there was no way but for me to sit quietly down, and see my house pillaged by a banditti of blacklegs, religious bigots, and cut-throats, who were united in one purpose, namely, that of destroying us from the face of the earth. However, there was one resource, and to that I applied. I went aside, and kneeled before the Lord, and begged that he would not let my children fall into their hands, and that they might be satisfied with plunder without taking life.

Just at this instant, William bounded into the house. "Mother," he cried, "in the name of God, what is this host of men doing here? Are they robbing or stealing? What are they about?"

I told him, in short, that they had taken his father to prison, and had now come after Hyrum, but, not finding him, they were plundering the house. Hereupon, William seized a large hand-

spike, sprang up stairs, and, in one instant, cleared the scoundrels out of the chamber. They scampered down stairs; he flew after them, and, bounding into the very midst of the crowd, he brandished his handspike in every direction, exclaiming, "Away from here, you cut-throats, instantly, or I will be the death of every one of you."

The lights were immediately extinguished, yet he continued to harangue them boisterously, until he discovered that his audience had left him. They seemed to believe what he said, and fled in every direction, leaving us again to ourselves.

Between twelve and one o'clock, Calvin Stodard and his wife, Sophronia, arrived at our house. Calvin said he had been troubled about us all the afternoon, and, finally, about the setting of the sun, he told Sophronia that he would even then start for her father's if she felt inclined to go with him.

Within an hour after their arrival, Samuel came. He was much fatigued, for he had traveled twenty-one miles after sunset. I told him our situation, and that I wished him to go early the next morning to Canandaigua, and procure his father's release from the dungeon. "Well, mother," said he, "I am sick; fix me a bed, that I may lay down and rest myself, or I shall not be able to go, for I have taken a heavy cold, and my bones ache dreadfully."

However, by a little nursing and some rest, he was able to set off by sunrise, and arrived at Canandaigua at ten o'clock. After informing the jailor of his business, he requested that his father might be immediately liberated from the cell. The jailor refused, because it was Sunday, but permitted Samuel to go into the cell, where he found my husband confined in the same dungeon with a man committed for murder. Upon Samuel inquiring what his treatment had been, Mr. Smith replied as follows:

Immediately after I left your mother, the men by whom I was taken commenced using every possible argument to induce me to renounce the Book of Mormon, saying, "how much better it would be for you to deny that silly thing, than to be disgraced and imprisoned, when you might not only escape this, but also have the note back, as well as the money which you have paid on it." To this I made no reply. They still went on in the same manner till we arrived at the jail, when they hurried me into this dismal dungeon. I shuddered when I first heard these

heavy doors creaking upon their hinges; but then I thought to myself, I was not the first man who had been imprisoned for the truth's sake; and when I should meet Paul in the Paradise of God, I could tell him that I, too, had been in bonds for the Gospel which he had preached. And this has been my only consolation.

From the time I entered until now, and this is the fourth day, I have had nothing to eat, save a pint basin full of very weak broth; and there [pointing to the opposite side of the cell] lies the basin yet.

Samuel was very much wounded by this, and, having obtained permission of the jailor, he immediately went out and brought his father some comfortable food. After which he remained with him until the next morning, when the business was attended to, and Mr. Smith went out into the jail yard to a cooper's shop, where he obtained employment at coopering, and followed the same until he was released, which was thirty days. He preached during his confinement here every Sunday, and when he was released he baptized two persons whom he had thus converted.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FAMILY OF JOSEPH SMITH, SENIOR, REMOVE TO WATERLOO.

Samuel returned from Canandaigua the same day that my husband was liberated from the cell. After relating to us the success he had met with at Canandaigua, he gave us an account of his third mission to Livonia:—

When I arrived at Mr. Green's, said he, Mrs. Green informed me that her husband was absent from home, that there was no prospect of selling my books, and even the one which I had left with them, she expected I would have to take away, as Mr. Green had no disposition to purchase it, although she had read it herself, and was much pleased with it. I then talked with her a short time, and, binding my knapsack upon my shoulders, rose to depart; but, as I bade her farewell, it was impressed upon my mind to leave the book with her. I made her a present of it, and told her that the Spirit forbade me taking it away. She burst into tears, and requested me to pray with her. I did so, and afterwards explained to her the most profitable manner of reading the book which I had left with her; which was, to ask God, when she read it, for a testimony of the truth of what she had read, and she would receive the Spirit of God, which would enable her to discern the things of God. I then left her, and returned home.

I shall now turn aside from my narrative, and give a history of the above book. When Mr. Green returned home, his wife requested him to read it, informing him very particularly with regard to what Samuel had said to her, relative to obtaining a testimony of the truth of it. This, he, for a while, refused to do, but finally yielded to her persuasions, and took the book, and commenced perusing the same, calling upon God for the testimony of his Spirit. The result of which was, that he and Mrs. Green were in a short time baptized. They gave the book to Phineas Young, Mrs. Green's brother, who read it, and commenced preaching it forthwith. It was next handed to Brigham Young, and from him to Mrs. Murray, his sister, who is also the mother of Heber C. Kimball's wife. They all received the work without hesitancy, and rejoiced in the truth thereof. Joseph Young was at this time in Canada, preaching the Methodist doctrine; but, as soon as Brigham became convinced of the truth of the Gospel, as contained in the Book of Mormon, he went straightway to his brother Joseph, and persuaded him to cease preaching Methodism, and embrace the truth, as set forth in the Book of Mormon, which he carried with him.

Thus was this book the means of convincing this whole family, and bringing them into the Church, where they have continued faithful members from the commencement of their career until now. And, through their faithfulness and zeal, some of them have become as great and honorable men as ever stood upon the earth.

I shall now resume my subject. The first business which Samuel set himself about after he returned home, was preparing to move the family to Waterloo, according to the revelation given to Joseph. And after much fatigue and perplexities of various kinds, he succeeded in getting us there. We moved into a house belonging to an individual by the name of Kellog. Shortly after arriving there, we were made to realize that the hearts of the people were in the hands of the Lord; for we had scarcely unpacked our goods, when one of our new neighbors, a Mr. Osgood, came in and invited us to drive our stock and teams to his barn-yard, and feed them from his barn, free of cost, until we could make further arrangements. Many of our neighbors came in, and welcomed us to Waterloo. Among whom was Mr. Hooper, a tavern-

keeper, whose wife came with him, and brought us a present of some delicate eatables. Such manifestations of kindness as these were shown us from day to day, during our continuance in the place. And they were duly appreciated, for we had experienced the opposite so severely, that the least show of good feeling gave rise to the liveliest sensations of gratitude.

Having settled ourselves in this place, we established the practice of spending the evenings in singing and praying. The neighbors soon became aware of this, and it caused our house to become a place of evening resort, for some dozen or twenty persons. One evening, soon after we commenced singing, a couple of little boys came in, and one of them, stepping softly up to Samuel, whispered, "Mr. Smith, won't you pray pretty soon? Our mother said, we must be home by eight o'clock, and we would like to hear you pray before we go."

Samuel told them that prayer should be attended to immediately. Accordingly, when we had finished the hymn, which we were then singing, we closed the evening services with prayer, in order that the little boys might be gratified. After this, they were never absent during our evening devotions while we remained in the neighborhood.

(To be Continued.)

TRUE RICHES.

What are true riches? The love of your family, and the confidence of friends and neighbors; faith in God and obedience to his commandments,—not money, not wealth. I knew a man who lived and died in constant misery because of a fear which he harbored that his accumulations might be lost, and that he might die in poverty and have no money left for his children. The poorest Saint in the Church, who possesses loved ones following in the simple path of the Master, and who enjoys the spirit of the gospel, thereby, reading life's real meaning, is incomparably wealthier. He has the true riches. Not that money is not desirable; but there are things better than money.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

WHO IS A-THIRST MAY BE SUPPLIED.

BY DAVID H. ELTON, EDITOR OF THE "ALBERTA STAR," CARDSTON,
CANADA.

Under the caption, Agnosticism, there appears in a late number of the *Era* (a monthly magazine of literature, published by Coates & Co., of Philadelphia) a verse from the pen of Curtis Hall, which is a most impressive and forceful appeal for revelation, for which the Latter-day Saints contend, and which they soberly testify they have received. The lines referred to follow:

We moderns are a-thirst, like those of old,
 (Soul-thirsty for the waters of our God),
When will some Moses, waxing wise and bold,
 Release the rock-welled fountain with his rod!

Why such expressions as versed above should be classified under the title, agnosticism; why this interrogatory exclamation should find a place upon the borderland of infidelity, is more than the writer can well comprehend. Our Lord, the Glorified Head of Christianity, has never thus arranged them; contrariwise, he hath decreed that they who so "hunger and thirst" are "blessed," and concludes with the glorious promise, "they shall be filled." Notwithstanding the blessed assurance of the Messiah, it is verily true that a desire in the heart of man to understand these divine principles; a desire to be blessed with another Moses, a mighty prophet and faithful seer; a desire for the revelations of the Holy One of Israel, in this day of evangelical Christianity—is by some erroneously termed agnosticism, by others fanaticism, blasphemy, and

heresy, etc. It was not so anciently; but the program seems reversed now; the scene entirely changed; and a radically different play is placed on the boards! Indeed, the prophet here desired, when some complained that others in Israel's camp were prophesying, rebuked the murmurers and exclaimed, "Would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets!" But the curtain of night has shut out this grand and realistic spectacle, together with the eager, longing souls catalogued as agnostics.

The "moderns" who are "a-thirst" today can be supplied with the "waters of our God," flowing in purity from the Rock of Revelation, released through the medium of a chosen seer, who, Moses-like, appointed of the Lord, hath smitten the "rock-welled fountain with his rod." The Holy Priesthood of the Son of God as authorized in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints! None need "thirst" and remain faint; all can be filled; none need "hunger" and perish; all can be fed. That soul-inspiring, life-giving element, the Holy Spirit of promise; the Comforter and Guide; the Recaller of things past; the Revealer of things present, and the Foreteller of things to come, hath been bestowed upon the sons and daughters of men who fear God and keep his commandments.

This spirit of truth which the world (they who have not put on Christ; by one spirit are we all baptized into one body) cannot receive, is just as powerful in every particular as it was anciently, and manifests in its operations, the same gifts and graces, administrations and blessings, as enjoyed by the primitive saints; if it were otherwise, then it would be as a flower without perfume, a rose without color, a day without the sun. To all honest, earnest, inquiring minds, the divine promise of Jesus is given: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled with the Holy Ghost." To all so-called Agnostics, the Gospel of Jesus Christ is extended, while the servants of the Master approach you, saying: "Why thirst when living springs are bubbling from the sanctuary of the Lord, through the unerring channel of Revelation? Why linger in despair, or tarry in doubt? Why not follow up your earnest desires, even follow after the admonition of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good?'"

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "MARCUS KING MORMON," ETC.

PART TWO.

III.

RELIGIOUS RESTLESSNESS—A CRUISE TO CHRISTIANIA.

"We thank thee, O, Lord that there is no salvation for the dead."

Harald could not forget the horrible words. They rang in his ears day and night. The last days of his principalship of the West Akerby school approached, and he had much work to do; but in every pause, he heard the words: "There is no salvation for the dead," and then again: "We thank thee, O Lord, for it." "It's a blessing this school business is coming to an end," he thought. Then again he doubted his own conclusions, for with school work he did have something definite to occupy his mind. What would he do when, all day long, the devil would have opportunity to whisper the damnable words into his ears!

When the public began to realize that Head Master Einersen had been forced out by ecclesiastical pressure, there was considerable uproar; but he did not take it as a calamity, and informed all who asked him about it that he was glad of it. So, in time, the clamor subsided, and the new master was respected in his place.

On the evening that his term expired, Harald heaved a sigh of relief but something secret told him that as one burden was gone another and much greater was coming. In the past, he had been able to shake off any obnoxious thought, but now some religious questions would not away, and he saw more approaching in the

distance. He would have to meet them. Why should he show a coward's fear? Surely they could be met. Truth would conquer error every time.

"*There is no salvation for the dead!*" "You lie!" Harald hissed the words aloud. It was on the street, and he had caught a glimpse of Pastor Bange. Harald was alone—he was thankful no one heard him.

The day was before him, so, after a vigorous tramp through the town, he climbed the stone steps on his way home again. Replenishing the fire, he later took down his Bible, the leather-back one, scratched, and stained with sea water, which he had received as a memento of his friend. He read a-while that he might observe if the reading should have the same effect on him as it once had on Johan. Having read for ten minutes, he went to the window, to raise the blind. The sun shone brightly, and a great yellow stream entered the room. He paced back and forth. He could not read. The photograph on the table had fallen from the easel, and lay face down on the cloth. He looked at it for a moment and then continued his walking.

"Yes, Thora, you might well hide your face from me," he said. He remembered his dream of some nights previous, and again saw the mighty hosts of Norsemen. They had never heard of Jesus Christ. They had never heard of Christianity. They were doubtless marching to their final destination, when he beheld them in vision—on, on, the multitude of brave men and beautiful women, on—on—to hell!

The heathen could not be saved. A heathen is "one who does not worship the God of the Jew or the Christian"—so his dictionary gave it. His forefathers were heathens; therefore, they could not be saved. Well, they would have much company. Out of the millions who have lived on this earth, a very small fraction ever knew of Christ. Of the millions now living, only about one-third were Christians, and only a small part of the so-called Christians were Christian at heart. Nothing else could count, of course. So, after all, a mere handful would be saved. What a small place heaven must be, and how immense must be the borders of hell!

And God arranged all this. He made the earth—what knowl-

edge of the laws of nature he must have! He formed man and placed him on the earth to run his little race. He gave him intelligence, a reasoning mind! He made him sensitive to joy and pain. He placed within his mind ambitions, and made it a part of his nature to yearn for eternal life and its possibilities. He implanted in his heart the sweet and tender plant which grows and expands until it entwines its delicate tendrils around wife and children—and they become as strong as bonds of steel—and then, and then—they are all damned eternally!

Harald remembered having read a book once which related the story of a boy who had figured that every time the clock ticked, a soul went to hell. At every tick, a heathen died. Tick, tock—to hell they went. Tick, tock—two more.

Johan and grandmother had been among the crowds that he had seen in his dream. If ever there were or had been a Christian, his grandmother was one; but what about Johan Bernsen! Pastor Bange had said that Johan was not a Christian. Pastor Bange ought to know, if anyone knew. If Johan was not a Christian, had not been confirmed, had not associated himself with the church, he must have been a heathen—and heathens go to hell.

And hell is a place where the souls of men and women suffer excruciating torment eternally.

"There worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Men and women! Oh, surely not beautiful, tender, nerve-filled woman, who bears the burdens of the world, and in motherhood willingly goes near to the gates of death! Surely not woman, surely not such a sweet-faced woman as kissed him in his dream, or one like——.

Harald's face was ashen gray. His hands trembled. The muscles of his lips twitched painfully. He had been pacing the floor, but now sank helplessly in his chair, by the table. Staring vacantly into the fire, he finally covered his face with his hands.

With rude hands, Horror had seized him, and he seemed to struggle in vain. The more he thought, the more he reasoned, the deeper the gulf of dismay. The perspiration moistened his face, and wiping it away with his kerchief he was relieved somewhat, but the struggle was not yet over.

Why should he worry about it, anyway? He was a believer. He

could be saved. Why vex himself about others? But the thought, the principle! Why should God, who is allwise and all powerful make a plan for the salvation of mankind so seemingly imperfect, so unjust, so cruel! If Christ is the only name under heaven whereby men may be saved—and he knew the scriptures taught that—why had not provisions been made for his name to be heard by every kindred, tongue, and nation from the creation down? In all fairness, it appeared reasonable that every soul should have had a chance.

Then the feeling of resentment again arose within him. Christian doctrine is founded on the Bible. Did the Bible teach such abominable doctrine as that? If so, he would throw the book into the fire!

But he did not do that; and, shortly, he was ashamed of himself, as he should have been, for the thought. Again he went to the window. It was a beautiful, sunny afternoon, but he had thought it night. He went out, and down on the busy market place, and met his old friend Pastor Jensen, of the Methodist Church, who was just then buying a roast for the next day's dinner; securing his package, the preacher slipped his arm into Harald's, and the two walked on together. Pastor Jensen began to speak sympathetically about the head master losing his position, but Harald apparently, did not heed. Suddenly he looked into the parson's face and asked:

"Tell me, Pastor Jensen, do you believe there is any salvation for the dead?"

The pastor was, of course, surprised, but he managed to answer that certainly those who had died in the Lord were saved.

"But what about those who did not die in the Lord? Are they in hell?"

"Well, now, dear Mr. Einersen, you do startle me—but I might say that we have no assurance in God's word that the unbeliever, or the heathen, will have an opportunity in the next world. You see, such a doctrine would be very dangerous, indeed, and—"

"So you believe that all our old forefathers, men, many of whom were better than we, are now burning in hell?"

He suddenly let go the preacher's arm, turning another corner.

Pastor Jensen stood staring at the retreating figure, wondering what it all meant.

"Number two," said Harald. "I might as well go the rounds, and finish this unpleasant business."

He was not far from the meeting rooms of the *Indre Mission*, the home missionary department of the state church. The presiding parson resided in the rear of the rooms, and there he went. Pastor Skabo was at home, and he greeted Harald warmly. Harald did not wish to be rudely abrupt, so the conversation was brought around smoothly to the subject. Pastor Skabo was surprised that anyone should doubt the great religious truth that when a person dies, he either goes to the arms of Jesus, or to the regions of darkness. No; he could see no hope, in the hereafter, for the heathen. He was very emphatic on the point that this life fixed every soul's eternal destiny.

"Then," said Harald, as he took his hat and arose to go, "Solon and Pericles, with all the great and wise men of ancient Greece; Leonidas and his three hundred brave Spartans who perished at Thermopylae; Socrates, the philosopher, who taught the immortality of the soul, and who died for his convictions; the wise Plato and his followers—all—all were heathens, and, therefore, went to hell when they died, are there now, and will remain there throughout the endless ages of eternity? Impossible?" Harald bowed himself out.

On the street, he laughed to himself when he thought of how he had startled the good pastor by his expressions. So far, no deviation. He would try the little Baptist minister who had lately arrived.

The Baptist seemed to think that he had a prospective convert in the earnest young man, but Harald went away having learned nothing new. Next he called on an Adventist preacher who had held forth in a tent as long as the weather permitted, but who, as he explained, had not been able to secure a hall for winter use. The Adventist talked Scripture as if he knew the Bible from memory, but Harald again went away empty.

A fog threatened to settle down over the town. Darkness came on, and Harald felt extremely tired. Perhaps he had accomplished enough for one day. He could scarcely climb the steps

to the house. Mrs. Jacobsen was very solicitous. What a comfort she was! The warm beef-soup tasted delicious. When he went to bed, which he did early, he soon fell into a sound sleep.

Next morning his mind was much more quiet, though the effects of its riotous workings the day before were visible in the general haggardness of his face. He announced to his landlady that he would take a sail around the coast as far as Christiania, for a rest. She agreed with him that such a rest was needed, a change of air and scenery would do him good.

So he packed a small valise, and that same evening boarded the coast steamer. He had greatly quieted during the day, but he thought the journey would do him good. He placed in his grip some volumes of his favorite authors. He had thought of taking his Bible along, but instead he left it on the table by Thora's picture.

He enjoyed life on board ship, being sailor enough to avoid sickness in a rough sea. When the strong wind blew, and the waves danced merrily over the sea, he always paced the deck, where he gathered new life in breathing the bracing sea air, while the vessel steadily pushed its way through the angry waves.

At one of the stopping points, quite a fleet of fishing boats were making for an outer island where herring had been reported. The boats sailed by the steamer, and there were jolly crews in them. Harald had an instant's longing to jump into one, and to take part in the coming catch. One boat contained a man, and two strong, healthy-looking girls who sang as they went by:

Oh, ho! oh, ho! the herring is coming!

The breezes are humming!

Aloft flies the sail.

The sea gulls are teeming,

And fighting and screaming,

Adrift on the gale.

When the steamer pointed northward into the Christiania fjord the ice became troublesome. Had it not been that a short distance ahead of them a large ocean steamer was smashing the ice and clearing a passage, there would have been danger of a blockade; but as it was, the coast steamer slowly made its way through the floating ice.

There was a pleasant company of passengers on board, and the conversations in the salon were restful enough. Harald listened attentively to the stories of a commercial man, one of which reminded him of his grandmother.

"When I was a lad about twelve," said the narrator, resting his arms on the table in front of him, "my mother and I walked a distance of sixty miles and back. My grandmother resided that distance from us, away back in the country, and it was no uncommon thing for my mother to get a longing to see her mother. Well, as I was saying, on one of these occasions, father was away the whole summer, and, as there was no one to stay with me, I was obliged to accompany her. I was not easily tired out in those days, but, oh! how my limbs did ache every night. Mother continued for hours along the road, knitting as she walked. I trudged by her side or lagged behind, as my disposition or condition allowed, and behind us came the pig."

"The pig!" exclaimed a lady on the opposite side of the table.

"Yes; mother's domestic animals shared a good deal of her attention, and the pigs especially followed her anywhere. I remember that pig yet, and what a worry it was to mother to keep it clean. She washed it as clean as a new brush—oh, it was a very small, young pig, madam—and then she would comb its hair—no, oh, no; she didn't put its tail in papers to make it curl; if I remember rightly, its tail was naturally curly. When the pig got tired, and wanted to lag, mother would coax it on with pieces of sugar."

"What did the pig go with you for?"

"It was a present to mother's mother."

"That reminds me," began another passenger; but Harald did not remain longer.

One day, down in the second class cabin, Harald saw a Bible lying open on the table. As no one was present at the time, he picked up the book and began to read. Presently, a young man came in, who sat down opposite Harald and watched the reader closely. When the latter looked up, the young man asked:

"Understandest thou what thou readest?"

"How can I, except some man should guide me," answered Harald.

The young man smiled at the answer.

"The word of God is easily understood by those who will understand," said he.

"Some parts may be, but others are not," replied Harald. "If the Bible is so easily understood, why are there so many interpretations of it? All sects base their creeds on the Bible, yet each understands its teachings differently. I go to one denomination, and they prove to me from the Scriptures that they are right, and all the rest are wrong. I go to another, with the same result. I've come to the conclusion that you can find in the Bible anything you wish to find."

"Yes, yes," replied the other, "but it all amounts to this, after all: Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved."

"I know that is the argument of last resort with religionists, but no sensible man can read his Bible, and believe that such a conclusion is the sum of the matter. If the Bible teaches anything at all, it teaches that there is something to do as well as to think, or to say. But what that is, I haven't got clear."

"Come to Jesus," said the young man.

"Another stock phrase! Nothing definite: How shall I come? where? when? To give your heart, what does that mean? I have never found that Jesus explained coming to him to mean that one should kneel on a penitent bench and cry. You preachers—I suppose you are a preacher—stir up people, arouse their emotions, play upon their feelings; never appeal to their reason, or good sense. I'll acknowledge that it's all a well mixed up business to me."

The other did not answer, but he took out his guitar, and sang some gospel hymns. He had a good voice, and soon the cabin was well-filled with listeners. Whether he preached to them afterwards, Harald did not learn, for he soon thereafter went on deck.

A black, winter fog hung over the city of Christiania. Harald could not content himself there. A few walks up and down Karl Johan Street, where he jostled with the crowd, a number of visits to the *Storting*, the Norwegian Congress, and he was ready to depart. The thought now came to him that perhaps it had not been wise to leave Akerby as soon and as hurriedly as he had left it.

People would get a wrong impression of him. He would better return as soon as he could. After all, it was only a bit of sea travel he wanted; so back he went.

He remained restless, sometimes fearful that he would become altogether an unbeliever, at which thought he shuddered. Grandmother's training had strong claims on him; yet, he acknowledged to himself that he was literally at sea on religious matters. His mind was in a turmoil. He had certain yearnings, but how chaotic they were! His thoughts were confused, his plans for the future, indistinct. He could build no castle that would stand over night. All was transitory, unreal, unsatisfying. His soul had appetite; yet it was empty.

On the return trip, he occupied himself with his books. He read Ibsen again, feeling more keenly than ever, this writer's cynicism, irony, and resentment against the social orders of the day. Ibsen's vindictive thrusts found an echo in Harald's heart.

But, after all, there was very little satisfaction in Ibsen, and he turned to Bjornson. The contrast was plainer than ever. Ibsen was the pessimist; Bjornson, the optimist. Ibsen's sentiments were contractive, bitter and chill; Bjornson's were expansive, genial, sunny, full of hope. Ibsen thrust unsolvable problems on the world—and Harald had enough of them; Bjornson never discussed a question to which he did not see a solution. Bjornson was the child of nature, free, unrestraining. His writings were "colored with nature's brush, and steeped in the fragrance of Norwegian winds. Their grandeur, their eloquence were but the reflection of the Jotunheim; and the quieter, idyllic touches, the whisperings of the great, deep, serene fjords." To Harald Bjornson was a mighty giant, lifting his country up to greatness. He was the great patriot, the inspirer of every true Norwegian.

Yes, we love this land of ours,
Crowned with mountain domes;
Storm-scarred o'er the sea it towers,
With its thousand homes!

wrote Bjornson.

As Harald read, he perceived a glimmer of light in his gloom. He would serve his country. The plans which he contrived when

a boy returned to him. Two years more and he would be eligible to the *Storting*. Meanwhile, he would work and prove worthy of the confidence which his fellow citizens had already imposed in him. Yes; within two years he must be a member of the *Storting*. He would serve his country, until he could more intelligently serve his God.

IV.

RETURN TO AKERBY—POLITICAL CASTLES.

Harald Einersen did not get back to Akerby too soon. Pastor Bange had intrusted to a friend some strange news about the actions of the late Head Master. Pastor Skabo had also told an acquaintance that Mr. Einersen had called on him, and had asked some odd questions; and then Pastor Jensen had recounted the school teacher's peculiar actions on the street. By putting it all together, with a little embellishment, the conclusion was easily reached that the Head Master had lost his wits with his position. But a week later, when the gossip was at its height, Harald Einersen reappeared at Akerby, associating as usual with neighbors and friends.

Mrs. Jacobsen said the journey had resulted in much good to him. He was himself again; and the good lady was greatly pleased. All of Harald's friends were glad to see him. His sudden disappearance had been the special topic of discussion at the latest meeting of the West Akerby club; but when, at the following meeting, Harald had walked into the club rooms with head erect and bold step, there was something of a sensation. Again, during the discussions that evening, he had surprised the gathering by a splendid speech on the political issues of the day.

"Why," said a friend to him, "people had it that the trouble had turned your mind, and that you had run away from us."

Harald took it pleasantly, saying "Well, if my mind has been turned, it has been in the right direction. I am glad to have the time now to devote to the cause of our club." During the few remaining winter days he read law and "talked politics" with his friends. In his own mind, he had decided not to try a mercantile

pursuit, but to devote a year or more to study and political work. His means would allow him to do this. The *Storting* must be reached, first. From that foothold he could climb higher. His prestige as a member of the national legislature would greatly aid him and give him influence among the people. His motives were high. "If ever my country needed patriots, it is now," said he to himself. It needed men who were not afraid to speak the truth, who were not afraid of kingly might or name. Bjornson needed aids. What could one man do? The time was ripe for action.

One day in the early spring, Harald met Merchant Bernhard, on the street in Akerby. He was sauntering leisurely down to the fish market when he saw the merchant coming alone up the street. He had not seen the latter for years, yet he knew him at sight, although the merchant had aged much, and his cane did not touch the ground as lightly as when he had met him last. The merchant did not recognize the tall, bearded man as his former tender of sheep, and it was some time before Harald could be properly placed in the old man's mind. Then it came to him suddenly, and he exclaimed:

"Yes, yes. Now I remember. You are Einer Gundersen's son—and what are you doing here?"

Harald led him into a cafe, and ordered coffee, the merchant continually remonstrating in true Norwegian style; but when they had been comfortably seated in a retired corner of the room, the old gentleman seemed well pleased. He drew off his gloves, dropping them in his hat. Then, pushing back his bushy, gray hair, he looked closely at his young friend.

"And so you are young Einersen? Yes; I have heard of you. My daughter Thora talked of the delightful time she had in Nordland, for years after her visit. In fact, London, New York, Paris, were nothing to the wonders of Nordland. Yes; Nordland is all right—in the summer," he lowered his voice on the last phrase, "but hoot-toot-too! in the winter!"

"And Miss Bernhard," asked Harald disregarding the drift of the old gentleman's conversation, "is she well?"

A cloud seemed to pass over the merchant's face, and a firm, though sad expression came into it.

"Yes; she is well."

The tone in which he said it seemed to forbid the young man asking any further questions along that line.

"Yes; thank you, I'll take another cup," said the merchant, and then he continued.

"Your grandmother kept me pretty well posted on your affairs, but since her death I have not heard much. What are you doing now?"

"Just at present, I am having a vacation—you understand. I have been teaching school for four years, though I am not altogether unoccupied. I am reading law."

"Ah! Going to be a lawyer next, are you? What under the sun will you not aspire to? You'll wish to be elected to the *Storting* next, I dare say; and from there to the Prime Minister would be an easy step for you."

Harald smiled at the old man's pleasantry.

"Well, its all right, I suppose. We are living in a wonderful age, anyway. I sometimes think there is a chance for the return of Norway to her true position among the nations of the world, when I see such young men as you, and the spirit which is working in you."

Harald thanked him earnestly, and assured him that his own life work would be to help bring about the happy result.

"Well, you young fellows are good for it. I wish you success. If I were but a trifle younger now—but no, I'm about through with life."

The old merchant bowed his head as if some great sorrow bent it. He finished his coffee in silence, and then arose to go. He had stopped off at Akerby on a matter of business, and would be compelled to leave on the evening boat, hence, could not accept Harald's pressing invitation to remain with him over night. Harald learned nothing more about Thora, only that she was then in Christiania. The father's lips appeared to be sealed against any word about his daughter, and Harald could not understand it. It worried him not a little.

* * * * *

It may be that some future Norwegian historian may reveal the details of the deep-laid plan to overthrow the kingdom of Oscar II, and to erect a republic on the Scandinavian peninsula,

but at the present writing, very little is known to the public of the schemes and doings of the little band of country-loving men who worked and planned, and kept their secret plots so well to themselves. Harald Einersen might, if he would, tell it all; but it is very doubtful if more than is simply hinted at in this narrative will ever be given to the world, at least by the one man who was the chief worker, the life and spirit of the movement, and whose withdrawal from it marked the ruins of its progress.

There can be no doubt that on some future day, the Norwegians will form a republic, patterned after the great republic of America. That will come when the time is fully ripe for it. Then, perhaps, the seed sown by Harald Einersen and his associates will bring returns. What he and his friends accomplished, in and around the city of Akerby, no man can yet say. Time alone will tell; but to this day certain intimate friends of Harald Einersen sadly bewail their loss, and have only anathemas for the fate that broke into their ranks and took him away—their leading spirit.

WAITING.

FOR THE ERA, BY LYDIA D. ALDER.

“They also serve, who only stand and wait.”

Lord Jesus, here I stand and wait,
Close by the entrance—at the gate;
O, am I not forever thine?
Some little task to me assign!
My brothers pass with pomp and show,
Apparelled grandly as they go;
But here I am who wait for thee,
Lord praying that thou’lt think of me.

See! servants come and servants go,
Who wait thy word, though whispered low;
But I am waiting, waiting too,
For something thou would’st have me do.
I do not speak, I only wait,
Till evening’s shadows prove ’tis late;

Long since, my friends who wait on thee,
Have passed me by, nor could they see

Why so I trembled as I stood—
"Must be, he is not very good;"
Yet O, my Savior, thou dost know,
I love thee well and listen so,
To hear thy voice but say to me,
"Come now," how joyous would I be,
Leave all behind and follow thee;
So longs my soul thy face to see.

And still I wait thy gracious call,
My God, Redeemer, and my all.
I have no fear, though night winds blow,
Thy voice I'm sure I'd quickly know.
And then my heart so glad would be,
To near thee be continually.
Lo! strangers pass me by in scorn,
And wonder I was ever born.

I heed them not, I wait for thee;
When weary, often bend the knee;
I know with thee is warmth and light,
All radiance there, all things are bright.
And so I wait thy faintest call,
To serve thee, though 'twere something small;
I do not mind the thoughtless tone
That pierces me, e'en from my own.

I long to hear thy gentle voice,
So here I wait and much rejoice;
Though not to me, the words are said,
I know thou liv'st, thou art not dead.
Some day, while passing by this way,
I feel thou'lt see me and will say:
"Beloved, I have need of thee;
Go feed my lambs, they cry for me.
I know thy patience waiting long;
Now sing thy great Redeemer's song,
And know, they serve who only wait,
Close standing by the entrance gate."

FORTY YEARS AGO!

SOME PASSING MEMORIES FOR DECORATION DAY.

BY J. H. WARD, A UNION SOLDIER, AND EDITOR "SALT LAKE CITY
BEOBACHTER."

Forty years ago the world had not heard of Decoration Day. Perhaps it would never have been known, had it not been for the sympathetic heart of woman. Several years after the long and bloody strife known as the Civil War had ceased, some southern women, in grateful memory of their departed strewed one beautiful May day heroes, their graves with flowers; and, feeling that perhaps their northern sisters would gladly perform a similar service on the graves of northern heroes, now sleeping in southern graves, if they had the opportunity, these noble southern women strewed flowers also on the graves of Union soldiers. This act awoke a chord of sympathy throughout the land, and Decoration Day with its sad yet pleasant memories is the result.

The hard fighting of the war began in 1862. At Fort Donelson, at Shiloh, on the Virginia Peninsula, and in the Shenandoah Valley, in the early part of that year, great armies wrestled in terrible combat. Only a few of the actors of that period survive to greet the fortieth Anniversary of those great battles. Among the few survivors of that time may be mentioned the name of Gen. Nelson A. Miles. It was a favorite saying of Napoleon, in the days of his greatness, that he dated his nobility from the bloody conflict on the bridge of Arcola. So too Gen. Miles' fame dated from Fair Oaks, Va., in 1862.

Gen. George B. McClellan, or Little Mac, as the soldiers called

him, was the ideal war-leader of forty years ago. He was young, chivalric and enthusiastic. His men believed in him; and, in the spring of 1862, he led the Union armies to the very gates of Richmond. But the leadership of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the famous Confederate general, and his enthusiastic southerners, brought about reverses that held the Army of Virginia in check for nearly three years.

It was also at Fair Oaks that Gen. Joseph Hooker earned his sobriquet of "Fighting Joe," and Gen. Kearney, afterwards so well known as an Indian fighter, first distinguished themselves. Kearney's regiment was late in getting upon the field, and when he asked Gen. Howard what point he should attack, Gen. Howard replied, "Anywhere, my dear Colonel, there is lovely fighting all along the line."

While these things were going on to the east of the Alleghanies, other important events were transpiring in the west. The battle of Mill Spring, Ky., had been fought, in January, 1862, and the forces from Ohio, Illinois and Indiana were preparing to measure strength and skill with the Confederates from Kentucky and Tennessee, at the battle of Fort Donelson. The writer of this article, then a youth of nearly nineteen years, was often employed in bearing dispatches from one part of the vast Union camp to another. One day, as he dismounted at the headquarters of General Buel, he perceived Buel in earnest conversation with another officer. The messenger stepped forward, doffed his hat, and gave the message to General Buel. The other officer was Colonel afterwards General Ulysses S. Grant, who at that time had not yet distinguished himself. Grant fixed his eyes upon the youth, and, as his penetrating look met the eyes of the boy, he asked, "What is your name?" at the same time placing his hand upon the boy's shoulder. The youth replied, "Harvey Ward." Grant added, "All right, Harvey, never be shot in the back." It was a trivial circumstance. Years passed. The youth became a man, and the cares of middle age fell upon his shoulders; sometimes formidable foes rose up before him, but the memory of those words kept ringing in his ears, "Never be shot in the back." Yes; never flee before an enemy; never be shot in the back.

Soon after this, came the battle of Fort Donelson, and then,

as if the strength of both armies were exhausted, no stirring events transpired for several weeks. Then came the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, a little town on the bank of the Tennessee river. The battle really commenced on April 5, became general on the morning of April 6, and closed by a signal victory for the Union forces on April 7. The regiment to which the writer belonged was at that time stationed at Iuka, Miss., a little railroad station about forty miles distant from Shiloh. The news came on the sixth of April that a battle was raging, and orders that the soldiers at Iuka should proceed immediately to Shiloh. The march commenced at three o'clock that afternoon. The soil of that country is mostly yellow sand, covered here and there with stunted pines. Scarcely fifteen miles of the journey had been traversed before the writer's feet were so sore that walking was very painful. What was to be done? To lag behind meant almost certain death. In this emergency, a comrade wrapped with paper the feet of the writer, and then, after his socks and shoes had been again put on, he poured into his shoes about a half pint of brandy. For a few minutes the pain was severe, but soon the soreness was all gone, and he completed, with his regiment, the march of forty miles, arriving at Shiloh about eight o'clock the next morning, having made the journey in seventeen hours. At that time, Grant and the Unionists had the worst of the battle. They were down in the valley between the river and the hills; while the Confederates rained down upon them a furious storm of shot and shell. Grant, cigar in mouth, and mounted on his bobtailed, grey horse, was riding back and forth trying to encourage his men. The hills and pines prevented the Unionists from seeing our approach. Grant would not acknowledge defeat, but it was noticed that he no longer smoked the cigar, he simply chewed it, and rode desperately into the thickest of the fight. The Confederates saw our approach, and thought to play a game of bluff. A deafening yell of victory rose from their lines. But Grant was unterrified. A few moments later, the Iuka boys opened fire. The Confederates seeing that their game of bluff did not succeed, scattered in all directions; some surrendered, others made good their escape.

A few days later occurred the battle of Corinth. The Confederates had thrown up earth-works around the town. In cap-

turing one of these earth-works, three flag-bearers were shot down. There was, at that time, a young soldier in the Twenty-third Indiana Volunteer Infantry named John Morgan. At that time he was not over sixteen years old, and small in stature, and his comrades declared he would never have succeeded in getting into the army if he had not had high heels to his shoes. Well, seeing the standard bearers fall was too much for the enthusiastic John. He seized the fallen flag, jumped over the breast-works, and, with a deafening yell, his comrades followed. The breast-works were taken! It is needless to further describe John Morgan. He was well known as the intrepid missionary leader in the Southern states during many years. He now rests in peace, and the old and tattered flag which he that day carried is still to be seen in the Museum at Salt Lake City. Many of the youth of Zion remember him today!

But it was not all tragedy. There was also comedy in the happenings of those days. A few lines from one of the popular songs of the time may not be out of place:

Say, darkies, have you seen my Massa
With a moustache on his face,
Going down de road sometime this mornin',
Like he's goin' to leave the place?

CHORUS—

So the darkies say, ha, ha,
And the Missus says, ho, ho,
It must be now the kingdom's commin'
And the year of jubilee.

He saw the smoke 'way up the river
Where the Linkum gunboats lay.
He took his hat and left mighty sudden,
And I 'spect he's run away.

He's five feet one way, six feet tother,
And he weighs three hundred pound;
His coat's so big, he couldn't pay the tailor,
And it won't go half way round.

Forty years have passed away since then. The Mississippi

rolls on peacefully to the sea. Most of the actors of those scenes have passed to the great beyond, and those who still remain with us have ceased their bitter animosities and perceive many noble points in each other's characters. The memories of the dead are today kept green, and the living bestrew the graves of the departed with fragrant flowers!

THE BETTER PLAN.

(FOR THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.)

Stand not and gaze so longingly,
On things you think most fair;
For men are often caught with show,
As moths are caught by glare.
Ofttimes the face that looks so fair
Is but a paltry sham;
Just wait and view it when unmasked,
'Tis far the better plan.

The hollow smiles that charm the gay,
Are nothing more than show;
For well-springs of true friendship lie,
Deep in the heart, you know.
The giddy laugh and empty word,
Are traps for erring man.
Choose thou the hand with friendship warm,
'Tis far the better plan.

Too oft do we the surface view,
The ripple on the stream,
And of the current never think,
That flows beneath, unseen.
Too oft we cast the good aside,
In this our measured span,
And wreck our bark of life by not
Choosing the better plan.

Sarah E. Mitton.

SOME SOURCES OF WATER SUPPLY.

BY DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE, DIRECTOR OF EXPERIMENT STATION,
STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, LOGAN, UTAH.

Water vapor, obtained from the ocean, through the heat of the sun, is moved as clouds from ocean to land, and from continent to continent, by the ordinary circulation of the atmosphere. A moving atmospheric mass or wind which encounters a long mountain range, tends to force its way up the sides of the high mountains until the crest is reached, when, if strength still remains, it rushes down the other mountain side. But, in rising to higher altitudes, air expands, and the expansion, in accordance with a well established law of physics, results in a corresponding cooling. At the temperature which prevails near the surface of the ocean, the water vapor carried by the air is enabled to remain in its vaporous condition; but, as it rises along the mountain sides, the cooling is sufficient to condense it to rain or snow. Thus it happens that the great mountain ranges and peaks become great condensers of the moisture carried from the ocean into the interior of the continents. This water, falling upon the mountains, finds its way back again into the ocean, whence it is again evaporated, driven landward, and again condensed by some mountain range. Thus, throughout all the ages, water has gone through the phases of circulation: ocean water, water vapor, clouds, snow or rain, river water, and ocean water again.

In a similar manner, water which is evaporated from wet soil, or which is transpired by the leaves of plants, rises into the air to form rain clouds, which, whenever they are cooled sufficiently, especially by coming into contact with great mountain chains, are precipitated as rain or as snow.

Some of the water vapor taken from the Pacific Ocean is driven by the winds eastward until it strikes the Sierra Nevada mountains, where it is condensed and falls as rain or snow. The air, coming from these mountains to us, is largely robbed of its moisture, and produces little or no precipitation. So also, the water vapor coming from the east is condensed by the high mountains to the east of us. Thus, we, living in the Great Basin, are, in a measure, surrounded by mountains which rob us of much of the water that would otherwise reach us; and as a result, the climatic conditions under which we live are those of an arid country. Still, the fact that we have mountains throughout the whole state, is one reason why our conditions are not so desert as they might be; for, owing to these great water condensers, rain clouds, that may venture into the Great Basin, are condensed and precipitated for our benefit; and likewise the evaporation of water from lakes, rivers, soil and plants, within the Basin, is precipitated and largely prevented from leaving this locality.

Water which immediately runs off the mountain sides into the rivers, is of little value to the people. Of the greatest benefit is that portion of the rain or snowfall which descends gradually into the valleys, to furnish the necessary flow of water during the summer, when crops are growing.

One of the great allies of the farmer in retaining and delaying the loss of the water that falls upon the mountains, is the forest growth, which, under natural conditions, covers the greater part of the mountain districts of the State of Utah.

It is frequently asserted that forests tend to cause precipitation of rain or snow; and it is also believed that the growing of many trees in a neighborhood increases the annual rainfall there. Long continued and numerous investigations upon this subject have not been able to prove conclusively that forests tend to increase or decrease the rainfall. Another statement, commonly made, is that hail-storms are very frequent where forests are abundant. This also has been subjected to careful study and has been shown to be unfounded.

The main relation of forests to water supply is in the conservation of the water that may fall within the forest. It is true that, in certain respects, forests cause a loss which does not occur

in districts that are bare. For instance, all of the rain that falls above bare ground, reaches the soil, while a certain amount of the rain that falls over forests never reaches the soil, but is retained by the leaves and branches and trunks of the trees. In like manner, a portion of the snow that may fall over forests is retained by the leaves and branches of the trees; and to that extent, forests cause a loss of water to the soil below them. Nevertheless, the conservation, by the forests, of the water that actually reaches the soil, is so great as to offset many times the loss which is due to the interception of rain or snow by the leaves and branches of the trees.

The greatest loss of water from soils, is due to evaporation; and the two chief forces in causing evaporation are sunshine and wind.

Anything that will diminish the amount of direct sunshine on a piece of wet soil, or diminish the amount of wind, will, to that extent, diminish also the evaporation of water from that soil. In this respect, forests are of prime importance. Within the forest groves there is more or less continuous dense shade; and even young forests have a great power of breaking the force of moving atmospheric masses. One need only recall that, in Utah, the mountain sides facing the south are bare in the spring from one to three weeks before the snow is melted from the sides that face the north, to prove the evaporating effect of direct sunshine. Likewise, every boy who has been brought up on an irrigated farm knows that one or two days of heavy wind will draw the water out of the ground, bake the soil and wilt the crops, and make immediate irrigation necessary. If for no other reason than the protection which they afford the soil against direct sunshine and wind, the forests of our mountains should be jealously guarded. Experiments on this subject have shown that one-third as much water evaporates from a pan full of water standing in the forest as from one that stands upon bare ground away from any shade; and it has been found that from a small piece of bare soil, on which no plants grow, within the forest, only one-third as much water evaporates as from the similar piece of ground in the open.

With regard to snow, this relation holds true, also. As has been stated, a small part of the snow is intercepted by the leaves

and branches of the trees, yet that portion which falls within the forest, lies there more evenly, and longer; and the soil is prevented from freezing to great depths, so that it may begin early in the season to absorb the water from the melted snow. There is an idea that snow lying in the open is easily drifted into the ravines where a thick layer is formed, which lasts longer into the summer season than would a thin layer. This fact is sometimes used as an argument against the advisability of protecting the forests of our mountains. This notion is based on a misapprehension; for every thinking observer knows that winds "wear out the snow." As the snow is drifted from place to place, it is reduced to fine particles, which expose new surfaces, from which evaporation and melting begin anew; and before the ravine is filled, many times the weight of the snow deposited has been worn out by the wind and returned to the air as invisible water vapor. The amount of water that comes, during the summer, from such drifted snow-masses is small as compared with the water which has been stored in the soil upon the mountain sides, and which percolates into the streams the whole summer long.

Thus we come to the question concerning the manner in which the water from the rains or melted snows of the mountains is held back until late summer, when it can be used most advantageously for purposes of irrigation.

Water, poured upon the soil, soaks downward and forms a thin film of water around every soil particle as far down as the water can penetrate. After all the soil particles have been moistened, the addition of more water will tend to fill up the spaces between the particles, and this water, by its own weight, will gradually move downward until it reaches the bottom of the soil, when it will filter out and perhaps become a mountain spring, or may be carried by subterranean channels into the rivers. If the surface of the soil is loose, the rain or melted snow that falls upon it, soaks into it easily, and sinks gradually to the lower layers. If evaporation from the surface is prevented or diminished, the water stored by the soil will continue, during the spring and summer, to filter down through the soil and feed the mountain springs. If the surface soil is heavily packed together, the rain or snow water may remain on the surface as puddles, and is then likely to be evapor-

ated by the sunshine or the wind; or possibly, if the country is not level, it may run off the hillsides to the rivers, and be carried down the valleys early in the spring.

In spite of the best that we can do, much of the rain and melting shows will run off in this manner, and the great problem before the citizens of an arid country is to reduce the quantity to a minimum. In an open place, not sheltered by forests, the heavy rains, which often occur in the mountains, strike the soil with great force and pack the upper layers of soil very solidly; and, also, if a large number of animals are allowed to tramp upon a piece of ground, the surface is packed until percolation of water into the soil is prevented. Under the forest cover, the case is quite different; for the force of the raindrops is so broken by the trees that a gentle drizzle falls upon the forest floor. It is, of course, true, that a great number of animals tramping continually upon the forest floor, finally pack the soil as effectually as is done in the open.

Leaves, falling from the trees year after year, form a soil rich in vegetable matter with a very great power of absorbing water. It is porous and elastic, and not easily compacted by the rains or by animals. It has been found that soil which contains considerable moisture is prevented from losing its water, if the top layer of soil is quite thoroughly loosened or cultivated. It is, of course, impossible or impracticable to cultivate all the top soil of our mountain ranges; and in fact it is unnecessary, for it has been found that the loose, porous vegetable mould which is formed on the forest floor has the same effect in retarding evaporation as has an earth mulch,—that is to say, this loose layer of top soil will allow moisture to pass into and through it with great rapidity, but is inactive in drawing the water from below upward. It has been shown that one-eighth as much water is evaporated from soil in the forest, covered with loose vegetable mould, as from a bare soil exposed to the full action of the sun. Within the forest, two plots of ground have been compared,—one of which was bare, and the other covered with vegetable mould—and it was found that one third as much water evaporated from the covered as from the bare plot. This fact, when we consider the thousands of tons of water that reach the mountain soils in the form of rains or melted

snow from year to year, is of the highest importance to the dwellers of this inter-mountain country.

Plants, in their growth, evaporate, or transpire, a certain amount of water from their leaves and thus occasion a loss of soil moisture. Experiments have determined, first, that the transpiration of forest trees, comparing equal areas, is less,—not much more than one-half—than that from ordinary farm crops; and secondly, that the amount of water transpired by the leaves of trees is very small, compared with the total amount that soaks into the soil. This factor, therefore, though it means a certain loss of water, falls into insignificance when compared with the great gain due to the saving influence of the forests.

Such facts, and many more that might be produced, lead to the firm conviction on the part of unbiased students that the preservation of our forests is an absolute necessity for the proper husbanding of the water supplies of the state.

It should be a question, not of personal preference or desirability, but of state patriotism to maintain our forests; to graze the mountain hillsides in a careful, scientific manner; to take out trees only that are mature, and to replace, as far as possible, those trees with young ones, so that our forests, instead of diminishing in extent, will increase, and with that increase, our water supply will also increase. The mountains we have, no one can destroy them, but over the forests, which are equally important, man has complete control. For years forest denudation has been going on, chiefly from ignorance, seldom from malice. But recent years have brought to light the true relations of forests to water supply; and we, children of Utah and lovers of our homes, should use all our knowledge, all our influence, all our powers, in changing the methods of the past, and in preserving for ourselves and our children, the water supplies upon which the present prosperity and future growth of Utah depend.

“IN MY FATHER’S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS,”

BY JOEL NIBLEY, LOGAN, UTAH.

To us, living in the most highly civilized, and most enlightened age the world has ever seen, it is quite impossible to understand the almost total intellectual darkness into which the people of the Middle Ages fell. Truths which are clear as can be to us were to them often clouded and sometimes entirely obscured by their absurd superstitions and ignorance. And some of the truths are not to this day wholly free from the crust of error they received while traveling through that unwholesome period.

Long before the time of Christ, the more important nations of the world, such as Greece and Rome, had had their religions. Those people were very imaginative and poetical, and their forms of religion, though not the truest kinds, were often fanciful and sometimes beautiful. When, however, Christianity became the world’s religion, partly because of its intrinsic worth and partly because the emperors saw it as a tool to accomplish their political purposes, some of the smartest men undertook to bring about a reconciliation between it and the older religions of the world. The result was most disastrous. The doctrines of Christ, which hitherto had been uncorrupted, were now tainted with pagan mythology, and it was not long before the beauty of both systems was lost.

Not only were the finer parts of the gospel changed, but even the forms of the ordinances. Thus, it is not difficult to see how the true idea of heaven was lost to men; and how, in later times, it has gone through an evolution from a barbarous to a more human conception, though being still far from divine.

It is, indeed, to us a very mournful picture,—this of heaven

—where one may find rest, after having lived a most vicious and wicked life, through an hour before death having permitted the sprinkling of a few drops of water upon one's head; yet, where he will be denied who has weighed the balance to his damnation, by so much as a single misdeed, and who must suffer the most excruciating torments throughout all eternity, and can never regain what, through the thoughtlessness of perhaps one moment, he has lost. But to the saints has been revealed a thought which is becoming the essence of the intelligence of this age.

It is that there are different degrees of glory in heaven; one glory which is compared in brightness to the sun; another, to the moon; and still another, to the stars. And these are divided and sub-divided until we have a place for every person who has lived upon the earth, except those who are called the "sons of perdition."

We understand the state of man's happiness after death to be due entirely to the harmony or discord that exists within his own bosom. That as no two men are constituted alike, either in character or disposition, their acts will necessarily be unlike, and the inexorable law of justice demands that a man's place in this universe be determined by his deeds; that he stand upon his own merit; that my neighbor, having lived, perhaps, a better life than I have lived, will enjoy the greater happiness. And so it goes with the world.

This is so plain and beautiful that we really do not understand how anyone could entertain a different view. It is when, and only when, we place it in contradistinction to the old idea, that we can understand how beautiful, how literal, and how true are the words of our Lord when he said: "In my father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

IS BAPTISM ESSENTIAL TO SALVATION?

BY WILLIAM A. MORTON, EDITOR OF "ZION'S YOUNG PEOPLE."

The object of this paper is to show that water baptism is essential to man's salvation. Nearly all the Christian sects believe in and practice some form of baptism, but, with two or three exceptions, none of them believe that baptism adds, even in the slightest degree, to the salvation of the souls of men.

The Latter-day Saints believe that baptism is one of the first principles of the gospel, and that it is as essential to man's salvation as any other principle that God has ever revealed.

It seems to me that this is the only feature of the subject that needs to be considered—the essentiality of baptism; for so long as people believe, as many in Christendom believe, that baptism is not essential to their salvation, they will not be very much concerned about the mode of administering the ordinance. Why should they? If baptism adds not one jot or tittle to my salvation, why should I concern myself about the form in which the ordinance is administered? I might go farther and ask, Why need I observe the ordinance at all? In this connection I might paraphrase the words of Christ, and ask, What shall it profit a man if he be baptized, either by immersion or in any other way, when it in no wise adds to the salvation of his soul?

But let people become convinced that baptism is essential to their salvation, and they will be careful to see that the ordinance is administered to them in the proper manner.

The task before me now is to prove that baptism is essential to salvation. I shall endeavor to do so. My authority? Jesus Christ. I need no other. If people will not accept the testimony of the Son of God, it would be useless to bring any other witness

into court. If they will not believe the words of the Savior of the world, it would be a waste of time to argue with them from the writings of the apostles.

The first scripture to which I will call the reader's attention is found in Matthew 28: 19, 20 and reads as follows: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

Now, let us stop for a moment and examine this commission. In the first place, they were to go and teach all nations, and secondly, they were to baptize all those who believed in their words, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. But our Christian friends tell us that baptism is not essential to salvation. Then why, I ask, did Christ command his apostles to preach it? Why send them out to tell people to do something which it mattered not with God whether they observed or not? This does not give the Lord credit for possessing as much intelligence as man; for no man among us would command his servants to do a certain work when it mattered not to him whether it was done or left undone. If baptism is not essential to salvation, then it was needless on the part of Christ to command his apostles to preach it. It was a waste of time for them to do so, for while they were preaching baptism and administering the ordinance, they could have employed their time in preaching principles which are essential to man's salvation.

Now, let us take another look at this commission. Christ commanded his apostles to baptize the people in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. What! use the sacred names of the Godhead in an ordinance in which there is no virtue, no profit? Did Christ not know that it was written in the scriptures, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain?" Say now, ye self-appointed ministers of Christ that baptism is not essential to salvation, and what do ye do? Ye make the Savior and Redeemer of the world a transgressor of God's divine commandment, for what could be more vain than to use the names of the holy Trinity in an ordinance in which ye say there is no virtue, no salvation?

But you ask, "Do you believe that there is virtue in the water to wash away sins?" I answer that question by asking you to prove that there is no virtue in the water (which you can easily do,) but when you have done that, you must prove that there is no virtue or profit in obeying the commandments of God, and water baptism is one of his commandments.

That God should establish baptism as a means by which men could obtain a remission of their sins, may seem foolish unto you, but have you forgotten what God did with ancient Israel? Israel fell into sin, and transgressed his laws and commandments, in consequence of which he sent fiery serpents among them. Many were bitten by the venomous reptiles, and in their affliction they implored Moses to intercede with God for them. Seeing their repentance, the Lord commanded his servant to make a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and to tell all those who were bitten that by looking at the brazen serpent they would be healed of their deadly wounds. What would you have done, had you been there? Would you have gone among the people and said to them, as you now say to us concerning baptism, that it was not necessary for them to observe that commandment, for there could not possibly be any virtue, any salvation, in looking at a piece of brass upon a pole? That there was no virtue in the brazen serpent, I will admit, but it was God's ordinance, and by observing that ordinance, the children of Israel were made whole. And so it is with regard to baptism; water of itself cannot wash away sins; but water baptism is one of God's ordinances, and God's ordinances must be obeyed, if we expect to receive God's blessings.

But let us return to our subject. If it is not necessary for men to be baptized in water, it was much less necessary for Christ to be baptized. Did Christ consider baptism unnecessary? He did not; he considered it necessary. He came to John at the river Jordan, and asked him to baptize him. John hesitated, saying, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" Then said Jesus unto him, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." Here is a positive declaration by the author of eternal salvation that a man cannot fulfill all righteousness without obeying the ordinance of baptism. And yet, in the face of this declaration, men who profess and call themselves

ministers of Christ have the boldness to assert that men can fulfill all righteousness without being baptized in water.

But let us observe what followed the baptism of Christ. The record tells that "Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water, and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. iii: 16, 17.)

We would like those who deny the essentiality of baptism, to tell us why the Eternal Father withheld these manifestations of his pleasure until after the baptism of his Son; and when they have done this, they might please tell us why he withheld the Holy Ghost from the twelve devout Ephesians until they had been rebaptized by Paul. (See Acts xix.) Can it be possible that men will continue to affirm that there is no virtue or profit in an ordinance which God has sanctioned with his own voice and sealed with the Holy Ghost?

Enough has been said to convince every fair-minded and unbiassed individual that baptism is indeed essential to man's salvation. But if more proof were needed, there is abundance at hand. Who, after reading the words of the Savior spoken to Nicodemus, will contend that baptism is not essential to salvation? No wonder that Christ manifested surprise at a ruler of the Jews being ignorant of principles that affected the salvation of his immortal soul. On coming to Jesus, Nicodemus said, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." But Christ did not want people to follow him because of his miracles; he wanted them to follow him for the truth's sake. This is exemplified in his rebuke of those who followed him because of the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

Without paying any attention to the remark of Nicodemus concerning his miracles, Jesus said to him, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." "How can a man be born again?" asked the Jewish ruler. Now, if we believe that Christ was capable of giving a correct answer to this question, which he certainly would do, we will never again say that baptism is not essential to salvation. Let all who desire a place in God's

kingdom mark his answer: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." This new birth—the baptism of water and of the Holy Ghost—was the same doctrine that John preached. "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance:" said he to the Jews "but he that cometh after me is mightier than I. * * He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

These baptisms Christ himself received, so that when he told Nicodemus he would have to be born of the water and the Spirit, he simply asked him to do that which he himself had done.

To the great majority of mankind today, these words of Christ sound as strange as they did to Nicodemus; but they are nevertheless true. This doctrine was not Christ's; it was his Father's. "My doctrine is not mine," said the Savior, "but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." (John vii: 16, 17.)

Hear him again: "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment what I should say and what I should speak. And I know that his commandment is life everlasting; whatsoever I speak, therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak." (John xii: 49, 50.) Therefore, when Christ was impressing upon Nicodemus the necessity of a new birth, of the water and of the Spirit, he was teaching him a commandment which he had received from his Father, and which he said contained life everlasting. It is surprising that anyone possessed of ordinary intelligence could think for a moment that God, the fountain of all wisdom and intelligence, would send his Son down to earth to teach the children of men principles which it was not necessary for them to observe. Nor can I think of anything more needless than for Christ to send out a host of missionaries into the world to teach the people to observe an ordinance which, when they had observed, they were no better off than before.

John also declared that God had sent him to baptize with water. We quote the prophet's words: "And I knew him not; but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost."

(John i: 33.) According to these two witnesses, Jesus and John God desired the people to be baptized with water. This was the counsel of God to them, and we read that "the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him," Now, if it can be proven that men can gain salvation by rejecting the counsel of God, it can then be proven that they have no need of baptism.

But someone may ask, If baptism is essential to salvation, what has become of those who have died without having been baptized? I will let the Apostle Paul answer that question. He says:

"Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?" (I Cor. xv: 29.) If there were not another passage of scripture in the Bible to prove that baptism is essential to salvation, surely this one ought to be sufficient. Here we find the apostle preaching and the saints practising baptism for the dead, a thing which they would never have thought of doing had they not believed with all their hearts that baptism was essential to salvation. Once convinced of the sacredness of this ordinance, and we see a world of meaning in the teachings of Paul, and the practices of the early Christian saints, in being baptized for their dead; but if baptism is not essential to salvation, then Paul, who preached the doctrine, and the saints who practiced baptism for the dead, could have spent their time just as profitably in playing games of ninepins.

My task is finished. May God add his blessing.

BISHOP EDWARD HUNTER.

BY OSCAR F. HUNTER, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

ANCESTRY, PARENTAGE AND BIRTH.

Edward Hunter, who was the third Presiding Bishop of the Church, was born in Newton Township, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, June 22, 1793. He was the youngest son, and seventh child of the family of Edward Hunter and Hannah Merris, both of whom were born in the same county and state of Pennsylvania.

His father, who was better known by the name of Esquire Hunter, held the office of Justice for forty years, and was a man well-known and respected in the community in which he lived. The names of his seven children were: William, Rebecca, Alice, Hannah, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Edward.

William Hunter, the grandfather of Bishop Hunter, lived at Easttown, Chester County, Pa. His wife's name was Hannah, a daughter of Edward Woodward. They had two sons, William and Edward, and were considered a family of excellent character and standing, being also well-to-do, and living on a large property bought of the Daniel Williamson estate.

Captain John Hunter, the Bishop's great-grandfather, passed over to Ireland in the seventeenth century, serving as lieutenant of cavalry under William of Orange at the battle of The Boyne, where he was wounded. His ancestors were from the North of England, while his mother was of Welsh extraction.

The originator of the Hunter family name is supposed to have been "William the Hunter," from whom doubtless came the Hunter families of Medomsley, England, whose ancestors appear in the

earliest court-rolls of the Manor House, called Medomsley Hall, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor comprised two thousand acres of ground, kept as a country seat, and is still remaining in good condition. The Hunters were prominent in early days of Quaker persecution. Many prominent names of the family are recorded in the Medomsley Church: Sir Thomas, Sir John, Sir William, and General Martin Hunter, and a long list of others.

Captain John Hunter and his wife Margaret Albin emigrated to America, purchasing a large tract of land about thirty miles west of Philadelphia. He afterwards bought land in Newton, Delaware County, Pa., about twelve miles west of Philadelphia, where he spent the remainder of his days. He died in 1734, at the age of 70 years, being buried at St. Davis Episcopal Church, of which he was a member. He and General Wayne's father were the principal builders of said church, and were great friends, having come to America together from Ireland. The descendants of Captain John Hunter still possess a wedding-ring, and a holster and pistol used at the battle of The Boyne. Upon the wedding-ring is the following inscription: "Keep this in remembrance of me, 1693." When Captain Hunter came to America from Londonderry, Ireland, he brought with him several families of redemptionists who were bound to him until they should earn their freedom by certain years of personal labor in his employ.

Going back over his career in Ireland, it may be mentioned that he was an extensive grazier. His reason for leaving England, his native country, and passing over to Ireland was that he was a strong churchman and had made himself offensive to the opposition, which finally caused him to seek a new home. When William and Mary were called to the throne of England, and with their armies followed the fugitive forces of James II to Ireland, Captain John Hunter entered the Protestant army, in which he fought side by side with Anthony Wayne at the battle of The Boyne. He was wounded in the hip with a musket-ball which caused a slight lameness during the remainder of his life.

William Hill, who had married the oldest child, Mary, of Captain John Hunter, emigrated to America and settled in Pennsylvania; and, as stated, Captain Hunter followed his son-in-law to America, and settled in Chester County, Pa., where he purchased a

large tract of land, some twenty-five miles west of Philadelphia, but it being so far in the backwoods, his wife refused to live there, and he therefore purchased a thousand acres of land of the Daniel Williamson estate, of which he took title March 17, 1723.

Bishop Edward Hunter's mother's maiden name was Hannah Merris, a daughter of Jesse and Rebecca Merris. The original George Merris emigrated from Inksborough, in the county of Worcester, England, and located on a tract of land in Springfield, Chester County, Pa., now Delaware County, Pa., which he named the Home House. He was among the most eminent of the first settlers, and was likewise so esteemed in his native country. His certificate recorded at Derby, states, "He hath adorned the gospel of Christ." He held many public trusts, being Justice of the Peace, one of the Judges of the Court, and also a member of the Provincial Assembly. He died on the 15th of November, 1705, at the age of about seventy-three years.

On Bishop Hunter's mother's side, three generations back, was Robert Owen of North Wales, a man of great means and excellent character, and a firm sympathizer with Cromwell and the Protectorate. On the restoration of Charles II, he refused to take the oath of allegiance and was therefore imprisoned for a period of five years. After his release from prison, he emigrated to America and purchased land near Philadelphia, the City of brotherly love, whose founder, William Penn, like himself, was a Quaker. His son George, early in life, was called to the public service, being elected to the Provincial Assembly of his native state, and held many offices of public trust.

(To be continued.)

ESCALANTE AND DOMINGUEZ.

DESCRIPTION OF UTAH VALLEY BY FIRST WHITE EXPLORERS.

BY MAJOR RICHARD W. YOUNG, FORMERLY OF THE SUPREME COURT
OF MANILA, P. I.

In 1540, Francisco Vazquez de Coronado, while waiting at Cibola, now known as Zuni, for the main body of his expedition to come up, despatched Captain Garcia Lopez de Cardenas with twelve men to explore a large river said to be to the northward. This small body reached the great chasm of the Colorado, or Tizon, river, and after following its inhospitable banks for three days, returned, without effecting a crossing, to Cibola.

Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, with whom concurs Bishop O. F. Whitney, is of the opinion that these were the first Europeans to enter the boundaries of the state of Utah as now constituted. This conclusion is based upon various speculative considerations, and, while probably true, is by no means indisputable. Accepted as true, the exploration was so brief and confined as to be without special historical value or interest.

An expedition, destined to traverse a large part of the limits of what is now known as Utah, left Santa Fe on the twenty-ninth of July, 1776—at a period when the immortal declaration that the Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent states was being heard by the British Colonists with shouts of enthusiastic endorsement. This expedition was projected to discover, if possible, a feasible route from Santa Fe, then a city a hundred and fifty years old, to Monterey, in California. It was hoped then to secure a line of communication between the City of Mexico and the New Mexican capital, which being chiefly by the Pacific, would

be more speedily and easily traversed than the overland road, then exclusively used. This party consisted of two Franciscan friars, Francisco Atanasio Dominguez and Silvestre Vehez de Escalante, the historian of the expedition, Juan Pedro Cisneros, mayor of Zuni, Captain Bernardo Miera y Pacheco, of Santa Fe, and five soldiers.

The expedition passed through Abiquiu to the river Chama, and on the fifth of August reached Nieves on the river San Juan, three leagues below its junction with the Navajo.

They passed down the north bank of the San Juan river, crossed over to a branch of the Mancos, and on the twelfth of August camped on the north bank of the Dolores. This river was followed for many leagues down stream. Turning from the Dolores to the north-eastward, the party followed for a distance a small affluent of that stream, called the San Pedro, (flowing into the Dolores near La Sal) and then, bending their course still farther to the eastward, crossed over to the Rio San Francisco, (Uncompahgre?) at about ten leagues above its point of juncture with the San Xavier (Gunnison?)

Then following the right bank of the San Francisco (Uncompahgre?) to a point some distance above its mouth, the expedition crossed over to the Rio de San Xavier, (Gunnison?) called Tomiche by the Indians. Escalante says that Don Juan Maria de Ribera, in 1765, reached a point somewhat below the junction of the San Xavier and San Francisco rivers. Bancroft says Ribera's visit was in 1761, and that probably he did not enter the boundaries of the present state of Utah. It seems that Escalante then crossed the San Xavier (Gunnison?) river to the North Fork of the Gunnison, which he ascended for many leagues. He here encountered a large rancheria of Indians, and procured guides. Crossing over the divide to the north-westward, he reached, September 5, the San Rafael, (Grand) quite a large river.

Fording this stream, the expedition passed north-westerly over to the San Clemente (White) river, and thence westerly, down the stream, to a point on the Rio de San Buenaventura, (Green) about ten leagues up stream from the mouth of the White river. The San Buenaventura is described as the boundary line between the Utes and Comanches.

At the point called Santa Cruz, there were six large, black

poplars upon one of which they left an inscription, possibly a cross. Passing to the right side of the river, the expedition descended its banks nearly to Uintah, which they ascended naming its principal affluent from the north, the Rio de San Cosme.

The Duchesne was crossed, and the party with great toil traversed the mountains to the westward until they emerged into the valley of the Utah Lake, which they called the valley of Nuestra Senora de la Merced de los Timpanogotzis (Our Lady of Mercy of the Timpanogotzis.)

The route taken from the Duchesne to Utah Lake cannot be accurately determined from the evidence at hand: it may be possible, though improbable, that the original manuscript, said to be deposited in the City of Mexico, might remove the difficulties that remain after a perusal of the available information. Bancroft says that the expedition crossed to the Provo (or Timpanogos) river, which was named the Purisima, and followed the stream to the lake. If so, either the route via the Duchesne and thence to the source of the Provo, or via Strawberry creek and Daniel's canyon may have been followed.

Mr. Philip Harry in his memorandum, in Simpson's Explorations across the Great Basin, says that Escalante descended into the more level country at the south end of Utah Lake. If so, the Purisima may have been either Hobbie Creek, or the Spanish Fork.

Escalante tells us that the Indians called the lake "Timpanogo." He gives a particular account of this lake and valley which will be inserted later.

The chief of the expedition had been of the opinion that a better route to Monterey lay to the northward of the old Santa Fe-Los Angeles trail, but they were now convinced that they had gone far enough in that direction, and bent their steps September 26, after a short delay in the country of the Timpanogotzis, south-westerly.

They soon reached the Sevier river, which they named the Santa Isabel. This river they followed to the west for some fifteen leagues without reaching Sevier Lake. They were told that the river entered the lake and again ran out of it to the westward.

Escalante states that from the name given the Santa Isabel (Sevier) by the Indians, from the manner in which his guides spoke

of it, one might be led to suppose that it was the same river as the San Buenaventura (Green,) but this he discredits, since it contained so much less water than the latter, even where crossed, and certainly less than where augmented by the White, Uintah and other rivers.

Passing to the southward through the Escalante valley, they determined, October 11, on account of the lateness of the season, to abandon any attempt to reach Monterey that year, and to return to Santa Fe by way of the Moqui and Zuni valleys. This decision was opposed by some of the party, but was approved by the majority in the casting of lots. The expedition passed near Parowan, and followed the Rio Del Pilar (likely the Santa Clara) for fifteen or twenty leagues.

The provisions of the expedition were now exhausted, and it was necessary to rely upon the bounty of the Indians. The Colorado was reached on the twenty-sixth of October, but on account of the precipitous banks, could not there be crossed. Turning to the northeast, the expedition sought for twelve days to find a place where the river might be reached. They were at last successful in finding a ford at a point near the Utah-Arizona line.

This crossing is now well-known as that of the Padres. They reached Oraybi, November 16, Zuni, November 20, and Santa Fe, January 2, 1777.

The subjoined is a literal translation of Escalante's description of Lake Timpanogo, and the surrounding valley, made in 1860, by Mr. Philip Harry for Captain Simpson of the U. S. Engineers, and published in the report above referred to. This translation was made from a copy of the original then in possession of Col. Peter Fone, of Washington, D. C. It will be observed that the Great Salt Lake is referred to, though it was not visited by these early explorers.

At the northern part of the river San Buenaventura there is a range of mountains, which, according to what was ascertained yesterday, extends from the north to the southwest more than sixty leagues, and which in breadth is at most forty; where we crossed it, it is thirty. In this range, and in the westerly portion of it, and in latitude $40^{\circ} 49'$, (Escalante's latitudes are not reliable), in a direction northwest quarter north (north $33\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ west) from the town of Santa Fe, is the valley of our

Lady of Mercy of Timpanogotzis, surrounded by the crests of mountains, whence issue four middle-sized rivers, which water it until they enter the lake, which lies in the middle thereof.

The area of the valley is in extent from southeast to northwest (probably the magnetic course, being about 17° east) sixteen Spanish leagues, which are what we speak of in this journal, and from north to southwest, ten or twelve. It is level, and, with the exception of the marshes, which are found on the margin of the lake, is of a very good quality of soil for every kind of grain. Of the four rivers that irrigate it, the first or most southerly is that of Hot Springs (Rio de Aguas Calientes), [Bancroft says this is Currant Creek] and, in its wide-spreading meadows, there is sufficient irrigable land for two good settlements (poblaciones); the second, at three leagues north of the first one, and having more water, might support a good large "poblacion," or two middle-sized ones, with an abundance of land, all open to irrigation. This river, before it enters the lake, divides into two branches; on its banks, besides cottonwood trees, there are large alders. We called it the Rio de San Nicolas [Bancroft says this is Spanish Fork]. Three leagues and a half to the northwest of this comes the third, and the intervening space is composed of flat meadow-land, the soil of which is good for grain crops. It is more copious than the two preceding streams, has larger groves of cottonwood, and meadows of good soil, with enough of it irrigable to support two or even three, good "poblaciones." We were in its neighborhood on the 24th and 25th of September, and we named it, "Rio de San Antonio de Padua." [Bancroft says this is the Provo, I believe, correctly.] We did not visit the fourth river, though we saw its cottonwood groves. It is to the northwest of the San Antonio, and there is in this direction much level land, and, so far as we saw, good; and, therefore, several "poblaciones" might be established there. They told us that this stream had as much water in it as the others. We called it the Rio de Santa Ana [Bancroft says this is the Jordan; Philip Harry says it is the Provo, my own opinion is that it is the American Fork.]

Besides these rivers, there are in the valley many good springs of water, and numerous streamlets that come down from the mountains. What we have just said about the settlements (poblaciones) is to be understood as allowing to each one more land than would be absolutely necessary for it, for if merely one square league of arable land were assigned to each "pueblo," there might be established in the valley as many "pueblos" of Indians as there are in New Mexico; for although in the forementioned directions we gave it a certain extent, it is larger; for to the south, and in other directions, it has very extensive bays (angulos), and all of them.

containing good soil. Throughout the whole, there is good and abundant pasturage, and in parts there grow flax and hemp in such abundance that it appears as if it had been sown artificially; and the temperature here is pleasant, for after having suffered considerable from cold ever since we left the river San Buenaventura, we felt warm everywhere in the valley, both by night and by day. Besides these magnificent capabilities, there are found, in the mountains that surround it, plenty of wood for fuel and timber, and many sheltered spots, water, and pasturage adapted to the raising of large droves of cattle and horses. This is as regards the north, northeast, and southeast; to the south, and southwest, there are two other wide valleys, also full of abundant pastures, and with plenty of water; to one of these reaches the lake, and next to the latter there is a large piece of the valley strongly impregnated with saltpeter. The lake is six leagues wide by fifteen long; it runs to the northwest, and by a narrow outlet, as we were told, it communicates with other much larger lakes. This one of the Timpanogotzis abounds in every kind of good fish, geese, otters, and other amphibious animals, which we had no opportunity of seeing. On its shores dwell the aforementioned Indians, who live upon the abundant fish-supplies of the lake, whence the Sabuagana Gutas call them fish-eaters (*comepescados*). Besides this, they gather on the plains seeds of plants, and make a sort of gruel (*atole*) with them; although they add to this the hunting of hares, rabbits, and sage-hens (*gallinas*), of which there is a great abundance. There are also buffaloes not far to the eastward, but the fear of the Comanches (*hostiles*) prevents them from hunting them; their dwellings are a sort of huts, or "*jacalijos*," of osiers, of which they make also baskets, and other necessary utensils. Their dress manifests great poverty; the most decent which they wear is a coat or shirt (*sago*) of deerskin, and big moccasins (*botas*) of the same in winter; they have dresses made of hare and rabbit skins. They speak the Yuta language, but with a noticeable variation of accent, and even of some words. They are good-featured, and mostly without beard. There are found inhabiting most parts of this sierra to the southwest and northwest—a great many tribes of the same nation, language, and docile disposition as these lake Indians, out of whom might be formed a populous and extensive province.

The names of the chiefs contained in the *sena* above referred to, are, in their language, of the principal chief, Turunianchi; of the second, Cuitzapamichi; of the third, who is the same as our friend Silvestre, Panchucunquibrán (which means the orator or speaker); the fourth who is not a chief and is the brother of the principal chief, is called Pichuchi.

The other lake with which this one communicates is, as they in-

formed us, many leagues in extent, and its waters are noxious and extremely salt, so that the Timpanogotzis asserted to us that when any one rubbed a part of his body with it he would feel an itching sensation in the moistened part. On its borders, they told us, there dwelt a numerous and peaceable nation, called Paguampe, which, in our language, means sorcerers, which nation speaks the Comanche language, and live upon herbs, drink at the springs and streams of good water that are found around the lake, and have their huts of grass and earth (which must be their roofs.) They are not considered enemies by the Timpanogotzis—so it was said—but ever since a certain time when they came together, and a man was killed, there has not been the same good fellowship as before. On this occasion the Timpanogotzis entered by the extreme point of the Sierra Blanca (which is the same as that where they are) by a route north quarter west from their country, and by this same route they say that the Cemanlos (hostiles?) also make their entrances, which do not appear to be very frequent. (This sentence is quite obscure in the original.)

The Timpanogotzis call themselves thus after the lake, which they name Timpanogo, and this is a name peculiar to it—for the name or word by which they designate a lake is usually "Pagarri."

The people of Utah have paid scant respect to the memory of these our earliest explorers, either in naming objects, places, or political subdivisions, after them, or in perpetuating the names which they bestowed during their journey. This omission should be corrected as opportunity offers.

SOME LEADING EVENTS IN THE CURRENT STORY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

The Spirit of Modern Education.

The recent inauguration of President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University is another evidence of the exalted position which those men occupy who stand at the head of the great universities of our land. The occasion was graced by the President of the United States. University presidents were there to give added brilliance and importance to the notable event. Distinguished men of our country recognized the honor that had been conferred upon the new head of that great institution, and hastened to pay their tribute in appropriate expressions to the man. In times past, political honors have been so pronounced and so superior that the ablest men of our country have sought them in preference to all others. The last twenty-five years have witnessed a remarkable change in the sentiment which exalted political honors above all others. In the eastern world, men and women are born kings and queens, and rule by the right of birth over their fellow-man. In this country, political combinations determine the political honors of the nation; but neither birthright nor political combinations are permitted to place the crown of honor upon the head of genius. The great inventors and promoters of our commercial life, with all its enterprises, stand forth as the mightiest spirits of the age, and behind all, and giving direction and force to the genius and intellectual powers of man today, stand the great institutions of learning; and there are not a few of our countrymen who believe that the honor of standing at the head of one of our great educational institutions is today as great as that which comes to the President of the United States.

The case of President Butler's inauguration is not without its interest to the Latter-day Saints, whose ideas of education are peculiar, in that they aim to educate the feelings as well as the mind or thoughts of

men. So that the President of the United States today has no profounder interest in the education which promotes a high standard of citizenship in our country than the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has for that education which not only promotes a high standard of citizenship in our nation but also prepares man for an exaltation and place in the Kingdom of God. A great day is coming to Zion, when men, who appreciate the character of the education which her schools are intended to give, will bestow, in the generosity of their souls, abundant favor upon her institutions of learning, as some have been disposed to do in the past. It is not, therefore, too much to expect that some day the Saints will enjoy the prestige of a great university wherein the foremost of her devoted sons of genius and learning will dedicate their best efforts, their love, and their lives, to that ideal education which looks to the whole life of man, both in this world and in the world to come.

The schools of the Church are growing dearer and dearer, and nearer and nearer, to the Saints everywhere; and out of them, there are daily marching the standard bearers of God's revelation of truth to man. The scene today may not be so pretentious when the President of the Church stands before a body of students, in one of our institutions of learning, as when the president of a great university is inaugurated, but the Latter-day Saints cherish the assurance that the occasion, after all, is farther-reaching in its consequences.

The Volcanic Eruptions in the West Indies.

On May 10, the public journals announced that one of the most awful catastrophes that had ever befallen the human race had taken place on the island of Martinique, one of the Lesser Antilles, in the West Indies. This island belongs to France. The small islands of the Lesser Antilles consist largely of volcanic cones that are built upon mountain ridges which are generally submerged beneath the ocean. One of the volcanic cones of Martinique is known as Mt. Pelee. This mountain is located in the north end of the island, and is four thousand four hundred and thirty feet high. While it is a volcano, it is seldom active, though an eruption occurred there in 1851. However, the long silence was broken on May 3, 4, and 5. In the words of the Associated Press, it is said: "On May 3, it began to throw out dense clouds of smoke. At midnight the same day flames, accompanied with rumbling noises, lighted the sky over an immense area, causing widespread terror. May 4, ashes covered the whole city of St. Pierre an inch thick, and made Mont Pelee invisible. At noon, May 5, a stream of burning lava rushed four thousand four hun-

dred feet down the mountain side, following the dry bed of a torrent and reaching the sea five miles from the mountain in three minutes." The island is one of the most thickly populated regions in the world, averaging something like four hundred and sixty souls to the square mile. Its principal city is called St. Pierre, and is said to have some twenty-four thousand population. Practically, all the inhabitants of the city have been swept out of existence, and it is estimated that the survivors within the zone of this great destruction cannot number more than a few hundred souls. It is estimated that fully forty thousand people perished.

What appears now to add to the horror of this great destruction of human life is the announcement that the island of St. Vincent is threatened with a similar fate, as there is a volcanic eruption from its volcano, La Soufriere. One of these islands belongs to France, the other to England. Just what the total loss of life will be from these volcanic eruptions will perhaps never be accurately known. It is the greatest destruction of human life since the tidal wave of Lisbon, which in 1755 drowned sixty thousand men, women, and children. The catastrophe is certainly greater than that which befell Pompeii and Herculaneum, more than eighteen hundred years ago. Then, the inhabitants were warned, and those of Pompeii, who lost their lives, suffered from their own dilatoriness or from their efforts to secure money, jewels, and household goods, which were left behind. Those who have perished at Martinique had no opportunity whatever to escape. It seems that the great volcano that overhung the town suddenly burst asunder. Lava, burning stone, steam and ashes, fell upon the city, and within a few minutes the wholesale destruction of human life was complete. One description says that "A mass of fire fell on the city and completely destroyed it." Lava cannot flow down a mountain side as swiftly as water, and it is difficult to comprehend how the ordinary flow of lava could cover something like four thousand four hundred feet in so short a time. If the time required to complete this work of destruction is given correctly, it would seem more consistent to say that the fire rained like a tempest upon all the country round, rather than flowed as lava usually does down the mountain side. When the imperfect accounts that now reach us of this awful catastrophe are completed and corrected, we shall doubtless have one of the most appalling records of human destruction that the world has ever known.

The War in South Africa.

At this writing (May 15) strong hopes are entertained that terms

of peace may be agreed upon by the English and Boers. It is said that some of the Boer generals feel that a further struggle would be useless, and are submitting to the Boer soldiers by popular vote the question of surrender on terms that have not yet been made public. May 15 is the date set for taking the ballot of the soldiers. It is to be hoped, in the interests of humanity, in the interests of commerce, and in the interests of the nations involved, that the war may be brought to a close on terms honorable to England, and not humiliating to the Boers.

When peace again prevails in South Africa, a new impetus will be given to the commerce and development of that country. The construction of the railroad, to extend from Alexandria in the north of Africa to Capetown in the south, will unquestionably go on even though one of its chief promoters, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, is dead. It will be difficult to estimate the great work of developing African resources that will be done when this railroad is completed. The entire distance across Africa, from north to south, is something like five thousand miles, and nearly three thousand miles of this distance has already been spanned by railroads, leaving a gap of some two thousand miles to be filled in. Some of the richest country in the world lies along the route of this projected railroad, and will be developed as soon as the railroad is completed. The country abounds in gold and diamonds, is celebrated for its palm products, its rubber, copper, iron, and coal. The agricultural resources of Africa are barely touched. In Africa, today, there are something like twelve thousand five hundred miles of railroad, and by far more than one-half of this is in British territory. The brain that conceived this stupendous work of a Cape-to-Cairo railway has recently succumbed to the hand of death, and one need not be surprised that the newspapers and periodicals of both America and Europe still continue to discuss the place in history which Cecil Rhodes has occupied, and is likely to occupy in the future.

Admiral Sampson.

The recent death of Admiral Sampson will again revive the interest which has attached to him as Commander of the North Atlantic Squadron, that was sent out to blockade the Cuban ports. Admiral Sampson was born at Palmyra, New York, February 9, 1840, and was graduated at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, in 1860. After the destruction of our battleship *Maine*, in the harbor of Havana, he was made one of the board of inquiry regarding the cause of its destruction; and when the war broke out with Spain, he was made a rear-admiral, and was commissioned commodore July 3, 1898, and rear-admiral August 10, of the same year.

The squadron under his command shut up the Spanish fleet under

Admiral Cervera, in the harbor of Santiago, Cuba. For some days, our ships had been in uncertainty as to the whereabouts of Admiral Cervera and his fleet, and while General Shafter was attacking the city of Santiago, Sampson went ashore to confer with the general about making an attack on the city. While the admiral was thus absent from his fleet, Cervera undertook to escape, and the battle of Santiago was fought, July 3, 1898. The victory was one of the most decisive, complete, and brilliant in the annals of naval warfare. The fleet, when Admiral Sampson left, was confided to the command of Admiral Schley, yet the President styles it "a battle of the captains." At any rate Admiral Sampson's absence deprived him of enjoying the honors of hero worship which would certainly have come to him, had he been present to assume the command when the Spanish fleet was destroyed.

The disputes that subsequently arose over popular efforts to fix the honors upon Sampson and Schley respectively, have become matters of such notoriety as to be familiar to all the readers of the *ERA*; and the question of who was entitled to the honors of that battle will be discussed by future historians, and when the spirit of partisanship has died out, a more impartial and juster verdict will be rendered than is possible to render today. The source of his absence, however, at the critical moment must always have been a circumstance of the profoundest regret to Admiral Sampson. The Schley investigation, and the decision by the President that it was a battle of the captains, must naturally have intensified Sampson's disappointment. The admiral might easily have won a foremost place in the hearts of his countrymen, and have become a hero of naval warfare, had it not been for the circumstance of his temporary absence at a critical moment. The lesson of his disappointment is not without its moral, for many a man has felt the disappointment which has come in life from a failure to be at the right place at the right time. The battle of Santiago, in many of its aspects, surpasses in brilliancy that fought by Dewey in Manila Bay.

There are many who will easily believe that Admiral Sampson's death was in some measure the result of the disappointment which he must have felt when the battle of Santiago was fought without his presence and guiding hand. Sampson was a man of lofty character, scholarly, and of marked superiority. His unexpected death will do much to allay those partisan feelings that have arisen over the question as to who was in command of the North Atlantic Squadron in the battle of Santiago.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

VITALITY AND PATENT MEDICINES.

“‘This is the age of young men,’ rings through every counting-house, shop, railroad office, and telegraph wire in the youngest of the great countries. It is writ in great letters, from the gravestones up to the very stars themselves; and, in our great central whirlpools, men are driven down, exhausted, and discarded in a few years like so many car-horses. * * * To be sure, we are beating the rest of the world, and this is one of the winning factors in the game, but we are playing a hand that must call more and more urgently for young men with strong arms and steady nerves. If our population should grow no faster than that of France, we would soon run out of capable men at our present pace. Indeed, native Americans of Anglo-Saxon origin are gradually losing their preponderating influence, on account of their declining birth-rate. *There is no other country in the world with so many doctors and so much patent medicine per capita*, and so many other counteracting influences in the various forms of mental science springing up to cope with this premature exhaustion of vitality.”

These words of a writer in a recent eastern magazine, bear repeating here. While with the Latter-day Saints it is doubtless larger than in other communities, a sad truth it is that even among them, especially if they are well-to-do, the birth-rate is dropping. But it was not this feature that I desired to dwell upon. It was the patent medicine business. Upwards of two hundred million dollars are, it is said, spent in the United States annually for patent medicines. The figures are perhaps correct, but even if slightly exaggerated, I have not the least doubt that in Utah we use our proportion of this incomprehensibly vast sum, which would closely approach a million, for patent nostrums. Not-

withstanding the Saints have always been taught to rely upon the Lord in case of sickness, supplementing that reliance by right living, it is a fact that they are gradually growing to depend upon patent medicines to an alarming extent—medicines that injure the system rather than improve the health. Think of the tonics that are used at one dollar a bottle. These tonics or bitters contain all the way from 30 to 50 per cent alcohol, and very little of the remainder possesses any real medical property. A concoction of mountain sage, administered as persistently as dollar-tonics, with plenty of air, especially in hermetically sealed bedrooms, sunlight, exercise in the open, and a little wisdom in eating and drinking, would be of greater value to the individual, than all the alcoholic patent medicines put together. It would be really alarming, not to say a source of chagrin, to learn from the druggists in our settlements and cities, what large quantities of patent nostrums are annually sold in our communities. We should discover that we are spending about as much for medicines as for the schooling of our children. The people are hoodwinked into believing that many of the advertized medicines are made of herbs, and hence, are reliable, but it is safe to say that most, if not all, of them are composed mostly of poisonous drugs, soaked in very bad whisky.

Consider the thousands of dollars that are spent in advertising medicines in our state; but the advertiser can well afford it, for generally it costs only about five or ten cents to manufacture the bottles of medicine that sell for a dollar a bottle. I was astonished at the number of these advertisements in our own organ, the *Deseret News*. Looking over the issue of Saturday, April 26, I found about sixteen columns of advertisements devoted to the laudation of patent medicines. The publisher is perhaps not to blame, for there is money in it, and he is responsible for the finances. His columns are for sale. But, while it pays the publisher, it remunerates the patent medicine man more, and when he spends \$3,000 for a contract, he generally gets many times the outlay in return, for all of which the people pay, and for no good purpose. Ruses are adopted to catch the unwary, and work upon their social or religious sympathies. Here is a testimonial signed by Mrs. So-and-so, "wife of the President of the Elders of the 'Mormon' Church, Salt Lake City, Utah." These arrays of testi-

monials should be taken with much allowance, for if they were all true, not a disease in the land but these drugs would cure. On the contrary, taken in the haphazard way that they are, these patent medicines are the cause of infinitely more disease than they ever cure.

Another evil is the street vender of nostrums. A brother interested in this subject writes me that recently in Sanpete county, the people were cheated out of several hundred dollars in a few days by an impostor calling himself doctor, and wearing long hair, buckskin suit, and having a loud voice—giving him more the appearance of a desperado than a doctor. But the patent medicine fakir reaped his harvest from the hard earnings of the people. He talked it out of them, and when he was gone, they wondered what it was all about. The people of the west side of the state were similarly imposed upon by an alleged Quaker, calling himself Paul, who claimed to cure cancer in a few hours with “Quaker botanical paste,” and do other impossibilities.

Instead of flocking out to hear smooth-tongued impostors, people should leave them severely alone. Instead of dosing themselves with patent medicines, they should learn to keep their bodies healthy by right living (see Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 89), by inhaling pure air, taking plenty of exercise, and bathing not only often in fresh water, but also in the sunshine with which our merciful Father has so abundantly provided us. If there are cases of sickness, as there will be notwithstanding any precaution we may take, which common sense and good nursing, or simple home remedies, do not suffice to cure, let us follow the advice of the Scriptures, (James 5: 14-16) but if we do not believe in the Elders, or in the prayer of faith saving the sick, let a reputable and faithful physician be consulted. By all means, let the quack, the traveling fakir, the cure-all nostrum, and the indiscriminate dosing with patent medicine, be abolished like so much trash.

The young man who would cope with the world, who would be full of vigor, and fresh for the battle of life, will find his strength in living according to the word of the Lord; for the promise is that all “who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones, and shall find wisdom and great

treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint; and I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

IN MEMORY OF A PIONEER.

Col. A. R. Greene, a leading member of the Kansas Historical Society, a frequent visitor to Utah, and Special Inspector for the Secretary of the Interior, a man of splendid literary ability, who takes unusual interest in historical incidents, has given the ERA the following memoranda from his notes:

Two or three miles down the North Platte from Scott's Bluff, Nebraska, and within a few feet of the Burlington Railroad track, is the grave of Rebecca Winters, a "Mormon" mother who died here in 1850, at the age of 57, and who was buried at the side of the old trail. Her grave was marked by a wagon tire, placed at the head, and on the edge of the iron band, her name and age, and the date of her death, were cut in with a cold chisel. Several years ago, when the surveyors for the railroad came along, they found their center line directly over this grave. They went back several miles and changed the alignment sufficiently to bring the track a few feet to the south, and now the grave is about a yard from the ends of the ties. Four cedar posts, connected with gas pipe, the whole painted neatly, enclose the grave, and it is rumored that there is a movement on foot to erect a monument there. The papers published an account of the discovery and preservation of the grave, but it is a fact that it had been known for more than a decade, for the creek that runs near, and the precinct, are both named Winters, in honor of the pioneer who lies buried at the side of the Old Trail to Oregon and Salt Lake.

There is a report in the neighborhood that a son of this woman, now a man of 60 or 70 years, resides in Salt Lake City, and that he is contemplating the erection of a monument at the grave of his mother.

In the library of Jack Hunton, at Fort Laramie, is a book giv-

ing many interesting incidents in the history of that old military station. Among other data is this, in regard to the travel over the trail of which Fort Laramie was the principal stopping point en route:

1841. J. R. Walker and fifteen men for Oregon. Later in the season, Bidwell and one hundred and twelve men for California.

1842. Elijah White's company of one hundred and twenty-one men and eighteen Conestoga wagons, for Oregon. The same season, Lieut. John C. Fremont and twenty-one United States soldiers, and Kit Carson for a guide, enroute to South Pass.

1847. Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and one hundred and forty-three men and seventy-three wagons for Salt Lake.

1848. Brigham Young with one thousand two hundred men, women and children, and three hundred and ninety-seven wagons; Heber C. Kimball with six hundred and sixty-two people and two hundred and twenty-six wagons; W. Richards with five hundred and twenty-six persons and one hundred and sixty-nine wagons, all for Salt Lake.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Gathering of the Jews.

A reader of the ERA, writing from Leeds, Washington Co., Utah, asks the following question:

When the Jews gather to Palestine, will they be in a condition of belief or unbelief in Jesus Christ?

There are numerous passages in the Book of Mormon that are positive on the side of belief:

II. Nephi, 10:7. But behold, thus saith the Lord God: When the day cometh that they shall believe in me, that I am Christ, then have I covenanted with their fathers that they shall be restored in the flesh, upon the earth, unto the lands of their inheritance.

25:15. Wherefore, the Jews shall be scattered among all nations; yea, and also Babylon shall be destroyed; wherefore, the Jews shall be scattered by other nations;

16. And after they have been scattered, and the Lord God hath scourged them by other nations, for the space of many generations, yea, even down from generation to generation, until they shall be persuaded

to believe in Christ, the son of God, and the atonement, which is infinite for all mankind; and when that day shall come, that they shall believe in Christ, and worship the Father in His name, with pure hearts and clean hands, and look not forward any more for another Messiah, then, at that time, the day will come that it must needs be expedient that they should believe these things,

17. And the Lord will set his hand again the second time to restore his people from their lost and fallen state. Wherefore, he will proceed to do a marvelous work and a wonder among the children of men.

Following are the personal declarations of Jesus Christ:

III Nephi 20:29. And I will remember the covenant which I have made with my people, and I have covenanted with them, that I would gather them together in mine own due time; that I would give unto them again the land of their fathers, for their inheritance, which is the land of Jerusalem, which is the promised land unto them forever, saith the Father.

30. And it shall come to pass that the time cometh, when the fullness of my gospel shall be preached unto them,

31. And they shall believe in me, that I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and shall pray unto the Father in my name.

There are numerous other passages in the Book of Mormon, that simply refer to the future fact of the gathering of the Jews, without making any direct reference to their belief or unbelief in the Redeemer. Among them are the following: Page 99, chapter 20, vs. 20, 23; words of Isaiah; page 101, chapter 21, vs. 11, 12, also words of Isaiah.

There are other passages which indicate that there will be two classes of Jews who will gather to Palestine. The following is a sample:

II Nephi, 30:7. And it shall come to pass that the Jews which are scattered, also shall begin to believe in Christ; and they shall begin to gather in upon the face of the land; and as many as shall believe in Christ, shall also become a delightful people.

Some have taken the ground that the full unbelief situation is supported by the following from section 45, Doctrine and Covenants:

51. And then shall the Jews look upon me and say, What are these wounds in thine hands and in thy feet?

52. Then shall they know that I am the Lord; for I will say unto them, These wounds are the wounds with which I was wounded in the house of my friends. I am he who was lifted up. I am Jesus that was crucified. I am the Son of God.

Isolated from other inspired statements, this would seem to bear out the complete unbelief theory. Another passage in the same section, however, dispels it:

43. And the remnant shall be gathered unto this place,

44. And then they shall look for me, and, behold, I will come; and they shall see me in the clouds of heaven, clothed with power and great glory, with all the holy angels; and he that watches not for me shall be cut off.

Those who look for Christ close to the time of his coming must certainly be believers in him. Therefore, when he comes down to his people, the latter will be divided into two classes—believers and unbelievers in the Savior.

The 45th section is largely a reiteration of what Jesus told his ancient disciples regarding his second coming and events which were to precede it. Among these is the coming in of the times of the Gentiles—the restoration of the gospel to them. The times of the Gentiles are to be fulfilled within the same generation in which they are ushered in. Then will come the opportunity of the remnant of Jews, as the gospel will then go exclusively to them, and their gathering be accomplished. The gospel is “first to the Gentiles and then to the Jews.”

In the accomplishment of the purposes of God, the principle of preparation, or graduation, is always manifested. Many people in this dispensation have been prepared in advance for the declaration of the gospel in its fullness to them, and they have consequently accepted the glad tidings as soon as their ears were saluted by the divine message.

So it is in every special movement inaugurated by the Almighty among the hosts of men. The fulfillment of the wonderful promise of the God of Israel concerning the remnant of his ancient people in the last days must, being of far-reaching importance, be no exception to the rule. Hence the preparation of the Jewish mind for the acceptance of Christ and his gospel is now in its initial stage.

The attention of the Hebrew race must be directed toward the land of their fathers, as an initiatory preparation for their gathering. This is already in progress. It is a function of what is called the Zionist movement, inaugurated several years ago, by Dr. Herzl, and has had a steady and rapid growth. It is international, and has among its adherents and supporters the bulk of the leading and most influential and distinguished Jews of the world. This organization has a large and increasing fund to be used in carrying out the object of its existence—the colonizing of Palestine by the Jewish people and their re-establishment in a national capacity. The nature of this movement is such that it must attract the interest of all intelligent Hebrews, whose eyes are thus directed to the former home of their race.

The yearning toward the ancient home of the Jews must be associated by an appreciation of the character of Jesus Christ, that they may—when the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled and their own be ushered in—be prepared to receive the fullness of his gospel. This preparatory process is likewise in a condition of activity.

Not long since a large number of Jewish scholars and Rabbis responded to a request to answer the following question: "What is the Jewish thought today of Jesus of Nazareth?"

Dr. Isadore Singer, managing editor of the Jewish Encyclopedia:

"I regard Jesus of Nazareth as a Jew of Jews; one whom all Jews are learning to love. His teaching has been an immense service to all the world in bringing Israel's God to the knowledge of hundreds of millions of mankind.

"The great change in Jewish thought concerning Jesus of Nazareth, I can not better illustrate than by this fact: When I was a boy, had my father, who was a very pious man, heard the name of Jesus uttered from the pulpit of our synagogue, he and every other man would have left the building, and the Rabbi would have been dismissed at once. Now it is not strange in many synagogues to hear sermons preached eulogistic of this Jesus, and nobody thinks of protesting. In fact, we are all glad to claim Jesus as one of our people."

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, of the Sinai congregation, and professor of Rabbinical literature in the University of Chicago:

"The gospel Jesus, the Jesus who teaches so superbly the principles

of Jewish ethics, is revered by all the expounders of Judaism. His words are studied; the New Testament forms a part of Jewish literature. Among the great preceptors that have worded the truths of which Judaism is the historical guardian, none, in our estimation, takes precedence of the Rabbi of Nazareth. To impute to us suspicious sentiments concerning him does us great injustice. We know him to be among our greatest and purest."

Dr. Max Nordau, critic and philosopher:

"Jesus is soul of our soul, and he is flesh of our flesh. Who then would think of excluding him from the people of Israel."

Dr. Kaufman, Rabbi of Temple Beth-ell, New York:

"As a veritable prophet, Jesus, in such striking manner, disclaimed allegiance and asked for no other authority but that of the living voice within, while passing judgment on the law, in order to raise life to a higher standard. * * * All this modern Judaism gladly acknowledges, reclaiming Jesus as one of its greatest sons."

If such expressions did not justly represent the modern Jewish thought, in relation to Jesus of Nazareth, surely there would have been a Jewish protest on the subject, yet apparently none has appeared. If they are accepted, tacitly or otherwise, what do such enunciations mean? Simply this: That a considerable body of that race have reached the brink of the acceptance of Jesus of Nazareth as the Redeemer of Israel. If he be "a Jew of Jews," whom "all Jews are learning to love;" if, "among the great preceptors none take precedence of the Rabbi of Nazareth;" if he be "among the greatest and purest," he was all he announced himself to be,—the Son of God, the Messiah. No being of that description could appear in the capacity of a pretender. The only ultimate logical position of those who take this view is their acceptance of him as the Messiah!

These statements are evidences that the Jews are "beginning to believe in Christ," and are therefore being prepared for complete conversion. The process by which this will be brought about has been clearly revealed.

In the Doctrine and Covenants there are numerous statements to the effect that the gospel is to be carried "first to the Gentiles, and secondly unto the Jews." In this connection, reference is now made to page 387, verses 33, 34, 35, Doctrine and Covenants in

which the express duties, in that regard, of the "traveling presiding High Council" of the Twelve, and of the Seventy, are declared.

When the servants of the Lord withdraw from the Gentiles and proclaim the fullness of the gospel to the Jews, it is unreasonable to presume that they will, as a body, reject the divine message. Such a position would bring upon them severe divine condemnation. Doubtless there will be a class of those who gather to Palestine who will be unbelievers, but it will probably be proportionately small.

A considerable number of the references in the foregoing are clear upon the point that, when the times of the Jews are ushered in, many of them will gather in upon the land of Palestine in a condition of belief in Jesus Christ. Other passages refer merely to the future fact of the gathering, while others indicate that they will consist of two classes—believers and unbelievers. It is safe to accept of both as correct, as they do not conflict.

Existing conditions foreshadow that the believers in Christ will preponderate also from the following indications:

1st. The turning of the desire and attention of the Jews toward the land of Palestine.

2nd. The wonderful change in the intelligent Hebrew mind in favor of an exalted estimate of Jesus of Nazareth, as a great teacher, a pure character, and an inspired prophet of God.

3rd. The prospective and positive duty, sure to be fulfilled—of the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, when the set time is reached, to declare the fullness of the gospel to the Jews. Just as sure as this glorious duty shall be performed, so is it that the labors of the servants of the Most High shall not be fruitless. Present events are leading up to that final preparatory process for the gathering of the remnants of Judah, that when Christ shall appear he will find faith among his ancient people.

JOHN NICHOLSON.

BOOK MENTION.

The Andrew Jenson History Company has just issued volume one of the *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia*, a volume of 828 pages containing brief annals of over seven hundred leading and prominent men and

women of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with portraits. Andrew Jenson, assistant Church historian, has written or compiled the sketches which include the names of many of the pioneers of the state whose worthy deeds the book is intended to perpetuate. As a work of reference it is extremely valuable. Many of the sketches are carefully written, and are really character sketches, the subjects being mostly men and women who have become prominent in the Church as general officers, bishops, presidents of stakes, counsellors to bishops, leading elders, seventies, patriarchs, Sabbath school superintendents, officers of Mutual Improvement associations and others. This is undoubtedly one of the most valuable works that have yet been compiled by Elder Jenson, whose "Historical Record," and "Church Chronology" are well known in the literature of the Church.

Christian and Mormon Doctrine, by Charles Ellis, is a little pamphlet of thirty-eight pages defining the differences between Christian and "Mormon" doctrines pertaining to God, the origin and destiny of man, future life, eternal torments, endless progress, etc. Charles Ellis is a well-known free religionist, and in this pamphlet has set forth with great plainness the Christian conception of God, and the origin and destiny of man, as well as the repugnant doctrine of eternal torment. He maintains that the horrors preached by early Christianity on the torments of hell, are still believed in, and that they came through a false conception of man's origin, purpose and destiny; and he makes very clear that the mission of "Mormonism," is to restore the religion of Jesus of Nazareth, and to bring back the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God unto the hearts and homes of men. He has succeeded in defining the position and purpose of the Latter-day Saints very well, and the pamphlet is one that will be read with deep interest.—Charles Ellis, Salt Lake City, Utah. Price ten cents.

John T. Miller, is the author of a discussion of *Educational Problems*, a treatise concerning moral purity, religious training, physical education, prevention of disease, and the rational method of cure, including an essay on stimulants and narcotics. This treatise is attached to *Child Culture*, a book of seventy-seven pages treating on the laws of physiological phrenology and mental suggestion, by N. N. Riddell, Ph. D., who is also the author of a little book entitled *A Plain Talk to Boys*. These books will doubtless do much good wherever they are read. The contents of *Educational Problems*, written in simple but plain language, are more to be commended than the typographical execution of the books which is very indifferent. Published by Human Culture Publishing Co., 251 East 3rd South St., Salt Lake City, Utah. *Child Culture* and *Educational Problems*, bound together, fifty cents. *Plain talks to Boys*, ten cents.

NOTES.

Character is the one thing whose foundations go down to the world's granite; and when to character we add culture, we come into an inheritance more durable than time, and richer than the kingdoms of this world.—*Edwin Markham.*

And in reviewing the lives of the great, we can only say that failure is the selection and emphasis of secondary and important things in life, and that success is the skill in selecting the essential and converting one's offices and honors upward into character and service that abide and are really worth while.—*Dr. Hillis.*

To be able to throw the searchlight of a superb personality before us, wherever we go through life, and to leave a trail of sunshine and blessing behind us; to be loved because we scatter flowers of good cheer, wherever we move, is an infinitely greater achievement—a grander work—than to pile up millions of cold, unsympathetic, mean, hard dollars.—*Success.*

And after all it is the people that constitute a State. Let me quote a few lines on that subject:

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate,
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or glen,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain.

* * * * *

These constitute a State.—*Hon. B. S. Rodey, N. M.*

IN LIGHTER MOOD.

He: "My train goes in fifteen minutes. Can you not give me one ray of hope before I leave you forever?"

She; "Er—that clock is half an hour fast"—*Brooklyn Life*.

* * *

Papa: "See that spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?"

Johnny: "What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider could spin this top."—*Tit-Bits*.

* * *

The following conversation took place in a certain well-known theological college:

"You are the greatest dunce I ever met with," said the professor. "Now, I don't believe that you could repeat to me two texts of Scripture correctly."

"Yes, I can."

"Well, do it."

The student, with much feeling and thoughtful consideration, said:

"He departed and went and hanged himself."

Here the student paused, and then continued:

"Go thou and do likewise."

* * *

We laugh at Sam Walter Foss's humorous picture of the worrying man, yet how many of us make ourselves miserable over troubles just as farfetched as this:—

"The sun's heat will give out in ten thousand years more,"

And he worried about it;

"It will sure give out then, if it doesn't before,"

And he worried about it;

It would surely give out, so the scientists said,

In all the scientific books that he read,

And the whole mighty universe then would be dead.

And he worried about it.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY THOMAS HULL, GENERAL SECRETARY OF Y. M. M. I. A.

LOCAL.—*April 22*—President Roosevelt nominated William Grant Van Horne for judge of the Court of First Instance, Cairo, Egypt; also Joseph Lippman, of Salt Lake City, to be United States Attorney for UtahSenator Rawlins, of Utah, opened the debate in the Senate on the Temporary Government Bill for the Philippine Islands..... Postoffice inspectors discover that Postmaster Charles Meighan of Ogden, is short in his accounts about two thousand six hundred dollars, and the office is turned over to his bondsmen.....24—Joseph Lippman was confirmed by the Senate as United States Attorney for Utah, to assume his duties May 1st.....J. C. Jack has been appointed to the office of Superintendent of Saltair.....25—The Denver and Salt Lake Railway, Mining and Tunnel Company, capital \$5,000,000, has been incorporated in Denver.....Postmaster Charles Meighan of Ogden was arrested, and his bail fixed at \$2500, furnished by Dr. A. S. Condon and James Ballard.....Clyde Felt, charged with the murder of Samuel Collins, was released under \$4,000 bonds.....The baseball season opened with games at Salt Lake and Ogden.....27—George Tristram, 79 years old, of Henefer, Summit Co., who came to Utah in 1866, died.....28—George W. Heintz, for many years assistant general passenger agent of the Rio Grande Western, Salt Lake, has resigned, and his office is abolished.....325 club women from New England passed through Salt Lake on their way to the annual convention at Los Angeles.....29—The Omnibus Public Building Bill passed the House, having an appropriation of \$125,000 for a public building in Ogden, and \$100,000 for Evanston, Wyo.....30—The Utah Club Women, delegates to the general federation of Women's Clubs, arrived at Los Angeles and were quartered at Hotel Angelus..... At the state encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in Ogden, William M. Bostaph was elected commander.....A heavy

rain passed over Salt Lake Valley, making the month's precipitation 1.46 inches above the average.

May 1—Senator Kearns arrives from Washington. He announces himself to be in favor of Roosevelt for President in 1904..... Webb and Austin have sheared 80,000 sheep at Lehi.....2—Geo. A. Smith was appointed executor of the will of the late Mrs. Matilda Moorehouse Barrett. She bequeaths \$42,000 to Church institutions, in addition to \$20,000 given to the Latter-day Saints' University..... It is announced that Ft. Douglas will be converted into a regimental post, and \$740,000 is to be expended by the government in improvements.....3—Plans for the new Brigham Young Memorial building of the Latter-day Saints' University are completed by architect Don Carlos Young, and the foundation begun.....5—The Campbell Building company, Chicago, will be awarded the contract of building the United States Public Building, Salt Lake City, they being the lowest bidders—\$409,000, with thirty-six months to complete the building.....The trial of Peter Mortensen, charged with the murder of James R. Hay, is taken up, and the labor of impanneling a jury begun.....6—Thomas H. Hilton, chief of police, resigned, and the mayor and city council nominated and confirmed Samuel Paul to succeed him as chief of police of Salt Lake City.....David Keith purchases the Tenth Ward square for \$45,000.....John F. Grant, oldest son of Major F. A. Grant, just returned from Manila, died in Salt Lake CityThere were 56,030 pieces of baggage handled at the depot in Ogden in April; an increase of 12,753 over 1901.....Mrs. W. A. Nelden was selected for a place on the Board of Directors of the Federation of Women's Clubs.....7—Senator Thomas Kearns and David Keith organize a great mining company of 1200 acres west of the Silver King property, in Park City.....Dr. Allen Fowler, 60 years of age, a well-known physician of Salt Lake, died.....Samuel Paul took charge of the Police Department.....9—The Federal Grand Jury at Ogden, returned an indictment against Postmaster Charles Meighan, charging embezzlement.....The first battalion of the twelfth infantry arrived in Salt Lake and encamped in Ft. Douglas..... 11—The second annual reunion of the Christian Endeavor and Epworth League and Baptist Young People of this state opened at Ogden with an attendance of 500.....12—President C. D. Fjelsted departed from Logan on his way to Copenhagen, Denmark, to take part in the dedication of a new "Mormon" church in that country. Andrew Jenson will accompany him to publish a new edition of the Book of Mormon.....The Ogden city council decides to pave Washington avenue.

DOMESTIC.—*April 19.*—Professor Nicholas Murray Butler was installed as President of Columbia University, with imposing ceremonies, attended by President Roosevelt.....23—President Roosevelt orders General Funston not to speak at the Middlesex banquet, Boston, owing to a criticism made by the general on the senior senator from Massachusetts.....A tri-weekly mail has been ordered from Boise to Thunder Mountain, and postoffices are established at Thunder Mountain and Roosevelt.....24—Attorney-general Knox directs the United States District Attorney to institute proceedings against the beef trust25—The trial, by court-martial, of General Jacob H. Smith on the charge of conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline began to-day at Manila; General Lloyd Wheaton presiding.....26—Chicago will be made the center of Uncle Sam's fight on the beef trust.....A tornado at Joplin, Missouri, destroys many thousand dollars' worth of property, and makes 50 families homeless.....Hon. J. Sterling Morton, formerly secretary of Agriculture, died at Chicago.....27—The rebel leader, Guevarra, with 180 men and 161 rifles surrendered to General Frederick G. Grant's expedition in the island of Samar.....28—Seven people are killed and 40 are injured in a tornado at Morgan, Texas.....In the court-martial of General Jacob H. Smith, at Manila, Major Littleton W. T. Waller testified to receiving, from General Smith, the orders to "kill and burn" and "render Samar a howling wilderness," the treachery of the natives being the reason for such an order.....29—The headquarters, band, Lieutenant-Colonel Haskell, Major Wood and companies A, B, C and D of the 12th U. S. Infantry recently from the Philippines are assigned to Ft. Douglas, Utah.....William H. Moody, Mass., was nominated to be Secretary of the Navy.

May 1.—Major Edwin F. Glenn, 5th infantry, a participant in the administration of the "water cure" will be court-martialed by direction of the President.....Now that J. Pierpont Morgan controls the trans-Atlantic steamship combination, he governs trusts amounting to \$5,210,993,386. Five million men, women, and children, are dependent on him for a living.....2—Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York, born May 15, 1841, died.....3—The trial by court-martial, of General Jacob H. Smith at Manila, ended.....General Chaffee notifies the War Department that the campaign against Sultan Bayan, a principal Moro chief, has been completely successful. Many Moros were killed.....6—Rear-admiral William T. Sampson, retired, died in Washington, D. C.....A fierce discussion of the Philippine question raged in the Senate.....8—Paul Leicester Ford, a novelist, was shot and killed by his brother, Malcolm Webster Ford, at New

York.....11—All coal mining in the anthracite region, Pa., is stopped owing to a strike order.....12—In a naphtha explosion at Pittsburg, Pa., 20 lives were lost and 200 persons badly injured, of which 65 per cent will die.....President Roosevelt, in a special message to congress, recommended that an appropriation of \$500,000 be made for the relief of the 50,000 people who are homeless and hungry in the Island of Martinique, where at least 30,000 lost their lives in the earthquake.

FOREIGN.—*April 25*—Two hundred Chinese landed from the steamer "Empress of China," in Van couver, B. C., on their way to Johannesburg, Africa, to work in the mines.....26—Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, is seriously ill with typhoid-fever.....27—The French elections resulted in defeat for the government—not one ministerialist being elected to the Chamber of Deputies, in Paris.....30—The city of Dacca, near Calcutta, India, population 200,000, was devastated by a tornado, in which 416 persons were killed.

May 2.—Advices from Guatemala, Central America, state that a thousand lives were lost in the earthquake of April 18th.....3—The serious illness of Queen Wilhelmina causes great apprehension in Europe.....6—F. Bret Hart, born Albany, New York, August 25, 1839, died near Aldershot, England.....8—The British steamer "Roddam" reports that St. Pierre, Martinique, is completely destroyed by earthquake.....9—Further details from Martinique confirm the report that St. Pierre, and 40,000 of her inhabitants, and all her property and shipping, were destroyed by a rain of fire, and streams of lava, caused by the eruption of Mt. Pelee. It is one of the greatest calamities in the history of the world.....10—Advices from the West Indies state that a number of the smaller islands near Martinique, especially St. Vincent, have suffered greatly, both in loss of life and property, by earthquakes. All the roads leading from St. Pierre are choked with the dead.....11—Advices from St. Thomas to London state that St. Pierre was destroyed in the twinkling of an eye, and not 40 inhabitants escaped. The whole northern part of the island is burning and is a rocky wilderness.....President elect Palma arrived in Cuba and was greeted by thousands.

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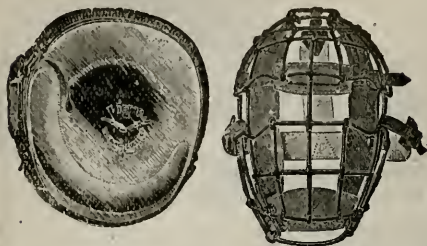
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