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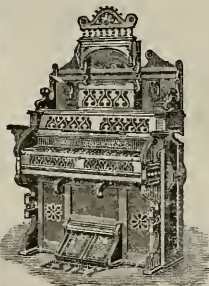
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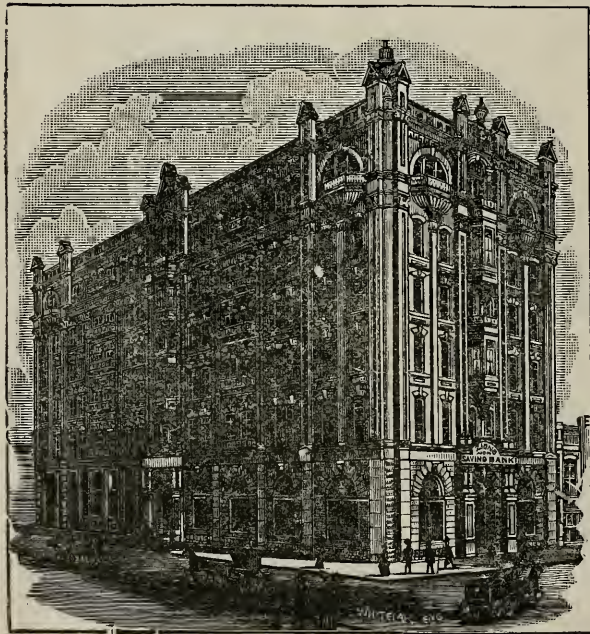
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APOSTLE HEBER J. GRANT

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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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No. 4.

HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

BY HIS MOTHER, LUCY SMITH.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOSEPH SMITH, SENIOR, REMOVES TO NORWICH, THENCE TO PALMYRA—HIS DREAM OF THE IMAGES—OF THE JUDGMENT.

When health returned to us, as one would naturally suppose, it found us in quite low circumstances. We were compelled to strain every energy to provide for our present necessities, instead of making arrangements for the future, as we had previously contemplated.

Shortly after sickness left our family, we moved to Norwich, in the state of Vermont. In this place we established ourselves on a farm belonging to one Esquire Moredock. The first year our crops failed; yet, by selling fruit which grew on the place, we succeeded in obtaining bread for the family, and, by making considerable exertion, we were enabled to sustain ourselves.

The crops the second year were as the year before—a perfect failure. Mr. Smith now determined to plant once more, and if he should meet with no better success than he had the two preceding years, he would then go to the state of New York, where wheat was raised in abundance.

The next year an untimely frost destroyed the crops, and

being the third year in succession in which the crops had failed, it almost caused a famine. This was enough; my husband was now altogether decided upon going to New York. He came in, one day, in quite a thoughtful mood, and sat down; after meditating some time, he observed that, could he so arrange his affairs, he would be glad to start soon for New York with a Mr. Howard, who was going to Palmyra. He further remarked, that he could not leave consistently, as the situation of the family would not admit of his absence; besides, he was owing some money that must first be paid.

I told him it was my opinion he might get both his creditors and debtors together, and arrange matters between them in such a way as to give satisfaction to all parties concerned; and, in relation to the family, I thought I could make every necessary preparation to follow as soon as he would be ready for us. He accordingly called upon all with whom he had any dealings, and settled up his accounts with them. There were, however, some who, in the time of settlement, neglected to bring forward their books, consequently they were not balanced, or there were no entries made in them to show the settlement; but in cases of this kind, he called witnesses, that there might be evidence of the fact.

Having thus arranged his business, Mr. Smith set out for Palmyra, in company with Mr. Howard. After his departure, I and those of the family who were of much size, toiled faithfully, until we considered ourselves fully prepared to leave at a moment's warning. We shortly received a communication from Mr. Smith, requesting us to make ourselves ready to take up a journey for Palmyra. In a short time after this, a team came for us. As we were about starting on this journey, several of those gentlemen who had withheld their books, in the time of settlement, now brought them forth, and claimed the accounts which had been settled, and which they had, in the presence of witnesses, agreed to erase. We were all ready for the journey, and the teams were waiting on expense. Under these circumstances, I concluded it would be more to our advantage to pay their unjust claims than to hazard a lawsuit. Therefore, by making considerable exertion, I raised the required sum, which was one hundred and fifty dollars, and liquidated the demand.

A gentleman by the name of Flagg, a wealthy settler, living in the town of Hanover, also a Mr. Howard, who resided in Norwich, were both acquainted with the circumstance mentioned above. They were very indignant at it, and requested me to give them a sufficient time to get the witnesses together, and they would endeavor to recover that which had been taken from me by fraud. I told them I could not do so, for my husband had sent teams for me, which were on expense; moreover, there was an uncertainty in getting the money back again, and in case of failure, I should not be able to raise the means necessary to take the family where we contemplated moving.

They then proposed raising some money by subscription, saying, "We know the people feel as we do concerning this matter, and if you will receive it, we will make you a handsome present." This I utterly refused. The idea of receiving assistance in such a way as this was indeed very repulsive to my feelings, and I rejected their offer.

My aged mother, who had lived with us some time, assisted in preparing for the journey. She came with us to Royalton, where she resided until she died, which was two years afterwards, in consequence of an injury which she received by getting upset in a wagon while traveling with us.

On arriving at Royalton, I had a scene to pass through, and it was truly a severe one—one to which I shall ever look back with peculiar feelings. Here I was to take leave of my affectionate mother. The parting hour came; my mother wept over me, long and bitterly. She told me that it was not probable she should ever behold my face again; "But, my dear child," said she, "I have lived long—my days are nearly numbered—I must soon exchange the things of this world for those which pertain to another state of existence, where I hope to enjoy the society of the blessed; and now as my last admonition, I beseech you to continue faithful in the service of God to the end of your days, that I may have the pleasure of embracing you in another and fairer world above."

This parting scene was at one Willard Pierce's, a tavern keeper. From his house my mother went to Daniel Mack's, with whom she afterwards lived until her decease.

Having traveled a short distance, I discovered that Mr.

Howard, our teamster, was an unprincipled and unfeeling wretch, by the way in which he handled both our goods and money, as well as by his treatment of my children, especially Joseph. He would compel him to travel miles at a time on foot, notwithstanding he was still lame. We bore patiently with his abuse, until we got about twenty miles west of Utica, when one morning, as we were getting ready to continue our journey, my oldest son came to me and said, "Mother, Mr. Howard has thrown the goods out of the wagon, and is about starting off with the team." Upon hearing this, I told him to call the man in. I met him in the bar-room, in the presence of a large company of travelers, both male and female, and I demanded his reason for the course which he was taking. He told me the money which I had given him was all expended, and he could go no further.

I then turned to those present and said, "Gentlemen and ladies, please give your attention for a moment. Now, as sure as there is a God in heaven, that team, as well as the goods, belong to my husband, and this man intends to take them from me, or at least the team, leaving me with eight children, without the means of proceeding on my journey." Then turning to Mr. Howard, I said, "Sir, I now forbid you touching the team, or driving it one step further. You can go about your own business; I have no use for you. I shall take charge of the team myself, and hereafter attend to my own affairs." I accordingly did so, and proceeding on our journey, we in a short time arrived at Palmyra, with a small portion of our effects, and barely two cents in cash.

When I again met my husband at Palmyra, we were much reduced—not from indolence, but on account of many reverses of fortune, with which our lives had been rather singularly marked. Notwithstanding our misfortunes, and the embarrassments with which we were surrounded, I was quite happy in once more having the society of my husband, and in throwing myself and children upon the care and affection of a tender companion and father.

We all now sat down, and counselled together relative to the course which was best for us to adopt in our destitute circumstances, and we came to the conclusion to unite our energies in endeavoring to obtain a piece of land. Having done considerable at painting oil-cloth coverings for tables, stands, etc., I set up the

business, and did extremely well. I furnished all the provisions for the family, and, besides this, began to replenish our household furniture, in a very short time, by my own exertions.

My husband and his sons, Alvin and Hyrum, set themselves to work to pay for one hundred acres of land for which Mr. Smith contracted with a land agent. In a year, we made nearly all of the first payment, erected a log house, and commenced clearing. I believe something like thirty acres of land were made ready for cultivation the first year.

I shall now deviate a little from my subject, in order to relate another very singular dream which my husband had about this time, which is as follows:—

“I dreamed,” said he, “that I was traveling on foot, and I was very sick, and so lame I could hardly walk. My guide, as usual, attended me. Traveling some time together, I became so lame that I thought I could go no further. I informed my guide of this, and asked him what I should do. He told me to travel on till I came to a certain garden. So I arose and started for this garden. While on my way thither, I asked my guide how I should know the place. He said, ‘Proceed until you come to a very large gate; open this, and you will see a garden, blooming with the most beautiful flowers that your eyes ever beheld, and there you shall be healed.’ By limping along with great difficulty, I finally reached the gate; and, on entering it, I saw the before-mentioned garden, which was beautiful beyond description, being filled with the most delicate flowers of every kind and color. In the garden were walks about three and a half feet wide, which were set on both sides with marble stones. One of the walks ran from the gate through the centre of the garden; and on each side of this was a very richly carved seat, and on each seat were placed six wooden images, each of which was the size of a very large man. When I came to the first image on the right side, it arose and bowed to me with much deference. I then turned to the one which sat opposite me, on the left side, and it arose and bowed to me in the same manner as the first. I continued turning, first to the right and then to the left, until the whole twelve had made their obeisance, after which I was entirely healed. I then asked my guide the meaning of all this, but I awoke before I received an answer.”

I will now return to the subject of the farm. When the time for making the second payment drew nigh, Alvin went from home

to get work, in order to raise the money, and after much hardship and fatigue, returned with the required amount. This payment being made, we felt relieved, as this was the only thing that troubled us; for we had a snug log-house, neatly furnished, and the means of living comfortably. It was now only two years since we entered Palmyra, almost destitute of money, property, or acquaintance. The hand of friendship was extended on every side, and we blessed God, with our whole heart, for his "mercy, which endureth for ever." And not only temporal blessings were bestowed upon us, but also spiritual were administered. The Scripture, which saith, "Your old men shall dream dreams," was fulfilled in the case of my husband, for, about this time, he had another vision, which I shall here relate; this, with one more, is all of his that I shall obtrude upon the attention of my readers. He received two more visions, which would probably be somewhat interesting, but I cannot remember them distinctly enough to rehearse them in full. The following, which was the sixth, ran thus:—

"I thought I was walking alone; I was much fatigued, nevertheless I continued traveling. It seemed to me that I was going to meeting, that it was the day of judgment, and that I was going to be judged.

"When I came in sight of the meeting-house, I saw multitudes of people coming from every direction, and pressing with great anxiety towards the door of this great building; but I thought I should get there in time, hence there was no need of being in a hurry. But, on arriving at the door, I found it shut; I knocked for admission, and was informed by the porter that I had come too late. I felt exceedingly troubled, and prayed earnestly for admittance. Presently I found that my flesh was perishing. I continued to pray, still my flesh withered upon my bones. I was in a state of almost total despair, when the porter asked me if I had done all that was necessary in order to receive admission. I replied, that I had done all that was in my power to do. 'Then,' observed the porter, 'justice must be satisfied; after this, mercy hath her claims.'

"It then occurred to me to call upon God, in the name of his Son Jesus; and I cried out, in the agony of my soul, 'Oh, Lord God, I beseech thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, to forgive my sins.' After which I felt considerably strengthened, and I began to amend. The porter or angel then remarked, that it was necessary to plead the merits of Jesus, for he was the advocate with the Father, and a Mediator between God and man.

"I was now made quite whole, and the door was opened, but, on entering, I awoke."

The following spring, we commenced making preparations for building another house, one that would be more comfortable for persons in advanced life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HISTORY OF JOSEPH THE PROPHET COMMENCES—SEVENTH VISION OF JOSEPH SMITH, SENIOR.

I now come to the history of Joseph. By reference to the table (chap. ix), you will find the date and place of his birth; beside which, except what has already been said, I shall say nothing respecting him until he arrived at the age of fourteen. However, in this I am aware that some of my readers will be disappointed, for I suppose, from questions which are frequently asked me, that it is thought by some that I shall be likely to tell many very remarkable incidents which attended his childhood; but, as nothing occurred during his early life, except those trivial circumstances which are common to that state of human existence, I pass them in silence.

At the age of fourteen, an incident occurred which alarmed us much, as we knew not the cause of it. Joseph being a remarkably quiet, well-disposed child, we did not suspect that any one had aught against him. He was out one evening on an errand, and, on returning home, as he was passing through the door-yard, a gun was fired across his pathway, with the evident intention of shooting him. He sprang to the door much frightened. We immediately went in search of the assassin, but could find no trace of him that evening. The next morning we found his tracks under a wagon, where he lay when he fired; and the following day we found the balls, which were discharged from the gun, lodged in the head and neck of a cow that was standing opposite the wagon in a dark corner. We have not as yet discovered the man who made this attempt at murder, neither can we discover the cause thereof.

I shall here insert the seventh vision that my husband had, which vision was received in the year 1819. It was as follows:

"I dreamed," said he, "that a man with a pedler's budget on his back, came in, and thus addressed me: 'Sir, will you trade with me to-day? I have now called upon you seven times, I have traded with you each time, and have always found you strictly honest in all your dealings. Your measures are always heaped, and your weights overbalance; and I have now come to tell you that this is the last time I shall ever call on you, and that there is but one thing which you lack, in order to secure your salvation.' As I earnestly desired to know what it was that I still lacked, I requested him to write the same upon paper. He said he would do so. I then sprang to get some paper, but, in my excitement, I awoke."

Shortly after my husband received the foregoing vision, there was a great revival in religion, which extended to all the denominations of Christians in the surrounding country in which we resided. Many of the world's people, becoming concerned about the salvation of their souls, came forward and presented themselves as seekers after religion. Most of them were desirous of uniting with some church, but were not decided as to the particular faith which they would adopt. When the numerous meetings were about breaking up, and the candidates and the various leading church members began to consult upon the subject of adopting the candidates into some church or churches, as the case might be, a dispute arose, and there was a great contention among them.

While these things were going forward, Joseph's mind became considerably troubled with regard to religion; and the following extract from his history will show, more clearly than I can express, the state of his feelings, and the result of his reflections on this occasion:—

I was at this time in my fifteenth year. My father's family was proselyted to the Presbyterian faith, and four of them joined that church, namely, my mother Lucy, my brothers Hyrum and Samuel Harrison, and my sister Sophronia.

During this time of great excitement, my mind was called up to serious reflection and great uneasiness; but though my feelings were deep, and often poignant, still I kept myself aloof from all those parties, though I attended their several meetings as often as occasion would permit. In process of time, my mind became somewhat partial to the Methodist sect, and I felt some desire to be united with them, but so great were the confusion and strife among the different denominations,

that it was impossible for a person, young as I was, and so unacquainted with men and things, to come to any certain conclusion* who was right and who was wrong. My mind at different times was greatly excited, the cry and tumult were so great and incessant. The Presbyterians were most decided against the Baptists and Methodists, and used all the powers of either reason or sophistry to prove their errors, or at least to make the people think they were in error. On the other hand, the Baptists and Methodists, in their turn, were equally zealous in endeavoring to establish their own tenets and disprove all others.

In the midst of this war of words, and tumult of opinion, I often said to myself, What is to be done? Who, of all these parties, are right? or, are they all wrong together? If any one of them be right, which is it? and how shall I know it?

While I was laboring under the extreme difficulties caused by the contests of these parties of religionists, I was one day reading in the epistle of James, first chapter and fifth verse, which reads, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." Never did any passage of Scripture come with more power to the heart of man than this did at this time to mine. It seemed to enter with great force into every feeling of my heart. I reflected on it again and again, knowing that if any person needed wisdom from God, I did, for how to act I did not know, and, unless I could get more wisdom than I then had, I would never know; for the teachers of religion of the different sects understood the same passages so differently, as to destroy all confidence in settling the question by an appeal to the Bible. At length I came to the conclusion, that I must either remain in darkness and confusion, or else I must do as James directs, that is, ask of God. I at length came to the determination to ask of God, concluding that if he gave wisdom to them that lacked wisdom, and would give liberally, and not upbraid, I might venture. So, in accordance with this my determination to ask of God, I retired to the woods to make the attempt. It was on the morning of a beautiful, clear day, early in the spring of 1820. It was the first time in my life that I had made such an attempt; for amidst all my anxieties I had never as yet made the attempt to pray vocally. After I had retired into the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me, and finding myself alone, I kneeled down and began to offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so, when immediately I was seized upon by some power which entirely overcame me, and had such an astonishing influence over me as to bind my tongue, so that I could not speak. Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me for a

time as if I were doomed to sudden destruction. But exerting all my powers to call upon God, to deliver me out of the power of this enemy which had seized upon me, and at the very moment when I was ready to sink into despair, and abandon myself to destruction—not to an imaginary ruin, but to the power of some actual being from the unseen world, who had such a marvelous power as I had never before felt in any being; just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me. It no sooner appeared, than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me, I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and said pointing to the other, “This is my beloved Son; hear him!”

My object in going to enquire of the Lord, was to know which of all these sects was right, that I might know which to join. No sooner, therefore, did I get possession of myself, so as to be able to speak, than I asked the personages who stood above me in the light, which of all the sects was right—and which I should join. I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong; and the personage who addressed me said that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight; that those professors were all corrupt; that “they draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof.” He again forbade me to join with any of them; and many other things did he say unto me which I cannot write at this time. When I came to myself again, I found myself lying on my back, looking up into heaven. When the light had departed, I had no strength; but soon recovering in some degree, I went home. And as I leaned up to the fireplace, mother enquired what the matter was. I replied, “Never mind, all is well—I am well enough off.” I then said to my mother, “I have learned for myself that Presbyterianism is not true.” It seems as though the adversary was aware, at a very early period of my life, that I was destined to prove a disturber and an annoyer of his kingdom; else why should the powers of darkness combine against me? Why the opposition and persecution that arose against me, almost in my infancy?

Some few days after I had this vision, I happened to be in company with one of the Methodist preachers who was very active in the before-mentioned religious excitement, and conversing with him upon the subject of religion, I took occasion to give him an account of the vision which I had had. I was greatly surprised at his behavior: he treated my communication not only lightly, but with great contempt, saying it was all of

the devil; that there was no such thing as visions or revelations in these days; that all such things had ceased with the apostles, and that there would never be any more of them. I soon found, however, that my telling the story had excited a great deal of prejudice against me among professors of religion, and was the cause of great persecution, which continued to increase; and though I was an obscure boy, only between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and my circumstances in life such as to make a boy of no consequence in the world, yet men of high standing would take notice sufficient to excite the public mind against me and create a bitter persecution; and this was common among all the sects—all united to persecute me. It caused me serious reflection, then, and often has since, how very strange it was that an obscure boy, of a little over fourteen years of age—and one, too, who was doomed to the necessity of obtaining a scanty maintenance by his daily labors, should be thought a character of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the great ones of the most popular sects of the day, in a manner to create in them a spirit of the most bitter persecution and reviling. But strange or not, so it was, and it was often the cause of great sorrow to myself. However, it was, nevertheless, a fact that I had beheld a vision. I have thought since, that I felt much like Paul when he made his defense before King Agrippa, and related the account of the vision he had when he “saw a light and heard a voice”; but still there were but few who believed him. Some said he was dishonest, others said he was mad, and he was ridiculed and reviled; but all this did not destroy the reality of his vision. He had seen a vision—he knew he had—and all the persecution under heaven could not make it otherwise; and though they should persecute him unto death, yet he knew, and would know to his latest breath, that he had both seen a light and heard a voice speaking unto him, and all the world could not make him think or believe otherwise. So it was with me. I had actually seen a light, and in the midst of that light I saw two personages, and they did in reality speak to me; and though I was hated and persecuted for saying that I had seen a vision, yet it was true; and while they were persecuting me, reviling me, and speaking all manner of evil against me falsely, for so saying, I was led to say in my heart, Why persecute for telling the truth? I have actually seen a vision; and who am I that I can withstand God? or why does the world think to make me deny what I have actually seen? for I had seen a vision. I knew it, and I knew that God knew it; and I could not deny it, neither dared I do it—at least, I knew that by so doing I would offend God, and come under condemnation.—*Times and Seasons*, vol. iii, p. 727; *Supp. to Mill. Star*, vol. xiv, p. 2; *History of the Church*, vol. i, pp. 3-8.

From this time until the twenty-first of September, 1823, Joseph continued, as usual, to labor with his father, and nothing during this interval occurred of very great importance—though he suffered every kind of opposition and persecution from the different orders of religionists.

On the evening of the twenty-first of September, he retired to his bed in quite a serious and contemplative state of mind. He shortly betook himself to prayer and supplication to Almighty God, for a manifestation of his standing before him, and while thus engaged he received the following vision:

While I was thus in the act of calling upon God, I discovered a light appearing in my room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noon-day, when immediately a personage appeared at my bed-side, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen, nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant. His hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrist; so also were his feet naked, as were his legs a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no other clothing on but this robe, as it was open, so that I could see into his bosom. Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person. When I first looked upon him I was afraid, but the fear soon left me. He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Moroni; that God had a work for me to do, and that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues; or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people. He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fullness of the everlasting gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants. Also, that there were two stones in silver bows, and these stones fastened to a breastplate, constituted what is called the Urim and Thummim, deposited with the plates; and the possession and use of these stones were what constituted seers in ancient or former times; and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book. After telling me these things, he commenced quoting the

prophecies of the Old Testament. He first quoted part of the third chapter of Malachi; and he quoted also the fourth or last chapter of the same prophecy, though with a little variation from the way it reads in our Bibles. Instead of quoting the first verse as it reads in our books, he quoted it thus: "For behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all who do wickedly, shall burn as stubble, for they that come shall burn them, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." And again he quoted the fifth verse thus: "Behold, I will reveal unto you the priesthood by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." He also quoted the next verse differently: "And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers; if it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming." In addition to these, he quoted the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, saying that it was about to be fulfilled. He quoted also the third chapter of Acts, twenty-second and twenty-third verses, precisely as they stand in our New Testament. He said that that Prophet was Christ, but the day had not yet come "when they who would not hear his voice should be cut off from among the people," but soon would come. He also quoted the second chapter of Joel, from the twenty-eighth verse to the last. He also said that this was not yet fulfilled, but was soon to be. And he further stated the fullness of the Gentiles was soon to come in. He quoted many other passages of Scripture, and offered many explanations which cannot be mentioned here. Again, he told me that when I got those plates of which he had spoken, (for the time that they should be obtained was not then fulfilled,) I should not show them to any person, neither the breast-plate, with the Urim and Thummim, only to those to whom I should be commanded to show them: if I did I should be destroyed. While he was conversing with me about the plates, the vision was opened to my mind that I could see the place where the plates were deposited, and that so clearly and distinctly, that I knew the place again when I visited it.

After this communication, I saw the light in the room begin to gather immediately around the person of him who had been speaking to me, and it continued to do so until the room was again left dark, except just around him; when instantly I saw, as it were, a conduit open right up into heaven, and he ascended till he entirely disappeared, and the room was left as it had been before this heavenly light made its appearance.

I lay musing on the singularity of the scene, and marveling greatly at what had been told to me by this extraordinary messenger, when, in the

midst of my meditation, I suddenly discovered that my room was again beginning to get lighted, and, in an instant, as it were, the same heavenly messenger was again by my bed-side. He commenced, and again related the very same things which he had done at his first visit, without the least variation, which having done, he informed me of great judgments which were coming upon the earth, with great desolations by famine, sword, and pestilence: and that these grievous judgments would come on the earth in this generation. Having related these things, he again ascended as he had done before.—*Times and Seasons*, vol. iii, p. 729; Supplement to *Millennial Star*, vol. xiv, p. 4; *History of the Church*, vol. i, pp. 11-14.

When the angel ascended the second time, he left Joseph overwhelmed with astonishment, yet gave him but a short time to contemplate the things which he had told him before he made his reappearance, and rehearsed the same things over, adding a few words of caution and instruction, thus: that he must beware of covetousness, and he must not suppose the record was to be brought forth with the view of getting gain, for this was not the case, but that it was to bring forth light and intelligence, which had for a long time been lost to the world; and that when he went to get the plates, he must be on his guard, or his mind would be filled with darkness. The angel then told him to tell his father all which he had both seen and heard.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ANGEL VISITS JOSEPH AGAIN—JOSEPH TELLS HIS FATHER WHAT HE HAS SEEN AND HEARD—HE IS PERMITTED TO BEHOLD THE PLATES—RECEIVES FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS—COMMUNICATES THE SAME TO THE FAMILY—TAKES THE PLATES INTO HIS HANDS—THEY ARE TAKEN FROM HIM, AND HE IS REPROVED—HIS DISAPPOINTMENT.

The next day, my husband, Alvin, and Joseph, were reaping together in the field, and as they were reaping, Joseph stopped quite suddenly, and seemed to be in a very deep study. Alvin, observing it, hurried him, saying, "We must not slacken our hands or we will not be able to complete our task." Upon this Joseph went to work again, and after laboring a short time, he stopped

just as he had done before. This being quite unusual and strange, it attracted the attention of his father, upon which he discovered that Joseph was very pale. My husband, supposing that he was sick, told him to go to the house, and have his mother doctor him. He accordingly ceased his work, and started, but on coming to a beautiful green, under an apple tree, he stopped and lay down, for he was so weak he could proceed no further. He was here but a short time, when the messenger whom he saw the previous night, visited him again, and the first thing he said was, "Why did you not tell your father that which I commanded you to tell him?" Joseph replied, "I was afraid my father would not believe me." The angel rejoined, "He will believe every word you say to him."

Joseph then promised the angel that he would do as he had been commanded. Upon this, the messenger departed, and Joseph returned to the field, where he had left my husband and Alvin; but when he got there, his father had just gone to the house, as he was somewhat unwell. Joseph then desired Alvin to go straight-way and see his father, and inform him that he had something of great importance to communicate to him, and that he wanted him to come out into the field where they were at work. Alvin did as he was requested, and when my husband got there, Joseph related to him all that had passed between him and the angel the previous night and that morning. Having heard this account, his father charged him not to fail in attending strictly to the instruction which he had received from this heavenly messenger.

Soon after Joseph had this conversation with his father, he repaired to the place where the plates were deposited, which place he describes as follows:—

"Convenient to the village of Manchester, Ontario Co., New York, stands a hill of considerable size, and the most elevated of any in the neighborhood. On the west side of this hill, not far from the top, under a stone of considerable size, lay the plates, deposited in a stone box. This stone was thick and rounding in the middle, on the upper side, and thinner towards the edges, so that the middle part of it was visible above the ground; but the edge all round was covered with earth.

"Having removed the earth, I obtained a lever, which I got fixed under the edge of the stone, and with a little exertion raised it up. I looked in, and there, indeed, did I behold the plates! the Urim and Thum-

mim, and the breast-plate, as stated by the messenger."—*Times and Seasons* vol. iii, p. 729; *Supp. to Millennial Star*, vol. xiv, p. 5; *History of the Church*, pp. 15, 16.

While Joseph remained here, the angel showed him, by contrast, the difference between good and evil, and likewise the consequences of both obedience and disobedience to the commandments of God, in such a striking manner, that the impression was always vivid in his memory until the very end of his days; and in giving a relation of this circumstance, not long prior to his death, he remarked, that "ever afterwards he was willing to keep the commandments of God."

Furthermore, the angel told him, at the interview mentioned last, that the time had not yet come for the plates to be brought forth to the world; that he could not take them from the place wherein they were deposited until he had learned to keep the commandments of God—not only till he was willing but able to do it. The angel bade Joseph come to this place every year, at the same time of the year, and he would meet him there and give him further instructions.

The ensuing evening, when the family were altogether, Joseph made known to them all that he had communicated to his father in the field, and also of his finding the record, as well as what passed between him and the angel while he was at the place where the plates were deposited.

Sitting up late that evening, in order to converse upon these things, together with over-exertion of mind, had much fatigued Joseph; and when Alvin observed it, he said, "Now, brother, let us go to bed, and rise early in the morning, in order to finish our day's work at an hour before sunset, then, if mother will get our suppers early, we will have a fine long evening, and we will all sit down for the purpose of listening to you while you tell us the great things which God has revealed to you.

Accordingly, by sunset the next day, we were all seated, and Joseph commenced telling us the great and glorious things which God had manifested to him; but, before proceeding, he charged us not to mention out of the family that which he was about to say to us, as the world was so wicked that when they came to a knowledge of these things they would try to take our lives; and

that when we should obtain the plates, our names would be cast out as evil by all people. Hence the necessity of suppressing these things as much as possible, until the time should come for them to go forth to the world.

After giving us this charge, he proceeded to relate further particulars concerning the work which he was appointed to do, and we received them joyfully, never mentioning them except among ourselves, agreeable to the instructions which we had received from him.

From this time forth, Joseph continued to receive instructions from the Lord, and we continued to get the children together every evening, for the purpose of listening while he gave us a relation of the same. I presume our family presented an aspect as singular as any that ever lived upon the face of the earth—all seated in a circle, father, mother, sons and daughters, and giving the most profound attention to a boy, eighteen years of age, who had never read the Bible through in his life: he seemed much less inclined to the perusal of books than any of the rest of our children, but far more given to meditation and deep study.

We were now confirmed in the opinion that God was about to bring to light something upon which we could stay our minds, or that would give us a more perfect knowledge of the plan of salvation and the redemption of the human family. This caused us greatly to rejoice, the sweetest union and happiness pervaded our house, and tranquility reigned in our midst.

During our evening conversations, Joseph would occasionally give us some of the most amusing recitals that could be imagined. He would describe the ancient inhabitants of this continent, their dress, mode of traveling, and the animals upon which they rode; their cities, their buildings, with every particular; their mode of warfare; and also their religious worship. This he would do with as much ease, seemingly, as if he had spent his whole life among them.

On the twenty-second of September, 1824, Joseph again visited the place where he found the plates the year previous; and supposing at this time that the only thing required, in order to possess them until the time for their translation, was to be able to keep the commandments of God—and he firmly believed he could

keep every commandment which had been given him—he fully expected to carry them home with him. Therefore, having arrived at the place, and uncovering the plates, he put forth his hand and took them up, but, as he was taking them hence, the unhappy thought darted through his mind that probably there was something else in the box besides the plates, which would be of some pecuniary advantage to him. So, in the moment of excitement, he laid them down very carefully, for the purpose of covering the box, lest some one might happen to pass that way and get whatever there might be remaining in it. After covering it, he turned round to take the Record again, but behold it was gone, and where, he knew not, neither did he know the means by which it had been taken from him.

At this, as a natural consequence, he was much alarmed. He kneeled down and asked the Lord why the Record had been taken from him; upon which the angel of the Lord appeared to him, and told him that he had not done as he had been commanded, for in a former revelation he had been commanded not to lay the plates down, or put them for a moment out of his hands, until he got into the house and deposited them in a chest or trunk, having a good lock and key, and, contrary to this, he had laid them down with the view of securing some fancied or imaginary treasure that remained.

In the moment of excitement, Joseph was overcome by the powers of darkness, and forgot the injunction that was laid upon him.

Having some further conversation with the angel, on this occasion, Joseph was permitted to raise the stone again, when he beheld the plates as he had done before. He immediately reached forth his hand to take them, but instead of getting them, as he anticipated, he was hurled back upon the ground with great violence. When he recovered, the angel was gone, and he arose and returned to the house, weeping for grief and disappointment.

As he was aware that we would expect him to bring the plates home with him, he was greatly troubled, fearing that we might doubt his having seen them. As soon as he entered the house, my husband asked him if he had obtained the plates. The answer was, "No, father, I could not get them."

His father then said, "Did you see them?"

"Yes," replied Joseph, "I saw them, but could not take them."

"I would have taken them," rejoined his father, with much earnestness, "if I had been in your place."

"Why," returned Joseph, in quite a subdued tone, "you do not know what you say. I could not get them, for the angel of the Lord would not let me."

Joseph then related the circumstance in full, which gave us much uneasiness, as we were afraid that he might utterly fail of obtaining the Record through some neglect on his part. We, therefore, doubled our diligence in prayer and supplication to God, in order that he might be more fully instructed in his duty, and be preserved from all the wiles and machinations of him "who lieth in wait to deceive."

We were still making arrangements to build us a comfortable house, the management and control of which devolved chiefly upon Alvin. And when November, 1824, arrived, the frame was raised, and all the materials necessary for its speedy completion were procured. This opened to Alvin's mind the pleasing prospect of seeing his father and mother once more comfortable and happy. He would say, "I am going to have a nice, pleasant room for father and mother to sit in, and everything arranged for their comfort, and they shall not work any more as they have done."

CHARITY AND ARITHMETIC.

BY S. A. KENNER.

Charity begins at home. Oftener than otherwise, it also ends there.

As the holidays are just past, and at such times everyone is presumed to loosen up a little in the matter of giving out things, the subject is, as a parliamentarian would say, in order.

In a preliminary way, let me remark that there are some stock expressions which pass as adages, aphorisms and the like, but, when analyzed, they have a dual life, so to speak. For instance, we are told that figures never lie, that parallel lines never meet, and so on. Each of these is a correct expression, but we all know how figures are made at times to serve the ends of those who in using the truth get down to the danger line of extravagant economy; while the most precious sense we have—the eyesight—looking out upon a long stretch of straight railway track, for instance, tells us that parallel lines do meet.

It is an impression that has grown out of observation, more than anything else, that when the gentleman whose name it is not good form to mention wants something performed, altogether worthy his station and calling, he does not secure the services of dishonest or tricky persons; these would likely be as dishonest and tricky with him as with others, and besides, they would be less able to deceive than some others. The kind he undoubtedly prefers are those who never make “mislicks,” whose every consummation in life is a perfect equation, who can make a correct exhibit at every stage of all their proceedings. Cashiers, confidential clerks, and so on, who can spend three times as much as they get in salaries, and show a clean balance sheet on short notice, have the requisite ability; and those who give ostentatious charity, without drawing on their own stores or accounts, have qualities which are not to be overlooked in the connection spoken of. While it is frequently the case that the difference between a misdemeanor and an eccentricity depends

largely upon the size of the person's bank account, it is not always so; the ability to subtract a greater sum from a smaller one, to divide on the same principle and produce a quotient, and to add sums and make the product more or less (as required) than a strict observance of the old-fashioned rules of mathematics would admit of, are factors not to be overlooked. In all this, there must be no irregularity or departure visible or suspected; it is not the details, not the manner in which things are done, but the ability to show a conclusion, which will be satisfactory all around, that counts. Let me make the proposition plainer by an incident the like of which occurs, no doubt, every day, but is itself taken from life:

At a certain time and place, three representative citizens were assembled as trustees of a special bequest in the will of a good and prosperous man who had gone before. The decedent had been a business man who knew how to conduct business, and, as the result of many years of close attention to his affairs, had amassed a comfortable fortune. But he was getting old, and the grim old fellow with the scythe and hour-glass permits only few of us to run beyond the time to which the man spoken of had attained. And realizing that he couldn't take the smallest part of his accumulations with him, he decided that, even in death, he would have his way as to how the property should be disposed of. So he made a will disposing of everything in detail. Among the bequests was one that he doubtless designed should be a monument to him, when he should pass away, and it was to be the return to some of the more needy of those from whom he had obtained his fortune, of a portion of the money—not as a measure of equity but of charity. He could not have had any advertising advantages in view, for advertisements, like flattery, soothe not “the dull, cold ear of death.” The will directed that a goodly sum—not very large nor very small—should be distributed to those of his townfolk who needed it, and the three gentlemen spoken of were selected as a committee of distribution, without bonds or other restraining influences. They were discussing ways and means whereby their duties could be performed most effectively and satisfactorily.

“Allow me to suggest,” said a portly-looking man, who seemed by common consent to act as chairman, “that it would be the very culmination of absurdity to give the money itself to the people. Being poor, they are either improvident, vicious, or incapable; and, in either case, should always be the subject of guardianship in the matter of benefices. The design of our departed friend was to do them as much good as possible, and he would turn over in his grave if any part of his bequest were to be squandered in drink or other harmful ways. In fact, by asking us to act

in their behalf, he must have had in mind the prevention of any such thing, and the securing to the donees some substantial assistance. Don't you agree with me, gentlemen?"

There being no ground for an argument, the other two assented promptly.

"Well, then, I propose that we purchase fuel, clothing and provisions, such as the poorer classes are mostly in need of, always leaning to the substantial rather than the luxurious side of things, and distribute them in accordance with the needs and circumstances of the applicants."

This also met with an unopposed endorsement.

"Then let us begin somewhere, and get down to business," said the chairman. "Now, for example, there is the matter of coal. Winter is at hand, and we want to go if anything rather out of the proportion of things to secure as much of that to the people as possible. We will buy say, five car-loads, which will be a hundred tons, and by this means will get the benefit of wholesale rates—three dollars a ton—and will give two hundred families half a ton each, which, economically used, should last them half through the winter. Each will receipt to us for his coal, and we will thus have two hundred receipts, each showing the delivery of a thousand pounds, and, as in such cases retail rates—five dollars a ton—prevail, we shall enlarge rather than diminish our trust."

"Would not this plan naturally create an increment?" asked one of the others.

"Assuredly," replied the chairman.

"And what about it? I mean, how should we dispose of it? Wouldn't it be a little awkward to us in making a report?"

"Not in the least. It is not difficult to understand that a surplus is much easier handled than a deficiency."

"But—ah—does not the fact that all that we have of this bequest is for the benefit of—those, ah—for whom it was bequeathed, occur to you?" hesitatingly asked the other, who was beginning to disclose the fact that some lingering remnants of a conscience remained to bless or vex him, as the case might be.

"By no means," promptly responded the chairman. This is a business matter, and should be looked at in a business-like way. The beneficiaries of this trust have no right to look for more than is originally provided for them, and, in fact, we have no right to extend it, because, by adding anything, we should thereby curtail, in some measure, the credit due to the donor for his gift. No; it came from him, and we must not seek to reduce the honor which attaches to his memory, by making it greater than he made it."

"But how about making it less?" asked the man with the conscience.

"Who proposes to make it less? We propose to make it just what was bequeathed—no more, no less. Isn't that enough?"

"But if we manipulate—ah, yes, that is the word—things so that we show how the greatest possible good to the people is not given, but only the sum in dollars and cents, without reference to their purchasing power—not the money itself, but a fictitious representation of its worth—will we thereby observe the spirit of the gift, even though we may comply with its terms literally?"

"My friend, you are disposed to fall into the common error of mixing sentiment with business. They should be kept strictly separate. The beneficiaries, I repeat, will get all that was left for them, even to the last cent; that is as far as we can go, and all that will be expected of us."

"I would rather let them have the money," ventured the timid member.

"To squander in riotous dissipation or unseemly extravagance, in most cases, and thereby accomplish harm where good was intended! No; as I said before, we must not do that. My plan is the best. What say you?" asked the chairman of the member, who had so far been silent. He concurred. Everything movable yields to brains and perseverance.

"Now, then," resumed the spokesman, "we will at once proceed to contract for a hundred tons of coal, five tons of flour, a ton of bacon, and such other things as may be most needful and useful, getting the benefit of the wholesale prices, and getting receipts for each item delivered."

The man with the conscience made one more effort. "You are providing for a horizontal increment on the transaction, amounting to about twenty-five per cent, meaning several hundred dollars. Since, according to your showing, this will not belong to the beneficiaries of the gift, to whom will it belong? Where will it go? What kind of accounting shall we make of it?"

"It doesn't need to go anywhere. Anything remaining in the hands of the trustees after they have fully complied with the terms of their trust is manifestly theirs, to do with as they please. Besides they are entitled to something for their time and trouble."

"Then why not present bills for such services and have them figure in the regular way?"

"Ah, there you go again—mixing business and charity. We are now acting as a charitable board, and not presumed to charge for our services."

"Yes; I see. It is all right to take, if you don't let it appear. The

wrongfulness of anything does not consist in the thing itself, but in letting it be found out. Capital idea. Well, gentlemen, I will withdraw, since my obtuseness prevents me from fully concurring in your views and purposes, and I would not wish to be the means of causing unpleasantness of any kind. If you find any dividend—as you might call it—coming to me, you may pay it over, and it is perhaps needless to say that it will at once find its way to those whom our departed friend designed should have it. Good day.”

As the recalcitrant disappeared, the chairman remarked: “Strange person, that; always stands in his own light, as if he were afraid he might drift into something profitable. Such people are always poor, and I guess they ought to be.”

In conclusion: It happened once that the only perfect Being who was ever incarnated, showed a trace of imperfection. He became so indignant at the transactions of certain men that he almost, if not quite, lost his temper momentarily—long enough to improvise a whip and drive them out of a sacred edifice which he deemed they were desecrating. And yet, they were never accused of dishonesty, they were “making money” in accordance with accepted rules, and, no doubt, every one of their transactions squared exactly with business principles and mathematical requirements. Perhaps they were charitable, too. We have no account that they were not, and that class of men usually are inclined that way, at times.

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

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

PART FIRST.

IV.

ALONG THE COAST TO THE LAND OF ICE AND SNOW.

If there was one form of out door exercise that Harald Einer-sen enjoyed more than another, it was to climb to the top of some high elevation that he might stand and look out over the surrounding view. It was often a hard task to scale some of the highest peaks around the Lifjord, but that wonderful feeling of expansion which his soul experienced when the summit had been reached, amply paid for the exertion. So, this afternoon, when there was a pause in the chopping, which seemingly would last all the remainder of the day, Harald, instead of taking it easy as the other choppers were doing, resolved to walk up through the pines to the top of a nearby ridge that he might gaze on what lay beyond. He was always saying to himself that he wished to see "what was just beyond."

Harald cut a stout birch cane, and left the group of men lying on the grass smoking their pipes. He, also, was a chopper this summer, the third year after his confirmation, and was now out with his father in the woods. This work had helped to make a strong, man-like fellow out of him, and he now presented as handsome a picture as one would wish to see. With his cap in his hand, and his red shirt open at the throat, he met the steep grade with

a firm step, and in half an hour he stood on a ledge of rock from which he could get the desired view. On one side extended the pine clad hills; and on the other side, at his feet, lay the ocean. He had never seen such a large stretch of the ocean before, nor had he ever seen it in such a phase as now. He sat down with his face turned towards it.

The sea was like glass; in the distance, it appeared like a huge mirror spread out over the earth. Some islands lay out against the horizon, but they seemed to be lifted up into the air, swimming in a hazy atmosphere of warm, golden color. Sea and sky blended into one. If a white cloud sailed through the blue of the sky, the sea also did its best to follow with a changing patch of white. When the air gently stooped to caress the sea, ripples of joy seemed to dance upon its bosom.

The young man lay quietly, permitting the whole, sweet harmony of the elements to enter his heart; and then this spiritual elixir penetrated into some innermost recess of his soul, touching a secret spring. Ah, the Viking blood stirs within him; sluggishly at first, then swifter and swifter, until at last his whole body tingles. The sea calls, and he answers. The wind greets him and he knows its voice. The waves come rolling towards him; they must stop on the strand below, but he hears them, and understands their message. "I will come to thee, I will come to thee," he whispers, as if he were speaking to a shy maiden at his side. Then, as he was gazing and dreaming, an ancient Viking fleet seemed to sail before him. The long, open boats, each with its one square sail filled with wind, came gliding into the scene one by one, until the whole wide expanse was dotted with them. Each ship had a real shield at the prow, a sign of war, and each vessel was filled with warriors whose battle-axes and spears glistened in the sun. Then the whole fleet seemed to sail slowly into the distance, and Harald's heart was drawn out with the departing boats, until at length when they disappeared behind the horizon, the young man leaped to his feet as if he would follow the departing Vikings, to take part in the raids they had planned against some southern shores.

The sound of ringing axes came from below. Harald shook

himself as if to be free from some charmed power, and then betook himself to work again; but that same afternoon, he made up his mind to accept the invitation his Uncle Erik had sent him to come to Nordland and join him in his trip to the fishing grounds of Lofoten, the coming winter.

Einer Gundersen had no objections to Harald going to Nordland. There was small opportunity for a young man of Harald's disposition in or around Updal, and at Lofoten there was always a chance of doing something profitable. Harald, of course, counselled with his grandmother about it. Halger was now the herder, and stayed with his grandmother when Harald was away; and the old lady enjoyed better health than she had for years.

"Yes; my boy," she had said to him, "I don't see why you shouldn't go. You are a big, strong boy, and I believe as true as you are strong. I think I can trust you now. I think I can trust you to do right under all circumstances, and I do not see why you should not have your chances in life. But Nordland and Lofoten is a hard life, and you know you are not much of a sailor."

"It's not hard to learn, I hope, such a trifle as that, grandmother!"

So it was satisfactorily arranged, and Uncle Erik sent him money enough to pay his fare to Sandstad.

It was in the latter part of August, when he was ready. He was to go early, that he might take part in some summer fishing before he should go to the more strenuous life at Lofoten.

On the morning of his departure, the whole household was astir. Little Hulda cried when her father lifted Harald's little wooden box to carry it down to the landing, and so Harald lifted her onto his shoulders and carried her down, while the rest of the family followed. They all tried to appear pleased, but it was useless to try to conceal the deep emotions under which they were laboring. This was Harald's first long trip away from home, and there was no telling what might befall him ere he returned—and he might never return at all—the sea is such a cruel thing to deal with. The step-mother, whom Harald had so often of late helped and comforted, took the parting quite to heart, and there were

tears in the eyes of the father when he pressed Harald's hand and said:

"Goodby, my son; be a good boy, and—and, don't drink, Harald, shun liquor as you would the very gates of hell. Fishermen are rough, and they drink much, but don't you do it, Harald, that's a father's last words to you, should he never see you again!"

Even Harald joined in the general sobbing—all but grandmother—she smiled still.

"Goodby, Harald," she said, as she patted one cheek and kissed the other, "God bless you, and bring you safely home again."

Harald jumped into his boat, and, seizing the oars, was soon speeding down the fjord. They all stood on the bank waving their hats and handkerchiefs, until a projecting bank hid them from his sight.

It was a good half day's row, down the fjord to Vangen, but Harald did not wish the distance shorter that morning. He wished to take a last look at the familiar scenes of mountain, dell and water, wherein he had herded his sheep, picked berries and fished for the wily trout. Just down that beautiful, grassy slope, one summer day, with some other boys, he remembered, having rolled old man Hansen's grind stone. What a beautiful sight it had been, and what a fearful splash it made as it bounded into the deep waters of the fjord! He also remembered how much money the boys had been compelled to obtain to buy a new one. Here also was the cosy nook under the crags, where he had become so interested in castle building that he had neglected his sheep. Just on that ledge, Thora sat, and he had lifted her down. What a wee, slender thing she had been, and now—why the last time he saw her, she appeared so like a grown young lady that he had not dared to speak to her.

The boat glided smoothly towards Vangen. The rower must have reached beyond the region of his boyhood resorts, for now his thoughts were not so much with hill and vale as with the face and form of a pale girl who looked so much like a young woman.

Harald tied his boat at the wharf where the steamer was to touch. He had an hour yet to wait. Asking a ferryman at the wharf to keep an eye on his boat until his father should come after it, he strolled up the business street of the little town.

He intended buying a few articles for his journey, but was a little nervous about going to Merchant Bernhard's, his usual place of business; why, he scarcely knew. Certainly he would like to say goodby to Thora, but somehow there was an unusual fear about it, so he walked by the store without looking in. "How silly I am getting!" he said to himself. "Thora doesn't work in the store. What's the matter with me, any way? Thora is a rich merchant's daughter—I am a sheep-herder—a wood-chopper." Turning suddenly, he went into the store and made his purchases.

Now the nearest way to the steamboat landing was directly down the street again, but Harald had abundance of time, so decided to take a stroll another way, that thereby he might pass a white-painted house, set back in a large grass patch,—the Bernhard residence. It was a beautiful place, and it would do no harm to take a last look at it. He saw Thora the moment he turned the corner. She was at work in the garden, and, just as he passed the gate, she spied him. Her straw hat was lying on the grass, she had a small flower shovel in her hand. When she saw Harald coming, she pushed the hair from her eyes, and said:

"Good day, Harald. You are just in time to help me. I was just wishing some one would come along to assist me with this flower. I want to carry it into the conservatory. Won't you help me?"

Pushing the little gate open Harald went in. He took the tub containing the plant, and lifted it up on his shoulder, saying,

"Tell me where to put it."

"Oh, but I wanted to help you!" she exclaimed. He laughed, walked across the grass to the glass-covered house at the side of the dwelling, putting his burden down in the spot directed.

"Now, you'll excuse me if I run away so hurriedly," he said. "I mustn't miss the steamer."

"Are you going away?"

"Yes; up to Nordland, to Uncle Erik's. Goodby," and he held out his hand.

"Well, I didn't know you were going so far.—Well—ah there's plenty of time—the steamer's always late—Well, thank you for your help, Harald, goodby," and she shook his hand.

He hurried away and down to the landing, wishing the steamer

would come. It was past due now. He had taken his box and the basket containing his lunch on to the pier, and was now pacing back and forth. Ten minutes, twenty minutes passed, then he heard the steamer's whistle, down the fjord. Coming up to the wharf, it lay there fully fifteen minutes longer, while the men leisurely unloaded a few boxes, and took on board other articles of freight.

Stowing his box safely away in a corner between decks, Harald went up again, just as the men were getting ready to throw off the ropes, when he beheld Thora Bernhard coming down the pier. Seeing him at the railing, she walked up the gang plank and handed him a small basket, saying: "This is for your lunch, Harald, goodby." Then she stood on the wharf waving her hand to him. He thought he beheld a soft color of red in each pale cheek, as the steamer took him farther and farther down the opening waters of the fjord.

That day he saw some of the wonders of Norway's coastline scenery. Hour after hour, the steamer plowed its way through the maze of fjords and sounds, whose still, deep waters, protected by the outlying islands from the rough winds and waves of the ocean, reflected in its surface the gray of the barren mountains. Every few hours, the steamer headed up some fjord, stopping at a small town consisting often of but a few houses huddled together under a mountain wall. Then back again, and in and out of channels so narrow that a stone could be thrown to either side. Harald kept on deck most of the time, but when evening came, he went down to his box where the heat from the engine was not uncomfortable.

The next morning the steamer lay in the wharf at the city of Trondhjem, and since it would be some hours before it sailed, Harald walked up into the city. He was much interested in what he saw, this being the first time he had been in a large city. Especially was he interested in its ancient cathedral, of which he had read, and to which Norway's kings formerly came to be crowned.

In the afternoon the steamer plowed on again. That night they left the still waters of a protected fjord to get out into the open sea to round a headland. The boat pitched quite lively, but Harald stood it quite well. In the morning they were again

behind some islands, only now and then catching a glimpse of the sea through the openings between two islands.

The youth seemed to be getting a long way from home. Yet he enjoyed the journey greatly. There was so much to see that was new to him, while the grand scenery appealed forcibly to his nature. As the steamer crept on northward, he beheld the change in the nature of the country, and saw that the green spots of earth became fewer and smaller as they came nearer the land of perpetual ice and snow. The air, also, became keen, especially at night, and now and then he caught a glimpse of newly fallen snow, on the summits of mountains towards the north. Then, life on board was full of oddities, and there were many strange people whose ways and talk were entertaining to the inexperienced boy.

His lunch baskets were getting low. Of course, he had not waited long to inspect the basket given him by Thora, and he had found it to contain a liberal supply of fine wheat bread, buttered, and laid with slices of cheese and sausage. Then there was a small honey-cake, and a piece of smoked salmon. These dainties he had kept as a dessert to his usual meal of rye bread and coffee, eating sparingly of them that they might prolong his pleasure. But the third day out, the larger basket was empty, and the smaller one contained but one piece of the cake. Sandstad was to be reached that evening, and Harald thought he would be able to manage until he arrived there. Buying meals at the steamer's dining-table was beyond his purse. So he nibbled at his cake. It was certainly genuine honey-cake, and not the cheap imitation made from molasses, such as was sold at the booths at the markets. He could taste the flavor of the honey in it. "I wish there were more of it," he mused. "I wonder if Thora baked it herself." He had heard that Thora was an excellent cook, and could make all kinds of dainty things. "Hallo, I believe there is another piece left. Strange, I did not see it before. Wrapped up in a separate piece of paper, and crushed, too, all out of shape. What a shame!"

He lifted the small package from the bottom of the basket, took off the double wrapping of paper, and in his hand lay, not a piece of honey-cake, but a rose—a large, beautiful, red rose, now crushed and quite withered. Harald was standing, at the time,

down near the engine room, but the smell from the machinery seemed to stifle him, and so he made his way up on deck. He put the rose in his coat pocket, and went to the extreme point of the vessel's prow where he could be alone. Then he took the flower out and smelled its fragrance. Tenderly he turned it over, and a few detached petals dropped to the deck. He picked them up again. What did it mean? Had Thora intentionally put it there. There could be no doubt of that, as the same kind of paper had enwrapped the cake and the rose. He looked at it for a long time, then carefully enfolded it between the leaves of a note book, and placed that in an inner pocket of his jacket.

He leaned over the railing, and watched the white wave spreading out from the steamer's prow. The sun sank in the west, and a path of golden light reached from the horizon to the vessel. The sublime solitude of a northern fjord brooded over all, and the silence seemed broken only by the rhythmical turning of the steamer's propeller. Suddenly the hoarse whistle belched forth the signal for Sandstad. Boats are now coming out to meet them, and Harald hurriedly carried his baggage up on deck. The boats lay alongsides, while an iron door was opened in the side of the steamer out of which he stepped.

"Is that you, Harald?" shouted a big, red-bearded man, whom Harald took to be his uncle Erik.

"Yes," answered Harald.

"All right, jump in. Anything else? Heave your box in. Be careful, boy, our boat dances like a cork."

Then they shoved away, the steamer went on its course, and Uncle Erik pulled with long, steady strokes towards the shore.

V.

HOME LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH.

Sandstad consisted of a score or more houses grouped on the small, level area where a valley opened out upon Lundfjord. A stream came dashing down the valley from a small lake not half a mile from the sea. The mountains all about were high and steep. That which Harald had often called "the everlasting pine forest"

was here absent. Not one tree could be seen anywhere, but over the hillsides were patches of white-birch, willows, and brush.

Erik Svensen's house stood a few rods up from the strand. It was two stories high, boarded, and painted white. The side of the roof towards the sea was covered with wooden shingles, but the side away from the direction of storms and winds, was covered with a green sod. All the houses were of one general type, save that some showed the bare logs, and were devoid of paint.

Uncle Erik rowed up to the landing by the boat-house. The two leaped out, and the boat was drawn upon the sand. Shouldering his box, Harald followed his uncle to the house, where he was kindly received by his aunt Karen and his cousin Dagmar, a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked girl of sixteen. A number of other cousins were married and lived at other places on the island. Sandstad was located on one of the larger islands, just north of the Lofoten group.

True to the Norwegian custom, the first thing that Harald must do was to eat. There was a whispered consultation between Dagmar and her mother, and then a white cloth was spread over the table. China dishes, knives, forks, spoons, and, in fact, all the table settings were displayed that Harald occasionally had seen at the home of some well-to-do *bonde*,* in his own locality. Harald sat by the tall, square stove in the corner, in which a slow turf fire was burning, and watched with much interest Dagmar at work. Soon the table was set, and Harald must at once eat, while Dagmar served him. He was not naturally timid, but, this being the first time he had thus been so much honored, he found it somewhat difficult to act properly. He was hungry from his day's fast, but he could eat scarcely half of the bowl of thick milk which Dagmar had prepared by sprinkling sugar and cake crumbs over the thick cream. Then there was the delicious, crisp *flad brod*, (dry, thin, flat bread) the fresh cod, the cold potatoes, and coffee.

"Now you must eat, Harald," urged his aunt. "You have had a long journey, and I know you must be hungry. You are quite welcome to our poor fare. We haven't much cooked to day,

* A freeholder on a small scale—either for life or for inheritance.

but I hope you'll make out a supper." Thus the good aunt talked and urged, until Harald could eat no more, when she reluctantly let him get up from the table.

Soon Uncle Erick and some hired helpers came in. The table was reset, the white table cloth being taken off, and a large dish of mush being placed before each person. The mush was eaten, each spoonful being dipped into a cup of milk, placed by each plate—more to cool it than as a part of the dish.

After supper, the men lighted their pipes, and soon the room was filled with smoke. It nearly stifled Harald, as he was not accustomed to such an atmosphere, but he had to bear it, while he was kept busy answering the many questions about the folks down at Opdal. Dagmar sat in the further corner of the room with her knitting, and Harald saw her as through a haze, and he wondered how she could endure breathing the thick tobacco smoke.

After an hour or more of conversation, Aunt Karen came to his rescue, declaring that he must be tired. She led him up stairs to his room, and, placing the lamp on a little table, bade him good night. When she had gone, Harald looked in wonder about the room. The walls and ceiling were boarded and painted. The floor was also painted. There was a table with a fancy cloth on, a bureau, with a glass hanging over it, and some spindle-legged, straight-backed chairs which he was afraid to sit on. On the bed were two down mattresses, of which he knew only this, that he must sleep between them. The top one must have been made of the genuine eider-down, since it puffed up as if it had been filled with air when he moved it. It was difficult for him to go to sleep that night, tired though he was. Thoughts of Opdal would come, and how he was resting snugly between soft, warm down, while poor grandmother was sleeping as usual on her bed of sheepskins. The little one-roomed hut had a charm about it yet, especially when he was so far from it. Grandmother ought to live in such a room, and sleep in such a bed as he was in! As she got older, her bones would ache more—and then, he wondered if Halger would provide her with plenty of wood. His first money should go to grandmother, and—yes, if God would give him strength and prosper his efforts, grandmother should yet have comfort in her old age.

Harald found that life in Nordland was quite different from what it was farther south. Even the language was spoken with a peculiar accent, and he had difficulty in understanding some of the older people. The short summer was drawing to a close, and every man, woman and child that could be spared, were out in the fields gathering the precious harvest of barley and potatoes; so his help came timely to overworked Uncle Erik. The barley had yielded well that summer, and the land had been favored with a few days of bright, sunny weather, so that the sheaves could be gotten dry to the barn. The potatoes seemed unusually small to him, but he was told that they were quite large for Nordland. He and Dagmar did nearly all the potato harvesting, he digging up the potatoes with a heavy pointed hoe, while Dagmar gathered them into sacks.

The strangeness of associating with a girl instead of with boys, as he had done all his previous life, soon wore away, and the two cousins became good friends and companions. Dagmar was somewhat proud of her strong, good-looking cousin, and it was not long before she acquainted him with most of the people at Sandstad. The Sunday rest was used to advantage. There was no church at Sandstad, but usually some traveling preacher held services in the school house; nearly everybody attended, no matter to what denomination the preacher belonged.

After the rush of harvest was over, there were still a few days of pleasant weather, and so Dagmar fulfilled a promise to take Harald across the fjord to visit a married sister. The sky was free from clouds that morning, but the breeze came steadily from the sea, filling the one square sail which Dagmar herself lifted half way up the mast.

"You are a landsman, a farmer," she laughingly said to Harald, "you sit still on the seat, and let me manage the boat." Then she went to the tiller and seated herself by it, laughing merrily at him. She was a picture worth looking at, too, in her snug-fitting, gray, flannel dress, her round, rosy face beaming with smiles from the folds of the silken kerchief around her head. "I'll let you help me a little," she continued. "Just raise the sail a little, will you? I think we can stand a little more. There, that will do for the present; we'll see how it blows, when we get further out."

Harald enjoyed the sail. To lounge on his seat, with nothing to do but to watch the porpoises make their graceful dives, and to feel the boat, as it gently rose and fell over the waves, was a new and novel sensation to the young man. Soon they rounded a huge, steep cliff, from which thousands of birds flew screaming over their heads. Then the boat was headed straight across the fjord to the opposite shore, which soon arose steep and frowning from the green water.

They landed at the base of a high mountain, where a small cove made a tiny harbor. Into this enclosure, a waterfall came tumbling from an opening in the rocky height. On one side were a few square rods of comparatively level land, and on this, close up to the cliffs, stood the fishermen's huts. A boat house stood near the water, and a stone pier made it easy to land. As they walked up the path, Harald thought, "What a neat, cosy place to live—lonesome though, especially when the sea rolls high." Not a soul came to meet them. Usually, either child or dog, or perhaps both, made a great commotion when Aunt Dagmar came to see them. It was explained when they found the housewife at work in the bake house mixing bread, and making great stacks of dough ready for the baking; the two children were fast asleep; and the dog was away on the other side of the island with Johan, the husband.

Cousin Maria was very much like her sister in looks. She was pleased to meet Harald, of whom she had heard. She could not shake hands because of the dough, and kissing is out of the question with Norwegian kinsfolks.

"You are just in time, Dagmar," said her sister, "to help us with the baking tonight. Johan will soon be back, and we'll begin right away. Johan is preparing to go south with a boat-load of fish, and he must have provisions. And here's Harald, he can help, too."

"I'm always pleased to be of assistance," said he.

"You talk!" exclaimed Dagmar, "Harald is one of those good-for-nothing southerners, you know. What does he know about baking bread?"

The visitors were led into the main living room, and the noise awoke the two children—a boy of two, and a girl of five—who

took kindly to Aunt Dagmar, but were shy of the strange man. A shining, copper coffee pot was placed on the stove, and Maria spread the table for a lunch. Then Johan came in and was introduced. He was a typical Norse fisherman; a big, broad-shouldered man with light, curly hair and beard, ruddy face and blue eyes. Harald liked him at once. He was such an open-hearted, merry soul, that it did not take Harald long to become acquainted with him.

As they sat around the table sipping their coffee through the lumps of sugar, Harald noticed the interior furnishings of the fisherman's house. It was not what he would call "fine," yet it was cosy. It had the usual painted ceiling, but the walls were papered. The floor was as white and clean as if the pine boards had newly come from the planing mill. The covering on the folded-up bed, in the corner, was pure white. The heating stove shone with new blacking. The two small windows were filled with flowers, geraniums, fuchias, and myrtles. It was, in reality, a warm home-nest in the dreary wilds of that northern land.

Then all hands went to the baking. A birch-wood fire was made in the big, open fire-place of the bake-house. The dough was placed on one end of a long table, and was then moulded into long rolls. Dagmar divided these, with one cut of her knife, into pieces about the size of an egg, which she passed along to Maria, at the other end of the table. This piece of dough Maria placed under her rolling pin, and rolled into a round sheet the thickness of cardboard. By this time, the fire had well heated a large, round iron plate, set on three legs, over the fire, and Johan began his work. With a broad, flat, wooden paddle, he lifted the thin dough onto the hot plate, let it bake for a moment, then turned it over, and then in another moment threw it onto the floor, which had previously been spread with clean cloths. This, when thoroughly dried, was the *flad brod*, or flat bread, of the country.

Harald entered merrily into the work, and tried his hand at all the processes. The rolling of the dough into strips was not difficult, and he could likewise cut off the proper amount; but the rolling of this lump into the proper thinness, without breaking it, was a trick he could not so easily master; and when he tried the baking part, he either burned his hands, or the paddle, or the

bread. The others enjoyed his experiments, and laughed lustily at his failures.

Night came on, black outside, but the blaze from the fire lighted up the bake house with a ruddy glow. For hours, they worked, until the pile on the floor grew high, and the dough was exhausted. Then they all went to bed, well tired out.

The next afternoon saw Harald and Dagmar out on the fjord, homeward bound. He had enjoyed his visit very much, and meant to have more of the company of cousins Johan and Maria. How happy they were, with their cosy home, their children, and their love for each other! The picture appealed strongly to him. He had known nothing of such home contentment and happiness. Would he ever know? Would he ever be a partaker of such love? Certainly no human being could ask for more than Johan Bernsen had.

The sea was smooth, and the breeze was hardly strong enough to move the boat. Dagmar was at her place by the tiller. She was not so noisy as usual. Her kerchief had slipped down onto her shoulders, and Harald saw the light silken curls against the background of green water; but Dagmar was thoughtful, and gazed far out over the fjord rather than at her companion in the other end of the boat.

Cousin Dagmar was a sweet girl; and no doubt she would make just such a wife as her sister. She was a worker, too, and not content with the oft-times rude environments which he had seen in other homes. He had some time ago discovered that the best room of his uncle's had been Dagmar's previous to his coming. And then the picture in his thoughts became bolder in outline. He, also, had a home nestling beneath the shelter of the crags. There was a plot of ground in front in which grew vegetables, and flowers. Behind the small window-panes bloomed the geranium and fuchsia; and when he came home, cold and hungry and wet from the sea, one met him at the door—and she would kiss him, then he would repay her, and then she would dry his clothes and set a steaming supper on the table. Then, perhaps, rosy-fingered children would pull at his hair, and climb on his knee. But what would she look like then? as sweet as she was now, on the other side of the sail? Why was she so quiet? Perhaps it was his

fault. He was also stupid to live so in the uncertain future, when the real was present with him. Dagmar had treated him so kindly but—but, he was her cousin, and could not do less—well, it did not cost anything to build air castles anyway.

The wind stiffened, the sail filled, and the boat went faster. Still Dagmar was silent. It was night, ere they reached home; and when they walked from the boat up to the house, Harald thought she was crying. Had he dared, he would have taken her hand and enquired about her trouble. She left him at the house. As Harald entered, a letter was handed to him. It was from grandmother, the first he had received from her, since writing was no easy task for her.

Grandmother was well, it said. The children were growing fast. Halger was preparing for confirmation. Hulda often asked about "big brother." Father was away in the forest. The school-master had visited her and enquired after him. She had been down to Vangen with some knitting for Merchant Bernhard—by the way, he must not forget to let her know when he needed stockings—Miss Bernhard had treated her so kindly—had taken her into the dining-room and given her coffee and cake. She had asked about Harald, and had wished to be remembered to him when she wrote. "So, of course, I had to write, Harald, if for nothing more than to send you greetings from such a sweet young lady as Thora Bernhard."

Harald did not tell the family the latter bit of news. He got away to his room as soon as possible. Somehow, it seemed to him that a fair castle which he had built that afternoon was tumbling about his ears, and he was trying to dodge the pieces. Then, when the tumult was over, out of the mists, away in a dim, beautiful distance, there appeared to him another castle of indescribable grace and loveliness.

Before going to bed that night, he took from the pocket of his coat, hanging on the wall, a little note-book. A withered rose fell into his hand, and its fragrance was laden with the sweetness of remembrance.

(To be continued.)

STATE EXHIBITION OF ART FABRICS.

REVIEW OF THE EXHIBIT, AND STATEMENT OF THE VALUE AND PURPOSES OF THE INSTITUTION.

BY ALICE MERRILL HORNE, SECRETARY OF THE UTAH ART INSTITUTE,
AND AUTHOR OF THE ACT CREATING THE SAME.

[The author, Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne, was born in a log cabin in southern Utah, on January 2, 1868. She is a grand-daughter of the late President George A. Smith, and Bathsheba W. Smith, now president of the Relief Society. Her early life was spent on the ranches of her father and mother, the pioneers, Clarence and Bathsheba Merrill, in Fillmore, Millard county, and also in Piute county, where, in accordance with her own way of saying it, she learned to "do things," one of the primary requisites to success. She came to Salt Lake City when fourteen years old, and graduated from the University in 1887. Four years later, she was married to George Henry Horne who shortly thereafter fulfilled a mission. During his absence, Mrs. Horne taught school, and thus became interested in art and drawing. To further her desires for a central state organization to promote art, she saw it was necessary to become interested in politics, and was later elected, in 1898, to the State Legislature, serving during the third session. It was while acting in this capacity that she introduced the bill which resulted in the present act creating the Utah Art Institute, passed March 9, 1899. The Art, Institute was created by proclamation of Governor Heber M. Wells July 19, and organized July 25, of the same year. It comprises: an "Annual Art Exhibit" to be held in no city twice in succession; a "State Art Collection;" and "A Course of Public Lectures in Art." A state appropriation of \$1000 per annum provides for the expenses of the Institute. A board of control is appointed by the governor and Legislative Assembly, consisting of seven persons,—four artists, one

architect, one person interested in the manufacture of silk, and one person interested in education—at present grouped as follows: H. L. A. Culmer, president, Mary Teasdel, vice-president, J. T. Harwood, George H. Taggart, artists; W. E. Ware, architect; Mrs. A. W. McCune, silk; Alice Merrill Horne, secretary, education.—EDITORS.]

Art is the expression of man's joy in his work, and all the joy and love that you weave into the fabric comes out again and belongs to the individual who has the soul to appreciate. Art is beauty, and beauty is a gratification, a peace and a solace to every normal man and woman. Beautiful sounds, beautiful colors, beautiful proportions, beautiful thoughts, how our souls hunger for them! Matter is only mind in an opaque condition; and all beauty is but a symbol of spirit. Art is the expression of man's joy in his work.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

The recent Exhibition of art fabrics, given in Salt Lake City, at the old Social Hall, in November last, by the Utah Art Institute, proved a rare treat for art-loving people.

Among those who thronged the gallery, an early settler was occasionally seen. "Ah, the quadrilles we danced in that corner!" an interesting old gentleman was heard to remark to a little white-haired lady. "Many's the time you've slept snugly in my big shawl in that window while your father and I danced Sir Roger De Coverly, and the rest," exclaimed a fond mother to her daughter of mature years; and the old hall did so abound with pleasant memories that, at times, the paintings were scarce able to hold their own with those pictures of the past which would steal tenderly forward.

The exhibition was formally opened by Governor Heber M. Wells, at the public reception given on the first evening. All came to admire and praise.

The synosure of all eyes was the picture entitled "Harvest Time," by Edwin Evans, which easily took the bronze medal of honor. This medal was conferred by the Institute for the best work of art in the exhibition. This is the one prize which is open to non-resident artists as well as resident artists. The judges of award for this medal were very pleased to be able to confer it for so good a picture, and they were disposed to recommend that the medal should not be conferred except to an exceptionally meritorious work, thus making its value much greater.

"Prayer," by George Henry Taggart, which was accorded the state prize of \$300, for best picture in competition, was a general

favorite. The head of the old man was beautifully done, showing excellent gradations of light.

"Cloudland," by H. L. A. Culmer, carried off the \$50 prize offered by the Institute for the best water color.

The architectural plans for a modern city cottage, to cost about \$2000, seemed to possess a charm for a certain class of visitors. Number 161 (the sketch by A. O. Treganza, to which went the \$25 prize,) will no doubt materialize, in numerous sections of the state, in due time, for the coming June weddings. This architectural prize was so favorably received that Z. C. M. I. has determined to carry the idea further; and, as the next exhibition will be held in the country, they propose to offer \$25, through the Art Institute, for the best perspective sketch and floor plan of a country home, showing barn, stables and pens, the cost being between \$2,500 and \$3,000.

Mr. Lee G. Richards, a young Utah art student, who has just gone to Paris to study, was accorded the student's prize of \$10, for an oil portrait of his brother. Lee Richards is a son of Levi and Lulu Greene Richards, of this young man much may be expected, as he possesses rare artistic ability, and is a serious student. A student's prize of \$10 will be given at the next exhibition by W. S. McCornick.

A rose design in lace, by Margaret May Merrill, received the prize for best original lace collar; and a bow-knot scheme for a handkerchief was awarded the prize for best lace handkerchief. The Deseret National Bank has made an offer for the fall exhibition of \$25 for lace collar design, the sego lily to enter into the design, which is to be executed in Utah silk.

Miss Clara G. Brooks received the prize for best design of a chair. The Co-op Furniture Co., now offers \$5 for best design of a dressing table.

Some beautiful bits of pyrography were sent by Miss Brooks to receive the prize offered. This lady also took the prize for best design for silk fabric.

Mr. Jeppsen was given \$10 for best clay modeling. This prize will be offered next year by Zion's Savings Bank.

The gallery, in the recent exhibition, was more interesting than ever before on account of the artistic treatment of the walls:

at the base was a dado of rich, red hop sacking, above which a soft tan covered the walls, forming a fitting background for the pictures.

The works of the important artists were grouped so as to give an idea of the style and versatility of the painter. In the center, on the north side, Mr. J. T. Harwood's work was placed. This collection shows the artist to be a master of his materials. An eastern artist said, "In the line he pursues, Mr. Harwood is second to none in America." The artist named was born in Lehi, and loved to sketch when but a child. A lady who attended school with him when he was but a lad says that his drawing was admired by all his school-fellows. From boyhood, he was a hard worker, following the trade of harness-making, in which work he saved money to study art in the California Art School. Taking the honors there, he returned to Salt Lake City, and opened a class in drawing. By dint of hard work and good management, he was able to go to Paris, where he remained three years. One year was spent at the Julien, and two at the Ecoles de Beaux Arts. Mr. Harwood was married in Paris, to Miss Hattie Richards, daughter of Dr. H. J. Richards of this city. Mrs. Harwood, an art student herself, was spending some time abroad with her family visiting England, France, Italy, Belgium and Holland; and, upon her marriage, went with her husband to spend a three months' honeymoon in the Pont Aven in Brittany. Here Mr. Harwood painted his "Preparation for Dinner," which took him into the French Salon,—the government annual exhibition. This great honor, Mr. Harwood was the first Utahn to receive. Upon arriving home, a studio was opened, and pupils were taken: meanwhile, the artist produced a great many pictures. Mr. Harwood is a reader of philosophy, and is posted on the high class novels, French and English. He is also an expert gardener, and takes as much pride in scientific study and practical works in this line, as in the production of paintings or etchings. Mr. Harwood conducts the High School drawing of Salt Lake city, and has a private studio in the Templeton building. He is an active member of the governing Board of the Institute.

His great success is due to his ability and power to use every waking moment of time in some kind of work; and whether working in his garden, teaching in his school, or sitting at his easel,

the same conscientious, honest, sincere spirit is there. Note, now, the group of pictures: a "Summer Evening" shows a charming moonlight effect which is broadly painted. "Spring Morning," a little child blowing dandelions, a lamb and a field of grass, with a bank covered with willows, in the background, all unite in giving sentiment and the feeling of "spring morning." Portrait of Miss C. is delicate and poetic. "Maternity," a large picture, is a mother and a young babe, seated by a window in which the Easter lily blooms. Through the window is seen the snow-covered landscape. The writer would call the picture "Purity." "Autumn," is a nook under the trees, in City Creek; through the center runs the stream, which fairly sings. "A Harvest Field," "Sunset Glow," "Autumn Haze," and "After the Rain," complete an interesting group.

On the right of Mr. Harwood's is seen Mr. George Henry Taggart's productions: in the center is "Prayer," the prize-picture mentioned above; a bust portrait of the late President Snow, copied from the full length picture by the same artist which hangs in the Temple; a portrait of Brigham Young shows strong character; a portrait of Mrs. C. is full of artistic qualities; a lady in white costume, with a background of crimson, the pose is graceful and the color-scheme quite stunning; Portrait of Miss B., and "The Prospector," form an excellent collection. Mr. Taggart, who is also an active member of the Board, was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John Hafen, who was intending to leave the state for some time. Mr. Taggart came here from Buffalo, N. Y., two years ago. He has exhibited in the Salon and in the World's fair. His work is mostly in the line of portraits.

At the left of the Harwood group hang the pictures painted by John Hafen, and which show a stride upward compared with his other year's work. "November," "Summer Shadows," and "Forest Solitude," were much admired. "On Mountains High," a small picture, has qualities that are great; the sparkling light effect, the repose, and the sentiment, are charming. "Lake Mary by Moonlight" is striking, and gives the sentiment of that weird scene. "Lake Mary" portrays the same scene by the light of day. Mr. Hafen studied in Paris about one year. He possesses

a natural feeling for art that, coupled with hard work, will make him famous.

At the east end, Mr. Culmer's water colors are placed. Three of these—"Summer Skies," "Twilight," and "Cloudland," the prize-picture—are in advance of Mr. Culmer's previous work. "The Grand Canyon" is a strong water color, which seems to have the oil technique. "Vermillion Cliff," southern Utah, is another strong, though small picture. Mr. Culmer is the President of the Utah Art Institute. He began sketching and painting after twenty-five years of age, and his pictures are produced during holidays and between business hours.

Miss Mary Teasdel's work occupies the centre of the south wall. "The French Peasant Knitting" was bought by the institute a year ago. This picture is charming in tone, and has strong values. In fact, it is a compliment to Miss Teasdel's work that her collection could hold by the side of Edwin Evans "Grain Field" which is the strongest, lightest, spot in the exhibit. It is pleasant to note that this woman's work has for its best points, broadness, bigness, and strength. Miss Teasdel has a better understanding of tone and composition than most of the artists here. "Mother and Child" has charming color, "A Portrait Study" carries well a great distance, and "French Fishing Boats" is novel and pleasant in composition. She shows a miniature that was accepted in the French exposition, and two miniatures exhibited in the Salon. Miss Teasdel is the daughter of the late S. P. Teasdel, and very early in life determined to pursue the study of art. With rare determination and strength, she has overcome many obstacles, and succeeded in spending one year in New York, and three in Paris; at the end of this time, she had three miniatures accepted at the Salon, also a large portrait picture, making the second Utah artist to be there accepted; beside, as has already been mentioned, a higher honor was bestowed by the acceptance of still another miniature by the Paris exposition. Miss Teasdel is vice president of the Art Institute, and conducts a class in art in her studio at her home.

Mr. Edwin Evans sent but two pictures. His "Utah Lake" is strong and characteristic. He was born in Utah County and may be called Utah's painter of sunlight. Two years study in Paris placed Evans in the World's fair, an achievement which no other

artist has made in so short a period Mr. Evans is a psychologist of no mean order, and is the art instructor in the University of Utah. He is an active worker in the lectureship committee of the Art Institute.

Mr. Honri Young showed some good drawings. This young art student, a grandson of President Brigham Young, is now in Paris studying. He is gifted in modeling, and his pencil-work for illustration is very good. His friends predict success for this talented boy.

Meritorious work was exhibited by others whom space forbids me to mention in detail.

This brief review, for lack of space, is naturally very incomplete, but will perhaps give some idea of the scope of the exhibit. As to the purpose for which the Art Institute has been established, as the author of the bill, I may say the phase of slavish work, as opposed to pleasureable occupation, which thrusts itself forward on every hand, and which will drag the spiritual down below the physical, was the incentive which caused the author of the art bill to attempt some measure to bring art, which is the element of beauty, into prominence.

An important part of the duties of the Art Institute is to advise with superintendents of schools as to courses in drawing, through this means drawing and design are brought to the attention of the teachers; and, with their co-operation, popular instruction in the elements of beauty in design and construction is sought to be secured. It was the hope, also, that the teachers of the state would become interested, and study this subject as they would any other branch of education. This accomplished, the Art Institute, the recognized head of drawing and art, Utah would hold a unique place in art work, and art instruction would then be placed above the limitations of any "system" of drawing. Originality would thus have full swing.

So far, this hope is approaching a happy realization. Many teachers, through the combined efforts of superintendents and artists, are studying art practically. This influences the pupils under such teachers, and in this way the masses will be built up. What nobler thing is there than to encourage work that is pleasureable? Whenever the element of beauty enters into the construc-

tion or design of anything, pleasure is produced. If, in Utah, workers may appreciate the beautiful, and desire to give beauty, whether expressed in strength, color, line or form, to the creations of their hands, then shall work become a pleasure, wealth will fill our coffers being exchanged for our productions which will be sought by others for their art quality.

How sad to see people work and take no pleasure in the doing of it. If work is to be thorough and good, it must be enjoyed; bring in the thought of beauty, of being well-done, and work becomes a joy.

These exhibitions are designed to place before the people good pictures, good designs, good modeling, and so on; to create a taste for, and a desire to produce, works of art. Prizes are offered to stimulate work in certain lines. Many of these become the property of the institute and are known as the Alice Art Collection. These pictures and art fabrics are held, and loaned out for educational purposes, to students in different parts of the state.

An extract from a letter written by Elder Samuel Russell, now on a mission in Germany, on the value of art construction, is offered, in conclusion, in the hope that it may be suggestive of help to the hosts of young men who read the ERA. He says:

It was a pleasure to learn of the Art Exhibit. We have much talent in Utah, and much native force that should be turned to art and kindred accomplishments. Our struggle with the elements, and the soil, has been brought to a successful issue, and the rising generation has a foundation which should support them in the attainment of the nobler graces and the culture which make life enjoyable and elevating. In the practical lines, the people are further advanced here than at home, and I must admire the stability of things in general. We are going so fast at home that we do not stop to think, and look whither we are going. Of course, conservatism will come with the times. I wish that more of our young men would give themselves to architecture, engineering, and construction work in general, instead of paying so much attention to dentistry, medicine and law.

Every girl here knows how to knit and crochet. The work in lace and silk is very fine, and forms a large part of the exports of this country. Much of the industry is found in the homes of the people who live contiguous to the large factories. Everybody works here, and in many homes are found the old wheels for reeling silk, and hemp, and linen.

MESSAGES FROM JAPAN.

[The ERA presents to its readers a good portrait of Apostle Heber J. Grant, the First Assistant in the General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A., now on a mission in Japan, where he and his companions—Elders Abna O. Taylor, Horace S. Ensign and Lewis A. Kelsch—are seeking to introduce the Gospel. He was born in Salt Lake City, Nov. 22, 1856, and was ordained one of the Twelve Apostles, October 16, 1882. Elder Grant's time is fully and earnestly occupied in learning a new language, but his thoughts are often with the young people of Zion, to whom, in a note to the editors, dated Tokio, Japan, November 19, 1901, he sends his love and best wishes, adding: "I am deeply interested in the ERA, and with all my heart wish success to attend it. I have found some of the articles in it of great value to me since I arrived here."

On leaving Utah, last Pioneer Day, he took with him many papers which he had not found time to assort prior to his departure. One of these, which he justly considers good reading for the young men, he returns, in response to a request for something from his pen. It is an address delivered by him to the students of the University of Utah. Prior to the removal of this educational institution to its present home, he was requested to conduct the chapel services for one week. His duty was to pray, and to speak for a few moments, each morning. On one occasion, he could not be present, and so wrote this address, sending it to the students to be read.—EDITORS.]

HAVE A PURPOSE IN LIFE.

BY APOSTLE HEBER J. GRANT.

To the Students of the University of Utah:—

Inasmuch as it is impossible to be with you at your devotional exercises tomorrow morning, I take the opportunity of dictating a

few words to be read by Professor Lyman, or whomever he may select. This is my first attempt at dictating anything to be read to an audience, and I do not expect to be able to express myself as satisfactorily on paper as I could, were I permitted, to meet with you and enjoy the inspiration of your countenances to assist me in what I had to say.

Continuing my remarks of this morning, I wish to urge upon you to have a purpose in life, and to labor with all the zeal and energy which you possess to accomplish that purpose. Samuel Smiles has said that "purposes are like eggs; unless they are hatched into action, they will run into decay." You are all aware of the utter lack of value of decayed eggs, and, therefore, I appeal to you not to allow your purposes to become like unto them. It has been said that "knowledge without practice is like a glass eye—all for show and nothing for use." Try always to make practical use of the knowledge that you gain while in school. The oftener you use your information, the greater will be your ability to do so, and the more good you can do to your companions.

An Irishman was met on the street one day, and his friend remarked, "Hello, Pat, I see you have a glass eye." "Yis; but faith, the thing is a great fraud. Niver a bit can I see out of it." Don't allow your knowledge to be as worthless as Pat's glass eye, but see through it and use it, not only for your own benefit, but for the benefit of your associates.

Every kind word spoken gives you greater ability to speak another. Every act of assistance rendered by you, through the knowledge that you possess, to aid one of your fellows, gives you greater ability to aid the next one. Good acts grow upon a person. I have sometimes thought that many men, judging from their utter lack of kindness and of a disposition to aid others, imagined that if they were to say or do a kind thing, it would destroy their capacity to perform a kind act or say a kind word in the future. If you have a granary full of grain, and you give away a sack or two, there remain that many less in your granary, but if you perform a kind act or add words of encouragement to one in distress, who is struggling along in the battle of life, the greater is your capacity to do this in the future. Don't go through life with your lips sealed against words of kindness and encouragement,

nor your hearts sealed against performing labors for another. Make a motto in life: always try and assist someone else to carry his burden. The true key to happiness in life is to labor for the happiness of others. I pity the selfish man who has never experienced the joy which comes to those who receive the thanks and gratitude of the people whom they may have aided in the struggle of life. I commend Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" to your careful perusal.

It has been said that, "To do that which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom." By having this for a motto, in addition to having a purpose in life, and making practical use of our knowledge, I have no fear but that all the students of the University, in after years, will be instruments for good in the hands of God, in accomplishing his purposes on earth.

The president of the University of Utah, Joseph T. Kingsbury, whom I am sure you all love and respect, is an example of fidelity and enduring devotion to the duties that daily come up before him, and I commend that example to you.

The lasting devotion of Dr. John R. Park has been one of the bright, particular stars which has helped to guide me so far through the battle of life, and there is in my heart a debt of gratitude for him and others to whom I feel that I owe much for the limited success which has attended my efforts. I know that Dr. Park is made happy in knowing of the success of any of the boys and girls who were his pupils. I know that you love and respect the president of your university, and in no way can you show that love in a manner that will be more highly appreciated by him than in doing your duty, and living worthy lives, both while in and out of school.

The University, to a certain extent, is judged by it graduates. Let every student feel that when he shall graduate and go forth to do the battle of life, that he will so order his conduct that he will bring credit to himself, and thereby, of necessity, credit to the institution of learning to which he owes so much.

All that I have said with reference to showing your love and gratitude to the president of your institution, applies with equal force to the professors, who labor diligently for your advancement; and, above and beyond this, it applies to your fathers and your

mothers, to whose hearts you can in no other way bring greater joy than by faithfully performing the daily duties that devolve upon you, and living worthy lives.

I am reminded that if I were talking to you, it would now be about time for the bell to ring, announcing that the time has expired for your devotional services; and, therefore, I will close with the earnest prayer that God, our Heavenly Father will bless each of you, that you may enjoy his Holy Spirit to guide and direct you through all the changing scenes of life; that peace, prosperity, and happiness, may be your portion in this life, and that you will be welcomed back into his presence in the life to come, there to have an eternity of joy.

I am sincerely your friend and brother in the cause of true education, which, to my mind, embraces an earnest desire for the guidance of the Father of our spirits which are eternal.

LIFE IN THE ORIENT.

BY ALMA O. TAYLOR.

Brother Ensign and myself are now situated at a Japanese hotel where the people do not speak a word of English. The manner we have of making known what we want by signs, and by an occasional word of Japanese, is rather new, and in some respects, unpleasant; but we are in this land for the glory of the Lord, and, therefore, rejoice in the trials of the present, looking forward to the time when our ignorance of the native tongue will have grown into an ability to speak and understand it sufficiently to proclaim clearly the saving truths of the Gospel.

We eat with chop-sticks, and have already become so expert, as beginners, that those around us are astonished at what they call our cleverness. The Japanese diet is not yet very appetizing, for the reason that it requires considerable time to become accustomed

to raw fish, rice, and vegetables spoiled in cooking. We enjoy the luxuries and inconveniences (for there are both) of Japanese baths, and sleeping in a bed on the floor. The bed is made of four large "footons" which resemble quilts very much, only that they are considerably thicker, and a pillow some six inches in diameter and about one foot long, and nearly as hard as a block of wood. We take our shoes off before we enter the house, and sit around in our room with soft slippers on. When visitors call, we invite them to sit on the floor, as the native fashion is, and supply them with a dish of tea, another national trait of Japan.

The fires for heating purposes are very crude, and, indeed, quite poor warming implements for winter time.

The report of the special conference reached us by today's mail, and in reading the account of the proceedings, I have been filled with what seems to have been the same excellent spirit manifested on that occasion, and I rejoice exceedingly in the unity of the Church, accepting with all Israel the leaders of our work, reflecting upon their ability with a thankful heart and feelings of love.

The labor of establishing a mission in this land is against many odds, but we feel confident that the darkness of the present will disappear when the light and truths of the Gospel can be proclaimed, by the Spirit of God, through his servants, and when they shall be able to speak unto the people in their own tongue; and that in no distant future Japan will be a fruitful field in which the seed of righteousness will grow and bear abundantly unto the kingdom of God.

Praying God to prosper the ERA, bless its editors, and all who are engaged in the excellent work of improvement among the youth of Zion, I subscribe myself,

Your brother in the cause of truth,

ALMA O. TAYLOR.

BITS OF RECENT FARM SCIENCE.

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

Plant Breeding.

That man shall in time be master of all of nature's laws, is a hope of past ages that has become a belief of this age. However, in spite of the recent great progress of the world, man finds himself, today, confronted by a number of problems that are so subtle and intricate, that their solution appears to be as far away as ever. Among these problems, the most difficult are those that in any way connect themselves with life. The lifeless thing, though full of mysteries, reveals itself to the searcher, and, once stripped of vagueness, its true nature is known forever. But the living thing evades and eludes; and, once caught and made to give up a secret, cannot be depended on to act precisely in the same manner again. The mystery of life baffles man on every hand.

Nevertheless, in conformity with the perverseness of the human mind, men are most strongly attracted to the problems that seem unsolvable; and especially to the action and control of life. The many persons who have given time and thought to the nature of life, have learned much that explains the action of living things, and, in a very humble way, have become enabled to control this action. So encouraging are these results, that we are prone to believe that the time is not so very far distant when animate nature shall be subject, in its action, to the will of man. The subject is a vast one; and this note is intended only to show how one law of life is being made, in one way, to benefit mankind.

The law of heredity that in a majority of cases "like begets like," has been used, for a number of years, to produce results of

importance to man. Among these, the following two may be mentioned.

Professor Willet M. Hays, of the Minnesota Experiment Station, some ten years ago, undertook the study of the wheat problem of his state, and decided that the income of the farmers could be greatly increased, if varieties of wheat could be obtained that yielded a few bushels more to the acre than the best then used on Minnesota farms. Accordingly, he obtained a supply of the wheats that had given the greatest yield per acre for several seasons past, and began to apply to them the law that "like begets like," in the development of a better variety. Four hundred plants of each of these varieties were planted out on small plats; and in the fall, ten of the best plants were selected, from each variety, and threshed out separately. The kernels from each plant were counted and weighed, and the seed of the best quality from the best plant kept for seed the next season. This process was repeated each year for four years. The parent variety of one of the best yielders, during the four years, gave 22.5 bushels per acre, annually, while the selected variety, after four years, yielded 28.3 bushels, or a difference of 5.8 bushels. This is a wonderful difference, which shows markedly to what a large extent man is able to influence plant growth.

An even more interesting experiment has been going on at the Illinois Experiment Station for some years past. In the state of Illinois, large quantities of corn are grown annually. The corn is used in two ways; namely, as a cattle feed, and in the production of starch. Now, as a cattle feed, corn is deficient in the substance protein, which is the muscle-building portion, and the richer corn is in this substance, the better for the farmer who feeds corn. On the other hand, the starch factories prefer corn that is very rich in starch and oil. It occurred to Dr. Hopkins, the chemist at the Illinois Station, that it might be possible to influence the corn kernel in either of these two directions, by a proper system of selection; and soon after his experiments were begun, he obtained very marked results. From a field of corn, the best ears were selected, and a row of kernels from each ear was carefully analyzed. All the ears that were especially rich in protein were laid to one side, and those rich in starch, to the

other. In the spring, this selected corn was planted, and the same processes of selection and analysis employed. After two years, it was observed that the corn grown from the seed rich in protein, was especially rich in protein, and that the crops from the seed rich in starch were very starchy. For instance, the corn poor in protein produced seed containing 10.55 per cent, while that high in protein, produced seed containing 11.10 per cent, a difference of over one half per cent. The corn poor in fat produced seed containing 3.84 per cent, while that rich in fat produced seed with 5.29 per cent, a difference of 1.45 per cent. These differences are so great as to be of great economic importance. If the differences can be made still more marked, their values will be so much greater. Just how far this process may be carried, is difficult to say, but we are safe in believing that beyond a certain degree, man will not be enabled to effect further change. Similar experiments, with similar results, are being carried on with a great variety of plants. The subject is fascinating, and leads into the depths of modern world philosophy.

From these experiments, Utah farmers might well draw valuable lessons. Would it not be a profitable practice to give greater attention to the choice of seed for the various crops? Each farmer could, with little labor, so select and grade his wheat, for instance, as to be certain of the best results. Then it would be well to remember that, according to the law of heredity, the descendants of plants grown under our arid conditions, are likely to withstand the rigors of our climate better than seed imported from localities with different climatic conditions, and consequently, as an illustration, the so-called dry farmers, who frequently purchase for seed wheat raised on irrigated farms, should use the seed of wheat raised without irrigation. It is an important subject worthy the consideration of all thoughtful people.

Forests and Snow.

Much has been said of late years concerning the value of forests and mountain grasses in retaining the snow and water of the mountains, until the irrigation season begins. Frequently, these discussions have been theoretical, and, in fact, the student of

the subject can find the record of very few experiments that deal with it.

Director L. G. Carpenter of the Colorado Experiment Station, who is an eminent student of irrigation questions, has attacked the subject in a strictly scientific manner. There was a heavy snow-fall during the winter of 1899, and he decided to go up into the mountains, to satisfy himself by actual observation whether forests had any important influence in retaining the snow. He says,

Correspondence had been opened with mountain friends, who, with long acquaintance with mountain conditions, had had unusual chances for observation. They were asked to let me know when the snow cover had so melted that the ground appeared in places, and also the places where green timber and bare spots were near together, so that the conditions could be readily compared. Reports that the conditions were favorable were received from three correspondents on the same day. The snow fields were melting so fast that only one section could be visited while the conditions were favorable. Two places, some twenty miles apart, were visited.

While on these visits, Professor Carpenter took a series of photographs illustrating the influence of forests on snow; and, as he says, "It is believed that no more striking photographs on this subject have been brought together." The first two views are taken from the same place, but looking in different directions. The first view is to the northwest, and shows an ordinary forest grove, the trees of which, however, have been killed by a forest fire, or some equally effective cause. The ground around the trees is bare, and there is not a sign of snow anywhere on the picture. The second view, looking to the northeast, shows a similar grove of trees alive, and in first class condition. Snow is heaped up among the trees to a depth of several feet. These two pictures were taken on the same day. A more striking contrast, showing how the forest cover retards the melting of the mountain snows, can hardly be imagined. The other pictures show the same effect in an equally striking manner.

From his studies, Professor Carpenter draws a number of important conclusions, among which the following may be mentioned: The mountain streams, in the early irrigation season, are largely supplied by melting snow. The loss of snow by evapora-

tion is considerable, especially when exposed to winds. Snow remains in the timber and in protected spots much longer than where exposed; which is due not so much to drifting, as to shelter from the radiation, afforded by the forest cover. The loss of the forest cover means more violent fluctuation during the day; also the water runs off sooner, hence the streams drop earlier in the summer and the summer and winter flow is smaller. The preservation of the forest is an absolute necessity for the interest of irrigation agriculture.

These are conclusions of importance to Utah, whose prosperity depends upon irrigation. Irrigation depends upon the summer water supply; which in turn depends on the retention of the snows in the mountains, until late in the season. In this, the forests are most effective. Our forests should be cherished; every good tree taken from them should be replaced by a young one.

Wheat Farming and Soil Fertility.

While widely heralded experiments on submarine and aerial navigation, and wireless telegraphy, are going on, earnest workers are faithfully investigating the more important problems that are connected with the supply of the food stuffs of the race. One of the latest contributions to this subject is a bulletin by Professor Harry Snyder of the Minnesota Experiment Station, entitled, "The influence of Wheat Farming upon Soil Fertility." It is an unquestioned fact that continuous wheat farming tends to diminish the fertility of soils, and it is an important matter to know how such exhaustion may be prevented, or the lost fertility restored.

In the year 1892, Professor Snyder laid off two plots on the station farm for the purposes of his investigation. The soil was representative of first class farm land. On plot No. 1, wheat was grown year after year, without the addition of manure or any other artificial fertilizer. The average yield of wheat, during eight years, was 15.5 bushels to the acre. On plot No. 2, wheat was grown continuously, except that two years out of the eight, clover was the crop grown. The average yield of wheat on this plot was 18.8 bushels per acre. This is a difference of 3.3 bushels in favor of the plot on which clover was grown at intervals of five years. It was also noticed that the yields on the second plot were increas-

ing from year to year, while on the first plot the annual yield had a tendency to decrease, (the difference between the two plots, the last year, being 5.6 bushels); so that the difference in the present fertility of the two plots is greater than is indicated by the average differences of yields.

The cause of the diminution of soil fertility under a system of continuous wheat culture is due, mainly, to the loss of the element nitrogen. This element is found in all plant parts, and is indispensable to plant growth. In the soil, it occurs generally in the animal and vegetable residues found in the soil. As decay goes on, there is a rapid decline of these organic matters of the soil, and a corresponding loss of the element nitrogen. In 1892, at the beginning of the experiment, Professor Snyder found that the soil of the two plots contained 0.221 per cent of nitrogen; i. e., an acre, to the depth of nine inches, contained about 7,700 pounds of nitrogen. In 1900, the plot on which wheat had been grown continually contained 0.173 per cent of nitrogen or about 6000 pounds. During eight years there had been a loss of 1700 pounds nitrogen, or nearly 22 per cent of the whole quantity in the soil. The actual amount of nitrogen removed by the crop did not exceed 300 pounds; the remaining 1400 were lost by the processes of decay that go on in cultivated soils. If purchased in commercial forms, as is done in the East and in Europe, this nitrogen would cost at least fourteen cents a pound for its return to the soil. This heavy loss of nitrogen has resulted in reducing, gradually, the wheat producing power of the soil.

Plot No. 2, which in 1892 contained the same amount of nitrogen as No. 1, contained in 1900, 0.198 per cent, equivalent to a loss of 800 pounds. About 350 pounds of nitrogen were taken away by the crops, leaving an actual loss of 450 pounds of nitrogen during the eight years. This is less than one third of the 1400 pounds lost by plot No. 1. The occasional growth of clover was shown, therefore, to be of high value in restoring soil fertility.

It is well known that clover, peas, beans, lucern, and all pod bearing plants have the power of gathering nitrogen from the air, and storing it in the soil. The experiments reported by Professor Snyder simply prove the truth of the theory.

In Utah, an irrational system of farming has been practiced

by many people, and, as a consequence, many farms now yield much less than they did some years ago. The practice of growing one crop on the same land year after year is perhaps the worst. The summer fallow, or resting period given the land, though it aids the land greatly, can not restore the lost nitrogen. The proper rotation of crops should be understood and practiced by all farmers; when that time comes, we shall no longer hear anything said about worn-out land. To "wear out land" is to farm incorrectly or carelessly. This is a good subject for the study of farmer boys who read the ERA.

PLEASANT MANNERS.

It is a pleasure to meet people who are pleasant and kind; who do not seek to extinguish you with disdain or humiliate you with indifference. People can be overpleasant as well as overbearing, but the former is infinitely preferable. Habit has something to do with a person's behavior, although disposition is the strongest element. Money enters into the life of some, and makes them haughty and overbearing, who, lacking it, would have been kind and considerate. Jesus inveighed most strongly against pride and haughtiness, and said the Publican was justified rather than the proud Pharisee, notwithstanding the lengthy prayers of the latter. In view of the shortness of life, and its many unavoidable cares and troubles, we think it is a wise thing to cultivate a pleasant manner toward all. "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" must be an inscrutable puzzle from any true and just point of view.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," is as true today, as in the long ago when it was written. Pope calls pride the never-failing vice of fools, and wisely, too, I think. There is in pride and haughtiness a disenobling of men beyond computation. If pride is not vice, it can lay little claim to virtue.

Why, then, be proud and haughty? Rich or poor, high or low, should shun its narrowing spirit, and learn to practice a pleasant manner, and a courteous spirit of kindness towards all whom they may meet in this world.

MRS. IDA PRENTICE.

SOME LEADING EVENTS IN THE CURRENT STORY OF THE WORLD.

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

Our New Territory.

Much has been said by the great political parties, in our country, about the relations that exist between us and the new territory which we have recently acquired as a result of our war with Spain. A recent decision of the United States Supreme Court has now fixed the status between us and them; and, from a legal point of view, the decision is, of course, conclusive; unless, however, it should subsequently be overruled. The decision was brought about by one of our soldiers who brought with him from the Philippines some fourteen diamond rings. The soldier's name is Pepke, and the case is popularly called the Ring Case. The rings were brought to the United States after the treaty between this country and Spain had been signed, and were taken at the port of San Francisco by the United States officers because of Pepke's refusal to pay the tariff on them. The Supreme Court said that these rings were not imported from a "foreign country," and, therefore, not under the provisions of the tariff which relates to the importation of goods from a "foreign country."

It is curious to know that, in connection with this decision, a resolution passed by the United States Senate was discussed by the Supreme Court. The Senate resolution reads as follows: "By the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain, it is not intended to incorporate the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands into citizenship of the United States, nor is it intended permanently to annex

said islands as an integral part of the territory of the United States."

Such clause the Supreme Court said had no legal, binding effect whatever, and that the Senate had no right to inject into the treaty any clause of that character. According to the decision, it may, then, be said that territory acquired by the United States, as by wars and treaties, but not incorporated into the United States by an act of Congress, would claim for its inhabitants the status of citizens, as its inhabitants are treated as subjects. It will readily be seen that imperialism is as easy under the constitution of the United States as it is under that of Great Britain. The inhabitants of the territories, it is said, are entitled to all those universal rights of man contained chiefly in the amendments to the Constitution, but not to the special rights which that instrument confers upon the people of the United States.

To sum up the results of the decision, and of the decision in the case of Porto Rico, it may be said that territory acquired by conquest or treaty ceases to be a foreign country, so that the tariff which relates to foreign countries does not apply. Secondly, such territory is not a part of the United States, and, therefore, that clause of the Constitution which provides that all duties shall be uniform throughout the United States does not apply. From these conclusions, it will be seen that Congress has full power to frame special tariffs on all goods passing either to the United States, from such domestic territory, or to such territory, from the United States.

Lord's Prayer.

The Attorney-General of Minnesota has recently handed down an opinion to the effect that it is unlawful to utter the Lord's prayer in any of the public schools of the state. This decision has been rendered under a provision of the Minnesota constitution, which says: "Nor shall any man be compelled to attend, erect or support any place of worship." The constitutional provision is quite universal throughout this country, and its principles are generally accepted by the common law of the land. The Lord's prayer, then, according to the attorney-general's logic, is a form of worship; and, if rendered in the school room, the school room becomes a place

of worship, which the tax-payer must support, contrary to the provisions of the constitution.

If the ruling is sound, and is ever generally received throughout this country, the practice of appointing chaplains in our legislatures and in Congress will have to cease. All evidences, therefore, that we are a Christian people must be removed from every function of the state. Those who are opposed, and practically all were opposed, to the recognition of any form of worship in the state, can hardly have intended that the distinction between church and state should go so far as to remove all evidence of the Christian civilization upon which the state has been founded. We believe that such an interpretation disregards the true intent of those most instrumental in founding the institutions of our country, and preserving therein a distinction between church and state.

Vast Contributions to Education.

Mrs. Stanford recently contributed to the Leland Stanford University in California, a university founded by her late husband, the magnificent sum of thirty million dollars. This is certainly the largest single gift that has ever been made in this country to any institution of learning, and that great institution is today, no doubt, the most liberally endowed of any in the land.

At about the same time that Mrs. Stanford was bestowing her wealth, in bulk, to Leland Stanford, Andrew Carnegie was making arrangements to give ten millions to university education in Washington. The purpose, however, of the Washington University, as the leading educators of our country view it, is not the establishment of a regular school of learning, similar to those already in existence, but a school of investigation and research work, where the students may avail themselves of the vast accumulation of information which the national government every year is piling up, and in which class of institutions this country is sadly deficient compared with the nations of much less prominence in the old world.

Long Distance Wireless Telegraphy.

The world of late has been greatly entertained and instructed by the invention and discovery of wireless telegraphy. The prin-

ciple upon which this system of telegraphy operates is that the atmosphere surrounding the earth contains well defined electric currents along which telegraphic communications may be conveyed as they have been for so many years along telegraph wire.

The most conspicuous figure in the work, along the line of wireless telegraphy, has been a celebrated Italian by the name of Guglielmo Marconi. This great inventor was not satisfied by the use to which he put his wireless telegraphy over short distances, but determined to give it a test across the ocean. He, therefore, erected a station in Poldhu, of Cornwall, England. On this side of the Atlantic, a receiving instrument was put up in Newfoundland, seventeen hundred miles distant. The message transmitted across the ocean was the letter S, in the language of the telegrapher, three dots. From the fact that the electric current is so far above the surface of the earth, it was necessary to carry the wire up in its elevated position by means of a balloon. Should this discovery have a subsequent practical value, it will eventually do much to cheapen the means of communicating to transatlantic countries.

At present governments and private corporations do not seem to be alarmed by reason of Marconi's inventions, and are, therefore, busily at work laying submarine cables across the oceans. Marconi, who is receiving such world-wide attention, is an Italian, thirty-three years of age. For seven years, he has been engaged in perfecting the inventions that have made him famous.

Cuba's Woes.

Cuba was freed through the intercession of the United States, and, though the United States disavowed all intention of annexing the island or placing any restrictions upon its government, it nevertheless required certain constitutional assurances from Cuba that makes the island something of a ward to this country. Cuba is, therefore, anxious to receive from this country some concessions in our tariff upon Cuban sugar. The United States is Cuba's most important customer, and its principal buyer of sugar. In 1900, the total amount of sugar sold by Cuba to the world outside of the United States amounted to only \$19,000.

This year, it is estimated at \$12,000. It is sugar that gives the island its greatest revenue.

We charge upon sugar imported from Cuba, \$1.685 per hundred weight. If to this is added \$2.00, the expense of manufacturing the sugar there, twenty-five cents per one hundred for expenses incidental to shipping, and ten cents per hundred weight, the amount of freight from the island to New York, it will be seen that it costs Cuba \$4.035 to place her sugar in the United States market. But sugar is sold in New York at \$3.75 per one hundred. This is a loss of $28\frac{1}{2}$ cents on every hundred weight. That means a loss of four millions on this year's crop of Cuban sugar. The people of that island are clamoring for a reduction in our tariff, and the President, in his message to Congress, made recommendations in response to Cuba's wishes.

South Africa.

The prolonged war in South Africa has demonstrated that calculations hitherto made in the conduct of war can no longer be relied upon. The new explosives, with smokeless powder and long distance guns, have greatly changed the theories of battle, and the weak nations now are encouraged by the example of the Boers' power of resistance in the South African war. The English have upon their hands, including those in the concentration camps, some forty-two thousand people. Eleven thousand Boers have been killed, wounded, or have left the country. Notwithstanding the few soldiers, perhaps not more than ten thousand, that remain in the Boer camps, they continue to hold out with marvelous tenacity. The conduct of this war has evidently been a surprise to the Boers themselves; for, had they realized at the outset their ability to resist as that ability has recently developed, they would have undoubtedly changed the early plans in their mode of conducting the war, and large divisions of the army would not have been lost in an effort to prevent the English from reaching Johannesburg and Pretoria. By a striking figure of speech, Mr. Broderick, Great Britain's secretary of war, has aptly illustrated the attitude and determination of the Boers by saying: "The country has set its teeth, and intends to go through the process of wearing down."

The Boers, however, are now confronted by the difficulty of providing themselves with munitions of war, and food. For nearly a year, railroad transportation has been comparatively safe, and raids made upon trains carrying English supplies have been fruitless. To guard these roads, a series of block-houses have been established. These block-houses are made in hexagon-like shape, of corrugated iron. There are two tiers of iron about four inches apart, and between them the space is filled with gravel. These guard-houses are located about a thousand yards apart. They serve as signal stations, and as defenses in case of attack, and as a means of defeating Boer efforts to capture trainloads of supplies. The block-houses, to guard against attack, are surrounded by a spider-web of wire work through which it is extremely difficult for an attacking party to make its way. The cost of this railroad defense has been immense to Great Britain. It is believed by competent judges that the war must end before long, as the resources of the Boers are almost wholly exhausted.

The Isthmian Canal.

For a number of years, both in this country and Europe, the necessity of a canal across the Isthmus connecting North and South America, has been very strongly felt. Ships, en route from Europe and from the eastern part of the United States, have been compelled to cover the long stretch of ocean around South America. As the commerce on the Pacific and our western coast has enormously increased within the last few years, the necessity of this canal has been all the more felt.

The French became so intoxicated by DeLesseps' success in the construction of the Suez Canal, that a private company was organized in France to construct a canal across Panama from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Great scandals grew out of the organization of this company, and its inability to continue the work became manifest after something like forty million dollars had been expended. The canal is to this country not only a commercial, but a military necessity—and, in 1899, a commission was appointed to make investigations, give careful computations, and determine which would be the most suitable route to cross, by way of Panama or Nicaragua. In Nicaragua there is a large lake, so that

really two canals would have to be made, one connecting this lake with the Pacific, the other with the Atlantic. The country is quite unanimous, irrespective of political parties, upon the desirability of the government constructing, owning, and controlling the canal. After careful investigation of an eminently competent body of men, a report has been finally submitted. The report furnished advantages and disadvantages of the two routes, the one by Nicaragua, the other by Panama.

To construct a canal by way of Nicaragua, the estimated cost is one hundred and eighty-nine millions. By Panama, the cost, including the amount the French company asks for what has already been done, is one hundred and eighty-four millions. On the 20th ult., the President transmitted to Congress the supplemental report of the Committee unanimously recommending that the offer of the Canal company to sell all its rights, property and unfinished work to the United States for forty millions, be accepted. The report, signed by the entire commission, concludes:

After considering the changed conditions that now exist, and that all facts and circumstances upon which its present judgment must be based, the commission is of the opinion that "the most practicable and feasible route" for an isthmian canal, to be "under the control, management and ownership of the United States," is that known as the Panama route.

The Grievances of the Poles.

When Poland was divided, the country fell to Russia, Austria and Germany. Three million Poles went to Germany, four million to Austria and eight million to Russia. The Polish division going to Germany is known as Posen. It is in Posen that the agitation of the poles against Germany is at present growing very intense, because the Germans desire to abolish the Polish language, and substitute in its place the German. Parents and priests are urging their children to refuse to be instructed in the German language, and the people of the country are boycotting German merchants and German goods. In years past, it was the policy of the Germans to encourage their merchants and business men to gain a footing in Posen by the purchase of lands, and the establishment of industries. At present, the Poles are doing all they can to buy the Germans out, when the latter have been made so uncomfortable that they do not care to remain any longer in the country.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PARENTS SHOULD BE CONSULTED.

One of the first duties that a young man owes in this world is his duty to his father and mother. The commandment which God gave early in the history of the Israelites: "Honor thy father and thy mother" was accompanied with a promise that holds good to this day; namely: "that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

With obedience naturally comes that respect and consideration for his parents that should characterize a noble youth. They stand as the head of the family, the patriarch, the mother, the rulers; and no child should fail to consult them and obtain counsel from them throughout his whole career under the parental roof.

This feeling should be respected by the Church. Hence, officers who desire to use the services of a young man, in any capacity for the business of the Church, should not fail to consult the father before the call is made. We have instances where young men have even been called to fulfill important missions, their names having been suggested to the Church by bishops of wards, or by presidents of quorums, without the father having been consulted whatever. The parents have been entirely overlooked. This is neither desirable nor right, nor is it in conformity with the order of the Church, or the laws that God instituted from the earliest times. The Church is patriarchal in its character and

nature, and it is highly proper and right that the head of the family, the father, should be consulted by officers in all things that pertain to the calling of his children to any of the duties in the Church. No one understands as well as the father, the conditions that surround the family, and what is best for his children; his wishes should, therefore, be consulted, and respected.

Our elders would justly think it wrong to baptize a wife without the consent of her husband, and children without the consent of the parents. So also, it is improper for any officer in the Church to call the children in any family, as long as they are under the care and keeping of the parents, to receive any ordination, or to perform any calling in the Church, without first consulting the parents.

The family organization lies at the basis of all true government, and too much stress cannot be placed upon the importance of the government in the family being as perfect as possible, nor upon the fact that in all instances respect therefor should be upheld.

Young men should be scrupulously careful to impress upon their minds the necessity of consulting with father and mother in all that pertains to their actions in life. Respect and veneration for parents should be inculcated into the hearts of the young people of the Church—father and mother to be respected, their wishes to be regarded,—and in the heart of every child should be implanted this thought of esteem and consideration for parents, which characterized the families of the ancient patriarchs.

God is at the head of the human race; we look up to him as the Father of all. We cannot please him more than by regarding and respecting and honoring and obeying our fathers and our mothers, who are the means of our existence here upon the earth.

I desire, therefore, to impress upon the officers of the Church the necessity of consulting fathers in all things that pertain to the calling of their sons to the priesthood, and to the labors of the Church, that the respect and veneration which children should show for parents may not be disturbed by the Church, nor overstepped by its officers. In this way, harmony and good will are made to prevail; and the sanction of the families and the family life, on which the government of the Church is based and perpet-

uated, will thus be added to the calls of the holy priesthood, insuring unity, strength and power in its every action.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Ordination of Orrin P. Rockwell.

When was Orrin P. Rockwell confirmed a member of the Church, and what priesthood did he hold in 1842?

The question is answered by Historian Andrew Jenson: "Orrin Porter Rockwell was a member of the Church as early as 1838, [it is believed that he became a member of the Church in the latter part of 1830] and a conference held at Far West, Missouri, July 6, 1838, voted that he 'should receive a license as Deacon.' (See Old Far West Council Record, p. 152). I am unable to find the record of any further ordination of Orrin P. Rockwell, in Church history."

The Priesthood of Sidney Rigdon.

Was Sidney Rigdon ever an Apostle? If so, when was he ordained?

This is also answered by Historian Andrew Jenson: "Sidney Rigdon was ordained an Elder in the latter part of the year 1830; and a High Priest, under the hands of Lyman Wight, June 3, 1831, at Kirtland, Ohio. In a revelation given March 8, 1833, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams were accounted as equal with Joseph Smith in holding the keys of this last kingdom. (*Doctrine and Covenants*, sec. 90: 6.) Ten days later, under date of March 18, 1833, Joseph the Prophet records in his history: 'I laid my hands on Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, and ordained them to take part with me in holding the keys of this last kingdom, and to assist in the presidency of the High Priesthood as my counselors.' (*Millennial Star*, Vol. 14, p. 387.) These are all the ordinations of Sidney Rigdon recorded in Church history. He never was ordained or numbered among the Twelve Apostles."

[This incident, it may be added, is valuable as going to prove that High Priests called to the First Presidency, are "accounted

as equal" with the president of the Church in holding the keys of the Presidency. Jedediah M. Grant and Daniel H. Wells, both of whom acted in the First Presidency, were High Priests, and this is also the case with the present First Counselor therein, Elder John R. Winder. None of these were ever ordained Apostles.]

Questions on Tithing.

What constitutes surplus property? Should the wages of hired help, taxes, interest on land under mortgage, grain, or seed sown upon the land be taken out of the increase of a farm before tithing is paid?

In reply to these, and many other questions upon the subject of tithing, which have been received by the ERA, we can only refer the questioners to the revelation of the Lord, contained in section 119 in the Doctrine and Covenants. The word of the Lord is very plain, and should be easily comprehended by those who can understand the words "surplus" and "interest." It is required that surplus property, as well as one-tenth of all interests should be turned over to the bishop for certain uses in the Church. Now, every person is the best judge of what his interest is, of what his surplus is. In figuring them, a man should be as liberal with the Lord as he expects, and hopes, and trusts, that the Lord will be with him. This is the key to the whole situation. It is difficult for another party to answer all the questions that arise in the mind of each individual on the subject. But this idea of dealing honestly and liberally with the Lord, should enable each person to decide justly in his own case as to what his surplus and interest actually are. Every man must be his own judge, just as he must be the architect of his own salvation. People who ask, would do well to devote some time to study and thought that would enable them to find answers for their own questions.

Should Church Associations Pay Tithing?

Are Improvement Associations, and other Church organizations, required to pay tithing?

No; auxiliary and Church organizations are not individuals or persons, and hence are not required to pay tithing. In such case it would simply be taking money out of one hand and placing it in

another, and consequently it is not required. But every member of such organizations, as well as of private corporations, is required to pay his tithing.

The Gospel to the Jews.

How will the Jews receive the gospel?

The Jews will receive the gospel through the preaching of the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Read the Doctrine and Covenants, sections 107: 33, 34, 35; 18: 26, 27.

Corrections in Lessons III and V of the Manual.

Should not the word "possible" read "impossible," in Lesson V, page 35, note 5, line 6, of the Manual, 1901-2?

Yes; the sentence should read: "Lucifer wanted to go contrary to the will of his Father, and presumptuously sought to deprive man of his free agency, thus making him a serf, and placing him in a position in which it was impossible for him to obtain that exaltation which God designed should be man's through voluntary obedience to the law which He had suggested."

Attention is also called to an error in Lesson III, Note 5, line 9, where the word "fifty" should read "forty." See Acts 1: 3.

"STARS" OF EUROPE.

A reminder of the many years that have passed since the gospel was first introduced to the nations of the earth, is the receipt of the various publications that represent the Church on the eastern continent.

The *Millennial Star* of Liverpool, England, comes to hand with

a preface by Apostle Francis Marion Lyman, presenting the 63rd volume of that publication; *Scandinaviens Stjerne*, Copenhagen, Denmark, now edited by Bishop A. L. Skanchy, has just completed its 50th volume; and *Nordstjernan*, Stockholm, Sweden, its 25th year; *Der Stern*, published by Elder Hugh J. Cannon, in Berlin, the organ of the Church in the German mission, completed with the advent of the new year, its 33rd volume; while *De Ster*, the organ of the Holland mission, published by Elder S. Q. Cannon, Rotterdam, completed its 6th volume.

These *Stars* have shed their light of truth to the people of the lands named, for these many years, acting as vehicles for the precious truths which the Lord has revealed in the dispensation of the fullness of times. In them are printed, in the various languages, inspired utterances of the authorities of the Church. They are silent and effective witnesses of the restoration of the gospel in these latter days. The missionaries, and those who stand immediately at the editorial helm are to be congratulated on the success that these publications have achieved, and we wish each of these messengers in print, many years of life, for the furtherance and spread of the everlasting truths of the Gospel.

They have inspired many to seek the paths of God, having made their entrance into the residences of the rich, as well as into the cabins of the poor—in the mountains, on the plains, and upon the sea-shore. Their light has dispensed to many people the rays of courage and comfort where hope oftentimes was nearly gone. They have produced happiness where sorrow had crept in, and, have inspired satisfaction and joy, like angels from the regions of light and geni of salvation, wherever they have found sincere seekers after truth.

The ERA wishes all these publications success, and joins in the expressed hopes of the editors that the *Stars* will continue to grow in influence, lustre and power for the effective proclamation of the word of life among the people of the present, and of many generations yet to be.

IN LIGHTER MOOD.

"Ah, good morning!" said the early bird to the worm. "Looking for a job?"

"That's what. Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, you'll about fill the bill, I think."—*Harlem Life*.

* * *

"I'm sorry to see your crops so blighted, Wurzel," said the sympathizing friend to a farmer.

"Aye, it be a pitty," replied old Wurzel. "But there's one comfort—neighbor Giles's are a bit worse!"—*Tit-Bits*.

* * *

A certain naval officer was very pompous and conceited when on duty. One day when he was officer of the watch and he could not, as usual, find anything of consequence to grumble about, he attempted to vent his spite on one of the stokers of the vessel, who was in the engine room on duty.

Going to the speaking-tube the officer yelled, "Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"

The reply came quick and startling, "Not at this end, sir!"

The feeling of the officer as he turned away with a black frown can be better imagined than described.

* * *

In a small southern town, a physician recommended to a patient suffering with indigestion, that he should drink hot water about a half hour before each meal. The doctor was not particular to specify the quantity of water, thinking his patient would understand that he was to take an ordinary tumblerful, whereas the patient, who was from the country and had never before heard of this very common remedy for dyspeptics, put his own interpretation on the doctor's prescription about the time. Meeting him in town about a week later, the doctor inquired: "Well, Brown, how are you getting along with your hot water cure?" "Well, Doc," replied the yokel, "I tried my dog-gone best, and I couldn't drink her fur but ten minutes to save me."—*Current Literature*.

OUR WORK.

HINTS TO CLASS TEACHERS.

Assigning Lessons.

In the first place, the teacher should prepare himself by studying his lesson until he has a fresh knowledge of it, prior to appearing before the class. He should select the main points to be emphasized in the special lesson before him, and should be decided upon his general method of procedure, so as not to detain the class while he is formulating methods.

At the close, the new lesson should be assigned, and it should be assigned to the whole class, as well as by topic to individual members. When topics are assigned to individual members, each member should arise and accept the assignment, thus giving a promise before the whole class, which he will be loath to break. To inefficient members, the easiest work should be given.

Learning Passages of Scripture.

A very pleasant part of a class exercise is to assign to and have the members learn a short passage of scripture each week. This may be selected from the lesson in hand, and should be short and striking. It should be understood that the whole class is to learn the passage, so that it may be repeated, both in concert and by individual, at the next meeting.

The Teacher's Duty.

Let it be remembered that the higher your grade is the less formality should be had therein, and that what the learner loves is of more importance than what he learns.

Know every class member and be thoroughly familiar with your work. You should love the lessons as well as the learners and be most interested in the least interested members.

It is very essential to have order precede all instruction, and interest to follow it through.

The student's work, if it is earnest, is as deserving of attention as the teacher's is. No answer should be lightly treated if it is earnest. The individuality of the student should be both respected and encouraged.

The only true test of the value of your methods is the students' interest and advancement. Remember that the highest form of success, in class work, is to get others to succeed.

Conducting Recitations.

Take it for granted that every one is prepared; gently hold the class to the subject; kindly keep each member to his part of the work and to the time allotted; treat careless preparation with indifference, but eulogize careful work, be it ever so poor; discourage manual reading as an exercise; encourage germane questions, but do not entertain questions foreign to the subject; do not let discussions consume the time that is allotted to other things; emphasize the important ideas of the exercise, and vary the method of disposing of the review questions, and be sure to review the lesson; avoid preaching, and let the teacher be the best listener in the room.

A WORD ABOUT THE ERA.

It is gratifying to all who are engaged in the work of mutual improvement to know that the ERA'S subscription lists are larger this year than ever before. To supply the demand, we have been compelled to order a reprint of Nos. 1 and 2, and our patrons are requested to exercise a little patience until these can be printed. It is to be hoped that no effort to obtain subscribers will slacken, for we aim to provide for all, and all are welcome.

In this connection, we desire to say that quite a number of interesting and accepted contributions as well as answers to questions are awaiting their turn to appear in our magazine.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

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

LOCAL—December 18—The schoolhouse in Huntsville was completely destroyed by fire; loss \$3,000.....Peter Mortensen was arrested and held on suspicion of being implicated in the murder of James R. Hay.19—The physical laboratory building State University was partially destroyed by fire.....22—Five hundred people attended the touching and appropriate funeral services of James R. Hay the murdered secretary of the Pacific Lumber Company. He was born in Australia, May 29, 1870. He came to Utah in the spring of 1890..... Commemorative services in honor of the birthday of the Prophet Joseph Smith were held in all the wards of the Church.....24—J. B. Fairbanks of the Brigham Young Academy Exploring expedition arrived in New York on the Atlas liner *Andes* from South America.....A meeting of interested citizens of Salt Lake and Provo meet in the latter city to discuss the project of making a reservoir of Utah Lake..... 25—W. G. Sharp resigns the management of the Pleasant Valley Coal Company and is succeeded by H. G. Williams.....26—Peter Mortensen was arraigned before Judge Diehl on a charge of the murder of James R. Hay, and pleaded not guilty.....County Treasurer Ed. C. Christensen of Sanpete suddenly died at Moroni of hemorrhage of the lungsThe eighth annual convention of the State teachers association, Emma J. McVicker presiding, opened in Salt Lake..... 27—The Inter-Mountain baseball league broke up, owing to inability to obtain railroad rates.....James D. James, born in Wales, aged 87, at pioneer of 1852, died in Tooele.....Dr. M. V. Oshea, of the University of Wisconsin, is giving a series of addresses to the State Teachers' Association. This convention is pronounced the most successful of any in its history.....28—Professor Wm. M. Stewart was chosen president of the State Teachers' Association, and Professor D. H. Adams, secretary, and Samuel Doxey, treasurer. The convention adjourned.....29—Senator Kearns arrived from Washington.....

The second annual session of the Church Teachers' Association met in the L. D. S. University, Superintendent J. M. Tanner presiding. President Joseph F. Smith addressed the teachers, closing with the words: "I marvel and wonder to see what we are accomplishing in the promotion of education".....31—The stock sales for the year were 34,065,484 shares for \$24,171,760,20; ore and bullion settlements, \$22,044,623. Utah produced \$3,824,300 in gold, and 10,250,000 fine ounces silver, placing the state sixth in gold and third in silver production. Utah mines paid \$4,518,000 in dividends in 1901.

January 1—1902—Ray Leephram and Norley Hall, eighteen and sixteen years, were drowned, while skating in Utah Lake.....The San Pedro railroad has called for one million dollars for construction making in all to date six millions.....2—Major Egan of Fort Douglas was acquitted by the court martial and reprimanded by Colonel Sanno.....Hannah Shaw, mother of Robert Sherwood, Salt Lake City, age eighty years, died; also Catherine Erickson, born in Sweden, seventy-eight years ago; Bent Hansen, Mt. Pleasant, age sixty-four, who came to Utah fifty years ago, died.....3—Salt Lake Valley is overshadowed by a dense fog.....5—Manager Hubert, of the Rio Grande, was in Salt Lake on an inspection tour.....6—Charles Cottrell, Jr., was elected president of the City Council of Salt Lake City and William Driver of Ogden city. The new officers in all the cities of Utah took their positions.....Roy Kaighn pleaded not guilty to the charge of murder in the district court.....The Supreme Court decided that the state officers are intitled to increased salaries, as provided by the last legislature; this gives the governor \$4,000 per annum.....Today \$285,789.68 was divided among the school population of 87 131 children in Utah.....8—People in Park City witnessed the flight of a large meteor.....Jonathan Averett, Utah pioneer, born in Alabama, June 12, 1816, a member of the Mormon Batalion, died at Springville.Ester W. Bennion, pioneer of 1847, born in England, 1817, died at Taylorsville.....The Salt Lake City Council refused to remove Chief Hilton..... Frank Cowell, of Salt Lake, was killed in a collision on the Rio Grande Western, at Roy, Weber County, and J. O. Woolvine seriously injuredGovernor Wells called a meeting of prominent business men to consider the project of a commercial club.District Attorney A. B. Hayes, of Ogden, is recommended for a judgeship in Alaska.....9—At a testimonial in the Salt Lake Theatre, Miss Emma Lucy Gates is given a great ovation..... Judge Erastus W. McIntire, a Utah pioneer, died at Price on the evening of the eighth instant in his sixty-second year.....Secretary James

T. Hammond announces the total amount of state secretary's fees collected for 1901, as \$77,739.95.....The fog which enveloped the city for a week past was dissipated.....Alma Ash, born in England, February 10, 1862, died at Sugar Ward.....Martha Hurst Coop, mother of Professor Squire Coop, born in England sixty-nine years ago, died.....11—The business men of Salt Lake took steps to organize a commercial club.....Weber County wool-growers were organized, Preston A. Blair, president.....12—English agents are buying horses in Southern Utah for the South African war.....The telephone line to Stateline, Utah, is completed.....13—It is announced that Governor Wells will name January 29th as McKinley Memorial Day, at which time Utah is expected to raise \$2,000, as its quota for the \$650,000 McKinley Memorial Fund, Dayton, Ohio.....A movement is on foot to pave Brigham Street, from State to Eighth East, at a cost of \$200,000.....William B. Thornley, born in England, March 5, 1820, joined the Mormon Church in 1837, died at his home in Layton.....14—The Board of Education decided to purchase the old University site, from the State Land Board, for \$100,000.

DOMESTIC—*December* 18—The Philippine tariff bill passed the House by a vote of 163 to 128.....20—Judge Advocate General Lemly and Solicitor Hanna of the Navy Department replied to Admiral Schely's bill of objections, and counsel for Admiral Sampson filed a protest against Admiral Dewey's opinion.....21—The president, through Secretary Root, reprimanded Lieutenant-General Miles for commenting on the findings of the Schley court of inquiry.....Secretary Long ended the Schley controversy, so far as the navy department is concerned, by approving the verdict and dissolving the court; he also demanded the resignation of Edgar S. Maclay.....22—Turkish authorities at Beyroot, Syria, demand that naturalized Americans renounce their naturalizations in fifteen days on penalty of expulsion.....23—The government paid Admiral Schley \$3,334, his share of Santiago prize money.....William Ellery Channing, author and poet, died at Concord, Massachusetts.....24—Secretary Long dismissed Edgar S. Maclay, from his post in the Brooklyn navy yard, on request of President Roosevelt.....25—Governor Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa, has accepted the Secretaryship of the Treasury, Governor Crane of Massachusetts having declined.....26—The navy department has taken steps to adopt wireless telegraphy on war-ships.....27—Eighteen men of the ninth United States regiment were attacked by Bolomen on Samar, P. I., and seven of them killed.....Captain Richard P. Leary, first American governor of Guam, died at

Chelsea, Massachusetts.....27—A wind storm badly damages the orange crop in Southern California.....28—The battleship *Missouri* was launched at Newport News.....30—The navy department decides to establish wireless telegraphy plants at Washington and Annapolis.....31—The Cuban elections were held. Senor T. Estrada Palma headed the Nationalist ticket, the only one in the field; the partisans of Maso in Havana refused to vote.....The governors of seven states agreed to oppose the Northern Pacific-Great Northern-Burlington, railroad merger.

January 1, 1902—Eight thousand people passed through the White House and shook hands with President Roosevelt, at the New Year's reception. Last year was the most prosperous in the history of our country.....Mayor Seth Low was inaugurated, and New York's City government changed hands from Tammany to the fusion reformers.The world has 484,348 miles of railroad, of which 220,657 are in North America.....2—The debt of the United States December 31, less cash in the Treasury, was \$1,011,628,286; cash balance, \$321,-603,278.....3—The Paris Panama Canal Company offered the canal and franchises to the United States at the price named by the isthmian commission, forty millions.....4—The obstacles to the Carnegie library gift having been removed, Secretary Hay and others interested in the national university project formed the incorporation, the Carnegie Institution.....The managers of the St. Louis Exposition offer a prize of \$200,000 for a dirigible airship.....The crude rubber company organized in 1897 in Virginia failed; liabilities two millions in excess of assets.....5—W. J. Bryan addresses a meeting in Cleveland in favor of the Boers.....A movement is given impetus in Chicago for the opening of Palestine to the Hebrews.....Senator Kearns introduced a resolution in the Senate blocking the intention of the Interior Department to approve the Uintah Mineral Land Lease.....It is announced that Admiral Schley will appeal from the judgment of the Court of Inquiry.....8—Fifteen people perished in a tunnel collision on the New York Central Railway.....Engineers lay out the ground for big, new railway shops in Pocatello.....The Pacific cable project is given a hearing before the House Committee, and the Senate Committee hears representatives of the Panama Canal Company, regarding the sale of the waterway.....It is announced that the Harriman railroads will spend twenty-five to thirty million dollars in betterments in Utah, Nevada, and California.....Richard Crocker, the leader of Tammany Hall, announces his formal retirement from such leadership.....12—Madam Nordica is injured in a railroad wreck.

.....George E. Graham's book on Schley and Santiago, proof read by Admiral Schley, is ready for print.....13—Congressman Sutherland introduces a bill for a \$5,000 Fish Culture Station in Utah.

FOREIGN—December 18—The revival of Irish agitation is being met by the British government by coercive measures.....19—The iron trade in Germany is improving, a sign of revival of industry in that country.....A demonstration of sailors and populace against the sale of the Danish West Indies was held at Charlotte Amalia.....21—The shareholders of the Panama Canal Company in Paris decided to sell all the company's property to the United States for forty million dollars.....22—The German government is preparing for military action to collect a debt from Venezuela.....The British railroad from Mombasa, East African coast, to Lake Victoria Nyanza, is completed. 23—General Kitchener reports brisk fighting in the Transvaal and Orange River colony, with severe losses to both British and Boer.....The Chinese court arrived at Tzee Chow.....Sir Joseph Henry Gilbert, the chemist, died in London.....24—Two Irish members of Parliament were sentenced to imprisonment for connection with an anti-rent meeting.....25—There is trouble between Argentina and Chile, and war expenditures are authorized by both countries.....26—The Zionist Congress opened at Basel; President Herzl referred in his opening address to the Sultan's statement that he is a friend of the Jews.....A protocol has been signed assuring peace between Chili and Argentina.....A treaty of commerce between Italy and Russia was signed at St. Petersburg.....27—The Marquis Ito, Japan, was received in audience by King Edward VII.....31—The Boers were reduced in fighting force in 1901, 21,800, and the end of the war is at hand.

January 1, 1902—Czar Nicholas and President Loubet exchange greetings.....2—General Matos and 300 revolutionists sail from Martinique to attack Venezuela and overthrow President Castro.....Three thousand persons meet in the 11th congress of Russian Naturalists at St. Petersburg.....3—Marquis Ito was entertained in London by the Lord Mayor.....4—General Matos landed in Venezuela.....7—Lord Kitchener reports skirmishes in various parts of South Africa. Most serious at Amersfort on January 3rd, at which the British lost eighteen men and one officer, and twenty-eight men and five officers wounded.....10—There are rumors of a revolution in the Republic of Paraguay, caused by presidential succession.....The French minister to Pekin refuses to present his credentials until China complies to demands of France.

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