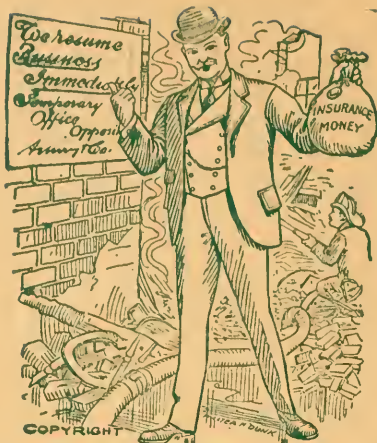


IMPROVEMENT ERA

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums and the Young Men's
Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church
of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



Vol. XII. MARCH, 1909. No. 5.
Published Monthly at Salt Lake City by the General Board
\$2.00 PER ANNUM



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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

As the Era is now the organ of the Priesthood Quorums, as well as of the Mutual Improvement associations, it should be supported by the Presidents of Stakes, their counselors, Bishops and their counselors, and by the Priesthood generally, as well as by the M. I. A. President Joseph F. Smith is editor of the ERA and personally contributes to its pages. Better reading matter either for yourself, your sons or your family is not to be found. I have repeatedly read single articles in a number which to me were worth many times the price of a year's subscription. Also please remember that the ERA is sent free to two thousand missionaries scattered among the various nations of the earth, and in this way it becomes a missionary itself in thousands of homes in this and foreign lands. This work can only be continued through the loyal support of our brethren. An agent to solicit subscriptions for the ERA among the brethren of the Priesthood Quorums should be appointed.—HEBER J. GRANT, MANAGER.

The Manual sets, advertised in the last ERA are disposed of, and we regret we can not fill any more orders.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, MARCH, 1909.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
EDWARD H. ANDERSON, } Editors

HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager
ALPHA J. HIGGS, Assistant

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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XII.

MARCH, 1909.

No. 5

BOOK OF MORMON IN GREEK.

BY JOSEPH F. THORUP.

At last the Book of Mormon has been translated into the Greek language. I say at last, because several attempts have before been made. The first two books of Nephi have been oftenest translated, but these were one evening destroyed by accident, and we were therefore obliged to commence anew. The translation now completed is being read, revised and compared with the German, Danish and French editions. In this we have made good progress, but the comparing of the manuscripts with other translations makes the work laborious, consequently somewhat slow.



Paul Graziatos, Translator.
Born in Cephalonia, in 1847.

In the translation of the Book of Mormon into Greek we have had the advantage of the language, as comparison will show, and

I only regret that we cannot all enjoy it. Probably of all the translations that have been made, none are so literal as the Danish, but the Greek language was the depository of the gospel, and in Greek only can we hope for the more perfect rendering of holy writ.

“In answer to your question,” says the translator, “I will say that Greek is above all languages the most fitting for the expression of religious representations and philosophical thoughts; arising to a matchless degree of perfection, through wonder-



L'Areopage—Mars Hill, Athens.

And they took Paul, and brought him into Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? * * Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.—Acts 17: 19, 22.

ful poets and prose writers, as were certainly Plato and Aristotle and the Stoics, this language was made by Alexander the Great the common property of the learned of the then civilized world. The scattered Jews in Egypt, in the loss of their national language, were compelled to translate their sacred books into Greek, that they might preserve the religion and nationality of their fathers. And at the time of the coming of Christ, Greek had become the world-organ of intellectual and commercial intercourse. In it was conceived and formulated the great man-God

ἐπὶ τῶν κεφαλῶν αὐτῶν, οὕτως ὥστε μικρὸν μετὰ τὴν ἀνάληψιν τοῦ Χριστοῦ εἰς τὸν οὐρανόν, οὗτος ἀληθῶς ἐφανερώθη αὐτοῖς·

19. Διότι ἔδειξεν αὐτοῖς τὸ σῶμά αὐτοῦ καὶ ἐδίδαξεν αὐτούς, καὶ ἔκθεσις τῆς διδασκαλίας αὐτοῦ θὰ δοθῇ ὕστερον. Διὸ ἐπὶ τοῦ παρόντος πᾶύω ὁμιλῶν.

ΚΕΦΑΛΑΙΟΝ 11

Ὁ Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς ἐμφανίζεται πρὸς τὸν λαὸν Νεφί, ὅτε ὁ ὄχλος συνήχθη ἐν τῇ χώρᾳ Ἀφθονία, καὶ ἐδίδαξεν αὐτούς, καὶ οὕτως ἐφανερώθη αὐτοῖς.

1. Καὶ ἐγένετο, ὄχλος πολὺς συνήχθη ἐκ τοῦ λαοῦ Νεφί πέρα τοῦ ναοῦ, ὅστις ἦτο ἐν τῇ γῇ Ἀφθονία· καὶ ἐθαύμαζον καὶ ἐξεπλήσσοντο καὶ ἐδείκνυνον ἀλλήλοις τὴν γενομένην μεγάλην καὶ θαυμαστὴν μεταβολήν.

2. Συνδιελέγοντο δὲ καὶ περὶ τούτου τοῦ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ, περὶ τοῦ θανάτου τοῦ ὁποίου εἶχε δοθῇ τὸ σημεῖον.

3. Καὶ ἐν ᾧ οἱ τοῖοι οὕτω διελέγοντο πρὸς ἀλλήλους, ἤκουσαν φωνῆς ὥσει ἐρχομένης ἐξ οὐρανοῦ, καὶ ἔρριψαν τὰ βλέμματα αὐτῶν κύκλῳ, διότι δὲν κάτενόουν τὴν φωνήν, ἣς ἤκουον· δὲν ἦτο δὲ τραχεῖα, οὐδὲ μεγάλη ἡ φωνή, ἀλλὰ καίτοι οὐσα μικρὰ διεχώρει μέχρι τοῦ βάθους τῆς καρδίας αὐτῶν, οὕτως ὥστε ἐποίει τὰ σώματα αὐτῶν ὅλα νὰ τρέμωσι, ναί, διεπέρα αὐτοὺς μέχρις αὐτῆς τῆς ψυχῆς καὶ κατέφλεγε τὰς καρδίας αὐτῶν.

4. Καὶ πάλιν ἤκουσαν τῆς φωνῆς, καὶ δὲν κατενόησαν αὐτήν.

5. Καὶ πάλιν τὸ τρίτον ἤκουσαν τῆς φωνῆς καὶ ἤνοιξαν τὰ ὦτα αὐτῶν, ἵνα ἀκοῶσιν αὐτῆς καὶ οἱ ὀφθαλμοὶ αὐτῶν ἐστράφησαν πρὸς τὸν ἦχον αὐτῆς καὶ ἔβλεπον ἀτενῶς πρὸς τὸν οὐρανόν, ὁπόθεν ὁ ἦχος ἦρχετο.

6. Καὶ ἰδοὺ κατὰ τὸ τρίτον ἄκουσμα ἐνόησαν τὴν φωνήν, ἣν ἤκουον, καὶ ἦτις ἔλεγεν αὐτοῖς.

7. «Ἴδου ὁ υἱός μου ὁ ἀγαπητός, ἐν ᾧ ηὐδόκησα, ἐν ᾧ ἐδόξασα τὸ ὄνομά μου, αὐτοῦ ἀκούετε.»

8. Καὶ ἐγένετο, ὅτε ἐνόησαν, ὕψωσαν τὰ ὄμματα αὐτῶν πάλιν πρὸς τὸν οὐρανόν καὶ εἶδον ἄνθρωπον καταβαίνοντα ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ· ἦτο δὲ περιβεβλημένος λευκὸν ἱμάτιον, καὶ κατῆλθε καὶ ἔστη ἐν μέσῳ αὐτῶν, καὶ οἱ ὀφθαλμοὶ παντὸς τοῦ ὄχλου ἐστράφησαν ἐπ' αὐτόν, δὲν ἐτόλμησαν δὲ νὰ ἀνοίξωσι τὰ στόματα αὐτῶν, οὐδὲ εἰς πρὸς ἕτερον, καὶ δὲν ἐγίνωσκον τί τοῦτο ἐσήμαινε, διότι ὑπέλαβον, ὅτι ἄγγελος ἐφάνη αὐτοῖς.

doctrine; by it was developed and spread the saving Christian dogmas. The whole of the books of the New Testament, the Articles of Faith, the theological writings of the early Fathers of the church were written in Greek. The Book of Mormon, therefore, having such close relation to the holy scriptures as to style and matter, can, I think, only in the Greek language be translated faithfully and exactly."

It must not be thought that we have translated in a language other than Greek. Between the language of the translation and the language of the New Testament, there can be said to be but a shadow of difference, as indeed there is but little difference between the Greek of the New Testament and the Greek of the contemporary newspapers. Each year Greek is becoming more pure and classical: foreign elements and vulgarisms are being eliminated, and it will be but a matter of a little time and Greek is back again in its pristine purity and beauty.

Athens, Greece, Jan. 1, 1909.



Photo sent the ERA by K. N. Winnie, Nome, Alaska.

Group of Eskimos brought from Siberia, Russia, to form a part of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition, Seattle, 1909.

LINCOLN AND THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

BY PRESTON NIBLEY.

There are few people in the United States who did not, sometime during the past month, pronounce the name of Abraham Lincoln. February 12 was the great war President's centenary. A hundred years had passed since the wife of Thomas Lincoln, in a crude backwoods cabin in Kentucky, gave birth to a son whom she named Abraham.

It is not my purpose here to trace the life of that son, from his lowly backwoods home to the White House at Washington. That has been ably done by thousands of writers and speakers during the past month, and I presume the main facts of the same are fresh in the minds of every reader of the ERA. I wish merely to call attention to a few specific incidents wherein Lincoln directly concerned himself with, or was the concern of, the Latter-day Saints. For it several times happened, in the course of his great and varied career, that occasion to do us a friendly turn was afforded him; and that, after the manner of his kindly heart, he did not disappoint us, history well evidences.

The first event of which I have record, dates back to the year 1840, and has its setting in the state of Illinois. Let us glance at the situation. On a pretty bend of the Mississippi, where it winds past Hancock county, is a young and growing city called by the Prophet Joseph Smith and his followers who had settled there, Nauvoo, "The Beautiful." Immigrants are pouring in from every side. It is the Prophet's desire that the machinery of government shall soon be set in order and that the city shall be properly incorporated as ordained by law. Accordingly, when Mr.

Sidney H. Little, senator from Hancock county, sets out for Springfield, in 1840, to attend the Fall session of the State Legislature, he carries in his pocket a bill entitled, "An act to incorporate the city of Nauvoo." The third day of the session Mr. Little asks leave to introduce his bill. "Referred to the committee on Judiciary," the old Senate Journal tells us. Then again, that it was returned with an amendment, December 5; that it was read for third time December 9, "and passed."

On the same day, in the afternoon, the "Act to incorporate the city of Nauvoo" was carried to the members of the House. Among the various representatives present, who heard it introduced and read, was a certain lean, long, kindly individual, "Abe" Lincoln, sent up from Sangamon county. Lincoln was at that time in his thirty-first year, "stood six feet four in his stocking feet," was unmarried and very poor, but in politics acknowledged everywhere as the leader of his party in the State. We would give much now to know what he whispered to his friends about the new "Mormon" community; what his opinions were of the young Prophet who had come to settle in the neighboring county. Very fortunately we are not entirely without information on the subject. On page 267 of Vol. II of the *Times and Seasons* is found a letter written at this time from Springfield, and signed by one "Joab, a General in Israel," stating that the "Act" had passed the legislature. I think I am right in stating that this Joab was that pompous individual, John C. Bennett, whose career is so well known. Undoubtedly he had gone to Springfield to use his influence in favor of the Saints, with whom he was then allied. He writes, "Many members in the House likewise were warmly in our favor, and with only one or two dissenting voices, every representative appeared inclined to extend to us all such powers as they considered us justly entitled to, and voted for the law: and here I should not forget to mention that Lincoln, whose name we erased from the electoral ticket in November (not, however, on account of any dislike to him as a man, but simply because his was the last name on the ticket and we desired to show our friendship to the Democratic party by substituting the name of Ralston for some one of the Whigs) had the magnanimity to vote for our act, and came forward after the final vote to the bar of the House and con-

gratulated me on its passage.” In view of what we now know of Lincoln this act of “magnanimity” is very characteristic of him. Does not it express that kindly nature of his: “With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right.”

Come now to the year 1856, which saw the birth of the Republican party. The scene of “Mormondom” has changed. Brigham Young and his followers are snugly situated in the valleys of the Rocky mountains, and are free and alone to worship God as they know he requires. But to the East the powers of evil are still active against them. Belated, broken-down politicians, who have been sent out to govern the “Mormons” return with stories of horrible crimes, polygamy, etc. Members of the young Republican party listen. With slavery, against which they are so bitter, they catch up another issue and embody it in their platform. They will abolish from the country “those twin relics of barbarism, slavery and polygamy.”

Abraham Lincoln was a member of the Republican party in 1856. His hatred of slavery made him early take the “stump,” and he traveled up and down his State dealing it many a crushing blow. But how about polygamy the other “relic” and issue of his party? In all his recorded speeches during this campaign, there is not a word to show that he raised his voice against it. Undoubtedly he accepted that article of our faith which claims the privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of one’s conscience, and allowing the same right to all men.

When, in 1860, Lincoln was elected President, someone asked him what he was going to do about the “Mormons.” He may have astonished his hearers with his reply: “Let them alone,” said he. Then he launched into one of his characteristic stories, which I copy from Whitney’s *History of Utah*. He compared the so-called “Mormon” question “to a knotty green hemlock log on a newly cleared frontier farm. The log, being too heavy to remove, too knotty to split, and too wet to burn, he proposed like a wise farmer to plow around it.” Here again he showed the “magnanimity” that had characterized him twenty years before. He intended to let the “Mormons” alone. The event reminds one of another recorded occasion in the history of the world. “Then stood there up one

in the council, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people, and commanded to put the apostles forth a little space; and said unto them . . . Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this council or this work be of men, it will come to nought. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found to even fight against God."

Well, the great Civil War broke out in 1861, and from then on until the end of his first term, Lincoln's attention was absorbed in dealing with it. But not so with talking Congress. In July, 1862, both houses, having perhaps nothing else to do, passed a law prohibiting polygamy in the territories. President Lincoln signed the law; but that he did anything to vigorously enforce it, evidence is wanting. At any rate, the Saints seem to have considered him a friend, as they supported him at his second election. Bancroft, speaking of March 4th, 1865, as celebrated in Utah, records the following: "All joined in celebrating the second inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, and the success of the Union arms. Though his party was strongly opposed to 'Mormonism,' Lincoln had little to say on the so-called 'Mormon' question, and that little was expressed in three words: Let them alone. To be left alone was all the people asked and all that they had struggled for since Utah was first admitted as a territory. The occasion was therefore one of rejoicing, honest and heartfelt, and the pageant more imposing than anything that had yet been witnessed in the city of the Saints. In the center of Main Street a platform was erected, and here, on the morning of the 4th of March, the Federal officers, civil and military, exchanged greetings with the Church dignitaries. Past them filed a precession of tradesmen and workingmen, a mile in length, the sidewalks, the windows and housetops being crowded with an eager and boisterous throng. The buildings were draped with flags, the carriages and sleighs decorated with streamers, the men and women with rosettes, while the bands of the 3rd Infantry and the Nauvoo Legion furnished music, and 'Mormon' banners with their manifold devices appeared side by side with the Stars and Stripes."

Following on the heels of this happy celebration came news that President Lincoln had been murdered. All the world was depressed and filled with grief. Humanity knew it had lost a friend.

A day of mourning was set apart for the people of the United States; a day to praise the virtues of the departed president. Nowhere was it better observed than in the city of the Saints. I copy again from Bancroft. "On the 19th of April, the day set apart for the funeral solemnities at Washington, business was suspended at Salt Lake City; the flags on the public buildings were hung at half mast and covered with crape; many of the stores and residences were dressed in mourning, and long before the appointed hour more than three thousand persons, among them being many gentiles, were assembled at the Tabernacle. The platform was occupied by the civil and military functionaries and a number of prominent citizens, the stand and organ being draped in black. The exercises commenced by an anthem by the choir, followed by a prayer from Franklin D. Richards. Then came an eloquent address from Amasa Lyman, and an impressive eulogy on the life, character and services of Lincoln, by Norman McLeod, the Chaplain at Camp Douglas. The funeral rites concluded by a benediction from Wilford Woodruff."

Thus ended the relations of Abraham Lincoln with the Latter-day Saints.

Chicago, Ill.

NEARING THE GOAL

(For the Improvement Era.)

Press on ye weary, looking for the light,
Think not the journey is too hard and long;
Do not forget that God is with the right;
Fresh courage take and join in happy song.

The rocky hill is steepest near the crest,
So don't give way to darkening despond;
This hardest climb is our supremest test,
The vale of sweet content is just beyond.

HAROLD GOFF.

New York, N. Y.

PORFIRIO DIAZ, THE GRAND OLD MAN OF MEXICO.

BY ELIZABETH R. CANNON, FORMERLY OF THE JUAREZ STAKE ACADEMY.

Mexico City, Feb. 8.—An organization has been started in this city for the purpose of enlisting delegates from every state of the republic to call on Gen. Porfirio Diaz, April 2, and ask him to remain at the head of the nation for another term.—*Telegraphic News Item.*

In days to come the man who arose out of the ashes of revolution and made Mexico what she is today, will be counted one of the greatest—if not the greatest—men of the 19th century. Born in the direst poverty, like Abraham Lincoln, like Bismarck he has built an empire.



Prest. Porfirio Diaz, Mexico.

Porfirio Diaz, one of seven children of an innkeeper, was born in Oaxaca, in the southern tropics of Mexico. The mother was early left a widow, and struggled hard to bring up her family. The mischievous boy ran among the giant cactus, stole rides on clumsy ore carts drawn by oxen, and helped the turkey vender drive his live wares through the town. All his centavas he saved in order to shoot a pistol from the roof of the house on feast days.

Yielding to his mother's entreaties, Porfirio studied for the church, but he soon made up his mind that he would rather be a

colonel than a priest, and flatly refused to go any further. He taught school and studied at the same time. When he was seventeen, he heard about the fighting of General Santa Anna, up in Texas, so started on foot, (he was too poor to ride) to Mexico City, to join the national guard; but when he reached there, the peace treaty was signed, so he retraced his way through the gorgeous canyons to Oaxaca.

Diaz practiced law and received his first training in the military schools. He effected the escape of one of his teachers who was imprisoned for political reasons, by letting himself down by a rope from a tower, and communicating with him.

At an assembly called to vote for Santa Anna as Dictator, Diaz refused to vote.

"You are afraid!" shouted one of the men.

Diaz, aflame with wrath, strode up to the front and cast his vote for a revolutionary general, Santa Anna's opponent. This created an uproar in which the young insurgent voter escaped. He jumped on a horse, and though officers were sent to arrest him, he succeeded in reaching Mixteca, where the peasants were in revolt.

He placed himself at the head of laborers armed with axes and machetes, (sword-like knives) and sallied out to meet the troops. He placed his men on the cliffs above a deep ravine, and when the Republican soldiers stopped to drink in the creek below, toppled great boulders crashing down on them. The cavalry rode on, but the infantry was destroyed.

That was his first engagement, and Diaz was twenty-four years old.

When Juarez, the full-blooded Zapotec Indian, who proved the George Washington of Mexico, became president, he appointed Diaz Captain of Grenadiers. The clergy, who did not like the liberal measures of the new government, rebelled.

In the first battle Diaz led the bayonet charge. He was struck by a ball in the side, but stuffed his red cap into the wound and went on. He drove the enemy into a swiftly flowing stream, where most of them were drowned. For one year and eight months the young captain bore that bullet in his body. He was borne on a bamboo litter, sometimes scorched by the tropical

sun, or drenched by the rains. One day it was dropped to the ground. After that he rode a horse.

He had not yet recovered when his native town was besieged, and in defending it, the invalid reopened his wound. From there he went as governor to Tehuantepec on the Isthmus—"the land of pretty women." On hearing that Oaxaca was again taken by the enemy, he marched upon it. He won battle after battle, suffered only one defeat, and by replacing a trick of his enemy by one of his own, he finally took the town, himself being wounded in the leg. So he was made colonel, and his childhood's dream was realized; but the next two battles—one fought on a dark night—made him a general and brought the war to a close.

Napoleon III, the ambitious dreamer of dreams, intoxicated with victory, conceived the idea of establishing a French monarchy in this romantic land, to show the extent of his power, and be an object lesson to two continents. So he landed thirty thousand French soldiers at Vera Cruz. They marched against Puebla which the Mexicans yielded inch by inch. After a month of terrible slaughtering, and street fighting, the town succumbed, and Diaz, with other officers, was taken prisoner. The night before the melancholy little band started for Vera Cruz, he escaped. Doffing his uniform, he wrapped himself in a blanket, saluted the guard as any shivering Indian camp straggler might have done, and walked out.

Napoleon offered the throne of Mexico to Maximilian, Duke of Austria, and Carlota, his beautiful young wife. The young, handsome, unlucky pair, arrived in Mexico and established a magnificent court. Still the old Indian Juarez maintained that he was president, and Diaz fought stubbornly in the mountains against the foreign invaders, refusing all their bribes to join the army of the so-called Emperor Maximilian.

The French besieged his native town and he rushed to its defense, only to deliver it, after a sickening siege, into the hands of the French marshal, Bazaine. Diaz, a prisoner a second time, was incarcerated in an ex-convent prison. Here he began to dig a subterranean passage underneath his bed, but was transferred to another jail where he was allowed more freedom, before it was

completed. Again he made his plans. He bought a horse and trappings and had it ready. Two of the prisoners who were in his confidence invited the guards to play cards one night. Porfirio rolled three ropes into a ball, took his dagger, and went out on the roof balcony where the prisoners took their airings.

He crawled along the roofs, keeping in the shadow of the chimneys to avoid the eye of the sentinel, nearly fell through a skylight, and finally reached a corner of the house, where he hoped to descend to the street. He fastened his rope to a statue of a saint and swung loose. But instead of reaching the sidewalk, he fell on the garden side of the wall, and when he cut the rope, landed in a pig sty. The pigs squealed, and Diaz' heart sank, but as no one bothered himself to investigate the noises, he slipped over the wall and left the town. He swam a flooded river, pulling his horse by the bridle, and escaped sharp shooters by his horsemanship.

Maximilian issued his "Decree of Huitzilopochtli"—so called after the Aztec gods of war, who could only be propitiated by human sacrifices,—branding all Mexicans who opposed the empire as traitors and ordering them to be shot. As a result of this, Maximilian was himself shot by the order of Juarez, at Queretaro, less than two years later, after his beautiful wife had gone to Europe to plead at the feet of kings for help, only to be spurned. Carlota went insane. Juarez remained president, and Diaz at the head of the victorious Republican armies entered the city of Mexico in triumph and took possession.

During the siege of Mexico City, Diaz had found time to marry. During the presidency of Juarez, and Lerdo, who succeeded him, he lived very happily on his sugar plantation at Oaxaca. He was as good an agriculturist as a soldier. Here his three children were born, and his wife died.

When Lerdo, after a corrupt administration, stood for re-election against the Constitution, the people rose in revolt, Diaz went north to the prairie land, and gathered the vaqueros (cowboys) from the haciendas, but when Lerdo sent six thousand soldiers to meet him, he disbanded his force and fled to New Orleans.

The story of his return to Mexico to take supreme command

of the Army of the Revolution, reads more like a boy's favorite book of adventure, than a passage from the life of the president of a great republic. New Orleans was then swarming with exiles from Mexico, but so perfect was his disguise that he moved among them unrecognized.

A few days after his arrival, a "Dr. Torres" embarked at New Orleans on board the steamship *City of Havana*. This medical gentleman of Cuban nationality, was on his way to Vera Cruz. At Tampico, Mexican troops that had been prisoners in the hands of Diaz, were crowded on board. It needed only some whispering and meaning glances cast in his direction to convince the Cuban doctor that his identity had been discovered. He knew that if he remained on board he would be made prisoner.

With characteristic boldness he made a desperate resolve. The ship was far out from the shore. That night he came on deck, slipped overboard, and struck out for land. Sharks infest the gulf and his blood ran cold at the thought of the long and exhausting struggle that lay before him.

But his flight had been discovered. A boat was lowered. He swam desperately, but was overtaken and dragged back to the ship. The foe of the Lerdists was made prisoner, and would probably be shot. He claimed protection under the flag of the United States. It was granted. He was free—until he arrived at Vera Cruz.

The next day Diaz bribed the purser, secured a life-buoy, and asked his connivance in escaping. That officer understood the dangers of getting to the shore better than the general, and proposed a counterplan.

Late that night a splash was heard, commotion ensued; the prisoner could nowhere be found. The captain believed that he had gone overboard and drew up a formal report to that effect. The life buoy was found later washed up on the shore.

On the arrival of the steamer at Vera Cruz, the commandante ordered a thorough inspection of the ship and guards placed on it. No one thought of prying open a sofa seat in the purser's cabin, within which, for seven days and nights, Diaz had been cooped up and half stifled. The Lerdist officers had actually sat upon him

when they played cards. In the disguise of a sailor he reached shore.

After his death had been duly mourned, he turned up at Oaxaca, fired the troops with enthusiasm, and led them on to victory.

There had been fifty-two rulers in fifty-nine years, when Diaz, straight and handsome, leading his victorious troops, marched past our Lady of Guadalupe into Mexico City, to assume the role of president. It was a new one for this rough soldier of fortune. For thirty peaceful years (since May 1879) he has ruled his people, and Mexico today shows how well he has done it.

He was forty-six years old when he set to work with an iron hand to make a prosperous country out of bandit-infested, poverty-ridden, debt-swamped Mexico. He disbanded the enormous army, paid the chief debts, by peace encouraged industry in the people, built up commerce, drained Mexico City, built a network of railroads with invested American capital, discharged dishonest officials, made the English language compulsory in the public schools, cut off all union of church and state, and made religion free throughout the land.

As prosperity dawned, this stern old warrior was softened by beautiful Carmelita Rubio, whom he married after he became president. This brilliant, queenly woman worshiped the old warrior when she was a little girl, and loved the modest, kindly man when she became a woman.

Madame Diaz,—who speaks all languages, dresses perfectly, and manages his home like the lovely, domestic woman she is—has supplied the social eclat that he needed.

This man of seventy-nine (he was born Sept. 15, 1830) treats his wife like a lover, and she hovers around him with the look on her face born of a great love.

Their home-life is happy. The other side of the stern president is seen when he rollicks on the floor with his grandchildren and good-naturedly kisses a doll held up by a little girl, the daughter of his son, Captain Diaz.

After all, the life of Diaz is the history of Mexico during the last half century, and so firmly has he welded his work, it will never be undone. The first part of his life was given to

bloodshed, and the last part to preventing it, for there have been no more revolutions. When he goes down to the grave, it will be with a record for nation-making that has not been equaled in modern times. President Diaz, in conformity with his liberal principles, has encouraged the Latter-day Saints to settle in Mexico. He has offered them a vast tract of land down in his tropical native state, Oaxaca, in the extreme southern part of the country.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

WHERE ALL MAY CLIMB.

(For the Improvement Era.)

There's a dazzling city they call Success,
And it stands in the sun's red glare,
Where the pilgrims of effort by strange ways press
To a stand on the proud heights there;
And close to the portals a messenger waits
To welcome all travelers to enter the gates.

Some ride to its shelter in purple array,
On paths where the storms never come,
With courtiers paving and strewing the way
Till all of the journey is done;
Who, standing aloof in the luxurious time,
Would tell us the summit is easy to climb.

Some long for its splendor, but stand back and weep,
In the midst of the weary throng,
Who sigh that the peaks are too dizzy and steep,
And the way of the journey too long;
Who long for the blossoming gardens of pow'r,
Yet weary of seeking their height, in an hour.

Some dash on their way to this city of fame,
Who smilingly boast as they go
That no pinnacle there is too lofty an aim
For the arrow their wielding can throw;
Who, like unto Patheon—child of the sun—
Dash back to the earth ere the journey is done.

Some plod through the steeps where storms only descend,
Who, braving the rage of the gale,
Toil patiently on till life wears to its end,
And we say of their works, "They have failed."
Frail judges, we mortals, who measure and guess
At the souls that shall enter the world of Success.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

SOME UTAH BIRDS.

BY CLAUDE T. BARNES, M. S. P. R., MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION AUDUBON SOCIETY.

VI—THE RED-SHAFTED FLICKER.

(*Colaptes Mexicanus*.)

The library grate roared and crackled with such alluring interest and comfort that I wanted to snuggle with "Spike" on the rug before it, for through the windows nature appeared mantled with snow, and long unmelting icicles hung along the porch. How cold the world; how inviting home! Truly, winter had come—winter of which Cowper happily said:

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-borne happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening, know.

Soon, however, the sun broke through the heavy clouds; a warm refulgence filled the air; the icicles began to drip; branch after branch of the evergreen trees, flipped away a mantle of snow; and invitingness swelled forth everywhere.

Picking up my opera glasses, I ventured forth, hoping to meet some feathered friend which had taken advantage of the genial brightness of the hour in which to breakfast and rejoice in song.

Even before I reached the orchard, I heard one drumming in the apple tree; and I knew it was the Flicker, for only he can beat such a powerful tattoo. Sure enough, there he was, walking up-

ward and around the grubby old trunk, pattering and pecking with the energy of a miner's drill and hesitating only when he uttered his loud, penetrating call. I noticed that he frequently assumed a horizontal position on a limb—a characteristic of probably only one of the species of the family *picidae*.



In Utah, we have several woodpeckers. Harris's woodpecker (*Picus Villosus Harrisi*), the black and white hairy little visitant of our orchards, is fairly common and altogether beneficial in his habits; the Downy woodpecker or Lesser Sapsucker (*Picus Pubescens Gairdner*), also a black and white drummer though very small in comparison with the others, is seen quite often, especially at this time of the year and is considered of great economic value; the Red-naped woodpecker (*Sphyrapicus varius nuchalis*) is rare; Lewis's Woodpecker (*melanerpes torquatus*), which is almost black

like a crow and has a peculiar fluttering flight similar to that of a hawk, is quite common in Utah in the higher altitudes, though last October I saw a flock along the electric poles at the base of the Wasatch Mountains in Davis county; and, finally, there is the Red-headed woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*) which is so scarce that I can hardly consider it a Utah bird, having discovered but a single specimen, one taken twenty miles north of Salt Lake.

The Red-shafted woodpecker (*Colaptes Mexicanus*) is by far the most common of our Utah tappers—it is he that is dear to the heart of the schoolboy, and interesting and companionable to the lonely rancher;—therefore we choose him as the subject of this paper, as the emblem of his family. On account of his habit of pecking a hole through the gable and making his home in the dwelling of man he is able to endure the hardest winters; and it is partly to emphasize this fact that this writing appears at this time.

To most Utahns, the word “woodpecker” recalls the very bird we are considering, without, as a rule, bringing to mind any true name for him; but in order not to mistake him, we shall detail his chief colorings and characteristics.

The Red-shafted Flicker is of considerable size when compared with other birds of the orchard, his total length being slightly over a foot. A long bill and a general suffusion of orange red readily distinguish him in flight, though while sitting silently on a branch, he may be mistaken, any time, for a robin or a mourning dove; that is, if seen from a distance of fifty yards or more.

The general aspect of the upper surface of the bird is black and brown; that of the under, orange red, white and black. One of the most noticeable characteristics of this flicker, and the one from which it gets its name, is the fact that the wing quill shafts are all orange red, almost coral, instead of black as ordinarily seen there in our feathered neighbors. The back, the greater, lesser and middle wing coverts, and the scapulars are all light brown, each feather being barred, however, with black. The primaries (largest wing quills) and secondaries are white on the basal inner webs, though in the secondaries, this marking becomes a row of white spots on each side of every feather. The forth primary is the longest; the first, very short.

The rump is pure white, though the upper tail coverts are marked with alternate stripes of white and black.

The closed tail is forked at the end; and, when rubbed upward, is of very resistant web. This spiny tail is used, of course, in supporting the flicker on perpendicular trunks and limbs.

The closed tail is black; but, when opened, it shows orange-red basal shafts on the outer four quills, the terminals, however, being black. This variation in color of the feather shafts gives the open tail a very pleasing coloration and design.

The back of the neck and the throat are ash color. On the breast is a beautiful black crescent strongly contrasting with the ash of the throat and the mottled appearance of the abdomen. From the crescent backward over the whole under surface of the body extends a series of black round dots covering a dull white.

The under wing coverts are white; and the rest of the under surface of the wing is a beautiful light orange red, which shows most conspicuously when the bird flies overhead. There is this same rich coral on the under tail except at the tip, where a black margin appears.

There are on each foot three strong toes and a fourth tiny one on the inside at the back. The only difference in the markings of the sexes is that the male has a red cheek patch, which in the female is a mere brown tinge about the eye and the base of the bill.

On the whole the under surface of the Flicker is handsome indeed; while the upper is a good example of protective coloring.

The Flicker's tongue is round, barbed and as long as a man's finger. The little ant must crawl in a grub hole a long way before he gets out of reach of this hungry prober—the longest tongue to be found among all of the North American woodpeckers.

The Red-shafted Flicker is found in practically all of that territory lying between Mexico and Canada, and the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific.

The habits of the Flicker are useful and interesting. It has been said to be shy; but my experience teaches the opposite. Years ago I learned to love him, for he was accustomed to beat such a loud tattoo on the school house that our teacher frequently permitted us boys to go down and frighten away the inconsiderate

creature. His drumming was, however, so similar in sound to our nocturnal "tic-tacking" with nighed spools on windows, that I felt even then a certain sympathy for him and a secret liking of the irony of his diurnal disturbance. I have frequently seen a Flicker alight upon the building and clatter at his hole while all about were noisy children at recess. If the bird, in some localities, appears to be shy, it is very likely because Indians and boys hunt it persistently for its delicately colored feathers.

The Flicker is quite as terrestrial as arboreal, being as fond of a dust bath as are the domestic birds.

His song is varied and strong. Sometimes he utters a "quap! quap! quap!" in low guttural tone; but most frequently during the day he gives vent to a harsh stridulous "ker-ip, ker-ip." In the Springtime, however, his call consists of an indefinite number of "took! took! took! took! tooks!" resembling the call of a hen, but being shriller and quicker.

The nest of this bird may be found at a height varying from two to seventy feet above the ground. It consists of a cavity chiseled out of a dead stub or live tree trunk to a depth of one to two feet. Apple orchards seem to be preferred, but occasionally one may find a nest hole in a post, a telegraph pole, or an embankment. The holes made in houses are usually for winter homes, not for nesting purposes. There is no lining or down in the nest, the bits of wood pecked from the tree, forming a sufficiently soft bed for the little ones.

The assiduity manifested by the parent birds in cutting out their nest is truly remarkable. With surprising sagacity, they discover a hollow limb or trunk under a perfectly sound bark; then, alternating, they proceed to peck at the hole for days until the task is done. The male and female are, at all times, affectionate; and, especially at the nest-building time, do they encourage each other with every possible action and note of endearment. Sometimes they become so occupied in their work that one can hear them tapping late into the night. This nest-boring usually takes place between the first and fifteenth of May; and from four to ten white glossy eggs are deposited by the first of June.

Two broods are raised in a year. If a nest of fledglings is disturbed, the parents fly about, uttering shrill squeaking notes

varied only with an occasional guttural or gurgling tone. The young, themselves, hiss like a cat.

When the birds have flown, the parents occasionally fill up the opening to the nest; but, usually, a new hole is bored each year, for no matter how hard the wood, the Flicker seems able to make the tiny chips fly with his strong persistent bill.

Most of the young Flickers have a tinge of red on their head tops and a nuchal crescent of red; but these markings which, with variations in color, are characteristic of nearly all young wood-peckers, are merely embryonic, and disappear with maturity.

The economic value of the Red-shafted Flicker is a subject replete with interest and instruction, for though to a certain extent frugivorous in his eating, by far the greater part of his annual fare consists of insects, which are subversive to the interest of man.

Fifty-six per cent of the Flicker's yearly diet is made up of ants (*Formicidae*)—a fact which is as astonishing as it is gratifying. Ants are small but their destructive power in the aggregate is enormous. Not only are they wood-borers, but they perpetuate plant lice or aphides, which work inestimable injury to the agriculturist of this country. Millions and millions of dollars' worth of vegetation lost through the aphid!—such is the annual complaint of the farmers.

Professor Comstock says in his *Manual of the Study of Insects*, page 157:

It is easy to see what benefit ants derive from this association with plant lice, and how they should learn that it is worth while for them to care for their herds of honey producing cattle. Little has been done, however, to point out the great benefit that accrues to the plant-lice from this relationship. It seems fair to assume that the plant-lice are greatly benefited, else why has the highly specialized apparatus for producing the honey dew, been developed.

Writers long ago showed that ants protect plant-lice by driving away from them lady-bugs and other enemies. Recently, however, Professor Forbes has demonstrated that, in certain cases at least, a more important service is rendered. In his studies of the corn plant louse, he found that this species winters in the wingless, agamic form in the earth of previously invested corn fields, and that in the Spring the plant-lice are strictly dependent upon a species of ant, *Lasius alienus*, which mines along the principal roots of the corn, collects the plant-lice, and conveys them into these burrows, and there watches and protects them. Without the aid of these ants, the plant-lice were unable to reach the roots of the corn.

Ants take very good care of their cattle (aphides) and will carry them to new pastures if the old ones dry up. They also carry the aphid eggs into their nests and keep them sheltered during the winter, and then carry the young plant-lice out and put them on plants in the spring.

One is inclined to call the ant a treacherous hypocrite, for having long associated him with all that is industrious and systematic, we suddenly find his assisting to undermine the very means of our sustenance. Thanks to the Red-shafted Flicker for making up half of his meal with ants.

The Flicker destroys also beetles, moths and miscellaneous insects to the extent of about twenty per cent of his annual fare. Only one per cent of its food consists of grain and a similar amount is of fruit!—a fact which alone shows the Flicker to be one of our most useful birds. Of the mite of fruit taken, a large part is made up of raspberries and blackberries, usually wild. Besides this, it eats hackberry, poison ivy, sumac, elder, woodbine, and pepper tree. Of the weed seeds, it destroys purslane, thistle, amaranth, acorn and wild grass.

The snow began to fall in big feathery flakes, the sun retired behind the clouds; and as I again sought the cosy grate of the library, I thought, what a shame ever to destroy a bird marked thus by beauty, usefulness and power!

Salt Lake City, Utah.

PEBBLES.

Cast into a placid stream a stone, however small;
Does it disappear, or leave a trace that it did fall?
It sinks, but leaves behind it a stream deprived of rest,
For time encircling ripples now agitate its breast.

Of thoughts, of words, of actions, we should most careful be;
For it is ever so with all—with all humanity.
We know not how our pebbles may Life's stream agitate;
Then let them only—great or small—disturb to elevate.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

HERBERT MELBOURNE.

BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

V.

Three weeks from the time he received his call, Herbert Melbourne was on his way towards his mission field—Great Britain. It is needless to relate the details of his departure, or the incidents of his journey. As much of the route by rail had been gone over by him before, he was not interested so much in the scenery by the way as he was in the lives and experiences of his fellow missionaries. With them he became very sociable, and delighted to interview them one after another, as opportunity presented. This proved to be a profitable pastime, and offered him considerable encouragement, and added strength to his faith in the cause he was going to represent. It was a valuable part of his education and preparation for usefulness in the Lord's vineyard.

From the time he left home, our young missionary began to keep a daily journal, and some extracts from his jottings are here reproduced.

March 28, 190—. In company with eight missionaries from various parts of Utah (including one from Idaho) I left Salt Lake City for a mission to Great Britain. Our train left the Oregon Short Line depot at 7 p. m. A number of my friends came to see me off. Friends of some of the other missionaries were also there, making quite a large gathering.

One young man was accompanied by his sister and his sweetheart. Their parting with him was very affecting. Both girls burst out in uncontrollable sobs, while they clung to him hysteric-

ally. With difficulty he broke away and boarded the cars as the train began to move. Until this time I had been enabled to control my feelings, but the sight of those two almost distracted, broken-hearted girls caused me to give way, and I could not hold back the tears. Others were similarly affected, and it was fully half an hour before any of us said scarcely a word. We appeared a sad looking group.

At an early hour I stretched out on my reclining chair, buttoned up my overcoat and tried to sleep as best I could.

Mar. 29.—A cold morning. We are passing over the dreary wastes of Wyoming. Had an interesting conversation with one of my companion travelers. He is on his way to his native country to fill a mission. He was born in Denmark some thirty years ago. At the age of twenty-two he met some of our missionaries, was invited to read their tracts and attend their meetings. In time he became convinced that they had the truth, and he accepted the gospel.

As soon as he was able to pay his emigration he went to Utah. This was about six years ago. He was then unmarried. He arrived in Salt Lake City late one evening, alone, having very little knowledge of the English language, and having but one acquaintance there—a returned missionary whom he met at his old home. He found a place to stay for the night; and the next day found his only friend living near the outskirts of the city.

Since his return from a mission, his friend had lost faith in the doctrines he had been advocating, and sought to poison the mind of the young immigrant by falsehoods and misrepresentations. But the new convert was firm. He trusted in the Lord, and was satisfied with his faith. He obtained work, and at the end of the week, when he received his wages, he was desirous of paying his tithing. Not knowing where to take it, he asked his host—for he was still living with this same friend. But the latter refused to direct him where to go. He might have asked his employer, but that man was not of his faith, and he thought it useless to do so. So he went to the Lord and prayed that he might be directed aright. That night he dreamed he was led to a certain place. It appeared to be a house of worship. He went inside and a certain man was pointed out to him as the one to whom he

might pay his tithing. The dream impressed him, and he recalled it distinctly.

The next Sunday was fast day. He set out alone to find a meeting place, and was directed to one. He entered, and there, sitting at a table, he saw a man whom he recognized as the one he beheld in his dream. To him he went with his contribution, and found the man to be the bishop's counselor, and he was then receiving the tithing and other contributions from the people, previous to the opening of the meeting.

He continued to reside in Salt Lake City, having steady employment. He was there without relatives, being the only one of his kindred in the Church, so far as he knew. He was sparing with his means and in a short time accumulated enough to buy himself a little home.

In the meantime he made the acquaintance of a young lady who was also alone in the community so far as relatives were concerned. She, too, was from one of the Scandinavian countries, and had left father, mother and brothers in the fatherland—all members of the Church. Their conditions were similar; their faith and hopes were alike; they had the same aspirations; they were nearly of the same age: was it any wonder that there sprung up in the hearts of this young couple an attachment for each other, and that they united their interests and became one?—united for life here and hereafter. Soon the young lady's parents and family were sent for, and when they came they were taken care of by their faithful daughter, and their new son-in-law. Happiness was in their cosy little home. Parents and children were contented. Prosperity continued to smile upon them in their humble surroundings.

The days and years glided by. Then the head of the young family was called upon a mission. He responded cheerfully. His wife would be left with her parents and would be able to earn her own living and help her parents some as well. He was gone but a few months when his dear wife was taken seriously ill. She failed to improve, the doctor gave her no hope, so the missionary husband was sent for. He came home in time to comfort his wife for a few short days, then she passed away. Filled with sorrow, but with unfaltering faith and courage, he began again to labor and to save. Feeling unsatisfied at not having performed a com-

plete mission, his desire was to earn means to keep himself for two or three years and then go again. It was also his wife's dying wish that he should return and complete his mission as early as he could after she passed away. He had accomplished his object so far, and now he is on his way to complete the labors to which he was called, more than a year ago.

I greatly admire the faith and courage of this young man. He is certainly sincere, and his reliance upon the Lord seems not to have been in vain. His narrative strengthens my faith, and I begin to see more in "Mormonism" than ever I did before.

I also had a talk with another of my companion missionaries. He told me of some of the hardships he had endured, and of the sacrifices he had made in order to go upon his mission. But he seemed to have no misgivings as to the result, or as to how his family would fare in his absence. He had sold half of his little farm, which he had worked hard to secure, to get means for his journey, and for the support of his family in his absence. Yet he had done it willingly, esteeming it a great privilege to be called even at this cost. I feel ashamed to regard my response to the call as a sacrifice, after contrasting my circumstances with those of my companions. Well, I am learning. . . .

Mar. 30. . . . One of my companions is Elder Larsen, also a native of Denmark. He is a middle-aged man, happy and good-natured. I listened with interest to his narrative, and enjoyed his open, outspoken manner, and his quaint, broken English. Having emigrated to this country after he was upwards of thirty years of age, he has not completely mastered the pronunciation of English words, although his vocabulary is of good range.

He was raised in the country on a farm, and a poor farm it was, as many farms are in his native land. His parents were poor, and the family worked hard and saved scrupulously in order to exist. Having been trained during all his early life in the art of saving, those habits clung to him, and when he came to this country, he soon began to accumulate wealth in a small way from his hard-and honestly-earned means. He settled in one of the northern towns of Utah, where first he hired out as a farm hand. In time he obtained a farm of his own, and gradually he has been accumulating property, and now is regarded as one of the most

prosperous farmers and fruit raisers in the community where he resides when at home.

He was too poor, he says, to think of getting married while in the old country, and that is his excuse for not getting a wife till he was between thirty and forty years of age. Now he has a family of eight children, ranging from the age of three to twenty. His two oldest children are boys, and they are capable of taking care of the farm, with their mother's direction, so Elder Larsen does not worry about his home affairs.

"When my neighbors learned that I was called upon a mission," said he to me, "one remarked, 'I guess old man Larsen will make some excuse to get out of going.' 'Yes,' said another, 'he's too close-fisted to spend his money in paying his own way as a missionary for two or three years;' and other such remarks were made, of course, not in my presence, but I heard of them indirectly. Well, I am no preacher, and can make money easier than I expect to be able to make converts to the gospel, but I just made up my mind to fool those fellows, and so I wrote and told the presidency that I would go. You see," he continued, "I was taught to be saving when I was a boy. It was absolutely necessary to be sparing in order to live, and, of course, you Yankee people look upon us foreigners as stingy. Well, we can't help it. Besides, if it wasn't for some of us Danishmen showing you Americans a few lessons in economy, many of the towns of Utah would not be enjoying such prosperity as they now are.

"When I first went on my farm, some of the people said I was crazy to think of making a living on such a place. But I am better off today than those who made such predictions. Of course, I have had to work hard to do this. Well, when it comes to going upon a mission, I have always felt that I would gladly accept a call, if it ever came. I am satisfied that the gospel is true. I have seen too much to dare to deny it. I have witnessed scores of the predictions of our leaders fulfilled, and I know they must have been inspired or they could not have uttered them."

Then he went on to relate some remarkable instances of divine interposition, which, if true, are sufficient to convince any one. I have read of some similar occurrences in some of our home periodicals and other publications, but never before have I

conversed privately with any one who has told me of such personal experiences. I cannot doubt this man's sincerity, nor do I believe he is superstitious. He impresses me as an honest, sensible and practical man.

Mar. 31.—We arrived in Chicago this morning, and after changing cars and waiting about two hours, we again proceeded on our way eastward. In getting acquainted with my fellow-missionaries, I find they are men of varied and interesting careers. Yesterday afternoon I had an extended conversation with Elder Graham, a Scotchman. He is a man of between fifty and sixty years, I should judge. He is gray and venerable in appearance. (Most of the missionaries in the company are young men—one of them is not yet out of his teens.)

When he was born, there lived in the neighborhood of his parents' home a member of the "Mormon" Church. And in the presence of his parents and the older children of the family this Latter-day Saint convert predicted that the child would some day become a member of the Church, and that he would gather with the body of the Saints in Utah. This did not please the parents, as they were opposed to "Mormonism."

In time the incident was forgotten by the family, and when the child grew up he knew nothing of the prediction. When he was about forty years old, he received the gospel, and some six years later he prepared to go to Utah. It was then his older sister, for the first time, related to him the incident that occurred when he was a child; and now, some ten years since arriving in Zion, he is on his way back to the home of his childhood to preach "Mormonism" to his fellow countrymen.

We have a man in our company who has filled one mission in England, and is now on his way to fill another in the same place. I consider his conversation as valuable because of his experience in the field. I have gathered from him a pretty fair idea, as I suppose, of what I may expect when I reach my destination. I observe, however, that returned missionaries as a rule, dwell upon the pleasant experiences of their missions. They tell in glowing terms of their triumphs and say but little of the discouraging features. Well, perhaps this is all right, after all. I suppose it is natural, anyway. Being elated with their successes,

they forget all their difficulties and failures. Then, too, they may have a purpose in picturing to us the bright side, so that we will take courage.

This elder of whom I speak, Brother Whitley, although a humble man, of very meagre education, evidently performed a good work, and was abundantly blest in his labors. He and a companion were sent to a new district some six months after his arrival in England. There were no Saints in the place at the time they began their labors. They were both short of means, and as for himself, he did not have enough to pay for his board, and they saw no prospects of getting money to hire a hall in which to hold meetings. But they were not discouraged. They labored diligently, calling upon the people whenever they felt led, and holding out door meetings in the streets. They soon made friends, and some of these friends became converts and applied for baptism. Other friends were slow to accept their message, but were not slow to assist them with means. They, without being solicited to do so, proffered to pay for the renting of a hall for meeting purposes.

Elder Whitley told of an instance where one of his friends came to him one morning and handed him ten shillings with the remark that the previous night he had dreamed that he (Elder W.) was in distress and needed financial assistance. It was true that he was in need, but he had not intimated to any one that such was the case, although he prayed to the Lord for assistance; and the amount he received was quite sufficient for his purpose.

Soon after this, a friend was raised up who was well-to-do. He was led to inquire of Elder W. as to his circumstances, and reluctantly the elder told him of his condition. The friend then gave him to understand that he need not be any longer embarrassed for want of funds, that he would supply him as long as he needed anything, and did so: and yet he was not in the Church, and did not join the Church while Elder W. remained in the mission, but was true to his word to the last. The result was, a good sized branch was raised up in that place. Elder W. had the satisfaction of baptizing some seventeen souls while there.

Hearing such narrations from the lives of those who were participants in the incidents is faith-promoting and encouraging.

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One of my companions is a young man from the southern part of Utah. His name is Brierly. He was born in England. At the age of nineteen he left his home and went to Australia. He remained there for several years, moving from place to place, and corresponded with his parents from time to time, and sent means to them occasionally. Then he became dissatisfied with the country and went to California, and from California to Utah.

He had learned very little about the Latter-day Saints, and had paid no attention to what he had heard about them until he reached their country. But when brought in contact with them, his interest was awakened. He attended their meetings in the settlement where he lived, became acquainted with the people, and finally joined the Church. He married a "Mormon" girl and made himself a home among the Saints in the little town where he first settled. The restless spirit that had possessed him left, and he was content to remain where he was. Then he began to realize, as he believed, that it was the Spirit of the Lord operating upon him that caused him to become restless, and to wander about the world, although he was not especially in search of religious truths. He was not interested in the religions taught in his native place, but had little if any hope of finding anything better.

Now that he had found the truth, he was anxious that it might be carried to his parents. But unfortunately he had lost their address. While he was in Australia they moved to another town. They wrote him about it, but he lost the letter and forgot the address. He had sent one letter addressed to the place to which he thought they had moved, without giving the street number, thinking it might possibly reach them. He received no answer, however, and concluded that the letter failed to reach his parents directly or indirectly, and they, of course, heard nothing from him.

It is now eleven years since he left his parents' home. But as he is now going to England as a missionary, he expects to find them if they are living.

"It will surprise them," he remarked, "to find their wandering boy returning to them as a missionary, for I do not believe they ever even thought of me becoming a preacher."

I became interested in Brother Brierly's narrative and asked him to write me after he found his parents and tell me about it. To me his story is romantic, or I fancy it will be when complete, providing it ends happily.

April 12, 190—. We are nearing the end of our sea voyage. We are now sailing off the west coast of Ireland. It is a beautiful day, although the wind is cold. We can see some of the villages, with their whitewashed cottages, along the coast. . . . Last night a concert was held in the dining room for the benefit of the sailors' home. I was invited to take part on the program. As I had not recited anything in public for over a year, I felt timid about accepting the invitation. But thinking it might do some good in creating a favorable impression towards us among the passengers, I promised. As a missionary sent in the Lord's service, I went to my state room during the afternoon and asked the Lord to help me in performing my humble part in the evening's performance. The result was my recitation created much favorable comment, not so much from the character of the piece recited, but from the fact that the reciter was a "Mormon." While some of the passengers on board have been friendly and sociable with us during the whole voyage, others, knowing we are "Mormons," have kept aloof, and have had nothing to say to us. This morning, however, one of the latter class, a lawyer, shook hands with me most heartily, congratulated me very highly on my reciting, said it was the finest he ever heard, and wanted to know where I had studied. I then had an opportunity of telling him some little of my history, and, of course, I related to him the nature of our present mission and explained to the best of my ability some of the principles of our belief. Later, another gentleman—one very pompous and dignified, who hitherto had not deigned to pass the time of day with any of us—approached me very pleasantly and made many inquiries respecting our people and our doctrines. Feel as though my mission work had already begun, for I believe some prejudice has been removed by the conversation I have had this day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VISIT TO AND LEGEND OF THE VOLCANO KILAUEA.

BY ELDER E. WESLEY SMITH.

During the Christmas holidays, A. A. Eliason and Gordon T. Hyde, of the West Maui conference, and W. Laroy Farr and Kenneth Henrie, of the South Hawaii conference, were given permission to come to Hilo city, by the mission president, Elder Samuel E. Woolley. While here it was my privilege, in company with them and companions, Marvin E. Pack, Jr., J. Claude Knell and Samuel W. Clark, to view one of the seven wonders of the world, "The active volcano of Kilauea."

Thinking a brief description of our trip, and what we saw while there, might perhaps be of interest to some of the ERA readers, I feel it a great privilege, also a duty, to be able to comply with the request made by the ERA, some few months ago, for missionaries laboring in the field to contribute to its columns, by sending a short synopsis of our trip and an account of the ancient "Meles of Pele" together with a few pictures.



The Volcano House.

Hilo city is located on the east side of the island of Hawaii, and is the second largest city in the Hawaiian group. It has a population of thirteen thousand, and is a very beautiful seaport town, with a well formed bay. Upon arriving in sight of Hilo, one is entranced by its grandeur. The coast line is very precipitous; the walls standing out with great boldness, from one hundred to one thousand feet in height. These cliffs are covered with a dense growth of tropical plants, such as vines, ferns, wild



Standing—Gordon T. Hyde, A. A. Eliason, J. Claude Knell, W. Lacey Farr.
Sitting—Samuel W. Clark, E. Wesley Smith, Marvin E. Pack, Jr., Kenneth Henrie.

bananas, the lauhala tree, etc., with here and there a beautiful waterfall leaping through the air with much ease and grace, to be caught up by the strong trade-winds and carried off into spray. Below this grand view can be seen the beautiful deep-blue ocean, which rolls and dashes into the shore with much force, sending the white foam several yards into the air.

We boarded the railroad train and rode a distance of twenty-two miles inland from this picture of Mother Nature's grand work, passing through one of the largest sugar cane fields

on the Hawaiian islands. It extends three to four miles inland from the sea, and there meets with the dense forest belt; it also extends along the shore as far as the eye can see.

Mouna Kea and Mauna Loa, two of the highest mountains on these islands, rise some thirteen thousand nine-hundred feet above this dense tropical growth. Mauna Kea, which is the highest, wears a cap of snow nearly the year round and presents a most beautiful view, dressed in its robe of green and white. Mauna



The Volcano Road.

Loa is the home of the goddess, "Madam Pele." One is almost able to picture himself in the fertile valleys of dear old Utah, when looking at the gray head of Mauna Kea.

Arriving at Glenwood, the twenty-two mile station, we left the train and walked the remaining distance of nine miles to the volcano house, which is located on the brink of the great crater.

The road along which we walked runs through the great "Ohia" forest, with its grand scenery. Great, tall trees, arise on each side of the road, interlaced with vines rich with clustering crimson flowers. High on the moldering limbs of the oldest trees, grow

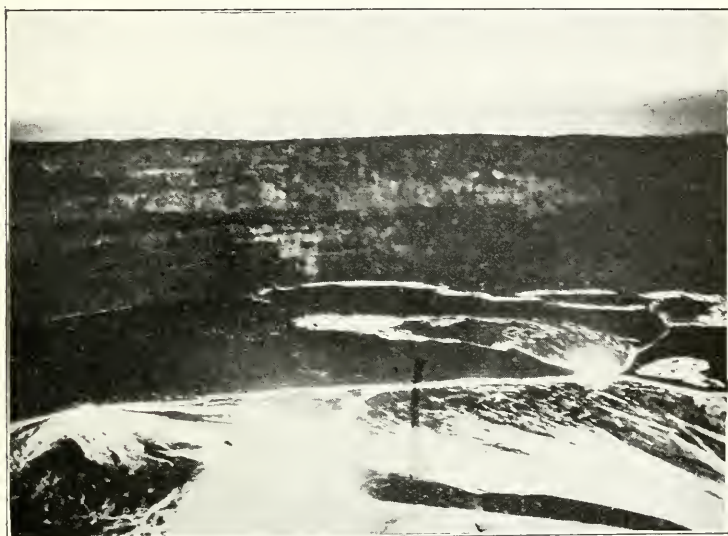
the bright green, clustering leaves of the bird's-nest fern, tree-ferns from five to thirty feet high; wild berries and roses grow all along the way. The refreshing coolness of the woodland shade, the vivid beauties of the colors in which we bathed our eyes, the strange novelty and wildness of everything, completely intoxicated us. It was a scene of enchantment which we were sorry to leave when, about eleven o'clock, we emerged from the wood and found ourselves at the hotel, at an elevation of four thousand nine hundred feet above the sea level.



The "Little Terror," within the Floor of Kilauea.

After refreshing ourselves and making arrangements for rooms, etc., we got some lanterns and canteens of water and started to descend into the crater. On reaching the brink of the large crater we were almost overcome with wonder. There was an immense hole over nine miles in circumference and about a thousand feet deep, an enormous promontory covered with forest trees. Way below us was the floor of Kilauea which looked quite smooth and even. Steam and sulphur clouds arose from the fissures and crevices, and in the distance we could see the glare of

the fire, which came from the active pit of Halemaumau. We started down the narrow incline that wound in and out through the shrubbery and over precipices. After a most exciting trip, we found ourselves at the bottom. This broad floor, which from above had appeared so level and smooth, proved to be exceedingly rough, with broken lava, crossed in every direction by fissures, of which some were too wide to be jumped, some were filled with steam and sulphurous vapor, which told us we were on dangerous



The Active Pit as Seen at Night Walls 220 Feet High.

ground. We followed the small, narrow trail over this floor for three miles, visiting the following places of interest: "The Devil's Picture Frame," a place where molten lava flowed over an embankment about six feet high, in such a way that a number of picture-like frames were made; "Madam Pele's Kitchen," a circular hole in the lava out of which a great amount of smoke and steam are constantly pouring; and the "Little Terror," an extinct blow-hole, named so, I suppose, from its appearance.

Coming up to the edge of the active pit, a most beautiful sight met our eyes. Here was a big hole two hundred and twenty

feet deep, covering an area of twenty-five acres; in the bottom of this abyss was a lake of fire. This was a circular pool, covering an area of four acres. Its whole mass was in motion, furiously bubbling, boiling and dashing up waves of red-hot foam and spray. Sometimes there would be a partial calm, as of the sea after a storm; a considerable portion of the surface would then cool over with smooth, hard lava or *pahoehoe* but in a few minutes there would be a violent outbreak, and the broad field would split open across its whole extent, allowing the melted rock to ooze through the crevices, like water coming up over the ice on a river, during a spring freshet. Huge, flat cakes of solid lava would tilt up on end, slowly turn over, and finally disappear in a tremendous whirlpool of fiery surf thrown up from below. This exhibition was being continually renewed all over the lake; we stood chained to the spot, and lost in admiration of the awful spectacle. The heat and fumes were so strong, we were forced to retreat to a place deemed a safer point of observation; and there we remained, watching the jets of molten metal as they flew into the air, chasing one another like genuine fire-fiends, in a wild dance all over the glowing space. As night came on, this molten mass grew brighter, and the coloring was most beautiful. We remained here until ten o'clock, when we forced ourselves to leave this wondrous work of Mother Nature. Lighting our lanterns, we gathered up our specimens obtained during the day, and began to retrace our steps over the brittle lava towards the ascent out of the pit. Having climbed the narrow trail, we went to the hotel, a very tired band of young men, ready to turn in for a good night's rest, and to dream of the wonders of the day. The following morning we made a last survey of the beautiful surroundings, and feeling well repaid for our trip, returned to Hilo.

THE LEGEND OF THE VOLCANO KILAUEA, 1175-1380 A. D.

The deity most feared and respected on the island of Hawaii, the largest and most southern island of the group, was the Goddess Pele. Her favorite abode was supposed to be in the crater of the volcano Kilauea, near Mount Loa (Mauna Loa). She was said to have five brothers and eight sisters, all as cruel as herself. One brother was the king of steam. The others created explosions,

thunders and rains of fire. They moved the clouds, hurled red-hot masses of lava, and managed the earthquakes.

The following is a tradition handed down by the priests from one generation to another, and will show not only the terrible character and wonderful powers ascribed to this goddess, but also the strange events which led to the placing of this woman and her family among the gods of the Hawaiians.

The tradition, which the islanders received without doubting its truth, states that about the year 1175, A. D., the Pele family came to Hawaii from one of the southern islands. The head of the family was the eldest son, Moho, and the party landed and located among the foot hills of the mountain called Mauna Loa. The mountain was nearly fourteen thousand feet high, and the crater of Kilauea, near its southeastern slope, was thirty miles from shore.

From this crater lava had flowed down to the sea, and the volcano was sending out ashes and steam. There were earthquakes, and the frightened natives had deserted the valley. But the new-comers did not seem to fear any of these dangers. The natives, therefore, thought they must be under the special protection of the gods. Soon everything they did was regarded as supernatural. The Pele family became *kahunas*, or sorcerers, of a high order.

With the family were a number of women, and about thirty attendants. Pele was the most audacious and bold of the whole company. She had faught with her father in the wars at Samoa, when he was slain, and with her own hand, had killed a warrior who tried to carry her off as his captive. She was very beautiful. Her brothers were devoted to her, and her queenly presence—for she came of royal blood—commanded the respect and homage of all who approached her. The little colony quietly cultivated their lands and lived contentedly and without fear of molestation.

After a time a roving chief with forty or fifty reckless companions landed on the coast near the Pele colony. The name of this chief was a word meaning Son of a Hog, (not always a term of reproach, the hog being a sacred animal) and he had become a terror to all the islands. His tattooed body and bristly hair gave his otherwise handsome person a ferocious and forbid-

ding appearance, so that his presence on the coast was very unwelcome.

He heard, however, the stories of the wonderful and super-human powers of the Pele family, and of the enchanting beauty of Pele herself. He visited the settlement, was hospitably entertained, and when Pele appeared, he treated her with great respect and gallantry. He then determined to marry her. He did not realize how ugly he looked. He only thought of the beauty of Pele. But he did not urge suit at once.

He tried to make himself agreeable to the princess, who did her best to avoid him. Finally he made a proposal of marriage. It was decidedly refused. He threatened to seize her by force and destroy the colony. She thereupon defied his power.

Being now full of wrath, the adventurer waited several days for the moon to wane. Then, one dark night he and his companions secreted themselves near the scattered huts of the little colony, and at a given signal rose up and massacred every man within reach of their weapons. A few only escaped. The women who were spared ran screaming toward the house of Pele and her brothers, who were purposely saved for future treatment.

It was the purpose of the reckless chief to surround the home of the surviving family the next day and capture Pele by force, or otherwise bring her and her haughty relatives to terms. Pele's brother, Moho, was wise enough to foresee the plan of the assassin and escaped with the family, and those who still survived, to a cavern in the hills which could easily be defended.

The cave was of volcanic formation, with avenues leading back into and up the hill. Boulders of lava were rolled against the only entrance, from the inside. The party numbered in all seven men and eighteen women and children. They had weapons and plenty of provisions. A small stream of pure water trickled down from the rocks.

Their enemy, the ruthless chief, Ramapuaa, soon discovered their retreat by following a dog the fugitives had left behind. A guard was set to watch the cavern. The chief approached the entrance and demanded a surrender, promising that the lives of all should be spared. The demand was refused with words of defiance, and in return a fierce assault was at once begun upon the

entrance. Several of the assailants were wounded by spears, thrust through the crevices of the rocks. Then the besiegers heaped wood and leaves before the opening, in order to suffocate those within.

The draft through the cavern kept the inmates from harm, but the chief of the marauders approaching too near the entrance, received a sharp spear thrust in the arm. For several days the assailants worked to make a breach at the top of the cavern. A large hole had been dug. The excavation was approaching completion, and the captives seemed doomed.

Suddenly the earth began to tremble violently, and in a few moments the air was filled with ashes and smoke. But the chief and his afrighted followers saw a still more appalling sight. As they looked up the valley, which was a narrow gorge above the cavern, they beheld coming down upon them, bursting from the hillside and pouring down the ravine, a flood of hot lava—a torrent of flame a hundred feet in width, its advancing crest aflame with burning timber, and sweeping before it an avalanche of stones.

In dismay they fled down the valley. They ran past the deserted huts of their intended victims, past the foothills, past the cocoa trees that fringed the beach. Turning back their eyes, they beheld the awful stream of fire spreading its mantle of death over the valley and speeding towards the coast.

Leaping into their canoes, they plunged through the surf and swiftly paddled out to sea. Enraged at his escape, Pele ran some distance into the sea and hurled after him large stones, which hissed as they struck the waves. But the chief escaped and found his way back to the island of Oahu where he ended his days. As they lost sight of the coast, Pele disappeared, and they saw that the ravine where the cavern was situated was filled with lava, and that all within the cave were buried deep by the fiery flood.

But the people did not believe that Pele and her family had perished. They declared that the eruption had been invoked by her to drive the ruthless invader from the district, and that, if she permitted her lands to be destroyed, it was only with the purpose in view of taking up her residence in the crater of the volcano.

This idea became the general belief of the superstitious

islanders, and in another generation temples were built to Pele, the Goddess of Fire, and priests were set apart to her service. The wily priests took advantage of the credulity and fears of the people, and created other terrible sisters, adding them to the original family of Pele. There have been many outbreaks of hot lava issuing from subterranean caverns and flowing down the side of Mouna Loa, within the past century. They have been witnessed by reliable white men, and records have been kept of their appearance. Scientific observations have determined their movements and the size of the streams.

One of those who visited the scene of the flow of 1880 has described his first glimpse of a canopy of flaming light overhanging the summits of the mountain, and of a torrent of fire of intense brightness streaming down its slopes. A brilliant flame-head was seen against the starlit heavens, and the stream of liquid lava, three-fourths of a mile in width, rolled along, at white heat, for forty miles, accompanied by flashing gleams and detonations like the heavy reports of a hundred cannon.

No wonder that the natives, with such legends concerning this terrible deity, were more afraid of her than of any other gods or goddesses.

Hilo, Hawaii.

LIFE INDEED.

To be in the sunlight of success, yet feel my littleness; to be under the cloud of reverses, yet feel my strength; to have the patience of faith and the power of purpose; to know the pure and love it; instinctively to know a lie and to abhor it; and hating all lies, to be so near the fountain of truth that I may not thirst in vain; to square my soul with the Infinite each hour by prayer; to be denied, yet still believe; to love others much and to be loved a little in return; to recognize in common things,—the song, the flower, labor, laughter and bright eyes,—the tenderness of God; to have good books, and so good thoughts; to feel ever in my heart the promise; to look up,—to smile,—this were life indeed!

W. A. HYDE.

Pocatello, Idaho.

TO THE YOUNG MAN ON THE FARM.

BY MILTON BENNION, M. A., PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY
OF UTAH.

“Cities are the graves of human species.” These words of Rousseau may be extravagant, but they are not wholly devoid of truth. The city not uncommonly becomes the grave of a whole family in the course of a few generations. On the other hand, the farms steadily renew the population of the country districts, and at the same time pour a stream of recruits into the cities to renew and invigorate business and professional life.

There are two opposing tendencies in human nature, both of which have to be combatted. One is that of mere inertia, a tendency to settle down in whatever situation one finds himself, and be nothing worth while; the other is a discontent that makes one always dissatisfied with his calling. “I’ll do this because I have to, and in the meantime look out for something better,” is the characteristic attitude of this class.

It is a good thing for a person to be able and willing to do anything that needs to be done, and to be able to make a living by following an occupation, when there is occasion for it, that is not first choice. It is, however, desirable that every young man decide early in life what he can do best that will make him and his a living, and at the same time be of service to his fellows. If it is to learn and follow a profession, such as law, medicine, engineering, or teaching, very well, let him devote his energies to this end; but let him consider well beforehand the final results of this course to himself and to his family.

The young man in the country is too frequently attracted by

the older professions because of the vagueness of his ideas of them; while the occupation of farming seems to him too familiar and commonplace. It is not known to him as the new profession of agriculture.

What are the advantages of life on a farm? In part these:

It furnishes opportunity for the most varied mental and physical activity, and for the development of a stability of character unexcelled in other vocations.

It calls for an out-door life that tends to develop and perpetuate "a sound mind in a sound body." This soundness of mind is not restricted to the intellect. It includes also sanity of feeling, a right attitude toward life, the surest safeguard against suicide, insanity and crime.

It offers the best opportunity for a free and independent life in that the farmer, who owns his farm, does not have to go out hunting a job, neither does he have to cater to other people. He calls no man master, but rules his own affairs, subject only to the Lord of all and the common moral law.

The extension of modern conveniences to the country makes it generally possible for the farmer to have in his home water connections, telephone service, electric lights and an electric motor.

Socially, he is provided with good common schools, and has, or soon will have, easy access to good high schools for the education of his children. It requires only a little intelligence and energy to enable him to add to his natural advantages the best that the city can give.

The farm provides most favorable conditions for the rearing of a family. No where else can the enemy of race suicide do such a flourishing business so successfully and economically. If this seems to be a matter of little consequence to a young man as an individual, it may, nevertheless, have some weight when he answers the question: "What can I do that will be of lasting benefit to mankind?" Add to this, the fact that in mature life probably nothing else gives more enduring satisfaction to a man than to be successful in bringing up a family.

The importance of agriculture in relation to the prosperity and stability of the nation has received substantial recognition in

the establishment of the Department of Agriculture, the Agricultural Experiment Stations, Agricultural Colleges, and Farmers' Institutes. The existence of these agencies must be added to the advantages of farming as an occupation. Given the inclination to do so, a young man can easily obtain some instruction in scientific agriculture. Whether he gets little or much training in agricultural schools, he can and should supplement this by the constant use of the bulletins of both the Department of Agriculture and the Experiment Stations. A good local farm journal, such as *The Deseret Farmer*, for the intermountain district, will furnish guidance in the use of this material, besides giving a great many practical suggestions concerning local problems. Thus the farmer can always be in touch with the results of the most recent and careful investigations in agricultural science.

Forest Dale, Utah.

CUMORAH.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

One of time's sublimest pages
Annal thy prophetic dawn,
Voice of the unstoried ages,
Tombstone of their nations gone!

Now you come, a flood of glory
Streaming o'er your visage old:
With their prehistoric story
Written on your heart of gold;

Twice a people's last protection,
Twice the witness of a world
In the arms of insurrection,
To prophetic ruin hurled.

Teeming with the gospel leaven,
Lifted by an angel hand,
In the very light of heaven,
To the eyes of every land.

Ramah of the ancient nation,
The Cumorah of the last,
From your bosom comes salvation,
And the story of the past!

THEO. E. CURTIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

SELF-CONTROL.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

IX.—THE MAJESTY OF CALMNESS.

Calmness is the rarest quality in human life. It is the poise of a great nature, in harmony with itself and its ideals. It is the moral atmosphere of a life self-centred, self-reliant, and self-controlled. Calmness is singleness of purpose, absolute confidence, and conscious power,—ready to be focused in an instant to meet any crisis.

The Sphinx is not a true type of calmness,—petrification is not calmness; it is death, the silencing of all the energies; while no one lives his life more fully, more intensely and more consciously than the man who is calm.

The Fatalist is not calm. He is the coward slave of his environment, hopelessly surrendering to his present condition, recklessly indifferent to his future. He accepts his life as a rudderless ship, drifting on the ocean of time. He has no compass, no chart, no known port to which he is sailing. His self-confessed inferiority to all nature is shown in his existence of constant surrender. It is not,—calmness.

The man who is calm has his course in life clearly marked on his chart. His hand is ever on the helm. Storm, fog, night, tempest, danger, hidden reefs,—he is ever prepared and ready for them. He is made calm and serene by the realization that in these crises of his voyage he needs a clear mind and a cool head; that

* From *Self-Control; its Kingship and Majesty*. Copyright 1889 and 1905 by Fleming H. Revell Company.

he has naught to do but to do each day the best he can by the light he has; that he will never flinch nor falter for a moment; that, though he may have to tack and leave his course for a time, he will never drift, he will get back into the true channel, he will keep ever headed toward his harbor. *When* he will reach it, *how* he will reach it, matters not to him. He rests in calmness, knowing he has done his best. If his best seem to be overthrown or overruled, then he must still bow his head,—in calmness. To no man is permitted to know the future of his life, the finality. God commits to man ever only new beginnings, new wisdom, and new days to use the best of his knowledge.

Calmness comes ever from within. It is the peace and restfulness of the depths of our nature. The fury of storm and of wind agitate only the surface of the sea; they can penetrate only two or three hundred feet,—below that is the calm, unruffled deep. To be ready for the great crises of life we must learn serenity in our daily living. Calmness is the crown of self-control.

When the worries and cares of the day fret you, and begin to wear upon you, and you chafe under the friction,—be calm. Stop, rest for a moment, and let calmness and peace assert themselves. If you let these irritating outside influences get the better of you, you are confessing your inferiority to them, by permitting them to dominate you. Study the disturbing elements, each by itself, bring all the will power of your nature to bear upon them, and you will find that they will, one by one, melt into nothingness, like vapors fading before the sun. The glow of calmness that will then pervade your mind, the tingling sensation of an inflow of new strength, may be to you the beginning of the revelation of the supreme calmness that is possible for you. Then, in some great hour of your life, when you stand face to face with some awful trial, when the structure of your ambition and life-work crumbles in a moment, you will be brave. You can then fold your arms calmly, look out undismayed and undaunted upon the ashes of your hope, upon the wreck of what you have faithfully built, and with brave heart and unflinching voice you may say: "So let it be,—I will build again."

When the tongue of malice and slander, the persecution of inferiority, tempts you for just a moment to retaliate, when for

an instant you forget yourself so far as to hunger for revenge,—be calm. When the grey heron is pursued by its enemy, the eagle, it does not run to escape; it remains calm, takes a dignified stand, and waits quietly, facing the enemy unmoved. With the terrific force with which the eagle makes its attack, the boasted king of birds is often impaled and run through on the quiet, lance-like bill of the heron. The means that man takes to kill another's character becomes suicide of his own.

No man in the world ever attempted to wrong another without being injured in return,—someway, somehow, sometime. The only weapon of offense that Nature seems to recognize is the boomerang. Nature keeps her books admirably; she puts down every item, she closes all accounts finally, but she does not always balance them at the end of the month. To the man who is calm, revenge is so far beneath him that he cannot reach it,—even by stooping. When injured, he does not retaliate; he wraps around him the royal robes of Calmness, and he goes quietly on his way.

When the hand of death touches the one we hold dearest, paralyzes our energy, and eclipses the sun of our life, the calmness that has been accumulating in long years becomes in a moment our refuge, our reserve strength.

The most subtle of all temptation is the *seeming* success of the wicked. It requires moral courage to see, without flinching, material prosperity coming to men who are dishonest; to see politicians rise into prominence, power and wealth, by trickery and corruption; to see virtue in rags and vice in velvets; to see ignorance at a premium, and knowledge at a discount. To the man who is really calm these puzzles of life do not appeal. He is living his life as best he can; he is not worrying about the problems of justice, whose solutions must be left to Omniscience to solve.

When man has developed the spirit of Calmness until it becomes so absolutely part of him that his very presence radiates it, he has made great progress in life. Calmness cannot be acquired of itself and by itself; it must come as the culmination of a series of virtues. What the world needs and what individuals need is a higher standard of living, a great realizing sense of the privilege and dignity of life, a higher and nobler conception of individuality.

With this great sense of calmness permeating an individual,

man becomes able to retire more into himself, away from the noise, the confusion and strife of the world, which come to his ears only as faint, far-off rumblings, or as the tumult of the life of a city heard only as a buzzing hum by the man in a balloon.

The man who is calm does not selfishly isolate himself from the world, for he is intensely interested in all that concerns the welfare of humanity. His calmness is but a Holy of Holies into which he can retire *from* the world to get strength to live *in* the world. He realizes that the full glory of individuality, the crowning of his self-control is,—the majesty of calmness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VICTORY.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Unnumbered the myriads encamped in the vale,
 Their gay banners streaming over idols of Baal;
 'Gainst the people of God they came from afar,
 But they sensed not the Force they must face in the war,—
 "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Their camels were laden with accoutrements fine,
 Their princes and nobles were flushed with new wine
 From the vintage of Israel, whose fields they laid low,
 Threat'ning destruction—bah! they never would bow
 To "th' sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Oh, proud were the boastings, aloud they proclaim
 Their prowess and conquests; how easy to maim
 The army defensive and glut on the spoil;
 But they knew not the Pow'r which all powers could foil;
 "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

The ribaldry over, they lie down to rest,
 Each man with his shield clasped close to his breast;
 With dreams of fair captives, ha, ha, on the morn,
 The victory was theirs; and they laughed it to scorn,
 "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Lo! they are startled with trumpets full blare,
 The crashing of pitchers, the lamp's vivid glare;
 Before the mean army they fly in dismay,
 Devouring each other by the sword on the way—
 "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

THE TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH OF YOUTH.

BY J. E. HICKMAN, A. M., PRESIDENT OF THE MURDOCK ACADEMY.

V.—INSINCERITY OF THE INTELLECT THE CURSE OF THE AGE.

The crying need of the age is not more truth, but a disposition to apply that which we know towards the perfecting of our lives. The hungering for and the loving of truth is sincerity of the intellect.

In my frequent interviews with erring youth, I scarcely ever find one who does not absolutely know and freely confess his course is wrong and will lead to harm. "Why do you follow this course?" I often ask. The reply generally comes back, "I don't know." The truth is, they love bodily and mental stimuli, produced through evil society and questionable conduct, more than they fear results. The present pleasure, regardless of consequences, is the cause of action. The present age is running mad with pleasures,—self-indulgences. The curse of the age is insincerity. How many stop and ask, when an impulse urges to act: "Is it right? What will come of it? Will I regret it?" Too many look at the immediate desire, and seldom if ever weigh the consequences.

The struggle for character is to put one's self in harmony with all the laws of life,—physical and spiritual. To be out of harmony with the physical, means weakness or death; out of harmony with the spiritual, means stultification or agnosticism. Both of these conditions are upon us. The one fills groaning hospitals and untimely graves; the other empties churches and fills saloons.

Man is prodigal of truth. He is far more concerned in applying it to the forces about him than in obeying it. The engineer is

deeply concerned that every part of the machinery shall work in harmony; that friction be reduced to a minimum; that dust and other obstructions be eliminated. In fact there must be perfect adjustment and rhythmic harmony with burr, belt, and wheel. But, with himself, he often acts as if his life,—body and spirit,—were subject to no law. He often enslaves his body with deadening narcotics and vicious habits; and of moral and spiritual laws he thinks not at all. Why will he admire a beautiful animal that lives the perfect law of its creation while he himself disregards all law? This seems almost incredible, and yet it is a lamentable fact. Of all God's works, man alone falls below the sphere of his creation. As a result, in spite of all his intelligence and possibilities, he suffers infinitely more than does the animal.

Animals, forced to break the laws of life as man freely does, rapidly degenerate and become heirs to man's nameless ills. Dogs forced to the liquor habit, through putting alcohol into their food, become deformed,—crooked and shriveled-limbed, hare-lipped, cross-eyed, and idiotic. The death rate becomes very great before they reach their maturity. This needs no comment. Young reader, apply the moral to the human family, and read the damning story, then answer: Why this world of misery? If man would live the physical and the moral laws as the animal lives his, reformatories would disappear, prisons would be emptied, insane asylums would crumble with disuse.

When man learns the laws of his creation and feels them deeply enough to live them, then and not till then, will he live to the age of a tree. Then, and not till then, will children grow up as calves in the stall with nothing to molest them or make them afraid.

The integrity of the intellect is the fountain head of patriotism, and this is not dependent upon a great and mighty nation for its development, for citizens of small and feeble countries are equally devoted in their patriotism. Preeminently is this true of mountaineers whose mountains shelter their huts. Yes, the humblest home with virtue and devotion is a divine nursery of that rare and matchless quality,—character.

Virtue, earnest labor, definiteness of purpose, gratitude, and great-heartedness are the indispensable factors in building a noble

character. Virtue is God's stamp upon the soul. Who dares sell it for a mess of pottage?

Earnest labor keeps out idleness and gives stability. Definiteness of purpose enables one to reach out and grasp the truths beyond. Gratitude is "the memory of the heart," and without it man is detestable. Great-heartedness causes one to love his neighbor as himself, and to care for the poor. The greater the soul, the more he lives for his fellow men; the smaller and meaner the being, the more he lives for self. Without these virtues, man may be likened to a stagnant slough with disease and death swarming in its waters; with them, to a limpid stream from the mountain heights, watering the parched earth, giving drink to the thirsty, and turning the wheels of industry.

Character has often been symbolized by the oak and the granite cliff, because they represent strength and loftiness; because they are unmoved by every opposing force. They resist the storm and hurricane, and the winter blast howls past them harmless in its fury, while weaker objects give way to the opposing powers. I well remember walking, some years ago, down the streets of Ann Arbor, the morning after a terrible storm had swept over the city, unroofing houses and uprooting trees. On a certain street was a beautiful row of stately poplars; one of them, the tallest and most beautiful, was lying prostrate upon the ground, while the others stood erect and calm in the morning sun. The mighty tree lay across the entire street and lapped over the opposite side walk. I said to my friend, "Is it not strange that the most magnificent of the entire row of trees should fall and the rest remain unharmed?" As we walked around the broken stump, however, we saw the cause of the prostration. Worms had eaten at the heart of that tree until its resisting force was gone, yet without, it was green and healthy. The tree was an emblem of human life. In this busy world of hustle and bustle, hooded and cloaked humanity pass at their face value; but once let a contending force sweep over the land—a force that tests the moral courage of men—then the worm-eaten, virtue-pretending souls, fall down before the wondering gaze of angels and of men.

Beaver, Utah.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHURCH SCHOOL FARM IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY ELDER JOHN W. REEVE.

On April 1, 1908, a deal was perfected whereby the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came into possession of a 130-acre tract of land at Korongata, H. B., New Zealand. This land was purchased for the purpose of erecting thereon a college for Maori boys. It is the intention of the Church authorities to give the Maori boy a practical education in the leading topics of the age, particularly emphasizing agriculture and its branches.

About the first of December notices were sent from mission

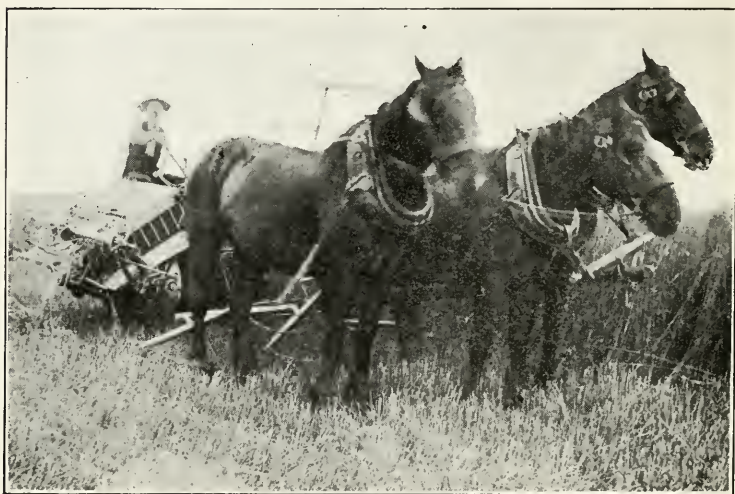


In the Harvest Field.

headquarters to several elders in surrounding districts, to report at the Church farm, ready for work.

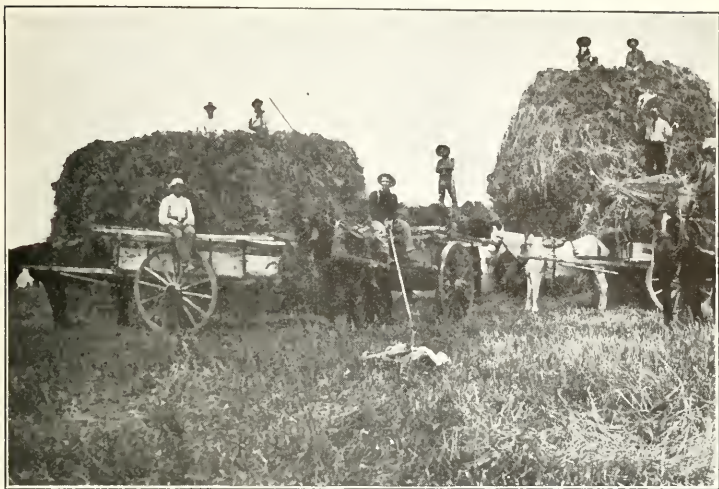
A crop of grain which had been planted by way of experiment, on the recently purchased farm, was now ready to be harvested. The crop proved to more than come up to the expectations of the elders in charge, and was commented upon by a great many people of the surrounding country, as being one of the best looking crops ever seen in the district. Some were very much surprised to see that the "Mormons" knew how to manage a farm.

A binder was obtained from one of the Maori Saints and the work commenced. After five days of hard work the grain was cut and shocked.



We again called upon our Saints for the use of their dump carts, in which to haul our grain to the stacks. Six days were spent in carrying the grain from the field in these old time carts, so much in use in English colonies.

Allow me to say that these eleven days of work were frequently interrupted by long intermissions. We would just get things working nicely when a rain or wind storm would come up and we would have to discontinue our work for days at a time.



We also had to stop for two days on account of a death in the near by village. Thus you see our work dragged along for a period of about four weeks.

Although working under these difficulties, we now have the satisfaction of seeing thirteen majestic stacks of grain standing on our farm ready to be threshed.



The harvesting of the first crop on this farm is an affair that will be long remembered by the elders who had the privilege of being the pioneers of the Church School Farm of New Zealand.

The following persons, President R. K. Hardy, Elders A. H. Davis, O. F. Call, E. A. Burt, J. J. Godfrey, W. C. Harper, C. L. Nelson, A. H. Bowles, O. S. Brown, J. W. Reeve, J. H. Jenkins, A. E. Anderson, and native Elders Rangi Kawea, Miki Winieta, and Ratima Pakai, were the ones who took part in this notable event.

Korongata, H. B., New Zealand, January 16, 1909.

AN EMBLEM FOR THE SEVENTIES.

(For the Improvement Era.)

On a pinnacle of the Temple, with a trumpet in his hand,
 Stands Moroni on a sphere, like a sentinel o'er the land.
 Every people, tongue and kindred shall hear the proclamation
 Of the gospel's joyous sound sent to each and every nation.

Hear all ye isles and continents, wherever there are found
 Remnants of the covenant people; let the angel's warning sound
 Loud and long; let it resound throughout each land and clime,
 That Israel may be gathered in the Lord's appointed time.

Like an ensign on a mountain, like a standard just unfurled,
 Let the angel's proclamation be heralded to the world.
 By the elders, send the message; by the seventies, preach the word,
 And leave them then without excuse when the warning has been heard.

Glad tidings of great joy we bring to each true and honest heart.
 Oh, how our bosoms swelled with love when first we heard, in part,
 And how our faith has grown since then, as we the lesson learn,
 Of the gospel's restoration and its power for fallen men.

And how the work is growing—growing larger year by year,
 And how our prophet would rejoice, were he but with us here;
 And how the Lord does magnify his servants in his cause,
 As they show forth humility, keeping all his holy laws.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

DAVID L. MURDOCK.

WASHINGTON IN HUNGARY.

BY J. HAMILTON GARDNER.

Who would think that the erecting in Buda-Pesth of a monument to the memory of George Washington has anything to do with the spread of "Mormonism" in Hungary? At first thought the connection between the two seems very slight, but closer examination reveals an actual relationship, and at the same time illustrates a beautiful principle of the gospel as believed in by the Latter-day Saints.

The Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, in oft-repeated statements, teach that America is the land of Zion. It is an especially blessed land; in fact, from the beginning "it became a choice land above all other lands, a chosen land of the Lord." Probably the greatest blessing that has been bestowed upon it is liberty. The Nephite scriptures, in particular, repeatedly state that America is "a land of liberty unto the inhabitants," that "there shall be no kings upon this land," and that God will protect its people "from all other nations under heaven." To insure this liberty the Lord through inspired men gave the constitution to the American colonists; for it is expressly stated by him: "And for this purpose [that of liberty to all] have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up for this very purpose." No other land can boast of liberty such as it possesses. To the people of other countries, down-trodden by injustice and tyranny, it has shone forth as a beacon light of freedom, and stood a haven from oppression. That they have found it such is amply proved by the patriotism and love shown by thousands of immigrants for their adopted country.

The freedom enjoyed in America has not been with-

out its influence upon the rest of the world. Liberty gained in one land kindles a desire for it in another. Suc-

cess in the struggle for freedom among one people always incites others to obtain the same rights. Thus the liberty gained in America has had a tremendous influence, both directly and indirectly on the fight for human rights in other countries. The benefits and advantages obtained by American independence have incessantly spurred other patriots on to greater endeavors, and have done much in helping them gain even the amount of liberty which at present exists. Thus it can be seen how at least part of the law has "gone forth out of Zion," as foretold by the



Washington Monument in Buda-Pesth.

Prophets Isaiah and Micah.

The gospel of human liberty—surely an essential part of Christ's teaching—has been spreading among the nations long before the gospel in its fulness was restored.

But what has all this to do with the spread of "Mormonism?" Simply this: we may well claim that since the beginning, every reform that has been effected; every betterment of human condition brought about; any advancement made in any line whatever, whether it be in science, art, religion, invention or human liberty, has brought the world nearer to that stage where it could accept the fulness of the gospel, or "Mormonism." Thus any of these movements would be connected with and included in this restored gospel. Therefore, the advocates of liberty have been indirectly spreading "Mormonism."

And now the connection between the erection of a monument

to Washington and the spread of this work in Hungary is made plain. Of all the inspired men whom God raised up to gain freedom for America, Washington was undoubtedly the greatest. And so his monument stands as a striking emblem of liberty, and where liberty spreads, one of the principles of the gospel is being promulgated.

This monument was erected by the Hungarians of America, in 1906. It stands in a conspicuous place in the "Varos-Liget," Buda-Pesth's City Park. Nothing more significant and suggestive of freedom could have been built, because if any man's name stands for liberty it is that of Washington. And the American Hungarians were shrewd enough to use this silent, but nevertheless effective, way of advocating freedom in their fatherland.



Louis Kossuth, Hungarian Patriot, born 1802, died 1894.

Washington's name is also used in another way in Hungary. The Magyars speak of their most highly honored countryman as the "Washington of Hungary." This is Louis Kossuth, the principal instigator of the revolution of 1848-9, and the foremost champion of Hungarian liberties. But he was not as successful as his American predecessor, although he made a determined and valiant fight; the Hungarian patriots were defeated by the Austrians, and Kossuth was compelled to seek safety in exile. In 1851-2 he visited America, and as he had previously used the time of two years' imprisonment to learn

English, he was able to address the people in their own language. His speeches were forceful and eloquent, and met with much sympathy. A monument has since been erected to his memory in Luna

Park, Cleveland, Ohio—also by the Hungarians of America. The Washington monument in Buda-Pesth shows, to some extent, at least, the gratitude felt by the American Hungarians toward their adopted countrymen who had treated their beloved Kossuth so kindly. And so the “father of his country,” besides valiantly and successfully fighting for liberty in America, is indirectly aiding the same cause—and therefore “Mormonism”—in Hungary. Truly “God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.”

Buda-Pesth, Hungary.

THE ‘FLORIDA’-‘REPUBLIC’ COLLISION.

The White Star steamship *Republic*, well known to many Latter-day Saints who have crossed the ocean on it, on its way from New York to the Mediterranean, was struck in a fog off Nantucket by the inward-bound Italian steamer *Florida*, January 23, and sank some hours later, while being towed back to New York. As soon as the collision occurred, a distress call was sent out by wireless telegraphy, and several steamships a hundred miles or more distant, picked up the message and started to help the injured ship. The four hundred and sixty passengers on the *Republic* and the crew of that ship were taken on board the *Florida*, which although disabled by the collision, was not in a sinking condition. Later the *Baltic*, which was the first ship responding to the distress signal to reach the scene, took on board the passengers and crews of both the injured ships. Two passengers on the *Republic* and four seamen on the *Florida* were killed in the collision.

It is believed that the “wireless,” “that unique marvel of an age amazingly new,” is robbing the sea of its terrors. Thirty-eight hours elapsed between the time of the collision and the sinking of the *Republic*, but it took only ten minutes time for Jack Binns, the hero wireless operator of the *Republic* to send out “the ambulance call of the sea,” which brought help and succor. Since the collision the Navy Department has opened bids for a wireless tower in Washington, which will be able to communicate with ships at sea to a distance of three thousand miles. Jack Binns was praised in Congress for his heroism. Representative Boutell said there was one silent actor in the tragedy, whose name should be immortalized, and continued:

I refer to the Marconi operator on the *Republic*, who had the cool head and steady hand to send forth on the willing wings of air the message of disaster that saved hundreds of lives, and the message of deliverance that relieved thousands of anxious hearts. His name is John R. Binns. He is known to several members of this House.

“Jack” Binns has given to the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells on seas in many who are doing quiet, unnoticed work in life.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HOLY GHOST, HOLY SPIRIT, COMFORTER.

A large number of questions coming from many sources and pertaining to the Holy Ghost, the Holy Spirit, and the Spirit of God, have recently been asked. While it is impracticable to reply, separately, to all, it is hoped that in this writing a satisfactory answer to most of them may be found.

The Holy Ghost, who is a member of the Trinity in the God-head, has not a body of flesh and bones, like the Father and the Son, but is a personage of Spirit. (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 130: 22.)

The Holy Spirit, or Spirit of God, both of which terms are sometimes used interchangeably with the Holy Ghost, is the influence of Deity, the light of Christ, or of Truth, which proceeds forth from the presence of God to fill the immensity of space, and to quicken the understanding of men. (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 88: 6-13.)

The Comforter, spoken of in John 14: 16, 17, is not the Holy Ghost, and has no reference to the Holy Ghost, but has reference to another Comforter which is the Spirit of Truth, which dwells in the Son of God, as explained in the 17th and 18th verses, in which the Lord says, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you." Therefore, Jesus himself, and the Spirit of Truth proceeding from him and that dwelleth in him, which is imparted to the true believer by the power of the Holy Ghost, is that other Comforter which Jesus promised in this scripture.

If a man is baptized and ordained to the holy priesthood, and is called upon to perform duties which pertain to that priesthood, it does not follow that he must always have the Holy Ghost present with him when he performs his duty, but every righteous act which he may perform legally will be in force and effect, and will be acknowledged of God, whether he hath much or little of

the Holy Ghost, but the more of the Spirit of God he possesses in ministrations, the better for himself, and those will not suffer any loss unto whom he administers.

Therefore, the presentation or "gift" of the Holy Ghost simply confers upon a man the right to receive at any time, when he is worthy of it and desires it, the power and light of truth of the Holy Ghost, although he may often be left to his own spirit and judgment.

The Holy Ghost as a personage of Spirit can no more be omnipresent in person than can the Father or the Son, but by his intelligence, his knowledge, his power and influence, over and through the laws of nature, he is and can be omnipresent throughout all the works of God. It is not the Holy Ghost who in person lighteth every man who is born into the world, but it is the light of Christ, the Spirit of Truth, which proceeds from the source of intelligence, which permeates all nature, which lighteth every man and fills the immensity of space. You may call it the Spirit of God, you may call it the influence of God's intelligence, you may call it the substance of his power, no matter what it is called, it is the spirit of intelligence that permeates the universe, and gives to the spirits of men understanding just as Job has said. (Job 32: 8; Doc. and Cov. Sec. 88: 3-13).

Every elder of the Church who has received the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, by one having authority, has power to confer that gift upon another; it does not follow that a man who has received the presentation or gift of the Holy Ghost shall always receive the recognition and witness and presence of the Holy Ghost himself, or he may receive all these, and yet the Holy Ghost not tarry with him, but visit him from time to time (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 130:23); and neither does it follow that a man must have the Holy Ghost present with him when he confers the Holy Ghost upon another, but he possesses the gift of the Holy Ghost, and it will depend upon the worthiness of him unto whom the gift is bestowed whether he receive the Holy Ghost or not.

Now I repeat—the Holy Ghost is a personage of spirit, he constitutes the third person in the Trinity, the Godhead. The gift or presentation of the Holy Ghost is the authoritative act of conferring him upon man. The Holy Ghost in person may visit men

and will visit those who are worthy and bear witness to their spirit of God and Christ, but may not tarry with them. The Spirit of God which emanates from Deity may be likened to electricity, or the universal ether, as explained in our manual, which fills the earth and the air, and is everywhere present. It is the power of God, the influence that he exerts throughout all his works by which he can effect his purposes and execute his will, in consonance with the laws of free agency which he has conferred upon man. By means of this Spirit every man is enlightened, the wicked as well as the good, the intelligent and the ignorant, the high and the low, each in accordance with his capacity to receive the light; and this Spirit or influence which emanates from God may be said to constitute man's consciousness, and will never cease to strive with man, until man is brought to the possession of the higher intelligence which can only come through faith, repentance, baptism for the remission of sins, and the gift or the presentation of the Holy Ghost by one having authority. All this seems very plain and simple.

The Y. M. M. I. A. Manual statements are not intended, and certainly should not be interpreted, to mean that the Spirit of God is ether, or that ether is the Spirit of God. It is true that the manual likens or compares the infinity of the Spirit of God or Holy Spirit, which permeates all His works, with the supposed infinity of the universal ether, but it was certainly not intended to convey the thought that ether is the Spirit of God; and much less that the Holy Ghost, who is a personage of Spirit, is ether. By request Dr. John A. Widtsoe has written an article on the subject, supplemental to the manual, which follows.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

ETHER, HOLY SPIRIT, AND HOLY GHOST.

Ether.

The last one hundred years have been a period of tremendous scientific progress. Every department of human thought has been touched with the light of intelligence. New sciences have been founded and developed, and the older sciences have been extended far beyond their ancient limits. The accumulation of facts has been so great as to stagger the human mind. Today, this work of mastering nature's secrets goes on with undiminished vigor.

As science has progressed it has become more and more evident that at least a large class of the phenomena of nature can not be explained in ordinary terms of material things as we know them. It has been borne in upon the human mind with greater and greater insistency that in order to explain even imperfectly the nature and relation of the great forces of the universe, it is necessary to assume that space is completely filled with a subtle substance of marvelous and controlling properties. Every new discovery makes the truth of the existence of such a substance more probable. What this substance is, no man knows, for it lies beyond the reach of human senses. In the operations of nature alone do we recognize it. It makes possible heat and light and electricity and magnetism; by its aid does nature speak in the thunders and the lightnings, and by its relations to universal things, even the human mind is aided. Nothing in the world of things and thoughts is unaffected by this universal substance. This substance (which may perhaps be a means through which the Spirit of God operates) is the *ether* of science. The name stands for man's conception of an eternal reality, back of the operations of nature, which, though in itself unknown and unknowable, may be dimly understood through its effects upon things material.

Holy Spirit.

When Joseph Smith was led by God to reestablish the Church of Christ, one of his main duties was to restore in the minds and hearts of men a rational conception of God, the Ruling Force of the universe. The Prophet made it a cornerstone of his teachings that God is personal, and though of infinite power, might and majesty, occupies only a limited portion of space. The old dominating idea that God is everywhere personally present was firmly declared to be wrong. Nevertheless, the Prophet taught that God controls every part of the universe, and that within his immediate reach and power are every man, animal, tree and stone. The very hairs on our heads are counted and governed by him. The Prophet further taught that a personal God with a body occupying limited space can exercise such intimate and universal power by the use of a holy substance of remarkable properties, the Holy Spirit, diffused throughout space, and filling every part of it. By this holy

substance, the Light of Christ, the Spirit of Truth, God is in communication with every part and being of the universe; by its means He can transmit His will and power to the uttermost parts of space, and touch the hearts of His children everywhere. As taught by Joseph Smith and the leaders of the Church, even the physical light from the sun, heat, electricity, thunder and lightning are expressions of divine will, by the operations of this holy, universe-filling substance. (Doc. and Cov. 88: 3-13.) This conception is one that, taken in connection with the idea of a personal God, makes the "Mormon" philosophy of God and his attributes lucidly clear and yet convincingly rational. This holy substance, servant of God, filling all space, and carrying God's will and word to the whole universe, is variously called the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of God, the Light of Christ, the Spirit of Truth.

It can not be said with authority that the ether of science and the Holy Spirit of "Mormonism" are one and the same. However, it can be said safely, that they are both included in the works of God. Both the ether and the Holy Spirit are poorly known to human understanding; that both are mighty servants of the Master we know. The marvel to us is that Joseph, the boy Prophet, unacquainted with the learning of men, should embody in the theological structure which he gave to the world, a fundamental doctrine, the practical counterpart of which men of science have been compelled by their discoveries to include in their man-made philosophy. It is more a marvel that Joseph Smith taught his doctrine of the Holy Spirit many years before the corresponding doctrine of the ether was finally accepted by the world of science. (For further discussion of this subject see the Y. M. M. I. A. Manual for this year.)

Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost is the third member of the Godhead, and is a personage, distinct from the Holy Spirit or Spirit of God. Little has been revealed as yet concerning the Holy Ghost. However, we do know that the work assigned to this member of the Godhead is high and holy and necessary for man's eternal progress; that his presence and power are promised to those who have faith in God, who repent of their sins, who are baptized for the remission of

their sins, and who have hands laid upon them by constituted authority, that they may receive his presence, light and intelligence.

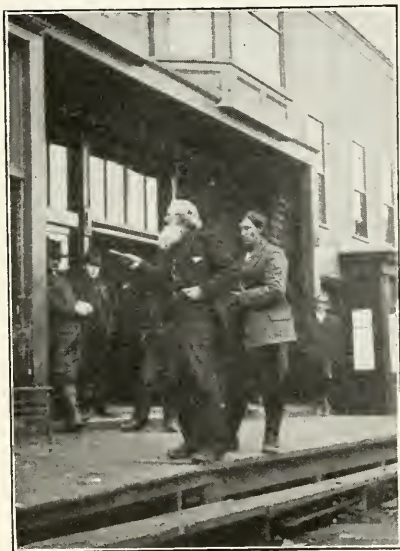
JOHN A. WIDTSOE.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Elder Albert B. Foulger, writing from Kimberley, South Africa, December 21, says: "We are just making preparations for a conference of the South African mission, to be held at Woodstock, January 8 to 11. As this is the first conference ever held in South Africa, much interest is being taken. We feel that it will put new life into our work, and that we shall enjoy a spiritual feast. Considerable slander and misrepresentation have been meted out to us through the press, but usually we are permitted to reply and make clear our position; so that thus far, only good has resulted. It has caused investigation, and many are receiving the light. We had one baptismal service this month and are arranging for another on the 26th."

Elder K. N. Winnie who, with Elder E. G. Cannon, resides in Nome

City, Alaska, writes under date of November 23, 1908, that they are holding meetings this winter for both the white and the Eskimo population, and have some investigators. "We believe that before long our Eskimo friend, Happy Jack, will become a living witness to his people, and lead many of them into the kingdom of God. We will quite likely celebrate the 4th of February, 1909, in memory of Brother E. G. Cannon's 85th birthday. We are both well and happy, and hope to do some good here this winter." Elder Winnie has sent an article on "The Eskimo, his Origin and Destiny," with a number of portraits of these people and the country about Nome, for publication in the ERA. He expresses himself as having done so with the view of doing good by directing the minds of the Latter day Saints throughout the world toward the Eskimo of the north country.



Elders E. G. Cannon and K. N. Winnie preaching the gospel, streets of Nome, Alaska.



First Eskimo School opened in Nome, 1903-4, by Elders E. G. Cannon, now 85 years old, and K. N. Winnie.

The annual statistical report of the Scandinavian mission for the year ending December 31, sent to the *Millennial Star* by President Soren Rasmussen, shows that there are six conferences in Norway and Denmark, three in each country, with 143 missionaries, and a total of 2,757 souls belonging to the Church. During the year there have been 283 baptisms, and 129 persons over eight years old have emigrated. The labors of the elders show that there have been 64,928 gospel conversations; while 747,320 tracts, and 40,150 books have been distributed; 7,509 meetings have been held; and the elders visited 528,796 homes of strangers. The distribution of books has fallen off, owing to the present laws of Norway prohibiting the sale of books by missionaries.

"Just a word about the mission work in far-off Hungary. There are now five elders in this land laboring to spread the gospel among its people. So far there have been about one hundred people accept the truth, of whom the greater part have emigrated. Elders have been working in Hungary most of the time since 1901, but owing to restrictions have been very much hindered in their efforts; in fact, it has become so bad at times that they were compelled to leave entirely; for the last two years, however, there has been ample freedom. We began with two elders, in 1908, and now have five; in fact we could use twice that many, if it were possible to get them. So far the work has been carried on only among German speaking people, but we now have an elder who is learning Hungarian; and in a short time the work will be started among those people.

There are glorious prospects for missionary work here. It is now in its beginning stages, and there is a whole nation of good, honest people to whom we can carry the glad tidings. But here, as in most other places, 'the harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few.' Success to the ERA. It is always an inspiration and help to us in our work."—J. Hamilton Gardner, Buda-Pesth, Hungary, January 19, 1909.

Writing from Middlesbrough, England, January 15, Elder W. H. Caldwell, president of the Newcastle conference, says: "In this conference which comprises the countries of Cumberland, Northumberland, Durham, and a small portion of Yorkshire, we have ten branches of the Church established, with eight fully organized Mutuals, over which the traveling elders preside, except here at headquarters, where we have a good, energetic local presidency. Three of these associations are studying *The Apostolic Age*. The balance are dealing with *Spiritual Growth*. Our Middlesbrough organization will take up *Science and the Gospel* in the near future.

We have succeeded in awakening a greater interest than was shown one year ago, thus manifesting the spirit of real improvement. We fully realize the importance of Mutual work, and the part it is performing in the dissemination of truth. We also appreciate very much the outlines that have been prepared in the manuals, as we do the ERA, which comes to our conference regularly.



NEWCASTLE CONFERENCE

Top row: H. R. Smoot, J. W. Burt, M. F. Strong, W. K. Tarbett, L. S. Mecham, J. M. Brady, E. A. Walton, S. Richards, L. Peterson.

Second Row: J. Jones, J. J. Gillett, G. L. Wintle, J. W. Bambrough, J. W. Kissell, I. A. Packer, F. A. Purrington, J. Blackburn,

Third row: C. H. Brewerton, W. Bird, W. H. Caldwell, C. W. Penrose. S. Johnson, W. Kirkup, E. H. Cornwall.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE.

The new Movement Among the Priesthood Quorums of the Church has been desired for many years. It appears from the way the Presidents of Stakes and Bishops generally are receiving and adopting the instructions and the Courses of Study that the important and long-needed movement will be a success from the beginning.

What is the new movement? It is a system of providing the High Priests, Elders, Priests, Teachers and Deacons' quorums of the Church with a uniform Course of Study. It contemplates that each quorum or part of a quorum shall meet in each ward of the Church on every Monday evening for instruction in the formal study of the doctrines, principles and history of the gospel.

The Seventies were the pioneers in the matter, beginning their uniform weekly study in the fall of 1907, and they have so far issued two year books, and made splendid progress in qualifying themselves for the work of the ministry abroad among the nations of the earth, which is their legitimate calling.

At the April, 1908, general conference of the Church, President Joseph F. Smith highly commended the efforts of the Seventies. He also sounded the key note for similarly organizing all the other Priesthood quorums, with uniform courses of study, for the purpose of formally studying the doctrines and principles of the gospel, and for qualifying themselves in the active duties and labors of their several callings. Give the Lesser Priesthood something to do, was his admonition to the bishops, that will interest them in the work of the Lord, and direct their energies in such a way that they will be helpful to the needy, the poor, themselves and the Church—in the line of discipline, instruction, and practical experience. (See *Conference Report*, April, 1908; also *IMPROVEMENT ERA*, Vol. XI, pp. 547-50.)

Soon after this date, a special committee on Course of Study for the Priesthood consisting of Elders Rudger Clawson, and David O. McKay, both of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles; with Bishops Charles W. Nibley, Orrin P. Miller, and David A. Smith, the Presiding Bishopric of the Church, were chosen to take the initiative in carrying out the instructions, and to prepare courses of study for all the quorums, except the Seventy who already had their manual. The committee set to work upon the subject with energy. A system of work for the priesthood quorums had already been inaugurated in a number of the stakes, notably in Weber and Granite. These were investigated and finally a three-year course was decided

upon. The original committee then selected the following additional names: Edward H. Anderson, Nephi Anderson, Stephen L. Richards, Sylvester D. Bradford, John M. Mills, Joseph B. Keeler, David O. Willey, Jr., Charles C. Richards, Henry H. Blood, Joseph J. Cannon, and P. Joseph Jensen. During the summer and fall of 1908, the committee met regularly once each week, organized the membership into sub-committees, decided upon a three-years' course for each quorum, and set to work upon the five manuals for the first year's study. As the manuscript was prepared it was submitted to an editing committee with Elder David O. McKay chairman, and finally printed under the supervision of a printing committee with Bishop David A. Smith, chairman. The outlines were distributed from the office of the IMPROVEMENT ERA to all the wards of the Church in early January.

At the Priesthood meeting, at the general conference in October, the committee by Chairman Clawson presented the whole subject to the assembled Priesthood, and the plan outlined was considered and unanimously adopted. It was decided that presidents of stakes and bishops of wards should get every worthy member ordained to the Priesthood and enrolled in the quorum where he could do the most efficient service to the Church; that in every ward a weekly Priesthood meeting be held on Monday night, beginning on the first Monday night in January, 1909; and that commencing November 29, and continuing to December 27, a special stake conference of the Priesthood be held in every stake in the Church, at which representatives of the General Authorities were to attend to present and explain the movement. (For a copy of this report see IMPROVEMENT ERA, Vol. XII, p. 78-9.)

This arrangement was carried out universally, as nearly as circumstances would permit, and by the middle of January, the movement was making commendable headway in nearly all the wards of the Church.

The bishopric, ward clerk, and quorum officers, and all the Priesthood of the ward compose the membership of these quorum meetings. They meet together conjointly, have opening exercises, roll call of officers, a singing practice of fifteen minutes, give general instructions, then separate into quorums. Here in the classes there is a roll call of members, minutes, then the regular lesson as outlined in the Course, which should occupy one hour. In some wards the quorums reassemble for adjournment, in others not; this and the hour of meeting is left optional with the authorities, but the time of meeting should not exceed one hour and forty-five minutes, one hour of which should be devoted to quorum work. Thirty-six lessons for each year are provided, the balance of the time is to be filled in by the different quorums as they think best, under direction of the Presidency of the different stakes.

This movement to give the Quorums of the Priesthood a progressive Course of Study is meeting everywhere with hearty approval. Its ultimate success will, of course, depend upon the selection of good class instructors, the energy and spirit of the authorities and officers, attention to details, regularity, punctuality, preparation of lessons, and the selection of capable and energetic men to supervise the bors.

It only remains now to say a word about the study itself. Each lesson is in two parts: the theoretical and the practical. The first is for information, the second for application in the students' life. In other words, the object is to learn duty; to act in performance of duty. It is hoped that the Deacon will learn not only the theory of his work, but how to apply that knowledge; and so with the Priest, and Teacher; as well as the Elder and High Priest. Great stress is laid upon the practical calling and duties of the members, and upon the need there is for all who hold the Priesthood to magnify and honor it. To this end division two of each lesson takes up practical work, assignment of duties for the week, etc.

Following are the titles of each Course for the first year: High Priests, "Church Organization and History;" Elders, "Book of Mormon; Divine Authenticity;" Priests, "Restoration of the Gospel and Church History;" Teachers, "Old Testament and Pearl of Great Price;" Deacons, "Old Testament."

Beginning February 1st, the Seventies met with the other quorums, instead of on Sunday mornings as heretofore.

Delay in the Course of Study—Unfortunately the Committee were unable to judge properly of the number of manuals needed to supply the priesthood and the result has been that the manuals on hand were exhausted about the 1st of February. The committee authorized a reprint of the manuals that were sold out, and the orders which came in too late for the first edition will be filled by the second. There are now plenty of manuals to supply the wants of all. Orders sent to Alpha J. Higgs, IMPROVEMENT ERA office, will receive prompt attention.

Monday Night the Time of Meeting.—One of the stakes of Zion has requested that the deacons of that stake be permitted to hold their priesthood class meeting on Sunday morning as a part of the Sabbath School instead of attending the regular priesthood meeting on Monday night. The Committee on Course of Study, to whom this matter was referred, have unanimously decided that the meeting of any of the quorums of the priesthood at any other time than Monday night, the time now fixed for all the quorums to meet, be discouraged. If one quorum is permitted to meet at a separate time from that appointed, it would give license for other quorums to do the same, and the result would be a lack of uniformity, which is one of the principle advantages in the present arrangement. Having one evening for the quorums to meet, enables everybody to so arrange their affairs as to set that night apart for that purpose, and every person holding the priesthood should make it a point to be present on every Monday evening, and make that a uniform rule throughout the Church.

Selecting Class Leaders—It is understood that the Elders and the High Priests shall select their own class leaders with the sanction and approval of the presidency of the stake, and that the class leaders for the Lesser Priesthood shall be chosen by the bishops. In choosing class leaders for the Lesser Priesthood quorums, it is wisdom for the bishops to avoid selecting all the teachers from any one quorum, but rather select them from all the higher quorums to avoid the disruption of any one quorum. Wisdom and judgment exercised in these matters

will prevent ill feeling and keep each quorum in working order. As far as the Seventies are concerned, it is understood that the selection of their class leaders shall be left with the presidents of the quorums, subject to the approval of the First Council of Seventy.

On Re-assembling After Adjournment of Classes.—The question has been asked as to whether the Seventies should return and reassemble with the other quorums after their exercises, so that all the quorums may adjourn together. Whether the quorums or parts of quorums reassemble before the adjournment of the meeting is to be left to the discretion of the presiding authorities. It would be well for the officers of the quorums and the bishopric to meet together and have an understanding in regard to this matter. Where quorums desire to continue their class work longer than the time stated in the outlines, and they can do so without seriously interfering with the other classes or quorums, an arrangement to this end might be made. It is not well to be too strict with the higher quorums in this matter of re-assembling for dismissal, as they naturally require more time than the other quorums for the consideration of their lessons.

Priesthood Quorums' Organ.—Now that the quorums of the Priesthood are engaged in the formal study of theology, and meet weekly with this commendable object in view, there arises a need for a means of communication between the general officers who have the study and the direction of the quorums in hand, and the members and teachers of the quorums. This need, it has been decided by the Presidency of the Church, the Committee on Course of Study, and the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., will be supplied by the IMPROVEMENT ERA which becomes the organ of the Priesthood Quorums and the Y. M. M. I. A. A department in the magazine will be devoted to the interests of the quorums, in which methods of teaching, answers to questions, and other instructions and information will be given. Presidents of stakes, bishops, and quorum officers and members are invited to take notice of this arrangement. All correspondence for this department should be sent to the editor of the ERA, Salt Lake City, Utah.

All subscriptions to the ERA, and all orders for Priesthood Courses of Study and M. I. A. Manuals should be sent to Alpha J. Higgs, 214 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City.

Presidents of Stakes, Bishops and Officers of Quorums, will please take notice that the Y. M. M. I. A. Board has Priesthood Quorum Courses of Study, which are now ready for distribution. All orders for these should be sent to Alpha J. Higgs at the IMPROVEMENT ERA office, No. 214 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City. All subscriptions for the ERA should be forwarded to the same address.

(Signed)

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
JOHN R. WINDER,
ANTHON H. LUND.

MUTUAL WORK.

LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.

The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of Box Elder Stake are the pioneers in the establishment of libraries. They have a successful library in Brigham City which has now about 2,000 volumes; there are besides twelve or fifteen of the best magazines, a number of the leading weekly and daily newspapers of the state, and many other periodicals of interest published in the country, to be found on their reading tables. The library of which a cut is here given, was built in 1898, under the direction of their Superintendent Oleen N. Stohl, President Minnie L. Snow, and the presidents of the four wards of the city and their associates. A great part of the cost was met by donation, the total of which was about \$1,000. When the library was first opened, it contained about 300 volumes of books principally gathered from the Mutual Improvement Associations of the four wards.



FREE LIBRARY AND READING ROOM

Erected and Maintained by the Mutual Improvement Associations of
Brigham City.

The present executive committee consists of the Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the stake, president of the Young Ladies' Association, with Oluf Peterson and Minnie H. Jensen; Secretary, May M. Horsley, and Treasurer Oluf Peterson. The presidents of the Mutuals of the four wards form the directory. The library is open from two to nine p. m. every day of the week except Sunday and Tuesday. The hours on Sunday are from four to six p. m., and on Tuesday the library closes at six p. m, in order to allow the M. I. A. members to attend their meetings. The expenses for librarian, fuel, and sundries amount in the year to about \$200, which amount is raised by concerts, theatrical entertainments and donations from the Mutuals. It is the testimony of all who understand the situation that the library and reading room of the Mutual Improvement Associations of Brigham City have been wonderful means towards the improvement of the young people of that city. Would such a place in your town be of value? Could it be established and supported?

HOW TO INTEREST MEMBERS.

Speaking on M. I. A. work Elder H. E. Iverson, of Bear River City, stated at the Box Elder Stake Convention that enthusiasm in the leader is the first requisite. The best class leaders should be chosen, men thoroughly informed along the line of our winter's work. Then suitable persons should be put in charge of the amusements, who will look more to the social welfare of the boys than to the financial emoluments resulting from the gathering. Seek first the welfare and love of the members and the necessary expense will be met. Insist on order, persevere in the right. Amusements should be of a high order and employ the greatest number; not so much always the best talent should be displayed. Each individual has an aptitude, has capacity along some line; find it and aid in its development. Educating the units comprising society will bring the millennium sooner than highly educating the few.

The Savior taught the poor, the meek, the lowly, in fact, all who were teachable.

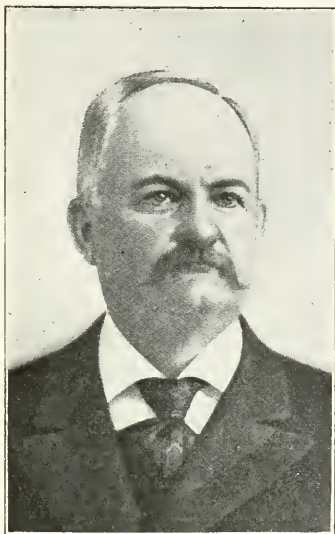
Interest our boys, not by telling them to be good, but make the good attractive, and the evil abhorrent. Good will find a response in all hearts.

In preliminary programs, good music, vocal or instrumental, attracts strongly. Glee clubs, both in junior and senior classes, are a possibility. Put good singers upon the street corners of any large city and see how quickly people will gather. Remember David, the harpist of old, his is a story with a melody, and always simply told.

In working with young men, mingling with them in their amusements, and experiencing their joys and sorrows, arouses sympathetic feelings. Reasons for certain of their actions are seen and appreciated. We can know people as we experience similar conditions to theirs. To become God-like, we must meet and overcome as God has. Who knows better than the man who has smoked, how hard it is to resist a cigarette? Who can better advise than he who knows the hearts of his seekers; and how can you know, without meeting upon a basis of equality? If our young men feel us above them, they cannot give us their confidence.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.



Gov. Caleb W. West.

Caleb W. West.—The last territorial governor of Utah, Hon. Caleb W. West, died on Sunday evening, January 24, at Providence hospital, Oakland, California. He was the son of Andrew Jackson and Katherine Murphy West, and was born in Kentucky, May 25, 1844. He was governor of Utah twice, from 1886 to 1889, and from 1893 to statehood. At the beginning of his first administration, when he succeeded Governor Eli H. Murray, there were stirring times in the territory, and his coming heralded conciliation after the turbulent administration of Governor Murray. He signed the first bonds of the territory, and the acts of the legislature establishing the Agricultural College and the Reform School. A portrait and sketch of Governor West was published in May, 1901, in the IMPROVEMENT ERA.

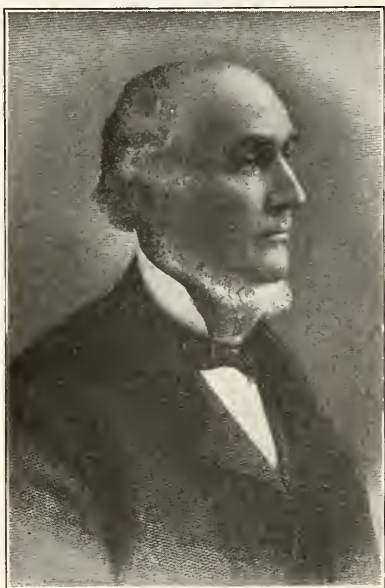
Uncompromising Hostility to the Saloon.—During the whole of January and February, the agitation for statewide prohibition continued with unabated interest. Over seventy-five thousand names have been sent to the legislators, almost every settlement in Utah contributing its practically unanimous quota asking for a law prohibiting the sale of liquors. Many private communications have been written to the legislators urging the measure. Mass meetings have been held; resolutions passed, and delegations appointed to visit the representatives and senators. Perhaps the largest gathering was the great mass meeting held in the Salt Lake Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, February 2, under the auspices of the women's clubs, Mrs. C. H. McMahon presiding. The building was packed, there being standing room only. Addresses were made by Hon. Nephi L. Morris, Mrs. Ruth May Fox, Mrs. P. A. Simpkin, Mrs. E. E. Shepherd, and Rev. Francis B. Short. A resolution against the saloon and liquor traffic, expressing the sentiment of the people gathered, was read by request by Hon. Heber J. Grant, and passed with a vim.

As the campaign proceeded it became clearly apparent that the leading poli-

ticians in power are opposed to prohibition. Heavy pressure was brought to bear upon the legislature, particularly the senators, against the proposed law, introduced in the House by Hon. Jos. J. Cannon and supported by the Anti-saloon League, on the ground that it was a Democratic measure, supported mainly by members of that party. This resulted in a number of leading Republicans calling a state mass meeting to be held at the Salt Lake Theatre, Wednesday, February 24, to protest against the assertion that it is Democrats alone, and not Republicans who want prohibition. In the meantime, the House passed the Cannon bill by an overwhelming vote of thirty-nine against four. The names of the four are: T. L. Holman, Hugh A. McMillen, Daniel McRae, and Claude Y. Russell. On Monday, 15th, the bill came up for reconsideration, and again passed the House.

On the 20th, the bill was considered in the Senate and defeated by a vote of 12 to 6, as follows: Against, Carl A. Badger, Herschel Bullen, Jr., E. T. Hulaniski, J. A. Hyde, Rudolf Kuchler, Charles E. Marks, John H. Seeley, R.W. Sevy, Benner X. Smith, John Y. Smith, S. J. Stookey, President Henry Gardner—12; For, Alonzo Brinkerhoff, Christopher Burten, Jr., W. C. Horsley, Albert E. Miller, W. N. Williams and James B. Wilson—6.

Lorin Farr.—A Utah pioneer, Hon. Lorin Farr, born July 27, 1820, in Waterford, Caledonia County, Vermont, passed to his rest in Ogden, on January, 12, 1909.



Lorin Farr.

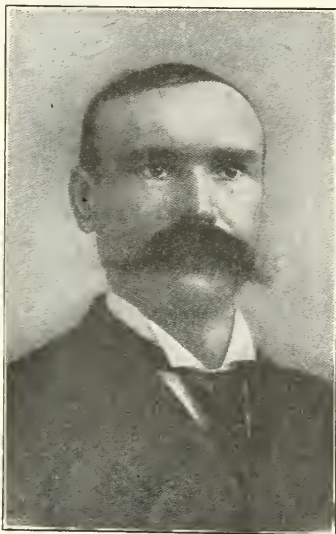
He was sent to Ogden in 1850, by President Brigham Young, "to locate and take charge of the Northern Colonies;" was the first Mayor of Ogden City, acting for twenty-two years; presided for more than twenty years over the Weber Stake of Zion, and for twenty-eight years represented Weber, Box Elder, and Cache counties in the Territorial Legislature; and was a member of the Constitutional Convention, which, in 1895, framed the state constitution upon which Utah was admitted to the Union. As a colonizer, a law-maker, and an executive, he exhibited wisdom, honesty and integrity, and was among the foremost of the hardy pioneers in enterprise and action.

In religious affairs he was true and faithful in every calling, helpful to all, and a Latter-day Saint in every fibre. He was a witness to the whole wondrous history of the Latter-day Saints, from the time when, an eleven-year old lad in 1832, he was baptized, until the day of his death, in his 89th year. He lived

with the family of the Prophet Joseph Smith during the winter of the exodus from Missouri to Illinois. Railroads, canyon roads, saw and flouring mills, factories, farms and other enterprises in Weber county, are witnesses to his activity and zeal. For more than a quarter of a century while in the hey-day of his manhood's strength, he impressed his character, energy and thrift upon the citizens of his day and time, and made all who came under his influence better and happier for the contact.

Since 1895, he has lived quietly at his home, much of his time, however, having been spent in travel among the Saints; and latterly in peaceful work in the temples. The funeral took place from the Ogden Tabernacle, Sunday, January 17. Among the speakers were President Joseph F. Smith, Elders George Albert Smith, Joseph Parry, President L. W. Shurtliff and Hon. Fred J. Kiesel.

John Nicholson.—In the death of Elder John Nicholson, which occurred on the 25th of January a prominent and much beloved resident of Utah passed to his reward. His was a bright intellect and his attainments place him in the forefront of the energetic workers of the Church. As a speaker and writer, he was well known among the people, and his clear, logical and concise method of expressing himself found great favor with both hearers and readers. He was the associate editor of the *Deseret News* for a number of years in the 80's, and was the first editor of the *Ogden Herald*, established in 1881, and later changed to the *Standard*. His writings for the IMPROVEMENT ERA, *Juvenile Instructor* and other Church publications are well known. He wrote several poems, and three of his hymns are found in the L. D. S. hymn book. He was the author of the *Preceptor*, the first systematic study adopted by the Improvement Associations of the Church. He possessed a high sense of honor, justice and right, and was a thorough Latter-day Saint, devoting most of his life to the building up of the Church. He was a native of St. Boswell, Roxburgh, Scotland, where he was born July 13, 1839. He joined the Church on the 8th of April, 1861, laboring thereafter as a missionary for three years, from 1863 to '66, part of which time he presided over the Birmingham Conference. He filled another mission to England during 1878 to 1880, being associate editor at that time of the *Millennial Star*, and again visited Great Britain in 1891. He numbered friends among all creeds and classes of people and everybody who became acquainted with him respected him for his firm attitude towards the right and his hatred of wrong and error. He was a man



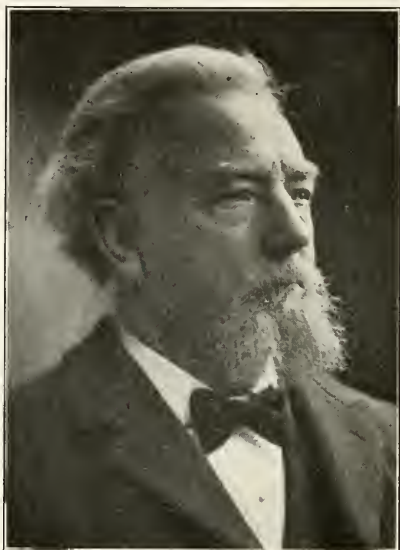
John Nicholson.

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never afraid to express his honest convictions. An extended biography of him written by Elder Orson F. Whitney appears in the March and April numbers of the ERA, volume six, 1903.

The funeral was held in the 18th ward chapel on Thursday, January 28, and was largely attended. Among the speakers were Presidents Joseph F. Smith and John R. Winder, and Apostle O. F. Whitney who paid glowing tributes to his character and labors.

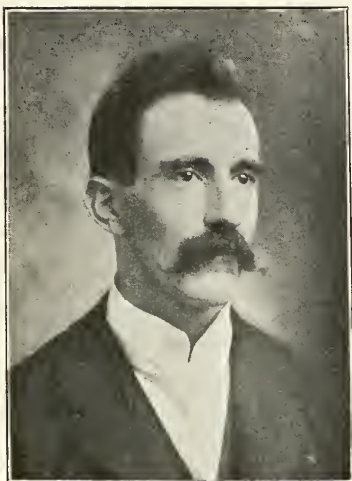
Charles R. Savage.—On the night of February 3, Charles R. Savage, one of the old residents and best known business men of Salt Lake City, died unexpectedly at his home. Elder Savage was one of the big-hearted men of Utah, whose influence and personality were felt for good in the whole community, and it is not too much to say that owing to his kind personality and his labors with the old folks, he was one of the most beloved men in the state. He was the originator of the Old Folks' Organization which has brought sunshine and joy to the hearts of thousands of men and women who have reached and passed the summit of life, and he continued to be the leading spirit in these entertainments for the aged from the day it was first established, in 1875, until the day of his death. His labors in this direction alone have been enough to engrave his name in the memory and hearts of the people for many years to come. He was a native of England, having been born in Southampton, August 16, 1832. He had been a resident of Salt Lake City since 1856, and he came to America several years prior to that



Charles R. Savage,
Founder of the Old Folks' Outings.

date. He opened the second photograph gallery in Salt Lake City, and for many years was practically the only person engaged in that line of work. He retired from the management of the book and studio business about three years ago, but was still the head of the firm of C. R. Savage & Co., up to the time of his death. In point of service and of years, he was the oldest member of the Tabernacle Choir, which he joined in 1860, and regularly attended up to the time of his death. Politically, and educationally he wielded great influence among the people, and he was beloved by all who knew him, for his kindness, sympathy, good cheer, and wise counsel. He contributed several interesting writings that have appeared in the ERA, and was a frequent contributor to other Church publications.

New Mission President.—President Rufus K. Hardy of the New Zealand mission has been released, and Elder George Bowles of the bishopric of the Second



George Bowles.

Ward, Salt Lake City, appointed to succeed him. Elder Bowles, born in Redhill, Surrey, England, December 28, 1866, came to Salt Lake City in May, 1888, where he was converted to the gospel and joined the Church in December following. He was mill foreman for the Taylor-Armstrong Lumber Company for several years. In 1893, he filled a mission to New Zealand where he acted as president in two different conferences, laboring principally among the Maoris. Returning in 1897, he actively engaged in Church work at home, being president of the Second Ward Y. M. M. I. A., second and first assistant and finally superintendent of the Sunday School; and in May, 1906, was chosen first counselor to Bishop Heber C. Iverson in the bishopric of the ward. He was also president of the tenth quorum of Seventy for about five years. His knowledge of building

will especially fit him to supervise the construction of the new agricultural school to be erected in the mission, and his experience in Church work makes him a strong man for the responsible work of his new calling as president of the mission. The mission has a fine chapel and headquarters already completed and a productive farm of 130 acres of first class land.

The Netherlands-Belgium Mission.—From the report of Prest. Sylvester Q. Cannon of the Netherlands-Belgium mission, for the year ending December 31, 1908, appearing in the *Millennial Star*, it is learned that they have opened 11 new fields in that mission, and that the Relief Societies and Sunday Schools have increased in number and enrollment. There are six more Sunday Schools than at the beginning of 1908. Tithing has increased five per cent over last year, and fast offerings 26 per cent. Many young missionaries have been received in the mission during the past eighteen months, but the president expresses a wish that they might get a few experienced men. In the five conference there are 80 missionaries laboring with a total of 2,543 souls belonging to the Church. During the year 240 baptisms were performed, and 89 souls emigrated. The elders held 55,797 gospel conversations, distributed 472,153 tracts and 32,532 books, held 3,652 meetings, and visited 128,590 strangers' homes.

Missionary Work in Great Britain.—From a very interesting review of the year 1908, of the European mission, which appeared recently in the *Millennial Star*, it appears that over five and one half million tracts were distributed in the thirteen conferences of the British mission, and 168,702 books; 13,880 meetings were held, and 396,349 gospel conversations; 1,308,271 strangers' houses were visited in tracting, and 43,507 by invitation. There were 1,234 baptisms during the year, 292 persons emigrated from the British mission, and altogether 1,297 persons were shipped through the Liverpool office, including elders returning, and infants. There are 6,220 officers and members and 1,003 children under eight years of age, making a total of 7,223 in the British mission. As an illustration of the activity of the publishing department, it is stated that no less than 6,123,000 tracts, 140,000 bound pamphlets, and 153,000 conference circulars were printed during the year 1908, in the Liverpool office; 1,225,000 *Rays of Living Light* were printed, and the *Millennial Star* maintained its circulation with gratifying increase. On the whole the British mission is prospering in every department, and has made a splendid record in the effort to enlighten the world concerning the gospel. President Charles W. Penrose has been very active in visiting conferences and missions and writing in defense of the Church. Engaged with him in the noble work are 28 high priests, 97 seventies, and 211 elders, making a total of 336 missionaries, all of whom are alive and active in the work of the Lord.

Roosevelt off for Africa.—President Roosevelt will head an expedition to Africa immediately after his retirement from the presidency, and the inauguration of President-elect William A. Taft, March 4. Three representatives of the Smithsonian Institution and his son Kermit will accompany him on the trip. The president will kill big game, but the general purpose of the expedition is to gather general collections in zoology and botany. Kermit will be the official photographer. Only those who know the president's forehandedness and zeal for work are aware how complete his plans for the out already are. He will sail from New York, it is announced, March 13. The year will be spent in British East Africa, about Victoria Nyanza, and it is expected he will come out of the Dark continent in 1910 at Kartoum.

Progress of Woman's Suffrage.—In the British Colonies of Australia and New Zealand, and in the American states of Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming, women have now the complete suffrage. Norway and Finland have also granted this privilege to women. To this list of states and countries Sweden must now be added. On Feb. 13 a bill passed the Swedish Diet by a vote of 134 to 94 and 120 to 98 in the two chambers amending the electoral law and providing for proportional representation in Parliament, and granting all persons over 24 years of age the right to vote without discrimination on account of sex.

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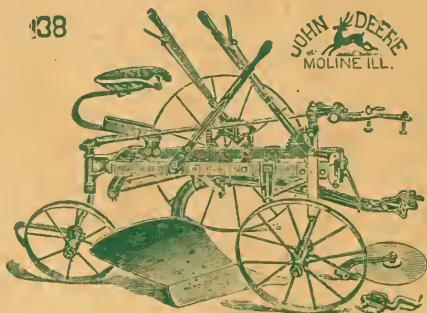
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