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THE CONTRIBUTOR

A Monthly Magazine.

Vol. XVI.

JUNE, 1895.

No. 8.

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ROBERT EDGE, the Mysterious Preacher,

In the Southern States. IN THIS NUMBER.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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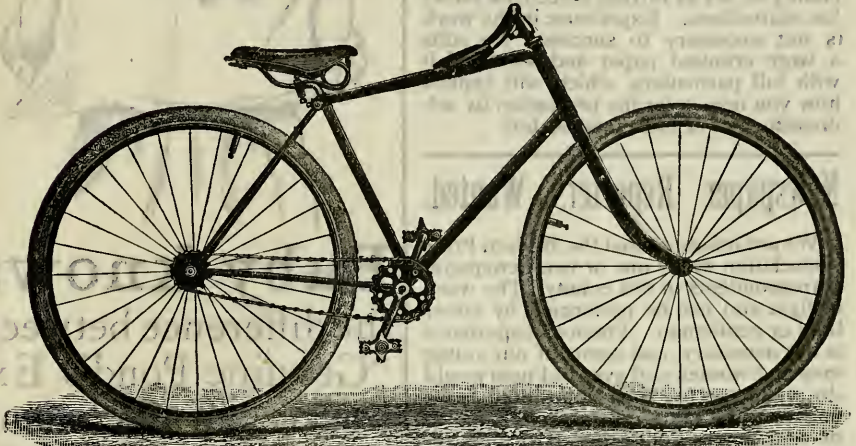
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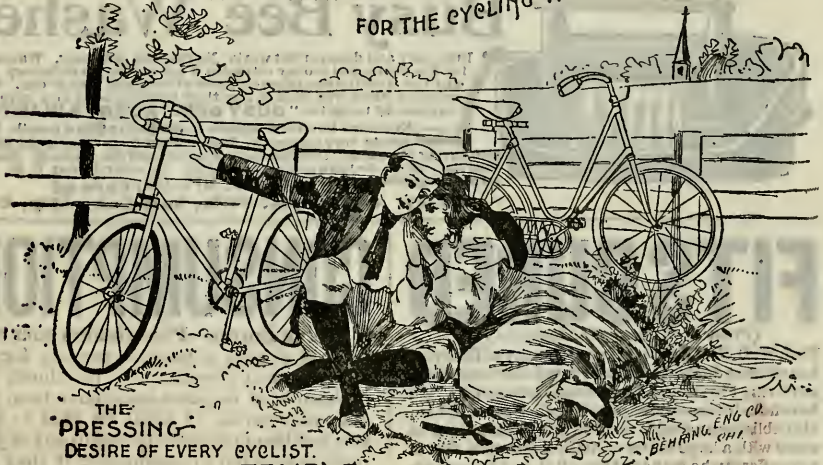


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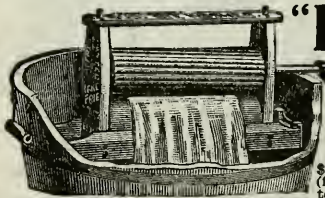
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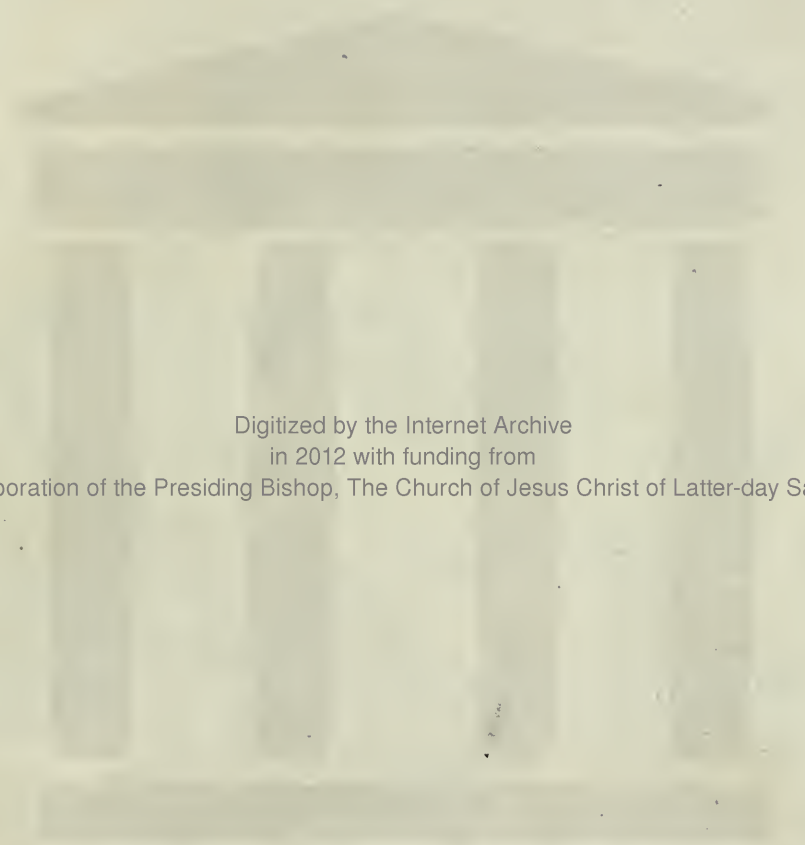
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5 8. 17 [ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.]

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

IF ever the existence and freedom of a people depended upon the life of one man, it was surely in the case of the Netherland provinces with the silent prince, William of Orange. He had rallied his countrymen to the defense of their liberties and homes—he alone seemed capable of arousing and shaping their sluggish but sincere patriotism. And small as had been his success against the mighty arms of Spain, his powers of statesmanship had nevertheless been tried and found not wanting, and he among all the princes of the Low Countries appeared the only one for whom even a measure of victory could be anticipated. So when the bullet of Balthazar Gerard pierced his devoted body and made a wound through which his life ebbed out, it was as if more than a struggling nation was plunged into sorrow and despair—it seemed as if the march of human civilization itself had sustained a deadly blow and the progress of mankind was suddenly stayed and turned back.

Of course such was not the case. The Netherlands continued their unequal but brilliant contest with the legions of Spain. Patriots of as much devotion as William, perhaps excelling him as warriors and certainly equaling him in diplomacy and finance, came forward to grasp the helm of state. The sympathy of Protestant Europe, albeit of lukewarm and inactive character, was with the stout Hollanders against his Catholic majesty, who claimed not

only dominion over their trade and their persons, but over their souls as well. Out of the seemingly impenetrable gloom into which Gerard's deed cast the indomitable burghers, there soon came bright gleams of hope, of succor, and at last success. Indeed it is improbable that the latter would have arrived so soon had William lived; for he was of strong and imperious will, and would hardly have called into requisition, or utilized to the full extent, the powers of the choice coterie of spirits who later united their energies for the cause he loved so well. It is another and a most striking illustration that the march of human progress and the plans of Providence are not to be blocked or even appreciably hindered by the untoward fate of those with whom for the time being the cause seems to be indissolubly linked.

Nevertheless William of Orange stands forth as a bright particular star in the firmament of history; and his memory deserves all the fond love with which it is still cherished by his countrymen and fellow-religionists, as his fate deserved the execration and the sadness with which the news of it was received three hundred years ago. His character was lovable though reserved; his patriotism was pure and exalted; his courage was undaunted. He had an iron will, a strong ambition, a profound regard for justice. His well-known pseudonym of "the silent" was given him, not because of a sullen taciturnity,

but, as is well known, because of his extraordinary self-control when he listened without the betrayal of fear or horror (when neither would have availed him), to the proposition of Henry II. to butcher all the Protestants of the Netherlands and France, the king little dreaming that his visitor was in the near future to stand forth as the champion of the threatened people.

Much of his strength of purpose and nobility of character he inherited from his mother, and her pious training and example stood as a bulwark between his simple honesty and the magnificent temptations and vices of the court of Spain, where as a youth he was received as a favorite page of the king. By Charles V. he was deemed so attractive that he was loaded with honors, and in his earliest manhood was trusted with positions and powers of great importance. Philip, too,—the cruel son of Charles, and his successor—depended much upon the tall, dark, quiet Hollander. But fortune and royal favor were alike cast away without a murmur or an instant's delay when the alternative was the imposition and perpetuation of wrongs upon his countrymen. Their cause became his—indeed he framed and shaped and developed the conflict which Europe was already ripe for. The inhumanity with which the merciless Alva proceeded to carry out his cruel master's bidding was the one thing needed to make the rupture between the provinces and the Catholic court complete. William's path was diverse yet counter to that of Philip and his minions, and the breach between the two countries would not be healed.

There is no need to go into the particulars of the war with its countless acts of heroism on the one side, and its skill and perfidy on the other. It is enough here to recall that when he found he could neither buy nor intimidate nor conquer his former associate and lieutenant, Philip is-

sued a ban against him and set a price of 25,000 gold crowns upon his head, and in earning the reward the fanatical Gerard was doubtless actuated no less by pious bigotry than by the love of lucre. The assassination took place in the Prince's own house in Delft, on July 10, 1584, a previous attempt, two years before, having proved unsuccessful. He was in the prime of life, fifty-one years of age, and appeared to be just entering upon the period of his greatest usefulness. But his half a century of life had been well-spent, and he performed a brave and valiant share of the part that is assigned to all who desire the welfare of their fellowmen.

A. G. C.

THE TIMES.

The times are not degenerate! Man's faith
Mounts higher than of old. No crumbling
creed

Can take from the immortal soul its need
Of something greater than itself. The wraith
Of dead beliefs we cherished in our youth,
Fades but to let us welcome new-born truth.

Man may not worship at the ancient shrine,
Proned on his face, in self-accusing scorn
That night is passed; he hails a fairer morn,
And knows himself a something half divine:
No humble worm whose heritage is sin.
But part of God—he feels the Christ within!

No fierce Jehovah with a frowning mien
He worships. Nay, through love and not
through fear
He seeks the truth, and finds its source is
near,
And feels and owns the power of things unseen
Where once he scoffed. God's great pri-
meval plan
Is fast unfolding in the soul of man.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It takes a man with keen eyesight
and a brain of much scope to see
and grasp the golden opportunity
before it turns the corner.

A good maxim is never out of
season.

ROBERT EDGE, THE MYSTERIOUS PREACHER.

THE following article was written some years since by Elder Hyrum Belnap who was at the time laboring as a missionary in the Southern States. It was published in the *Juvenile Instructor* and attracted considerable attention. During the life of Elder John Morgan the article was submitted to him, and he expressed a desire to enlarge upon it, as he had collected some incidents connected with the labors of Robert Edge which he desired to incorporate in a revised article. His unexpected death, however, prevented his accomplishing the work he intended to do. The CONTRIBUTOR therefore submitted the matter to Elder Hyrum Belnap, who stated that he had received no particular additional information concerning this personage and authorized the republication of his narrative.

We also communicated with the President of the Southern States Mission, who kindly delegated Elder W. W. Bean, who had been laboring as a missionary in the Southern States, but who had been released to return home, to gather what additional information he could concerning this noted preacher. The information he gathered we also append to the article, and trust that the whole narrative will prove of interest and encouragement to the Latter-day Saints, in whose services in the preaching of truth no one can labor without receiving their gratitude for his efforts to allay prejudice against the Gospel of the Son of God.

HYRUM BELNAP'S ARTICLE.

ON one calm, sunny day in the month of May, 1878, a supposed clap of thunder directly over the city of Lexington, Henderson County, Tennessee, redounding from the hills and cliffs near by, greatly excited the curiosity of the people of that region. The farmer stopped his plow, gazed around for an approaching storm; but seeing no cloud in the clear sky threw his plow again into the furrow and plodded on, as though nothing had happened. The workman in his shop laid down his tools, walked to the door, to see from whence the storm was coming. The merchant and the tailor did the same, but seeing no sign of a storm returned in wonderment to their labors, and consoled themselves with the thought that the noise was only one of the phenomena of the nineteenth century.

One strange feature, however, of this occurrence was that every person who lived within eight miles of Lexington stated that the sound proceeded either from a bluff located near the city or else sounded directly overhead. Reports soon came that

this peculiar sound was heard for thirty miles around.

In the afternoon of the same day a strange man appeared near Lexington, the county seat. He was rather spare built, of medium height, had fair skin, and dark brown hair, which was rather thin and inclined to curl; his beard was of a reddish cast and not very heavy. Judging from his appearance his age was between twenty-seven and thirty years.

The object of the stranger was to announce a meeting which was to be held in the neighborhood that evening. Being rather poorly clad, and because of his seeming intimate acquaintance with the shortest roads in the fields and woods, he excited the curiosity of a great many people, and as a consequence the meeting-house, that evening, was crowded to its utmost capacity.

At the hour appointed the stranger took his position on the stand. After looking around the assembly for a few moments he arose, and in a very clear, sharp tone called the audience to order. He then sang a hymn that was most pleasing both in sentiment and melody.

On arising to speak he astonished his congregation by not using the whining tone which is usually characteristic of modern divines, but spoke in a clear, decisive tone. He was very calm in his introductory remarks, but grew more eloquent as he entered deeper into his subject.

At the close of the services he appointed, at the solicitation of those present, several meetings to be held in the surrounding country.

He gave his name as Robert Edge, and said he belonged to the Church of God, but concerning the place from which he came, the inquirer received no satisfaction.

The news that a strange but eloquent preacher had come into the country, spread far and near. In his first circuit through different parts of the country this person pursued a very peculiar but effective course. Seemingly his object was to get all classes of people out to hear him. By way of illustration, when he first entered a neighborhood whose dominant sect was of the Baptist persuasion, he would speak upon some Gospel principle of which this class of people were particularly fond, and display its good features in a very pleasing and beautiful manner. It is needless to say that after thus speaking the Baptists would gather around him and express their appreciation of his remarks. When he entered a Methodist, Presbyterian or Campbellite neighborhood he pursued the same course with regard to the good features of their respective religions. Occasionally he would intermingle his ideas upon other principles, such as free thought, independence of character, etc. By this means he gathered around him the Methodist, Presbyterian, Campbellite and the so-called sinner. His fame as an eloquent speaker grew so rapidly that people of all classes gathered to hear him from localities twenty and thirty miles distant.

By this time a great many began questioning among themselves why

it was that no one had seen Mr. Edge either come or go any great distance from the meeting house. When he would come to meeting no one remembered seeing him until after he had arrived in the crowd, or was in the pulpit. They at once appointed persons to watch him, but they, as well as the people, were sure to lose track of him before he had proceeded very far, unless he had, perchance, accepted an invitation to accompany some of his hearers home.

Mr. Edge being a supposed stranger in that locality the people wondered why he did not ask his way when desiring to go from one place to another. One evening a gentleman who had never before seen the mysterious preacher came to his meeting, and was very much pleased with his discourse. At the close of the meeting the stranger arose to his feet and asked Mr. Edge if he would be kind enough to come and speak at his house the following Wednesday. Mr. Edge dropped his head a moment as though thinking whether he could fill the appointment or not, then looked up and replied, "Yes, sir, I will be there at seven o'clock."

The gentleman lived several miles from where that meeting was held, and therefore wondered why he was not asked the road leading to his residence, but no questions were asked. The people where he was then stopping said they watched Mr. Edge very closely but learned to their satisfaction that he did not make any inquiries concerning the gentleman's name or his place of residence. still, when the time for the meeting came he was in his place.

As we have now given a brief outline of the course pursued by Mr. Edge when he first came in their midst, as well as some of his peculiarities, we will turn to the doctrines taught by him.

Although he had been speaking quite freely upon the principles ad-

vocated by the various sects, seemingly to draw around him the different classes of people, he gave them to understand that he believed first, in a tangible God—in a God that could walk, talk, understand and be understood; in a God that had passions to love and hate right and wrong principles.

Second, in repentance that consisted in turning from sin and learning to do well.

Third, in a baptism after the likeness of the death, burial and resurrection of our risen Redeemer, in a baptism that would cleanse one from his sins, and enable him to walk in newness of life, as did our Savior when He passed from mortality to immortality.

At this time he only referred to the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, as being a principle taught by Jesus Christ and His apostles, and left the query on the minds of the people, how such and such doctrines could be taught in His Church now, and yet He be an unchangeable being.

Mr. Edge dwelt very elaborately upon prophecy contained in the Old and New Testaments. First he referred to prophecies that have received their literal fulfillment, in order to give them a correct understanding of the term. Then very ably referred to many prophecies that are being fulfilled, or that have not yet received their fulfillment. Such as those referring to the second coming of Christ, to the gathering together of Israel; to the rebuilding of Jerusalem by the Jews; to the mountains of ice flowing down and highways being cast up for the people to travel who should come from the north countries, whither they have been scattered; to the restoration of God's kingdom upon this continent, before that reign of peace for one thousand years, with Christ and His people.

About this time Mr. Edge held a meeting at the city of Lexington

that will long be remembered by the multitude that gathered to hear him from the surrounding country. Their attention was first called to his peculiar prayer, wherein he asked the Lord to grant unto all people everywhere the desires of their hearts: should they seek knowledge, to cause that they might be filled; should they ask for wisdom, to give it unto them; if notoriety or fame be their object, to permit them to obtain it; if it be gold they are seeking, to fill their laps; should the reverend divines seek to bring souls unto Christ, to aid them in so doing; should they preach for hire and divine for money, to hinder them not from receiving it; should the loaves and fishes be their desire, to fill their plates. More especially did he appeal to God that all those who were then assembled might depart filled with that for which they came; if Gospel truths be what they were seeking, to fill them to overflowing; if curiosity is what they came for, to cause that they might return feeling more curious.

Those who have listened to the many long appeals for the wandering sinner by the reverend divines can better imagine the amazement of this assembly than we can describe it.

When Mr. Edge arose to speak every eye was fixed upon him, wondering what next. That afternoon he took for his text "Mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth," referred to in the seventeenth chapter of Revelation.

At first he explained in a short but clear manner how beautifully God's Church was organized in the apostles' days; how nicely every principle was linked together from faith, repentance, baptism and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, to the resurrection of the dead, after which he brought down in a vivid and forcible manner the history of God's people until the testi-

mony of Jesus was driven to an untimely grave.

With this he connected Catholicism and the dark ages, when men could circumnavigate this globe in search of one divinely authorized servant of God who had the spirit of prophecy, and not find him.

After Mr. Edge had proven from the scriptures and profane history that God's people had been destroyed and every vestige of His Church taken from the earth, he very frankly told them that every sect and creed over this broad land was wrong, and that all had departed from the faith once given to the saints. He then bore a powerful testimony that the Gospel in all its primitive beauty had been restored to the earth, and that, too, with apostles and prophets and inspired men at its head. He then called upon all to repent of their sins and come out of Babylon and follow Christ, for the hour of God's judgment was at hand.

After this wonderful discourse Satan himself seemed to turn loose. The people were divided among themselves and began contending with each other. The preachers flew into a perfect frenzy and began plotting and planning how to get rid of this fellow. And, by the by, our new preacher seemed to have turned loose also, for he went through the country like a man inspired of God, warning the people to repent and serve their Maker, or some of the most fearful calamities that ever befell man would come upon them and their nation.

Many of the honest-in-heart gathered around him and began to enquire from whence he came and where could the kingdom of God be found that he had so beautifully described.

They still received no satisfaction as to where he came from, but the kingdom of God, said he, "is located within these United States."

To give you a better idea how Mr. Edge was questioned, and how

peculiar his answers were, we will relate an instance:

While walking the road one day the boys began remarking among themselves, how hard it was to find out who this Mr. Edge was, and where he had come from. At this, one Jones, a Baptist deacon, spoke up in a determined manner, saying, "Why, I'll dig him up this evening."

Mr. Edge had an appointment for a meeting in a private house that evening near by. As it happened, he stayed with the family where he held meeting that night. At supper Mr. Edge had eaten but very little, when he pushed back from the table and began pacing the floor, as though somewhat uneasy. However, in a few moments he turned to the family and remarked, "I am going to be tempted by the devil this evening through a man."

Soon the young people began gathering in from all directions anticipating some fun between Jones, the deacon, and our strange preacher.

Just as the last rays of the sparkling sun sank behind the horizon, Mr. Edge discovered a man climbing the fence, a few hundred yards off, as though coming to meeting. Turning to the family, he remarked, "Here comes the gentleman now!" On his arrival it proved to be Jones, the deacon.

By this time a goodly number had gathered in, and Mr. Edge had taken his seat in the far end of the room, beside a small table containing his Bible and hymn book. When Mr. Jones came in he deliberately walked across the room and sat down near Mr. Edge. After a few moments' silence Mr. Jones enquired, "My friend, where are you from?"

Mr. Edge looked up from his Bible as though somewhat astonished, and replied, "From about six miles," meaning the next neighborhood, which he had just left.

Mr. J.—“What church do you belong to?”

Mr. E.—“The Church of God, sir.”

Mr. J.—“Where is it?”

Mr. E.—“In the United States.”

Mr. J.—“You have been speaking about one being ordained before he had the right to preach. By whom were you ordained?”

Mr. E.—“By Jesus Christ, sir.”

Mr. J.—“Where?”

Mr. E.—“In eternity.”

Mr. J.—“How long have you been preaching?”

Mr. E.—“About eighteen hundred years.”

At this point Mr. Jones sprang to his feet and walked away in disgust.

On another occasion Mr. Edge pronounced the secret societies as being man-made institutions through which the devil operated. In referring to Masonry, he said, “Although this institution dates its origin many centuries back, it is only a perverted priesthood stolen from the temples of the Most High.”

After giving several Masonic signs, he testified that Jesus Christ Himself was the chief and master Mason.

In order to give a better understanding how he explained the prophetic visions of ancient men of God, we will refer to a favorite text of his when contrasting the powers of God and the world; and the length of time Satan should bear rule. *Rev. ii. 1-3.*

“And there was given to me a reed like unto a rod; and the angel stood, saying, rise and measure the temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein.

“But the court which is without the temple leave out, and measure it not, for it is given unto the Gentiles; and the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months.”

The inner courts he explained as the courts of God filled with the brightness of the Lord’s glory. The outer courts as the kingdoms of this world that had been placed in the

hands of the Gentiles. In like manner he explained a wheel within a wheel. The time the Gentiles should possess the outer kingdoms he positively declared would expire in this generation, after which Jesus Christ would rule.

By this time many of the professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, together with the pious Free Masons began seeking his life. One reverend divine went so far as to hire a gang of lawless men to hunt him down and shed his blood before sleep should overtake them. This movement compelled Mr. Edge to confine his labors more particularly among those who were his friends. However, many who were friendly at first began dropping off as popular feeling against him became more intense.

The course pursued by Mr. Edge in the beginning enabled him to reach all classes of people. Hence today many who severed their connection with the churches are looked upon as infidels because they believe not the dogmas of today, noting the difference between them and the doctrines of Christ, as laid down in the divine scriptures.

Those who were indeed his friends by this time gathered around him and desired baptism. He answered them in these words, “I would not baptize a man for my right arm.”

One then said, “You have not the right to baptize then?”

Mr. Edge replied, “If I have not, others have;” and he promised that all those who so desired he would organize into a church of brotherly love after the apostolic order.

This proposal met their approval and some sixty persons assembled together when he laid his hands upon their heads and blessed them, as they supposed for the reception of the Holy Ghost. He then selected one from among them to take charge of their prayer meetings.

Mr. Edge was not a man of many words outside the pulpit, and when

he did converse with his fellowmen it was mostly on religion. "For," said he, "my Father's business is too urgent for me to trifle with political affairs."

When it could be so arranged he held from one to three meetings a day. He did his own singing, preaching and praying without even showing the least sign of hoarseness. He ate, on an average, only one meal per day.

Mr. Edge circulated the news that on a certain evening he would deliver a discourse in behalf of the devil. Although popular feeling by this time was very much against him, hundreds of people, through curiosity, came to hear this peculiar sermon. When the evening came the house was packed to its utmost capacity.

On arising to speak the preacher read the following verses for a text. *Matt. iv. 8, 9.*

"Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain; and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.

"And saith unto him, all these things will I give unto thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

He then assumed the attitude of the devil; and gave his audience to understand that every word spoken by him was the same as if Lucifer had said it himself.

After showing from his text that this whole world was under his direct command, he portrayed the many beauties and pleasures that were at his disposal. He then eulogized them very much upon the course they were pursuing. "I am not so particular," said he, "how you obtain money, but the idea is, get it."

He said to his assembly that should one of them have a horse to sell, his advice as the devil, would be to take him to the back yard for a few days and there feed him well on the best of buck skin, then to bring him out into the road prancing on his hind

feet, take him down in town, meet some old gentleman that knew nothing about a horse and obtain two prices for the animal, then the thing to do was to return to one's comrades and brag how nicely it was done.

He advised the young people not to live such a penurious life, but to dress in the height of fashion; ride behind fine horses; be free with the opposite sex; and if, perchance, one of those fair daughters should be ruined, cast her aside to wallow in disgrace the remainder of her days, while the gentleman who perpetrated the foul deed should be held up as a cunning fellow.

His advice to the reverend divines was to make long prayers, pull straight faces, pretend righteousness, preach sympathetic and grave-yard sermons, deceive every man's wife they possibly could, and be sure not to forget to steal the virtue of every fair maiden that should come within their grasp. In fact go on just as they had been doing. "For in reality," said he, "my kingdom is yours."

And thus he went on keeping the audience in a continual titter for about one hour and a half while he portrayed the various crimes in society as being just the thing they ought to do. At the expiration of this time he stepped forward, threw his hands down by his side and exclaimed, "Get behind me, Satan,"

Every countenance was immediately changed and breathless silence reigned. He then began rebuking these actions in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and called upon every one to repent and turn unto the true and living God, or damnation would be theirs.

One evening, at a meeting composed mostly of his followers, the features of Mr. Edge turned purple. No sooner had all quieted down in their seats than he sprang to his feet and severely reprimanded them, for the course they were taking;

"For," said he, "you have not only been plotting and planning among yourselves to deceive me, but you have brought with you legions of devils. Why, I can see them all through the house."

On another occasion, after Mr. Edge had returned from holding meeting in the court-house at Lexington, three of his young followers were out in the yard severely criticising the course pursued by their new preacher. One in particular thought it was the height of folly for a man in these days to pretend to be inspired of God. While they were just in the heat of their vilification, Mr. Edge came out of the house, which was about one hundred and fifty yards away, and very calmly walked down towards the yard. The boys saw him, ceased their abuse and turned towards the house. When they met, Mr. Edge turned to the young man who had so bitterly talked about him, and said:

"Young man, you will not do; my spirit has been listening to your cowardly slandering!"

The boys, knowing that they were too far from the house to be overheard, grew somewhat astonished when Mr. Edge told the young man every sentence, word for word, that he had uttered.

Mr. Edge came to the residence of a widow lady by the name of Telitha Cumi Reed, one day, about twelve o'clock, took off his hat, set aside his cane and amused himself by reading while the lady prepared refreshments. After they sat down to the table, Mrs. Reed turned and asked Mr. Edge to return thanks, when she saw a bright light encircling his head, which made a strange feeling pass over her; however, she sat perfectly quiet. After grace the light passed away.

While upon this subject I will relate a few out of the many cases of healing that were effected by the imposition of hands during Mr. Edge's stay among them: This same

lady, Mrs. Reed, had been bowed down with rheumatics for several years. On learning that this strange preacher taught the laying on of hands for the healing of the sick, she believed he was a servant of God and sent for him. Without detailing how marvelously this lady recovered we will say that two years later her walk was as free and easy as though rheumatics had never racked her frame.

The wife of James Reed, who was then said to be in the last stages of consumption, was almost instantly healed through the imposition of Mr. Edge's hands in the name of Jesus Christ.

There were several beautiful sketches drawn by Mr. Edge while in this locality. The one that more particularly attracted my attention was a beautiful arch drawn upon the front of a large Bible, owned by Mr. Sireneous Reed. Directly up the center of this arch were very neatly placed seven steps, on the foot of which was written, beginning at the bottom, the following words.

VIRTUE, KNOWLEDGE, TEMPERANCE, PATIENCE, GODLINESS, BROTHERLY KINDNESS and CHARITY.

Just beneath the bow of the arch was placed the figure of a young man who had just climbed this narrow stairway, kneeling upon the top step, receiving a magnificent crown from the hands of an angel.

In the early part of July, Mr. Edge kindly informed his followers that he would soon depart on his Father's business. Before leaving, however, he desired all those whom he had blessed to go with him through a fast of three days. In calling his brethren and sisters together he told them the fast he desired them to pass through was similar to that observed in ancient days by the Apostle Paul.

He gave as his reasons for this task the cleansing and purifying of the system, the preparatory step to a

greater labor, to test their worthiness to enter God's kingdom; and lastly, if they would honestly and faithfully go through this fast, it would enable them to taste of that spirit that would hereafter through obedience, bring them forth in the first resurrection.

As the greater part of his followers lived on the banks of the Beech River, near the mouth of Haley's Creek, this place was selected for the purpose of fasting. These three days were spent in singing, and praying, and rejoicing in the Lord. Once a day they were allowed to bathe in the waters of Beech River.

Some were only able to fight the pangs of hunger one day, while others held out until the evening of the second day; but only seventeen out of the sixty odd who began the fast, were able to say on the evening of the third day, "I have truthfully kept the fast."

It may seem strange, although nevertheless a fact, that every one of those who kept not the fast turned to be his bitterest enemies.

It is not necessary for me to explain to him who has battled against popular sentiment that, though the acts of this little band were as pure as the falling drops of rain, many of the most glaring falsehoods were circulated about them.

In those who had followed him through these ordeals Mr. Edge seemed to have implicit confidence. Hence, he began teaching the more advanced principles of eternal life, such as building places of worship, erecting temples to the Most High, and to prepare for the grand millennium day of rest, when Christ will reign a thousand years on earth. In this connection he told his followers that this continent, the land of the free, the home of the brave and the asylum of the oppressed, is the place designated by Him who reigns on high for the building of that beautiful city, the new Jerusalem; aye, and more: that the day would come when these United States would be dotted

with temples, one of which would be built in Henderson County, Tennessee.

Soon after their fast he called them together and pronounced upon each couple the ceremony of marriage, and gave them to understand that if another opportunity was not afforded them, this would hold throughout time and all eternity. He also gave them some few tokens that they might know when they entered a temple controlled by the servants of God.

At another time, when admonishing them, he quoted *Rev. ii, 17*.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name is written, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it."

The story, ere this, had been circulated that Mr. Edge was a Mormon preacher, in this county for the purpose of leading silly women astray. The name of a Mormon had a peculiar jingle in the ears of his followers, hence, they flew to their preacher, Edge, at once for the truthfulness of this story. He neither affirmed nor denied their queries; but regarding polygamy he said:

"If God shall give a man one wife she shall be his; and if it so pleases Him to give the same man two, three or even more, they also will be his."

Dear reader, to save wearying you, we will only relate one instance where Mr. Edge was miraculously delivered from the hands of a ruthless mob, among many similar cases that occurred while he was in the county. The last time the pleasant countenance of Robert Edge was seen by his beloved followers he stayed at the residence of E. R. Reed, some seven miles north of Haley's Creek.

At supper he gave Mr. Reed and family to understand his intentions were to remain among them some three weeks longer in order to more

thoroughly organize and instruct them in the Gospel truths.

About eleven o'clock that night Mr. Reed was aroused from his slumbers by Robert Edge gathering up his small bundle, Bible and cane. Mr. Reed enquired what was wrong. Mr. Edge replied:

"There will be a mob here shortly, and I must depart."

At this Mr. Reed sprang from his bed, saddled his animals, and he and Mr. Edge mounted them and departed down through the woods in the direction of Alabama.

Although Mr. Reed was familiar with the roads for miles away, Mr. Edge led their course through the woodlands in the darkening hours of night.

Soon Mr. Edge dismounted from his horse and told Mr. Reed he had gone far enough. Then taking his bundle, Bible and cane, he bade Mr. Reed farewell.

We will return to Mrs. Reed, who was left with the little ones, anticipating a mob every moment.

About twelve o'clock there suddenly rushed around the house a gang of maddened brutes, called men, who demanded that preacher Edge. The lady kindly informed them that he was not there. They not being satisfied with her answer rushed into the house and searched it from the loft to the cellar. Not finding the object of their search they cursed and swore like so many demons. After one hour and a half they departed, promising the lady they would get him yet.

This little band of Mr. Edge's followers, according to his instructions, met together often, talked to each other and sang praises to God. They frequently referred to the sayings of Mr. Edge, where he told them that if they remained faithful, and followed the dictations of the good Spirit, that other preachers would visit them and lead their footsteps to the main body of the Church.

During the winter of 1880 there appeared in the New York *Sun* an interview with President John Taylor by O. J. Hollister, in which the officers of the Church were named and many of its doctrines spoken of.

This was the first thing to attract the attention of the followers of Mr. Edge towards the Latter-day Saints, and being desirous to learn more about this peculiar people they addressed a letter of enquiry to the county clerk of Salt Lake County. D. Bockholt, being clerk at that time, at once sent them the "Voice of Warning" and several copies of the *Deseret News*, with advice to address President John Morgan at Rome, Georgia.

After reading the "Voice of Warning," and being favorably impressed with the doctrines contained therein, they addressed a letter to President Morgan, informing him that one of our preachers visited them a few years previous and laid his hands upon their heads for the reception of the Holy Ghost, but did not baptize them. Hence, they were very desirous to have an Elder sent there to perform this ordinance.

President Morgan at once forwarded the letter to President Franklin Spencer at Shady Grove, Hickman County, Tennessee, who was then presiding over the Tennessee Conference, at the same time writing to these people in Henderson County, informing them that there was a branch of the Church on Cane Creek, Lewis County, Tennessee.

On receiving this intelligence four of them mounted their horses and rode about sixty miles before they reached Cane Creek; but finding no Elders there they returned.

At the time this epistle came from President Morgan there were laboring in the conference, President Franklin Spencer, George H. Carver, Lorenzo Hunsaker and myself. Brother Carver and myself were selected to visit West Tennessee. This left President Spencer and

Brother Hunsaker each to travel alone. However, before starting President Spencer and I visited Cane Creek, at the same time sending a letter to West Tennessee.

On arriving at Cane Creek we found this little branch somewhat exercised over the visit of these four gentlemen.

About the time our West Tennessee friends arrived home they received President Spencer's letter, bringing the news that we would be at Cane Creek at a certain date. James H. Scott and Sireneous Reed wheeled their horses and came back.

They arrived at Cane Creek late in the afternoon. That evening and the following day were spent in conversing with these two gentlemen upon the principles of the Gospel, who Mr. Edge was, how he taught the falling away and restoration of the Gospel, the necessity of building temples, the name that one would receive who should remain faithful after passing through the temples, etc.

Late in the after part of the same day these gentlemen, after having conversed together a short time, said:

"What hindereth us from putting on the whole armor of God that we might withstand the fiery darts of the adversary?"

Hence they were baptized and returned home rejoicing.

On the 13th day of May, 1880, Brother George H. Carver and myself started on our trip to Henderson County, Tenn.

Not until we arrived within about thirty miles of Lexington did we hear much about this peculiar preacher.

On the night of the 20th, we stayed with Squire Long, a very intelligent gentleman, who began telling us about that wonderful preacher, Robert Edge, who came in their midst some two years previous. As we knew nothing of Mr. Edge we sat and listened very attentively to

his long story. He spoke about Mr. Edge being inspired of God, about his peculiar manner of going and coming from meeting, of his being hunted down by mobs, of their fasting three days, and more particularly about the lumbering noise he heard about the time Mr. Edge came among them.

On the evening of the 21st, we arrived at Sireneous Reed's. He received us kindly and sent out for a number of his brethren; and, you may be assured, we had a good old-time chat that evening.

On the 15th day of June we obtained the following statement, which was signed by two of them:

"LEXINGTON, HENDERSON CO.,
"TENN., June 15, 1880.

"Historical Sketch of How we Became Acquainted with the Doctrine of Christ.

"In May, 1878, a man by the name of Robert Edge came in this neighborhood preaching the Gospel after the apostolic order.

"He delivered a series of sermons on the principles of the Gospel and the apostasy of the primitive church—dwelling lengthily on the apostolic order with the exception of baptism for the remission of sins, informing us that it was figurative and would be revealed in due time; proving by the Holy Bible, without a doubt, that the Roman Catholic Church is the mother of harlots, and that the churches of modern Christianity are daughters and grand-daughters of her; and that they are all officiating in a deluded and false priesthood. Also all the secret combinations and institutions of men, and masonry as now practiced by modernists, are all false, counterfeits and an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

"Then calling on all to come out of Babylon who were willing to forsake man-made institutions and follow Christ, and assist in rolling forth the purposes of God, and prepare

for the great millennium, which will soon be ushered in. Then will Christ reign personally upon the earth.

"He organized us into a body or church, after the primitive apostolic order, by the laying on of hands and blessing us. He admonished us to be faithful and pray to God always; and that the Lord would reveal many great and important things that we should understand.

"He requested us to fast for three days in succession, after which he administered the Lord's supper, informing us that we were not the only ones, but that there were many more in the United States. He evaded giving any further information; only if persecution caused us to leave we should go West.

"Many remarkable cases of healing occurred under his administration.

"The people of the world called him a Mormon priest, which he neither sanctioned nor denied.

"Our little band suffered exceedingly from persecutions and the scandal of the world for eighteen months, when we noticed an account of an interview between President John Taylor and a U. S. official on the martyrdom of Joseph Smith.

"We then wrote to Bockholt, of Salt Lake City, for information, who answered promptly and sent us the 'Voice of Warning' and a list of Church works. Also advised us to correspond with John Morgan, at Rome, Georgia, who afterwards informed us that there was a branch of the Church in Lewis County, and advised us to visit it. We did so and met Franklin Spencer and Hyrum Belnap. Conversing with them for some time we were convinced that they were the servants of the Lord. We were then baptized and returned home rejoicing that we had thus far followed the promptings of the Spirit of God.

"On the twenty-first, Elders Hyrum Belnap and George H. Carter came

to this neighborhood and baptized seventeen souls and organized a branch of the Church, consisting of nineteen members.

"Let all honor be given to our Father in heaven for thus leading us into the right way.

"Truly, &c.

"JAMES HENDERSON SCOTT,
"SIRENEOUS REED."

In a conversation with some of them, Mr. Edge stated that he had once lived in the land of Texas and had a wife and one child when he began his missionary labor.

He also informed them that he had a partner whom he very frequently traveled with, by the name of Cob, whom he had not seen since leaving the State of Arkansas.

In speaking of himself he said:

"I am not worthy of but one of the nail prints in my hands."

Some time after his departure one of this little band was casually turning the leaves of the large Bible owned by S. Reed, and discovered the thirty-first verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew inclosed in brackets, inside of which was written the name of Robert Edge.

He wrote his people two letters of encouragement, one while in the State of Georgia and the other while in South Carolina. In the last one he spoke some of visiting England.

A few months later I met President Morgan in the city of Nashville, who, while in conversation regarding the preacher, Edge, showed me a letter that he had received some time previous with no name signed to it.

As far as I was able to judge between the writings left in Henderson County by Mr. Edge and this letter, they were penciled by the same hand.

Late in the fall of the same year Haley's Creek Branch, save one soul, emigrated to San Jose County, Colorado.

Thus we close our narrative

thinking of the prayer of Robert Edge:

"Those who seek curiosity, cause that they might feel more curious."

ELDER W. W. BEAN'S ACCOUNT.

After being released from my mission, I proceeded to Lexington, Henderson County, Tenn., where I had heard something concerning the mysterious preacher who was there some sixteen years ago. He created considerable excitement and I was desirous of knowing where he came from and where he went after leaving Henderson County. I conversed with a number of the influential citizens, some of whom were intimate friends of this preacher, and gleaned information about as follows:

A certain man going by the name of Robert Edge came into the settlement and claimed to be a preacher of the Gospel. He was rather an ordinary looking man and rather smaller than the average in stature. The people did not think that he amounted to much judging from outward appearance, but when he got into the pulpit he was considered a wonder. He surprised the people very much, as they say he knew the Bible by heart.

He found a number of people who were in sympathy with his doctrines, and also had a number of enemies who persecuted both him and his disciples. He was such a convincing talker that the other denominations offered him several thousand dollars per year to preach for them, but he declined, preferring to preach the Gospel free of charge, as he was not peddling the Gospel of salvation.

About sixty people accepted his teachings. He said that all of them would not be able to stand the test of the persecutions that would be heaped upon them, but he called a fast of three days and told them that all who could hold out to the end of the three days' fast were of the blood of Israel, and might be

able to stand the test. Hence they began the fast, and at the end of the three days there were only seventeen who had continued.

There were a number of them, in fact, all of his disciples, in the beginning, pled for baptism. He refused to baptize them, saying there would be other men follow him who would have the authority, and would baptize those who remained faithful. He also told them to mark the passages of scripture that he mentioned, and that when these men came they would use the same passages of scripture, and would preach the same identical doctrine which he had been preaching. Finally he left the neighborhood and the people really did not know what became of him. It is thought by some that he went to North Carolina, but they have lost track of him entirely.

In a short time two Mormon Elders came and preached the very same doctrine that he did, and the people recognized them as being the men of whom he spoke, and at once applied for baptism. The seventeen who had fasted three days connected themselves with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the greater part of them went to Colorado and located. Some afterwards became dissatisfied and joined the Josephite Church and some returned to Tennessee again, their former home. One of them, being ordained to the office of an Elder in the Re-organized Church, has become a preacher of that faith, and they now have a small branch about six or seven miles distant from Lexington, but it is in a very weak condition, as the presiding Elder is a man who drinks and does not have a very good reputation in that neighborhood.

This Robert Edge did the most of his preaching at Perryville, from four to six miles from Lexington, but preached some in the Lexington court house. Among his converts were some of the best citizens of that

neighborhood. He was a man of great faith and administered to the sick for the restoration of their health. He was a very exemplary man in every respect with the exception of one habit—that of smoking a pipe. The people were much enthused over his doctrines, and also

somewhat divided; some thinking he was a wonder, and others thinking that he was a religious fanatic. They are all puzzled unto this day to know where he came from or what he was here for, or his object in preaching, as he would not preach for hire.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

I.

THE Prussian monarchy is the youngest of the great European States, and ranks second or third with them in civilization. Its history may be said to commence with the great Hohenzollern family on whom the marquisate of Brandenburg was bestowed by the Emperor Sigismund about the middle of the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth century this family embraced the Lutheran doctrines; early in the seventeenth century it obtained from the King of Poland the "investiture of the duchy of Prussia." The chiefs of the house of Hohenzollern, however, even after this accession of territory, did not rank with the electors of Saxony and Bavaria. The soil of Brandenburg, at that time, was mostly sterile. Even around Berlin, the capital of the province, and around Potsdam, the favorite residence of the Margraves, the country was a desert. In some places, by the most skillful tillage, the deep sandy soil was made to yield thin crops of rye and oats; and in others, some valuable forests remained untouched. But the general barrenness of the country made it difficult for the people to pay the expenses of the government, and maintain much of an army. For this reason, therefore, they were unable to enforce demands for further recognition from the more prosperous provinces, and had to be content with what was voluntarily given them.

The Hohenzollern prince to whose

policy his successors ascribed their greatness was Frederick William, son of George William. He was known as the Great Elector and, in 1648, by the peace of Westphalia, he acquired several valuable possessions, among them the rich city and district of Magdeburg. He left his principality to his son Frederick, a young man ostentatious and proud, who neglected his true interests and high duties for frivolous distinctions for which he was insatiably eager. Nothing therefore of real weight was added by him to the state which he governed; but in 1700, he succeeded in gaining the real object of his life—the title of king. At the close of the "War of Spanish Successions" in 1713, the Elector of Brandenburg was recognized by treaty, as king of Prussia. Thus the Hohenzollerns were raised into the same class as the sovereigns of England and France.

In 1713, Frederick was succeeded by his son Frederick William, a man who possessed considerable administrative ability, but whose character was disfigured by the most odious vices. He was exact and diligent in all his business transactions, and was the first to conceive the plan of obtaining for Prussia a place among the European powers. This he intended to do by means of a strong military organization. In the expenditures of the other departments of the government, he introduced the greatest possible economy; and according to Longman, was thus enabled to

maintain a standing army of about eighty-four thousand. While to-day such an army would be insignificant, the master of such a force at that time must have been regarded by all his neighbors as a formidable enemy and a valuable ally. Much of his time was devoted to military discipline, and for recruits to his brigade of giants at Potsdam, researches were made throughout Europe and the surrounding countries. Men above the ordinary stature were paid as high as thirteen hundred pounds sterling, while the salary of an ambassador, the highest functionary in the state, was considerably less than that amount. Thus we see to what an extreme he allowed his taste for military display to carry him. His effort, however, in collecting such great military means, was not in vain. For while he himself did not make any great use of them, they subsequently served well the purpose of his more daring and inventive successor.

Many great rulers devote themselves so exclusively to what seems of the greatest importance for the time, that they become one-sided, and neglect other equally important matters of their kingdom. This was strikingly true of Frederick William. He became so absorbed in his military interests, that education received but little of his attention. In fact, he is said to have despised all learning that was not immediately practical. And his conception, too, of what was practical was very narrow, as is evidenced in the studies he prescribed for his son.

Frederick, surnamed the Great, son of Frederick William, was born in January, 1712. He is said to have inherited a keen and vigorous intellect, and a rare firmness of temper and intensity of will. Of his early life little is known up to the age of seven, but no doubt he received the best of treatment at the hands of experienced nurses. At seven, however, begins his educa-

tion, and with it the cruelty of a tyrannical king—of an unjust father. At that age, we are told, he was taken from “the women,” and placed under the care of tutors, the mode of his training being exactly prescribed by the king, who stated that “his education was to comprise only such things as were practically useful.” The king was averse to literature and refinement. According to him, the business of life was “to drill and to be drilled,” while to smoke his pipe of tobacco, and sip his Swedish beer, were his favorite recreations. From this we may readily infer the course of training prescribed for young Frederick. Nor need we wonder that his more refined nature revolted against the treatment he received. He did not enjoy such sports as most pleased the king, but was rather inclined to music and literature. He could perform skillfully on the flute, and his French instructors soon awakened in him a strong passion for French literature and French society. The king, however, regarded such tastes as “effeminate and contemptible,” and sought to crush them by abuse and persecution; but his “curses and blows” only made them still stronger.

As Frederick reached maturer years, he began to assert his independence of thought; and he was accused, truly or falsely, of indulging in vices such that, in the language of Lord Coventry, “the depraved nature of man, which of itself carrieth man to all other sin, abhorreth them.” The religion of his parents might be the best, but he was not content to accept it as such without personal investigation. He began to ask puzzling questions, and to suggest arguments which to the king seemed to savor of something different from pure Lutheranism. All this of course but added to the king’s hatred, and he resorted to the most cruel means of correction. Frederick’s flute was broken over his head, and the French books were banished

from the palace. He was kicked and pulled by the hair, and, at one time, was mercilessly beaten and dragged to the window where, but for the intercession of friends, he would have been strangled by the cord of the curtain. He was even restricted in his diet, and frequently compelled to eat the most nauseating food.

As Frederick grew older the brutality of his father became more marked until, driven to despair, the unhappy youth determined to run away. In this he was assisted by Lieutenant Katte, of Berlin, and Lieutenant Keith, both of whom were familiar with his sad experience at home. Plans were being perfected as fast as possible for his escape to France, or if need be to Italy, to England,—anywhere to escape the fury of a tyrannical king. This was during the year 1730. Frederick William at this time was arranging for one of his general inspection tours through the kingdom. The young prince therefore, taking advantage of the opportunity, prepared to leave during his father's absence. Necessary precautions were taken, he thought, to prevent the possibility of the king's learning of his plans. Everything was ready for immediate action, and he anxiously awaited the king's departure.

About the first of July Frederick William, with a number of military officers, started on his journey, and to the surprise of the young prince it was finally decided that he should accompany the king. Nor was that all. Frederick's plans, it seems, had in some way been made known, for the king was suspicious of his motives and ordered the generals to keep strict watch of him, "lest he attempt some mischief."

Notwithstanding this, however, Frederick was determined to run away. He succeeded in getting some letters to his accomplices and, being aggravated by a continuation of the king's brutality, arranged for an immediate attempt. It was on

Friday, August 4, 1730. The king and his party were stopping at Steinfurth, a small village near Frankfort. Here Lieutenant Keith was to meet Frederick with horses and necessary equipment, while Katte was arranging for his favorable reception in France. About three o'clock in the morning, Frederick stole quietly out of the barn where the king and his party were staying, and left the guards, as he thought, sound asleep. The way seemed clear; Keith was approaching with the horses, and they were soon to be on their way. But not so. Just as the horses were stopping and as Frederick was preparing to mount one of them, a guard discovered their attempt, and all their plans came to naught.

By means of intercepted letters and by confessions from guilty parties, the entire scheme was made known to the king. His fury grew to madness. Frederick was an officer in the army; his flight therefore was desertion; and, according to the king, desertion was the most heinous of all crimes. "Desertion," says this loyal theologian, "is from hell. It is a work of the children of the devil. No son of God could possibly be guilty of it." Frederick was immediately arrested, and taken to Berlin. Later he was sent to Custrin, where he was thrown into prison. His accomplice, Katte, was caught in Berlin, and in October, was sentenced by a court-martial to imprisonment for life. The decision of the court, however, was not satisfactory to the king. Such a precedent could not be allowed, and by his order, Katte was mercilessly put to death. He was executed on a scaffold before the window of the prison cell in which Frederick was confined. This seemed to Frederick no doubt a forewarning of his own fate.

But while the members of the court were discussing their authority to try the crown prince, appeals for leniency were being made to the

king. His wife, Sophia, applied to foreign sovereigns for assistance in behalf of her son. Foreign courts interposed their objections to such an unnatural murder; and, finally, by the intercession of the States of Holland, of the kings of Sweden and Poland, and of the Emperor of Germany, the king relented. Thus Frederick, afterwards one of the greatest generals and statesmen of modern Europe, was saved from an ignominious death.

Keith, the man who was to furnish the immediate means for Frederick's escape, could not be found. He knew well the character of the king, and what would be the fate of any of his subjects that might be caught attempting to desert. As soon therefore as he discovered that their schemes would be made known, he escaped to France; but being pursued by the Prussian officers, he was finally concealed in a French vessel and taken to England. To satisfy the unreasonable fury of the king, as the culprit had escaped, he was hanged in effigy, and his body cut in quarters.

In November, 1730, Frederick confessed repentance and was taken from the Custrin prison to what was known as the Town Mansion, where he was kept on trial for about fifteen months. While here he was denied French literature and was to quit all his pernicious practices. He had the liberty of Custrin and the neighborhood, but was not allowed away from the Mansion at night without permission from the commandant. At Custrin he was allowed some official privileges, and took advantage of the opportunity he thus had of becoming familiar with the workings of the government. Especially was he interested in the economical administration of the different departments. His instructors were the most eminent in the kingdom, and in his subsequent reign as king, he realized the benefits of the discipline he thus received.

Near the close of 1731 Frederick's imprisonment terminated, and a partial reconciliation between him and his father was affected. The young Prince was now about twenty-one years old. He had developed into manhood, and could not well be kept longer under the restraints which had characterized his youth. The discipline he had received developed in him firmness of character and determination of purpose. But he had learned self-command and dissimulation, and by affecting to conform to some of his father's views avoided a repetition of the treatment of the past. Gradually the gap between them grew narrower, until each began to realize the good qualities of the other. Frederick accepted the wife to whom his heart was not engaged, in order that he might conform to his father's choice, and he was now permitted to keep an establishment of his own. He was therefore able to indulge cautiously his own tastes. A portion of his time was given to military discipline and to political business, and he was gradually preparing himself for the great responsibilities coincident with his accession to the throne.

It was in March, 1732, that Frederick was betrothed, against his will, to the Princess Elizabeth Catherina, daughter of the duke of Brunswick-Bevern. His sister Wilhelmina gives an account of an interview she had with the young prince soon after his betrothal. From this interview we learn something of his feelings in regard to that auspicious event. After speaking of his submission to the king's orders, and of the Queen's attempt to dissuade him from the course he had pursued, he says:

"As to the young lady herself, I do not hate her so much as I pretend; I affect complete dislike, that the king may value my obedience more. She is pretty, a complexion lily and rose; her features delicate; her face altogether of a beautiful person. True she has no breeding

and dresses ill; but I flatter myself when she comes hither, you will have the goodness to take her in hand."*

From this we see that Frederick was not so dissatisfied after all as he pretended, but that his affected dislike for the princess, especially while in the presence of the king, was prompted more by a desire to emphasize his willingness to conform to his father's views. It is true that Frederick did not love the princess. But from his past experience he knew well what the result would be if he refused compliance. Appreciating therefore the better qualities of the young lady, and hopeful of her improvement by experience, he accepted his fate, and, after the betrothal, offered no further complaint.

As a result of Frederick's ready submission, he was made colonel commandant of a regiment in Ruppín, a small village situated a short distance north-west from Berlin. Here he had an establishment by himself, and devoted considerable time to study. The books he used were of a more serious nature than those he had been reading. Besides in his general deportment, as well as in his method of study and choice of books, he now manifested a more practical and profound conception of his position and of the possibilities of the future. Accordingly military and political business received a large portion of his attention, and history and moral speculation were subjects of great interest to him.

On June 12th of the following year, 1733, Frederick was married to the princess of his father's choice, and according to established custom in such case, a special *Amt* (Government-District) was set apart for his support. His business as commandant being in the Ruppín district, the *Amt Ruppín* was the one

given him. When they were married, the princess was just eighteen, and with her gay temper, loyalty of mind, and guileless heart, seems to have "shaped herself" successfully to the prince's taste. As she grew older she improved in manner and speech, became more graceful and beautiful, and was after all a pleasant companion. The first three years of their married life were passed at Ruppín, with occasional visits to Berlin. In the meantime the king had learned that Rheinsburg, if improved, might make a pleasant place for the mansion of the Crown Prince. He therefore purchased that old country seat in 1734, and set his best architects, under the direction of Frederick, to rebuild and enlarge the partially decayed *Schloss** of Rheinsburg into a suitable mansion for Frederick and his wife.

Rheinsburg was a small village in the prince's district about ten miles north of the town Ruppín, and was named from the river Rhein, the outlet of a beautiful lake on which the town was situated. It was a fertile place in the midst of the sandy waste of the Marquisate, and with the vast amount of means expended in its improvement, was made very beautiful. The costly and elaborately finished mansion lay between the town and the lake. It was surrounded at a distance by rolling hills, tilled fields and numerous beautiful lakes, while in the immediate vicinity were endless gardens, pavilions, grottoes, hermitages, orange groves, parks, artificial ruins—in fact, everything a prince's establishment needed. As the mansion was sufficiently completed, Frederick and his wife moved into it during the autumn of 1736, and the next four years are said to have been the happiest, most felicitous period of their lives.

Except some minor duties at Rup-

* An old residence or palace of the Bredows, and other feudal people; castle.

* Wilhelmina, II, 89.

pin and occasional commissions from the king, Frederick was left to devote his time and indulge his tastes without restraint. Being especially interested in history, philosophy and poetry, he devoted considerable of his time to these subjects, though not to the neglect of his military and political duties. His main recreations were music and the converse of intelligent, friendly men. He employed for his concerts, which were given every evening, the most eminent musicians accessible. Moreover, he was himself a skillful musician and, with his thrilling *adajios* on the flute, frequently joined in those harmonious acts.

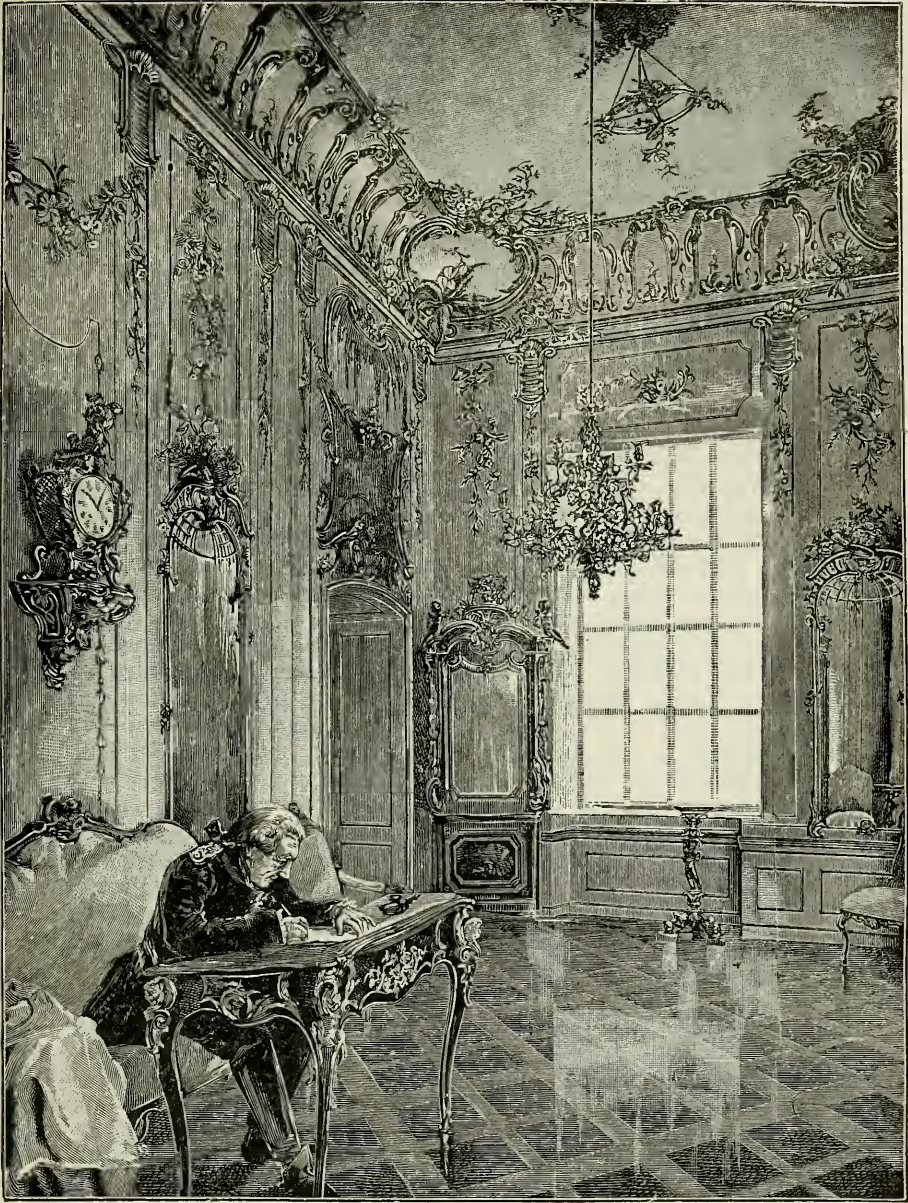
His education had been entirely French. Frederick William had prevented his learning any other language, except perhaps sufficient German to give the command in the army and make himself understood in general colloquial conversation. It is no wonder, then, that his most intimate associates were either French or of French extraction. They were generally of an intelligent type; each of them must be a master of something at least upon which he could capably discourse.

While at Rheinsburg, Frederick carried on a lively correspondence with the noted writer Voltaire and other French men of letters, and was a diligent student in literature. Two of Frederick's best known works were written there during 1739. One of them called attention to the growing strength of France and Austria, and insisted on the necessity of some third power to counterbalance their excessive influence. By this he no doubt implied that Prussia should become that restraining power. In his other work, the *Anti-Machiavel*, which was issued by Voltaire in 1740, denouncing the tyranny then characteristic of sovereignty, he advanced the idea that instead of kings ruling over their subjects tyrannically, they should act as arbitrators and as protectors of their rights.

Such an exposition from the crown prince caused the people to anticipate his accession as the dawn of a great era of enlightenment and reform, and they welcomed it with such applause as seems incredible now since his subsequent absolute, mendacious reign. It was not this alone, however, that made Frederick so popular with the people. From his early childhood his sad experience had been known to them, and had elicited their deepest sympathy. They well knew the iron will of his merciless father, to whose abuses and blows he had been subject; that an attempt to escape such cruelty had cost him a term of imprisonment; that he had lost his military rank and had been required to do the drudgery of a government office; that he had married against his will in obedience to his father's orders; that he was fond of art, of science, and of literature; that he was not so fond of soldiers and display; and that his companions were the best educated, most elevated and liberal men of his time. All this had a tendency to awaken in the people a sympathy for the young prince, and naturally caused them to look to him for great things. They expected that he would reduce the army, and remove the oppressive taxes; that he would give responsible ministers some share in the government; that he would consult them, the people, upon schemes which concerned their own fortunes—in fact, that he would raise himself above the plane of his merciless predecessors, into that higher sphere whence a broad and liberal statesmanship could survey the larger interests of the commonwealth, and thus bring about a reformation unparalleled in the history of the past.

II.

Frederick William died May 31, 1740. During his reign he had succeeded in placing Prussia among the foremost of the European states of the second rank, and he left his



FREDERICK THE GREAT IN HIS RECEPTION ROOM.

kingdom in a very prosperous condition. His rugged tyranny, however, caused the people to anticipate a change in the kingship with a great deal of pleasure. Accordingly Frederick, who succeeded his father, received a welcome such as has been

granted to few of the princes of history.

And well might the people rejoice at the prospects of a "philosopher king." They had been ruled for more than a quarter of a century by the iron will of a merciless king, and

their freedom from such tyranny as had characterized their lives during this time was of great moment to them. Nor were they entirely disappointed in their expectations. For, from the first, Frederick manifested a brilliancy and magnanimity which surprised even the most sanguine, though not without that strong solid quality so requisite to his successful reign.

At the time of his accession he was just twenty-eight, and "decidedly good-looking, all say, and of graceful presence, though hardly five feet seven, and perhaps stouter of limb than the strict Belvidere standard. He had a fine, free, expressive face: nothing of austerity in it, nothing of pride, yet rapidly flashing on you all manner of high meanings."* The high aims of the young king were shown by the procedures of the first few weeks of his kingship. On the day after his accession, while his officers were taking the oath, he recommended mildness of demeanor from the higher to the lower, and that the soldiers be not treated with undue harshness. To his ministers he was still more emphatic. Announcing to them that a new reign had commenced, he added:

"Our grand care will be to further the country's well-being, and to make every one of our subjects contented and happy. Our will is not that you strive to enrich *us* by vexation of our subjects, but rather that you aim steadily as well toward the advantage of the *country* as our *particular* interest, for as much as we make no difference between these two objects, but consider them one and the same." On the same day, June 2nd, when Frederick himself was taking the oath, he added this corollary: "My will henceforth is, if it ever chance that my particular interest and the general good of my country should seem to go against each other, in that case, my will is,

that the latter always be preferred."* Grand beginning this, for incipient royalty; his own interests made subservient to those of his subjects! No wonder, then, that he excited among the people such unprecedented admiration, and won the love, the support of a nation. Nor can there be any doubt as to the sincerity of his purposes, for his acts corresponded to his pretensions.

During the year of his accession, 1740, the cold of winter continued so late that the crops were almost a failure, and famine threatened to add itself to other hardships there had been. Recognizing the actual condition of the people, Frederick opened the public graneries—a wise resource in Prussia against a year of scarcity—and ordered grain to be sold at moderate prices to the suffering poor. He took particular pains to see that this assistance was rendered feasible everywhere in his dominions. Besides, as the scarcity continued, some continuous management of the poor was found necessary. Accordingly industries were established by which they were given employment at the expense of the government. An inspector of the poor, with salary, plans, and other requisites, was appointed. Suitable houses were rented in the suburban streets, properly fitted and warmed, and in November following, a thousand poor women of Berlin were employed spinning at the expense of the king. The indigent of all classes, though not supported in idleness to their own hurt and to the loss of the government, were properly provided with employment, and the people throughout the kingdom were thus enabled to avert the threatening storm and to march on in the bright sunshine of prosperity.

On the following day, June 3d, 1740, by order of the Cabinet, Frederick abolished the use of Legal Torture, "Question," or the rack,

* Carlyle, Vol. III, p. 225.

* Dickens, Dispatch, June 4, 1740.

as it is sometimes called. For some time preceding the use of this savage method of forcing confession from criminals had been almost obsolete in Prussia, but now even the threat of it was forbidden. No doubt Frederick himself remembered that this, at least, had reached him while imprisoned at Custrin, and appreciated all the more therefore the opportunity he thus had of abolishing it. This was his first step in law-reform, done on the fourth day of his reign, and it was greeted everywhere, at home and abroad, with great approval. But his efforts in law-reform, civil as well as criminal, did not end here. He was a great lover of justice, and this was only the beginning of a reform which continued to the end of his life.

Having provided for the contingencies of the present crop failure and a means of employing, and therefore of supporting, the indigent of his kingdom; and having commenced a legal reformation tending to the just, humane administration of the law, Frederick now turned his attention to education. A diligent student all his life in philosophy, history, and the fine arts, it was least of all likely that he would neglect those interests of human culture. The rigorous methods prescribed for his own training and the limit of his course of study, with his insatiable desire for higher and more liberal education, had no doubt caused the young prince eagerly to anticipate his accession, that he might realize the establishment of his ideal institutions of learning where the intellectually inclined, at least, might sink deep their shafts into the stores of knowledge, and bring forth those precious, sparkling gems for which he himself had struggled but in vain.

Accordingly he began negotiations at once to obtain a president and professors for the Academy of Sciences. The great scientist, Wolf, of Magdeburg, was earnestly requested

to accept a position. During Frederick William's time, Wolf had refused to return to Berlin; but he had recently dedicated a book to the Crown Prince indicating, perhaps, that under a new reign he might be induced to return. Frederick, therefore, hopeful at least, instructed Reverend Herr Reinbeck, head of the Consistorium at Berlin, to write and negotiate. After assuring Reinbeck that all reasonable conditions would readily be acceded, if he could but secure the services of Wolf, Frederick continued:

"I request you to use all diligence about Wolf. *A man that seeks truth, and loves it, must be reckoned precious in any human society;* and I think you will make a conquest in the realm of truth if you persuade Wolf hither again."* Negotiations were therefore continued for some time, but as Frederick did not intend that the academy should be a German, home-built institution, but a French one, he could not grant Wolf's desires in making him president, and consequently that distinguished scientist declined a professorship.

Frederick desired a French president or builder, as he was called, and had long since decided on Maupertuis, the noted mathematician of Paris, for that position. Maupertuis was at the time a very popular man who, by reason of his recent exploration in the Polar regions and the charming narrative he had given of it, had been styled the Scientific Lion of Paris. After considerable correspondence, to the great satisfaction of Frederick, he was finally induced to accept the position of president of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. To show the earnestness of Frederick and his manner of addressing such men, I quote the following autograph which, as Carlyle asks, who of men or lions could resist?

"My heart and my inclination ex-

* *Æuvres*, XXVII, II, 185.

cited in me, from the moment I mounted the throne, the desire of having you here, that you might put our Berlin Academy into a shape you alone are capable of giving it. Come, then, come and insert into this wild crab tree the graft of the sciences, that it may bear fruit. You have shown the Figure of the Earth to mankind; show also to a king how sweet it is to possess such a man as you."*

Another source of Frederick's great renown, both at home and abroad, is found in a reply of his to an inquiry by the board of education as to what should be done in cases where it was found that the "Roman Catholic schools were perverted to seducing Protestants into Catholicism." His reply was as follows:

"All religions must be tolerated, and the Fiscal must have an eye

that none of them make unjust encroachment on the other; for in this country every man must get to heaven in his own way."*

Such words flew abroad all over the world, the enlightened public everywhere answering with its loudest praises. However dim they may have fallen by general circulation since then, how extremely original and bright with the splendor of new coin they then were. Marking as they did, the dawn of a new era of enlightenment and religious toleration, yet they but served as an index to the worthy acts of human improvement inaugurated by that great ruler. At no time during his reign was he ever known in any way to interfere with the religion of his subjects. He tolerated every form of religious opinion.

W. J. Kerr.

THEOSOPHY AND MORMONISM.

II.

OCCULTISM IN GENERAL— SPIRITUALISM.

Perhaps occultism has never produced another phase so fruitful of delusion and superstition as is that known as Spiritualism. Long before Saul went to consult the witch of Endor, men in every nation were influenced by their belief in spirits. But in ancient times the knowledge was largely esoteric; as in the case of all other forms of occultism, only the initiated were permitted to share the awful secrets. The scriptures frequently allude to witchcraft, and to those having familiar spirits, all which indicates that Spiritualism is not a new system.

Christianity has from the first opposed all such spiritual phenomena as emanations from the evil one. In civilized countries, therefore, the repression by the dominant churches

has served, till within the last half century, to keep down a general belief in communication between the two worlds. But in heathen countries, especially India and China, whatever there is of religion is mostly made up of beliefs and superstitions connected with the spirits who have departed this life.

Modern Spiritualism, which is the phase of occultism with which this chapter will concern itself, took its rise in the little village of Hydeville, Wayne Co., New York, in December, 1844. In the house of John D. Fox knockings were heard which, toward the end of March, increased in loudness and frequency. These knocks seemed connected with the two children, Margaret and Kate, aged twelve and eight years respectively. The mother was the first to have her curiosity aroused. She asked questions and received definite answers. The village was soon all

* *Œuvres*, XVII, I, 335.

† Busching, *Charakter Friedrichs II.*

excitement. The girls were removed to Rochester, and the spirit phenomena followed. Soon a circle of inquirers surrounded them, and night after night received answers to their questions. One rap signified no, three yes, and two doubtful. Messages were thus spelled out laboriously letter by letter.

Other circles were formed, and many devices arranged for expediting communication. "Dials were made with movable hands which pointed out letters and answered questions without apparent human aid. The hands of mediums, acting convulsively, and, as they averred, without their volition, wrote things apparently beyond their knowledge, in documents purporting to be signed by departed spirits; these were sometimes made upside down or reversed so as to be read only through the paper or in a mirror. Some mediums wrote with both hands at a time different messages without, as they said, being conscious of either. There were speaking mediums, who declared themselves merely passive instruments of the spirits. Some represented faithfully, it was said, the actions, voices, and appearance of persons long dead; others blindfolded, drew portraits said to be likenesses of deceased persons whom they had never seen—the ordinary work of hours being done in a few minutes. Ponderous bodies, as heavy dining tables and piano-fortes, were raised from the floor; tables on which several persons sat were raised into the air by some invisible force. Mediums are said to have been raised into the air and floated about above the heads of the spectators. Persons were touched by invisible, sometimes by visible, hands. Various musical instruments were played upon without visible agency."

Such is the report of an investigator of these early spiritual manifestations. Before this time, unusual ghostly occurrences had taxed the

credulity of mankind. Rev. Samuel Wesley, father of John Wesley, had been disturbed daily and nightly for weeks at a time. Foot-falls could be heard going up and down stairs; doors would swing during the stillness of the night. Noises, half-muffled, filled the house from garret to cellar, as if the parsonage were occupied by legions of the blest or the damned. On three occasions Mr. Wesley found himself violently handled by unseen powers. The direful visitation spread terror among the members of the family, and sterner souls were invited to lodge with them in the ill-fated home. These were likewise disturbed. All heard but none saw, save the minister's mastiff which often became terrified at the approach of these spectral beings. The occasion of this ghostly convocation seemed to have had a definite period, for it ceased at length as suddenly as it began.*

This is but a single example of many similar reports that could be found in the records of the eighteenth century. It would seem that the denizens of the misty world were preparing for the widespread meddlesomeness which they have exhib-

* Curiously enough, I had an experience which has prepared me to believe in these visitations. Two years ago my own house was similarly haunted for a period of three weeks. For several successive nights I was awakened, and, reluctant to believe that such noises could proceed from any other than material hands and feet, I went down stairs fully prepared to let daylight or darkness through a burglar, should this be necessary. I found nothing, heard nothing, saw nothing; but no sooner was I in bed again than the muffled foot-falls and ghostly swinging of doors began once more. We had a lodger during this time, a woman of strange mien, who we presently learned was a spirit medium and lay communing nightly with these unearthly beings. It is needless to add that when we learned the source of our annoyance, we seriously objected to the quality and number of the visitors Mrs. S—— attracted to our home, and she accordingly sought other quarters. We have never been troubled since.

ited in the nineteenth. No other psychic movement has ever exceeded in rapidity the spread of Spiritualism. After its obscure beginning in the Fox family, societies sprang up everywhere; and as when the prairie fire is raging, flames start up at remote distances, so it was not easy to trace connections in these outbreaks.

Excitement became intense. Materialists had begun to believe they had the world by the wrist, albeit the world pulled back, reluctant to follow in their lead. But how could it help but follow? What token had death ever given back to check the skeptic's laughter? But now communication had been opened with that other world. Shakespeare was wrong. The traveler on death's bourne had returned—returned and given an account of the undiscovered country. Could this be so? Friends and foes of the new light were alike eager to begin investigation. Many of the tricks of the spirit seance could readily be duplicated by skillful leg-erdemain. Charlatans and impostors reaped a rich harvest from the credulity of mankind. These were in turn exposed and thus the fight proceeded. When the smoke measurably cleared away, it was found that Spiritualism had triumphed, as was attested by its millions of believers.

Then came the published confession of the Fox sisters (*New York World*, August 21, 1888), that the spirit-rapping which they had given rise to was a fraud and a deception—that they had discovered a mechanical device for producing these effects, and had kept it secret, at the instigation of an older sister. Much was expected by non-believers from this confession; but it had scarcely a feather's weight with believers, for, argued they, even if it be granted that the beginning of Spiritualism was a trick, that trick aroused the faith necessary to make it a reality.

Spiritualism certainly has no lack of great names to support its princi-

ples and beliefs. In scores of instances, ultra-materialists of renown have started in to demonstrate the falsehood of this strange system and ended by becoming its warm advocates and defenders. Among these may be mentioned, Professor Robert Hare, eminent as a chemist and physicist, Judge John W. Edmunds of the Court of Appeals, N. Y., Sir William Crooks, F. R. S., and Alfred Russel Wallace, whom many place on an equality with Darwin in scientific discovery.

Eight years after it began in the United States it was carried to England by Mrs. Hayden. Hitherto the reports of the marvels witnessed in America had been ridiculed. No sooner had these seances well begun therefore than men of science, accustomed to accurate observation, were on hand to investigate them. Robert Owen, founder of English socialism, and his son, Robert Dale Owen, soon became converted. The London Dialectical Society appointed a committee to investigate the manifestations which occurred through the mediumship of Daniel Douglas Home, and their labors resulted in an octavo volume, which Spiritualists use as an evidence of their system. Since then Spiritualism has spread into all the countries of Europe, and into other portions of the world. Its direct adherents number millions, while those who accept its main facts, but remain attached to some form of the Christian church, number even more.

There is no center or authoritative headquarters of Spiritualism. Wherever the natural crust of the globe of materialism has grown thin enough to leak spirits, there societies have sprung up and flourished indifferently. Journals devoted to Spiritualism are numerous enough, however; but perhaps the chief means of spreading the system is through camp meetings during the summer months. There are nearly forty of these in the United States, some of

which have hotel accommodations for thousands of people. The chief resorts are at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Cassadaga, N. Y., and Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

In these places are witnessed, so it is claimed, the spiritual phenomena already mentioned, as also the more striking feats of spirit materialization, and spirit photography, in which the deceased becomes visible again to mortal eyes. Materialization can take place only in connection with some earthly medium—the spirit must borrow the film of mortality in order to become visible to his former friends. The medium generally remains in a “cabinet” in a comatose or half devitalized condition while the spirit, in the habiliments of a borrowed vital principle, comes out before the audience and even mingles with the people.

On one such occasion a skeptic squirted ink into the face of the materialized spirit. A panic ensued. The spirit rushed to the cabinet, and a few moments later the medium came out violently agitated, but with the identical ink spots on his face. Non-believers claimed this to be a conclusive expose of the fraud of materialization. Believers, on the other hand, saw in it only what they claim, viz., a spirit cannot become visible by its own substance. The ink spots on the face of the medium simply indicated whose was the mortal substance in which the spirit appeared.

In spirit photography, the medium takes his seat before the camera. A spirit then sits beside him which draws from him materializing force enough to make two beings instead of one appear in the picture. The double is often recognized, so it is claimed, as that of a departed friend or relative. This experiment could, it seems to me, be guarded so as to become almost a conclusive test.

Let us be thankful, on the whole, that we are not all mediums; else what hellish beings grinning at our

sides might not appear in our photos? Try not to remember this suggestion when next you take your seat in the gallery; for the thought of a “dead man cheek by jowl” with you before the camera may disturb the beauty of your countenance, and straighten out your pretty curls.

I have now presented nearly all the material I desire for comment. There remain only the ethical principles professed by Spiritualists. These are best summed up in a set of resolutions passed by the American Association of Spiritualists, at their fifth annual convention, held at Rochester, N. Y., August 26-28, 1868, viz:

“1.—That man has a spiritual nature as well as a corporeal, in other words, that the real man is a spirit, which spirit has an organized form, composed of spiritual substances, with parts and organs corresponding to those of the corporeal body.

“2.—That man as a spirit is immortal and has continued identity. Being found to survive that change called physical death, it may be reasonably supposed that he will survive all future vicissitudes.

“3.—That there is a spirit world, with its substantial realities, objective as well as subjective.

“4.—That the process of physical death in no way essentially transforms the mental constitution or the moral character of those who experience it.

“5.—That happiness or suffering in the spirit world, as in this, depends not on arbitrary decree, or special provision, but on character, aspirations, and degree of harmonization, or of personal conformity to universal and divine law.

“6.—Hence that the experiences and attainments of this life lay the foundation on which the next commences.

“7.—That since growth is the law of the human being in the present life, and since the process called death is in fact but a birth into

another condition of life, retaining all the advantages gained in the experiences of this life, it may be inferred that growth, development or progression is the destiny of the human spirit.

"8.—That the spirit world is near or around, and interblended with our present state of existence; and hence that we are constantly under the cognizance and influence of spiritual beings.

"9.—That as individuals are passing from the earthly to the spirit-world in all stages of mental and moral growth, that world includes all grades of character from the lowest to the highest.

"10.—That since happiness and misery depend on internal states rather than external surroundings, there must be as many grades of each in the spirit world as there are shades of character each gravitating to his own place by the natural law of affinity.

"11.—That communications from the spirit world, whether by mental impression, inspiration or any other mode of transmission, are not necessarily infallible truths, but on the contrary partake unavoidably of the imperfectness of the minds from which they emanate, and of the channels through which they come, and are, moreover, liable to misinterpretation by those to whom they are addressed.

"12.—Hence that no inspired communication, in this or the past age (whatever claims may be or have been set up as its source) is authoritative any further than it expresses truth to the individual consciousness, which last is the final standard to which all inspired or spiritual teachings must be brought for test.

"13.—That inspiration, or the influx of ideas and promptings from the spirit world, is not a miracle of a past age, but a perpetual fact, the ceaseless methods of the divine economy for human elevation.

"14.—That all angelic and all de-

monic beings which have manifested themselves, or interposed in human affairs, in the past, were simply disembodied human spirits, or beings of like character or origin, in different grades of advancement.

"15.—That all authentic miracles (so-called) in the past, such as the raising of the apparently dead, the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands or other simple means, power over deadly poisons, the movement of physical objects without visible instrumentality, etc., have been produced in harmony with universal laws, and hence may be repeated at any time under suitable conditions.

"16.—That the cause of all phenomena—the source of all power, life, and intelligence—are to be sought for in the internal and spiritual realm, not in the external or material.

"17.—That the claim of causation, traced backward from what we see in nature and in man, leads inevitably to a Creative Spirit, who must be not only a *fount of life (love)*, but a *forming principle (wisdom)* thus sustaining the dual parental relations of Father and Mother to all the individualized intelligence, who consequently, are all brethren.

"18.—That man as the offspring of this Infinite Parent, is in some sense His image of finite embodiment; and that by virtue of this parentage, each human being is, or has, in his utmost nature, a germ of divinity—an incorruptible offshoot of the divine essence, which is ever prompting to good and right.

"19.—That all good in men is in harmony with this principle; and hence whatever prompts and aids man to bring his external nature into subjection to, and harmony with, the divine in him—into whatever religious system or formula it may be embodied—is a means of salvation from evil.

"20.—That the hearty and intelli-

gent convictions of these truths, with a realization of spirit communion tends—(a) To enkindle lofty desires and spiritual aspirations, an effect opposite to that of materialism, which limits existence to the present life. (b) To deliver from painful fears of death, and dread of the imaginary evils consequent thereupon, as well as to prevent inordinate sorrow and mourning for deceased friends. (c) To give a rational and inviting conception of the after life to those who use the present worthily. (d) To stimulate to the highest possible uses of the present life, in view of its momentous relations to the future. (e) To energize the soul in all that is good and elevating, and to restrain from all that is evil and impure. This must result, according to the laws of moral influence, from the knowledge of the constant pressure or cognizance of the loved and the pure. (f) To promote our earnest endeavors, by purity of life, by unselfishness, and by loftiness of aspiration, to live constantly *en rapport* with the higher conditions of spirit life and thought. (g) To stimulate the mind to the highest investigation and the freest thought on all subjects, especially on the vital themes of spiritual philosophy and duty, that we may be qualified to judge for ourselves what is right and true. (h) To deliver from all bondage to authority whether vested in creed, book or church, except that of received truth. (i) To cultivate self reliance and careful investigation by taking away the support of authorities, and leaving each mind to exercise its own truth determining powers. (j) To quicken all philanthropic impulses, stimulating to enlightened and unselfish labors for universal human good, under the encouraging assurance that the redeemed and exalted spirits of our race, instead of retiring to idle away an eternity of inglorious ease, are encompassing us about as a great cloud of witnesses, inspiring us to

the work, and aiding it forward to a certain and glorious issue.”

What remark has Mormonism to make with reference to all this? First, that three-fourths of it *is* Mormonism and not Spiritualism. Let us then proceed to examine the remaining one-fourth:

The one distinctive feature in these resolutions, the one thing that gave rise to Spiritualism, is the claim that departed spirits can return and converse with mortals. Has this claim been well established? With very many people it evidently has not been. So many of the devices relied upon to prove this fact can be duplicated by purely mechanical means that the question arises, Is not a medium one whose mind produces effects unknown to his own consciousness, which therefore delude even the subject himself? This is the theory of unconscious cerebration.

To illustrate, take the little device known as the planchette which writes answers to questions asked when two persons of proper affinity place their hands upon it. It is plain that these answers could be written by conscious muscular action. The marvel seems to be when it writes without conscious direction. Now, I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction by scores of trials, that this instrument does obey the suggestion, not of a spirit, but of one of its operators, and this, too, without the knowledge or consciousness of that operator. I am quite convinced that behind the crude stage which we call our brain, the soul lives a life only a fraction of which ever reaches our finite consciousness. Nor need this be explained by unconscious cerebration. Suppose a slight nervous derangement in the person acted upon—and it is notorious that mediums are not very sound—whereby the soul or spirit should take hold of the nervous, and through it of the muscular organization, while consciousness was dazed, could it not perform nearly all the feats relied upon to prove the

fact of spirit communication? The medium would thus be possessed, but it would be by his own soul. He would be possessed truly, but not self-possessed. Self or consciousness would take no cognizance of his acts.

This theory may not account for all the phenomena of Spiritualism but it is well to keep it in mind. It certainly shows rather vulgar haste to attribute to the intervention of spirits what may after all be but the erratic workings of our own minds. Until we know more of the mystery connected with the possession of our bodies by our own spirits, let us not be in too great haste to attribute the unexplained to their possession by other spirits.

But, speaking from the standpoint of a Latter-day Saint, I think we may admit the fact both of spirit possession and of spirit communication. In the case of possession, we have no record, so far as I am aware, that other than evil spirits—i. e., spirits whose curse is that they can never take their second estate, spirits known generally as devils—have taken possession of bodies already inhabited. As these roam about upon the face of the earth they could easily become sufficiently acquainted with the affairs of men to personate them and make such answers as should satisfy the credulous. Their willingness to do so cannot be doubted in view of our Savior's experiment with the devils and the swine. As for the other view, we may reasonably doubt the probability of a spirit shaped by the peculiar contour of its own earthly habitation, ever being able to accommodate itself to share the earthly tenement of another.

As to spirit communication, the cases on record in the experience of Latter-day Saints are too numerous and circumstantial to admit of doubt that it is possible to hear and see again those whom death has called from us. The Lord intimated such a possibility when he gave directions

to the Prophet Joseph Smith, as to how to try the spirits that might come with messages.

As to the conditions under which a spirit may manifest himself, I am able only to conjecture. This much reason teaches me: that as a spirit loses none of his mind power by entering the spirit world it is not likely that he would do after life what he would not do while living. It is ridiculous therefore to suppose that men and women of intelligence would hang about clairvoyants and mediums for the miserable chance of gratifying the curiosity of earthly friends and relatives. No doubt there are sufficient low-caste spirits whose tastes are groveling enough to hang about such dives. According to the law of affinity, beings who, while on earth, found no company so genial as that of saloons and hoodlum corners, might reasonably be expected to congregate in seance circles. These are the oracles which satisfy the Spiritualist upon the momentous questions of life, death and eternity!*

The central fact of Spiritualism, i. e., that of spiritual communication, may, I think be admitted. The question now arises, How far may such communication be trusted on the absorbing questions connected with our future destiny?

A lady investigating Mormonism, having just related to me a curious

* I have read much spiritualistic literature and conversed often with Spiritualists, and must say that so contradictory, so unphilosophical and often silly are the views held by different believers, that they could not have originated from sources of intelligence higher than those I have named. Theosophists maintain that this is the very essence of Spiritualism, and leading Spiritualists certainly recognize the fact that communications often come from low-grade intelligences, else why, as in the foregoing resolutions, should they caution people against receiving any spirit-message as infallible, and insist on bringing every fact communicated from the spirit-world to the criterion of human judgment before accepting it?

disturbance in her home which she attributed to spirits, remarked: "I wish a spirit would come and talk to me face to face as you are talking to me now."

"What would you ask him?" I ventured.

"I should ask him if Mormonism were true—if Joseph Smith was a true prophet—indeed, if Jesus Christ was the Savior of the world, and whether I need to get religion in order to be saved; and also what 'saved' means, and a host of similar questions."

"Would you believe what he told you?" I asked, wishing to draw her out.

"Certainly, I should have to; for would he not come from that other world? He surely would know all about it, wouldn't he?"

"Millions of people unfortunately think so," I replied. "They gulp down any spirit message without once enquiring as to the credibility of the witness."

"Credibility of a spirit—what do you mean? If Jesus is the Christ would not a spirit know it? If Joseph Smith is what you claim, would he not instantly find it out?"

"Come to the window, my dear Mrs. B—; here's one of the sights you must not miss. It has a cigarette in its mouth, and is walking directly toward us."

"Oh, you come and answer my question. I don't care to see *it*. I've seen *it* before. *It* is not indignant to Utah."

"I was not trying to evade your questions, but on the contrary trying to lead you by the Socratic method to the answer. It will be here in one minute. Do you know what *it* is? A *spirit!* Get ready to propound your questions."

"What! to that thing?"

"Certainly; you wanted to talk to a spirit. It is a spirit, if I mistake not, which moves those spindling legs, and carries that cane."

"You are laughing at me. You forget that he is not dead."

"Death is a mere incident to the question. We can do this charitable act for him—in imagination. There—now he's dead, has been dead a month, died of excess of nicotine. That is spiritual smoke issuing from his nostrils. Swedenborg says the spiritual world is so like this one, that often a spirit does not realize, until told, that he is dead. Shall I call in your spirit? You hesitate."

Here the lady broke into a prolonged fit of laughter.

"This matter is more serious than you imagine," I continued. "Suppose that heaven and hell and all their secrets were opened for the investigation of spirits, tell me honestly why would you hesitate to take the testimony of this ninny? Would it not be for the same reason that you refuse to take his testimony on earth—incapacity for correct judgment? Now, measured by the standard of God and angels, the brightest of us are but ninnies. Then it is neither reasonable nor scriptural that death throws open the secrets of eternity. They must be learned there as they are learned here. If Henry Ward Beecher could come back, he would doubtless be able to give many reasons he could not give on earth for believing that Jesus is the Christ, from the simple fact that his mind went into eternity poised to the discovery of such reasons. Whereas, if Tom Paine could return it is by no means certain that his mind would be changed one whit, save perhaps for the worse; for there as here his eyes would be blind to the evidences of a God, and open to whatever would give color to his own particular bias.

"The order in which the secrets of eternity unfold themselves to mortal minds is well put by Paul when he says: 'The righteousness of God is revealed from faith to faith.' *The righteousness of God*—what is this but the positive side of the universe, the sum total of all its secrets?"

Is revealed—conveyed as a knowledge to man—from *faith to faith*; that is, a little faith consummated in action, yields its fruit in knowledge, which, when we have made our own, gives us another faith, a more extended mind sweep, and this in turn yields another quota of the righteousness of God, until, at length in the cycle of eternities, man grows 'to the stature of the fullness of Christ' and becomes 'perfect as His Father in heaven is perfect.'

'Paul adds: 'For the just shall live by faith.' The naming of one quality may fairly be taken as standing for all. The *just* here means the progressive, all those growing toward the righteousness of God—growing in harmony with the universe. I am not bringing the authority of Scripture to support a doubtful fact. I am using Paul's words only because they aptly convey an indisputable law of development. In this life there is no other road to achievement than through the faith that leads to action. And this law, depend upon it, holds equally in the spirit world. And the reason is not far to seek. We gain power by exercising the power we already have. If we are to be like God we must become perfect in the attribute of faith—the power by which He calls worlds into existence and controls the universe. It is necessary then that this attribute grow in us by all that we do. But how could it grow if in this world or in the next, conditions should be shaped so that we must live by knowledge rather than by faith?

"My dear friend," said I, "forgive this little preach which I have inflicted upon you. Your enquiries concerning Spiritualism seemed to invite it. Permit me to add that I often marvel that men and women who would not take the judgment of the wisest man living as to matters eternal, surrender to the first incoherent mouthings of a spirit seance. Is not this the uttermost prostitution of God-given

intelligence? Prominent men in our own church, even apostles, have done this silly thing; and in the world, ultra skeptics, who pride themselves on their scientific accuracy, fall by platoons before the opinion of spirits who, even under the most favorable circumstances, can know no more of eternity than they themselves, save perhaps in the one fact of death, which the former have experienced and the latter have not.

"Do you know how much weight I would attach to the combined testimony of all the spirit seances in the world respecting the questions you desire to ask? Just the same that I would give to the testimony of an equal convocation of mortals. Are they not all spirits alike? The only difference is that these are embodied, those disembodied. There would be no more unanimity in the one case than in the other; for are not all equally imperfect? And shall we go to the firefly to get information concerning the sun?

"What you say," replied my fair interlocutor—for such a conversation actually occurred—"seems reasonable, but it makes me sad. If we are to discredit the communications from that other world, how shall we ever satisfy our desires to penetrate the veil. It is very necessary, you seem to think, to obey the teachings of the Gospel—here. Yet, I am in the predicament of not knowing that it is true, yet fearing it may be. What you have told me perplexes me still more."

"I did not say," replied I, "that we should discredit all communication from the other world, but only that which comes from spirits no more intelligent than ourselves, and then only when they presume to speak on matters of which they know nothing. On the contrary, all our hope springs from messages which come from the world beyond. Have the manifestations of Spiritualism satisfied you as to the reality of that other world, and to the possibility of communica-

tion? So far the system has done good. Do you believe in a God? Then surely it would not be difficult to believe that He would communicate with His children. Such a message would have authority, and no other message would."

"Hard to believe! Surely not. Does not your heart yearn to believe so glorious a truth! If I did not believe that Joseph Smith spoke by such authority—if I believed that he was merely a spirit medium—I should be of all men the most miserable. But I not only believe this—I know it. The God that spoke to him, has also spoken by His Spirit to me, and given me a testimony for myself. But I had to know it—just as you must learn it if you ever know it—through the medium of faith—faith which leads to humility and prayer. There is no other way to learn God's secrets. The law is immutable: 'The just shall live by faith.'"

I am now ready, dear reader, to draw some very important conclusions. Just go back and read once more those beautiful resolutions which embody the soul of Spiritualism. Pause at that one which makes frail human judgment the ultimate criterion whereby the truths of the universe are to be measured. Could anything be more cunningly devised to flatter the arrogant vanity of worldlings?

Think next of the blasphemy of a precious collection of mortals, who, without the faintest evidence other than that furnished by lying spirits, could pronounce all revelation to be no more authoritative than the orgies of a spirit camp meeting! Lastly, consider the energetic denunciation of divine authority—why, cannot you see in it all Lucifer, the original liar, and father of lies? And that you may better appreciate the sublime audacity of this arch hypocrite, picture with what a bland smile, he refers to the "Creative Spirit," the "Infinite Parent," as both "Father" and "Mother," and the "Exalted Spirits," inspiring the destinies of man "to a certain and glorious issue!"

In my last I closed by pointing out that whoever drank from the cup of Christian Science would get wigglers. No other figure seemed so likely to describe the kind of disturbance apt to get into his brain by imbibing the theories of Mrs. Glover Eddy. But whoever drinks to the dregs the cup of Spiritualism, though apparently it is so much clearer and more sparkling, will get a poison that will kill him for eternity—the same poison which Satan and his angels drank ere the world was when they refused to recognize the authority of the universe.

N. L. Nelson.

AFTER THE STORM.

MERCY HAIGHT walked along the narrow path leading from the fence to the farm house, glancing now and then abstractedly at the bright-hued maples that bordered the walk; their broad, serrate leaves splashed with ochre and vermilion laid in on the small bits of green arms by the bold hand of autumn, and wondering if it indeed could be the same season in which she had started away from home in the morning. It seemed

more, indeed, as if a year might have run its rounds since then, so changed had become the aspect of her life since starting out on the picnic.

It had all happened so foolishly and uselessly, too, that she could hardly convince herself that the result which had happened was indeed final. Yet, there was the memory of the cruel scene which had occurred between Kate and Howard to

keep that keen sense of realization and regret too painfully alert. It had happened this way:

A crowd of them had started out in the nook picnicking and berrying. Howard Pearson had been her escort as a matter of course, the attentions he had been paying her during the past year giving him a sort of acknowledged right in the eyes of the others to her society.

They picnicked for lunch in a little glade near the edge of Sarvis Creek, and after the meal was over, the party, which had proceeded so far in groups, divided up into pairs, each couple taking a basket or tin pail to fill with berries before supper time.

Two of the couples, Mercy and Howard and Kate Winn and Orson Rose, had kept somewhat together, and presently, after wandering about for a time, sat down on the banks of the creek to rest for a while, before making their way back to Sarvis Bowery, as their glade was usually called.

They were talking of the possibility of making a short cut to the spot, and Howard had spoken of a tree he had noticed further up, which had fallen across the stream, and by which they might perhaps cross, and thus avoid the necessity of retracing the long distance back to the bridge by the way they had come.

Orson had answered that he knew the spot which Howard spoke of, but that it would be unsafe to attempt to cross there, as the tree was decayed throughout, especially in the center, and therefore likely to give way at any slight weight. As the creek ran very swift and deep there, and between the steep and slippery banks formed by the cliffs on the opposite side of the stream, he volunteered the suggestion that it would by all means be better to take the long way round than run the risk of the danger of crossing by the tree. All agreed with him except Kate Winn, a some-

what harum-scarum girl, who made a sort of virtue of her somewhat inconvenient and tiresome trait of recklessness and daring.

She did not believe, she declared, that the tree was unsafe, and for one would rather attempt to cross by it, than take the long way back, through the woods, to the camp. The others argued with her but to no avail; she would try it herself, at any rate, she said, and the others could do as they liked.

Orson, who had grown a little impatient of Kate's wild spirits, through the long year of his devoted courtship, spoke to her somewhat seriously in regard to her projected feat, and this attempted restraint, together, perhaps, with a more tender and selfish nature, brought her to her feet with the declaration that she would go and try the tree herself, and come back and report to them, if the crossing proved to be safe enough to "spare the delicate nerves of the gentlemen in the party any severe strain."

Her chief motive, perhaps, was to prove the extent of Orson's devotion, believing, or rather hoping, that his fear or tenderness would cause him to follow her. In this, however, she was disappointed—her lover's impatience at her "foolhardy" project making him in this case angry and anxious enough to decide him to make no concession to her whims. Kate therefore made her way loftily and independently, though alone, in the direction of the fallen tree. When she was out of sight, Howard, seeing that Orson would not interfere, and realizing that the reckless girl should be prevented from her attempt, rose to his feet, smilingly, and volunteered to bring her back. Orson said nothing, though he was evidently relieved, while Mercy added her advice to "hurry before she could carry out her rash plan," and Howard turned away, walking rapidly in the direction of Kate's retreating footsteps.

Orson and Mercy sat on the grass, talking in snatches and watching the brush in the thick growth of trees, through which they expected to see the two absent ones momentarily appear. As the time passed into a half hour without their appearing, the two began to be fearful that some accident had happened, and at Mercy's suggestion, at length rose to their feet and made their way to the spot whither the two friends had started. They walked along silently, coming presently to the open spot where the much talked of tree spread its huge but crumbling length across the dangerous gulch.

As they did so, a scene met their eyes which was as much a surprise to them both as the sudden appearance of the archangel Michael leading his hosts to the final war of earth, or of Gabriel announcing the ending of the scenes of time, so little had it been expected.

At the edge of the cliff stood the recreant couple, clasped in each other's arms, Kate's face, pale and tear-stained, upraised with a beseeching look to Howard's own, and the latter's head bent towards her, while he spoke to her in low and soothing tones.

They looked up almost immediately as the others appeared—and neither could, or attempted, to hide their sudden embarrassment. Howard, however, came at once to Mercy's side, as if to attempt to utter some explanation, but the latter with a steady contemptuous gaze, and the cool rejoinder that his affairs could be of no possible importance to her, turned away into the homeward path, where she was joined by Orson who quietly and silently offered his arm. The two couples made their way back to the glade without the interchange of any conversation, each in fact being careful to avoid the other during the walk there and throughout the rest of the time till the breaking up of the picnic.

Then Howard approached Mercy,

who was standing apart, asking her in low tones if she would permit him to walk home with her, as he desired her at least to listen to his explanation. Still angry and hurt by the scene she had witnessed, Mercy again turned coldly away, and the best chance of reconciliation was passed.

Orson accompanied Mercy home, and Howard, Kate; each couple going in opposite directions, so that neither saw the other alone again during the day.

This cloud it was, which had darkened Mercy's happiness, making her life seemed changed and hopeless, as she neared her home. She had had time, since the occurrence at the stream, to think the affair over a little more closely, and she could not, strive as she would, convince herself that there was anything serious in the occurrence. That there was no reasonable justification for it, was of course a settled conviction in her own mind, but that there was a probable *excuse*, and that perhaps of an unimportant nature, she could not force herself to deny. She knew, too well in fact, Howard's feeling towards the flighty young Kate—to be able to convince herself that there was any serious interpretation to be placed upon the scene she had witnessed. The opinion to which she came after reflection was that the situation was the result of some sudden impulse or whim of the uncontrollable creature in whose company Howard found himself, than any fault or wish of his own, and it was with some regret that she viewed her own hasty and contemptuous rejection of his attempted explanation. That he was wounded and grieved over it she could not doubt, from his expression upon her rejection of his company, and she realized that as neither of them would make concessions, that the barrier that had arisen would of necessity be permanent.

Though Howard's childhood home was in Sarvisville—he himself resided

principally in Springfield—a distance of fifty or sixty miles away—his business being there; and as he was intending to leave the village the next day—there remained but one more chance for their meeting, in case he should avail himself of the opportunity of calling during the evening.

This he did not do, and as she learned the next day that he had departed for Springfield, she knew that their one-time tender and close association was at an end.

A few days after his departure Kate Winn called upon Mercy to make an explanation, feeling, as she said, that she might perhaps, by being silent, cause trouble between the two lovers. The scene at the gulch she declared was her own fault. She had ventured out on the log, and had almost reached the center when it commenced to give way beneath her weight. Losing her balance she would have fallen into the waters below, had not Howard appeared in time to catch her about the waist and snatch her from danger. She had fainted from the sudden fright, and when Howard at length revived her by chafing her hands and bringing water from the creek a short distance away, she had become hysterical, and utterly unable to control her violent emotion. The scene they had witnessed was simply the result of Howard's kind efforts to calm and comfort her, and she begged Mercy to hold no feeling of offense towards him because of the occurrence.

Kate herself was very much sobered by the experience, having had a hard struggle to pacify and reconcile her angry and disgusted lover. She had at length made peace with him, and had promised as she declared to Mercy, "never to act kittenish again"—a promise which Orson had won after a long and serious talk upon her reckless ways. The quarrel had ended in an arrangement for their wedding which was to take place in a few weeks.

In spite of Kate's confession which

but corroborated her own later conclusions in regard to the matter, Mercy's pride would not permit her to write to Howard, and as there was an equal amount of independence and sensitiveness in the other nature, no word passed between them.

For nearly six months Mercy heard nothing in regard to her old time lover; then a report came that he had become a convert to "Mormonism"—that obnoxious and ridiculed religion which had lately been creating a sensation in their own neighborhood.

A few weeks later news came that he had married, and taken his wife, who was also a convert to the new religion, to Nauvoo, where the rest of the people were gathered—then all news of him ceased.

To Mercy the news of his conversion to the hated creed, was almost as great a blow as that of his marriage. She had heard of the doctrines only by report, but this had been of such a nature as to make her disdain even the thoughts of hearing them preached, so opposite were they to all that she had been taught to believe. That a man with the intelligence and judgment of Howard Pearson should have been drawn into it, was something which she could hardly credit, in spite of the certain evidence of the truth.

It was more from a feeling of curiosity to hear this strange and delusive doctrine which had found credence with him, that she at length yielded to the persuasion of some of the neighbors and attended the meetings held by a Mormon Elder then in the village, her feelings so far in regard to the religion, partaking only of unbelief and aversion. It is needless to state her experience. She was simply one of these vast numbers of people whom the declaration and doctrine of the new sect, moved with an irresistible conviction of truth; and in a short time from her first visit to a "Mormon meeting"

she was baptized into the Church. To say that her trials were many in breaking with the former religious associations is to state the case but tamely.

Though a number of people in the village had embraced the religion, she was the only one in her own family who had declared for it, and the hostility and prejudice of her new views made her life unbearable. She had been anxious to join with her people at Nauvoo, but such a storm of complaint and entreaty was aroused at the mention of her going alone, that she was obliged to give up the idea until a favorable opportunity should occur for her to go with friends.

The "opportunity" soon came about, and in a way which she had little dreamed of when meditating her plans.

The missionary who had come among them was John Hildon, a man of about forty-five years of age, with stalwart figure, and bluff honest manner of action and speech that to many had more of a charm than the more vaunted fascinations of culture and polish.

He was a widower, his wife having died a year since, leaving him with two children—daughters, aged respectively eighteen and fifteen years. He had from the first been attracted by Mercy, and at length, one evening, walking home with her from the neighbor's house where he had been preaching to a little gathering, he asked her to become his wife.

"My heart went out to you the first time I saw you," he said in his blunt way to Mercy, "an' I can't bear the thought of goin' back to Nauvoo without you. If you don't come now you may never come at all, an' though you maybe wont see it as I do, I believe it's better to take up with an old shack like me than not to join the rest of the people out there at all. I don't suppose I could be with you much, though, if you should come, for our paths aint laid

out with rose leaves, out there. It's hard service, night and day, we men take on with our baptism—either as missionaries abroad, or at home in some field or other—preachin' and keepin' our prophets from the hands of the mobs; but I've got two motherless girls out there—living round with the neighbors for want of a home, and I know you'd be good company for each other—even if I don't count at all. I don't want you to decide now, my girl; I want you to take as long as you want, to make up your mind, and if you can't seem to favor me, why I shant trouble you any more, that's all"—and opening the gate for her he walked rapidly away.

Mercy took "as long as she wanted" to make up her mind, thinking it over prayerfully and earnestly. To think of him as she had once thought of Howard Pearson was impossible—yet there was something about the man's sincere and genial nature and uncompromising honesty which compelled her sincere liking and respect, and she told herself, that if she could not love him as she had that other, yet his cheeriness and affection would be able to make her life far from unendurable.

The truth was that in the excitement and succeeding calm and content of her new and religious experience, the memory of her former lover had become somewhat dim in a way—everything, in fact, in her life, becoming secondary to the great consideration of her religion. Moreover, she knew that they were inevitably separated, and that whether her life was to be passed henceforth alone, was to be of her own choosing.

This thought and that of the two lonely daughters deprived of the society of both father and mother, together with her own personal longing to go to Nauvoo, were added ballast to put in the scale already freighted, with her unfeigned esteem for the man who had proposed to

her. Altogether, they made what opposing arguments remained to tip the beam, and when John Hildon returned from his short trip to a neighboring town, Mercy was ready with her answer.

In three weeks' time the wedding took place, and a month later they were in Nauvoo.

Mercy found her husband's two daughters charming and lovable girls, and when the little cottage, which had been rented during the father's absence, had been refitted, it made a pleasant and happy home and household.

Mercy heard of Thomas Pearson occasionally, but did not see anything of him, nearly every one being kept busy in watching and working during those troublous times. Her husband had been chosen one of the number of minute men appointed to guard the beloved prophet and his followers from the violence of mobs, and was away a great deal in his various kinds of service. They were very happy though, through all this, and it was only when the terrible event of the assassination at Carthage Jail occurred that they began to realize trouble and hardship.

From that time until the exodus in that terrible February, they were kept in anxiety—realizing that besides the long journey to an unknown place, there were other trials to be met—having to leave all behind them, and finding no one who would offer money for the land, house and furniture which made their all. They bore up bravely, however, and when the time came were ready to go—glad to bear the terrors of the wilderness for the loved religion.

It was on the first day of the journey that Mercy saw Howard Pearson. When the religious cavalcade stopped to encamp for the night, the wagons of the two families were not far apart, and Howard, catching sight of Mercy, came up to

her with outstretched hand. It was no time nor place for the cherishing of old resentments, even if any now existed, and their hands met in a warm and friendly clasp.

"I heard but a short time ago of your coming to Nauvoo," said Howard; "I have been away a great deal and have lost track of many of the converts; but you can imagine that I was rejoiced to find you numbered among us."

They conversed for a few moments and then Howard asked her to meet his wife, leading her to the wagon where a slender and delicate-faced woman was busy arranging some utensils and furniture underneath the box. Sweet, ethereal Mary Pearson! Mercy never forgot the first look into her clear, trustful eyes, and pure, exquisite countenance. It was the outward semblance of the patient, angelic soul mirrored from within, and gazing at her Mercy felt a tender love springing within her heart, sincere and steadfast, as if their acquaintance had been the close association of years instead of moments.

She found out from Howard afterward that his wife's health had always been precarious, though she had been better since coming to Nauvoo.

The travel had revived her very much so far, and he looked forward with anxiety to the long journey before them, with its thousand hardships.

His apprehension was verified. As they went on, Mary's health declined—worn down with the cold, wet weather through which they journeyed, and the hardships of the weary days of travel over the unsheltered plains.

Mercy spent the most of the time with her, carefully nursing and caring for the delicate invalid. Howard and her own husband were away during the most of the time they were encamped, going behind with their strong teams to help the weaker ones

who came straggling behind, so that the two newly-met friends were left much to themselves. Mercy's eldest step-daughter had married just before leaving Nauvoo, and the younger stayed with her sister, so that Mercy could easily devote her time to the sick woman.

The comfort her care gave to Howard's mind, was beyond expression, but his gratitude was expressed in a thousand nameless and silent ways, which were more significant by far to her, than words.

Sometimes when he was near her, the memory of the old times which were passed would come to her, making her self-conscious and unhappy, but she put them away hastily, ashamed for her weakness, towards herself, as well as for Mary and her own unsuspecting husband. She conquered them at last, and could meet him without reserve, the two families in fact, going and conversing upon terms of sincerest and frankest comradeship.

Mary seemed to be growing weaker daily, and at length Howard was constrained to relegate his duty of helping the weaker teams to the young man who had married Mercy's step-daughter, while he stayed about the wagon watching and waiting upon his failing wife.

The people in their journey had come one evening to the edge of a somewhat wide stream and decided to camp there over Sunday, which was the next day, not attempting to cross until the following Monday.

The Sabbath dawned rather lowry and it was determined to hold the services in a grove across the stream, where the concourse of people might seek shelter should it rain, under the close growth of trees surrounding the open glade selected by the leaders for the Sabbath service.

As Mary was a little better, Mercy told Howard to attend the meeting, stating her willingness to stay with Mary in his stead. He had been

notified that he would perhaps be called on to assist in the services in the forenoon, and he felt somewhat obliged to go, but said that he would get excused and stay during the morning with Mary so that Mercy herself could go. This she refused to do and he at length went away, leaving her alone with Mary.

The wagon in which the latter lay was upon a little hill or knoll apart from the others, and though two men were left to guard the teams, they were stationed at the extremity of the camp, so that the two women were virtually alone.

The people had been gone but little more than a half hour; Mary was sleeping quietly in the wagon box under the shelter of the canvas cover, and Mercy sat watching her from the opposite end of the wagon, when a slight noise at the back end near Mary's head, caused Mercy suddenly to glance up. The swift look made her blood suddenly chill with terror. An Indian stood at the end of the box holding aside the curtain at the rear and curiously peering in at her. Mary tried to scream out but her lips and voice failed her and she sat in silence, helplessly and fearfully gazing at the coarse, dark visage.

How long it was that he stood there she could not tell, though it seemed an eternity to her; then suddenly and quietly as he had come he dropped the coverlet and went away and she saw him no more. Why or whence he had come she could not guess; but as he had offered her no harm, and had smiled in evident appreciation of her palpable fears, she could not but believe that he was one of the friendly tribes whom they had met on their way; though they had not as yet seen any in this vicinity. She was thankful that she had made no outcry for Mary's sake, since the effort of such a shock as she herself had suffered to the sick woman must have proved fatal.

Mercy's trials for the day, however, were not yet ended. Though fortunately not of the human and ferocious kind she dreaded she was to be confronted with another enemy which came near trying her equilibrium to the utmost. This came in a short time in the form of a storm which the dawn had threatened and such a one as Mercy had never witnessed or dreamed of before. The rain falling in torrents, was driven with the force of a flood against the covers of the wagon saturating them, and driving in through the cracks and openings. The wind at length tore the curtain from the rear end of the wagon, leaving the rain free to pour in upon the sick woman, and Mercy, what with her own nervous fear and anxiety for the helpless sufferer, was at her wit's end to know what to do. Presently she took a blanket from the couch and kneeling at the end of the wagon spread it across the opening making it by means of incessant and careful effort serve as an effective shelter from the rain. Thus she knelt during an hour—the longest she had ever experienced, and when finally the storm ceased and the people came hurrying from the service, Mercy's strength and nerves were completely shattered.

She waited till Howard offered to take her place, then went to her own canvas domicile, to lie sick with ague and fever for three weeks.

During the first week of her sickness Howard Pearson spent much of his time in aiding and ministering at her bedside. His wife was much better, so that she did not need the incessant care and watchfulness as before, and he was glad to make a return for Mercy's unselfish devotion. John Hildon had gone with his son-in-law back to Nauvoo, to make a last endeavor to sell his lands and stock, before sacrificing them entirely, so that Howard's thoughtful and devoted care was very grateful to the little family.

It was the Sunday after Mercy's terrible ordeal which had resulted in her sickness. The people were still encamped in the open place near the river or stream, waiting for the rest of the wagons which were delayed by the rains, to reach the place of encampment. Howard's wagon was still on the slope near the edge of the wood, apart from the others, and about fifteen yards from the banks of the stream. Mary had been unusually well the day before, and as the night was mild and warm, Howard had made his bed on the ground outside the wagon, the gentle slope which was toward the wood, with its soft dry earth, making a somewhat inviting place of rest, in comparison to the close wagon.

The Sabbath morning dawned mild and clear, giving a hint of the longed-for spring which would make so much easier the toilsome journey of the wanderers.

Though the sun had not yet risen, it was yet bright daylight, the coming sunshine sending warm rays up above the horizon—filling the eastern sky with a dim, pink and halo-like mist.

No one was astir in the camp, the early hour and the Sabbath lending their grateful influence to sooth the hearts of the pilgrims to peace and rest.

Howard, lying on his couch under the open sky, woke suddenly with a start. Someone was singing somewhere in the vicinity, and the sound had wakened him from his slumbers. The strains ceased for a moment, then it pealed forth again, but this time there seemed a multitude of voices joining in a wonderful and thrilling anthem.

Howard thought that some of the sisters must have risen and were singing psalms in commemoration of their first spring-time Sabbath. He sat up and looked about him, but there were no signs of anyone stirring. Presently he was able to locate the sound. It came from the

direction of the grove across the stream, and such melody, Howard had never heard, nor dreamed of before. As he sat thrilled and breathless, listening to the wonderful harmony, a sight met his eyes which for a moment chilled his life's blood, then left him weak and trembling.

Over across the stream floating in mid-air, came a throng of bright beings, luminous, beautiful and ethereal, moving apparently without effort, and joining in the heavenly strains to which Howard had been listening. They came nearer and nearer, and Howard watching them, still thrilled and breathless, saw them gather above the wagon where Mary lay. Some hovered above the tongue and ribbed canvas others looked in at the ends, all still joining in their marvelous and heavenly song.

Presently he saw Mary come forth and mingle amongst them, joining sweetly and joyfully in the music; and then, clasping her hands in theirs, the angel visitants passed away.

Howard watched them glide upon the knoll and across the stream, growing dimmer and dimmer to his view, till, as they reached the trees of the grove on the opposite side of the river, they faded and died away.*

When they were gone Howard stood still for a moment trying to collect his thoughts. It was either a dream or vision that he had had, and he could not quite trust himself yet to determine which.

Could it be possible that he had in reality been asleep until this moment and had dreamed of the sights he had seemed actually to witness?

Suddenly he rose to his feet, and walked to the wagon. He was still trembling from the effects of his strange experience, and half staggered with his faintness as he neared the spot.

Climbing upon the tongue of the wagon he lifted the cover and looked in. It was as he expected—Mary lay still and white, a peaceful and heavenly expression upon her countenance—dead.

Two days after Mary's funeral, John Hildon's son-in-law rode into camp, bringing the word that Mercy's husband was no more.

He had been weary and ailing before they started from Nauvoo, and after riding twenty miles in a furious rain storm, had been taken with a violent fever. For three days the unfortunate and courageous man lay delirious, and the fourth day, spite of young Bradley's devoted care, had succumbed to the violent attack.

There was of course no means of bringing the body, on and he had been obliged to bury him at Pisgah, one of their former stopping places, and come on alone.

There was much sorrow in the camp over the death of John Hildon, for he was known as a courageous and self-sacrificing man as well as Saint. Mercy herself could not yet be told of it, her own weak state making the shock of the sad news too probable of resulting fatally. It was three weeks later before she was apprised either of this or Mary Pearson's death; the latter event being considered equally as dangerous a topic; the dear one having been to Mercy as a sister.

At length when she was somewhat recovered the news was broken gently; the shock and grief which she suffered being made at least bearable by the tender ministrations and sympathy of friends.

The sorrow together with her recent illness, kept her frail and miserable and it was a month later before she began to feel able to resume the effort and duties of life. To Mercy it seemed almost a hopeless prospect and struggle.

Her husband's youngest daughter had married the week before a young man traveling in the train, and,

*This vision was an actual experience, happening during the journey from Nauvoo.

though all were kind and thoughtful for her comfort, the breaking up of the little home circle, seemed like the severing of her last actual tie of home and relationship.

One day, feeling ill and despondent, she went to the man who was leading the long pilgrimage to unknown lands, for comfort and advice. As they sat talking, a shadow darkened the opening of the tent and Howard Pearson, suddenly entered. Seeing the President and his visitor in conversation he was about to depart, when the former quickly stopped him.

"Don't go, Brother Pearson; you are the very man I want to see. Now I want to say something to both of you. Each of you is in

grief—one for a helpmate, the other a protector. I don't need to tell you that these are times when none of us can afford to indulge in any useless sorrow or sentiment, and my advice to you is, to take each other in marriage and endeavor to be a joy and comfort to each other while you are permitted to live together on earth."

Whether the speaker knew of the affair which took place between Howard and Mercy in former times, was never known; but joining their hands on the spot, he performed the ceremony which should have been accomplished long ago; and when consummation brought the only boon possible to their lonely and long estranged lives. J. S.

ONE OF OUR SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

ITS APPARENT CAUSES, AND PROBABLE CURE.

TO THE observing mind, there are some conditions existing in our midst to which the attention of all who are interested in the progress of the sons and daughters of Zion ought to be drawn. For, if left to go on without protest, or effort at reformation, they can only result in pain and trouble to all concerned. To see and understand these conditions, and strive to remedy them, is the duty of every one professing the name of Christ and especially of those who have been called and set apart as leaders through the medium of the M. I. Associations.

Prominent among these evils is one which we will designate *Lack of Reverence for Sacred Things*, but which, in extreme cases amounts almost to infidelity.

This has been called "the age of enlightenment;" and *truly*, so far as advancement in the learning of the world is concerned. But taking the world at large the knowledge of God has not kept pace with other sciences

and the arts. There are a few people, however, who believe and put into practice the divine bit of information given us by the prophet—"There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth it knowledge." But the majority of men have lost sight of the true Author of all enlightenment, and when some exceptionally bright mind grasps an atom of truth, and brings forth some production which startles the world because of its originality and usefulness, all honor is sooner or later bestowed upon the man, and upon the age in which he lives, but they seem not to know that it is brought about by the inspiration of God, and that alone. Therefore, a few far-reaching minds have arrived at a true conclusion, and have said: "This is also an age of infidelity."

The scepter of unbelief being abroad in the world, its gaunt arms outstretched, and its eye alert to ensnare any unwary victim, we need not expect to entirely escape its

influence. Knowing this condition of the world; knowing also that Satan, in the short period left of his probation, will leave no snare unlaïd to entangle the yielding minds of the heirs of the Holy Priesthood which he fears, it becomes the duty of every Latter-day Saint to assist in rearing safeguards against these influences.

While we know, that Satan and his emissaries are the primary causes of all evil, yet there are others, which act as auxiliaries of no little consequence, to which, as being more or less under our control, we should direct our attention. We will call the first of these causes *Heredity*; for in order to arrive at the true source of many evils, as well as blessings, it has been found necessary, in many cases, to go back many generations.

If our ancestors for several generations have been addicted to certain habits or modes of procedure, it is a matter of little surprise if we incline to follow in the same direction.

The Lord said, "The sins of the fathers should be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Thus we see that the injury we do ourselves by wrong doing is the smallest item. The effects extend far into the future, and are felt by our children and children's children to as great a degree as ourselves. Thus we feel the effect of the wrong doings of our fathers. We cannot help this, we can only battle against results and learn lessons of wisdom therefrom, that we may not entail the same evils upon our posterity by our acts.

Next in importance and place is *Example*. So potent is this force for good or ill that it has always been a mystery that parents should so blindly and persistently continue to set bad examples before their own and other people's children, and yet expect them to excel in all the virtues in which they are themselves so deficient. Parents may preach

and teach from birth to maturity, and if their own lives are not in accordance with those teachings, they will be of little avail. Children are quick to discern the inconsistency of such a course, and they soon cease to have respect for an authority which is not based upon sound integrity to principle. Oh! that we could realize the vast responsibility which we assume when we take upon ourselves the conditions of parenthood! Oh! that we could know and understand the weighty influence which our most trifling words and acts exert upon the boy or girl who, unnoticed by us, witnesses them! But we do not. We drink our cup of tea or coffee for breakfast and tell Tommy it was not made for little folks. We neglect our family prayers sometimes, and he grows up doing the same with his private ones. The divine injunction: "Pray always lest ye enter into temptation," not being a part of his practical education, he lacks this fortification, and when the hour of temptation comes, he is often unable to resist it.

Perhaps we neglect our Sunday meetings or our fast-day devotions, and Tommy grows up with the impression that they are not of much consequence. Or, we may allow ourselves to criticise the actions or motives of others, especially those in authority. Eager eyes and ears readily absorb this and doubtless if we are observant we will hear small lips repeating the same things to others.

Our bad influence is not confined to home. Our neighbor's child sees us smoke, or hears us swear, or do any of the improper things of which we are so often guilty. He will look upon us and soliloquize something like this: "Bro. B—is thought to be a good man; if he can do so and so, why can't I? What is right for him is right for me. If Johnny Jones can haul hay on Sunday, why can't I?" and so on.

It is a fact that the power and in-

fluence of our words and acts for good or evil extend beyond all comprehension. It is also true that we will be held responsible for them in this respect as well as others. We surely do not comprehend these things fully, or we would pause and consider the consequences before we say or do anything not strictly in accord with the divine truth. It is not the great crimes which work the most evil in the world. It is the small duties unfulfilled; the small evils unchecked, which weaken the character and pave the way for greater ones. And it is these small things which our children behold and imitate which renders them an easier prey to the evil one when the hour of temptation comes. Looking at it in this light, how wise the prayer of our Lord, when He said "Lead us not into temptation." He did not pray *deliver me from* temptation when it is *before* me, but lead me not *into it*; for he realized these weaknesses of His man nature, and how hard it is for mortals to resist evil.

We are none of us exempt from the duty of setting a good example. The aged, from the experiences of long and useful lives, should be viewed as patterns for all to follow. The middle-aged, heads of families, should be regarded by those families as true and faithful exponents of the principles they advocate. The young, just venturing on the sea of matrimony, should mutually lay down laws for family government, strictly in accordance with Gospel truth, and these rules should be faithfully kept.

Elder brothers and sisters should remember the power they exert over the younger members of the family, and set an example worthy for them to follow. The family being thus well governed, society will govern itself.

Thus much for example. The next important point to consider is *Home-training*. It is a fact well authenticated by the testimony of

teachers, and all persons having experience in the training of large numbers of children, that those who are taught the principles of obedience and decorum at home, are those who are easiest to manage and who make the best progress at school. It is presumable also that those parents who set the best examples are those who are the most earnest in their efforts to teach their children in all good principles. As remarked before in this article, the two must go hand in hand to accomplish the best results. Precept plus practice is the only good rule.

Several years ago the writer formed the opinion that parents were, as a rule, negligent as regards the teaching of religion to their children. Time and experience has only strengthened these views. Parents do not get near enough to their little ones, do not know and understand the deep train of thought into which they are sometimes plunged, and from which they can not extricate themselves without aid, because of their ignorance of the cause. I remember an instance in my own experience which will illustrate this point. I had heard my elders speak of the end of the world, many times, and to my limited understanding it seemed at our very doors. I could not comprehend how it was going to take place, but in my childish mind I formed the theory that it would be hurled out of its natural place, and that humanity would have a hard time to keep upon it about that time. I pondered on this subject a great deal, and wondered how *I* would fare when this dread event took place. So deep an impression did it make on my mind that I would dream of it, and several times I was awakened by the sensation of running to keep up with the world, which was being hurled straight through space at a tremendous speed. There was always a great precipice behind me which I could see, and I could always see, also, that the world

gained on me, resulting in such a terror of being hurled down the precipice that I would awake trembling and out of breath, as though my dream had been actual fact. A few words of simple explanation, and all that needless suffering would have been obviated.

Parents, how many of you make it a point to call your children around you, and talk to them on the principles of truth and salvation? How many young men and young women can remember such a thing ever happening in their family? I venture to say that if a vote were called, the hands shown would be very few and scattering. And yet there is no act which would be more appreciated, if begun early, and done in a pleasant way. There is nothing which can take its place as to importance in the education of the child. Of all earthly endowments, it is the one thing which will not perish. And yet we wilfully neglect the priceless jewel and employ ourselves in preference with the brass and tinsel of mortality.

There are a long list of excuses for this neglect. We know them all by personal experience. First, the struggle for daily bread. The most reasonable of the lot, but has not God said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all else shall be added unto you." What labor more calculated to build up His kingdom than the proper training of those upon whom the responsibilities of that kingdom must rest in the future? And who is there with so little faith in God's promises, who cannot see that the time thus spent would not be the most profitable of all the days and hours which come his way? Fathers toil from year to year, uncomplainingly, for the maintenance of the bodies of their children, while their spirits are often left to grow up totally uncultivated; sometimes nearly choked with the weeds and briars of small vices which are allowed to go on until they cannot be

eradicated. Mothers spend hours and hours of needless toil in ornamenting the outward forms of their darlings, or concocting unhealthful dishes for them, which might be a thousand times more profitably employed in ornamenting and cultivating the *spiritual* and *mental* being of their children. A *regime* of simple, healthful, natural food, and plain, simple clothing, will leave the mother ample time to look after the spiritual needs of her little flock, and improve her own condition at the same time.

One other point we will briefly notice in connection with this subject. It is the hour of *Association*. It is a well-known fact that one child of evil habits or propensities can corrupt a whole neighborhood, if allowed to associate with them.

If begun early, as all true education should be, this evil is entirely under our control. A little watch-care on our part, a little exercise of our natural and lawful authority, and the evils of association are reduced to a minimum. It may be thought a little hard on the evil-doers, but for authority we will go back to the word of the Lord to Nephi in reference to the killing of Laban: "It is better that *one* man should perish, than that a whole nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief." So also it is better that the child of evil parentage or habits should be *ostracized* from all society, than that a whole community should be corrupted by its bad example and teachings.

Effort should of course be made for the reformation of the evil doer, but it should be done by those whose characters are so far formed that they will not be effected by the example before them.

Thus we have attempted to place before our hearers a few of the evils with which we are surrounded; a few of the weapons which are employed by a wily adversary for the overthrow of a cause which he hates and fears.

It has not been done in a spirit of fault-finding, nor with any particular person or set of persons in view. They are evils which afflict *every* community to a greater or less extent, but they are none the less dangerous on that account.

There is not an individual of us but is guilty of some of the sins of omission or commission which have

been spoken of. If this article shall cause any one of us to stop and consider our true position in regard to these matters, and to move forward with renewed desire and energy toward the goal of perfection, the writer will feel that, through the blessings of God, her efforts have not been in vain.

Julia A. Macdonald.

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH.

How time flies! It seems but but yesterday, so vivid was the vision so intense the emotion, but years have passed since, in the stillness of that ever present night, I lay thinking of the goodness of our God, tracing the mile-stones and finger-posts, along the path of life, set up by a Divine Providence, and seeing them, as one continuous line of light from childhood's careless, happy hour. I could see the tokens of a guiding hand, feel the influence of a Father's love, when suddenly I stood upon a mountain path, no soul was near, and in that awful solitude, for the first time, the solemn truth that man stands alone before the presence of a Supreme Judge was impressed upon my mind. An impression stamped there with the seal of eternal light and truth.

Life has many joys, many treasures of priceless worth. A father's counsel, a mother's tender care fills the heart with gratitude and love; but with the God-given gift of the free agency of man, came the obligation to achieve; and the watchword of the free is *duty*. A father may counsel and instruct, a mother's holy love may lead us in the flowery paths of innocence and joy; all the tender ties of life and love may tend to shield us from the blight of sin, but the truth remains—each soul stands *alone* in the choice of good or evil, light or darkness, life or death.

As I, faint and weary, longing for

the sight of some kind face climbed the rugged path, an awful sense of desolation swept over me, my joints stiffened, my courage failed and looking all around sought for escape from the dreadful loneliness and toil. But lo! What wondrous thing is this! I no longer seem to be one self—a unit—but am now conscious of a brave, undaunted spirit, which, rising high above the doubts and fears, the weariness and woe of that cheerless, gloomy journey, strives to inspire the fainting flesh to renew the struggle upward and onward. Then with new courage, with nerves braced, the toilsome ascent is continued; but what a conflict follows, the body sore and weary, the spirit resolute and strong, one fainting in despair, the other inspiring and comforting, but all the time stumbling ever *upward*, UPWARD, UPWARD.

Will it never cease? Has this path no end? Is there no companionship for the weary soul, no staff for the hand of the travel-worn wanderer, no beckoning hand, no smile of welcome? Onward! Never die! speaks the piercing, thrilling voice of the spirit, eager to battle with the dangers, overcome the barriers in the path, resist the temptations on the way, and as the dove, released, miles away upon the trackless desert, guided by the home instinct given by God, flies straight as an arrow for its home, so he would fly heavenward—homeward—back to the presence of

his Father to the home of his Mother, and the celestial joys of his primeval childhood. But, alas, the poor mortal body cannot rise above the laws of its being, and this ceaseless struggle must continue.

No sound of rushing torrent or rippling rivulet, no song of bird, no changing scene of light and shade,—the sky above like lead, the rocks below and all around, gray, hard and cold. And then, as if all nature had conspired to add horrors to the dismal, dreadful, haunting terrors of the place, a mist close and impenetrable to the sight enveloped all around, shutting out the dull gray light, and hiding the path as completely as if blindness had come upon me.

Just one moment of doubt, one heart-throb of fear, and Onward! comes the order from the spirit and thereafter the foot is raised from the rocks to make a step forward. Clear and distinct can be seen the spot on which to set it; and so it continues, not one step can be seen ahead until the foot is raised in the act of stepping forward. On this way, without a staff, without a sound—for even the voice of the spirit comforting and urging the weary body made no sound to break the stillness and silence of death—the upward march continued until the mist began slowly to ascend, and the path lay before me, well defined as before, but still no plant or blossom lent beauty to its straight and narrow outline.

Then darkness came, and as the fading light slowly changed into the blackness of a starless night it seemed that joy had died, that happiness had fled in horror from a scene so wild. But Onward! Never die! was still the prompting of the spirit. No tongue can tell, no pen can draw the awful, ghastly gloom of that long night, until away in the distance as far as sight could reach, a light—like the light from a city—illuminated the sky, and a voice (not the voice of my spirit) but a voice sweet and clear as the

song of a bird, whispered in my ear, "That is the light of the Celestial City, the end of your journey."

Who has felt the return of health and strength when sickness has wasted the body and dimmed the fire of the spirit? Who has heard the voice of a friend when sorrow's clouds hung dark and cheerless overhead, and its pain was in the heart? Who has felt the rise from death to life? Only such can realize the sweetness of that voice, the intensity of joy that nerved the weary, struggling soul to press on toward the gates of light. Darkness lost its terrors, weariness its pain, and all the ghostly phantoms of the night fled before the stern resolve to reach that Light and Life. And then at last when morning came no star of promise heralded the day, no gray light of dawn rose slowly in the eastern sky. But a sunlight of more than earthly splendor transformed the night, and there before my enraptured sight lay a vision of such entrancing loveliness, that only those who have seen glimpses of celestial light can picture its rare beauty. Stretching as far as human eye could see a beautiful valley, studded with groves of trees—like gems upon a mantle of gold—and lined with rivers of water—like shining silver lines of light, lay glowing in the sunshine of glorious day, reflecting innumerable hues of color dazzling the eye with its splendor, until the joy of its brightness became almost like pain. But from my feet across this wide expanse of living, glittering loveliness lay the straight and narrow path. No bend or curve but straight as a ray of light from the sun to the eye of mortal man it lay.

But once again the tired limbs must move, the cramping muscles, the nerves strained to their utmost tension, throughout a long night of steady effort, must work; for in all that lovely landscape there is no place for mortal rest.

What strange, benumbing, deadening feeling now comes stealing

over me, slowly but surely sapping the strength of high resolve? No fever of unrest, no wild desire for freedom, no longing now for relatives or friends; no love, no pleasure could tempt me from the path. Only give me rest. And even my spirit, brave amid the dangers, bright and watchful in the mist and darkness, could see no danger in the sunlight, and though eager as before to reach the goal, the end of all its sorrows, the reward for every toil, could only see that rest would but invigorate and heal, and in the shade of tree and vine find strength to *run* along the path, where now each step was made in weakness, each breath almost a groan.

While still safe in the Path of Life—though it lay through mist and darkness, though it tried the nerves of steel, I knew it led to the Celestial City—a change came over the vision, and a vast multitude of human beings were seen scattered over the whole extent of the valley. As I looked more closely I saw that each one walked in a straight line, and the voice, whose welcome sound broke the stillness of the awful night, explained what seemed a mystery to me.

The lines or paths on which the mortals were all walking were stretched in every direction, not from a common center, but from the start-

ing point of each individual, extending across the valley. The voice explained that none were conscious of the presence of others, or that paths intersected their own on any part of their journey, but each one was blind to every idea, only that he was on the path that leads to life; for could he not see the path, straight and narrow, from his feet to the horizon? Now in this was the danger. Let me leave the Path of Life—and never having left it, it could be no other—and lie down in the shade to rest; *there* indeed would rest be found, and with the rest, strength and vigor, but when I would arise to pursue my journey, a path would lie before me, straight and narrow, but no light could lead, no power direct me back to the path I left, and the hopeless nature of the danger lay in this, that all unconscious of the change I would follow *my* straight and narrow path, never doubting but the end thereof was in the Celestial City of our God.

With a mind enlightened on one of the great mysteries of human life, and a heart filled with love and gratitude, I resolved to humbly follow in the footsteps of the Master,—when darkness came again, and once more I lay upon my bed, marveling and wondering at the immensity of truth.

Lewis Stewart.

* MIXED PICKLES.

ECCENTRIC SIR CHARLES
WETHERELL.

Among the many interesting personal sketches and anecdotes in the *Memoirs of Sir George Sinclair*—a book not likely to be republished in the United States—is the following of Sir Charles Wetherell, an eccentric of the first-class, whose ability as a lawyer won for him a seat in Parliament and the Attorney-Generalship. He was unique in relation to his dress and his deportment. No Jew old-

clothes man would at any time have given half a crown for his whole wardrobe. He was never known to have a new suit of clothes, and consequently the prevailing belief was that he must have dealt in the apparel line with some second-hand clothes man. And, to make matters worse in the way of his costume, he never wore braces. His aversion to them was intense. It looked as if it had been a part of his religious creed never to have anything to do with

braces. The natural consequence of this persistent hostility was that he had consequently to give a shrug to his whole body in order to raise his nether garments to their proper position on his person—manœuvres which frequently called forth bursts of laughter in the House of Commons.

His matter was in keeping with the oddity of his manner. Though a man of eminent talents, he used to make strange blunders in his language. He reminded one of Lord Castlereagh, who in 1820 was the leader of the House of Commons, and who used to make such blunders as "*standing prostrate at the feet of royalty,*" and "*turning his back on himself.*" One of his best blunders occurred in court. As Attorney-General, he had to prosecute John Frost and the other Monmouthshire Chartist rioters, and, of course, to make out the strongest case he could against the prisoners. After hurling his invectives in no niggard measure at the heads of the prisoners at the bar, he wound up his forensic indignation to what he thought the highest point it could reach, and which grammarians would call a confusion of metaphors, in the following words: "Yes, my lord, these daring rebels, these desperate men, these enemies of all law and social order, came rushing down the mountain's side like a flock of sheep, each with a hatchet in his hand."

TIRED OF THE FARM.

John Halifax writes: "I am sick and tired of the country. I work on the farm with my father, but the work is distasteful to me, and I have an ambition for something higher. I want to secure some nice, light employment, such as clerk or book-keeper in the city. I have a fair education. What would be my chances in New York?" Your chances in New York would be excessively small. Don't you know that there never were so many capa-

ble, efficient men, in every department of business, out of employment as at present? When young men who have lived in the city all their lives are out of work month after month, how can you, with no experience, either in business or the ways of city life, expect to come here and get a situation? Such is the present stagnation in business circles, that a large commercial house in this city recently paid a large number of their clerks their salaries in advance until the 1st of July, requesting them to remain away from the store, as they would prefer to pay them to stay at home, rather than see them idle in the place of business. A firm of our acquaintance recently advertised for a young man at *four dollars per week*, and the crowd of persons of all ages, from twelve years of age to fifty, was so great that it was necessary to close the doors to exclude them. You belong to a numerous class; you don't want to work; you want to keep your hands white; you want to be a "gentleman." Undoubtedly you have read how Horace Greeley, among many others, came to New York and won his way to fame, and you want to do likewise. Remember Horace came before the panic; if it had been now, we think he would be wise and remain in Vermont. There is no class of people half so well off today as our farming population. They will always have enough to eat and enough to wear, so long as grass grows and water runs. Stick to the farm. Put your shoulder to the wheel, be a man, and help your father. You suppose you have worried him to such an extent with your discontent and unwillingness, that he is quite satisfied to have you go. Coming to New York would be of but one advantage to you—it would afford you satisfactory proof of your own foolishness. Experience is a dear teacher, and we advise you to save the money that experience would cost. Retain your hold of the

plow-handles, marry some pretty girl, "settle down," and be happy.

—
NOW! YES, NOW!

A short word; a shorter thing. Soon uttered; sooner gone. "Now!" A grain of sand on a boundless plain. A tiny ripple on a measureless ocean! Over that ocean we are sailing; but the only part of it we possess is that on which our vessel at this moment floats. From the stern we look backwards and watch the ship's wake in the waters; but how short a distance it reaches, and how soon every trace disappears! We see, also, some landmarks farther off, and then the horizon closes the view; but beyond, that ocean still rolls, far, far away. Memory contemplates the few years of our individual life; history shows us a dim outline of mountains; science tells us that still farther back, out of sight, stretches that vast sea; reason assures us that, like space, it hath no boundary; but all that we possess of it is represented by this small word—now! The past, for action is ours no longer. The future may never become present; it is not ours until it does. The only part of time we can use is this very moment—Now!

—
LORD BROUGHAM'S RESIDENCE.

I conscientiously declare that as far as my rather extended knowledge of Europe goes, there does not exist within its limits so arid, so monotonous, so ugly, and so every way unattractive a region as Provence. I entered it from Italy by Nice; passing by the ugly, tasteless, treeless, dust-enveloped little roadside suburban villa, with its vulgar-looking gilt-headed iron rails in front, for which Lord Brougham deserts the lovely banks of the Lowther and the magnificent groves and truly noble hills of Brougham. The bay of Cannes is certainly pretty, and its gleaming waves and wooded banks form the distant view from the house;

but the immediate foreground and neighboring land have about as much charm as the garden which intervenes between the new road and one of the houses in that not highly picturesque locality. Beyond the little town of Cannes the road crosses a range of partially wooded hills called Les Maurer, from having been infested by Saracen brigands in the good old times of poetry and romance, broken heads and cut throats. The porphyry rocks of which they are composed take fantastic and rather picturesque shapes; which, added to the mingled foliage of the cork and stone pine, together with here and there a distant peep of the sunlit Mediterranean, form a landscape of some beauty. But when the traveler has rattled down their western slope and passed through the dirty little town of Frejus, he has nothing before him but dull, parched plains and barren stony hills. In the midst of a region of low, calcareous undulations producing corn, wine, oil and dust in astonishing quantities, stands Aix, the ancient capital of Provence, the city of good Roi Rene, the home by predilection of the Troubadors, the special headquarters of poetry, love, gallantry and festivity. I remained two days in Aix for King Rene's sake. It seemed hard to believe that all that gay and gallant time, with its parliament of love, its jousts and tournaments, its jongleur and troubadors, should have passed and left no trace, no visible impress; or some memorial, if not strictly visible, at least appreciable to the eye of histrionic faith. But no! nothing! A more uninteresting provincial town it is impossible to conceive. In vain I poked among its obscure lanes and filthy courts. I found nothing to reward my enthusiasm. The few remaining ruins of the courts of Provence were removed some years ago to make place for a bran new and tasteless Hotel-de-Ville.

J. J. W.

THE SHAH'S STRONG BOX.

The Shah of Persia's strong box consists of a small room, twenty feet by fourteen, reached by a steep stair, and entered through a very small door. Here, spread upon carpets, lie jewels valued at \$35,000,000. Chief among them is the Kaianian crown, shaped like a flower pot, and topped by an uncut ruby as large as a hen's egg, and supposed to have come from Siam. Near the crown are two lambskin caps, adorned with splendid aigrettes of diamonds, and before them lie trays of pearl, ruby, and emerald necklaces, and hundreds of rings. Mr. Eastwick, who examined the whole, states that in addition to these there are gauntlets and belts covered with pearls and diamonds, and conspicuous among them the Kaianian belt, about a foot deep, weighing perhaps eighteen pounds, and one complete mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds and rubies. One or two scabbards of swords are said to be worth a quarter of a million each. There is also the finest turquoise in the world, three or four inches long, and without a flaw. There is also an emerald as big as a walnut, covered with the names of kings who have possessed it. The ancient Persians prized the emerald above all gems, and particularly those from Egypt. Their goblets decorated with these stones were copied by the Romans. The Shah also possesses a pearl worth \$300,000. But the most attractive of all the Persian stones is the turquoise, which is inlaid by the native lapidaries with designs and inscriptions with great effect and expertness.

THE MAGICAL INSTRUMENT.

There was once a poor musician who found it a hard matter to support a growing family, and a coquetish little wife of a very extravagant turn. So he cultivated the musical talents of his children that they

might aid him, and was especially pains taking with regard to a little fellow, who at three years old could play tunes on the harpsichord. The man ought to have been a Yankee to have such an invention dawn upon him as now crept through his brain. He contrived a spinnet with three banks of keys, and when all was in readiness proceeded to Paris with his instrument, whose marvelous powers he took care duly to announce on his hand-bills.

He and two little ones would play a piece, and then removing from the instrument, command the spinnet to repeat it. To the astonishment of all, a set of keys would play it through, apparently without the touch of any one's fingers. He would pretend to wind it up with a winch, which produced a more discordant sound. Then stepping back and raising his wand, he would command in an authoritative voice, "Spinnet, play such a piece," and the obedient instrument would at once comply. He would issue other orders in quick succession, of various kinds, and every time with complete success. His fame spread far and wide, and in less than five weeks he had accumulated twenty thousand crowns, enabling him to make amends for his former bad fortune.

He was sent for at length by the Court, and as he was not much accustomed to courtly ways, he wound up his machine with fearful din and discord. This was too much for the delicate nerves of royal ladies, and the Queen demanded that he should at once open the machine, and let them see what it contained. The poor, disconcerted musician stammered excuses, among them stating that he had lost the key. "Well," said the King, "cannot somebody break it open?"

With terror on his face, the poor man was forced to obey. The spinnet was opened, and there sat the doll-like figure of his little son, seated before a row of keys, on

which he performed all the magic there was in the machine. The little fellow was nearly fainting from having been so much longer than common in the close box, but the smelling bottles of the ladies were plentifully tendered, and he soon revived under their kind and lavish attentions. His music was most warmly applauded, and his father reaped such a harvest of gold, from what seemed likely to be a defeat, that he could hardly gather it up.

All might have ended well enough if the greed of gain had not taken possession of the father's soul. Though he had now enough to bring up his family in comfort, he yet thirsted for more—more. So he equipped his family for a band of players, the little one being so expert that he always brought down the house. He was killed by a wound received in a farce which ended one of the acts, and died in his sixth year. A little sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, died of grief shortly afterwards.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

A MAN will seldom do it if he knows himself. To be able to retire signifies that he is able to do business, no drone or dead-beat, but a man of faculties, who has always been girded tight with responsibilities. In some weary mood, under the depression of a worn-out feeling, he thinks of slipping off the yoke and turning himself out to grass. It is a delusion. What is he going to do with himself, with his habits, with his faculties? Does he want to make an end of himself before his time? Is he ready to drop out of the world? This is the result of retiring from his business. The question will soon prick him uneasily, both from within and without, what business he has to be in the world, and a very uncanny question it is. He feels "as one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted." "It is good for a man to

bear the yoke in his youth," and to keep young just as long as he can. It is a question of resources, but not of external resources. They must be of "the life which consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Let a man retire from the business that has kept him alert and stirred up his gifts, and put his internal resources at usury, and he becomes like scrap-iron that was once bright machinery, rusting out in the weedy corner of a back yard, or like one of the details in Hogarth's picture of "Finis."

A leader in the dry goods trade of Boston had, by dint of hard and systematic work and keen ability, amassed a fortune. Visiting a rural cousin and a country parson, who flourished under the spreading elms of one of the loveliest of our Connecticut Valley villages, he was so charmed, soothed, refreshed by its leafy, rustic beauty, that he vowed an escape forever from the racket and hurry and din of the pavements, and the crowding brain-work of the counting-room, to retire into a fine old mansion that stood opposite the parsonage in the aristocratic and smiling beauty of lawn and avenue and groves and garden, to invite his soul to steal away from cumbering cares, and attach a *finis* to his earthly troubles.

But going back to Boston with his lovely day-dream in his fancy, he must first consult his business friend, Abbott Lawrence. "Don't do it," was the sage advice. "It may be well enough for awhile, so long as you can be well occupied with your repairs and improvements; but after that, what then? What are you going to do with *yourself*? Where are your resources? They are not internal, apart from your business activities. You won't settle down to authorship. You and I never enjoyed a liberal education. We are dependent on external resources, the surrounding circumstances, to call out

our mental activities. Let us stick to our lasts."

Dr. John Todd was constrained by his good sense at the age of seventy to make a martyr of himself in retiring from his pastorate. It was a hard and noble struggle against the strongest impulses and inwrought inclination of his fresh and buoyant nature. "What shall I do?" cried he. "If I stop preaching it will be the end of me." The internal resources of his vigorous mind rose up in protest; his whole being revolted against retiring from the business of his life. It was the healthy action of a manly soul, and that which best tones up and preserves the physical powers, and keeps the *mens sana in sano corpore*. Recreation—in order to re-create, play with work—and above all the refreshment of good company and social cheer—but let us work while the day lasts.

DRUDGES.

It is a nice thing for a boy to be of an obliging turn, ready to lend a helping hand when help is needed; but there is one character which is never treated with respect—the cringing toady, who is always trying to win favor by crawling to those in a higher sphere. Someone remarked of Boswell, that "he was always getting down on his hands and knees, and begging some great man to spit on him."

There are lads in almost every school who make themselves as ridiculous. Nobody respects the too willing drudge. He is quickly picked out from the rest, and all take pains to make him "useful." All the mean offices are put upon him, all the disagreeable duties are shirked by common consent, and poor Bob is made the fool. A few words of flattery are all that is needed to set him going. No matter how many sly winks are exchanged behind his back, he does not see nor suspect them. He is the one who, when he

grows up, is always ready to "stand treat" in the bar-room, no matter if it takes the last dime in his pocket. He is the one who pays for the horse and carriage to take out parties with ten times his means. He will shuffle on through life, spending the little money he gets, by hook or by crook, on other people, while he leaves his poor family in the greatest destitution. I know such a man who, with a wife and child to support, leaves her to drudge at the washtub for a support, while he walks about at his ease, buying gifts for other people which they care nothing for, and always trying on a quarter of a dollar to carry the air of a rich and lavish banker. He is a laughing stock everywhere, and his poor family are objects of pity to all who know them.

While you cultivate an obliging disposition, be sure also to maintain an honest independence and self-respect.

THE ESTATE OF THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Baron Rothschild's residence and estate at Mentmore is described as one of the finest and most extensive in England. It contains some 20,000 acres of the finest land in Buckinghamshire. It has garden, greenhouses and graperies so arranged as to furnish fruit every month in the year. Oranges, pine-apples, figs, bananas, and other tropical fruits are grown in abundance. When the Baroness is absent, yachting in the channel, or at her London house, orders by telegraph are sent to Mentmore daily for the supplies required. The vases in the fountain and Italian gardens cost each £1,000. The statuary is all of the most costly kind, executed by the first masters. The great hall, which is about 20x30 feet, is filled with vases and statuary. Its contents must represent a value of not less than £100,000. It takes not less than three hours to pass

through the rooms. The finish is exquisite, and the furnishing of each sumptuous. Some idea may be formed of the whole from the furniture of a single bed-room, one of the many guest chambers, costing \$25,000 or \$30,000. In the dining or baronial hall are furnishings exceeding £200,000. Costly cabinets of Louis XIV., of ebony, inlaid with ivory or gold, diamonds, rubies, and all sorts of precious stones; walls hung with the costliest tapestries of the time of Louis XVI.; or covered with the richest needle-embroidered satin, may give some idea of the wealth lavished on this more than princely mansion. The costliest paintings adorn the walls, and the most skillful and expensive workmanship is displayed on the ceilings. The idea of the Baron seems to have been to build and furnish a mansion such as no other person in England, except, perhaps, the Duke of Westminster, could expect to rival. The stud is said to contain more high-bred horses than any other in the world. It embraces thirty-five hunters and as many racers, none of which are less in value than £500, while many of them run up to thousands.

WOMEN AS SWEETHEARTS.

“Be just as earnest and straightforward as in your honorable dealings with men.” Is not this the duty of women as well as of men? When a woman sees a man loves her, her first study should be to know her own heart—to decide whether or not she can accept his love. If she can not, there is but one honorable course to pursue. If a man truly loves a woman, the longer she encourages him to do so, the stronger will that love become, and more painful will the disappointment be when he finds his affection is not returned. We often see women leading men on in the delusive hope of winning the coveted prize, when they do not mean it shall be so. What

kind of a wife will such a woman make for the man she does marry? Many a bitter heart-ache has been caused by women’s thoughtless, selfish playing with men’s hearts. And many men have been driven to ruin by it, who otherwise might have become useful and honorable members of society. When will woman learn not to abuse her power to win the affections of man?

Among both men and women there is too much striving to please before marriage when all is life and merriment before the cares and trials of life commence, and they see only the amiable side of each other. But afterward, when each is finding out the every-day life of the other, and life has begun in earnest, when there is need of all the love, and kindness, and patience they can bestow—how different! O! if people would but have patience, strive to please, and *show* love when most necessary.

There is one thing more I would warn every woman to avoid if she values peace of conscience and the respect of all sensible men and women. When a man has honorably offered you his best and purest love, when you know he is willing and anxious to trust his life’s happiness to you; that he prefers you above all others, because in his eyes you are the fairest and best; and perhaps you have led him on to tell you all this, and encouraged him to think that the dearest wish of his life was soon to be gratified, while all the time your heart told you it could not be; how can you publish it to the world and make it a subject of jest and ridicule? Think of his bitter disappointment, of his aching heart, and imagine yourself in his place, even though no one knew it. Would it be pleasing? If you cannot love him, you ought, at least, to respect him. It is mortifying and humiliating enough to have his heart and hand refused, be it ever so private. But when a woman tells it—bah! he’s glad he didn’t get her.

An Old Maid.

WAIT.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with the household affairs, "as your mother did." She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the long, weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long spell of sickness. Do you think she is made of cast iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back into her eyes—the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, weary and "out of sorts." He has worked hard for you all day, perhaps far into the night; he has wrestled hand in hand with care and selfishness and greed and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find peace and quiet, and perfect love.

A CONTRAST.

Both Luther and Calvin brought the individual into immediate relation with God: but Calvin, under a more stern and militant form of doctrine, lifted the individual above pope and prelate, and priest and presbyter; above Catholic Church and National Church and General Synod; above indulgence, remissions and absolutions from fellow mortals, and brought him into the immediate dependence on God, whose eternal irreversible choice is made by himself alone, not arbitrarily, but according to his own highest wisdom and justice. Luther spared the altar, and hesitated to deny totally the real presence; Calvin, with superior dialects, accepted as a commemoration and a seal the rite which the Catholics revered as a sacrifice. Luther favored magnificence in public wor-

ship, as an aid to devotion; Calvin, the guide of republics, avoided in their churches all appeals to the senses, as a peril to pure religion. Luther condemned the Roman Church for its immorality; Calvin for its idolatry. Luther exposed the folly of superstition, ridiculed the hair shirt and the scourge, the purchased indulgence, and dearly bought worthless masses for the dead; Calvin shrunk from their criminality with impatient horror. Luther permitted the cross and the taper, pictures and images, as things of indifference; Calvin demanded a spiritual worship in its utmost purity.

Luther left the organization of the Church to princes and governments; Calvin reformed doctrine, ritual and practice; and by establishing ruling elders in each church and an elective synod, he secured to his polity a representative character, which combined authority with popular rights. Both Luther and Calvin insisted that, for each one, there is and can be no other priest than himself; and, as a consequence, both agreed in the parity of the clergy. Both were of one mind that, should pious laymen choose one of their number to be their minister, the man so chosen would be as truly a priest as if all the bishops in the world had consecrated him.

WHAT BETTER EPITAPH!

"She made home happy!" These few words I read

Within a churchyard, written on a stone;

No name, no date, the simple words alone

Told me the story of the unknown dead.

A marble column lifted high its head,

Close by, inscribed to one the world has known.

But ah! that lonely grave with moss o'er-grown,

Thrilled me far more than his who armies led.

"She made home happy!" Through the long, sad years

The mother toiled, and never stopped to rest

Until they crossed her hands upon her breast,

And closed her eyes no longer dim with tears.

The simple record that she left behind

Was grander than the soldier's, to my mind.

THE CONTRIBUTOR

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THE CONSTITUTION OF UTAH

THE Constitution for the proposed State of Utah has been completed by the duly elected members of the Convention. Generally speaking the gentlemen who composed that assembly were prompted by the highest and best motives and have acted consistently throughout. It was not thought the instrument which they could form would be perfect, nor is it so. Indeed, there are doubtless many things which in the practical working of the State government will be found defective. Nevertheless, taking the Constitution as a whole it is very good, and has met with approval by many of the influential men and journals through the country. It now remains for the people of Utah to study and vote upon the Constitution, and it is to be hoped that the majority will find in its provisions sufficient merit to justify them in casting their vote in its favor.

For many years in the past the people of Utah have appealed and prayed for admission into the Union. We have felt that our population, intelligence and wealth entitled us to be placed on an equality with the other States of the Union. Indeed, in the directions above named, we are ahead of many of the other States.

We have heard rumors to the effect that some of the citizens of Utah will refuse to vote in favor of the Constitution, from one cause and another. The CONTRIBUTOR desires to place itself upon record as heartily and unequivocally in favor of the instrument which has been framed, though some modifications and changes might have made it more

acceptable. Yet we feel that as a whole it could scarcely have been improved. Besides this, it is not an irrevocable charter, for such provisions as are found impracticable in the future application of the Constitution can be changed by a two-thirds vote of the people of the Territory. Such a proceeding would, of course, be expensive, but it may be found economical or even necessary to make changes as Utah progresses, and new conditions arise in the State.

We advise all the legal voters who read this magazine to go to the polls on the day appointed and cast their votes in favor of the Constitution, and thus make it possible for Utah to become one of the states of this nation which was founded under the direction of God, and which has been sustained thus far by His power.

BAD EXAMPLES.

THE two following incidents, copied from an Eastern journal, so correctly represent the conduct of some parents towards their children that the perusal of them may influence for good the married readers of THE CONTRIBUTOR. Hence we reproduce them:

Scene in a library—gentleman busy writing—child enters.

“Father, give me a penny.”

“Haven’t got any; don’t bother me.”

“But, father, I want it. Something particular.”

“I tell you I haven’t got one about me.”

“I must have one; you promised me one.”

“I did no such thing—I won’t give you any more pennies; you spend too many. It’s all wrong—I won’t give it to you, so go away.”

Child begins to whimper, “I think you might give me one; it’s really mean.”

“No—go away—I won’t do it, so there’s an end of it.”

Child cries, teases, coaxes—father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny, and throws it at the child. "There, take it and don't come back again to-day."

Child smiles, looks shy, goes out conqueror—determined to renew the struggle in the afternoon, with the certainty of like results.

* * * * *

Scene in the street—two boys playing—mother opens the door, calls to one of them, her own son.

"Joe, come into the house instantly."

Joe pays no attention.

"Joe, do you hear me? If you don't come I'll give you a good beating."

Joe smiles, and continues his play; his companion is alarmed for him, and advises him to obey. "You'll catch it if you don't go, Joe."

"Oh, no, I won't; she always says so, but never does. I ain't afraid."

Mother goes back into the house greatly put out, and thinking herself a martyr to bad children.

Is it any wonder that children are weak, untruthful, unreliable, disobedient and undutiful when they are thus treated by their parents? That they become liars and are unworthy of the blessings of God is a natural result of such training. From their

earliest childhood every boy and girl should learn that the word of the parents is truth, and must be obeyed. Harshness is not necessary to implant this principle, but firmness coupled with kindness will conquer even the most stubborn disposition. Children thus reared in obedience and integrity will be an honor to their progenitors, and will one day call them blessed, but any other course will result in disaster to the child and sorrow and disappointment to the parents.

Y. M. M. I. A. CONFERENCE.

The Annual General Conference of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Latter-day Saints will be held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Saturday and Sunday, June 8th and 9th, 1895. Stake and Ward officers, and Association members are especially urged to be present, and a general invitation to attend the conference is extended to all interested in the cause of Mutual Improvement.

Wilford Woodruff,
Joseph F. Smith,
Moses Thatcher,

General Suptcy. Y. M. M. I. A.
Geo. D. Pyper,
Secretary.
Salt Lake City, May 4, 1895.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD.

YES, sadly I record the fact that tonight I am "Twenty-one." Were it in my power I would turn Time's pointing hand back at least one decade; but it is useless to talk of a thing so far from possible—this world is full of realities. So while the clock, true to duty, is ticking off the last moments of my twenty-first year, it may be well to recall some of my past life.

My whole life stands out before me

in one grand panoramic view; both good and bad appear in this picture. Some things, thanks be to God, which are manly and noble—while this is to cheer me tonight, I must behold other scenes of actual life (would to God they were only in paint) that tend to make me sad.

Today I ought to have been a *complete* man, but I am only a child. Why is it so? Ignorance, error and sin—to these three I ascribe my

weakness. Speaking nothing of my peculiar advantages and disadvantages, suffice it to say the world and perhaps God would say that one would balance with the other, and thus leave me on an equal footing with other men.

"O love-fraught hours that sail mutely on,
Die one by one!
'Tis life to sigh when all are gone,
I might have done."

At this hour when the line of demarkation is being drawn between youth and manhood, I can but reflect upon my past failures. In these past twenty-one years I should have been busy building up the solid foundations upon which might stand a mighty temple whose name men would call "Noble Success." But I have been traveling in mist and darkness; I have sought wealth before I have obtained knowledge; though not for any selfish motive have I done this; but because my judgment was weak. I had so much sympathy for my parents that I fancied by some chance of luck I might obtain enough of this world's goods to aid them in support, and also enhance my facilities for a liberal education, which I ever longed to possess. I commenced the foundation of a mighty temple, but soon became dissatisfied with standing down on the ground and chinking up the wall; and just here is where I deceived myself, and this deception will be my eternal weakness. As it were I built the four corners and trusted them to support the structure. My ambition ran wild, and I put many worthless, rotten stones into my walls. Inventing was my sole theme for five years; I was trying to find some short cut to get the huge blocks of stone to their proper place without lifting them there inch by inch. Then I stood foolishly fitting these poor sandstones into a wall of invaluable worth, spending my time at these ugly sandstones, and now if I but turn my eyes in either direction I can behold massive piles of solid

granite lying all around the base of the temple; God laid them there for me to use; they were all cut and finely polished to set into a wall that should be called by artisans magnificent. But I stood among the sandstone and never looked up to see what great things God had done for me; and now in the last moments of my twenty-first year I stand upon the poorly built walls and look down toward the base and see the great square blocks of stone that I might have used to make a strong wall of masonry that I should have been proud of. I look around for a remedy. I ask for one. I pray for one, but it comes not.

I must stand upon this poor foundation and rear an insignificant structure for my eternal abode, instead of a grand one, whose temple dome would point to and perchance touch the heavens above, and the recording angel stoop down and carve, "A life's noble work;" but *now* should any inscription be given my monument, it must be, "A life of failure." In future days when it should be mine to stand upon the high pinnacle of success and tell the rising generation the way to fortune, I must be content with standing down in the basement and telling those who chance to come my way, "Beware of your time; compare it not to earth's glittering gold whose greater portion is dross." "Be ye not deceived, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

When I should be telling men the way of safety through this world of doubts and fears, I must be telling them of the spot where I missed my way, of the dense forests of theory and speculation whose branches were seemingly tinted with silver, but upon examination proved to be but frost. I cannot tell men of success, it must not be spoken of by me; it is all failure, failure! I cannot tell men how I found my way out of the night's dark gloom into eternal sunlight, but I must tell them how I lost

my way; my mission seems to be that of showing men what "sad failure" is. If this were my mission, and it could work out for me my salvation, I could well make this great sacrifice for my fellow men, but it cannot make me nobler, purer, holier, than the opposite course would have made me.

I look back ten years and see myself at the forks of two roads—I beheld two "guide boards." I thought I understood the inscription they bore upon their face; but alas! I deceived my best interest—ten years have flown down time's swift running stream, and where my progress? I do cry, I do mourn, I do tearfully repent many errors of the past ten years, and my very soul cries out within her prison house of bondage against them; I view them over and over and can make naught but folly and failure of them. In contemplating this, I am lost in sorrow and look up to One who is able to save the lost, and cry out with my whole soul, "God help me." So much clusters around this birthday into manhood that one scarcely knows how to concentrate his thoughts upon one regret—it is all regret. Among the sad features of leaving boyhood is—responsibility. Prior to this date we have been called "boys," and when our feet have trod in error's way, they have used charity and said, "He is but a boy!" but now we are men grown, the law looks upon us as such, and men throw off the cloak of charity, and I fear judge very harshly sometimes, too. Another sad feature connected with this birth-

day is, it tends to separate us from kind parents and friends. True, a father's prayer of intercession can ascend to God's throne now as ever, and the tears fall from the pitying eye of a loving mother—her weak voice can go up in the silent watches of the night for her "man-grown boy!" Still home is changed. We are thrown upon our own resources; we have a life's great conflict just in advance, and we must meet it; and in doing this we must snap many tender cords of affection at home.

The ticking of the clock in the corner reminds me again that time is fast passing. Those little tick, ticks, have called off hours, days, weeks, months, and years until "Twenty-One" are gone from my life. I will wipe away the tears and *try* to be a man.

"Better to strive and climb
And never reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time,
An aimless, worthless soul."

Thus as my boyish days are sinking into oblivion, I will try and cover up the dark side of my own self-made picture, and blend together those parts of my nature that are not too far gone for remodeling, and in coming years (by the help of the One on high) show what I can accomplish, though a wreck, for myself and humanity. Useless to say, "O days of my youth return."—So, youth's strangely blended deeds, I bid you, yes, time compels me to bid you, adieu. To you, manhood, I say, treat me as a child still.

A Young Man.

JUST A WORD, BOYS.

I WANT to talk to you for five minutes in a straightforward, practical way; and it will pay you to listen and remember.

Living in a college town, one has rare opportunities for studying boys. In watching the after life of many

students, it is surprising to note the ups and downs, the reversing of positions, in their lives. It is certain that lasting success comes only to those who work hard for it, and so deserve it.

Only eight years ago, I used to

see a good-looking manly fellow, working daily round our house. He had charge of the house, and chopped the wood, and was glad and thankful to do any honest job, however menial, that would help him to get an education.

He is now a successful lawyer in a large city, with an income last year of five thousand dollars.

I think of another, a red-haired, rather diminutive young fellow, whom I used to notice as one of my earnest boys, who are sure to be heard from. He was a genuine Jack-at-all-trades—would go down on his knees weeding the flower beds in a lady's front yard, ring the chapel bell, was commissary of an economical club, and took care of our good doctor's stables.

He is now a very popular physician, at present abroad for a study of foreign hospitals. He can never be handsome, or of impressive presence, but it is energy and character that tells. He commands respect and confidence everywhere, and has a fine reputation though still young.

A celebrated English lawyer once said, "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy*, invincible determination;" and he adds, "No two-legged animal can be a man without it!"

Now look with me at some other young men of different make-up whom I have known. I recall an exquisite "fella," who graduated when I was so young as to regard him as something very fine. He roomed at our house, and his father, rich and indulgent, saw that he had plenty of easy chairs, and all the elegant furniture that he had been accustomed to.

Meerchaums adorned the mantel, and bottles (usually empty) his closet. He was always riding for his health, smoked expensive cigars, and was so sought by jolly companions

that real study was quite a secondary matter. His sisters came to see him graduate; affected, patronizing creatures, elegantly dressed, who fanned languidly through dinner, toying indifferently with our comparatively simple fare.

"Poor Clarence!" they said, "what a slow time he must have had in this dull village! No theatre nor opera—only horrid books, and dig, dig."

Well, the wheel turned round, his father's fortune disappeared, like many another fortune. He was trying, a few years since, to get a place to teach in a school for negroes in the South, and when last heard from, was a conductor on a Brooklyn horse-car.

Ah, this being a swell is poor business! I can see before me in memory a slender, rather longhaired youth, with handsome, though somewhat sallow eyes, passing my window with an easy, nonchalant air, swinging a light rattan and humming a popular air.

He affected the romantic style, and always was engrossed in several flirtations, which seriously interfered with his lessons. His father was a plain well-to-do farmer, but his son, James Moore, parted his black locks in the middle, played on the guitar, which on moonlight nights was swung from his neck by a red ribbon, troubador fashion—and he did sing charmingly. He also added Alphonso to his short but sensible name, and signed his notes on pink sheets, J. Alphonso Moore!

By the way, that's a bad sign. If you happen to have a name you dislike, be it John Jones or Tom Tack, keep it and make it honored. If your father be a Snooks, and unkindly imposes upon you at baptism such a name as Jediah E., or Ichabod H., *don't* change it to J. Everitt or I. Hamilton Snooks, but make the best of it, and sail under true colors.

I know of an eccentric old gentleman who absolutely changed his

mind and refused to give a scholarship to an otherwise unobjectionable young fellow who needed and deserved help, because the young man signed his name E. Wellman so-and-so, when he should not have been ashamed of *Ebenezer*.

To return to our sentimental friend with the ribboned guitar and long hair. In his class was a big homely man, blunt in speech, too careless in dress, but earnest in study. This homely, earnest man is now a prominent lawyer in one of our largest cities, holding several important offices besides, and his friends are sure he will go to Congress. His wife said, laughingly, to me at dinner, in their own elegant home:

"We were so poor when we were married that we couldn't afford cards or even cake. We literally had some dough-nuts and sweet cider, and didn't invite the few friends we had, lest they should laugh at us. Now many who were then living in fine style have come to my husband for loans."

And the other? He is in a small Western town, sings in the choir, edits a local paper, feels overworked, and is always hoping for something great to "turn up." I hear that he still swings his cane in the old airy way, but his step is subdued somewhat, and his hair shorter. He is still looking for a wife with money. A vapid beginning—a sad, vapid career—he makes a sort of winter grasshopper.

Just one case more. Three years ago, a young student called on me, and, seeing I was interested in his struggles for a place in the world, told me his story. His mother died when he was a little chap. His father lost his property, and apparently his wits, for he became bewitched with a spiritualist, married her, and as a "medium," she drew only weak-headed or unprincipled men and women to his home.

The boy, disgusted with his associations, determined to steer clear of

such follies, and has earned his own living ever since he was eleven years old.

"But how *could* you?" I asked.

"Oh, I always keep my traps set;" and then he explained that he was wide-awake, ready for any job, however small, always trying to conquer untoward circumstances. He has taken the post-graduate course of higher mathematics—a severe test of one's abilities—and is now ready for work as a civil engineer—a broad-shouldered, brawny-handed, manly fellow, with big black eyes, that let nothing escape them. He will be heard from.

There was never such fierce competition as now in every department of business and in every profession. Those only will get to the top story who work with a will and "keep their traps set." *K. A. S.*

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
 It's the thing you leave undone
 Which gives you a bit of a heartache
 At the setting of the sun;
 The tender word forgotten,
 The letter you did not write,
 The flower you might have sent, dear,
 Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
 Out of the brother's way,
 The bit of heartsome counsel
 You were hurried too much to say;
 The loving touch of the hand, dear,
 The gentle and winsome tone
 That you had no time nor thought for,
 With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
 So easily out of mind,
 These chances to be angels
 Which even mortals find—
 They come in night and silence
 Each mild reproachful wraith,
 When hope is faint and flagging,
 And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
 And sorrow is all too great,
 To suffer our slow compassion
 That tarries until too late.
 And it's not the thing you do, dear,
 It's the thing you leave undone,
 Which gives you the bitter heartache,
 At the setting of the sun.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

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AMERICAN HISTORY.

LECTURE 33.

ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Subdivisions:—Brief biographical sketch of President Harrison. — Opening of Oklahoma; (*a*) meaning of the word Oklahoma; (*b*) the purchase; (*c*) the proclamation; (*d*) the signal; (*e*) the magic rise of the cities Oklahoma, Guthrie and others. — The celebration of the Washington centennial.—The Johnstown flood. —The Congress of the three Americas.—The admission of six new states.—Our new ships of war — General summary. Ref., American History, pp. 355-359.

Self-review:—1. Name the chief events during President Harrison's administration. 2. Give a brief account of the opening of Oklahoma. 3. What can you say of the Johnstown disaster? 4. What was the object of the Congress of the three Americas? 5. Name the countries represented at this "Pan-American Congress." 6. Name and locate the six new states admitted during President Harrison's administration. 7. Give a general summary of the progress of our country from its earliest period to the present time.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

LECTURE 25.

VESTING THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

Subdivisions:—Constitutional provisions: Article II, Section I, Clause 1—(*a*) the need of a national executive; (*b*) an independent executive; (*c*) a single executive; (*d*) arguments pro and con; (*e*) the style and title of the executive; (*f*) the length of term and re-eligibility. Ref., American Government part II, chapter xiii, pp. 231-233.

Self-review:—1. Show the need of a national executive. 2. What were Madison's and Hamilton's views regarding an independent executive? 3. What is said concerning a single executive? 4. What is the style

and title of the executive? 5. What is the length of term of the executive?

LECTURE 26.

THE ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

Subdivisions:—Constitutional provisions: Article II, Section 1, Clauses 2, 3, 4—(*a*) the question of election; (*b*) objections to (1) election by Congress, (2) to popular election; (*c*) the electoral plan; (*d*) plans of appointing electors; (*e*) failure of the electoral system; (*f*) steps in the election of President and Vice-President; (*g*) election by the House of Representatives; (*h*) the electoral commission. Ref., American Government, Part II, chapter xiv, pp. 234-248.

Self-review:—1. What is said of the question of election? 2. Name objections to election by Congress. 3. Explain the electoral plan. 4. What are the steps in the election of President and Vice-President? 5. What is the time fixed for choosing the electors?

LECTURE 27.

THE QUALIFICATION AND REMOVAL OF THE PRESIDENT.

Subdivisions:—Constitutional provisions: Article II, Section 1, Clauses 5, 6, 7, 8—(*a*) the qualifications of the President; (*b*) removal of the President, etc.; (*c*) the presidential succession; (*d*) the salaries of the President and Vice-President; (*e*) the President's salary not to be changed; (*f*) the President's inauguration. Ref. American History Part II, chapter xv, pp. 249-253.

Self-review: 1. Name the qualifications of the President. 2. What only can effect the removal of the President from office, in the sense of the Constitution? 3. How is the presidential succession provided for? 4. What are the objections to the rule of succession of 1792? 5. What provision is made for the inauguration of the President of the United States?

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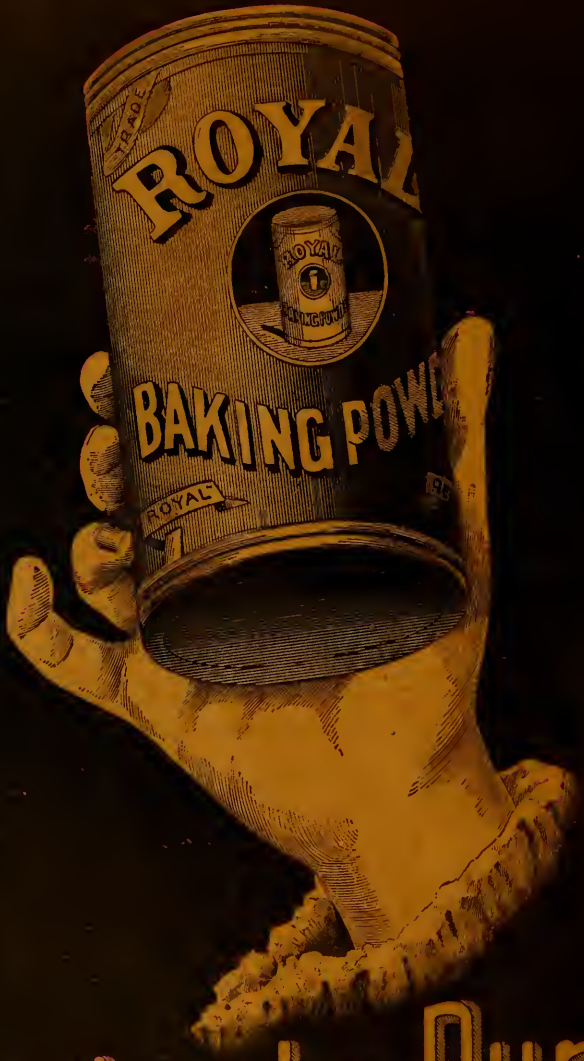
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