

"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JULY 1, 1875.

No. 1.

THE NEW VOLUME.

THE issue of the HOPE for June 15th completed its sixth volume; and although its circulation is not what it ought to be, it has lived and prospered beyond the hopes and expectations entertained for it by many, when the enterprise was first set on foot.

Notwithstanding the HOPE has not received the support that might have been given it, we still live in anticipation, and will try to make the paper what is needed for the children of the Saints and friends of the cause; ever seeking to engage the attention of the young, to interest and teach them principles that will not have to be unlearned in after years.

To the patrons of the paper we tender our thanks for the support given, and in behalf of the children solicit of the patrons and friends of the paper a renewed effort to extend its circulation and make it such a "child's paper" as will render it an ever welcome visitor in the families of the Saints and friends of the Latter Day Work. And that the HOPE may become such a messenger of cheer and good to those who kindly receive it, we earnestly invite all to labor with us to the desired end.

With the close of volume six, the time of subscription for which several hundred had paid, run out. We trust they will remember the little HOPE and its interests, and the labors of those who seek to make it presentable.

By noticing the printed label on the margin of your paper, or on the wrapper if sent separately, you can tell the date to which your subscription is paid. To illustrate—suppose you had paid to the fifteenth of June, 1875, following your name you could read 15th 75; and, kind reader, if upon an examination of the label on your paper, or the wrapper in which it comes, you find it to read 15th 75, it means that YOUR subscription has run out, or the time for which you had paid; and we kindly invite you to renew, or say whether you want your paper discontinued or not, and at the same time show us your faith in the good work in which the HOPE is engaged, and your love for it by sending us one or as many new subscribers as YOU (each one of you) can secure.

Since this year is expected by Latter Day Saints to be an eventful one, let each lover of Zion's cause seek to make this an eventful year for our little paper, in causing its circulation and its worth and usefulness to increase.

Send us letters for publication. send us clippings from other papers that will be of general interest to the readers of the paper; send original articles; make them as brief and pointed as

you can, but rich in instruction and doctrine. If all will do a little and *continue* to do a little, we will soon have on hand a store of matter from which we can select, and continue to do so, such articles for the HOPE as will make it interesting—we trust—to all Zion's little ones; and so laboring, we will be able, with the attendant blessings of life, to find our little paper at the close of volume seven much in advance of what it was at the close of volume six. Who will aid us in this work?

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.
BY PERLA WILD.
Part Second.
CHAPTER III.

"LYSS BAKER! O! if you'd only wait!" cried Poppy, her eyes sparkling with joy. But the train was moving faster now. Lyss leaned out of the window and replied, "I wish I could! But tell me where you live, do!"

He held his breath to catch her answer, but the receding train and the passing breeze combined to prevent it. She waved her hand as he swept round a curve and out of her sight, and he sank back on his seat in despair. He'd take the return train at the next station, if he thought he would find her at Clifton. But of course he wouldn't. So he must go on; though he felt down-hearted and sad all day long. He was most warmly welcomed by his friends at Oak Grove Centre. They were all there but Mr. Kendall. Even Jim, who still stayed with Charley Long. And he was getting to be a good, steady, civil boy. Lyss looked round for Mr. Kendall.

"O, he's out for a drive with the school teacher. They'll be here presently," answered Charley. When they did come, Lyss was just telling Nell how he had seen Poppy in such an unsatisfactory manner, and he took little note of the lady to whom he was presented, save to see that she wore blue spectacles, and had very short, brown, wavy hair; both unusual features in a lady. Philip Kendall had caught the name of Poppy as he came in, and begged Lyss to tell if he had news of her.

"I've heard little; only her eager voice one brief moment as the cars bore me from her sight. I saw her, and she recognized me."

"O, Ulysses! Did you, indeed? And why didn't you ask her where she lives?"

There was an intensity of feeling in Mr. Kendall's voice that moved the hearts of his hearers. But Lyss failed to notice it; he was hurriedly watching the strange lady; Mrs. Brown, they

had called her. She seemed singularly excited. How could the conversation interest her? he thought; and he almost forgot to reply to Mr. Kendall, and describe minutely the whole of his brief interview, if it could be so called, with Poppy. Mary noted Mrs. Brown's palid face, and asked if she were ill.

"No; but I don't care to eat any supper to-night. I'll go up to my room now. Don't wait for me," as Mary urged her to stay, as supper was just ready. "No, not even a cup of tea, thank you." And bowing, she passed out of the room.

"Does she board here, then?" queried Ulysses. "Yes; and she's an estimable woman. And such a splendid teacher. Nell thinks ever so much of her. And she seems to be very fond of Nell." This was Mary's reply.

"Where is she from?" he asked carelessly. "I'm sure I don't know," returned Mary. "Perhaps Nelly can tell you. Or Mr. Kendall," smiling mischievously. "They are pretty good friends."

"She's from Afton," said Nelly, and the subject was dropped.

After tea, Mr. Kendall took Lyss out to see his garden, and persuaded him to again narrate his meeting with Poppy. And he asked him numerous questions of her. "How did she look? Happy and cheerful? Was she well dressed? Was there any one with her? A fair blue-eyed lovely woman? Older but so much like Poppy? Constance! That is her name. O, if he could see the child once more!"

"Mr. Kendall!" exclaimed Lyss suddenly.

"What is it, my boy?"

"That Mrs. Brown knows something of Poppy!"

"Mrs. Brown? Why, Lyss, what do you mean? Mrs. Brown is a mere stranger; but, as your sister said, a most estimable woman. And I never saw a woman since—since Henrietta, whose acquaintance I cared for, till Mrs. Brown. I believe she is a good, noble woman, but she is very mysterious and reserved."

"Mr. Kendall, would you take your wife back again?"

Philip Carson—since that is his name, we had best call him so—started and then looked strangely at Lyss.

"Please don't think me impertinent, Mr.—Carson—I suppose I should say: but I believe if you wish to hear of your wife and daughter, Mrs. Brown is the one to inform you. I'm almost inclined to believe she is *your wife*."

"What do you say, Lyss? Humph! Of course she isn't! Don't you think I'd know Henrietta?—You ask if I'd take her back. I don't know. But you must know, boy, if I

hadn't loved her I should not have lived such a hermit life ever since she deserted me with that"—

Lyss pulled his arm and pointed up to an open window, just in sight through the hedge of dense willow by which they stood. Mrs. Brown, with a face pale as death, was there. Mrs. Brown, without her spectacles; and so different. So much fairer and more comely. She did not see them. But they saw her; and she heard them, for she covered her face and wept apparently. A moment Mr. Carson looked at her through the swaying foliage, with a sort of dazed look in his eyes. Then he turned to Lyss.

"You're right, boy. Strange your perception is so much clearer than mine.. Yes, it's my—its Henrietta."— Then he paused, passed his hand over his brow, and leaned against a friendly young tree for support.

"But what is she here for? And why does she come in disguise? Is she afraid to trust me? When I have only cherished her memory—as she was once—in my heart for all these years? O, what does it all mean, what shall I do?"

"Do what you would rather, Mr. Carson. If I may presume to suggest a course of action. Follow your inclination. You say you were interested in her. Now you know why. I believe she is worthy of you, Mr. Carson, and if you knew how much that meant, you would be satisfied with my opinion of her. And you remember Poppy's letter don't you?"

"Yes, boy.—But—stay"—in a lower key, "she is weeping; I believe she hears us. Poor girl! How much she has suffered! How I pity her!"

"Why not tell her so, then, Mr. Carson; and ask her what you want to know of Poppy?"

"She won't tell me," replied Mr. Carson. "What did Constance say in her letter. She wouldn't even allow the child to write to me."

"That was because she feared you would take her away. She didn't know you would forgive her for going away then."

"She doesn't now, Lyss;—but I'm going directly to Henrietta, and—well it depends upon how she explains some things, whether I do assure her of my forgiveness."

"Forgive as we hope to be forgiven, you know Nell says," replied Lyss, as they turned toward the house.

As Mr. Carson parted with Lyss in the hall, Lyss whispered "God bless you, you're going to make three happy at least. Yourself and wife, and Poppy."

He entered the family room and caught up little Charley and perched him on his shoulder for a ride, and calling Nell, Lyssa again went out, this time to the little brook in front of the house to make a water-wheel for Charley, and question Nell of everything that had transpired since his departure.

Continued.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER III.

REVELATION OF GOD TO MAN.

Q. Has God given any revelations to men?

A. Yes,

Q. Where have we any account of His doing so?

A. In the Bible, also in the Book of Mormon, and in other publications of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Q. Name one of these revelations recorded in the old Testament?

A. The Lord revealed himself to Abraham, and talked with him, as one man talks with another. Gen. 18: 1-5.

Repeat the passage.—"And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre; and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day. And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him, and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground, and said, My Lord, if now I have found favor in Thy sight, pass not away, I pray Thee, from Thy servant: Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree, and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; after

that ye shall pass on: for therefore are ye come to your servant. And they said, So do, as thou hast said."

Q. Is it recorded in the old Testament that the Lord revealed himself to several persons at the same time?

A. Yes. God revealed himself to Moses and many Elders of Israel. Ex. 24: 9, 10.

Repeat the passage.—"Then went up Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the Elders of Israel: And they saw the God of Israel."

Q. Can you recollect any other revelation recorded in the Old Testament?

A. Yes. The Lord revealed himself to Isaiah. Is. 6: 1, 5.

Repeat the passage.—"In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. * * * Then, said I, woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips: and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts."

Q. Is there any record in the New Testament of God's sending an angel to any person?

A. Yes. The Lord sent his angel to Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist. Luke 1: 5, 11, 12.

Repeat the passage.

"There was in the days of Herod, the king of Judea, a certain priest named Zacharias * * * And there appeared unto him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense. And when Zacharias saw him, he was troubled, and fear fell upon him."

Q. Did God open the heavens to any one mentioned in the New Testament?

A. Yes. God opened the heavens to the Martyr Stephen. Acts 7: 55, 56.

Repeat the passage.

"But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into Heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God."

Q. Was Stephen the only person spoken of in the New Testament, who had the the heavens opened unto him?

A. No. Others had the heavens opened to them. John the Revelator had while he was on the Isle of Patmos. Rev. 20: 11, 12.

Repeat the passage.

"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God."

Q. Is there any account in the Book of Mormon of God revealing himself to man?

A. Yes. The Lord showed himself to the brother of Jared. Book of Ether 1: 8.

Repeat the passage.

"And the Lord said unto him, Believest thou the words which I shall speak? And he answered, Yea, Lord, I know that thou speakest the truth, for thou art a God of truth, and canst not lie. And when he had said these words, behold, the Lord shewed himself unto him, and said, Because thou knowest these things, ye are redeemed from the fall; therefore ye are brought back into my presence; therefore I show myself unto you."

Q. Did God reveal himself to any person mentioned in the Book of Mormon, besides the brother of Jared?

A. Yes. God gave a revelation to Lehi. I Nephi 1: 4, 5.

Repeat the passage.

"And it came to pass that he returned to his own house at Jerusalem, and he cast himself upon his bed, being overcome with the Spirit and the things which he had seen, and being thus overcome with the Spirit, he was carried away in a vision, even that he saw the heavens open, and he thought that he saw God sitting upon his throne, surrounded with numberless concourses of angels in the attitude of singing and praising their God. And it came to pass that he saw one descending out of the midst of heaven, and he beheld that his lustre was above that of the sun at noon-day; and he also saw twelve others following him, and their brightness did exceed that of the stars in the firmament; and they came down and went forth upon the face of the earth; and the first came and stood before my father and gave unto him a book, and bade him that he should read."

Q. Is it recorded in the Book of Mormon that a revelation was given to a number of persons at once?

A. Yes. Jesus Christ revealed himself to the Nephites, and preached to them. Nephi 5: 3, 4.

Repeat the passage.

"And it came to pass as they understood, they cast their eyes up again towards heaven; and behold, they saw a man descending out of heaven; and he was clothed in a white robe, and he came down and stood in the midst of them, and the eyes of the whole multitude were turned upon him, and they durst not open their mouths, even one to another, and wist not what it meant, for they thought it was an angel that had appeared unto them. And it came to pass that he stretched forth his hand, and spake unto the people, saying, Behold I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world."

Q. Is any account given in any other publication of the Latter Day Saints, of God's revealing himself to any person in our day?

A. Yes. God revealed Himself and His Son Jesus Christ to Joseph Smith. *Supp. to Mill. Star*, vol. 14, page 2.

Repeat the passage.

"I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me. It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other—This is my beloved Son, hear him."

Q. Can you mention any other revelation given in our day?

A. Yes. The revelation of John the Baptist to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. *Supp. to Mill. Star*, vol. 14, page 15.

Repeat the passage.

"While we were thus employed, praying and calling upon the Lord, a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light, and having laid his hand upon us, he ordained us, saying unto us—'Upon you, my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, and this shall never be taken away from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.' * * * The messenger who visited us on this occasion, and conferred this Priesthood upon us, said that his name was John, the same that is called John the Baptist in the New Testament."

Q. Are these all the revelations given in our day, and recorded in the publications of the Latter Day Saints?

A. No. Numerous revelations have been given in these days. God opened the heavens to Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon. D. and C. 92: 3.

Repeat the passage.

"The Lord touched the eyes of our understandings, and they were opened, and the glory of the Lord shone round about, and we beheld the glory of the Son, on the right hand of the Father, and received of his fulness; and saw the angels, and they who are sanctified before his throne, worshiping God, and the Lamb, who worshiped him forever and ever. And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony last of all, which we give of him that he lives; for we saw him even on the right hand of God, and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the only begotten of the Father."

PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE.

"I CANNOT put up with it any longer. I must have my money, and if you cannot pay it I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place," said Mr. Merton.

"In that case," said Mr. Bishop, "it will, of course, be sold at a great sacrifice, and after all the struggles I have made, my family will again be homeless. It is very hard. I only wish you had to earn your money as I do mine; you might know something of the hard life of a poor man. If you could only, in imagination, put yourself in my place, I think that you would have a little more pity on me."

"It is useless talking; I extended this one year, and I can do so no longer," replied Mr. Merton, as he turned to his desk and continued writing.

The poor man rose from his seat and walked sadly out of Mr. Merton's office. His last hope was gone. He had just recovered from a long illness, which had swallowed up the means with which he intended to make the last payment on his house. True, Mr. Merton had waited one year when he had failed to meet the demand owing to illness in his family, and he had felt very much obliged to

him for doing so. This year he had been laid up seven months, during which time he could earn nothing, and all his savings were then needed for the support of his family.

Again he had failed, and he would again be homeless, and have to begin the world anew. Had Heaven forsaken him, and turned him over to the mercies of the wicked?

After he had left the office, Mr. Merton could not drive away from his thoughts the remark of the poor man in his grief had given utterance, "I wish you had to earn your money as I do mine."

In the midst of a row of figures, "Put yourself in my place," then intruded.

Once after it had crossed his mind he laid down his pen saying:

"Well, I think I should find it rather hard. I have a mind to drop in there this afternoon, and see how it fares with his family; that man has aroused my curiosity."

About five o'clock he put on a gray wig and some old cast-off clothes, walked to the residence of Mr. Bishop, and knocked at the door. Mrs. Bishop, a pale, weary-looking woman, opened it. The poor old man asked permission to enter and rest awhile, saying he was very tired with his long journey, for he had walked many miles that day.

Mrs. Bishop cordially invited him in, and gave him the best seat the room afforded. She then began to make preparations for tea.

The old gentleman watched her attentively. He saw there was no elasticity in her steps, no hope in her movements, and pity for her began to steal into his heart. When her husband entered, her features relaxed into a smile, and she forced a cheerfulness into her manner. The traveler noted it all, and he was forced to admire this woman who could assume a cheerfulness she did not feel for her husband's sake. After the table was prepared, there was nothing on it but bread and butter and tea. They invited the stranger to eat with them, saying, "We have not much to offer you, but a cup of tea will refresh you after your journey."

He accepted their hospitality, and, as they discussed the frugal meal, led them, without seeming to do so, to talk of their affairs.

"I bought this piece of land," said Mr. Bishop, "at a very low price, and, instead of waiting as I ought to have done until I saved the money to build, I thought I would borrow a few hundred dollars. The interest on the money would not be near as much as the rent I was paying, and I would be saving something by it. I did not think there would be any difficulty in paying back the borrowed money; but the first year my wife and one of my children were ill, and the expense left me without means to pay the debt. Mr. Merton agreed to wait another year if I would pay the interest, which I did. This year I was for seven months unable to work at my trade and earn anything, and of course when pay-day comes round—and that will be soon—I will again be unable to meet the demand."

"But," said the stranger, "will not Mr. Merton wait another year if you make all the circumstances known to him?"

No, sir, replied Mr. Bishop; I saw him this morning, and he said he must have the money and should be obliged to foreclose."

"He must be very hard-hearted," remarked the traveler.

Not necessarily so," replied Mr. Bishop. "The fact is, these rich men know nothing of the struggles of the poor. They are men just like the rest of mankind, and I am sure if they had the slightest idea of what the poor have to pass through, their hearts and their purses would open.

You know it has passed into a proverb—"When a poor man needs assistance, he should apply to the poor." The reason is obvious. Only the poor know the curse of poverty. They know how heavily it falls, crushing the heart out of man, and (to use my favorite expression) they can put themselves in the unfortunate one's place and appreciate difficulties, and are therefore always

ready to render assistance as far as they are able. If Mr. Merton had the least idea what I and my family had to pass through, I think he would be willing to wait several years for his money rather than distress us so."

With what emotion the stranger listened may be imagined. A new world was being opened to him. He was passing through an experience that had never been his before. Shortly after the conclusion of the meal, he rose to take his leave, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for their kind hospitality. They invited him to stay all night, telling him he was welcome to what they had.

He thanked them, and said, "I will trespass on your kindness no longer. I think I can reach the next village before dark, and be so much farther on my journey."

Mr. Merton did not sleep much that night; he lay awake thinking. He had received a new revelation. The poor had always been associated in his mind with stupidity and ignorance, and the first poor family he had visited he had found far in advance, in intelligent sympathy and real politeness of the exquisitely and fashionable butterflies of the day.

The next day a boy called at the cottage, and left a package in a large blue envelope addressed to Mr. Bishop.

Mrs. Bishop was very much alarmed when she took it, for large blue envelopes were associated in her mind with law and lawyers, and she thought that it boded no good. She put it away until her husband came home from his work, when she handed it to him.

He opened it in silence, read its contents, and said frequently, "thank Heaven."

"What is it, John?" inquired his anxious wife. "Good news, wife, such news as I have never hoped for or ever dreamed of."

"What is it—what is it? Tell me quick!—I want to hear it if it's anything good."

"Mr. Merton has cancelled the mortgage—released me from the debt, both interest and principal—and says any time I need further assistance if I will let him know I shall have it."

"I am so glad!—it puts new life into me," said the now happy wife. "But what can have come over Mr. Merton?"

"I do not know. It seems strange after the way he talked to me yesterday. I will go right over to his office and tell him how happy he has made us."

He found Mr. Merton in, and expressed his gratitude in glowing terms.

"What could have induced you," he asked, "to show us so much kindness?"

"I followed your suggestion," replied Mr. Merton, "and put myself in your place." I expect that it would surprise you very much to learn that the strange traveler to whom you showed so much kindness yesterday was myself?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Bishop, "can that be true? How did you disguise yourself so well?"

"I was not so much disguised after all; but you could not very readily associate Mr. Merton, the lawyer, with a poor, wayfaring man—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Merton.

"Well, it is a good joke," said Mr. Bishop; "good in more senses than one. It has terminated very pleasantly for me."

"I was surprised," said Mr. Merton, "at the broad and liberal views you expressed of men and their actions generally. I supposed I had greatly the advantage over you in means, education and culture; yet how cramped and narrow minded have been my views beside yours. That wife of yours is an estimable woman, and that boy of yours will be an honor to any man. "I tell you, Bishop," said the lawyer, becoming animated, "you are rich—rich beyond what money could make you; you have treasures that gold will not buy. I tell you, you owe me no thanks. Somehow I seem to have lived years since yesterday morning, I have got into a new world. What I learned at your house is worth more than you owed me, and I am your debtor yet. Hereafter I shall

take as my motto, "Put yourself in my place," and try to regulate my actions by it.

15 JUN 75.

If the dates on the printed label on your paper correspond with the above, you are one of the several hundred whose subscription expired at that time. If you are one of them, please read "Our New Volume," and aid as requested.

LITTLE MAY'S LEGACY.

BY ANNA EBERLING.

CHAPTER II.

"HERE," said little 'May bird,' holding out the cheesecake, "here little boy." One of the boy's arms was thrust through the bars and the dainty morsel was snatched and eaten before May could recover her breath; then the little head nodded, and a broad grin showed a set of very white teeth. He must be very hungry indeed, thought May, even Robin could not have eaten that big bit so fast. Then she turned to the basket. A slice of bread and butter was still there. She offered it to her new friend, who grasped it as eagerly as he did cheesecake, and dispatched it as quickly.

"What is your name?" May ventured to ask, when another nod of thanks had followed.

"Jim," was the answer.

"Where do you live?"

"Anywhere. I be with the tramps I be, and we don't live anywhere long. We are always on the move. Sometimes I sleep in the tent, sometimes I don't."

May thought of her nice little bed in the room next her mother's and sighed. "Oh, poor little boy, can you read?" But this was too deep a question for Jim's capacity. He stared at May for a minute, and then slid down into the lane and was gone.

The school-bell rang and May was soon in her seat; but she pondered much on Jim. When on the way home, Robin climbed a hedge and said, "There's a gipsy or tramp tent out on the common. I can see the smoke."

May climbed up to his side and said eagerly, "That poor boy said he lived with the tramps."

"What boy do you mean?"

"Why, the boy who watched us eat our dinner. Robin, I could not help giving him a bit when you were gone."

"You are a silly thing for your pains. Them gipsies and tramps, and the whole lot of 'em are thieves and vagabonds; just you let Miss Smith see you feeding him, that's all," was Robin's reply, as he slid down from the hedge pulling his little sister after him.

That evening, as little May sat on her father's knee on the porch, over which honeysuckles and China roses were clustering, Farmer Somers said:

"Well, what crumbs have you and 'Robin-red-breast' been picking up to-day at school? Eh, little one, let us hear."

May was all readiness to tell her father about the little dark-eyed boy. Her father laughed and said:

"Why, that's the crumbs you have strewed about dear May-bird, not what you've picked up, eh? But a kind little heart it is, only these gipsies are sad rogues and thieves too, as I am afraid. But never mind, for once, May. The child most like was hungry, and I'm not the one to grudge him a morsel. If we had just what we deserve, it would be little enough, God knows."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then May said, "Father, if I get the book called 'Daily Thoughts for a Child,' will you read me the hymn I'm going to learn for next Monday?"

"Yes, to be sure, child, I will."

Then May brought the little book which the clergyman's wife at Ashcot had given her the week before. Farmer Somers took it in his great

brown hand and read slowly the verses for his child.

"Ah!" said Mr. Somers, as he ended, "that reminds me of my mother," and he sighed. "She was a good woman, May, your grandmother. She died when I was but a little chap, but I can remember her teaching me the words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin.' It is a pretty hymn, 'May-bird.' Miss Smith will be glad if you learn it well; and mind you, try to be a good child, and have Jesus for your friend."

May had scarcely ever heard her father speak like that before, but the childish hymn had recalled days that were past, and long after his little daughter had run off to bed, long after his wife and the baby and merry, laughing Robin had sought their pillow, farmer Somers sat thinking over times which now seemed like a dream, though with a reality. He could not explain the words he had repeated to his child, they seemed to echo in his soul. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

May lay awake thinking for sometime, in her little white bed. She wondered where poor, ragged, dirty Jim was; she wondered if he had a mother; she wondered if any one had taught him about Jesus and the Holy Spirit and a Heavenly Father's care.

That morning May had tripped to school by Robin's side, thinking little, as I told you, of her mercies, of her happy lot contrasted with that of many; but a consciousness of blessings undeserved and a deep, tender pity for those who had them not, had now arisen in Mary's young heart. "I wish I could do anything for poor Jim; I wish I could tell him how to be good and happy," were the last waking thoughts of "May-bird," as she fell asleep, to dream of the dark face, so void of all trace of goodness, hope or love, which had peered at her and Robin through the bars of the iron gate, leading from the playground of Ashcot School that morning.

She was up with the lark the next morning, eager to assure herself it was quite fine, for when it rained heavily her mother did not let her take the long walk to school, although Robin went all weather; but she need not have feared, for the day was bright, and golden beams were streaming from the east as the sun rose to bless the earth with light and warmth once more.

Would Jim be at the gate? Such was May's anxious question, a hundred times repeated to herself and once or twice to Robin, who merely answered, "Who cares for the little dirty imp." But May cared, and had hard work to keep her thoughts on her lessons that morning, so impatient she felt to be at the little iron gate.

At last the dinner hour came. Robin and May went to the moss-covered stone and the provisions were spread out. While May was casting furtive glances at the gate. But the dinner was finished, Robin was gone, May was left alone, disappointed, eating the bit of seed-cake, very slowly, and wishing Jim would come; when presently she heard a shuffling in the lane and went to the gate and peeped through; yes, there was Jim, on his hands and knees, creeping on to the step. He looked dirtier and more shaggy than the day before, but seeing the seed-cake, he darted up, evidently expecting it. May did not disappoint him, and remembering what other questions she had fixed to ask him, she said, "Take it; but stop a minute," for he seemed to be about shuffling off as he had come, "little boy, would you like to learn to read?"

Jim only grunted.

"Have you a mother?"

"No, she's dead," said Jim, shortly.

May sighed and thought, I'll bring him a picture to-morrow, one of my cards, then added aloud, in a hushed and reverent voice, "Do you know about God?"

Again only a grin.

"Well," said May, "I'll bring you such a pretty card to-morrow and tell you about it;" and

then, as if to clear the mystery that "tramps" were thieves, she added, "Jim, you never take what isn't your's. I mean you don't—you don't—steal; because God says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Yes, I do; apples, eggs and chickens, if I can. I go with Sal and Bob. But don't you tell, mind, there's no harm."

Another grin, which showed the white teeth from end to end, and Jim prepared to go. He came back to shake his fist threateningly again, with the word, "Don't you tell, mind, or I'll"—

Poor little May was ready to cry, her little heart felt the thrill of disappointed hope, the hope of doing good. We must all feel it sometime, every one; but a little child can scatter a crumb, a little child can sow a living seed in life's pathway. It may not spring up for many, many days. We may never see it spring up at all, but God's word is true. "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

For two days after this unsatisfactory meeting, there was no dark face at the iron gate, though a bit of dinner was saved and the picture reward-card was faithfully brought. On the third day, May was sitting on the moss-covered stone, when the curious shuffling noise was heard, and there was Jim. The slice of bread and butter seemed a secondary consideration this time. Jim took it through the bars, as usual, as the kind little hand offered it, but paused to whisper:

"If you tell on me, and Bob hears, he'll break every bone in my body, he will."

"I won't, I won't,—but please, Jim, be good and don't steal. Look, here's the picture."

May held up the card and Jim, while eating up his bread and butter, surveyed it with a curious, puzzled air.

"Who be they?"

Then May told, in her childish way, the story of Adam and Eve, their disobedience, sin and sorrow. The picture showed them leaving Eden, that happy garden home, with bowed head, and shame-struck faces. The card had a wreath of apples and leaves round it, which seemed to catch the boy's eye. He put his dirty hand through the bars and said, "Apples?"

"Yes, they weren't happy after they'd eaten them."

Jim's grin was more subdued; then he said, "How did God know they'd got them?"

"Why, he saw Eve take them. God sees every one, every minute.—He does indeed, don't you know?"

Poor Jim! he only had heard God's holy name taken in vain by the evil companions among whom his lot was cast. He shook his head, with a touching, hopeless confession of ignorance. May paused a minute, then added brightly:

"I'll bring another picture on Monday. We've no school on Saturdays. I must go now. Good by."

But a voice was calling May. It was Miss Smith. "May," she said, "to whom were you talking?"

"A little, ragged, hungry boy ma'am," and May blushed.

"What were you saying to him? You must not go to the gate to talk to idle children."

"Oh, ma'am, he's so hungry; and," added May, in a tone of deep pity, "he never heard of Jesus!"

"What were you doing with that card?"

"Showing it to him. I want to show him another on Monday. Please, ma'am, let me."

Miss Smith was struck with May's earnestness. She was a favorite with her governess, a gentle, quiet and obedient child. But the bell rang to summon the pupils to school for the afternoon, and Miss Smith only had time to say, "You must not talk to the child again, May, without my leave," and went to her desk.

May felt very much inclined to be cross and petulant all the afternoon. She had set her heart on teaching Jim, and it was very hard to be forbidden. It was good of her to teach Jim. All the rest of the evening she was under a cloud, speaking pettishly to Robin, and not very pret-

tily to her mother, when she asked her to sit by baby while she got tea ready.

To be continued.

Correspondence.

ALPINE, Michigan, May 30, 1875.

Dear Hope:—We have had a very cold winter here. The spring is very late. It snowed on the first day of May. We thought it was not a very good day for "May queen," because there were no flowers to crown her with. It is very nice weather now for the crops to grow. We have had no preaching nor Sabbath-school for two summers, and no Latter Day Saint preaching for two years. I guess my letter is long enough, for I must leave room for those who can write so much better than I can. Yours truly,

PHEBE E. NORTON.

SOLDIER, Monona Co, Iowa, May 26th, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I again seat myself to write a few lines to you, as it has been sometime since I have written. It is always a pleasure to me to write to you, but it seems to me that I can write nothing worthy of a place in the *Hope*; but if I keep trying, may be I can do better sometime.

I will tell you a little about my home. I live near a little stream, called Soldier. It is a very pleasant place in summer, as the hills and valleys are covered with rich green grass, and beautiful flowers of every hue. It is not so pleasant in winter, as there is no timber near by, and for that reason the wind has a fair sweep, which makes it very cold.

There is a small branch of the Church here—twenty-six members I think. We have not joined this branch yet, but I expect we will before long. We belong to the Little Sioux Branch at present. It was so exceedingly cold last winter and so far for most of them to attend meeting at this place, that they had meeting only two or three times.

I received one of the prizes given by Mr. William Street. I am striving to win the prize, *eternal life*, which is promised to all that are faithful and try to keep the commandments of God. Hoping that all the honest in heart are striving for the same, I remain as

as ever, your sister in Christ,

SARAH J. BALLANTYNE.

SALT LAKE CITY, May 21, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I have never written to you before, so I thought I would make an attempt to do so. We have no Sunday-school here, but we would like to have one very much. Bro. Warnock is here, and is preaching. Bro. Gurley has been here, but he has gone home. This portion of the country did not agree with him. Bro. Briggs has been very sick, but is better now; for two or three Sundays, he could not preach at all. I love to read the *Hope*, and think it is a very nice little paper. Yours truly, EMMA RENSIMAR.

A CORRECTION.

GOOSEBERRY JELLY.—Take one gallon of goose berries, add two quarts of water, boil till done, strain through a sieve, add two quarts of sugar and let them boil down to the desired consistency.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$241 97	Mell Halliday	..	\$ 25
J. C. Springer	..	10 W. H. Bradley	..	25
G. Watson	..	25 Mrs. Anna Johnson	..	50
Hannah Johnson	..	50 N. Johnson	..	1 00
James Johnson	..	50 Johnny Johnson	..	25
Mary Kyte, St. Louis	3 00	Mary Sims	..	25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	3 80
Fanny Wade	..	25 Mary Simmons	..	20
Julia Clark	..	25 Robert Slinger	..	25
Agnes Bennett	..	10 Fannie Waddle	..	10
Emma Waddle	..	25 Lucy A. Griffith	..	50
Yella Moore	..	10 Maria J. Thomas	..	25
Charlotte Walton	..	25 Permelia Walton	..	25
A sister, Ills.	..	3 25	..	

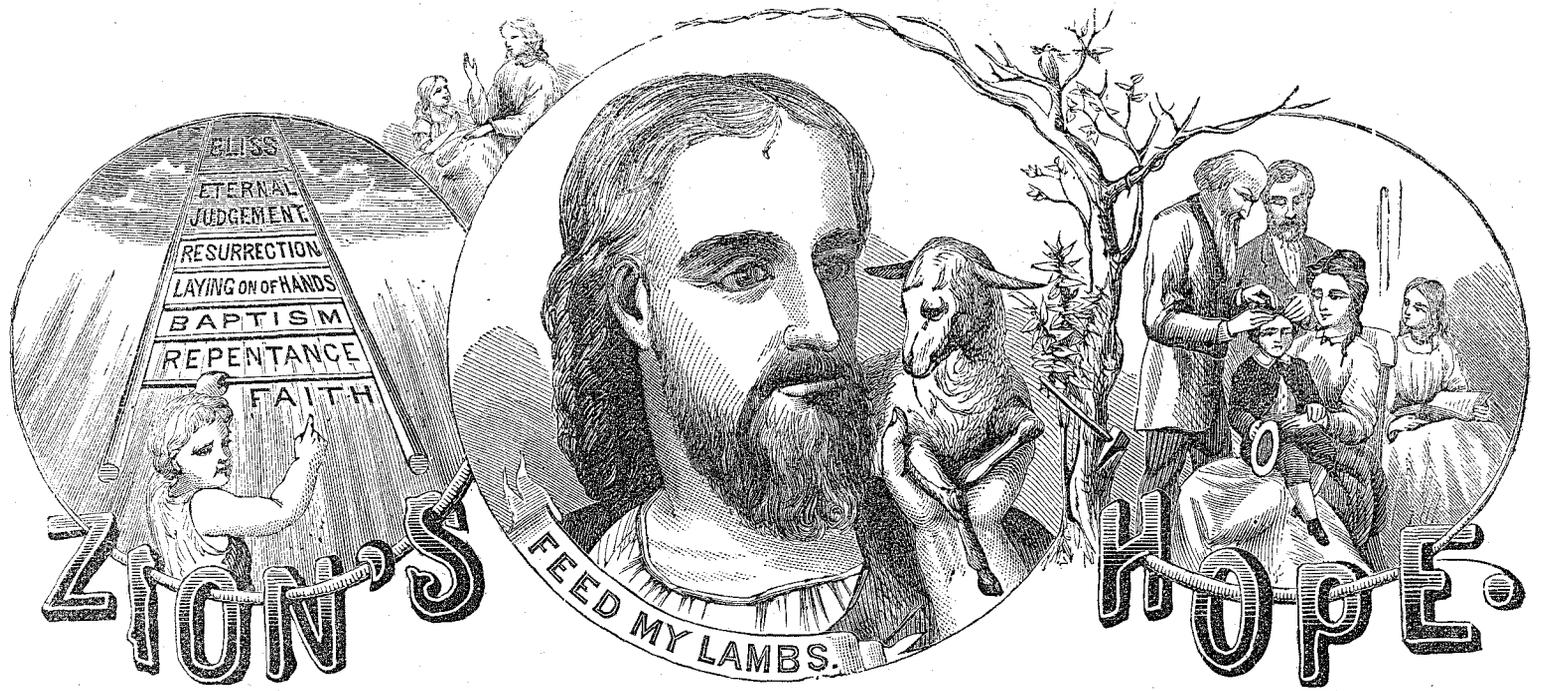
The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JULY 15, 1875.

No. 2.

IN DEFENSE.

Readers of the Hope, One and All:—Having been severely censured for writing "*Cloud and Sunlight*," I rise to explain. It has been declared that, were the young Hopes to find out that my story is aught save a strict and truthful narration of facts in the precise order of occurrence, they would at once lose their lively interest in it. Is this true? I now assure you of what I supposed you were aware all along, that *Cloud and Sunlight* is a story of mingled fiction and truth.

Imaginative in plot, with fancied characters; but true to nature, as my worthy brother censor's remarks assured me,—he believed it all true till I disabused him of the idea; and some of the scenes and incidents are true.

A true story is almost always thus designated. Therefore I did not intend to deceive any. And endeavor to interweave true principles, moral lessons and practical religion enough to merit at least an assurance of a good intention on my part, hoping a benefit would be derived by its perusers.

First, the worthy brother who has taken me to task for story writing, tells me that the story will lose its interest when it is known that it is, in a measure a fancy sketch. Then, it would seem to me in direct opposition to this,—he declares that it will create a desire for novel reading, which is very injurious to the minds of the young. Now, if a fictitious story has no charms for young readers, where is the danger of their cultivating a desire for novel reading? And why should the reading of a true story, or what is equivalent to the mind, one supposed true, inculcate or nurture a desire for fictitious literature? The brother's manner of reasoning looks like trying to occupy two stools at once and missing both. However I am willing—eager to learn wisdom and sound doctrine; and have only the good of the blessed cause at heart in endeavoring to instruct the young Hopes, feeling and knowing the promptings of youthful hearts, and therefore sympathizing with them in their requirements.

My plea and excuse is two-fold. My gift is story writing. I can set forth principles and teach good lessons, more effectively thus than in any other way. And young people—children—remember and profit by truths and precepts presented in this way more and better than in profound essays on doctrine and logic.

My prayers, sympathies, and love, are with the young, therefore I sign myself your true friend,
PERLA WILD.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

Part Second.

CHAPTER IV.—CLOUDS AGAIN.

THERE was a complete reconciliation and understanding between the long separated husband and wife. Summed up 'twas but a trifle that had so long estranged them. Only a misunderstanding, and no real error on either side. They were both very humble and penitent, and therefore very happy.

The next morning Lyss Baker was pacing up and down the pansy-bordered pathway that led down to the gate, in a restless, uncertain manner. Suddenly he approached the open window of the sitting-room, the same room where he with many other young people had spent a happy Christmas-day some years ago.

He paused at the window, in admiration of the scene. Mrs. Carson, without her spectacles, a fair-faced woman, with lovely blue eyes, and soft, brown curls, (heretofore confined in a silk net), arrayed in a white morning robe bound by a lavender sash, and devoid of ornament save a plain gold ring, (her wedding ring), sat at the piano, idly running her fingers over the keys, while Mr. Carson, who had just entered from the garden, stood beside her fastening a cluster of lilac blossoms in her hair, with such a happy, peaceful expression on his face that he was scarcely recognizable at the moment. Lyss thought 'twas a picture for an artist, truly. Throwing open the window, Ulysses entered.

"Pardon the interruption," bowing, "but I am so anxious to go and tell Poppy, that I have come to ask permission."

"You are a dear, thoughtful boy, Ulysses. But I intend writing to her to-night, after school," smiled Mrs. Carson.

"But I can get there sooner than the letter. I can start by the ten o'clock train."

Philip Carson smiled mischievously. "You are a trifle interested yourself, Lyss. You want to see Constance. Come, own up now." Lyss turned away silently. "But be patient, my boy, we'll send for her and then we'll be a happy family; won't we, Henrietta?"

"I could go and return with her," persisted Ulysses, with face averted.

"You don't know where to find her; she isn't in Clifton."

"You could tell me," continued Lyss in a low voice.

Mr. Carson laughed merrily. "Well, well, well! If Lyss doesn't think he'll do for a beau," said he quizzingly.

The boy left the room abruptly and walked rapidly down to the gate, passing out and then down the road out of sight.

"You're too hard on the boy, Philip," remonstrated Henrietta. "He is as innocent as a child in his desire to see Constance and impart the good news. They were playmates you know, and firm friends. And where were the harm in doing as he proposed? I like him the better for his thoughtfulness."

"So do I," replied Mr. Carson. "I was only teasing him. I know he didn't mean anything but purest friendship. Yes, of course he may go after her if you are willing."

"And I'm going to tell him," exclaimed Henrietta, essaying to rise; but Philip caught her hand and detained her. "Stay, please, and play for me. I'll go and tell him presently. I know the place to send him. Do, Henrietta, it reminds me of the halcyon days of yore to sit by your side and look into your eyes, and hear your voice."

"What shall I play?"

"Love at home," please; you can play that. It's only seven; I'll drive Lyss to the Station in time for the train."

Eight o'clock struck and Philip Carson went out to find Lyss, and hitch up the horses. But Lyss was not to be found about the house or grounds. Mary suggested the farther field beyond the brook, where Jim Welsh was at work. Mr. Carson drove round and helped Henrietta and Nell to a seat in the buggy, and started off at a brisk trot, drawing rein when he reached the field indicated, but much disappointed at learning that Lyss had passed by some time earlier, without speaking although Jim hailed him and inquired where he was going.

"Gone over to the old place where we used to live," ventured Nelly. "He said last night he was going there before he went back."

Depositing his wife and Nell at the school-house stile, he drove rapidly on to the old Baker farm. Dropping the lines he ran up to the kitchen door which stood open. A red haired, round faced woman was elbow deep in a tub of steaming soap suds.

"Arrah Misther Kendall; is it yerself indade! The top o' the mornin' to yes." And she curtsied reverently.

"Morning Mrs. Mulligan. Have you seen Lyss Baker around here?"

"Sure and I has. The precious darlint came to see his ould home."

A noise without, and Mr. Carson turned and saw his team gallop away around the corner and out of his view. He was surprised for he often left the horses thus and they had never served him

so before, but started in pursuit and succeeded in capturing them a mile away. Once again he drew rein at the Baker place, this time tying his horses ere he went in.

"Now Mrs. Mulligan where is Lyss Baker?"

"Sure and I dunno, yer honor. He niver sat down at all, at all. Jist looked round a bit and thim, as me ould man was after goin' to town he jumped in the wagin and wint wid him."

"Gone to the Station! What in the world does the boy mean? He doesn't know where to find her. The foolish fellow." And he turned his horses heads toward Oak Grove Station. "May be I'll make it in time for the train yet, as he seems determined to go."

But the ten o'clock train puffed out of the station just as Philip Carson came in from the opposite direction. The first man he met was Barney Mulligan.

"Hey, Barney! Good morning. Where's Lyss Baker," he inquired. "Did he come down with you or stop at Wilson's?"

"He came wid me, your riverence," replied Barney doffing his hat and bowing profoundly.

"Where is he now, then? I thought to get here in time for the train, but failed; so he'll have to wait till to-morrow."

"Indade sir but he wint on the train. And here's a letter he give me for yes. He writ it out in me orchard. And he looked offul sad when he shuk hands wid me."

The letter was brief; merely a simple farewell to all, with the best wishes of the writer. He wasn't going to seek for Poppy. Mr. Kendall needn't fear that. He was sorry he had misconstrued his motives. Good by. Not a word as to where he was going, or why he terminated his visit so abruptly. But of course Mr. Carson supposed him going back to school.

The next Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Carson stepped from the train at Clifton and went to Lyss' lodgings; but Lyss was not there. The landlady informed them that the young man had settled with her, taken his effects and gone away, she didn't know where. Mr. Carson then called at the school-building, but found no clue to the absent boy. All that was known there, was that he had gone away without intending to return.

Mr. Carson turned away with a vague fear in his heart. What did the boy mean? Where could he go? He had but a little means—not over two hundred dollars. Foolish child! And they took the hack for the country home of Poppy—or Constance, with a sad, unhappy foreboding.

To be continued.

AN EASY LESSON IN PHYSIOLOGY.

SUPPOSING your age to be fifteen, or thereabouts:

You have 200 bones, and 500 muscles; your blood weighs twenty-five pounds, your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter, it beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 per hour, 208,800 times per day and 3,679,000 times per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid.

Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 34,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches the weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more.

Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number.

Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 inches. Each square inch contains about 2,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little draintile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of your body of 88,541 feet or a tile ditch

or a draining to the body almost seven miles long.—*Science of Health.*

Little children, after reading the above lesson on the mysteries of our physical being, is it any wonder to you that the Psalmist David exclaimed in one of his most poetic strains.

"I will praise thee; (the Lord); for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well."

But notwithstanding the wonderful construction of our bodies, the Lord is acquainted with all our ways; he knows every secret spring, he understandest our thoughts afar off. How carefully then, should we guard them, that they be not impure or sinful, for we can not hide them from the Lord. Considering this wonderful knowledge of the Lord, the Psalmist said "whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

Seeing we are the workmanship of God, let us like David, continually pray the Lord to hide his face from our sins, and to blot out all our iniquities and to create in us clean hearts and continually renew in us right spirits that we with him, in our riper years may be able to add our tribute of praise to Him, who in his wonders and grace has merited *all* our love.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE GODHEAD.

Q. Must we worship more than one God?

A. No. To us there is but one God, the Father of mankind, and the Creator of the Earth. 1 Cor. 8 : 6. Matt. 4 : 10.

Repeat the passages.—"But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things."

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Q. Is Jesus Christ called God?

A. Yes, frequently. Isa. 9 : 6. John 1 : 14. 1 Tim. 3 : 16. Mosiah 8 : 5.

Repeat the passages.—"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

"And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."

"And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh."

"I would that ye should understand that God himself shall come down among the children of men, and shall redeem his people; and because he dwelleth in flesh, he shall be called the Son of God."

Q. Is the Holy Ghost called God?

A. It is called the Spirit of God, and is one with God. 1 Cor. 2 : 11. 1 John 5 : 7. D. and C., Lectures on Faith 5 : 1, 2.

Repeat the passages.—"The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God."

"There are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one."

"The Godhead—We mean the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

"These three are one: or in other words, these three constitute the great matchless, governing, and supreme power over all things; by whom all things were created and made that were created and made, and these three constitute the Godhead, and are one."

Q. How can the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost be one?

A. They are one in character and attributes, but not in substance.

Q. Can you substantiate this from the Scriptures?

A. Yes. Jesus prayed that his disciples might be one with him, as he was one with God, which they could not be in anything but their character and attributes. John 17 : 21, 22, 23. 1 Cor. 12 : 12, 13. Acts 4 : 32.

Repeat the passages.—"That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me; that they may be made perfect in one."

"For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are

we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit."

"And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul."

Q. Who is the Lamb?

A. Jesus Christ. John 1 : 29.

Repeat the passage.—"The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God."

Q. Who is the Father of Jesus Christ?

A. God. Matt. 3 : 16, 17.

Repeat the passage.—"And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water. * * * And lo a voice from heaven saying, this is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

A DANGEROUS FLOWER.

THERE is something that grows in the deep sea, which appears like a beautiful flower as we look down at it through the waves, and see it spread out its leaves fringed with pink or purple. But in reality it is not a flower, but a greedy animal. Woe to the little fish, and tiny creatures of the sea, if they play too near the long, softly waving fringes. They find them to be crafty fingers, that seize all that touches them, and draw them down to an open mouth, hidden and underneath the pretty flower, and they are soon swallowed to feed the hungry creature.

This flower is like sin, the cruel, wicked enemy of God, who often puts on a fine shape and speaks in a smooth voice to catch children and young people. Then while they listen to its notes of enchantment, the pretty pink fringe closes round them like hard, grasping fingers, and the young soul is drawn down, down, down into dark, and evil ways and sometimes swallowed up, in the water of crime and ruin.

Dear children, don't trifle with sins delusive pleasures. When you are tempted, remember and cry to Jesus to save you from sinful habit's grappling hold.

THE WITNESSING ANGEL.

IN the *Herald* of the 15th of March is a letter from Bro. Brand, saying that he was on his way to visit David Whitmer. The announcement was brief, and not calculated to attract much attention.

Who is David Whitmer, that any body need to know about him? It seems that he is a quiet old farmer, obscure and little observed among his neighbors, and probably of little estimation to himself. But Br. Brand has heard of him when beyond the sea, and ten thousand others in all parts of the world have heard of him, and felt a burning desire to see him. He appears to them as one of the most favored men of all the millions that inhabit the earth. There is something in his history that thrills them with interest. They weep and rejoice and shout for joy when they contemplate it. I, in my distant desert home, am stirred by the same influence, so that I can not unmoved hear the name of David Whitmer. But why? you ask. Only this: *He saw and listened to an ANGEL.*

Angels' visits, as poets say, are "few and far between." From the time that one stood with John upon the isle of Patmos, until this generation—a long dreary night of ages—we do not know that any messenger from the court of heaven came with any special tidings to sorrowing man. Indeed so long had been the time that men had ceased to expect them, and the knowledge of them was likely to perish from the earth; and they were often confounded with the winged fancies of the poets, and with the airy shapes the necromancers tell about. And is it not startling that David Whitmer says he saw an angel? And if angels come so seldom to this world, you will readily believe that their missions are important. Then what did this one have to tell? you will ask. You will find his sublime mission prefaced to the Book of Mormon, where it is said: "We declare with words of soberness,

that an angel of God came down from Heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, [of the book of Mormon], and the engravings thereon, and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ," &c.

That was a memorable day; when Joseph Smith was translating the Book of Mormon he came to a promise in it that there should be witnesses to it besides himself, but up to that day he had borne his testimony alone, and the world seemed in arms against him and his spirit was weighed down by the great burden of responsibility; and early in the morning, when he was praying with a few of his friends, the Lord told him that that day the promised evidence should be given. Who on the earth can realize the high joy that must have attended that promise to the prophet? None, for such experience is for the favored few.

This angel, like all that have been described, was in the human form, radiant in light and inexpressibly glorious.

I believe it was Moroni. The Book of Doctrine and Covenants speaks of him as one that declared the "fulfillment of the prophets and the Book to be revealed."

I can not give the details of this wonderful revelation from memory, and close my imperfect sketch with the hope that the Church will soon have a history written in convenient shape; so that the children can learn the strange and wonderful story.

S. F.

LITTLE MAY'S LEGACY.

BY ANNA EBERLING.

CHAPTER III.

BUT when May knelt at the foot of her little bed, the bed which had made her think so often of late of the homeless children of whom her hymn spake; as the words of prayer passed her lips sorrow for having been cross and self-willed awoke in her little heart, and she went to sleep, thinking how well she would learn her Monday hymn, how useful she would be to her mother the next day, how ready to oblige Robin and to please her father, and the thoughts shaped themselves into prayer, "O, God, help me, for Jesus' sake."

May had plenty of opportunity for the practice of her good resolutions the next day. Baby was very cross and restless with his teeth, and Saturday was the day when her mother expected her to nurse and take care of her little brother, while Bessie helped her in various matters about the house and dairy, for which May was not big nor strong enough at present, to be of any service. Robin went to fish in a small stream for minnows, and May wished very much to go too, but she could not carry baby so far and she could not leave him. She was disappointed; but, like the good girl she was really trying to be now, she endeavored to be cheerful and bright, and not show her vexation by a sullen face or irritable manner. Jim was scarcely ever absent from her thoughts, and she wondered if Miss Smith would never let her speak to him again.

Not a word did the governess say about it on Monday morning, though Robin and May were the very first children in the school-room. The hymns were all said, all the lessons gone through, and the children were scattering about in every direction. Little May lingered. She had her basket in her hand, and moved slyly up to Miss Smith's side, who was writing a letter at her desk. Presently Miss Smith looked up, with, "Well, May?"

"If you please, ma'am, the little boy is sure to be at the gate to-day; mustn't I speak to him?"

"Why, May, I think of coming to speak to him myself; or, at least to look at him," said her governess with a smile.

May's face brightened, as she said, "Thank you ma'am."

But Robin was calling her to come, as he wanted his dinner, and May had to run away to

the place by the old moss-covered stone, which Robin called the dining-room. They were just finishing their dinner, when Miss Smith came up to them.

"Well," said she, "I see no little boy to-day, May."

"No, ma'am; but I dare say he is there. He waits till Robin is gone, because I think he is afraid of him."

"I bid him begone, ma'am and not lurk about here," said Robin with a grand air; "but May is so silly she saves half her dinner every day for him, I do believe, for I see you," said Robin, with a wise nod, "hiding half up in the basket again, though you don't think I do."

Poor little May's face was burning now with blushes.

"Oh, Robin," now said Miss Smith, "I rather want to see the little ragged boy. So, Robin, if you have done your dinner, you may go and play. May and I will sit here."

Robin obeyed; and May whispered, "If we keep real quiet, he'll come ma'am." May was right. After two or three minutes' silence, the brown face appeared, and, on seeing Miss Smith, disappeared as quickly. May went close to the gate. "Jim," she said, "Jim, here's the picture. You needn't be afraid; it's my governess, but she is quite kind."

Thus encouraged by the little, gentle voice, Jim approached again. Miss Smith looked on with interest. It was impossible not to be struck with those large brown eyes, which, as the tawny hair was pushed back from the forehead, were fixed on the pictures in May's hand. It was impossible, too, not to be struck with the contrast between the children; one in rags and dirt, uncared for and untaught; the other, neat and trim in her lilac cotton frock, her bright hair smoothly braided back from the earnest, intelligent face, which was bending toward the homeless boy with a tender pity and compassion, very sweet to see in so young a child. Miss Smith was a wise and kind woman. She knew it would never do to let her scholars talk, at the little iron gate opening into the lane, with every idle child of the village, but she shrank from doing anything hastily in this instance, which might check the loving desire in May's heart to benefit another, or perhaps hinder the good and pure seed from falling on the soil of poor little Jim's uncultivated mind. "Well, May," said she, "tell him about it; he is looking at it very hard."

"Oh! if you please, ma'am," said May, with humility which was very pleasant, "you'll tell about it so much better than I can; will you speak to him?"

Miss Smith stroked the head of the little speaker, and could not resist kissing the bright eager face which was turned up to hers with the request. She took the reward-card from May's hand, and said, "Now, Jim, will you listen?" But Jim's eyes were fixed on the basket now; he was very hungry to-day, and he wondered if there was anything for him.

"I do think," said May, with a rosy blush, "he'd listen better if he might eat this first;" and she drew half an apple turn-over from the store, and a bit of bread and cheese, which Jim eagerly took and quickly dispatched. Then he settled himself on the step to listen, and to bring his face as near as possible to the picture. Miss Smith then told him what most children who read this story have been taught from their infancy, that is, of God the Father who made us; of the blessed Jesus who died to save us; of the Holy Spirit who alone can turn our hearts from evil, and guide us into all truth.

The picture May had chosen, was that of Jesus blessing little children, and His stretching out His arms to them and inviting them to come to Him. Miss Smith told it all in very plain, simple words; but his dark brown eyes were earnestly fixed on her face, as she went on with the wonderful story of His love. It came with power to the child's soul. "God sees you always. Remember

that He will love you if you are honest and truthful. He hates sin, lying, thieving, and all naughty ways; but if you ask Him to give you His Holy Spirit, He will hear you for Jesus' sake."

Poor little Jim! "No one loves me," muttered the boy. "They kick me about, and just use me any way since mother died. Nobody—has—has—" The poor little voice broke down, and a great sob was heard, as Jim slid down the steps and ran away. Poor May's eyes were full of tears; but school-time was drawing near and Miss Smith went toward the house. She was very much touched and could not trust herself to speak.

"If he comes any more, may I speak to him, ma'am? May I teach him his letters and the little prayer I have pinned up by my bed at home? Oh, please, ma'am!"

"Yes, May, I will not refuse you. I will give you leave to try; but if Jim says anything I should not like you to hear, or brings any one else with him, you must promise to tell me. Now run into school."

Day after day did May Somers teach her little pupil. Some of her schoolfellows heard of it and came around to listen. Some laughed at her; some said she would tire of it; others asked how her mother liked giving dinner for three instead of two. They could not believe that May really denied herself of half a nice cheesecake, or apple pie, or plum-cake for Jim's sake. But, though May did not say anything about it to any one, this was indeed the case. The little act of self-denial sweetened the service; and Miss Smith, though sometimes inclined to contribute to Jim's dinner, often refrained; she did not like that May should lose any of the pleasure.

"He cares for the dinner, and not a button for anything you say, you goose," scornfully said a tall girl, named Barbary Clark.

But after a few days May was left alone with her pupil by the iron gate, and a patient and pains-taking teacher she was. The midsummer's holiday drew near, and, with the exception of three or four wet days, Jim's lessons had gone on regularly. He was very quick and sharp, as it is called. He soon learned the big and little letters in May's old primer, and could spell short words easily. He knew several short hymns and short texts, and May used to consult her father as to which were most easily learned and remembered. The short commandments Jim could manage, and though he stumbled a long time over the longer ones, he had almost mastered them. May had said one day she wished he would wash his face, and the hint was taken. Jim's face was divested of the coating of dirt and dust, and came out a very respectable little face indeed, brighter and more intelligent day by day.

One morning, however, he quite startled May by his appearance. He had a black eye, evidently caused by a heavy blow, and his nose was swollen, and so was his upper lip, while the bare arm, which was seen through the rents of his jacket sleeve, was quite blue, black and green with bruises.

"Oh! Jim, what is the matter?" was May's first question.

"Bob set me on last night to climb farmer Kent's wall, to be up to the old tricks, and I said I wouldn't; and I wouldn't," said Jim with emphasis. "I told him he might steal for himself if he pleased, but I wouldn't lay a finger on any thing again that wasn't mine. He flew at me and beat me, and said he believed I'd been telling on him, for the constables were dogging him. I almost thought he'd done for me. He knocked me against the wall and I got this here," and he pointed to his poor, swelled face. "But I ain't a going to steal for all the Bobs that were ever born."

"Oh, Jim! Jim!" Poor May was crying outright, from mingled pain and pleasure. "Oh! Jim, I'm so glad and yet so sorry. But can't you get away from Bob? I do think father might get you a job about the fields."

"No," said Jim, "I can never get away as I believe;" and he sank down on the step with a hopeless air so sad to see.

May was just going to call Miss Smith and ask her to come and speak to him, when a loud and shrill voice was heard in the lane, and a great, big woman, with black hair, and a red handkerchief tied loosely about her head, came striding up to the boy and said, "So here you are, you lazy, good for nothing! Get up! Do you hear? Get up, I say!" and giving Jim a kick with her ragged shoe, and uttering more coarse and bad words, with a fierce scowl at his little friend, she seized the child by the arm and dragged him away. May stood speechless with fear and horror. It must be dreadful, she thought, "Oh, how dreadful!" Jim managed to look back at her once, a long, sad, loving, grateful gaze, from those dark brown eyes, and then he was gone. May ran crying to Miss Smith, who comforted her, and told her she must try and rejoice in Jim's steadfastness, and believe that God would take care of him and keep him from all danger.

May went home that afternoon determined to speak to her father about taking Jim on his little farm. Mr. Somers was busy in the hay field and a little vexed and put out, at the signs of rain, which were evident. He only said to May, "Come, run off my dear; I've no time to think about these tramps now;" and so the little girl went sorrowful and discouraged to bed.

The next morning, as she and Robin were going to school, May climbed the hedge at a certain place, as was her wont, to look at the tents and wagons of the gypsies, which were just seen on the edge of the common. "Oh! Robin," she cried, "they are gone! Jim is gone!"

"Well, and a good riddance," was Robin's rejoinder.

It was too true. The encampment had moved away, perhaps to some distant country, and May Somers saw her little dark-eyed friend no more at the iron gate.

To be continued.

Correspondence.

LONE VALLEY, Amador Co., California,
June 7, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—Thinking you would like to hear from me and this part of the country, I will write some. I went to our Conference at Washington Corners, April 6th, and was baptized, for which I give thanks to Him to whom all thanks are due. A short time since I returned home, and last Sunday we had preaching at our house, (as the Presbyterian preacher did not come up to his promise), the result of which, I think, will prove good, for it has put a stop to the war in the valley to some extent, and has restored peace to our own household, which gives me much joy. The names of the elders are George W. Harlow, of Brighton, and Marcus Lowell, of Sacramento. I think the good seed they have sown, will spring forth in the Lord's own due time, and yield fruit. My prayer is that the pure in heart may come out from among them, (the wicked), and turn to the Lord and serve him in spirit and in truth.

Let us strive for the truth, and "contend for the faith once delivered to the saints." I have just read the Book of Mormon through. I can say that I believe every word of it, and the Book of Mormon is the most interesting of all the Books I ever read. I read the *Hope* and *Herald*, and *Messenger*, which are to me meat indeed. There are no saints here save myself. My mother and brother will be e're long, I presume.

I will close for this time. As it is the first, I fear that it will be too long. May the Lord bless His people, and turn them Zion-ward, that they may gather back to build Zion, and a temple to the Lord, that they may worship Him under the shadow of the same. I remain your brother in the cause of our blessed Master, Christ.

WILLIAM NAAMAN DAWSON.

DELOIT, Crawford Co., Iowa, June 8, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I thought may be some of the little folks would like to hear from our Sunday School, and as I am one of the teachers, I thought I would send you a small sketch of my class.

For the term commencing Nov. 22, 1874, continuing six months, I had enrolled thirteen pupils, and they attended pretty regularly. The Superintendent offered prizes to the ones who learned the most verses. Olive Kirk, having the most, 411, was entitled to the prize, which was a Hymn Book. Jennie McKim had

the next largest number. She had 128 verses. They all paid good attention. I gave them questions to learn from the Bible and out of their lesson, and I think they tried to learn what I taught them. I like to see the youths instructed in the straight and narrow way that will lead them to life eternal. We use the "Fresh Laurels" to sing out of, and all like them pretty well. All are very much interested in the school.

Well, I must bring my letter to a close, hoping you will all pray for me, that I may instruct my class in the way in which they should go. From your sister in Christ,

ELLEN DOBSON.

DANVILLE, Contra Costa Co., California,
June 8, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—This is my first attempt to write to you. I take the *Hope*, and I like it very much. I like to read the letters from the little Hopes. I will be twelve years old next October. We have Sunday School here every Sunday. There is but one Latter Day Saint in our place. Elder D. S. Mills and Elder Clapp preached here once. Well, I must close this time, but will write more next time. Good by.

MARY HARIET S.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., June 13, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—It is my first attempt to write, but if I see this printed in the *Hope*, I trust it will not be the last. I pieced a quilt when I was nine, and now I am ten. I am not baptized yet but hope to be soon. There are not many Saints here, and it is so lonesome.

We tried to get some subscribers for the *Hope*. It makes me feel bad to think the people out here don't seem to care much for our dear little paper.

SARAH ANN FANNY CURTIS.

STOCKTON CITY, San Joaquin Co., California,
May 23, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—It has been sometime since I wrote to the *Hope*, so I thought I would write again. The Lord has blessed me greatly. I am now blessed with the privilege of meeting with the Saints. I was baptized, April 10th, at Washington Corners. It makes me very happy to know I am numbered among the people of God, and I do hope and pray that I may ever keep in the narrow path that leads to life everlasting. I am now in the twenty-first year of my age.

I had a strange dream, on the night of the 12th of April. I dreamed that I was in a strange country, and the Saints were there, having a meeting almost like a Conference; and there were a great many of the world's people there. It seemed that they came more to make light of the Divine word than to hear it; they were very wicked, using all manner of profane language and, killing one another. Out from the church a little way there was a post, the end of which was out of the ground about eighteen inches; and one of the elders gave me an iron ring, very much like a maul ring, and told me to go out and pray to God that He would shake the earth, that the wicked people might know that He was the true God. The ring did not go to the ground, but it went on the post about three inches. So, accordingly, I went, and holding the ring in both hands, extended toward heaven, (as I was told by the elders), I prayed; and when I asked Him to shake the earth, I trembled myself, for I thought the shake would be so severe, (yet I was not afraid of any harm coming to me or any of the Saints), and as I said Amen, I dropped the ring on the end of the post, (as I was commanded), and I awoke.

Bro. Joseph, I believe that there is something of importance to me in that dream. I have asked a number of the Saints what the interpretation might be, some advised me to ask Him who gave the dream; so accordingly I went, but as yet I have got no answer, but hope and pray that I may soon; knowing that the Lord will hear and answer in his own due time.

O! if I could only do something for my blessed Master's cause I would be more happy. Pray for me one and all, that I may help to roll on the great wheel of the gospel of the Son of God. I am going to Coos' Bay, Oregon, in about two weeks, if it be the Lord's will. Little Hopes, pray for one who prays for you. I close with love to the Saints, both young and old.

From your brother in Christian love and the gospel bonds,

WILLIAM N. DAWSON.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., June 13, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—I thought I would write to you. I am eight years old. I have five sisters and three brothers. It rained real hard here the other day. I am piecing a quilt. I have a little baby sister. We have been to Sunday School, most every Sunday. Good by, dear little Hopes. FLORA IDA CURTIS.

DANVILLE, Cal., June 13, 1875.

Mr. Oliver, Dear Sir:—There are no Saints any where near here, but I will do what I can, any time, to get subscribers. Mr. Mills, from San Jose Mission, was here two weeks ago to-day. He spoke twice while here. I think a great many like very well to hear him speak. We are having a very mild,

pleasant rain to-day, which is a rarity at this time of year. It is now harvest with us in this part of the country. We live in a small valley, about two miles from the foot of Mount Diablo, in a south-west direction. Yours respectfully,

KATE RUSSELL.

STARFIELD, Clinton Co., Mo., June 13, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—As I have not written for sometime, I will try to write again. I know this Latter Day Work is of God. The *Hope* is a great consolation to me. I like to read the piece about "Cloud and Sunlight." I am very glad when the *Hope* comes to hand; it seems too long to wait two weeks for it. I remain your sister in the gospel,

SARAH ANN SUMMERFIELD.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., June 13, 1875.

Bro. Joseph:—I thought I would write to the *Hope*. I live on a farm of 80 acres. We are pretty near through planting corn. Bro. Scott has not been here since February. None of us are baptised yet. Bro. Scott was the only Elder that has been around here. Since he has been silent, there has not been any Elder here. I do not like the way they are using him. We have got a Sunday School here. We have had a hard rain. I have been trying to get up subscribers for the *Hope*. There are plenty of Chintz-Bugs here. The prairie is green. Our farm is a nice place in the summer, but in winter it is not quite so nice. I commenced to write to the *Hope* last February, but we all got sick with the diphtheria, and I had to let it go. Two of my sisters have got a letter wrote; they want me to write it off for them. Well, I must close for this time.

F. J. CURTIS.

SYRACUSE, June 15, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I take the opportunity to write you a few lines for the first time. I was baptized March 25, 1875, by Elder Thos. W. Smith. We have a Saints Sunday School in the morning at nine o'clock, and prayer meeting at two o'clock, and in the evening preaching, and on Monday evening the children have a prayer meeting; Br. David Matthews takes charge of our meetings. I am ten years. Good by. From your brother in the gospel, DAVID HOPKINS.

The Workshop.

HOW TO PUT UP GREEN CORN.—Take your corn when it is young and tender, cut it off the cobs, and to one quart of corn allow one teaspoon of tartaric or citric acid—either will do. Dissolve in a little water before mixing with the corn. Cook till well done, then can and seal tight. When wanted to use, add a little soda to give it the right taste. Warm and season to suit. It is splendid, for my mother has tried it.

MARY HARMER.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—Take one half bushel of ripe tomatoes, wash, break into peices, boil a few minutes, strain through a sieve, add to the pulp two teacupfuls of salt, one teacupful of ground allspice and one of ground cloves; one quart of best vinegar. Cook about one hour, stirring with care to prevent burning. When sufficiently cool bottle for future use. If too thick when used, add a little vinegar.

MARY HARMER.

HAIR TONIC.—To make a cheap and valuable hair tonic take an armful of common plantain pulled up; wash and boil roots and tops together, decant and strain the tea; to a given amount of the tea, add an equal amount of alcohol. To each pint of the compound, add three teacupfuls of salt; and you have an excellent tonic ready for use.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA, MAY 15.—"Covet earnestly the best gifts." CLARA BADHAM.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA, No. 24, Vol. 6.—"That ye love one another as I have loved you." EMMA MILLER.

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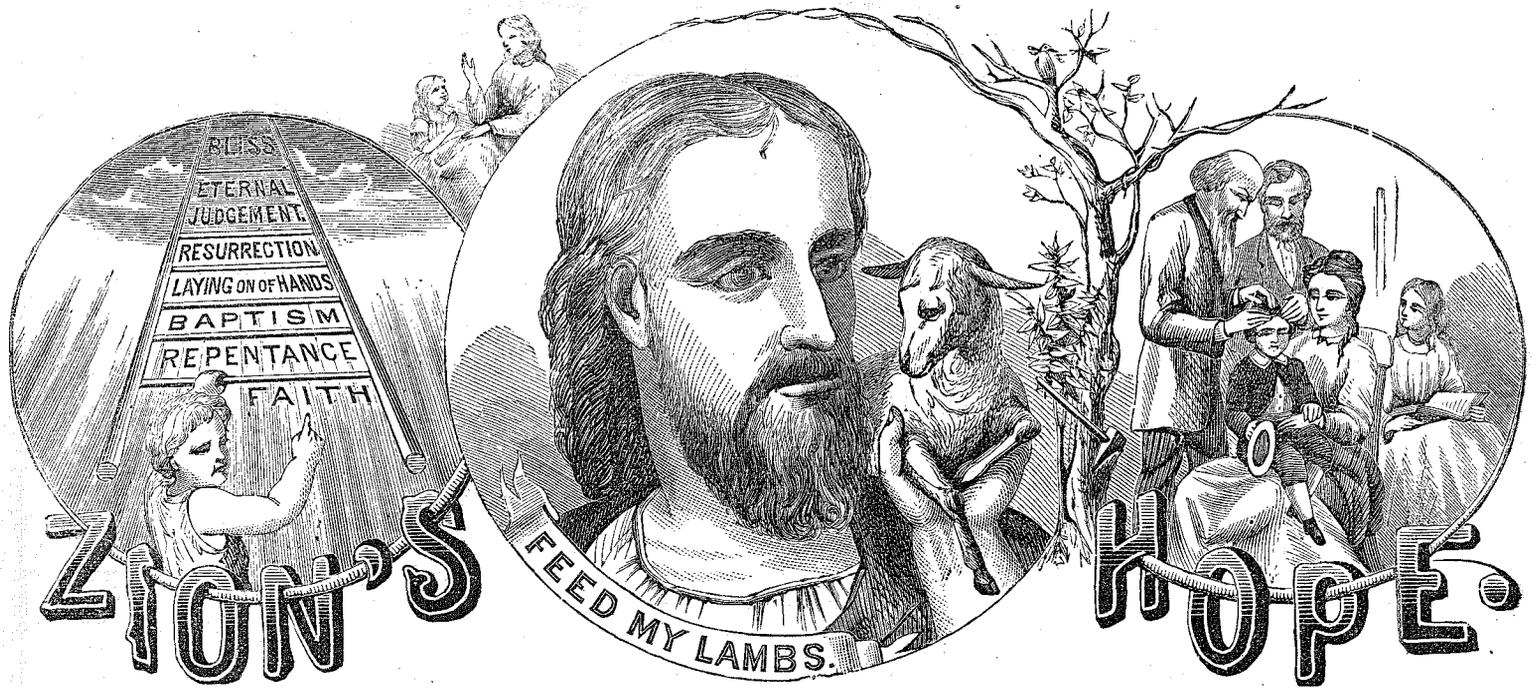
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

DILIGENCE.

"Stop a little, and I'll show you some rare fun," said "Idle Dick" to Charley Hunt, who was on his way to the field for a day's work, one fine June morning.

"Haven't time," replied Charley, not stopping even for a moment.

"Always in a hurry!" shouted Dick.

"Never in a hurry, but always busy," answered Charley. "I always keep busy, so that my work never drives me."

"Then you might stop a little while," urged Dick. "I can assure you we'll have some rare sport."

"If you want to talk to me you must come with me to the field, for I have no time to stop now."

Dick accepted the invitation and was soon at Charley's side. "Now," said he, "I want to know why you are always busy, when most boys of your age are idle."

"I will tell you. I am a Latter Day Saint, and I believe the revelation in the Book of Covenants which says, 'Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer.' And now I think of it, Dick, your widowed mother, too, is a Latter Day Saint, and a hard-working, noble-minded woman. What are you doing to help her?"

"Nothing."

"Who supplies you with food and clothing?"

"Mother."

"You could earn your own clothing; therefore you have no right to live on her hard earnings, unless you help her what you are able. Did she never teach you this?"

"Yes; she often says she wishes I had some way to help her. She wants me to learn to work; but I have not got in the way of it. She is very kind, and never insists on my doing a great deal for her. Nobody has offered to hire me, and I have never asked any one to give me work."

"Well, come and help me an hour and I will tell you a story; and if you will work all day, father will give you half a dollar and your meals."

"Will he? If so, I believe I'll try it."

"Yes; he'll be glad to do so. The boy he hired last week was taken sick and went home yesterday. You can take his place. Here we are, and here are the tools. And now we are at work, I'll tell you about my Uncle Henry. You know the splendid new house he built last year?"

"Yes; it is the finest house in all the country."

"Surely it is. Well, Uncle Henry, when a boy, like you and I, knew a house just like that, away down in New Hampshire. It was the prettiest mansion he had ever seen. He used to think he

would be the happiest man alive, if he could sometime own one like it. One day he was sitting in the shade, looking at that house and the beautiful farm on which it stood, when the owner of the place happened to pass. 'What are you admiring, my boy?' he asked. 'That beautiful house and farm; and was thinking I would be willing to do anything if I might ever be able to own one like it.' 'You can, my lad,' replied the man. 'I was a poor boy like you. I learned the golden text: *He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the dilligent maketh rich.* I began work at only twenty-five cents a day and board, and to-day I own this house and farm. If you want work I will give you as good a chance to begin as I had.' Uncle Henry consented, and by diligence and economy he built his house last year, on just as pretty a farm as the one he knew and so admired in the east."

"Hurrah!" cried Dick, "I'll be 'Idle Dick' no longer. I'll at least do something to help mother."

"Bravely said!" Charley replied; and all day long the two boys enjoyed themselves as well, and were as merry as though they had been at play.

Mr. Hunt was very glad to do as Charley promised he would. He gave Dick a new half dollar that evening; and the proudest and happiest hour the boy had ever seen, was when he placed his first day's wages in his mother's hand. She shed tears of joy as he told his little story, and told him she felt to thank God that he had found some way to be useful. Daily dividing Dick's small wages, putting part with her own for family needs, she laid the other half by for Dick's special benefit. He grew in favor with his employer; soon his wages increased; he was enabled to support himself and his mother; the neighbors ceased to call him "Idle Dick," and he was everywhere known as "Diligent Richard."

He not only proved that "the soul of the diligent shall be made fat," and that "the thoughts of the diligent tend only to plenteousness;" but, better than all, he by diligence found the way of life and salvation; and was diligent in keeping the commandments of God, ever acting on the precept, "Keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thou hast seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life."

H. S. DILLE.

A SHORT PRAYER.

A LITTLE BOY had been caught in a story, by his father, who explained to him the evil and danger of story telling; and when they all bowed around the family altar at the close of day, the little boy's father asked him to lead in the evening prayer; when the little

fellow very feelingly said, "O! God, we thank thee for watching over us; forgive our sins; help us to be truthful; watch over us this night and save us, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Little Hopes, do you pray to our Father in heaven and ask him to help you to be good and truthful?

Do your parents teach you to pray—as the Doctrine and Covenants direct? See section 68, paragraph 4.

LITTLE MAY'S LEGACY.

BY ANNA EBERLING.
CHAPTER IV.

MRS. SOMERS was standing in the porch one morning, watching Robin down the lane on his way to school. She smiles as the soft air blows on baby's face and lifts the curls of shining hair from his forehead.

"Spring is coming, please God, she'll get better now," she said, as she turned into the house.

Robin has been alone to school for many weeks now, and May—dear little May-bird—lies weak, thin and ill, upon her pretty white bed, or is carried down by her father, when the house is shut up of an evening, to lie in his arms an hour or two, or on two chairs, bolstered with pillows, to support her weary, but patient form, while she would lie gazing with her dreamy eyes into the fire, or watching the shadows come and go on the wall, with a listless, sad expression, which is hard to see unmoved.

Late in September May had caught the whooping-cough, "just on the edge of winter," as her mother said. Robin had it too, and her baby brother also, but they struggled through it bravely, and it left no bad effects behind. Not so with little May; she had inflammation of the chest when the complaint was at its height, and so it left her weak and ill, while the cough itself still continued. Her father watched her with painful anxiety. He had two little baby daughters lying in the churchyard of Ashcot. "May-bird" was his only one, and oh! how he loved her. He was proud of "Robin-redbreast," and proud of the baby, but May—how could he bear to part with her? Her mother clung to the doctor's word's, "She'll get well when the weather is mild, Mrs. Somers; sunshine and fresh air will do more for her than I can; it has been such a long, trying winter." It had indeed. No wonder Mrs. Somers rejoiced in those soft, delicious spring days, for May's sake.

Just as Robin had gone, farmer Somers came up to the door again. "I say," he began, "I met Dr. Pollard in the road just now. He says, 'toward noon it will do May good to breathe the air.' I'll carry her up and down in the sunshine, if you will wrap her up."

"I hope,"—Mrs. Somers was beginning.

"Oh, come now, don't be faint hearted; the doctor must know. I'll go up and see what the little maid says herself."

The good farmer strode up the stairs to May's little room. There she lay, pale and languid; but a bright smile greeted her father.

"Look here, my May-bird, it's a fine day; the air is like new milk. It's so soft, mother will wrap my darling May-bird up well, and I'll carry you out in the sun. Shall I?"

"Oh, no, father dear, thank you, I don't wish."

"Oh, it will do you good, birdie; not yet, but just at noon."

"I'd rather not bother, please," and May's lip quivered.

"But May-bird'll try to go, to please her poor father, eh?" said the father, bending over the tiny form so precious to him. "The doctor says you only want air and sunshine to get all well again. Come, now, to please me and to get well, you'll say yes?"

The little thin arms were wound around the great burly neck of the farmer, and May whispered, "Very well; to please you, father, I'll try."

"There, darling, mother'll get your whey ready first, and dress you warm and nice, and I will be back by half-past eleven."

"Will she go?" asked Mrs. Somers, as her husband came down stairs.

"Yes, but it's only to please me. She's a fading flower—a fading flower!" and the cheery and encouraging voice of a moment before, sank in a painfully hoarse whisper. "God help thee and me, wife," and then farmer Somers was gone.

May was dressed and ready by the time appointed, and carefully and tenderly the strong arms bore her into the open air—a light burden, her father scarcely felt it. May was very quiet and silent. She rested her head on her father's shoulder and looked around and above her, up at the sweet blue sky, with here and there a fleecy cloud sailing past; up at a tall elm tree by the barn, where the rooks were so busy building their nests and cawing their monotonous but pleasant notes; then around at the pretty, tiny spring flowers in the borders, and in the field adjoining; at some tender little lambs close to their mother's side, which were nibbling the short young grass and daisy buds.

"Father," said May, "do you know the hymn about the spring that never ends? I used to know it, but I have forgot it."

"No, my May-bird. I'm no hand at remembering hymns," said her father. "Are you tired?"

"No, that is, I am always tired, but I like the air, it is so sweet and fresh."

May shut her eyes, and presently began, "I remember two verses;" and the weak, childish voice began slowly:

"There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

The child felt herself involuntarily pressed closer as the last two lines were uttered. "It's only a 'narrow stream,'" she went on, half to herself, half to him. "I don't think I would be afraid, for Jesus will be there. There's something about 'living green' in another verse, but I can't remember. Take me in, father, if you please."

Sadly, softly and sorrowfully her father complied, laying her in her little bed, and leaving her mother to attend to her. Then he rushed away to his work again. As he went out of the gate he stumbled over something; but his heart was so heavy with foreboding, his grief so absorbing, he scarcely paused to see what it was; but his hand was grasped, and, looking down, he saw a thin, ragged, wretched boy, half-starved, looking up to him with beseeching eyes.

"Stop, please, a minute."

"What are you doing here," asked the farmer, somewhat sternly.

"I've run'd away from the tramps, and have come ever so far to find the little girl who—who"

"What! are you Jim?" asked Mr. Somers, in a glad surprise; for all through that long, sad winter, that question had been so often repeated to Miss Smith, to her father, mother, and to Robin by little May, "Oh! what has become of Jim?" And then she would sigh, and "I wish I knew," would follow.

Jim, for Jim it was, could hardly speak now; he could only gasp out, "They all but beat me to death, because I would not steal, and then I run'd away. I wouldn't thieve no more. I told her so, and I kept my word, I did."

Farmer Somers turned toward the house. He could scarcely bring himself to touch the heap of dirt and rags at his feet, but he saw that the child was sinking from exhaustion and roused him, while lifting him by the arm from the ground, he bade him follow. With feeble, tottering steps, poor Jim obeyed. Mr. Somers led him around to the back door, and then sitting him against the kitchen, he went to get some home-made wine, in which he steeped some bread. Morsel after morsel he put it into Jim's mouth, and when Mrs. Somers came down with the news that May had fallen into a sweet sleep, she found her husband employed in stripping off Jim's dirty rags, and covering him for the time with an old frock.

"Here, wife," he said, "this is more in thy way than mine. So just get some warm water and make the child sweet and wholesome, and then he shall have some nore food. He's well nigh starved to death. We must be kind to him, wife, for he's our May-bird's Jim."

So Jim was washed and dressed in an old suit of Robins, and the kind hand of May's mother cut off long masses of the tangled hair, and she soothed the child, and spoke tender words to him for May's sake. At last poor Jim burst into a fit of convulsive crying, which he seemed quite unable to stop.

"What is it, my child?" asked Mrs. Somers. "Am I hurting you?"

"Oh! no ma'm," sobbed Jim, "only nobody has ever been so kind to me before. I can't stand this."

The good, motherly woman was touched to tears herself. She bade Jim not fret, and try to eat the dinner she now set before him. Jim obeyed. He could have eaten twice as much, but Mrs. Somers knew that it would be dangerous after long fasting. Then he curled himself up on a piece of matting before the fire and was soon in a long, dreamless sleep.

That evening, as May's father carried her down stairs, he said, "What'll you say to an old friend returning, May-bird?"

"What! Jim?" asked May, eagerly, with a bright interest she had not shown about anything of late.

Continued.

LILLIE'S DREAM AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

NOW, dear little Hopes, if you will only listen, I will tell you about a little girl's dream, and how it was fulfilled; and after you have read it, you can judge for yourselves whether it is true or not—that is, the interpretation.

While little Lillie was wrapped in slumber, on the night of December 16th, she had the following dream:

In company with her father and mother, she seemed to be some distance north of the house; and on turning her eyes toward the north-west, she saw Jesus, who appeared to be nailed to a building, and at the same time saw a great many people walking to and fro, who seemed to be clad in the most beautiful garments. All seemed to be happy, and the scene presented was a beautiful one. While gazing on this beautiful scene, and wondering with admiration, there seemed to be something like a dark cloud, which seemed to take its

flight from near where Jesus was, and came over where she and her parents were. After overshadowing them, it took its flight again, and went up, up, until it was lost to sight.

The dream made such an impression on her mind, that she could and did tell it the next morning, plainly remembering every particular. Let it be remembered here that she was only about four years and four months old at that time.

Things went on as usual after, and I attended to my daily avocation as usual; but, alas! there was a rough place in my then smooth path, that I knew not of; though I might have known it, had I obtained a correct meaning of the dream. The cloud had a meaning, which meaning you will presently see.

One evening as I approached the house, there were marks of disorder, and on entering, I soon found, to my sorrow, the cause; which was that our Lillie had fallen into a tub of hot water and scalded herself very badly. This was the cloud; and truly it was a cloud, to see our darling thus afflicted. But to our comfort it was to "pass off"—ascend—redound to the honor of God.

But to add to the darkness of the cloud, there was another circumstance attached, which is worthy of note. There was to be a New Years supper for the Sunday-school scholars, and Lillie was in high expectation of going. It was the principal topic of her conversation—the supper and what Santa Claus would have for her in the "New Year box." But, alas! all her hopes were suddenly crushed, and instead of enjoying, as others did, the luxuries of a nice supper and nice gifts, she was compelled to remain at home, and suffer from her burnt arm. This we considered to be the cloud; and as it passed away in the dream, so it did from her. She is to-day well and sound.

UNCLE MACKAY.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER V.

PERSON OF GOD.

- Q. What kind of a being is God?
A. He is a personage of Spirit with a body, in form, like man.
- Q. How do you learn this?
A. The Scriptures declare that man was made in the image of God. Gen. 1: 26, 27.
Repeat the passage. "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. * * * So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."
- Q. Have you any further proof of God's being in the form of man?
A. Yes. Jesus Christ was in the form of man, and was at the same time in the image of God's person. Heb. 1: 3.
Repeat the passage. "Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."
- Q. Is it not said that God is a Spirit?
A. Yes. The Scriptures say so. John 4: 24.
Repeat the passage. "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."
- Q. How, then, can God be like man?
A. Man has a spirit, though clothed with a body, and God is similarly constituted.
- Q. Has God a body, then?
A. Yes, like unto man's body in figure. Gen. 32: 24, 28, 30. Ex. 24: 9, 10, 11.
Repeat the passage. "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of day. * * * And he said, thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men and hast prevailed. * * * And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel, for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved."
- "Then went up Moses, and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel; and they saw the God of Israel; and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as the body of heaven in his clearness. And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid hot his hand; also they saw God and did eat and drink."
- Q. Is the person of God very glorious?

4. Yes, infinitely glorious. Ex. 24 : 17. Hab. 3 : 3.

Repeat the passages. "And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount, in the eyes of the children of Israel."

"God came from Teman, and the Holy one from Mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth is full of his praise."

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

Part Second.

CHAPTER V.—POPPY'S RETURN.

A WIDE, low-browed farm house, with wild vines festooned about the entrance, and broad windows smiling in the happy sunlight, open to admit the fresh aromatic air. Two fair faced girls about half way in their 'teens,' and a sweet faced, silver haired lady, seated in the spacious family room. The elder lady knitting, the younger ones studying.

A dark, pretty brunette, and a blue eyed, sunny haired blonde were the girls. A sound of wheels without. The girls looked up from their books.

"O, Grandma!" cried black-eyed Fanny; "the hack has stopped here and some one is getting out. Who can it be?"

"I know!" exclaimed the other young lady. "It's papa—yes, and mamma too! O! I'm so glad! It's all right now. And I feel like kneeling down and thanking God that those two dear people are happy once more. They must be happy if they are reconciled. And if they weren't reconciled they wouldn't be coming here together." And her blue eyes, always lovely, grew lovelier still with the deep, grateful emotion of her soul.

A moment she stood in thought, then swung open the half shut door and tripped down to the gate.

"Papa and mamma!" Her voice was low and tender, and her eyes dewy with joy.

Philip Carson took the slight girl in his arms kissed her, and stroked her shining tresses glittering golden in the sunshine. "Dear little Poppy—Constance, I mean! My own sweet child!"

"O, I'm so glad! you two precious dears!" exclaimed Constance, embracing them warmly. "But come in, do." And holding a hand of each she led them up to the house.

"Grandma Bacon, this is my own dear papa. Isn't he nice?" she cried the moment they entered the door. "And, papa, this is my dear friend, Fanny Bacon. And we're all so glad!"

After the greetings were over and they were all sitting comfortably in the cozy room, which was familiar to Mrs. Carson, as she had lived in the family for years, and had left Constance there to pursue her studies with Fanny Bacon, Grandma being a competent tutor.

"Now I want to hear how it all happened," exclaimed Constance. "I told mamma you'd find her out, papa! She thought she was so disguised that no one would know, but I knew you had sharp eyes. She only wanted to find out from observation whether—whether—well whether you had a heart or not, when she knew, of course, better than any one else; and I told her you were just one of the best men in the world."

They all smiled at the girl's enthusiasm, but Mrs. Carson gently reminded her that she was talking too much.

"But the necessity of the case demands it. You oughtn't to bring papa here, if I may not talk to him. And you won't satisfy my curiosity by telling me anything."

"You don't give one a chance, little chatter-box," smiled papa. Then she was quiet, and Mr. Carson began. "Well, you see, Henrietta had been with us boarding in the same family a month, and I never suspicioned anything—"

"No, I don't see—or didn't till you just told me. Mamma never wrote that she boarded there," exclaimed Constance, forgetting herself far enough to interrupt her father, for which she received a

gently reproachful glance from her mother, and forthwith set her lips together, determining to be master of her tongue until a proper time for her to speak.

"When Lyss came home last Monday he began to tell about seeing you, and Henrietta must have betrayed some emotion when we spoke of you, for he soon after mentioned to me his surmises that she was not plain Mrs. Brown; that she was either my wife or some one who knew all about you. Then we saw her at her chamber window without her hideous spectacles,—we were out beyond the willows where she could not see us but could hear our conversation. When I knew who she was, I could not bring my pride into subjection far enough to be willing to go and talk with her and hear her explanation of matters, until that blessed boy urged and reasoned with me, and I began to feel ashamed of my stubbornness. Of course, as soon as she told me I was satisfied. How foolish we both were! Don't you think so, Mrs. Bacon?"

The old lady shook her head. "Perhaps not that exactly. But very blind to your own welfare. And all through a lack of charity. A want of trust in one another. Ah! but there are sad, sad hearts who go down to their graves woe-burdened and weary, from this too prevalent distrust of ours.

'Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless millions mourn.'

"Very true," remarked Mr. Carson. "And, Constance, this is not all I have to tell you. Lyss Baker has gone, none of his friends know where. What do you think of that?"

"I think he never did such a thing without a cause!" she replied decidedly. Fanny smiled mischievously. "O, you can smile as much as you like, Miss Fanny. I tell you I know Lyss is a splendid boy."

Fanny laughed outright now. "No doubt of it. You've told me that on an average as often as three times a week ever since you came here."

"O, you naughty creature! What do you mean?" and Constance tried to pout, but they all laughed, and she concluded that was the best thing for her to do, too.

"Well," continued Fanny, "if it wasn't that often, it was less. And perhaps I might modify the assertion by saying that you didn't always use the adjective 'splendid.' Yet some one equally as expressive."

"But, papa, how was it?" remarked Constance. "Tell me, please, and I'll cover Fan's mouth with my hand if she isn't quiet while you're speaking,"—playfully.

Mr. Carson then gave her a recital of Lyss' sudden departure, and all they knew about it.

"There! didn't I say he had a cause?" cried Constance. "I declare, it's too bad.—But when am I going to see Charley Long and Mary and dear little Nell?"

"We intend starting back Monday morning, and you are to go with us," replied Henrietta.

Though there was sadness and tears at parting with the Bacon's, who had been kind and true friends for years, yet Constance could hardly wait till Monday came, she was so anxious to go. And Monday evening she was greeted and welcomed as warmly as her impulsive, affectionate heart would wish by the Longs. She almost forgot herself staring at Jim Welsh.

"Papa, why didn't you tell me?" she whispered, the first opportunity, looking over at Jim.

"Tell you what? I *did* tell you he lived here."

"Yes, but that isn't it. He's so changed. He is so polite and civil it doesn't seem as if it can be Jim Welsh."

"It's mainly owing to Nelly here," pulling her curls, for she was standing beside Constance.

"Now, Mr. Carson, you oughtn't to talk so," blushed Nell prettily. "You and Charley have done everything for him. I was only kind to him, and sympathized with him when he was in trouble."

"When he was in *error*,—and that was more than all Charley or I have done, replied Mr. Carson.

"Papa, what is that great pile of lumber out yonder for, beyond the willows?" asked Constance, looking from the window.

"For Charley's house. That is his land, you know."

"No, I didn't know before she answered. "So you were going to live alone here, were you? It's well mamma came isn't it?"

"Yes, darling. I can never cease to be thankful for her and you. I thought I had lost you both.—But I was not going to live alone. I couldn't do that. I have bought another forty of land joining Charley's and mine; and when Charley went into his house, I intended renting this and going too, as boarder. But now the programme is changed. Mamma and you and I will board with Mary—she is willing she says—till fall. By that time the new house will be done and mamma's school closed, and when Mary leaves us for her own domicile, mamma will be housekeeper here and you assistant."

"O, dear!" sighed Nell, "if Lyss were only here we would be completely happy. But we mustn't expect that, in this world, I suppose. But it would be such a joy and comfort to him to see us all together." Constance sighed, but said nothing.

Continued.

FORBID THEM NOT.

There is no sweeter story told
In all the blessed Book,
Than how the Lord within His arms
The little children took.

We love him for the tender touch
That made the leper whole,
And for the wondrous words that healed
The tired, sin-sick soul.

But closer to His loving self
Our human hearts are brought,
When for the little children's sake
Love's sweetest spell is wrought.

For their young eyes his sorrowing face
A smile of gladness wore—
A smile that for His little ones
It weareth evermore.

The voice that silenced priest and scribe
For them grew low and sweet:
And still for them His gentle lips
The loving words repeat;

"Forbid them not!" O blessed Christ,
We bring them unto Thee,
And pray that on our heads may rest
Thy benediction.

—Christian Treasury.

REMINDE ME OF THE KING.

PERSONS sometimes get a habit of swearing. They say they do not think and cannot help it. Yet there are few of them who would swear in the presence of a minister of Christ, or in the presence of some eminent person whom they respected. They can break off the habit if they will. Such persons may profit by the story of the Prussian major.

La Fontaine, chaplain in the Prussian army, once preached a very earnest and eloquent sermon on the sin and folly of yielding to a hasty temper. The next day he was accosted by a major of the regiment with the words,—

"Well, sir, I think you made use of the prerogatives of your office, to give me some very sharp hits yesterday."

"I certainly thought of you while I was preparing the sermon," was the answer: "but I had no intentions of being personal or sharp."

"Well, it's of no use," said the major; "I have a hasty temper, and I cannot control it; it is impossible."

And still adhering to this opinion, after some further conversation he went his way.

The next Sabbath La Fontaine preached upon self-deception, and the vain excuses which men are wont to make.

"Why," said he, "a man will declare that it is impossible to control his temper, when he knows that were the same provocation to happen in the

presence of his sovereign he not only could, but would, control himself entirely. And yet he dares to say that the continual presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords imposes upon him neither restraint nor fear!"

The next day his friend, the major, again accosted him.

"You were right yesterday, chaplain," he said, humbly. "Hereafter whenever you see me in danger of falling, remind me of the King!"

"SWEAR NOT AT ALL."

"Do you ever swear?" said Freddie Walton, to Mr. Herbert, his new employer.

"No. Why? Do you swear, Freddie, when things go wrong?"

"No sir; never! Saints should not swear. And if they wanted to do so, what would be the use?"

"No use at all, Freddie."

"And wouldn't it spoil all the good there might be in us?"

"I think so."

"That's what I've been thinking, sir. Mr. Woodman spoke in meeting the other night and then prayed, and to-day I heard him say bad words to his oxen. I don't think God is pleased with such acts, do you?"

"No, indeed; for his Son, our Savior, said, 'Swear not at all.'"

A PARABLE.

HELD in my hand a little dry tree, an infant hemlock. Had it lived a century it might have towered up above all the forest, and held up its head in majesty. But it grew on a sort of a bog, and a muskrat, digging his hole under it, bit off its roots, and it was dead. It was full of limbs and knots and gnarls, and I felt curious to know how it happened that it was so.

"Poor fellow! If you had all these limbs and knots to support, I don't wonder you died."

"And with my roots, which were my mouths with which to feed, all cut off, too!"

"Yes but where do all these ugly limbs come from," said he. "I am pretty much like you men! Find out where my limbs come from, and you will find out where all human sins come from."

"I'll take you at your word, sir."

So I took out my knife and peeled off all the bark. But the limbs and the knots were left.

"You must go deeper than that, sir."

So I began to split and take off layer of wood after layer. But all the knots were there.

"Deeper still," said the dry stick.

Then I split it all down to the heart, taking it all off and separating it. The heart was laid bare; it looked like a small rod, about six feet long, and perhaps an inch through at the large end. Ah! And I was now surprised to see that every limb and knot and gnarl started in the heart! Every one was there, and every one grew out of the heart. The germ or starting point of each one was the center of the heart.—Selected.

SELF CONTROL.

A GREAT part of the secret of being able to control others, is the ability to control self.

Robert Bonner, proprietor of a New York paper, which has a circulation of over a quarter of a million, was one day conversing with a friend in his office, when he directed the attention of his friend to a person passing, and said:

"I worked by the side of that man for years setting type, and a very good workman he was. Do you want to know why he is still a journeyman printer and I am not?"

I of course wanted to know the reason.

"Well," said he, "the reason is this. He used to buy five dollar pantaloons, and as soon as they began to look a little shabby he cast them aside; but I bought strong, coarse, three dollar ones, and

wore them out. That is the reason."

Boys, if you would become rich, you must study diligence and economy, being not slothful in business, but temperate in all things. And as with the temporal, so with the spiritual. If you would be rich in the abundance of life and fullness of joy and peace, in the world to come, you must be diligent in pursuing the things that make for peace, and valient in the control of your spirits. If so you will be greater with God than the governors of earth, and secure to yourselves the inestimable riches of an inheritance in the celestial kingdom of God.

Correspondence.

DEER LODGE, U. T., June 14th, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the dear little *Hope*, I love it very much; I love the letters, I like the piece about "Cloud and Sunlight," it is a very interesting story. I wish there would come some Saints out here, so that I could get baptized. I have been going to school all winter, and I read in the third reader; my teacher's name is Mr. Corum; school has been out a month. I will be thirteen years old on the 10th of August. This is all I have to write this time, so good bye, yours truly,

AGUSTA ELIASSON.

JOLIET, Will Co., Ill., July 12th, 1875.

Dear little Hopes:—I thought I would make an attempt to write to you. We have received the *Zion's Hope* for a long time; I think it is a very nice paper. I am not a member of the Church, yet, but hope to be, soon. My father and mother belong to the Reorganized Church. I send my best wishes to all the little Hopes,

Yours truly,

JOHN W. PARKS.

JEFFERSON, Green Co., Iowa, June 24, 1875.

Dear little *Hope*:—I thought I would write a few lines. I was baptized on the 23d day of May, 1875, by H. C. Smith. I am glad that I ever heard the gospel; for, if we live upright and just, we shall gain a home in heaven. Dear little Hopes, let us put ourselves together, and do as much as we can for the spreading forth of the gospel. Let us see how much money we can save for this purpose. Let us be careful not to spend our money foolishly. There is a union Sunday School here. I close, ever praying for the welfare of the Church,

JOHN B. HATCHER.

SOLDIER, Monona Co., Iowa, June 26, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—As I have not written for quite a while I thought I would write a few lines to the dear little *Hope*. We have our new school-house done, and it seems nice to have one so near by, where we can go to school whenever there is any. We have a small Branch here, and we have meetings every Sunday. I want to try to serve the Lord, and I trust that all the little Hopes feel as though they would like to obey the word. We have had considerable rain this season, but no hard storms that have done any damage, yet. I love to see it rain, it makes the plants and grass grow. Your niece,

NANCY MARGARET BALANTYNE.

LONG VALLEY, Monterey Co., California,
June 14th, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I am glad to say that I am a member of the Church of Christ and of God, and I do love to read the letters in the *Hope*. This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. I am not much of a hand to write. My desire is to be faithful, watchful, and prayerful, and I can say that I am stronger to-day than ever, and I do sincerely ask the prayers of the Saints, that I may be made stronger and stronger, every day; for God has said, that whosoever endureth to the end, shall be saved. I remain your brother in Christ,

HENRY MCKEE.

ALTON, Ills., June 21st, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope* since I was baptized, which was on the 22nd of May last, and am very glad that I was. We have splendid meetings here and are increasing in numbers. I know this work is of God. I ask an interest in all the prayers of the little Hopes, and may we all be saved in the Celestial Kingdom of our Lord, is my prayer. From your sister in Christ,

MARY A. RICHARDSON.

FALL RIVER, MASS., June 22, 1875.

Brother Joseph:—I have written to the *Hope* several times, but have never yet seen my letters in the *Hope*; so thinking they have not reached you, or have not suited you, I thought I would try again. I have been connected with the Church of Jesus Christ over four years. I can testify to the truth of the work of God begun in these last days. I feel to lift up my song of praise and adoration to our Father for his many won-

derful blessings to me and to all Saints. We have a Sunday School here, and it is called the Bethel Sabbath School. When I see the letters from some of the little Hopes in our little *Zion's Hope*, I almost wish that they lived in Fall River so that we could have a good full Sunday School; for I see by the letters they send, that some of them have no Sunday School where they live. I remain yours in Zion's cause,

JOHN POTTS.

PLANO, Illinois, July 7, 1875.

Dear little Hopes:—You have all seen the flower buds burst, the little twigs grow, and the rivulets flow on in their winding courses.

Did you ever think that those little flower buds would burst out, and become sweet, fresh, lovely flowers, if they were favored with the pleasant showers, the sparkling dews, and the bright sunlight; and that the little twigs would grow to be mighty trees, and the small streams assist in making large rivers and oceans, if favored with the same blessings?

You are now just like flower buds, ready to burst forth in the sweetness of useful lives, if you will only be patient and diligent, and try to learn all you can that is good, and avoid all that is evil. You know there are some naughty people, who are always scolding, and making themselves miserable, and everybody else miserable around them. Be sure little Hopes, that you are never like them; but always delight in being pleasant.

How sweet are flowers and evergreens in winter! Just so sweet is a person who is patient though all around may be dreary as winter.

DANIEL.

GILROY, California, June 11, 1875.

Bro. Joseph:—Although I cannot meet with the Saints at church to-day, yet I do not forget them. As I sing hymns and read my Bible, I think of the many hundreds of Latter Day Saints, who are assembled to worship God; and my heart goes out in prayer for them, wherever they may be. I pray that God may bless and strengthen them with his Spirit, and that that they may love one another and try to live upright before Him.

How I love to meditate upon this glorious work of the Latter Days! How I love to see it roll on and prosper! Us little Saints cannot do much to roll it on, but we can try to serve God, and keep ourselves free from the wickedness of this world.

Little Saints, I don't think that we ought to go to dances; I do not think that we can be really true Saints, if we do. We do not enjoy ourselves, nor have so much of the spirit as we ought to have at Church, when we go to dances; for all our joy is in the dance. Little Saints, we must leave off these worldly pleasures, and turn to God, or we cannot be saved. From your sister in Christ,

CHARLOTTE MUNROE.

FARRAGUT, Iowa, June 18th, 1875.

Brother Joseph:—I attempt again to write to the *Hope*. I am just recovering from an attack of bilious fever. The grasshoppers have destroyed almost every thing; but they have left now. They came on Sunday, about nine o'clock. Last night the lightning struck a barn, and killed two horses; it also struck another barn, killing a mule for one man, and for another man three head of cattle. I close with love to all,

EUGENE L. KASTER.

SYRACUSE, Ohio, June 27, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I am a member of the Church of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized March 25th, 1875, by Bro. T. W. Smith. He baptized seven in our family. We have Sunday-school every Sunday, at nine o'clock, and prayer meeting at two o'clock, preaching in the evening, and children's prayer meeting on Monday nights, and Wednesday night prayer meeting with all the Saints. I will bring my letter to a close, by sending you my kind love, and my love to all the little Saints. I am thirteen years old. Good by.

JOSEPH MATTHEWS.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$258 47 Mell Halliday .. \$ 25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo. .. 1 65

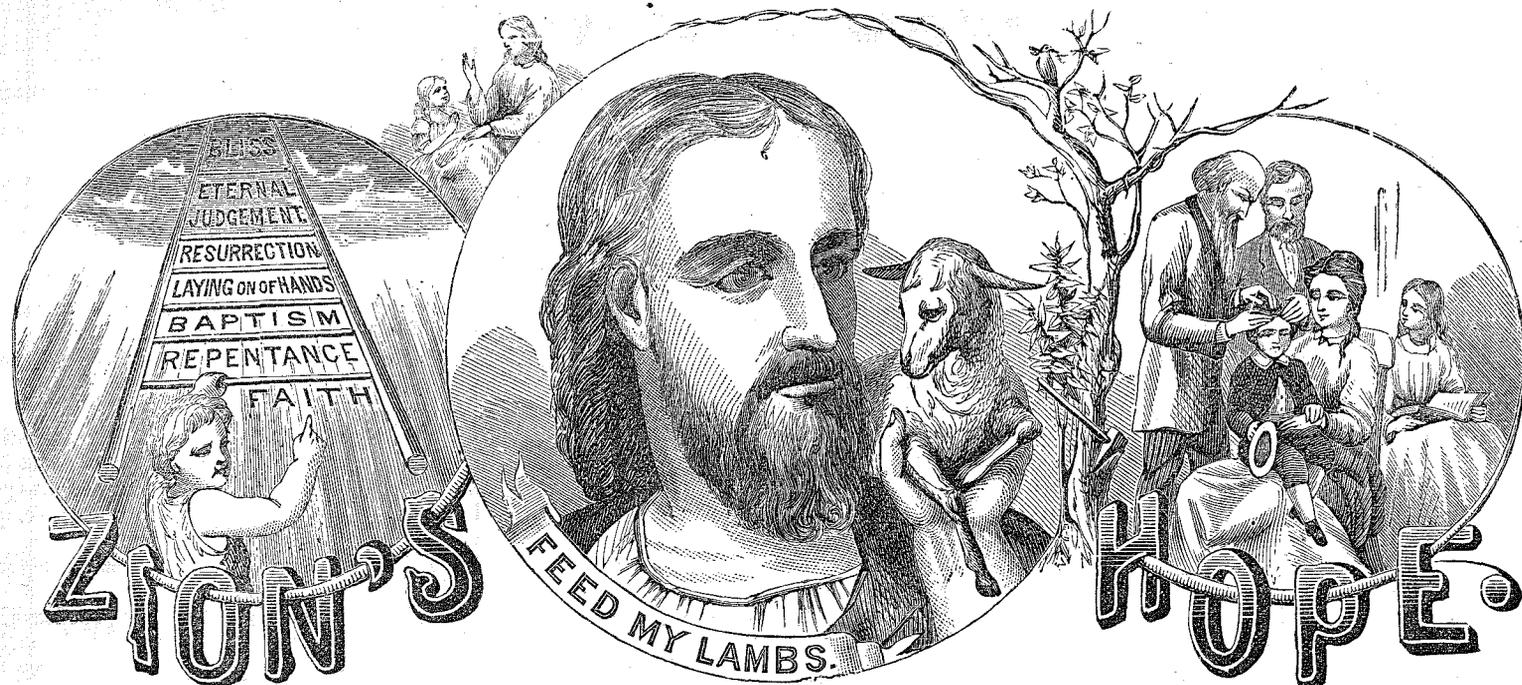
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

CHILD'S QUESTIONINGS.

Mamma, when our Lord was a little child,
Do you think he was loved as you love me?
Do you think he played, and prattled, and smiled,
And loved to climb on his mother's knee?
Did she clasp him close and hold him long,
And call him her own, her heavenly boy,
And softly humming, sing over the song
That the angels sang on that night of joy?
Did he say his prayers when he went to sleep,
Asking God's care for friends who were dear?
Did he ever grieve? Did he ever weep?
Did he ever wish? Did he ever fear?
Was he always thinking I wonder of God?
Was he always praying, and never gay?
Was he always reading the Holy Word?
Was he not ready sometimes to play?
His playmates too I wonder about —
What were their games when all together?
I cannot think he would run and shout,
As other boys do in pleasant weather.
Who taught him, I wonder, his letters to know,
Those letters that look so strange and hard?
I wonder if he to school did go,
And how early he learned to read the Word.
He had brothers and sisters, the Bible says,
James, and Joses, and Simon and Jude;
I suppose when they quarrelled, some look of his,
Would make them sorry, and try to be good.
How did he look? I sometimes say,
And would he have spoken had I been there?
Spoken, and not have sent me away?
Of his notice allowed me a little to share?

"OUT OF BED AND WIDE AWAKE.

TWO brothers, William and James roomed together. They attended the same school and were in the same classes. School commenced quite early, and as the two boys had wood to get in and a few other chores to do in the morning, for half the winter term they were late and had tardy marks. Their father was not pleased with this, and one evening he said to them: "Boys this being behind-hand every day will not do. We must find some remedy for it. Can you think of any?"
"If you would have some one to do the chores," said both the boys, "then we never should be late."
"Are you sure of that?" said the father.
"O yes," said James, and "Yes, indeed," said William. "Then we should have all our time, and need never be late."
"Well," said the father, "I will make this agreement: I will have some one to do your chores until one of you is late. The first one who has a tardy mark must take his work again."
The boys were quite delighted to be let off thus easily. They thought there would be no more bringing in wood for them that winter. For a

week all went on finely and it seemed as if tardy marks were quite forgotten; but after the novelty had passed off, the boys began to indulge themselves in "a little more sleep and a little more slumber." They were once or twice almost beyond the time, and at length both of them on the same morning failed, and with dismal faces they brought the ticket with a tardy mark to their father at dinner. He could hardly refrain from smiling a little. "My sons," said he, "you see this will not do. I shall dismiss the boy I have hired and you must take hold of the work again, and in the mean time you can propose any other plan."

They thought quite busily, and in a day or two James' face brightened up and he said:

"Father, we must get up earlier, that is all, and if you will let us have an alarm clock, one that will ring like every thing, then we shall get up, and get all through and be at school in season."

"That is just it," said William, "that will be fine."

"Why will that do any better than being called as you are now?" said their father.

"Oh, because," said the boys, "it will ring so long and so loud that we shall get quite awake before it stops."

The indulgent father granted this request, on the same conditions as the first, and a noisy little alarm clock was placed on their mantel-shelf, to remain until the next tardy mark made its appearance. This worked well for about ten days. The boys were up at the proper time, had their work done, and were at school in season. They thought a great deal of their clock; but it was, after all, a trouble to wind it up, and in about a week they would sometimes go to bed and forget it and have to jump up again, to set it. At length they forgot it altogether and were late at school, and with downcast eyes brought to the table the tardy tickets.

"Again I am sorry to see these, my sons," said their father. They hung their heads, for they had nothing to say. "Have you any other plan to propose?" The boys were silent. "You see plainly that the chores are not the trouble. You can do all I require easily, and still be punctual at school, can you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"The difficulty then is, not that you cannot wake, for I always have you called in season, is it?"

"No," said James; "but, father, the trouble is that we cannot get up when we are called."

"Well, what is the reason, when you go to bed early and have just as much sleep as you need, that you should indulge in all this lying and doz-

ing, half asleep and half awake? Is it not a sinful waste of time and life? You come late to your breakfast and go late to your books, and do not fairly begin to live till toward noon. Is this wise?" The little boys knew it was not wise, but foolish and wicked.

"Now," said the father, "I will propose a plan, and you try my way for awhile. Sally shall call you at the proper time and wait until she hears you say 'out of bed and wide awake.' Do not wait to decide whether you will get up then or lie five minutes longer, but jump the instant you are called and get awake, after you are out. Will you try this?"

James and William consented to this experiment. Sally was faithful. She called the boys until she heard a jump and an answer. They found this simple plan worked admirably and they had plenty of time to bring in their wood. They came hungry to breakfast and were bright and early at school, fresh in body and mind and ready for a profitable day's work.—Selected by H. F. F.

LABOR OF LOVE.

AND the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." —Matt. 25:40. He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord; for it is more blessed to give than to receive. Even a cup of cold water, given in the love and name of the Master, is not without its reward, because coming from the heart, it is blessed of the Lord, and becomes to us treasure in the life to come; and since so many opportunities are presented unto us to lay up treasure in heaven, by ministering to the wants of the needy, let us not be slothful, but diligent in the use of every means extended to increase our happiness here, and heighten our bliss and enrich our joys hereafter. As we would that others should do to us, let us do also to them; for the measure we mete to others shall be measured to us again.

Said the Master: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom." And further, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me," said Jesus; and if we truly love the Lord, we will rest in his favor; for love is the fulfilling of the law.

Let us ever remember that it was love that prompted the Savior to forsake the realm of glory, come to earth, veil himself in flesh and do the Father's will, in laboring, sorrowing, suffering and dying to effect the salvation of our race. His

love led him to *do all* the Father's will, and by doing so he abode in the Father's love, and received of Him glory and honor, and all power and authority in heaven and on earth. And he requires of us to *keep all* his commandments, that we may abide in his love; which, if we do we shall rise to meet him in glory and honor, and finally obtain with him eternal life in the celestial kingdom of God. Therefore, let us love, labor and wait for the reward.

LITTLE MAY'S LEGACY.

BY ANNA EBERLING.

CHAPTER V.

"**A**H, yes, we'll see," and farmer Somers laid his darling on the two chairs that were ready for her, and then pointed to the forlorn gipsy boy, still asleep.

"How glad I am!" said little May. "Robin! Robin! you'll be kind to Jim?"

"I? Yes; but I shan't have nothing to do with him that I know of," said Robin.

"Poor Jim, poor Jim!" said May, looking at the sleeper with tender pity. "What did he say, father?"

"That he wouldn't steal, and so they misused him and he ran away."

"He was all but starved to death—poor child; and cried like a baby at a kind word," said her mother.

"You'll let him be farm boy now, father, won't you?" said May. "Robin, you'll teach him of evenings—Robin, dear, for my sake."

Robin made a gruff reply, something like, "No good comes of tramps;" but Mr. Somers said, "Yes, I'll keep the lad to work. Matthew is getting too uppish for me now, and if he's a good steady boy, this here one will just fit in handy; but as to the teaching, we'll leave that to you, my 'May-bird,' won't we mother?"

Little May sighed, and held her mouth up to her father's face. The lips were hot and parched, and the farmer's stout heart quailed. Must he part with her?

It was the Sunday evening after this that Miss Smith had been to see May and read to her, as she always did. Her mother was putting baby up stairs; and when Miss Smith had said, good by, the spring twilight had deepened and May was alone, for father and Robin had gone to evening service at a church not far distant. Presently May saw Jim was sitting in the deep window, and wondered if he had been there all the time of Miss Smith's visit unperceived.

"Jim, is that you?" Jim came down from his seat to the little girl's side. "Jim, you'll not forget to be good, and love Jesus and try to do his will?"

"No," said Jim, in a husky voice.

"I am going away, Jim. I am going very soon; but you won't forget what I say, and you'll be a good servant to my father, Jim?"

"That I will," said Jim. "But you ain't going away?"

"Yes, Jim, to the beautiful country I have told you about, where Jesus is."

Jim took the little thin hand in his and held it tight, so tight that it was almost painful to May, then saying, "I won't forget, never, never," he slipped in the kitchen.

So little May did not come down stairs any more—cold March winds were blowing fiercely, and the tender flower withered beneath their breath. No one could now be blind to the fact that May was going home. Her father was slow to believe it, but the truth was forced upon him at last—"May must go!"

"Father," said she, one evening, when she was lying in his arms—a position which rested her more than any other way now; "father, I leave Jim to you. I have prayed to God so much for him, you will keep him and care for him, for my sake. He knows about Jesus now, and he thinks he will be good. Father kiss me. Remember I leave poor Jim to you."

The farmer's voice shook with emotion. He could scarcely answer; but he took Jim as a parting gift from his dearly loved child, and promised to cherish him for her sake. There was a silence, and then presently May said, "Ask mother and Robin and Jim to come; I want them to sing the hymn I once taught Jim."

They did as she wished, with trembling voices, the child herself joining in weak, though clear tones.

"Around the throne of God in Heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing—Glory, glory, glory.

"What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love,
How came those children there?
Singing—Glory, glory, glory.

Through shedding of the Savior's blood,
Which takes away their sin,
And being washed in that pure flood,
Behold them white and clean;
Singing—Glory, glory, glory.

On earth, they sought the Savior's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb;
Singing—Glory, glory, glory.

Not many hours after, and little May was among those happy, blessed children and washed in the pure and precious flood, she entered into rest and saw Him who redeemed her, who while yet on earth, not having seen had loved so well. Happy little May!

It was a bright August evening some years after the sweet April day when May's little grave had been made in Ashcot churchyard, that two men were talking by the gate that led to Mr. Somers' farm. One was the farmer himself, the other an old friend, he had not seen for many years, who had been looking over the place with him.

"It's in beautiful order, wonderfully improved," said the man. "I knew it fifteen years ago, but it was quite a different thing then. You must have taken a great deal of pains with it."

"Yes," said the farmer, "I don't deny it; but for the last ten years I have had a servant, such as few can boast. He has worked for me night and day, I might say, and left no stone unturned for my good. My eldest boy didn't take to farming, and is in an office in London." Here Mr. Somers sighed. "But this young man I speak of, has been like a son and servant all in one. The place owes as much to Jim as any one."

Just then a tall, fine young laborer came up in a cart, a little laughing girl seated by him.

"Hallo! Jenny, what are you about?"

"Oh, father, Jim has given me a ride home from school. He was in Ashcot with a load of straw and brought me back."

"Here, Miss Jenny," said Jim, "I'll lift you down." This he did tenderly, and the little girl sprang to her father's side.

Jim, our old friend, was worth looking at now; his figure erect and strong, his face bright, intelligent, his eye—the same brown eyes that had peered at little 'May-bird' years ago—steadfast, honest and kindly in their expression. As he turned the horses in the stable-yard, the farmer said:

"There he goes. That's my servant. He was left me by a child I dearly loved, and God has blest and rewarded me a hundred times for any kindness I have shown him. Here, if you'll turn in a bit, I will tell you the tale."

The friend complied, and in low, subdued tones he told the story which you already know. Jenny nestled on his knee, listening attentively. "She was my blessing while I had her," said the farmer, "and she left a blessing behind her. She taught that boy to pray and love Jesus, and she prayed for him, that the Holy Spirit should rule and guide him. Her prayer was answered. If ever there was a good Christian servant, one to trust and value, I have found him in Jim. 'May-

bird's legacy,' I sometimes call him. Bless her, she was very dear to me."

The farmer's voice trembled with emotion, and Jenny looking up in his face inquiringly, said:

"Father, I've heard Jim speak of my sister May. He says he thinks of her often, and that he hopes to see her in Heaven some day."

"Ah! poor Jim, poor Jim!" said the farmer; "like all of us he loves her memory. Now run away, Jenny, and tell mother that an old friend has looked in to take tea with us, and we are whenever she is."

Away went Jenny, blithe and glad. Her father watched her with loving eyes. She was not like his "May-bird," but she was a merry, bright-eyed, loving little daughter, and very dear to her parents' heart.

"I hope this one will be long spared to you," said Mr. Somers' friend.

"Ay, I trust so; but, if not, may she leave behind her an example like her sister's, and a blessed hope of meeting where sin and sorrow are fled away forever. My May has been safe in the fold over ten years now, and in all that time I have never wished her back once, for I know she walked with God when she was here on earth, and in his love. She was not—for he took her."

So was little May's memory a sweet and precious thing, long, long, after she had entered into her Savior's kingdom.

Dear children, let us all try so to live that we may leave behind us tokens of good; let us try to sow the seeds of gentle love and tender care for others. As we have learned to love Jesus ourselves, let us tell others of him who know him not; and above all, let us show that we love him by obedience and self-forgetfulness, remembering the blessed words while on earth he spoke, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

THE END.

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

MARY AND MARTHA were two sisters, who lived in a little village called Bethany, near to Jerusalem; and once upon a time when Jesus was journeying that way, they received him into their house, and ministered to his necessities.

Now, one of the sisters was cumbered about much serving, and careful about many things, doubtless desirous of doing the best she could to make the entertainment of her royal guest pleasant and acceptable. But her sister Mary, was of a different turn of mind, and had become so interested in the teachings of Jesus, that she had ceased to help her sister in the performance of her household labor. After some time, Martha approached the Master and said: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" To which Jesus replied: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but *one thing is needful*; and Mary hath chosen that better part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Now both these sisters loved Jesus, and both were seeking to honor him; but how different the course pursued by each one. Martha bestowed much trouble and came in trying to honor him with the things of this world that perish with the using of them; while Mary sought to honor him by sitting at his feet, and listening to the gracious words he spake.

Why was it she had "chosen the better part," that should not be taken from her? Because she loved instruction. Doubtless she understood that wisdom is the principal thing, and that with her getting she should get understanding; but not stopping at this, she wished to obey the words of the wise and "take fast hold of instruction;" while the great Teacher was at hand and the golden opportunity presented, knowing, according to the words of Solomon, that the "one thing needful," to fit her for usefulness here, and the enjoyment of life and the society of the Master

hereafter, was instruction, she chose it to the exclusion of worldly considerations, nor would she let it go, because as the sacred writer said "she is thy life." Hence the "better part" she had chosen could not be taken from her.

Young reader, let us ever choose the better part hearkening to instruction's warning voice. So, then, like Mary, we will rest in the favor of the Lord and receive the Spirit's instruction, which will prove our happiness here and our life in the world to come.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARACTER AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Q. Is God everywhere present?

A. Yes. He is in all parts of the universe. Jer. 23 : 23, 24. 1 Kings 8 : 27.

Repeat the passages. "Am I not a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off? * * * Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord."

"Behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee."

Q. If God is a person, how can he be everywhere present?

A. His person cannot be in more than one place at the same time, but he is everywhere present by his Spirit. Ps. 139 : 7, 8.

Repeat the passage. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

Q. Does God see all things?

A. Yes. Nothing can be hid from his gaze. Ps. 33 : 13, 14. Jer. 23 : 24. D. and C. 36 : 7.

Repeat the passages. "The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men. From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth."

"Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord."

"Wherefore I can stretch forth my hands and hold all the creations which I have made; and my eye can pierce them also."

Q. Does God know all things pertaining to the workmanship of his hands?

A. Yes. Nothing escapes his knowledge. Acts 15 : 18. D. and C. 22 : 2, 7.

Repeat the passages. "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world."

"All things are present with me, for I know them all. * * * All things are numbered unto me, for they are mine."

Q. Is God all-wise?

A. Yes. His wisdom is past the comprehension of man. Rom. 11 : 33. Col. 2 : 3.

Repeat the passages. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

"In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

Q. Is God all-powerful?

A. Yes, more powerful than we can conceive. Dan. 2 : 20. Isa. 14 : 27.

Repeat the passages. "Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever; for wisdom and might are his."

"For the Lord of Hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?"

Q. Is God a Being of truth, justice, and righteousness?

A. Yes, for he cannot lie nor sin. Rev. 15 : 3. Ps. 145 : 17.

Repeat the passages. "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints."

"The Lord is righteous in all his ways and holy in all his works."

Q. Is God a merciful being?

A. Yes. He is full of mercy and compassion. Ps. 89 : 14. Neh. 9 : 17.

Repeat the passages. "Mercy and truth shall go before thy face."

"But thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful."

Q. Is he a God of love?

A. Yes, God is love. 1 John 4 : 16.

Repeat the passage. "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Q. Does God vary in his character?

A. No. He is an unchangeable being. Mal. 3 : 6. Jas. 1 : 17.

Repeat the passages. "For I am the Lord, I change not."

"The father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning"

Q. What are the seven attributes of Deity?

A. Knowledge, power, truth, justice, judgment, mercy and love.

Q. Repeat the substance of what you have said concerning the character and attributes of God.

A. God is a glorious Being, in the form of man; he is everywhere present, by his Spirit; he sees and knows all things; he is full of wisdom, power, truth, justice, righteousness, mercy and love; and he is an unchangeable being.

ONLY ONE THING.

A YOUNG man feeling his need, a lack of the Divine nature, went to Jesus and enquired, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus referred him to the "commandments," telling him what he should not do, and what he should do.

Then he replied: "All these have I kept from my youth up."

Then said Jesus unto him: "Yet thou lackest one thing; sell all that thou hast, and distribute to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow me." But when the young man heard Jesus' instruction, he went away sorrowful, "for he had great possessions."

We have no account that this young man ever obeyed the "one thing," that he lacked; and in failing to obey that, he failed to secure for himself treasure in heaven and eternal life in the kingdom of God. How needful then to obey all things, whatsoever the Lord has commanded; for if we wilfully and knowingly neglect to obey one of his commands we bring upon ourselves, poverty of soul and loss of a fullness of joy in the presence of God. Little children, love the Lord and keep his commandments.

"I WONT."

WILLIE was a bright looking, sprightly little boy, but one who disliked to do as he was bidden, unless that was just what he wanted to do.

One day, Willie's papa having concluded to teach his children a valuable lessons, took Willie by the hand, and asked him to accompany him to the field. Willie was glad to do so, and his little tongue proved him to be a real "chatter-box," so full of talk was he about the fields, the birds, the bees and the growing crops.

Soon they arrived at a place in the field where a patch of potatoes had been planted, and which now needed hoeing.

"Willie," said Mr. Nelson, "will you please hoe these potatoes for papa?"

This question fairly stunned little Willie; the bright beauty fled from his eyes, his little prattling tongue was still for a moment, and then, as the angry stubborn feeling arose within him, he said, "I wont."

His kind papa said not a word, but walked away, leaving him alone. All day long Willie was cross and peevish. Nobody could do anything to suit him. In the evening he sauntered out from the house, and noticing Charley, spinning a top, said, very gruffly, "Where did you get that?" "Papa gave it to me for hoeing in the garden," said Charley, as a sweet smile of satisfaction lightened up his countenance, while he viewed with satisfaction the buzzing top, whirling so prettily before him.

Poor Willie! Why his papa had asked him to hoe the potatoes was now clear to his mind. He was sick at heart. He had lost a blessing that he greatly prized. Little Hopes, if you could have seen his downcast look, his leaden eye, you would have thought that his heart-strings were breaking. He walked away sadly, and when the time came he went to his little bed, but not to

sleep; for his eyes were filled with tears at the thought of having disobeyed his papa. He finally, after making a new resolution in regard to his future conduct, went to sleep.

The next morning he was unusually gay. He played harmlessly with the cat and dog, and the world seemed like a new home to him, indeed, for the sun seemed brighter, the flowers sweeter, and everything more pleasant than usual.

"Willie," said Mr. Nelson, "what makes my son so happy to day?"

Willie stopped his playing suddenly, and the thoughts that were passing through his mind, were plainly visible upon his countenance. He looked towards his papa as though he would like to throw himself into his arms, but felt a little too unworthy to do so. But finally the firm resolution to answer his papa's kind question fixed itself in his mind, and he threw himself into his arms, and said, "I will not say 'I wont' to you any more."

D. F. LAMBERT.

ONE THING I KNOW.

A MAN was born blind. Jesus made clay and anointed his eyes; he went and washed and received his sight. The Pharisees disbelieved, had indignation toward Jesus, and questioned the man that was blind, as to how he received his sight—saying, "This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day."

Whereupon, he that was blind, answering, said: "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, I now see." The pride and unbelief of the Pharisees, and their misrepresentation and abuse of Jesus, could not destroy the richness of the blessing he had received. And although he could not tell all about, and understand just how Jesus opened his eyes, he could say of a truth, "one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind I now see; and so it is with the Latter Day Saints. They were groping in spiritual darkness, or were blind, until the Lord in his "marvelous work" of the latter days, was passing in the spirit and power of the gospel, which greeting their ears, enlisted their attention, and begat a desire to see the kingdom of God. And the Lord, seeing they would embrace the truth, no matter if like himself in the days of his ministry, it is unpopular. In his loving kindness he won their hearts to willing obedience, and by the anointing of the eyes of their understanding with the Spirit of promise, and the washing of regeneration, they have been enabled to pass from nature's darkness into the LIGHT and liberty of the gospel. And, although the truth which they have embraced is very unpopular, and although they may not be able to explain, or expound the mysteries of the kingdom, yet, through the gift of the Spirit of promise, they are enabled to say—"One thing we know, that whereas we were blind, we now see." In this we see a humble confession of Christ, and an acknowledgment of his divine power and the efficacy of his word in bringing life and salvation to all who obey him.

Little Hopes, let us seek daily to walk in the light of God.

UNCLE M.

ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED.

DAVID, the son of Jesse was a keeper of sheep. His trust was in the God of Israel. Relying upon his strong arm, he had been enabled to save his flock from the approach of a bear and a lion. By his hand the Lord delivered Israel when they were menaced by their enemies, when he went out in the strength of the Lord, and slew the giant Goliath. In the fear of the God of his fathers, he spared the life of Saul, King of Israel, who sought his life, when he could have slain him. Because his heart was uncorrupted, and his way inclined to the way of uprightness, he was called a man after God's own heart, so much so that the Lord chose him to be king in the room of Saul, who had departed from

the right way, and who was cut off from the earth

David received, after he became the ruler of his people, many tokens of God's goodness; but with an increase of years, came an increase of cares, mingled with human weaknesses and heart-wanderings, confessions of sins and earnest pleadings for pardon, and God's sustaining grace, to bestow upon him a sustaining faith. At one time, realizing how he was beset with evil, and understanding that there is perpetual safety in the pavilion of the Lord, he exclaimed: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple."

From this we learn that the "one thing", that David desired above all else, was the fellowship of the Lord, through the communion and comfort of the Spirit of God.

Kind reader, have you desired of and sought the Lord for that "one thing;" the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit? If not, begin to-day, for we are living in troublous times. Seek Him with all your heart, according to his word. They that wait upon Him shall renew their strength, and in the time of trouble he will not forsake them. Make the Lord and his ways your early, only choice; for he is life; and an obedience to his commandments, leads to an inheritance of that life which is a fulness of joy eternally in the kingdom of God.

TRUST IN GOD.

My soul be not dismayed,
Though strong thy foes appear;
Trust in the Lord thy God for aid,
Nor yield to doubt or fear.

He hath been good to thee,
Along thy pilgrim way;
O, trust his cheering promise still,
"Strength shall be as thy day."

Though oft almost o'ercome,
My soul, fresh courage take;
If still thou strive to serve thy God,
He will not thee forsake.

Then yield not to despair,
Nor at thy lot repine;
If only faithful unto death,
The crown of life is thine.

IRAS.

PARENTS, TEACH YOUR LITTLE ONES VERSES OF SCRIPTURE.

THE late Mr. Nunn was talking one day to a little boy (grandson of the late Rev. Hugh Stowell) about a visit he expected to be allowed to pay to his grandmamma on the coming Christmas day. He had not been very well, and Mr. Nunn said to him—

"Perhaps you will not be well enough to go?"

"Oh, yes," replied the little fellow, "I shall be well."

"How do you know you will?" Mr. N. asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I feel so strong—I am sure I shall be well."

"You cannot be sure," Mr. N. replied.

He was silent a few moments, then looking at me thoughtfully, as if convinced that Mr. N. was right, he said, "I have a verse: 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow.'"—(Prov. 27: 1.)

—Old Jonathan.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR THE LORD?

I met a little boy the other day hauling a big baby in a wagon. "Little boy," I asked, "what are you doing for the Lord?" He stopped and looked up, and in a moment said, "Why, sir, I am trying to make dear little baby happy, so she won't cry and disturb my sick mother!"

SWIFT TO HEAR.

LITTLE CHILDREN, be swift to hear, but slow to speak; for the words of a tale-bearer are as wounds reaching to the inner parts; and since the tongue is an unruly member, and hath never been tamed, we entreat

you to guard well the door of your lips, that you speak no evil; "For God will bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." When the Lord comes bringing his reward with him, to give to every man according as his work shall be.

Correspondence.

Hopes of Zion:—For some months past, I have desired to become one of your ranks by writing for the *Hope*; But up to the present have been a hearer and not a doer in that respect. If all acted upon the same principle, there would be no word from the little hopes. But I am glad to see the interest manifested, and hope it may continue and enlarge for I love to read and learn of your desires and intentions.

Now, I wish to tell you I have a little hope, and have had for many years; but only a few months have I had a Knowledge of what I was hoping for. What knowledge I have is through believing the Latter Day work, and obeying the principles of the Gospel as taught by the Latter Day Saints, and by reading the word, and finding it is in perfect harmony with the teachings of Former Day Saints. Then, if Former and Latter Day Saints teach and practice just alike, it is reasonable to suppose, that like conflicts, and blessings await them. Then be hopeful and prayerful and never give up; for the prize is at the end of the race. As a hope in Zion, I am but nineteen months old, and not able to write much. May we all live, so as to reign with Christ in glory, is the prayer of your Brother,

G. N. D.

FANNING, Doniphan Co., Kansas,
July 5th, 1875.

Bro. Joseph Smith:—We have a Sunday-school here, and have a good attendance when the weather is nice. We have meetings here every Sunday twice, and we are getting along tolerably well in this branch. Father and Bro. Clemenson are preaching the word, and one or two more Elders. One of my little brothers is going to be baptized next Sunday. I remain your Brother in Christ,

WILLIAM HENRY BLATT.

JEFFERSON, Green Co., Iowa, June 22, 1875.

Dear Little Zion's Hope:—I thought I would let you know how the Latter Day Saints are getting along here. We have but six members here. I have gone to Sunday-school almost every Sunday. My papa, and ma, and my brother belong to the Church, yet I do not. I am ten years old. I send my good wishes to all the little Hopes. Yours, truly,

ELLA A. HATCHER.

INDEPENDENCE, Jackson Co., Mo.,
July 17th, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—It has been some time since I wrote to you, promising to tell you something about my dog. Well, the grasshoppers came, and they were eating up every thing, and I was afraid they would eat up my dog too, so I thought I would wait to see if I had any dog left to write about. The hoppers are gone, and he is left, so now I write. He is a big black Newfoundland, and he is as good as he is big. I can hitch him to my wagon and draw chips and wood, or get in and ride myself. In the winter, I hitch him to my sled, and have fine fun sleigh riding; but I have to look out; if Tark should happen to see a rabbit, away I go.

BERTIE PILGRIM.

LONG VALLEY, Monterey Co., California,
June 28th, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I love to read the *Hope*. I am eleven years old. We have Sunday-school here most every Sunday. I love to go to prayer and testimony meetings. The Lord has blest me time and again. Pray for us. Good by. From your sister in Christ,

SARAH E. McKEE.

HARTFORD, Michigan, July 5th, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I miss our little paper very much. I should have taken it longer, but have been sick and not able to work all of the time. Have also been paying for a sewing machine which has taken what I have earned, besides clothing myself. There has been a rumor, that perhaps the *Hope* might be stopped. I hope this may not be the case, for I do not know what I would do, if I could not have it to read. If the Lord is willing, I shall take it next year. How kind our great Creator is. I know that he has blest me many times. Yesterday morning my Father was taken very sick, and kept growing worse until towards noon, when he requested an elder to be sent for, that he might be administered to. His wish was granted. About the time the message reached the Elder, my father commenced to feel easier, our brother having an evidence of the same.

When he arrived, he laid hands on father, and he almost immediately recovered. If it were not for our hope of eternal life, from what would we derive comfort, in the hour of trial and of need? I am very

thankful that our Heavenly Father, still continues to bless those who trust in him. I remain your Sister in the faith,

LELLIA M. ALLEN.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, July 18, 1875.

Brother Joseph:—I can not write very well, for I am not eight years old yet. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and I like it very much. I like to read the little lessons in the *Hope*. I am not going to school now, but I keep quite busy; for I am taking music lessons and piecing a quilt, and I help ma work some. My cousin was struck with lightning and killed a few weeks ago. Good by.

CORA M. BADHAM.

HARLAN, Iowa, July 17th, 1875.

Dear *Hope*:—I think you are a very valuable little paper, indeed, and if those that don't take you only knew what they were losing—beautiful stories full of good advice and kind teaching, which none are too ignorant to understand, or too wise to ignore,—they would certainly have you. I am a staunch Good Templar; How many of you are Hopes of Temperance as well as Hopes of Zion?

Uncle Mark Forscutt was here last fall, working for the Master, where he is always to be found; I wish he would come again. Your loving friend,

CICELY CHATBURN.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, July 20, 1875.

Brother Joseph:—I take the *Hope* and like it very much. We have no meetings here, and we feel very lonesome without them; the reason why we do not have any, is because our president and brother Chapman, are out on their farms, and there is no one to lead the meetings. I wish some "good Elder" would come here and preach to the people. We give them *Hopes* and *Heralds* to read, but they don't seem to care anything about them. I love the Latter Day cause, and I am determined to follow my Savior through evil as well as good report. I remain your Sister in the gospel.

MARY HARNES.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, July 25, 1875.

Dear Editors:—Our Sunday school is doing well. We had an attendance of forty five to-day. We have Sunday-school here every Sunday morning, prayer and testimony meeting in the afternoon, and Wednesday evenings, and preaching every Sunday evening.

I often read letters from young Hopes, saying that they do not have Sunday-school, and in some places not even Saint's meetings where they live. While I read I feel sorry for them, and would like to share my privileges with them, if I could do so. I feel sometimes that I do not appreciate the blessings that are mine, and am not thankful enough to the giver of them.

Little Hopes, it is possible for us to become weary in well doing. Let us not stand still in the gospel path, but ever press onward, and try to grow up bright lights in the kingdom of God.

I am striving to do right, and to walk in a way consistent with the profession which I have made. Pray for me. From your brother,

WILLIE.

The Workshop.

TO MAKE A FOOTSTOOL.—Take a box—a glass-box for instance, tear away all the top. With a little flour paste cover the four sides with some pretty paper. Then with tacks fasten on a piece of cloth the size of the bottom of the box, stuffed with cotton or any thing for a cushion. The cloth may be flannel—ladies cloth, plush or any kind convenient. Turn the cushion side up and you have a nice little seat. Try it. P. W.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$258 47 Mell Halliday .. \$ 25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo. .. 1 65

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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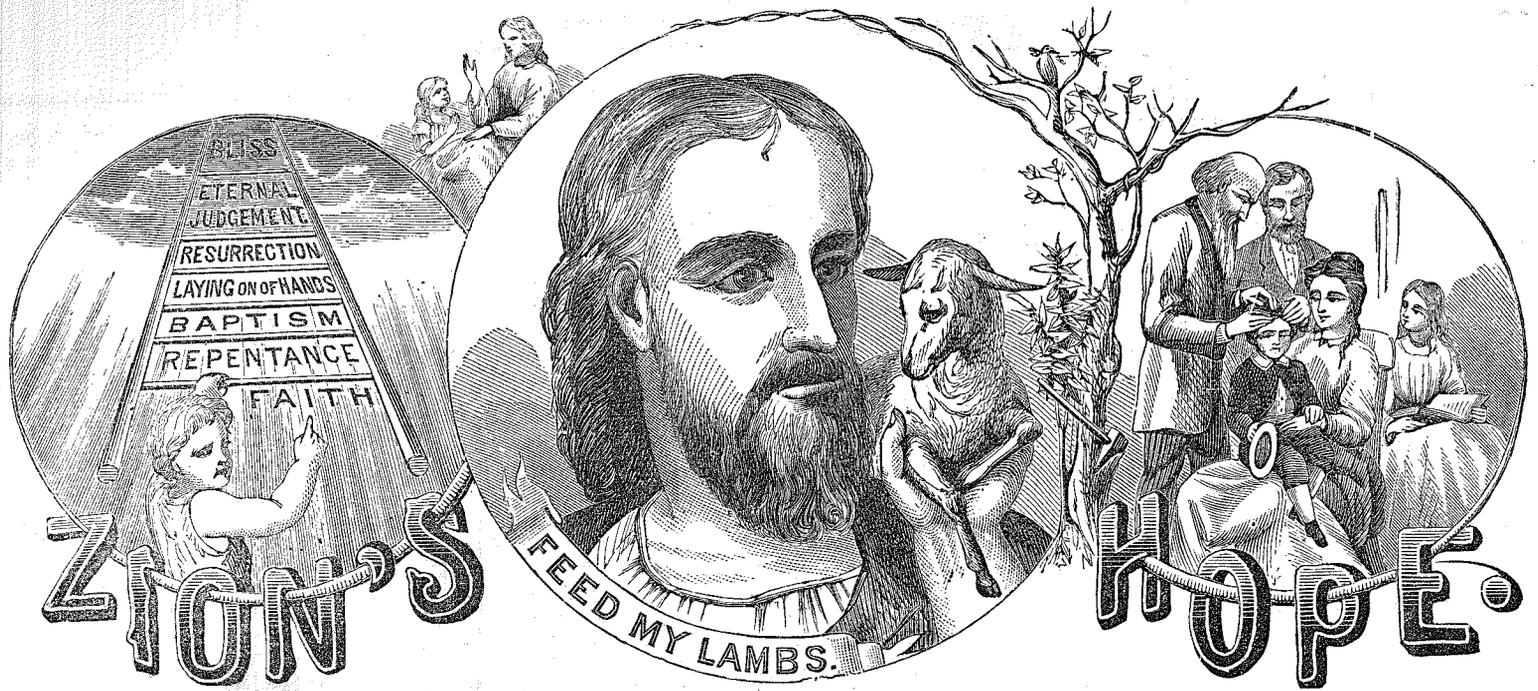
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

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No. 5.

"GOD KNOWS ME ANYHOW."

LITTLE FRANK B— had a golden-crowned head. Long, beautiful curls fell over his blouse, and glittered and glowed in every light. Frank was four years old, and his hair had never been cut. The family considered it Frank's glory, and loved to keep him in curls and frocks; but Frank grieved them all one day by doing what others had refused to do. Smuggling a pair of scissors from his mother's basket, he stood firmly before the mirror in the parlor, and dashed the golden waves impatiently from him. They curled around his feet, but no more around his head. Frank's mother cried when she learned what the mischievous hands had done; and the family agreed to punish the child at dinner by pretending not to know him. Accordingly, when the bright, shaved head counted itself with the others at the table no one recognized it.

"What strange boy is this?" inquired the father, roughly, as the boy extended his hand for a plate.

"Why, I'm your Franky, papa!"

"My Franky!" in apparent amazement. "There is some game here! My Franky was a different boy. That little chap of mine was worth half a dozen of you!"

Surprised, but not abashed, Franky turned to his brother, but his brother heeded him not. It was fun for the little shaver at first; but as he made requests of one and another, and found no one, not even his mother, knew him, his fair, sweet face grew sober and long. No one talked with or petted him—they gave him his food in silence; he was a stranger to them, an impostor; he was slighted and frowned upon, while the rest laughed and chatted with each other. In silence Frank choked down his food, his face growing more and more piteous every moment. At last he could endure it no longer; he leaned back in his little high chair, and looked once again into each unanswering face; he saw no love, no recognition, anywhere—he felt utterly alone. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed: "Never mind! God knows me any how, and I wish some of you did!"

There were other eyes full of tears just then, and in spite of his little shorn head, Frank was instantly recognized by all. He was hugged to his mother's heart more tenderly than ever before, and a deeper love than Frank with his beautiful curls had ever known sprang up in the hearts of each for the sobbing child.

"God knows me anyhow!" Frank remembered what many of us forget—that, whatever betide, God never fails to recognize His own. It

is a dear comfort sometimes to think of this. There are those who only know us when fortune smiles—who greet our uplifted face with cold unanswering looks when the dark days come; but God's hand is ever outstretched to receive us. We sin sometimes—in an evil moment are tempted, and we fall; friends know us no longer; we cry to them to lift us up, but they resent our appeal and forsake us; there is no light, no help anywhere, until we remember that ever and always God is glad to know us; that He is ever a loving Father to the vilest one who breathes His name. —*Labor of Love.*

ONE THING I DO.

JES. And he did it well too.

He was brought up, as it were, at the feet of a famous scholar, and teacher of the Law of Moses, and the prophets, and beside that he was educated in all the traditions of the fathers; and through his studiousness, became, himself an expounder of the Law, as understood by the strictest sect of his day, to which he belonged.

Hence it was hard for him, though rich in learning, to see that any thing was binding upon him as a divine command, except it came in accordance with his tradition.

So when John the Baptist, fired with a holy zeal, came bounding from the wilderness of Judea, crying in clarion tones, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," it failed to awaken this young man to the importance of the age in which he was living; neither did the gracious teaching, the varied fame of good and ill, of Jesus of Nazareth dispel the darkness of tradition which had gathered about him. So when the martyr Stephen was stoned, the clothes of the witnesses were laid at the feet of this young man, he giving his consent to his (Stephen's) death.

And afterward he became a persecutor of the saints, those that believed on, and obeyed the Lord Jesus; and on one occasion, when in his blind zeal, he was seeking to take and bind all that called on the name of the Lord, Jesus appeared to him in the way, and enquired of him, "Why persecutest thou me?" See Acts of the Apostles 9:4. Acknowledging the heavenly vision, he said, "Lord, who art thou?" When the answer came, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest;" then, trembling and astonished, he said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Then, the Lord directed him where to go, and informed him how it should be told him what he must do, and in the meantime provided a way for him to receive his sight, he having been stricken blind by the glorious appearance of Jesus, and "being obedient unto the heavenly vision" he

went into the city of Damascus, and there, was visited by, received instruction of, and was administered to, by a man called by the Lord Jesus and sent for that purpose. And being obedient to the instruction given; he through the ministrations received, was restored to sight, and had his understanding opened to a knowledge of the Messiahship of Jesus, and what he required of him, and of how much he was indebted to the Lord, and how much he must suffer in keeping his commandments.

Under the inspiration of this newly acquired knowledge, and with a high appreciation of God's goodness and grace, as revealed in the love and triumphs of Christ, and his call to labor and suffer for Him, together with the glorious reward of an eternal life of peace and happiness, decked with a crown of righteousness, he forsook all the endearments of earth, and not "conferring with flesh and blood," he at once set out upon his life work, of a service of Christ.

Fired with a heavenly zeal, he met and endured tribulation as a means of purification, and surmounted obstacles as so many stepping-stones, leading up to the portals of eternal felicity.

Knowing the value of experience, this young man, whom my little reader probably understands by this time to be none other than Saul of Tarsus, whom we now recognize as the Apostle Paul, was enabled to say, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, therefore he was led to say in another place that he gloried in tribulation.

So fully resolved was he, to accomplish the great work whereunto he had been called, and of attaining, through Christ, unto the glorious prize of that high calling.

So willing was he to suffer and do for Christ, that he sought to lose sight of this world with its uncertain riches and short-lived pleasures, knowing that he had not yet secured the prize, in his love for Christ and zeal to serve him he rises triumphantly above all his trials and afflictions, and in view of the glorious end, he exultingly exclaims—"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, * * * I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Reader, are you able to say with Paul, this one thing I do, namely, service for Christ? If so, with Paul, at the end of the "race" you can say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

O, how glorious so to pass away! Who would not fight for victory!

WHO PLANTED THEM?

AMONGST the noticeable sights about Chapultapee, Mexico, is the grove of gigantic cypresses, said to be from fifteen hundred to two thousand years old, with trunks scarred and torn by shot and shell from the many battles that have been fought in its immediate vicinity.

The rock under the site of the old Spanish castle built at that place, is honey-combed with passages, cellars, dungeons, store rooms and powder magazines, some of which were excavated by the Montezumas.

From the great truths revealed to us in the Book of Mormon, we may reasonably argue that the seed from which sprung those mighty trees, was planted by the hands of the Nephites, descendants of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt, through his sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, who came to this continent about six hundred years before Christ. And may they not have begun those excavations too? Read the Book of Mormon and learn wisdom.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

Part Third.

CHAPTER I.—CLOUD AND SUN.

PHRICE had the cycles of the seasons closed. Winter, spring, summer and autumn had three times been told, since the happy reunion of Philip Kendall Carson and his family. The matter had long ceased to be a subject of remark, and every thing went on as usual. Charley Long prospered; and looked forward to the time when little Charley, now scarce five, should be able to assist him on the farm. Then there was little Mary and a baby boy. Such a nice little family. And Mary the mother, the sweetest and dearest and best little woman in the world. How happy and joyful he felt. And thankful.

Jim Welsh had, by economy and industry, saved up about two hundred dollars, now at interest. This summer he was at work for Mr. Wilson at twenty-five dollars a month. He was twenty now, and though small in stature, yet very neat and gentlemanly in appearance and possessed of a superb, glossy black beard, which gave him quite a manly air and of which, boy like, he was a trifle proud; while most of the other boys felt just a little envious, since their chins were scarcely downy yet.

Nelly, sweet-tempered, peace-loving, kind-hearted little Nelly, was still his particular friend and confidant, though he had seen her but twice in a year. She and Constance were away at school; coming home now for vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Carson were as happy as could be. They lived in the great brown house in the grove yet, and there was a little black eyed, curly haired, dimple cheeked boy, who just began to call Mr. Carson 'papa,' and could follow Henrietta round at her work and repeat that word so often on baby lips—'mamma.' And never were parents prouder of a child than were they of little Phil, for Henrietta would have no other name for it.

August, fervid and ardent, heralded his approach by a fierce storm of hail and rain. The first day of August was cool and cheery. Philip Carson drove away early toward the station. Passing Mr. Wilson's stack-yard, he saw Jim Welsh repairing a rick of golden wheat, which had been tossed about by the storm of the previous night.

"Hey, James! Got all through stacking have you?" cried Mr. Carson pleasantly. When is that harvest home feast coming off?"

"Next Friday evening. Let's see! Yes, today is Tuesday. You're going to meet the girls at the station, I suppose?"

"Yes. Come over won't you to-night? They'd like to see you, I know."

"Jim's dark, sun browned cheek flushed. "They don't care to see me. They've been ac-

customed to seeing young city swells so long, they won't want to look at a poor boy."

A dash of his old sullen despondency would take possession of him at times. And since Nelly was gone and he had no one to confide in, or did confide in no one, his gloomy misgiving occupied his mind oftener than usual. And one day at Mr. Carson's he had read a letter from Constance, in which she had spoken of Walter Bacon, Fanny's brother, a talented young man who was much interested in Nelly. A postscript by Nell declared that it was some of Constance's nonsense. But this was enough to cloud Jim's mind. He had never before given shape to his thoughts, but he now knew that it was for Nelly that he had saved his earnings. For her, he had tried to be good and do right. Or rather because she had so sweetly persuaded him. Her sympathy and appreciation that kept him from going astray, and from yielding to evil impulses and temptations. And the dim hope that in the future he might be able to offer her the home of her childhood had inspired him to be saving of his money and take care of every penny. But now it was all over. She would never care for him again. Likely she'd some day wed a city chap, some one who didn't know a squash from a pomegranate.

Well! What was the use of his moping over it. She had a right to do as she chose. And he was a dunce, he told himself, for ever entertaining such ideas. Why should he expect any one, especially Nelly, who seemed to him the nearest perfection of any one he had seen.

What was he? Scarcely an ordinary boy. He had been very bad in his childhood, and until he was quite a big boy. Of course no one liked him as well as others. With this conclusion he had put the subject from his mind, feeling as miserable as he well could over his imaginary trouble. It does seem that we are as thoroughly wretched and unhappy over fancied woes as real ones.

In the afternoon Jim saw Mr. Carson return homeward, three young ladies and a gentleman with him. The other girl was Fanny Bacon, no doubt. She had spent one vacation with Constance. And that fellow, of course, was Fanny's brother, Nelly's admirer. Jim bit his lip savagely, and turned away to his work, just before he passed, as if he did not see them. He almost hated himself for the thought that just a little while before they came in sight he had been speculating on how long it would take him to earn enough to buy the old Baker farm. Humph! How silly he was!

Mr. Kendall had asked him to call this evening. But he shouldn't. Mr. Wilson had offered to excuse him from milking, that he might, as he had seen them pass and supposed Jim would like to see them; yet still he declined going, and taking the milk pails started for the barnyard. The sun had just disappeared and the whole western sky was ablaze with radiant, vivid, sunset glory.

"How beautiful God made every thing!" he thought. "Why can't we all be happy in such a lovely world, with such a great God to care for us."

He hadn't yet learned that it is mostly our own fault if we are not happy and content. He learned it by and by, however. Though the lesson was a bitter one.

The next evening the young people came over to Mr. Wilson's to see Lena Wilson, who was about Nell's age, and a friend and schoolmate; and also to see Jim, and chide him for not coming to see them.

But, though he treated them civilly, he was not cordial. He would not permit himself to believe that they really cared to see him. It was Lena they came to see. And he furtively watched Walter Bacon during their brief stay. He saw nothing suspicious in his bearing toward Nell, however. And he was struck with Fanny Bacon's bright, beautiful face. And she was not indifferent to the fact that he was a decidedly fine looking young man. But when they were gone, and he lying in his bed gazing out into the

starlight night through his open window, he began again to think over how dreary his life was, and how dark and gloomy the prospect for the future.

The following morning he saw the four young people again, this time on their way to visit their old home. They invited him to go, but he withstood Fanny's winning smile, because Walter Bacon chanced to be walking beside Nell just then. Now wasn't he a foolish fellow; when Mr. Wilson offered him the chance to accompany them. But young people about that age, and even older, are often very shortsighted on such subjects.

Continued.

SEEING MOTHER.

ALADY was riding in her carriage among the mountains, when they came upon an old woman, with a funny little hood on her head, and a staff in her hand, walking all alone. She was neat and clean, and her skin was soft and delicate, but her back was bent and she was barefoot.

The lady saw she was shoeless, and she stopped the carriage.

"Here is some money," said the lady in a tender tone.

"What for?" said the woman, looking up pleasantly.

"To buy shoes for your poor feet. Do you want a pair of shoes?"

The woman laughed a little low laugh, which seemed to come from a heart filled with simple, happy thoughts.

"Don't you want a pair of shoes?" asked the lady, a little hurt.

"I s'pose I do," said the woman, "but I didn't think of any body's giving 'em to me."

"Take this bill, please, and buy you a pair," said the lady.

"God bless and reward you!" answered the woman, heartily.

The carriage drove on, and the lady sank back on her seat with tears in her eyes.

"Oh," said she "I thought I saw my own mother in that dear old lady. She had just such a sweet face and pleasant voice. You don't know how I felt when I thought of my mother, old and feeble, walking with bare feet over the rough rocky road."

If we all saw fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, in the poor, and cold, and hungry, what a world this would soon be.—*Child's World.*

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER VII.

RELATION OF MEN TO GOD—PRE-EXISTENCE OF SPIRITS—EDUCATION, DEVELOPMENT, AND PERFECTION OF INTELLIGENT BEINGS.

Q. What relation do men sustain to God?

A. All men are the children of God by creation. Isa. 64 : 8. Eph. 4 : 6.

* Repeat the passages. "But now, O Lord, thou art our Father; we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand."

"One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

Q. Did the spirits of men exist before they took bodies upon the earth?

A. Yes, they existed in the spirit world. Jer. 1 : 4, 5. John 6 : 62. 2 Tim. 1 : 9.

Q. For what purpose are the spirits of men sent to take bodies upon the earth?

A. That they may be educated, developed and perfected, that they may enjoy a fullness of knowledge, power and glory forever, with God.

Q. How many states of existence do intelligent beings experience?

A. Three grand states.

Q. What is the first state of existence?

A. Intelligences are spirits in the spirit world, the spirits being in the form of man's natural body.

Q. What is the second state of existence.

A. The spirits are sent to dwell on some world, and take upon themselves mortal bodies, and be-

come more fully acquainted with the nature of good and evil, joy and sorrow, that their perception of pleasure and happiness may be perfected, and they thereby be enabled to appreciate and enjoy a fullness of bliss in eternity.

Q. What is the third state of existence?

A. After passing through this mortal state, the bodies of all men are either changed or raised to a state of incorruption; and thus their bodies becoming immortal, eternal and unchangeable, the righteous will be received into everlasting happiness, to dwell in glory eternally, but the wicked will be banished from the presence of God, and the glory of his power.

Q. Did the spirits who were to take bodies on this earth rejoice or grieve at the prospect before them?

A. They rejoiced and sang songs together, and shouted aloud for joy. Job 38 : 4, 6, 7.

Repeat the passage. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare if thou hast understanding * * * Or who laid the corner stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Q. When we reflect upon these great and glorious truths, ought we to grieve or be glad that we now live in a world where we are liable to suffer hunger and thirst, misery, pain and death?

A. We ought to be glad, and rejoice, and our mouths ought to be filled with thanksgiving and praise to our Father in heaven, for the privilege which he has granted to us of coming into this world to know good and evil, and, through our faithfulness, become heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus.

A CAPITAL SCENE.

ON a sweet summer morn, the sun was shining brightly, and the birds sang their melodious songs as I journeyed along on the road to the city of S—. As I passed along the beautiful streets, those lovely little cottages drew my attention but I passed on. Presently I came to the main part of the city. Such a bustle and hurrying one could hardly imagine, and the cars rumbling along through the streets, caused me to think how literally has that prophecy been fulfilled in the Book of Nahum, 2 : 4, 5.

After some time I pressed on toward the chief building of that city, whose lofty dome towered towards the blue sky, hundreds of feet. After entering the gate, first came the beautiful flowers on the right and on the left; then came the pretty green grass, with now and then an evergreen, which answered for jewels for that much desired place. I then raised my eyes to the roof, and there I saw many beautiful ornaments, one of which was an emblem of the liberty of this nation, the great American eagle; next was men on horseback and Roman soldiers, with swords drawn; but more splendid than all was the beautiful angels of light that were standing there, as though they had just descended from the regions above, to deliver their message to the inhabitants below.

After admiring these for sometime, I came to the door of this grand structure which was open. I entered it after looking sometime at this part of the grand scene. I turned to the left, being all alone. After ascending three flights of stairs, I wandered around, gazing at the fine art and workmanship of this well furnished house, I could hardly keep from saying, "The beautiful mansion of the city that I love;" but there seemed that something whispered, "Thy Father's mansion is much larger and more beautiful than this." I then ascended four narrow flights of stairs; when I came to a scene that surprised me. Great iron bars, beams running up and down, and braces and bolts to hold them. I proceeded to the winding stairway, which led up and up, around and around a column in the centre of this gigantic structure. When I reached the top of this elevated place, I could view the country for many miles around.

First, I viewed the city, with streets running north and south, east and west, and the lovely

little dwellings overhung by beautiful trees of lively green; and then I looked toward the north, where I saw a vast plain, with strips of green timber which marked the watercourses. Turning to the east, here I saw the American river, fringed by its willowy green. To the right of the river, is another plain in the distance. I saw the Sierra mountains, whose summits are covered with snow, that glitters like diamonds in the sunlight. Then turning to the south, I saw field after field, whose golden grain will soon be ready for the reapers to thrust in their sharp sickles. In the distance there is more timber. Turned to the southwest, I saw all the waters come together, and press their way along the foot of the lofty Mount Diablo, and on through the Golden Gate into the mighty deep. Then, turning to the west, I saw one vast plain, in the distance the mountains towering up toward the sky. Spending several hours there, I resumed my journey down stairs. This is the capitol of California. W. N. DAWSON.

"WE ARE COMING, HOPE OF ZION."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

TUNE.—"We are coming, blessed Jesus."

We are coming in the morning
Of our lives, at Jesus' call;
We have listened to his warning,
At his feet we meekly fall;
We are coming, blessed Jesus,
With our hearts well filled with love;
And we know thou wilt receive us,
And approve us from above.
CHORUS.—We are coming, we are coming,
Hope of Zion one and all;
From all nations, we are coming,
To obey our Savior's call.

We are striving, we are striving,
Each to walk in wisdom's ways;
We to God our hearts are giving,
In our fresh and youthful days;
We know that we are sinful,
And are prone to go astray;
And that often we are willful;
Keep, Lord, each one in thy way.

CHORUS—
We are coming, we are coming,
To obtain a crown of life;
Though the world our hope is shaming,
Though we meet with rage and strife;
But our Savior long before us,
Suffered for us grief and shame;
Yet the world would fain allure us,
To deny his precious name.

CHORUS—
We are willing, we are willing,
To obey the Lord's command;
For his love our hearts is filling,
By his cause we mean to stand;
And we hope, ere long, in Zion,
To receive our promised rest;
For his word we can rely on,
We shall dwell among the blest.

CHORUS—We are coming, we are coming,
Hope of Zion, one and all;
From all nations we are coming,
To obey the Savior's call.
T. W. S.

A STRANGE DELIVERANCE.

IN Palestine and Asia Minor the winter of 1873-4 was unusually severe. The snow lay at one time from two to five feet deep in the streets and on the flat roofs of the houses. Many roofs were crushed, and many houses fell in ruins under the unwonted burden; in Bethlehem, where Jesus was born, thirteen houses were thus prostrated.

In Gaza, where the old temple of Dagon fell and slew Samson and three thousand of the Philistines, the following remarkable incident occurred in connection with the great storm of February 7th and 8th.

A robber during the night broke into the house. After having collected several articles on the lower floor, he entered the chamber where the master of the house was peacefully sleeping.

His little child was also asleep in the cradle. The robber reflected that he might be betrayed by the child, so he took the cradle and set it outside of the house, near the door.

The child began to cry. The mother hastens to the cradle, but finds it gone. The child kept on crying. The father awoke, and exclaimed, "The child is crying out of doors. How can that be?"

They both hasten to the cradle, wondering who could have taken it out. While they are wondering and speculating on the strange circumstance, the roof, pressed under the burden, falls, and in a moment their house is in ruins. But they are all three unharmed.

In the morning, when the stones and lumber were taken away, a man was found dead among the ruins. The things he had stolen were found partly sticking out of his pockets, partly tied up in a bundle on his back. Thus God and death had overtaken him. He carried out the child lest he should wake his father and mother by crying, and so, without meaning it, by the wonderful providence of God, he rescued the lives of all the family, while he himself died in his sin. How truly were the words of Joseph to his brothers fulfilled in him, "Ye meant it for evil, but God meant it for good."—*Christian Era.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR HOPES:—Yes, I mean it—for I am a friend of young people. It is such a pleasure to mingle in the society of boys and girls, and listen to their sweet young voices and merry laughter. Their hearts are so fresh and pure and impulsive.

I know their joys and sorrows and sympathize with them. And I do know, and regret to know, that there is too little sympathy for young folks. Older people, most of them, seem to think that young ones ought to mature and become sedate all at once. Ought to know what it has taken older heads years to learn, and by experience too.

But never mind girls and boys; they mean well enough, and you must try to remember how little real sympathy you received, and store up a goodly supply for those who are young when you are old.

I wish I knew you—every one of you. I hope you will keep up your interest in the *Hope*. Don't let it die, don't. Every family ought to subscribe for the *Hope*, whether they have children or not. The grown people ought, by all means, to read every number of the *Hope*. They ought to know what their children are reading. It is their duty to read the *Hope*. And I hope they will do so.

Is it possible, girls and boys, you are not industrious enough to know how to do a great many nice things, and knowing, can't you impart your knowledge to the rest of us. Don't wait for fear some one else knows it too. If they haven't told of it, take it for granted they don't know, and you tell.

I shall have to come to the rescue. I send you some receipts which are very easily filled, and that is what young people want. Try the receipts. We do every new one. And those in the *Hope* are splendid. Most sincerely your friend,
PERLA WILD.

LOST TIME.

I AM so sorry, Miss Jennie," cried a little girl to her Sunday school teacher, "but I have lost a whole morning." "Lost a whole morning?" repeated Miss Jennie, with a grave look upon her sweet face, "How is that, Clara?"

"Why, mother was very busy, and she left Harry in my room, and really, Miss Jennie, the little fellow was so full of fun that I have done nothing but play with him."

Just then Harry put up his dimpled arms to "love" Clara, as he called it in his baby-talk. He pressed his lips upon her cheek, saying, "Me love 'oo, Sara."

"You have not lost your morning, Clara," said her teacher. "You have helped your mother, and you have bound your little brother closer to you by your kindness. Such a morning may have been well spent, my dear."

A few days after this, Mrs. Palmer was seized with severe illness. She could not bear the least noise or confusion, and little Harry's noisy play distressed her very much. So Clara took the little fellow to her own room, rocked him to sleep at night, and cared for him almost as well as his mother could, until Mrs. Palmer recovered.

"My dear child," said the physician, as he placed his hand upon the little girl's head, "if your mother had not had so kind and thoughtful a daughter, I fear she would not have recovered so soon—if at all."

Thus little Clara had her reward. Never call that hour lost which is spent in making others happy.

The blessed Jesus spent all His time when down here upon the earth in doing for others.

In Memory.

At a recent meeting of the officers and teachers of the Rising Star Sunday School in this place, the following resolution was by them unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we as officers and teachers of the Rising Star Sunday School recognize the loss the school has sustained in the death of our late organist and librarian, Sr. Frances E. Lowe, who was ever a faithful laborer in our midst in the school; and that we sympathize with her family in the great bereavement they have sustained in her death.

Sister Frances passed through the still waters and behind the mystic veil which now conceals her from our view, on the 3rd of August, 1875, being 19 years, 8 months and 22 days old. She was of rare promise and usefulness, which makes her loss more keenly felt. Her hope had entered into that within the veil, and enabled her to say, with resignation, in the gathering shadow of life's close, "I am not afraid to die."

What a glorious victory! whether bending under the weight of hoary age, or in the flush and bloom of youth, to be able to meet the monster Death, in the love and strength of Him who is able to do all things for us.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

WHEN the Savior was on the earth, in the flesh, he taught the people to "search the Scriptures;" for, said he, "they are they that testify of me;" and in these *last days*, when the "everlasting gospel" is again committed to the inhabitants of the earth, the Lord again warns the world of the evils of sin and the certainty of judgment that will come upon the unrepentant; and testifying that he is no respecter of persons, he gives command as follows: "Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall be fulfilled."

Little Hopes, do you search these commandments? If so, you will learn many things to your profit.

Correspondence.

LAMBTON, Australia, July 1, 1875.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—I have often thought of writing to your valuable little paper, the *Hope*, and as I have a little time, I think it could not be employed better. About a month ago I received the gospel under the ministrations of Elder Glaud Rodger, and since then have tried to live a faithful Saint. My faith was greatly confirmed by seeing the power of God made manifest in the case of my child, aged seven months, who was just on the verge of the grave; but by the power and goodness of God, the ministrations of Elders G. Rodger and C. Wandell was greatly blessed, and I had the pleasure of seeing my child raised from death unto life, as it were, and is now a fine healthy boy, of twelve months old. Dear Bro. Joseph, I must tell you that I value your little paper very highly; not so much for myself as for my children, when they grow old enough to read it. If all the little folks will do as I do, keep them clean, and when they get about six or twelve dozen, have them nicely bound, they will make a splendid book. I conclude with kind love,

and trust I may ever remain your sister in Christ Jesus.

CATHERINE B. DAVIS.

GILROY, California, July 21, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—It has been sometime since I have written to the *Hope*, still it is not forgotten, nor will it ever be forgotten. I have just returned from a very pleasant trip up to Long Valley. It made me firmer in the faith to mingle with the kind Saints. I now see the necessity of being faithful. I know that these are perilous times, and I ask an interest in the prayers of the brethren and sisters, that I may hold out to the end. I long for the time when we will all meet in Zion; then will be glorious times, but that is only for the faithful. I am trying to do better, but it is very hard sometimes.

The Watsonville Branch is doing better. They have a nice Sunday-school in a lively condition. Br. Daniel Brown is the president. He is a very good man.

Good night, dear Hopes. I would like to see you all. From your sister in Christ,

HANNAH E. MUNRO.

SHELBY STATION, Shelby Co., Iowa,
August 3, 1875.

Dear Br. Joseph:—I was baptized about one month ago, and my sister also. We are all members but my little sister. I am thirteen years old, and am trying to live my religion. Mother says I might do better, and I am going to try. I love to read the dear little *Hope*. I think the piece about "Poppy" and "Lyss" is worth the price of the *Hope*. I enclose twenty-five cents for the Roll of Honor.

HENRY HALLIDAY, JUN.

HARLAN, Shelby Co., Iowa, August 5, 1875.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the little Hopes. I love to read our little paper. I would not be without it. I am eleven years old. I like to read the piece in the *Hope* called "Cloud and Sunlight." Good by to all. E. A. REYNOLDS.

COFFEYVILLE, Montgomery Co., Kansas,
June —, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am trying to serve the Lord and keep his commandments, as well as I can, and I hope that the little Hopes, and the big ones too, will try and do the same.

I thought that "Cloud and Sunlight" was true, till the last *Hope* came, but I was astonished when I read the first page of the paper. I loved to read it before the last *Hope* came, but now I don't care for it as much as I did before you quit putting "What is it Worth" in it. I loved to read that. I have wrote enough for this time. Yours truly,

LORINDA ALICE HART.

MAGNOLIA, Iowa, July 26, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—You are all doubtless interested in the Sabbath-school work, and hence will be glad to hear how it is progressing in this part of the Lord's vineyard.

We organized here about the middle of May, of this year, with about twenty-five or thirty scholars. Br. P. Cadwell is our superintendent, and Br. Hiram Mahoney, secretary. We subscribed for twenty copies of the *Hope*, and have reason to believe that we are doing a great deal of good. There are three other Sunday-schools in this place, but notwithstanding this, we have a pretty regular attendance of probably between thirty-five and forty; which we think is pretty good in a place of five hundred inhabitants with three other schools. We have no Book of Mormon class yet, but want to organize one soon. We have lessons in our Question Book, every Sunday, and that is very interesting. We use the "Brightest and Best" to sing out of, and think it is the best adapted to our form of worship of any of the sectarian publications. We have several scholars who have never attended Sabbath-school before, which is always a source of encouragement to the faithful worker. May many more, who are yet without the fold, be brought within the protecting care of the Good Shepherd, is our prayer continually, and a prayer in which we earnestly hope all will unite. Yours in Christ,

WM. C. CADWELL.

WIRT, Jefferson Co., Indiana, August 1, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—This is the holy Sabbath day, and I could not go to Sabbath-school, on account of bad roads and my health. I have to go through the flats about a mile, and the road is very bad at present, there having been so much rain the past week. We are having a very wet time here now, but not so wet as some other places I hear of. I feel very thankful that we have escaped as well as we have. We have got our harvesting all done without any serious injury, but most of the farmers have not. Brothers Lambert and Smith were here last week. They staid a week and held six meetings. They left here on Friday for Ripley county, to visit a new branch there. It is now raining very hard. It has rained every day for over a week. Every thing is moulding on account

of the wet weather. There are only a few Hopes around here. I have tried to get subscribers for *Zion's Hope*, but all have an excuse. I think that all the saints that have children ought to take it, for most children will have something to read, and if you don't furnish them with good books and papers they will seek some other kind, as likely novels as any thing. Most young people like to read them, and will if allowed.

Well, I am making my letter too lengthy. I will close and leave room for some one else. I sign myself your friend and sister in the good work of the Lord.

JANE M. SITES.

ELKHORN CITY, Nebraska, July, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—There are not many saints here, but what few there are trying to do the Master's will. So I think the Lord has past the plagues by and spared his people, and I hope he will in the future.

We take the *Hope*, and it is a very welcome visitor, but it is so long to wait two weeks for it. I like to read it very much. I go two miles to school. I like my teacher very much. We have a nice Sunday-school.

I have not been baptized yet, but hope to be soon. Bro. Hatt has not been out here since February. Bro. Galley was here in June. He preached once in our school-house while here. Pray for me that I may hold out faithful to the end. I know that the Latter Day Work is of God. Let us ever be found trying to do right is my prayer.

B. F. CURTIS.

SOLDIER VALLEY, Harrison Co., Iowa,
August 5, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—As I read your letters to our little paper, I thought I would write also. I was baptized three weeks ago last Sunday. We have a good deal of wet weather; it rains every night. We belong to the Little River Branch. We have no school here now. We have had a good many wind storms here. I must bring my letter to a close.

SARAH ALMENA VREDENBERGH.

GLIDDEN, Carrol Co., Iowa, August 8, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I thought as I had never written to you, that I would write a few lines to-day. I live out in Iowa with my grandma. We have a pretty home. We do not have Sunday-school, but have meetings once a week. I love the *Hope*. I love to read the letters. I have a little brother, Willie, that was baptized last May. He has been very sick, but sent for the elders. They came, and he is better now. I am glad I am in the church. Pray for me. I want to meet you all in the air when the Lord comes in the clouds of heaven. Love to little saints, and to all others.

EMMA S. KENDALL.

The Workshop.

TO MAKE TAFFY.—Take two pounds moist sugar, one tea-cup full of cold water, one-fourth pound butter, one tea-spoon full ground ginger, one table-spoon full vinegar; boil gently for about three-quarters of an hour—try if it is done by dropping a little on a plate or in a cup of cold water.

TO CURE FITS.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out into the open air; there you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or showing yourself a simpleton.

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the ticking of a clock for one hour, and the next you will be glad to pull off your coat and go to work.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$258 47 Mell Halliday	.. \$ 25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	.. 1 65
Cicily Chatburn	.. 1 00 Henry Halliday, Jr.
	25

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

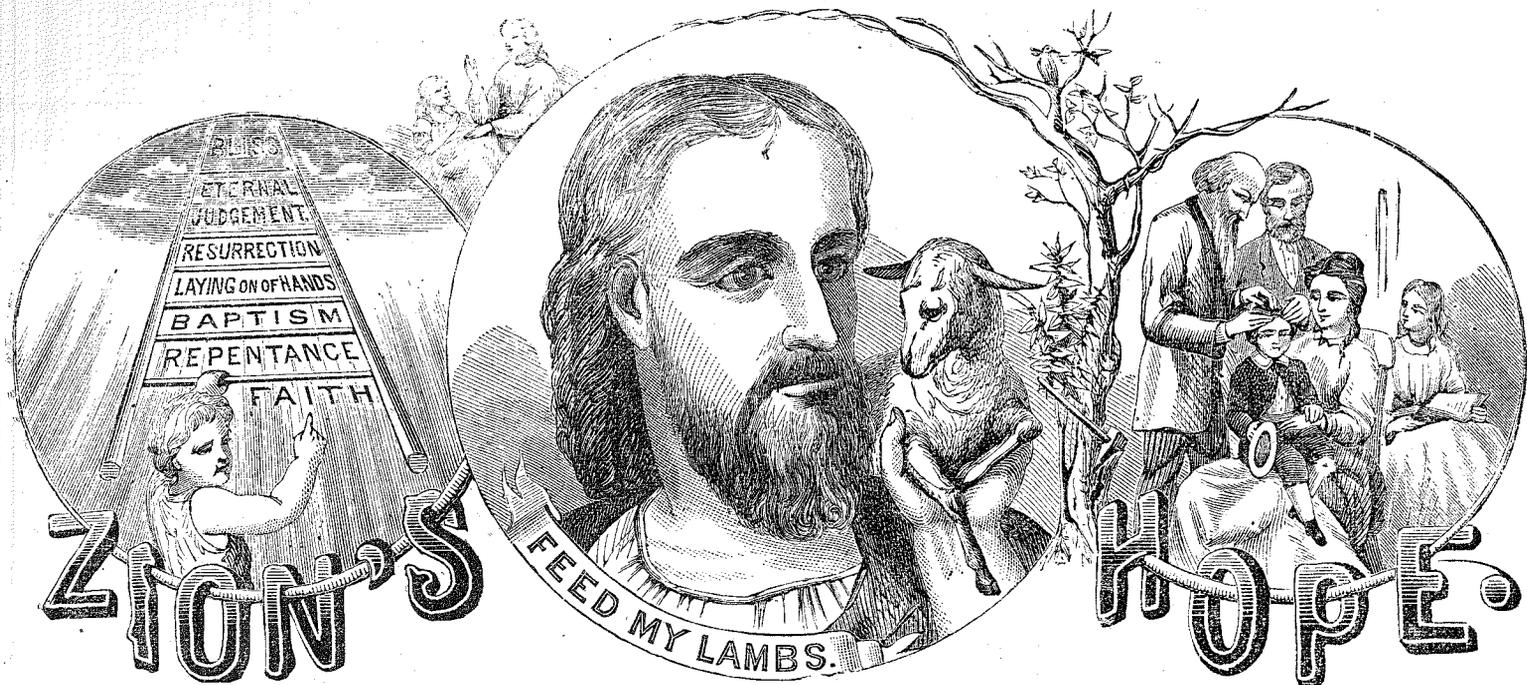
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Read This.—The small colored label with your name printed on, on the margin of your paper, if it is one of a package; or on the wrapper, if it is sent separately; also tells the date to which your subscription is paid.

For instance, 15 Sep 75 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th day of September, 1875, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

A LITTLE BOY'S WANTS SUPPLIED.

THE following circumstance lately occurred under the writer's notice.

He, in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen were traveling through a portion of the State of Michigan on a railway train, not far from Niles. On one of the seats of the car, nearly opposite the one in which the writer sat, a tall, pleasant-faced lady and a little boy, probably the lady's child, were seated.

Just as the train had started from one of the little stations, between Niles and Michigan City, the train boy, as the boy who sells papers, oranges, apples and nuts on the train is called, passed through the car, offering for sale some very fine California pears. He stopped close to the lady's seat and offered the pears; but the lady seemed to look at them as if she did not feel able to buy one for her little boy, whose quick eye had peeped into the basket and seen the pears. The lady shook her head and the train boy passed on; but the little boy's lip quivered, and tears stood in his eyes. He wanted a pear—they looked so nice—he was tired and the long ride had worried him. His mother gave him a cake, which he bravely tried to eat; but it was hard work. He choked back the tears and tried to be content. The gentleman sitting near her, called the train boy back, selected the finest pear in the basket, and with a bow to the lady, presented it to the boy. The little fellow's eyes glistened and he was happy at once.

In afterward giving his reason for buying the pear, the gentleman stated that he was on his way home, where he had not been for some time; that he had a little boy about the same age as the one to whom he gave the pear; and that when the little fellow cried for the pear, he seemed to hear his own little boy crying for it—and he could not help it—he had to buy the pear. UNCLE J.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

DURING the week following the meeting of which our last chapter gave an account, Mr. Jones held two meetings besides the usual Sunday service. In one of them he told the people that he was a Latter Day Saint, and belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ; that the church was founded, so far as man was concerned in its setting up and organization, by Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, as the first elders and preachers; but that what they had done, they did by the commandment of God. Of course this announcement made a great stir among the people.

"I told you so!" was shouted triumphantly by

those who had tried to discourage the people from attending the meetings. "I was afraid he was a Mormon," was reiterated by others. But Mr. Judson, Mr. Peters and Horace, all declared that the preacher had told them the truth; and if he could make good the claim that Joseph Smith was called of God, they should unite with the church which he represented.

Mr. Jones, at their request, took up the subject, "Was Joseph Smith called of God?" for his Sunday evening discourse, and at the close of it, gave opportunity for any one who chose to speak for or against the positions taken. No one seemed inclined to say anything.

Mr. Jones then stated that if there were any who were satisfied that the doctrine he had been teaching was true, and that he had authority to administer the rite of baptism; and who wished to unite with the church, that they could make the same known by rising to their feet. He then commenced singing, "Redeemer of Israel." Mr. Peters, our friend of the pleasant face and laughing eye immediately rose and joined in the singing of the hymn. Horace sat with Mr. Judson, and was keenly watched by him; but when the singers began to sing the second verse, "For we know he is coming," the boy rose and said distinctly, so that all heard him—"I hear my Savior's call, and I will come." Mr. Judson did not wait any longer but rose, as also did Mistress Laurie, and a Mrs. True, and her daughter Lizzie, distant neighbors of the Judsons.

The singing ceased and Mr. Jones announced that on the next Sunday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he would administer the rite of baptism in the mill-race near the village; and in the meantime if others be convinced of their duty, he would be pleased to wait on them at that time. He further stated that a traveling elder, whose name was Green, would be with him on that day, to assist in confirming by the laying on of hands. He had written to him and received a reply that he would come.

After dismissal the crowd dispersed with various emotions struggling with them. Some were angry; some, alarmed; some, admired the plain, bold, consistent manner of the preacher, but were doubtful of the result; while others were sober and thoughtful and inclined to fall in with the action of Mr. Peters and the others. A few were outspoken in denouncing Mr. Jones, and all the rest, as a wild deluded set. On the whole the sentiment was rather favorable to the preacher.

Mr. Peters, Mr. Judson and the others who had offered to be baptized, waited a little while to grasp Mr. Jones by the hand; and to have a better understanding of the time and place of meeting for baptism, on the following Sunday.

Mr. Judson asked Elder Jones to go home with him and spend the week at his house. The elder consented, and the sober conference ended.

The day after the occurrences just narrated, Mr. Judson, while at the breakfast table, asked Horace why he was going to join the Latter Day Saints. Horace replied, "I am going to join them because I want to be saved; because I am not good, as I ought to be, and if I can get help from Jesus, as Mr. Jones says I may, then I will get to be a good man, and if I can be a good man I shall go to the Paradise of God; and be saved with all the good people."

"Is there any other reason why you are going join them?" continued Mr. Judson.

"Yes, Mr. Judson. Mr. Jones says that God's commands must be obeyed; and one of his commands is, 'Repent and be baptized.' I have never been baptized; and this command I have not obeyed. I want to be baptized, and so keep the command."

"Well, Horace, if you are baptized, what good will it do you, other than to make it so you can say that you have kept the command of God?"

"Why, if I don't be baptized God will not remit my sins. Mr. Jones says that baptism is for the remission of sins. If God does not remit my sins, he will not let me into his kingdom, over which Jesus is going to reign by and by."

"You then think that if your sins are remitted, that you will be allowed to go into the kingdom of God, do you? But why do you say, 'Mr. Jones says,' so and so?"

"I don't know why I say 'Mr. Jones says so;' only I never heard any body else talk about it. And he gave me a little Bible; and Mr. Peters has been helping me to read it, and in it the same things are found. Jesus says 'Repent and believe the gospel,' and how can I believe the gospel, unless I believe what God commands. And you know that Mr. Jones reads out of the Bible, every time he preaches, to prove what he says."

"But, Horace, you have not answered a part of my question."

"O, I forgot that. Yes, I think that when I am baptized, that my sins will be forgiven. God is willing to forgive me; but he wants me to show that I am anxious to be forgiven; and this I can show by going down into the water, praying in my heart that God will be merciful to me."

"Well, Mr. Jones also told us that there was a promise that whoever was baptized should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. Are you not sure that the reason why you are going to be baptized is that you may receive this Holy Ghost?"

"No. I hope I shall receive the gift of the

Holy Ghost after I am baptized; but this is not my real reason for being baptized. The gift of the Holy Ghost is only to help the people of Jesus to live in the world free from sin, after they have had their sins forgiven; but the great object of being baptized and being made free from sin, is to have God give unto us eternal life, and this he will do by the water and the Spirit. The gift of the Holy Ghost is a part of the plan and essential to it; but is not the object to strive after."

"Why, Horace. You surprise me. Who has told you this?"

"You remember, Mr. Judson, how one night I went to visit Mr. Peters."

"Yes."

"Well, that night, Mr. Jones was there, and he and Mr. Peters had a long talk together, and this was what they talked about. They had the Bible there. Mr. Jones talked and told Mr. Peters what to read, and he would turn to the place in the Bible and read. I listened and can not forget what they said. And I am going to be baptized that I may have eternal life."

Mr. Judson turned to his wife and said: "Mistress Laurie, Horace has proven himself faithful, kind and true. He has also shown me another reason for taking the step we are going to take together next Sunday."

To be continued.

THE POWER OF PRAYER:

OR, THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE ALABAMA.

You, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-roads does meet.

De Lord, He made dese black jack roots to twis' into a seat.

Umph, dar! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' ole nigger's feet.

It 'pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o' June. I 'clar' I b'lieve dat mockin' bird could play de fiddle soon!

Dem yonder town bells sounds like dey was ringin' in de moon.

Well, ef dis nigge' is been blind for fo'ty year or mo, Dese ears dey sees de world like th'u' de cracks dat's in de do'.

For de Lord has built dis body wid de windows 'hind and 'fo'.

I know my front ones is stopped up, and tings is sort o' dim.

But den, th'u dem, temptation's rain won't leak in on ole Jim!

De back ones shows de earth enough, aldo' dey's mon'sous slim.

And as for Hebben—bless de Lord, and praise His holy name—

Dat shines in all de corners of dis cabin jes' de same As ef dat cabin hadn't ne'r a plank upon de frame!

Who call me? Listen down de ribber Dinah! Don't you hyar

Somebody holl'in', 'hoo, Jim, hoo?' My Sarah died las' y'ar;

It dat black angel come to call ole Jim 'om hyar?

My stars, dat can't be Sarah, shuh! Jes' listen, Dinah, now!

What kin be comin' up dat bend, a makin' sich a row? Fuss' bellerin' like a pawin' bull, den squealin' like a sow?

De Lord 'a' massa sakes alive, jes' hear—ker-woof, ker-woof—

De Debble's comin' round dat bend, he's comin' shuh enuff.

A splashin' up de water wid his tail and wid his hoof!

I'se pow'ful skeered; but neversomeless I ain't gwine to run away;

I'm gwine to stand stiff-legged for de Lord dis blessed day.

You screech, and howl, and swish de water, Satan. Let us pray.

O hebbently Mah'er, what thou willest dat mus' be jes' so,

And ef Thou hast bespoke de word, some nigger's bound to go.

Den, Lord, please take ole Jim, and lef young Dinah hyar below!

Scuse Dinah, scuse her Mah'sr; for she's sich a little chile,

She hardly jes' begin to scramble up de home-yard stile.

But dis ole traveler's feet been tired dis many a many a mile.

I'se wuffles as de rotten pole of las' year's fodder-stak. De rheumatiz done bit my bones; you hear 'em crack and crack!

I can't sit down 'dout gruntin' like 'twas breakin' o' my back.

What use de wheel, when hub and spokes is warped and split, and rotten?

What use dis dried-up cotton stalk, when Life done picked my cotton?

I'se like a a word dat somebody' done said, and den forgotten.

But, Dinah! Shuh dat gal jes' like dis little hick'ry-tree,

De sap's jes' risin' in her; and she do grow owda-ciously—

Lord, ef you's clarin' de underbrush, don't cut her down, cut me!

I would not proud presume—but yet I'll boldly make reques'!

Sence Jacob had dat wrastlin'-match, I too, gwine to do my bes'!

Wen Jacob got all de underholt, de Lord He answered Yes!

And what for waste de vittles, now, and th'ow away de bread,

Jes' for to strength dese idle hands to scratch dis old bald head?

T'ink of de 'conomy, Mash'sr, ef dis ole Jim was dead!

Stop;—ef I don't believe de Debble's gone on up de stream!

Jes' now he squeald down dar; hush: dat's a mighty weakly scream!

Yes, sir, he's gone, he's gone; he snort way off like a dream!

O glory hallelujah to de Lord dat reigns on high!

De Debble's fairly skeered to def, he done gone flyin' by; I know'd he couldn't stand dat pra'r, I felt my Mash'sr nigh!

You Dinah: ain't you 'shamed now dat you didn't trust to grace?

I heered you thrashin' th'u' the bushes when he showed his face!

You fool, you think the Debble couldn't beat you in a race?

I tell, you Dinah, jes' as sure as you is standin' dar, When folks starts prayin, answer-angels drop down th'u' de a'r.

Yer, Dinah, whar 'ould you be now exceptin fur dat pra'r?

—Scribner's Monthly, for June.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT

OR, THE

JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

Part Third.

CHAPTER II.—LYSS AGAIN.

FRIDAY evening Jim drove over with Mr. Wilson's team, and took Fanny to the Harvest Home Feast. Nell and Constance went with Mr. and Mrs. Carson. The people, old and young, enjoyed themselves immensely. Par-took of a most delectable repast, which was presided over modestly and gracefully, by Lena Wilson, who was mistress of the house, her mother being dead some years. Then there was music and pleasant chatting, and a good time in general. In the midst of the music and chatter of young voices here and there about the beautiful rooms, little Phil was missing from the company, and Constance went in search of him. Out of the brilliantly lighted drawing-room into the pretty flower-garden which fronted it, and lay bathed in mellow moonlight, she tripped, lifting her snowy garments from contact with the dewey green borders. Through the curved and winding paths to the gate, and there, just outside, the little fellow stood, his tiny head perched on one side, gazing curiously up into the face of a tall, dark man, who was talking to him in a low, tender tone.

She timidly essayed to draw the child toward her. But he refused to move. The man had ceased speaking as she came near, and with a swift graceful movement, pushed back his hat slightly, as if it were oppressive. That simple act identified him.

"O, Lyss!" exclaimed Constance joyfully. She knew he had a habit of pushing back his hat in that peculiar manner when a mere boy. And she had seen him once, a brief moment, two years ago. Yes, it was Lyss. But he did not speak nor move as she uttered his name. Just looked at her, dreamily and sad. Then he came forward and

offered his hand. She was so surprised and glad she could not find voice to speak for a moment, and pressed his hand in silence.

"Poppy, I am glad I met you first. Your bright face banishes the sorrow of my life, and carries me back to the happy days of childhood."

"Constance!" called Mrs. Carson from the house, "have you found him?"

"Yes, mother, I'm coming presently." Then, turning again to Ulysses, as she took little Phil by the hand: "Lyss, whatever possessed you to go away and stay so long, without ever letting us hear from you. I really thought you were kinder hearted."

"Kinder hearted!" echoed he. "Who cared for me save Nell and Mary? And if I let them know, the rest would."

"O, Lyss! how naughty you are! And you didn't care to hear of your sisters all this time?"

"Yes, I did!" His voice grew husky now. "O, Poppy, I have longed to see all the dear friends so often and so ardently! But somehow I felt that no one cared for me. And this same lonely, longing emotion is what has brought me here to-night."

Constance choked a big sob back to her sympathetic heart. "Do come in, Lyss, and let us all rejoice together over the prodigal's return."

"No, Constance—how strange it seems to call you that,—though the name is a fitting one. You are a true-hearted, constant little girl. No, I will not go in. I begin to feel my position as I never have before. What could I say to my numerous friends of my reasons for doing as I have done. I have been fearfully blind. I don't want to meet your parents, and I shall take care not to

"Constance! are you coming in?" It was her mother's sweet voice again.

"Yes, mamma, directly. Good night, Lyss. 'Tis best as you say. But do come and see us in the morning. And shall I tell them?" looking toward the house.

"No, let me surprise them again, and learn if they really care for me," he replied.

"Fie, Lyss, how suspicious you are. Bye, bye! Come, Phil, Mamma wants you." And she turned toward the house, while he set out for Charley's.

Next morning, when little Charley Long led his wee white-robed sister into the kitchen, he paused at sight of a stranger. But the stranger came, smiling and eager, toward the little ones, and stooped to lift them in his arms. Charley drew back and doubled his fat fist, and an ominous flash came into his dark eye, as the man endeavored to capture little Mary.

"Stop 'at, now! Don't you touch her, or I'll—I'll"—then he glanced at his mother, who was slicing potatoes by the table. She was laughing, and this incensed the boy still more. "Well, you can raf; I aint a goin' to let him take Mary off. I'll take care of her. Stop, now! Let her be, I say."

"Why, Charley, dear, it's Uncle Lyss. Don't you remember him?"

But of course he didn't; he had seen so little of him. "Uncle Lyss? That naughty big brother of yours, what runned off one time? I aint a goin' to have him for an uncle at all! He'll run off again, then I'll wish I hadn't had him."

Lyss laughed, and took little Mary in his arms and kissed her; but Charley sidled off to look at him from beneath his half-closed eyelashes.

"Where's Nell, Mary? Isn't she up yet?" inquired Lyss.

"O, yes; and gone for a walk," glancing toward Mr. Carson's house from the window.

"She might have waited for me. I'd like to walk with her, and I havn't much time to spend."

"O, Lyss," pleaded Mary, don't go yet. It's too bad to leave us so soon."

"But I must, Mary. You know I told you how my affairs are."

That same morning Constance and Fanny stood on the little rose-embowered porch of Mr. Carson's house, talking in true girlish style.

"Say, Con, whatever makes your eyes sparkle so unwontedly?" exclaimed Fanny. "When you came in with Phil last night at the Harvest Home, your eyes gleamed as if you'd been out keeping an appointment with a lover. And they haven't lost their luster yet. What is it?"

Constance laughed and blushed. "I'd like to tell you, but I guess I won't. You'll know it all in good time; don't be impatient, my dear. Here's an oracle for you." Plucking a blossom from a cluster of colendulas within reach, "Let's see, we'll call it Jim Welsh and Fan. 'Love, courtship, marriage, neither. Love, courtship, marriage.' Ha, ha, ha! That's it, is it? Now a dollar for divining your future, if you please, Miss."

"I don't please! And we will read your destiny next," replied Fan—picking another flower and pulling off the velvety petals one by one, repeating slowly and solemnly, "Walter Bacon, Teddy Mulligan, Lysses Baker. Walter Bacon, Teddy Mulligan, Lyss Baker. Walter Bacon, Teddy Mulligan!—the last name emphatically," as she removed the last petal. "That's him. Allow me to congratulate the future Mrs. Mulligan,"—with a mock bow.

"Come, girls," called Mrs. Carson from within, "breakfast is ready." And they went into the little living room, and all knelt reverently while Mr. Carson offered a humble prayer, and then all repaired to the breakfast room.

Continued.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER VIII.

CREATION OR ORGANIZATION OF THE EARTH.

Q. Who is the Great First Cause, Author, and Source of Life?

A. God.

Q. What has God revealed respecting the creation?

A. He said to Moses: "I am the beginning and the end; the Almighty God. By mine Only Begotten I created these things."—Gen. 1: 2, I. T.

Q. Have we any other evidence that God created all things by his Son Jesus Christ.

A. Yes. Eph. 3: 9; Col. 3: 16.

Repeat the passages. "Who created all things by Jesus Christ."

"For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible."

Q. After the earth was formed, what was done on the first day of creation?

A. The light was divided from the darkness. Repeat the passages. "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

"And God divided the light from the darkness." "And God called the light day, and the darkness he called night."

Q. What was done on the second day of creation?

A. God divided the waters. Gen. 1: 7, 8. Repeat the passages. "And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. And God called the firmament heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day."

Q. What was done on the third day of creation?

A. The waters were gathered, and the earth prepared to bring forth the herbs and fruits. Gen. 1: 9-12.

Repeat the passages. "And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place: * * * and it was so. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass. * * * And the earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed after his kind, * * * and the tree yielding fruit * * *. And God saw that it was good."

Q. What was the work of the fourth day of creation?

A. God set the lights in the firmament of heaven, to divide the light from the darkness, and for signs, and for times and seasons. Gen. 1: 14, 16, 17.

Repeat the passages. "And God said, Let their be lights in the firmament of heaven, to divide the day

from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for years. * * * And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth."

Q. What was done on the fifth day of creation?

A. God prepared the waters that they might bring forth abundantly, and ordained the fowls that walk upon the earth and that fly above the earth. Gen. 1: 20-22.

Repeat the passage. "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that they may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. * * * And God created great whales. * * * And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth."

Q. What work did God perform on the sixth day of creation?

A. He prepared the earth, and gave command for it to bring forth cattle and the beasts of the field after their kind, and created man and gave him dominion over the living things of the earth, and provided for man his meat. Gen. 1: 24-29.

Repeat the passages. "And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and the beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so."

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth. * * * So God created man in his own image. * * * Male and female created he them. * * * And said unto them, Multiply * * * and have dominion. * * * And God said, Behold, I have given unto you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed: to you it shall be for meat."

Q. What did God do on the seventh day?

A. He ended his work and rested from the same, after the creation of the heavens and the earth and all the host of them, and the establishing of Adam Eve in the garden of Eden, with a commandment to govern their lives and actions. Gen. 2: 1-3.

Repeat the passages. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."

LIFE BENEATH THE WAVES.

SOON afterward I worked down into the Gulf of Mexico. The first coral I raised was in Catoche. Knocking round about there I heard of the loss of the schooner *Foam*. The first mate and three men got saved, but the captain, his daughter and three men got lost. I slung round to see if she could be raised. After we'd spent the best part of the week, we sailed over her and dropped anchor. It was a lovely Sunday morning when we struck her. She lay in sixty feet of water on a bottom as light as the moon. Looking down I could see her leaning over on one side upon the coral reef. When I got down to her I saw she'd torn a great gap in the reef when she ran against it. The main mast was gone and hung by the fore. I clambered up. I saw whole shoals of fish playing in and out of the hatches. First I went to look for the bodies, for I never like to work while there's any of them about. Finding the fore-castle empty, I went to the two little state cabins. It was rather dark, and I had to feel in the lower bunks. There was nothing in the first, and in the other the door was locked. I pried it open and shot back the lock with an adze. It flew open and out something fell right against me. I felt at once it was the woman's body. I was not exactly frightened but it shook me rather. I slung it from me and went out into the light a bit until I had got hold of myself. Then I turned and brought her out—poor thing! She'd been very pretty, and as I carried her out in my arms, with her white face nestling against my shoulder, she seemed as if

she was only sleeping. I made her fast to the line as carefully as I could to send her up, and the fish played about her as if they were sorry she was going. At last I gave the signal, and she went slowly up, her hair floating round her head like a pillow of golden seaweed. That was the only body I found there, and I managed after to raise pretty considerable of the cargo.

One of my expeditions was among the silver banks of the Antilles, the loveliest place I ever saw, where the white coral grows into curious treelike shapes. As I stepped along the bottom it seemed as if I were in a frosted forest. Here and there trailed long fronds of green and crimson seaweed. Silver bellied fish flashed about among the deep brown and purple sea-ferns, which rose high as my head. Far as I could see all round in the transparent water were different colored leaves, and on the floor piles of shells so bright in color that it seemed as if I had stumbled on a place where they kept a stock of broken rainbows. I could not work for a bit, and had a quarter determination to sit down a while and wait for a mermaid. I guess if those sea girls live anywhere they select that spot. After walking the inside out of half an hour I thought I had better go to work and blast for treasure. A little bit on from where I sat were the remains of a treasure ship. It was a Britisher, I think, and corals had formed all about what was left of her. The coral on the bottom and round her showed black spots. That meant a deposit of either iron or silver. I made fairly good hauls every time I went down, and sold one piece I found to Barnum of New York.

After I left there I had a curious adventure with a shark. I was down on a nasty rock bottom. A man never feels comfortable on them; he can't tell what big creature may be hiding under the huge quarter deck sea leaves which grow there. The first part of the time I was visited by a porcupine fish, which kept sticking its quills up and popping in front of my helmet. Soon after I saw a big shadow fall across me, and looking up there was an infernal shark playing about my tubing. It makes you feel chilly in the back when they are about. He came down to me slick as I looked up. I made at him and he sheared off. For an hour he worked at it, till I could stand it no longer. If you can keep your head level it's all right, and you're pretty safe if they're not on you sharp. This ugly brute was twenty feet long, I should think, for when I lay down all my length on the bottom he stretched a considerable way ahead of me, and I could see him beyond my feet. Then I waited. They must turn over to bite, and my lying down bothered him. He swam over me three or four times, and then skulked off to a big thicket of seaweed to consider. I knew he'd come back when he'd settled his mind. It seemed a long time waiting for him. At last he came viciously over me, but, like the time before, too far from my arms. The next time I had my chance and ripped him with my knife as neatly as I could. A shark always remembers he's got business somewhere else when he's cut, so off this fellow goes. It is a curious thing, too, that all the sharks about will follow in the trail he leaves. I got on my hands and knees and as he swam off I noticed four shadows slip after him. I saw no more that time. They did not like my company. —Col. Boyton's adventures.

WHAT A SQUIRREL CAN DO.

THE following over-true tale is told of the squirrel by the (Cal.) *Independent* of July 21st: "O. P. F. Kallenback made a raid a few days ago on the squirrels that abound in the neighborhood of French Camp and prey upon the wheat fields, from which they are gathering their winter supplies. He informs us that there is an army of the pests constantly on the move transporting wheat from the fields to their dens. One of the most active of the army of transportation, whose jaws were distended with plunder, was shot, and from his mouth was taken a small

handful of choice, plump wheat. Kallenback had the curiosity to count the grains and found they numbered 162 and weighed a few grains over one ounce. It is calculated that an able-bodied squirrel that will attend strictly to his business and not waste time in discussing political questions, will steal and transport to his underground warehouse a pound of wheat a day. With his relatives he could get away a ton, worth to-day \$42 dollars. A person, from this, can form some idea of the damage the millions of rodents are doing in the country, for they are all industriously at work."

The enclosed scrap of newspaper was found among Bro. Green's papers. If you think it worthy of publication, I would like it published, as it was among his things. S. M. NIGHTINGALE.

FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.

A prisoner condemned to solitary confinement obtained a copy of the Bible, and by three years' careful study, obtained the following facts:

The Bible contains 3,636,489 letters, 773,602 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books.

The word "and" occurs 46,277 times.

The word Lord occurs 1,855 times.

The word reverend occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter J.

The finest chapter to read is the 29th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The 19th chapter of II. Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther.

The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John.

The 8th, 15th, 21st, and 31st, verses of the 107th Psalm are alike.

Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike.

There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

RAIN AND FINE WEATHER.

"DON'T like rain," said little Octavius, "it hinders my running about and getting a good game of play in the garden."

"I like it," answered Collin, the gardener's little boy. "It comes just in time to spare my father the trouble of having to water the flowers and vegetables."

My children, this is a history of the world—what pleases one displeases another; but nothing God does is wrong, and when you are inclined to grumble at the rain coming to hinder your out-of-door amusements, think of the poor gardener, who is, perhaps, old and weak, and who now will not have the trouble of watering the plants.

LUKEWARM.

"I would thou wert cold or hot. So because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."—Rev. 3: 15, 16.

The writer was reminded of the above scripture and of the force of its application, by a remark of his little three-year-old daughter at the breakfast table. In the absence of tea and a supply of water, *fresh from the well*, some had been given her that had been from the well long enough to lose its chill; and upon tasting of it, she looked at her father and very seriously and earnestly remarked,

"Father, I don't like this water—it is dead."

She would at times drink warm tea, is remarkably fond of cold water with her meals, but lukewarm water she pronounced "dead." It was offensive to her—she curled her lip at it.

The writer thought, No wonder the Lord said, "Because thou art lukewarm * * * I will spew thee out of my mouth."

Little children, and you of riper years, let us

strive never to fall into a state of lukewarmness, so offensive to the Lord; but let us shun the cold of unbelief and disobedience, and seek for the fervency of the Holy Spirit, that we may, as well as having the name, be alive in Christ.

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.

WHEN the Emperor of Germany was lately on a visit to a distant portion of his dominions, he was welcomed by the school children of the village. After their speaker had made a speech for him he thanked them; then taking an orange from a plate, he asked:

"To what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom, sir," replied the little girl.

The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked:

"To what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom, sir," replied the girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the Emperor.

"The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his majesty should be offended; when a bright thought came, she said, with radiant eyes:

"To God's kingdom, sir."

The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said most devoutly:

"Grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

MORNING HYMN FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

May this sweet Sabbath we behold,
Which God hath kindly given,
Devoted only be to him,
And bring us nearer heaven.

We can not tell how many more
Blest Sabbaths we may see;
Thousands on earth when last we met
Are in eternity.

Then should this day the last one prove
With any of us here,
If God is ours and we are his,
We nothing have to fear.

L. M. THORNTON.

LITTLE WALLACE'S FABLE.

LITTLE Wallace was put to bed up stairs. His mother told him she would come and sit by him after a little while. Very soon he called for her. His father heard him and went up. He did not know that Wallace's mother had promised she would come, so he just told Wallace to keep still, and not call again. He was turning away to go down, when Wallace said,

"Papa."

"What, my son?" said his father.

"Did you see the old cat to-day, papa?"

"No, Wallie. Why, what did she do?"

"Why, papa, the little kitten cried, and the old cat came."

This was little Wallace's fable. His father knew what it meant, and he said,

"Well, Wallie, lie still. I will go down and tell the old cat her kitten wants her."

So Wallace's mother came up as she said she would.

How old do you guess little Wallace was? He was only about four years old.

This is a true story, and Wallace is the little boy's name. Do you think that AEsop ever made a better fable when he was four years old?—Rev. W. C. Wilkinson.

"GET THEE BEHIND ME SATAN.

A little boy, one day in the spring of the year, ran into the house crying aloud, "Get thee behind me Satan! Get thee behind me Satan!" His mother hearing him, and asking him why he said this so earnestly, he told her that while he was in the garden he had walked near the straw-

berries, which she had commanded him not to eat, that the devil had tempted him so strongly to take some that he had been obliged to run away. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

OLD RYE SPEECH.

I was made to be eaten, and not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn, not soaked in a tank.
I came as a blessing when put through a mill,
As a blight and a curse when run through a still.
Make me up into loaves, and your children are fed;
But if into drink, I will starve them instead.
In bread I'm a servant, the eater shall rule;
In drink I am master, the drinker a fool.
Then remember the warning, my strength I'll employ,
If eaten, to strengthen; if drank, to destroy.

GOOD INTENT.

Correspondence.

MILTON, Florida, August 21, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—This is my first attempt to write for the *Hope*, because I write so poorly. There is no Sunday-school here now. I liked the story of "Little May's Legacy" very much. Give my love to all the little Hopes. From yours truly,

HELLEN J. GALL.

WEST BELLVILLE, Illinois, August 24th, 1875.

Dear Little *Hope*:—It has been a long time since I wrote to you; but I am trying to be faithful. I have been very sick since I wrote to you. I wish you little Hopes would pray for me. I am sorry that "Cloud and Sunlight" is ended, and "Little May's Legacy"; they are such beautiful stories. We have a good Sunday-school and meeting here. So good night.

Your sister in Christ, AGNES BEARD.

HARLAN, Shelby Co., Iowa, August 30, 1875.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to our little paper. I love to read the stories of the little Hopes. It has been very rainy and wet here. I must bid you all a kind good-bye.

E. A. REYNOLDS.

SYRACUSE, Meigs, Co., Ohio, August 15, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I am glad to say that I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ and of God, and I love to read the letters of the *Hope*. I am not much of a writer. My desire is to be faithful, watchful and prayerful. I am stronger to-day than ever, for God has said, "Whosoever endureth to the end shall be saved."

I remain your brother in Christ,

DAVID HOPKINS.

The Workshop.

BATTER PUDDING.—Two cups sour cream, three eggs well beaten, one cup currants, one teaspoon each salt and soda. Flour to make stiff batter. Bake in pudding dish, in moderately hot oven. Serve warm with sauce.

PUDDING SAUCE.—A bit of butter size of walnut, in a spider or basin over the fire. Add one cup molasses, three-fourths cup vinegar. Stir often till it boils. Then beat two eggs. Stir into the boiling mixture by pouring slowly and stirring fast. Flavor richly with lemon, or vanilla, or even nutmeg. P. W.

Roll of Honor.

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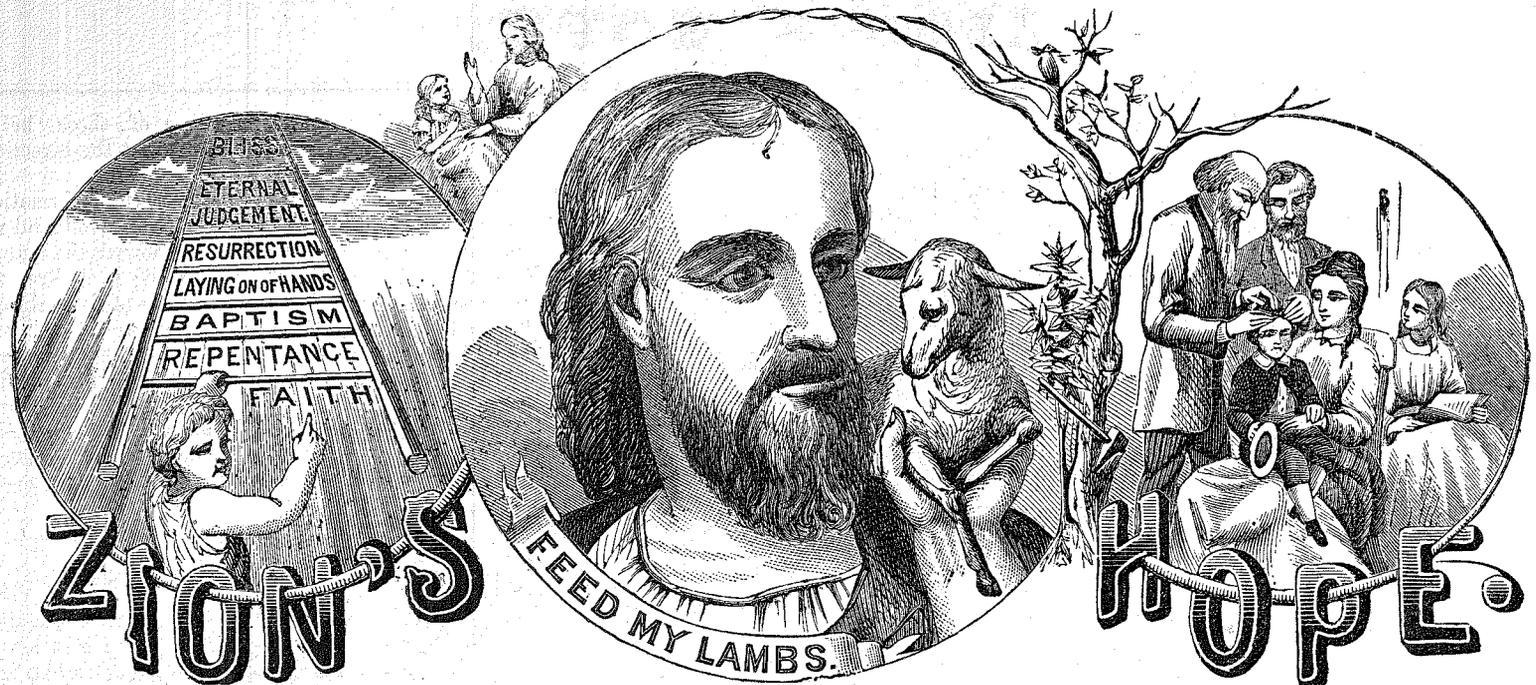
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

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No. 7.

LINES TO THE CHILDREN.

Dear Hopes of Zion, pray, what can I say
To forward you on your earthly way?
A way that with hardships and cares is replete,
And has many snares for the untried set;
Though we cannot see, when we first set out,
All the dangers, and trials, and toils of the route,
Nor would I ever have a word to say,
To discourage any who travel this way,
For well I know that this life is given,
That we may prepare for a rest in Heaven;
And this rest is a place, where the spirits go,
Of those who have "finished their course" below,
Who "have kept the faith," and "have fought a good
fight,"
And have walked till the last in God's holy light.

Now, I do not say that we never more,
Shall set our feet on this earthly shore;
For we are taught that the day is near.
When the Savior in glory again will appear;
That with a great host he will come in a cloud,
That a trumpet will sound both long and loud,
When the dead shall be raised, who have walked in
light,
And their spirits again with their bodies unite;
That the earth will be cleansed and prepared for our
rest,
And here will at last be the home of the blest.

But this you no doubt have been taught of before,
So now, on this subject, I will not say more;
But will speak of those things, which, though often
you're taught,
'Tis needful that oft to our minds they are brought.
I mean, dearest Hopes, of those things we must do,
If we would be sure of a safe journey through—
That is, the *commandments*, which point out the way
To our glorious rest, and which we *must obey*.

Now, methinks you know just what I'm going to say,
So we'll have your dear mothers taught you each day;
So I'll ask, and just let the little ones tell,
The first thing to do, that with Christ we may dwell.
"Have faith," a dozen glad voices now shout,
"We surely cannot have salvation without;
A belief in the Savior who once died for us,
And in God, who is merciful, allwise and just."
What next, little Hope's in the gospel of peace?
"Repentance, which means from all evil to cease;
And then we're baptized, for remission of sins,
And here our new life in Jesus begins;
Nor would we forget, that the Spirit is given,
Through the laying on of hands by those sent of Heav-
en."

Well done, little ones, I well knew you could tell,
Though I scarcely expected you'd do it so well;
And it does my heart good to see where you stand,
And that some have already obeyed the command;
While others, too young, yet they know it is true,
And they say, "when were old enough, so will we do."
Yet others, perchance, do not feel the great need
Of giving to these things such diligent heed;—
Yet we trust these will not a great while delay,
But will go forth e're long and the gospel obey.
Then, as with all others, when this part is done,
The race for the prize is but fairly begun;

Therefore, let us strive with our whole mind and
might,
To do whatsoever we know to be right.
And if we are tempted to falter or stray,
Let us think of the dangers of falling away.
Let us seek to the Lord for abundance of grace,
And steadfastly look to the end of the race.
For, life everlasting we'll certainly gain,
If we in all diligence strive to obtain.

Dearest Hopes, there is much more indeed we might,
say,
Concerning our walk in the straight narrow way;
For there's much that would strengthen and help us
along,
And much to avoid, if we would not go wrong.
And sometime, e're long, when there's more leisure
time,
Perhaps I may write more, in prose or in rhyme.
And since we're commanded to "retire to bed early,"
I will close for to night, and remain your
AUNT CARLIE.

HIS WORD AS GOOD AS HIS BOND.

HHE late Samuel Brown, Esq., a merchant
of this city, and the owner of Brown's
wharf, is still remembered by our older
citizens. When the elder Quincy was mayor, he
saw the necessity of moving the almshouse and
the house of correction to South Boston. Mr.
Brown owned a very large vacant estate where
the buildings now stand, and Mr. Quincy called
upon him and stated his purpose to induce the
city government to remove the institutions to
South Boston, and asked the price of the estate
referred to. The reply was \$30,000. Mr. Quincy
said that would do, and asked thirty days' refusal
and a bond on it, in order to endeavor to per-
suade the city council to agree to the meas-
ure. Mr. Brown replied that he should give no
bond, as he said his word was his bond always.
The mayor took his word, and in twenty-eight
days had obtained proper authority and again
waited on Mr. Brown, saying that he had come
to complete the sale of that land.

"What land?" said Mr. Brown.
"Why, the South Boston land we spoke of,"
said the mayor.

"At what price, sir?" asked the former.
"Thirty thousand dollars," replied the latter,
"the price agreed upon."

"Did I say that amount, sir?"
"You did."

"Have you any writing to that effect?"
"No, sir, none."
"Well," said Mr. Brown, since you were here
I have been offered \$60,000 cash for it, and can
you expect me to sell it for 30,000 to the city?"

"I do," replied Mr. Quincy, "because you
agreed to."

"Have you any proof of that?"

"Yes, I am the witness."

"But you, being an interested party, can't be
a witness. Have you any other witness or proof,
and do you ask me to refuse \$60,000 for the land
and to sell it to the city for 30,000?"

"I do."

"You have no bond for it, have you, Mr. Quincy."

"None, sir, whatever," replied the mayor,
stretching himself up with great dignity—"none
whatever but your word, and that you said was
your bond."

"And," replied Mr. Brown, stretching himself
up with equal dignity, "so it is. My word is my
bond, and for \$30,000 the land is yours."—*Bos-
ton Traveller*.

THE TRUE WATER.

SOME travelers were passing over a dry,
sandy desert. They were hot and tired,
and parched with thirst, and they longed
for some water. "See," said the guide; "look
where those three palm-trees rise out of that little
patch of grass; there we shall find a little spring
oozing out of the ground that will satisfy us all."
"That is a mere puddle," said one of the travel-
ers; "it is not enough to satisfy us. Look yon-
der; there is a vast lake. How odd that we did
not notice it before! Let us make haste up to it."

The travelers all turned where he pointed with
his finger, and they saw to their great surprise a
beautiful lake that seemed not far off. They all
shouted for joy, and began to run toward it. But
the guide cried, "Stop! I know this country
well, and I can tell you that yonder lake is not
real water. It is only a pretense, and when you
come close to it, you will find it has vanished."

But the travelers said, "Have we not eyes?
Can we not see for ourselves? Come, let us leave
this lazy guide if he will not come with us." So
they all ran toward the lake. But when they
came close to it they found it was just as the
guide said. The seeming lake vanished, and there
was nothing but dry sand where they had hoped
to find water. Then they were sorry, and said,
"We ought to have believed the guide; now we
must go back to him."

"Nay," said one of them, "have patience.
Look, there is another lake a little further off."
They raised their eyes, and, true enough, there
lay a beautiful lake that seemed not a mile off.
But the wisest of the travelers said, "That is
perhaps not true water; perhaps it will vanish
like the first lake. Let us go back."

So the travelers went back to the spring where
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they had left the guide, and when they came they found the water was enough to satisfy the thirst of every one of them. But one foolish man, instead of going back, went further forward, following the false lake, which kept vanishing whenever he came near it. Night came on, and he lay down all alone, ready to die with thirst. I do not know what became of him; but I hope the good guide found him next day, and brought him back to the true water.

Your soul, as well as your body, wants something to satisfy it. Perhaps you think you would be satisfied all your life if you had plenty of pleasant things, or as much money as you liked; but you would not. Suppose you had all these things, yet, if all people disliked you, and you disliked them, you would not feel satisfied; you would say, "I do not feel easy; I do not feel at peace."

True peace comes to us when we love all people like brothers and sisters. Jesus helps us to love one another, and he alone can give us true peace. Some people say, "We shall be satisfied and happy if we can get plenty of money, or if we can have houses and gardens and farms, or if we can make people praise us, and say we are clever." But money and houses and praise can not give us peace. They are like the false lakes. When we get them, we find the peace is not there. It has vanished from its place, and seems to have gone further off. Pray to Jesus and say, "Give us that peace which the world can not give."—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

REMEMBER THE POOR.

I knew a widow very poor,
Who four small children had;
The eldest was but six years old,
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow tried,
To feed her children, four;
A noble heart that mother had,
Although she was very poor.

To labor, she would leave her home,
For children must be fed;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had,
On many a day to eat;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air;
I thought that I would go and see,
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless house,
'Twas searched by every breeze;
When gazing in, the eldest child,
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy;
He never raised his head;
But still went on and said,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed;
And when he rose I asked him why
That prayer he then had said?

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning when
My mother went away,
She wept because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.

"She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead;
And then I told her not to cry,
For I would get some bread.

"Our Father," sir, the prayer begins,
Which made me think that he,
As we have no kind father here,
Would our kind Father be.

"And then you know, sir, that the 'prayer'
Asks God for bread each day;
And in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with flying feet;
And very soon was back again,
With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the boy;
I answered with a nod—
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that boy's faith in God.

BOOKS THAT GROW.

YOUNG READERS, you doubtless have read books that have proved interesting and pleasing to you; and in your search after knowledge, you will read many more that will prove instructive and valuable to you; the perusal of which will unfold to your young minds many of the wonders couched in the earth beneath; that are hidden in the rolling waves of the mighty deep; that float in the ambient air, and that appear in heaven's high dome shining down in golden splendor and silvery softness, or as twinkling gems through openings in the azure blue. They may, in the information they contain, reveal to your young minds the advance of the arts and sciences, the political history of the world, and the tracing of the lines of each succeeding page reveal to your minds the history of our race, in the rise, decline and overthrow of nations.

From such treasures of knowledge you may, through studiousness, gain quite a goodly store; and through years of careful research, treasuring up thought upon thought, you will have raised to yourself a monument of information, the height of which, in your early years seemed to you almost insurmountable by human intellect. But perseverance will enable you to mount the dizzy heights of knowledge, and stand at an eminence where you can look down upon those books and the information they contain, which you have mastered and outgrown, and to which you can add information for the benefit of those who may follow after you in scaling the temple of knowledge. At this point the books mastered and passed are old and uninteresting. You have outgrown them.

But there are books that gild the way to heights of knowledge and an expanse of wisdom never yet attained unto by human intelligence, or the finite mind.

Men have searched these books from early youth to hoary age; have searched to the extent of their mortal powers to treasure to themselves the knowledge and wisdom they contain. But each succeeding height attained in the ascent of this mount of knowledge they contain, and which is continually being disclosed to the faithful student, but increases his expanse of wisdom and invites him on and up to yet more glorious elevations. These books grow upon the student, instead of the student growing upon them, and without fear of mastery, they pleasantly invite him upward, with cries of, Higher, yet higher still. These books are the Scriptures, old and new.

The more we know about them, the more we want to know. The information and heavenly wisdom they contain, emanated from the Divine mind; and in order for us to truly possess our selves of their inexhaustible richness, it is highly necessary for us to secure a good guide, one acquainted with the narrow way that leads on and up to those rapturous heights of wisdom; a guide that can remove the bolts and bars of ignorance and superstition; and at last reveal to our Spirit vision priceless gems of knowledge and wisdom, too bright for unaided vision to gaze upon, and too high for human intellect alone to reach; from which treasure, through the guides direction, every hungry, thrusting soul may satisfy its highest capabilities of enjoyment; and that guide is a good one, and is none other than the "Spirit of Truth," which "guides into all truth," strengthens and comforts the traveler who yields to his direction, and shows him heights that are yet in advance of them, and from time to time reveals to him things that are coming.

And thus, with his course ever onward and upward, under the direction of his guide,—the student of God's word is enabled to pass all those books compiled by mere human intelligence, so far as they reveal to him his origin and final destiny, while the books of the Holy Scriptures still expand and rise in their growth upon him.

The reader may ask, "Can I not attain unto

this wondrous understanding of those 'holy' books of which you speak, without the direction of the guide mentioned?"

We understand not; because, the information they contain pertain to the things of God, and we learn in His word that *no man knoweth the things of God but by the Spirit of God*; therefore, we need this guide that is able to take of those things and show them to us, or in other words, open our minds and hearts to an understanding and reception of them, until at last, if continuing faithful, we shall attain unto the *knowledge* of the Son of God, with the expanse of eternity before us, and with the heavenly knowledge and Divine wisdom revealed in the Books of the Scriptures *still growing upon us.*

WELLINGTON'S LAST WORDS.

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah! how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! They order so. This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a course nature and a hard heart. In all your home talk remember, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that, "If you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words, "If you please."

"Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear"

THE CRY-BABY.

FRED is a little boy, but a great cry-baby. He cries in the morning, he cries at noon, he cries at night. He cries when he is washed, when he is dressed, and when his hair is combed. He cries when he goes to school, and when he goes to bed. He cries because his milk is hot, and because his toast is cold; because his jacket is too old, and because his boots are too new. It is queer how much Fred finds to cry about.

One day he went to see his Aunt Mary. She gave him a nice thick piece of gingerbread. She thought that would make him smile. O, no it made him cry. He just opened his mouth to take a bite, and then burst out with a loud "boo-hoo!" "Why, what is the matter?" said Aunt Mary. "This gingerbread is too high up!" cried Fred. "There, there! What a silly boy!" said Aunt Mary. "Hark! I hear music! The soldiers are coming! Let us look out and see them go by!" said the kind Aunt.

She put Fred up in a chair at the window, and he saw the soldiers march by, and heard the music; and all the while he munched away at the gingerbread that was "too high up." By the time the last soldier had passed, the gingerbread was all gone.

Now Fred is a good little boy," said Aunt Mary. But all at once he began to cry again.

"O, dear! What is it now?" said aunty. "What are you crying about this time?"

"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" roared Fred. "I can't remember what I cried about before the music came! Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

Aunt Mary put on Fred's cap and took him home, and called the family together.

"What are you going to do with this boy?" she said. "He cries all the time!"

"Let us all laugh at him every time he cries!" said mamma.

"That will make too much noise," said papa.

I think I will get him the place of town-crier, and let him earn his living by crying."

"He can be a newsboy, and cry newspapers!" said little Molly.

"We might make a great dunce-cap, with CRY-BABY printed on it in big letters, and make him wear it all the time he cries," said sister Sue. "That would make him ashamed."

"What do you say, Charlie?" said Aunt Mary.

"Set him up in the Park for a drinking fountain, and let streams of water come out of his eyes all the time!" said Charlie.

"Well," said aunt, "I hardly know which is the best plan; but something must be done, or Fred will never grow to be a man!"—*St. Nicholas*

A CHARACTER WORTH HAVING.

A TRADESMAN living in a country town was recently dining with an old friend in London, and in the course of the evening detailed the particulars of his daughter's marriage, which had taken place just previously. Speaking of his newly-gained son-in-law, he remarked, with a most happy expression on his countenance, "A friend of mine made this cheering statement to me about him. Said he, 'I have known Charles, and he has been much with my own boys, ever since he was a child, and during the whole of that time I never knew him to tell an untruth or utter a profane word;' and you can not think what pleasure it gave me to hear that."

Boys, remember this pleasing fact.

Try prayerfully to follow the example of this young man, and then, besides the benefit to yourselves, you may be the cause of great happiness to others.

WAITING.

AN old pauper, very deaf, and with every limb shaking with palsy, was sitting before the smouldering fire in an alms-house: deeply poor was he, his few remaining locks almost snowy white, with head bowed under the accumulated weight of years, while his sunken eyes seemed to be directed toward the ever-changing figures in the expiring heap before him, when a friend entered and said:

"What are you doing?"

"Waiting, sir."

"And pray tell me what are you waiting for?"

"For the coming of my Lord," was the poor old man's reply.

"But what makes you wish for His coming?"

"Because I expect great things when he comes."

"Upon what grounds do you rest such a hope?"

"Upon the the word of his promise and the testimony of his Spirit?"

"What promise has he made?"

"He said, 'I am the way, the truth and the life.' 'I am come that they [who love him and keep his commandments] might have life and that they might have it more abundantly,' and promised that if I (and all others) would 'do the will of God' I should know that his teaching and promises are true, and the Spirit I received after believing and obeying his commandments, bears testimony to my spirit that his promises are true and faithful; and the Spirit he promised to send into the world, beside the testimony it bore, has comforted me through all my trials of life and now it fills my soul with longing, patient waiting for the coming and call of my gracious, loving Lord, to release me from this trembling tenement of clay and appoint me a rest according to his promise, and finally to adorn my poor, humble, trusting head with a crown of righteousness in his heavenly and celestial kingdom, where I shall enjoy the fullness of an eternal life with the sanctified of all ages. This is what I am waiting for, and why I can wait rejoicingly, even in this haunt of poverty."

O, happy old soldier! long he has kept the

camp-fires burning, and soon the roll call will summon him to the presence of his Great Captain and Sovereign, to whom his life service had been given. Though poor in this world he had inestimable treasures laid up in heaven.

Kind reader, was the reward worth the sacrifice? It seems I hear you say "Yes." Let us lay up treasure, then, in heaven, seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and the Spirit that gilded the pathway of the prophets, will light up the horizon of our lives, illumine the portals of the tomb, and at the coming of the Lord, raise our sleeping forms to life in his glorious likeness. Reader, are you waiting for the Lord?

THE BOY THAT GREW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

"YOU see I am a gentleman!" said Will Thompson. "I will not take an insult." And the little fellow strutted up and down in a rage. He had been throwing stones at Peter Jones, and he thought that his anger proved him to be a gentleman.

"If you want to be a gentleman, I should think you would be a *gentle* boy first," said his teacher. "Gentleman do not throw stones at their neighbors. Peter Jones did not throw stones at you, and I think is much the more likely to prove a gentleman."

"But he's got patches on his knees," said Will.

"Bad clothes don't prevent a boy from being a gentleman," said the teacher, "but a bad temper does. Now, William, if you want to be a gentleman, you must be a gentle boy."

A little further on the teacher met Peter Jones. Some of the stones had hit him, and he was hurt by them.

"Well, Peter, what's the matter between you and Will this morning?" asked the teacher.

"I was throwing a ball at one of the boys in play, sir, and it missed him and hit Will Thompson's dog."

"Why did you not throw back?"

"Because, sir, my mother says to be a gentleman, I must be a gentle boy, and I thought it was best to keep out of his way till he cooled off a little."

The teacher walked on, after praising Peter's conduct, but kept the boys in his mind, and he lived to see Will Thomson a poor outcast, and Peter Jones a gentleman, loved and respected by all.

Remember, my young friends, that it takes a *gentle boy to make a gentleman.*

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FIND myself continually exclaiming how odd this 1875 appears! Well, the new year was just as odd a century ago—and yet turning back to 1775 that date has so old a look that it does not seem as if it ever could have been new. What an exciting time it then was in American politics! What a wondrous era was about to open upon the world! How many men of subsequent note were then emerging from obscurity! Tom Paine had just landed in America; Washington was chiefly known as an opulent planter and land surveyor; Nathaniel Greene, who was to be one of his efficient co-operators in the war of independence, was working at a blacksmith forge in Rhode Island; Alexander Hamilton was studying law, an ambitious youth of nineteen, while Aaron Burr had just left college and was sojourning with "Old Father Bellamy," as he was called. He was then under the power of serious thought, which he soon cast away, and it never returned. Father Bellamy was a noted divine, whose name still lives in church history. George III. was a young man of thirty-four, and had been even then compelled to submit to the stern invective of Junius and the bold republicanism of John Wilkes—preparations for the more painful humiliation of acknowledging the

independence of his thirteen colonies. Walter Scott was a lame boy, whose head was soon to be filled with traditions and border ballads. Napoleon was one of a thriving family in humble life, and was in four years to enter the military school of Brienne. An Irish lad, then hardly in his breeches, was subsequently the famous Wellington. "What terrible men these boys become!" one inevitably exclaims. Voltaire and Roseau were the chief writers in Europe, and the latter was soon to be lifted by death almost to a literary apotheosis. Gibbon, then in his thirty-eighth year, was working on the first part of his *Decline and Fall*, and became a member of the House of Commons, while Hume was near his end. In navigation, Captain Cooke had just sailed round the globe, and his dead body was soon to find a grave in the Sandwich Islands, murdered much as Gen. Canby was by Captain Jack. The great republic of the United States was then merely a patriotic dream, cherished most of all by John Adams and a few kindred spirits.

The only American of foreign note was Benjamin Franklin, who had reached distinction as a man of science. He was then living in London as agent of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and was continually startling the government by his adroit diplomacy. Whitfield, the greatest preacher the world has [had] seen since the apostolic time, had just closed his career.

In Continental Europe, Frederic the Great had recently elevated Prussia from duchy to a kingdom, while Louis XVI. was about to ascend the throne from which he was to be removed by the guillotine. Such are some of the outlines of 1775, which, as all know, was the opening of a wonderful era. The world has progressed somewhat since then, but what further development may not be before us? When a century hence the look back on 1875, will it not be with a tear of sympathy, in view of our benighted condition?—*Manford's Magazine.*

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER IX.—THE FALL.

- Q. What is meant by "the fall?"
 A. The transgression of Adam and Eve.
 Q. What did they transgress?
 A. The commandment forbidding them to eat of the fruit of a certain tree in the midst of the Garden of Eden. Gen. 1:16, 17.
 Repeat the passage: "And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."
 Q. In what manner was the transgression of Adam and Eve induced?

A. Satan, who for his rebellion was cast out of heaven, being more subtle than any of the beasts of the field, operated through the serpent and beguiled the woman to partake of the forbidden fruit, who, when she had eaten gave to her husband and he did eat. Gen. 3:4-6.

Repeat the passages. "And the serpent said unto the woman, ye shall not surely die; for God doth know, that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall become as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise; she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat; and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."

Q. What immediate results followed their transgression?

A. Their eyes were opened to a sense of their nakedness and guilt, and when they heard the voice of the Lord, they sought to hide themselves, from his presence. Gen. 3:7, 8.

Repeat the passage. "And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked: and they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons. And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day; and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden."

Q. What did the Lord do?

A. He called unto Adam and questioned him

and Eve as to their guilt. Gen. 3 : 9, 11, 13.

Repeat the passages. "And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? * * who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat. And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done?"

Q. What did Adam and Eve say?

A. They confessed to their guilt. Gen. 3 : 12, 13.

Repeat the passage. "And the man said, The woman thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

Q. What was done with the serpent?

A. A curse was pronounced upon him for what he had done, and enmity placed between him and the woman, and between their seed. Gen. 3 : 14, 15.

Repeat the passage. "Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field: And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

Q. What followed the cursing of the serpent.

A. The Lord cursed the ground for Adams sake, that it should bring forth thorns and thistles to him—passed sentence upon him and sent him from the Garden to till the ground. Gen. 3 : 17, 18, 19, 23.

Repeat the passage. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. For dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return. Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground."

Q. What did the Lord do after he drove Adam and Eve out of the garden?

A. He placed a guard or protection to keep the way of the tree of life. Gen. 3 : 24.

Repeat the passage. "And he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

Q. For what purpose was the way of the tree of life guarded?

A. Lest Adam after having become as God, to know good and evil, should put forth his hand, take and eat of the tree of life and live forever [in a sinful or disobedient state.] Gen. 3 : 22, 24.

Repeat the passage. "Behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever: * * He placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

THE OTHER CHEEK.

TWO brothers had fallen out, and in the heat and whirlwind of his passion the elder struck the younger one on the cheek. Brave as steel, and quick as lightning, the other raised his hand to return the blow, but, ere it fell, he remembered how he had read that morning by his mother's knee, these words: "Whoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." No sophist, but a simple child, he took Christ's words in their plain and ordinary sense, and turning on his brother eyes where tears of forgiveness had quenched the flash of anger, he offered the other cheek for a second blow. It was the other's turn to weep now. Surprised and subdued, melted, he fell on his brother's neck, and, kissing him, acknowledged his offense, and implored forgiveness.

PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF PAPER.

The following statistics of the production and consumption of paper are furnished by a Vienna journal: It appears that there are 3,000 paper manufactories in the world, employing 80,000 men and 180,000 women, besides the 100,000 employed in the rag trade; 1,800,000,000 pounds of paper are produced annually. One-half is used in printing, a sixth in writing, and the remainder for packing and other purposes. The United States averages 17 pounds per head; an Englishman consumes 11½; a German, 8 pounds; a Frenchman, 7 pounds; an Italian, 3½ pounds;

a Spaniard, 1½ pounds; and a Russian only 1 pound annually, on an average. This would indicate that Americans are the most extensive reading people in the world.

TRUE AND OBEDIENT.

"CHARLIE! Charlie!" Clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet!" "Have it out!" "Finish this game!" "Try it again!" cried the players, in noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear!" they all exclaimed.

"But I did hear."

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him, he's tied to his mother's apron strings."

"I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said another.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does!" and away he hurried to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charles Gray is now a prosperous business man in a great city, a leader in temperance and other good movements, and his mercantile friends say of him that his "word is a bond." We asked him once how he acquired such a reputation.

"I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habits formed then have, by God's mercy, clung to me through life."—*Child's Delight.*

SWEEPING THE OCEAN BOTTOM.

SCIENCE is busily at work exploring air, earth, and sea. During the summer and autumn of 1869, an expedition made many remarkable discoveries in dredging the bed of the sea from the Bay of Biscay to the Faroe Islands, from a depth of a few fathoms near the shore, to nearly three miles out at sea. It is ascertained that there is a stratum of warm water from 150 fathoms upwards, a stratum of ice-cold water from 300 fathoms downwards, and a stratum of intermixture between the two. It was formerly supposed that no animal could exist lower than 300 fathoms, but various forms of animal life have been brought up from the profoundest depth of the ocean, many species having been found altogether new to science. Some of the animals brought up from a depth of 1,270 fathoms, or nearly a mile and a half, had perfect eyes, while the color of their shells indicated the influence of light.

A GOOD ANSWER.

A MINISTER once asked his Sunday-school children, "If there should be any such thing as contention in heaven, what they thought it would be about?"

"Oh, sir," they replied, "there will be no strife there."

"Well, but supposing there should be such a thing, what do you think it would be about?"

"Well, sir," said one, "I suppose if there be any contention, it will be *who shall get nearest to Jesus Christ.*"

USE.—The used key is always bright. Drawn wells have sweetest water. Standing pools gather filth. "If I rest, I rust," says the key.

JOHN NEAL'S TESTIMONY.

JOHN NEAL once said: "I used to drink, but one day I took a glass of brandy and found I liked the taste of it. I said to myself, 'John Neal, when you have grown to like the taste of liquor, it is time to stop.' And stop I did."

Not another drop of liquor passed his lips; and it is believed that nothing could have induced him to drink after that, even to the sipping of a glass of wine.

A VERY pleasant children's sociable took place last evening at the Latter Day Saints Church—the "Little Church around the Corner"—on Cass street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth, Omaha. The church was tastily decorated with flowers and evergreens. The exercises consisted of speeches, dialogues, recitations &c., by the children, and vocal and instrumental music, Professor Samuel Sylvester presiding at the organ. There was an abundance of refreshments, and a good time generally was had.

ENIGMAS.

No. 1.—I am composed of seventeen letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a boy's name.
My 13, 14, 15, is a girl's name.
My 3, 7, 8, 14, is a part of the body.
My 11, 12, 4, is a name sometimes applied to a hotel.
My 16, 15, 14, 7, 16, is a name applied to a lady.
My 17, 15, 16, is a boy's nickname.
My 2, 3, is an interjection.
My 5, 7, 8, is useful on a warm day.
My 7, 10, 9, 7, 10, 11, is a costic substance.
My 5, 7, 6, 16, is to lease or rent for a price.
My 11, 8, 9, is what we use to write with.
My 8, 2, is an adverb.
My 3, 7, 8, 9, is a boy's nickname.
My 5, 10, 2, 6, 15, is the queen of flowers.
My whole is the name of the one that baptized me.
ADA M. HUNTER.

No. 2.—My first is a very useful animal.

My second is the limb of a person.
My third is a kind of fishes.
My fourth is a kind of seasoning used in cooking.
My fifth is often what is solicited by the poor.
My sixth is a material of which many walls are built.
The initials read downward form the name of a great general of the middle ages.

ANAGRAM.

NSIHIF HTY RKWO.

Nsihif hty rkwo; het miet si hrots,
Eth usn si ni eth sewt.
Eth ghnt si mioneg wodn; ltll ehtn
Nikht otn fo stre.

Nhifsi yth rokwy; ehnt pwei yth rwob,
Ginrud eeht omfr hyt loti;
Aetk aetrbh, nda ormf aech areyw mibl
Saehk fof het olsi.

Nsihif hty rkwo; etnh og ni aecepe,
Feil's teblat ghoutf nda onw;
Ahre omfr hte noerht het staemr's coevi,
"Elwl need, lwel ndoe!"

DIYAL LABYNATELE.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$258 47 Mell Halliday	.. \$ 25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	.. 1 65
Cicely Chabburn	.. 1 00
Henry Halliday, Jr.	25
W. N. Dawson	.. 39

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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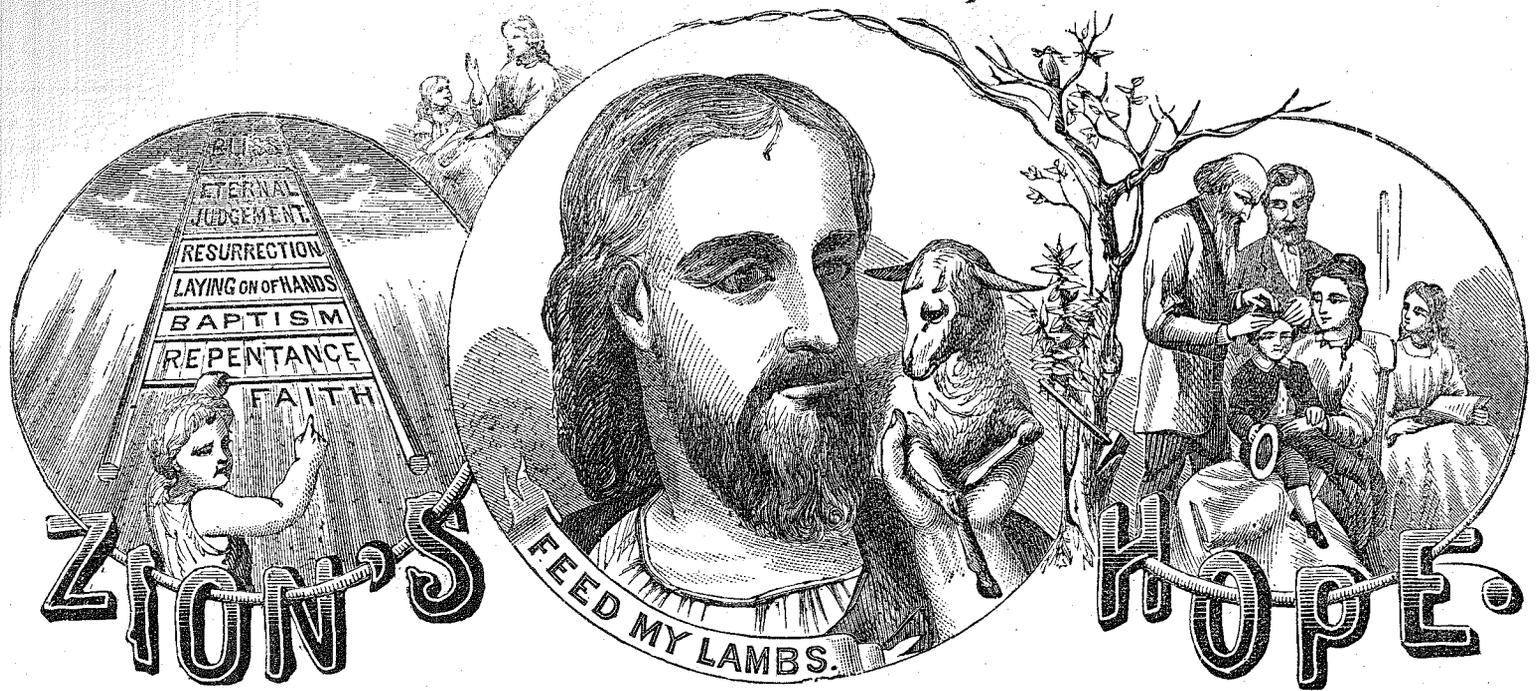
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

ONCE MORE.

Dear Editors:—Am I permitted once more to defend myself and my view of the cause of the young? I would not monopolize an undue amount of your columns, but I do wish to explain a matter to a certain young sister writing from Kansas, who seems to see only one side of the picture. She says in a late letter to the *Hope*, that she used to like to read my story of *Cloud and Sunlight* before she knew it was not literally a true story, but now she doesn't care for it. I am really sorry for this. In her case as concerns that story, ignorance was bliss; but yet 'tis not folly to be wise. Now, I love the truth most dearly, and abhor a falsehood—one told as a falsehood—slander and the like. But a fictitious story cannot be classed in such a list. It is merely a grouping together of events, enacted by fancied characters, who represent good and indifferent people to show principles and teach good moral and practical lessons. It would not do for me to describe real scenes and persons. None of us would like to be "read up" in the papers. Even changing the names would not disguise the facts. And that would be as much of a falsehood—oh ye adherents of truth! to say John's name was Thomas, as to imagine people and their conduct. So it seems to me.

Gospel truth is as the grand and noble oak; while a good fictitious story is like the pretty, delicate yet fragile flower. The one combines beauty, grace, strength, endurance, and utility. The other, unlike the tree, yet comprises a few of its minor beauties and graces. Like a "flower, which most of us see to admire, for its fragrance and delicacy, yet which lives but a day. Still the memory of its beauty and its odor remains to brighten our thoughts and hopes. So a child—a young person—of unbiased mind, will read a story and imbibe its inter-wrought practical lessons and truisms, without taking thought in the matter—but not to entirely forget. Just as one would partake of a cup of cool water because thirsty, without realizing the good derived. Yet receive and retain the benefit just the same.

Endeavoring with all my powers, and with oft solicited aid and wisdom from above, and sincerely revering God and his statutes, I place this said story—*Cloud and Sunlight*—before the young *Hopes* by your kind permission, inducting in each installment at least one practical lesson, small though it be. 'Tis the trifles that make up the full sum of life—either for weal or wo.

Would that all might be able to cull sweetness and truth from every blossom. Does not the woodland bee gather honey from the flowers, but make its home in the stronger, more enduring tree?

Thus we may draw pleasing and useful lessons from little stories, but rely on the truth as our resting place and standard. Yours ever for the dissemination of the right, PERLA WILD.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT

OR, THE JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

Part Third.

CHAPTER III.—LYSS TAKES NELL AWAY.

JUST after Mr. Carson had returned thanks for the food spread before them, Nelly Baker entered the half-open door unceremoniously and breathless, and exclaimed, "O, Mr. Carson—Constance!"—glancing around at all the upturned faces—"Lyss has come back. He was here when we got home last night, and we are so glad! Aren't you, every one of you?"

"Lyss!" replied Mr. Carson; "Is it true? God bless the boy!"

"Indeed, we are glad, Nelly," added Mrs. Carson. But Constance said nothing. Nell was disappointed at this but made no remark.

"Lyss is your brother, Nelly?" questioned Walter Bacon.

"Yes, Walter, and a dear, good brother too. And, Constance, he wants me to go home with him and stay. And I think I shall."

Constance found her voice now. "Home? where is his home, besides here with Charley? He didn't say he had come to take you away."

"O, his home's away out in B. county. Just the loveliest location, he says! But, Constance, have you seen him? Did you know he was here? I'd like to know how," answered Nell.

Constance smiled. "Didn't he tell you I saw him at Mr. Wilson's gate last night, when I went out after little Phil?"

"Why Constance Carson! Why didn't you tell us?" cried Nell and Philip Carson in the same breath.

"Because he requested me not to do so. He wanted to give you another surprise," replied Constance.

Little Charley entered at this moment.

"Auntie Nell, ma wants you to come to breakfast. It's all weedy. And 'at man says you's goin'd over to 'e graveyard with him to-day, 'cause he's goin' away to-morrow. Come!"

"Going away to-morrow? O, Nell! You shan't, you mustn't! I declare, we can't give you up. It's too bad!" and Constance rose suddenly, and putting her arm through Nell's, they turned toward the door.

"Come back, you girls," called Henrietta Carson. "Come back and eat your breakfast."

"We don't want any," they replied, and went silently out. Then Nell sent Charley to tell Mary not to wait, for she wasn't coming to breakfast, and the two took a little winding woodland path and strolled out of sight of the house, when they sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, their arms encircling each other, and Constance broke the silence.

"Nell, don't go! I just can't live without you! Say that you won't go, or else that you will return soon. Nell, dear, do!" And Constance paused, with trembling lip and tearful eye.

"O, but I must, Constance. It will be a sad parting. But Lyss needs me. He is so lonely and down hearted he needs cheering up. Besides, he want's me to keep house for him."

"You see, he went from Clifton right out there, and hired to a farmer for a year, putting his money, the two hundred he took with him, out at interest. He saved his wages and let that out too, and the past two years he has rented the man's farm and made a good deal. This summer, just lately, he has rented the place for two years more, intending to buy it at the end of that time.

"The owner of the place is going to start for California next week, and Lyss will be alone if I don't return with him, because he boarded with them."

The next day there was a visit to the old Baker farm, and to the graveyard, to bid adieu to the spot where so many loved ones lay. Constance went with Lyss and Nell. The two girls were together all day. Fanny was left to herself, and pouted over it too.

In the evening Jim Welsh and Lena Wilson came over to see Lyss, and remained until eleven o'clock, chatting with him and Nell and the others. Though Jim scarcely spoke to Nell. And this grieved her kind heart sorely. Excusing herself to Fanny, Constance went home with Nell to spend the last night with her. They had all been at Mr. Carson's in the evening.

"Constance," said Nell in a trembling voice, after they had retired, "I'm so grieved to part with Jim in such a way, I don't know what to do. He seems to think I'm not his friend as I used to be—why I cannot say—and is very morose and sad, like he was when a boy. We have been such good friends always, it seems hard to have any coldness now when we are about to part—perhaps forever."

"Fudge! Nell! Don't mind Jim. He's just pouting because Walt Bacon is civil to you. You know that some persons never want their friends to notice any one save themselves. He'll get over it. If he don't, you can't help it. You'd ought to be sadder at parting with us than Jim."

"No, Constance," putting her arms about Constance's neck and kissing her, "dearly as I love you all, the knowledge that I part with him in aught save a kindly spirit, pains me more than leaving you, knowing that we are the same true friends as of old."

"Dear little Nelly! what an angel of mercy and goodness you are. It's just cruel to leave us. I almost feel hard toward Lyss for robbing us so. But, Nell, may be I can assure Jim of your friendliness. May be I can be a friend to him. He has no sister but you. Poor boy, he is to be pitied."

"O, Constance, darling, will you? I'll be so glad. And write and tell me. Yes, do be a friend to him. He sets so much store by love and sympathy."

And the two girls fell asleep in each other's arms.

Lyss had forgotten all his pique, on seeing Mr. and Mrs. Carson, and the visit was a most happy one to all. And the parting the next morning was sad and regretful.

Mr. Carson drove Ulysses and Nelly to the station, Constance and Fanny accompanying. The train was there, and the travelers hurried on board. A brief leave taking, and they were flying away westward by the speed and power of steam, each busied with meditation varied and tender.

Nelly was wondering over Lyss' manner of parting with Constance. He had simply held her hand in his a moment, breathed "adieu" in a low tone, and turned to Fanny with a gallant, cordial air: "And so I'm compelled to give you the parting hand, Miss Bacon, and we scarce acquainted. I am very sorry, and trust we may meet again."

"Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well."

Why was he less demonstrative in his bearing toward Constance, an esteemed friend of his childhood, than he was to a mere stranger. Then she fell to thinking of the sad despairing in Jim's eye and voice at parting with herself. They had paused at Mr. Wilson's gate to say adieus. "Good bye, Nell," he had said. "May you be happy, if I am not." None but Lyss noticed this—not even sharp-eyed Fanny, who happened to be speaking with Lena Wilson, who had come out with Jim to see and give farewell greetings to their friends. Nelly's eyes had filled with tears and her emotions choked her. She looked at him silently and reproachfully, and offered her hand. He grasped her slender fingers eagerly, momentarily, and turned away. Poor, foolish Jim! How sorry she was for him.

Two week's time found Nelly comfortably settled as mistress and housekeeper in her new home. And sister Mary's first letter, in answer to Nelly's brief note on her arrival at her destination, was hailed with enthusiastic joy. "Sit right down, Lyss, now, and let me read it!" This was what she read:

"My Dear Brother and Sister:—Though I've hardly time, yet I must write too, or else I know I will not get any news of you. But I am in such a hurry I can't go into details this time, as I am very busy to-day. The machine will be here to-night—Mr. Wilson's machine. He has hired Mr. Mulligan—and Jim you know was farm hand—well, he also goes with them. They three run the threshing machine. Jim and Constance grew to be quite good friends before she went back to school. But not quite so intimate as were he and Fanny. I do believe she is really in earnest, coquette as she is. And Walter Bacon is really interested in Lena Wilson. Constance wished me to send you her everlasting love and say she'd write when she came home; she is too busy in school. The term closes in October, I believe.

"And Oh, Nell! Do you know that our little Charley has really cast you off? He was so grieved and insulted at your going away that he cried and sobbed for an hour, when he suddenly looked up with a defiant, determined light in his eyes. 'Ma, I is just goin' to give Auntie Nell up, I is! She shan't be my aunt any more at all, so she shan't. I'll get some one else to be my auntie. If Con hadn't gone too, I'd have her.' When I assured him that she had only gone to the station to return by and by, he cheered up and went out to his play as usual. But as soon as he saw Mr. Carson and the girls come home, he came in for

permission to go over. 'You'll let me I know, ma, 'cause I'se got business, you know.' And he marched away with his hands in his pocket, as important as a general, returning soon with a bright and happy smile, declaring 'at Con was goin' to be his aunt, for she said so.' And he has always spoken of her as Auntie Con ever since. Now don't you feel sorry you are disowned?

"Write soon and often, dears; we are impatient to hear from you. With Charley's love, and Mr. and Mrs. Carson's, your sister,
MARY."

Continued.

A DIALOGUE.

Annie.—Though the Sabbath bells are ringing,
Let us wander wild and free;
While the flowers around are springing,
Come and play along with me.

Mary.—What, and mock the God who made us,
Scorn what his commandments say;
God is mighty, and he bid us
Holy keep his Sabbath day.

A.—Ah! but who would mourn and sorrow,
When we might some pleasure see?
Perhaps there may be rain to-morrow,
Come to-day and play with me.

M.—Gospel truths are still a treasure;
Shall I cast them all away?
Not for any worldly pleasure
Would I break the Sabbath day.

A.—While our frames are strong and hearty
Let's be happy; come, agree;
Let us join some pleasant party;
Spare an hour to play with me.

M.—Duty loudly bids me stay not,
Bids me hear not what you say;
Life goes quickly, and I may not
Live another Sabbath day.

A.—Thus to leave me, how provoking!
Duty is your constant plea;
But I know that you are joking.
Come one minute and play with me.

M.—All temptations are distressing,
Here will I no longer stay;
How can I expect a blessing,
If I break the Sabbath day.

A.—Sure you have not lost your reason;
Why should children churlish be?
Only for a little season,
Just one moment, play with me.

M.—Not one moment, grace is stronger
Than the snares the wicked lay;
Sin it is to linger longer,
I will keep the Sabbath day.

A.—Haste away then; since you dare not
Take your pleasure, bend your knee,
When and where you will, I care not,
You shall never play with me.

M.—I can pardon bad behavior,
Nor will I neglect to pray
That we may, with Christ our Savior,
Spend an endless Sabbath day.—*Sol.*

REMARKS.—The last two lines are hardly scriptural, if they are intended to convey the idea of man's living "an endless sabbath day" without labor. True, man will enjoy endless freedom from sin and sorrow; but even in the new earth time will be divided into weeks, with their days of labor and sabbaths of rest. For proof of this my little readers will please turn with me to Isa. 65: 17, and read to the end of the chapter.

"For, behold, I create a new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind." Vs. 21: "And they shall build houses and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them." Isa. 66: 22, 23: "For as the new heavens and the new earth, which I will make, shall remain before me, saith the Lord, so shall your seed and your name remain. And it shall come to pass that from one new moon to another, and from one sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord."

H. S. DILLE.

WAITING FOR GOD.

WHILE the yellow fever was raging in New Orleans one summer, a little boy was seen one morning, lying on the grass in one of the streets. A kind-hearted gentleman noticed him, in passing, and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," said the boy. The gentleman was touched by the sorrowful tones of the child. He saw, too, that the fever was already upon him. "What do you mean, my child?" he asked. "God sent for mother and father, and little brother," said he,

and took them away to His home in the sky; and mother told me before she went, that God would take care of me. I have no home, and no one to give me anything; so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said He would. He will come, won't He, sir? Mother never told me a lie."

"Yes, my child," said the gentleman, hardly able to speak, for his feelings, "God has sent me to take care of you." A beautiful smile lighted up the child's face as he said, "I knew that God would send for me."

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER X.—REDEMPTION FROM THE FALL.

Q. Had Adam and Eve any power to recover from the fall?

A. No, not the least power of themselves.

Q. Why had they not power of themselves to recover from the fall?

A. Because the law they had violated was holy and divine, and nothing short of a sacrifice equally holy and pure could repair the breach, restore the loss, and reconcile man to God. And as Adam and Eve had become sinful, they were unable to make such an offering; therefore, in order to effect the salvation of man, from the fall, it was necessary for an offering of equal purity with the law to be made.

Q. How was the redemption from the fall wrought out?

A. God, foreseeing the helpless, sinful state into which man would fall, granted him grace and favor from before the foundation of the world, and in his great love for man, in the fullness of time sent his only begotten Son, who knew no sin, and who, in obedience to the will of the Father bore our sins in his own body, giving his life a ransom for our race II. Tim. 1: 8, 9; Jno. 3: 16; 11. Cor. 5: 21; Mark 10: 45; Jno. 3: 17; Rom. 5: 8.

Repeat the passages. "Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God; * * * according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."

"Who knew no sin."

"To minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

"That the world through him might be saved."

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Q. Can man be redeemed from the "Fall," to a state of innocence and happiness through the mediation of any other being than Jesus Christ, or in any other way than that pointed out in the Scriptures?

A. No, the redemption by Jesus Christ is the only one. I. Tim. 2: 5; Acts 4: 12; Ps. 19: 7; Jas. 1: 17; Acts 10: 34.

Repeat the passages. "For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

"Neither is their salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

"The law of the Lord is perfect."

"With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

"Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."

When an atonement was made, did mercy claim redemption for men?

Yes, as far as they had suffered by the fall of Adam. John 12: 32; I. Cor. 15: 22; Rom. 5: 18.

Repeat the passages. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

"Therefore, as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men unto condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life."

Q. Does not the redemption of Christ extend to the personal transgressions of all mankind?

A. Yes, but only upon conditions of obedience. Rom. 2: 6-10; I. John. 1: 7.

Repeat the passages. "Who will render to every

man according to his deeds: To them who by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, eternal life: But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness; indignation and wrath. Tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile; But glory, honor and peace, to every man that worketh good."

"But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Q. Are all men sinners in the sight of God?

A. All men who have arrived at years of accountability, have, in something or other transgressed the law of righteousness. Rom. 3 : 23; I. John 1 : 8.

Repeat the passages. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

"If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

Q. Are little children considered sinners in the sight of God?

A. No, they are redeemed solely through the atonement of Christ, which secures for them all that was lost in Adam's fall. Luke 18 : 16; D. and C. 28 : 13; Mosiah 1 : 14.

Repeat the passages. "But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"But, behold, I say unto you, that little children are redeemed from the foundation of the world through mine Only Begotten; wherefore they can not sin, for power is not given unto Satan to tempt little children, until they begin to become accountable before me."

"The law of Moses availeth nothing, except it were through the atonement of his blood; and even if it were possible that little children could sin, they could not be saved; but I say unto you they are blessed; for behold, as in Adam, or by nature they fall, even so the blood of Christ atoneth for their sins."

Q. What is the plan of redemption generally called?

A. The Gospel, or plan of salvation.

Q. Do the conditions of the gospel or plan of salvation ever change?

A. No, they are unchangeable as their Author. The Psalmist says, "the Law of the Lord is perfect." James calls the gospel the "perfect law of liberty," and if PERFECT, the conditions of that law can not possibly admit of any change; and so positive was the apostle Paul of the unchangeableness of the conditions of the gospel law, that he pronounced a curse upon any man or angel who should pervert the gospel plan of salvation which he had received and had preached. Heb. 13 : 8; Ps. 19 : 7; Jas. 1 : 25; Gal. 1 : 8, 9. See II. John 9, 10, 11.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."

"But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, the same shall be blessed in his deed."

"But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, if any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed."

Q. With what feelings ought we to regard the Lord Jesus Christ, when we consider the love manifested by him to us?

A. We ought to feel towards him the warmest gratitude and love, and be ready to keep all his commandments and precepts.

SUCCESS WITH A BIBLE CLASS.

AFTER about twenty years' experience as a Sunday-school scholar and teacher, I have observed that success with a Bible class depends greatly, if not mainly, on the following points:

- 1st. Punctuality of the teacher. He must not be behind time.
- 2nd. The teacher must be master of his lesson, and be able to give illustrations clear to the point, and such as his class may readily understand.
- 3rd. He must treat Bible subjects with seriousness and earnestness.

4th. He must encourage the timid, treat with respect opinions differing from his own, and shield from mortification those who may give him wrong answers.

5th. He must allow no tedious discussions.

6th. He must give every member something to do, and not allow a few to monopolize the time, even if he has to substitute answers to those who are backward for fear of answering incorrectly.

7th. He must manifest a personal interest in each member of his class, treat all with cordiality and avoid all appearance of personalities.

8th. He must not let the exercises pass without making it contribute in some way to the conviction with the Bible; and that it is the word of God, and as such, is the most important book that man can study.

W. STREET.

THOUGHTS ON THE MILLENNIUM.

Tune "Fading Flowers" same as Hymn 75.

When coils, that now bind us are sundered,
And we meet on Millennium's shore;
When the toils of our warfare are ended,
And the griefs we have felt are no more:
Who can tell of the joys that will gladden,
Kindred hearts which have met here on earth:
What a zeal in each bosom should enter,
When we think of the crown and its worth,

O, the day dawns. I feel it is near us,
If we're true to the cause we espouse;
When the "Kingdom of heaven we'll enter,
And live under the Father's pure laws;
Then we've met to be parted no never,
Death and sin over us holds no sway;
What a zeal in each bosom should enter,
To advance, in the plain. "Narrow way."

When we're all gathered home to mount Zion,
And our Savior doth reign then as King;
With the glory of God be surrounded,
Then the "song of redemption" we'll sing;
When one grand round of peace we shall witness,
Through the scenes of a thousand bright years;
What a zeal in each bosom should enter,
To exclude all our doubts and our fears.
July 8th, 1875. LUTHER R. DEVORE.

INCONSISTENCY.

THE son of Scipio Africanus, a profligate young man, wore on his finger a ring, upon which the image of his father was engraved. The Roman censors were so much disgusted with the degenerate son wearing upon his person the picture of his noble parent, that they insisted upon his taking the ring from his finger. They considered that he was insulting rather than honoring his father by wearing it. And thus will God regard all His degenerate children who bear his name without conformity to His image. In the army of Alexander the Great there was a soldier of the name of Alexander. To him it was said, "Either be brave or change your name."—*British Evangelist.*

PURITY OF CHARACTER.

EVER the outer coat of plum and apricot there grows a bloom more beautiful than the fruit itself—a soft delicate powder that overspreads its rich colors. Now if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever; it only appears once. The flower that hangs in the morning imperaled with dew—arrayed with jewels—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell gently on it from heaven.

On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, and trees, blended into a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated.

So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored,—a fringe more delicate

than frost-work, which when once torn and broken, will never be repaired. When a young lad or girl leaves the parent's house with the blessings of a mother's tears still wet upon the cheek, if early purity of character be once lost, it is a loss that can never be made up again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effect cannot but be in some way felt, though by God's mercy it may be forgotten.

YE DID IT UNTO ME.

A RUSSIAN sentinel, as he was going to duty one night, met a Christian man whom he knew, who remarked to the soldier that he feared he was very inadequately clothed, considering the extreme severity of the weather, and taking off his own warm coat, generously lent it for the occasion. So intense was the cold, however, that in the morning the poor watcher was found dead. Some little time afterwards his benefactor dreamt that he saw the Lord walk into his room clad in the aforementioned coat!

"Oh! dear Lord Jesus," exclaimed he, "have you my coat on?"

"Yes," said the Lord, "I was naked, and ye clothed me!"

Precious commendation! Who does not covet it?

DO THY LITTLE.

A CERTAIN king would build a cathedral, and that the credit of it might be all his own, he forbade any from contributing to its erection in the least degree. A tablet was placed on the side of the building, and on it his name was carved as the builder. But that night he saw in a dream an angel, who came down and erased his name, and the name of a poor woman appeared in its stead. This was three times repeated, when the enraged king summoned the woman before him and demanded:

"What have you been doing? and why have you broken my commandment?"

The trembling woman replied:

"I love the Lord, and longed to do something for His name, and for the building up of His church. I was forbidden to touch it in any way; so in my poverty I bought a wisp of hay for the horse that drew the stones."

And the king saw that he had labored for his own glory, but the widow for the glory of God, and he commanded that her name should be inscribed upon the tablet.—*Ralph Wells.*

VISIT TO CHESTER CITY.

I HAVE been on a visit to my parents in Chester City, fourteen miles from Philadelphia. While there I paid a visit to the Zoological Gardens and Centennial Buildings, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The chief feature of the garden was a "Prairie Dog Village," an Aviary, where rare and beautiful birds from all parts of the old and new world are kept, and "Carnivora House," costing \$50,000. In fact, almost every animal you could mention, besides birds and reptiles, could be seen there.

I also paid a visit to "Independence Hall," where old relics, such as coins, paper money, tables, chairs, and portraits of all the great men who signed the Declaration of Independence could be seen.

WM. STREET.

DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

SAID a little boy, "Not yet," as he was busy with his trap and ball. "When I grow older, I will think about my soul."

The little boy grew to be a young man.

"Not yet," said the young man. "I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper.

"Not yet," said the man of business. "My

children must have my care. When they are settled in life, I shall better be able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a gray-headed old man.

"Not yet," still he cried. "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but read and pray."

And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.—Dr. HAVEN.

"BETTER TAKE A SHEEP TOO."

 VALUED friend and able farmer, about the time the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence, said to his newly hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you that I shall try and have my work done this year without rum. How much must I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it; you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall if you will do without rum."

"Agreed."

"Father, will you give me a sheep too, if I do without rum?" then asked the elder son.

"Yes, you shall have a sheep if you do without."

The youngest son then said:

"Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also."

Presently Chandler speaks again:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

The farmer shook his head, he hardly thought that he could give up the "critter" yet, but the appeal came from a source not to be disregarded; and the result was, the demon rum was thenceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy of all concerned.

Correspondence.

PLANO, Illinois, September 15th, 1875.

Dear Hope:—For the first time I essay to address a few lines to you. I am fifteen years old and a member of Plano Branch of the Church, which branch numbers about one hundred and fifty members. We have a good Sunday School, through the summer we met at nine o'clock, but after this we will meet at twelve o'clock.—Br. F. G. Pitt is Superintendent. We also have a Sunday School prayer meeting at one o'clock, presided over by the Superintendent, so we have good opportunities for improvement.

I have been working in the Herald Office nearly a year, learning the printer's trade, I like the business very well. I set the type for a good many articles and letters in the *Hope*. By and by I will write to you again, perhaps, and tell you what I work at in the office, and what a queer name I am sometimes called by. Lest I make this letter too long I bid you good bye. Yours for the right way,

WILLIAM CRICK.

WIRT, Jefferson Co., Indiana,
September 29th, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—I will endeavor this time to write you an interesting letter, I have often written to the *Hope* with a desire to do good and interest the young Hopes, but have never made my letter very interesting. I too am a Hope of Zion, but not a little one. I have belonged to the Church for over two years, and this is now the happiest time of my life. I have been taking the *Hope* for about two years, and intend to take it as long as I have the means. I would be very lonesome without it. Some tell me it is only for little children, and try to get me not to take it, but it makes me feel humble like a little child when I read it, and Christ says "Except ye become as little children you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." As I am twenty one years of age, of course I am not a very little child, but I feel like one in the great Latter Day Work, when ever I attempt to do any thing for the Master.

As I always loved little children, and always felt an interest in their welfare, I would like to write some nice story that would be beneficial and interesting to them, but I always feel my inability to do any thing when I attempt to write, but I still hope as I grow older to be of more use in the work of my Master; for this end I wish to live long upon the earth, that I may be instrumental in the hands of God of saving many precious souls from darkness and ruin. We are hav-

ing very cool weather now and heavy frost, which is hard on my poor old mother, who is very thin and weak, she has been sick for over a year, not able to do much, all this time she has been getting weaker, now she keeps her bed most all of the time. I would to God she was a believer in the work, but she is not. I fear my mother will soon bid adieu to this world, then I will be an orphan indeed, as my father has been dead for about six years. Little Hopes, pray for me that I may stand my trials in humbleness, and always be ready to say, O Lord thy will, not mine, be done. Little Hopes and big ones too, let us watch every opportunity to do good, and never let one pass by where we can do some good, for our Master who has done so much for us. We never can repay him for all he has done for us. Let us not be proud in our hearts, for "a proud look," is one of the "seven things" that the Lord "hates." See Proverbs 6: 16-19 verses. Let us not be proud in our actions or our dress, such as ruffles, puffs, bustles, false hair, jewelry, etc; which things are an abomination unto the Lord; but let us dress neat and plain, so that we may be known from the people of the world. Another thing that the Lord hates is a lying tongue, and so does everybody else, except a bird of the same feather; then let us avoid this great sin, every child at, say four years old, knows it is wrong to lie, if their parents have ever tried to teach them any good principles; then let us study the law of God and learn what he would have us do, and when we learn, try to keep them faithful; this is the way to be a good Saint and obtain the crown of life that is laid up for the faithful. With many good wishes for all the good Saints and good Hopes I sign myself your sister and well wisher.

JANE M. STITES

VINCENNES, Lee Co., Iowa, Sep. 15th, 1875.

Brother Joseph Smith.—This is my second attempt to write to the *Hope*. I am sure it is a good little paper; we have a Sunday School and a good one too, and have a meeting here every Sunday. I am trying to do my Lord's will but have a great many temptations, I find it very hard to do. I want all the little Hopes to pray for me that I may continue faithful to the end. Your brother in Christ.

JOHN S. PARISH.

INLAND, Cedar Co., Iowa,
September 12th, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I feel inclined to write a brief essay for our loved paper, thinking perhaps a description of our journey to Buffalo Prairie might be interesting to those that were not privileged to attend as I was. Friday, August 27th, my Pa and Uncle E. M. Wildermuth, Mother, and little brother Frank, cousin Ada and my self started. We set out at an early hour and traveled southward over as beautiful and rich a farming country as can be found, until we reached Muscatine, where we crossed the beautiful Mississippi on the new boat, Ida May; we journeyed South East and in due time arrived at Bro. Eli Epperly's and were their guests most of the time while we were at Conference. Had a very pleasant journey, eating apples and drinking cider, eating lunch and singing. The day passed away very pleasantly. We saw a good many familiar faces, and a great many strange ones. Formed some new and very pleasant acquaintances, heard two able discourses on the Sabbath, delivered by Bro. H. C. Bronson. Had a very good prayer and testimony meeting. I did not attend all the meetings being so wearied from our ride of forty miles. On our return home we stopped on the Illinois side, ate our lunch and fed the horses. The river being low we walked down its bank, gathered some shells. By the time we were refreshed from our forenoon journey, the ferry boat arrived and we started across to Muscatine, we stopped a little while in town and then proceeded on our journey, as we had twenty five miles yet to make; we reached home at ten o'clock p. m. take it all in all, we had a very pleasant time. Yours as ever,

FLORENCE RUSSELL.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., California
September 6th, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—Once more I pen you a few lines for the *Hope*. I am now at home with my parents, there are no Saints here, save myself and my mother, who was baptised a short time ago, for which I am thankful. There are some here that I think are seeking the truth to know, since they have heard the word of the Lord, through the mouths of his servants, pray little hopes that their labors be not in vain, but that it may be as bread cast upon the waters to be gathered after many days. We live where we cannot meet with the Saints often, for it is thirty eight miles to the nearest place of meeting.

I do so love to read the *Hope* and the nice letters from the little folks; it makes me feel as though they are alive in the work, and are willing to cast in their mights to help roll on this glorious Latter Day Work, I like to read the piece "Cloud and Sunlight," if it is only part facts, it goes to show the willingness of the writer to help, and then there is so much truth in it too, I would like to see more of the little Hopes writ-

ing. I was greatly interested in "What is it Worth?" I hope it will be continued. The happiest hours of my life is when I can unite my voice with the Saints in praise to Israel's God. Pray for me that I may run life's race through with faith and patience, that I may not yield to temptation, but with you all be caught up in the clouds of heaven to meet our blessed Redeemer. From your brother in the covenant of Christ.

WILLIAM N. DAWSON.

WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA, Sep. 5th, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—As I could not go to Church to-day I thought I would write to let you know that I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, and I feel thankful to my Heavenly Father that I have obeyed the Everlasting Gospel, for I know that it is true, and I am going to try to be more faithful in serving my Father which is in Heaven. I ask an interest in the prayers of all the Saints, and I will pray for you, that I may ever be found faithful to the end.

I was at the Conference on the sixth of last April, and I never enjoyed myself better in the world than there, it has been in my thoughts ever since; there has not a day past that I have not thought about it. O how I long for the time to come, when I may again see all those I met there. One I shall never see again in this life, but I hope we may (with you all) meet in Heaven. Your Sister in Christ,

LAURA Y. HUTCHINGS.

DELOIT, Crawford Co., Iowa, Sept. 30, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—Once more I make an attempt to write a few lines to our little paper, in which I am very much interested. I was at Conference and had a very good time. Br. Charles Derry came home with us and preached five times. From here he went to Columbus, Nebraska, to attend their Conference at home. Br. Jason W. Briggs has just been here. He preached five times, to large and attentive congregations. My desire is to live faithful and obedient and gain the prize which we have started for. May we live in that way and manner that we may be acceptable in the sight of God, and do some good in our day and generation. Let us keep our lamps trimmed and burning, for we know not what hour he will come to make up his jewels here on earth. Pray for me that I may fear God and keep his commandments.

ELEN DOBSON.

The Workshop.

TO MAKE COOKIES.—Take 3 eggs, 2 cups of sugar and 2 cups of butter, beat well together. Then add 1 pint of sour cream, a large teaspoonful of saleratus, flavor to suit the taste, flour enough to make a stiff dough, roll thin, and bake in a quick oven.

ADA HUNTER.

SIBERIAN JELLY.—To each four quarts of Siberians, put three pints of water, boil slowly until very soft, then strain through a jelly bag. To every pint of juice add one pound of sugar, boil one half hour, press the pulp through a colander, add one half sugar. It makes the nicest kind of marmalade. This is very good, for ma has tried it.

FLORENCE RUSSELL.

"WHY don't you swear? all the other boys do," said one small fellow to another.

"I'd cut my tongue out rather than swear," was the brave and right reply of the other. "God is my heavenly Father, and do you think I'd speak ugly words of my Father?"

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$258 47 Mell Halliday	.. \$ 25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	.. 1 65
Cicely Chaburn	.. 1 00
Henry Halliday, Jr.	.. 25
W. N. Dawson	.. 39

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

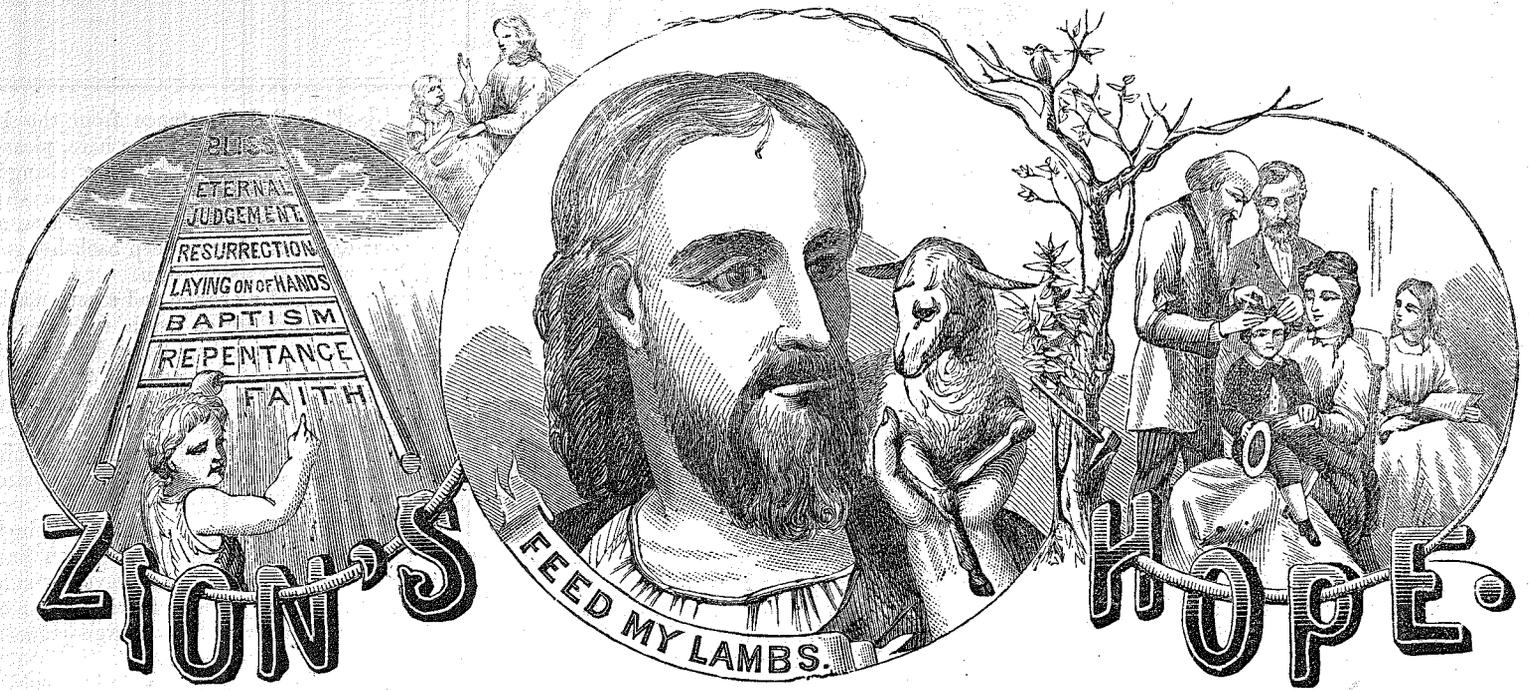
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For instance, 15 Oct 75 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th day of October, 1875, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., NOVEMBER 1, 1875.

No. 9.

LITTLE WALTER'S DREAM.

"MOTHER," said little Walter Williams, "can I go fishing this afternoon?" Tom Jones is going and wants me to go with him, and I know we can catch *lots* of fish." "No my son," replied Mrs. Williams, "I do not want you to go. The water is so deep it would be unsafe for you, unless a man was with you; you might fall into it and be drowned: besides I have serious objections to your being in company with Tom Jones: he is a bad boy and will very likely lead you into mischief." Walter knew there was no use arguing the point with his mother, for she, like all mothers should be, was one of those firm, steady women, whose word was law to her children, and from which there was no appeal; he therefore commenced pouting and sulking and went and sat down by a large tree that grew in the yard. "Oh how I wish I was a man," he muttered to himself, "then I could do as I pleased. I could go fishing whenever I wished and would not be bound down by my mother who is always afraid to let me have a little fun. It was only a short time ago she refused to let me go to the circus, and a short time before that she would not let me go to see the new saloon, although she knew I would not drink a drop. If I was only a man I would do as I pleased and and go where I had a mind to. How I wish the time was here." Thus he muttered, and grumbled, and sighed, until he fell asleep; and commenced dreaming. He thought himself a man—full size, and at perfect liberty to do as he pleased. There was no one now to say "you shall" and "you shall not." No mother to "bind" him down now. He was as free as the little fishes he had so longed to catch. As free as the little birds that build their nests in the old oak tree. His long, long desire was now realized.

Having his wishes so soon accomplished, he was at a loss what to do first. Many different plans for *fun*, as he used to term it, presented themselves to his mind; but he let them all pass, because he did not know which would yield him the greatest amount of *fun*. At length Tom Jones, who also was a man, passed along and asked him if he would not go to the saloon. He commenced telling Tom that his mother would not allow him to go, but remembered that he now was a man, and could do as he pleased, so he quickly decided to go. Every thing he saw seemed to possess a new charm for him; and he felt an inordinate desire to plunge into every pleasure that came to his notice. He saw men drinking liquor at the bar, and looked as if he would like a dram. They saw his eager face, and invited him to drink. He

took one glass. Being unaccustomed to strong drink its influence was soon discovered upon his face. His eyes shone brightly his cheeks turned quite red, and his head seemed to whirl round and round in a circle. He asked for more which was given him; and continued to drink till at length he was beastly drunk, when he staggered away and fell into the ditch, where he remained until the poison had spent its strength. The first thought that came into his mind on awakening was, what his mother would think to learn that he had been drunk. "But," said he, "why need I care, *I am now a man* and can do as I please. It's none of her business."

After this first downward step, others of a similar nature followed in rapid succession. He passed from one indulgence to another, paying no heed whatever to the counsel of the wise, or the advice of those who would do him good; until he was universally known as a drunken, worthless fellow; wholly unfit for the duties of life. All decent people—except those who tried in vain to reclaim him—shunned his society, and he was left to himself to enjoy that liberty, he had so much desired when a boy.

Years passed rapidly by, and he sank deeper and deeper into sin and crime. Once in a long while he would check his passion and think of his mother and his innocent childhood, and make an attempt at reformation; but it would be but a feeble one. The old thought that he was now a man and could do as he pleased, would take possession of his mind, and he would again yield himself a prey to his unnatural appetite. His name became an ignominious by-word. His money was all spent, while he was fast nearing that end, the inevitable result of drinking strong drink, the drunkard's grave. O you little innocent Hopes, take warning by this poor man's fate, and never, never, NEVER let the deadly stuff enter your lips. The end thereof is death.

One day while the thirst for strong drink was raging upon him, and he had no money to satisfy it, he saw a man passing by with a handfull of banknotes. He thought it a favorable opportunity to obtain means to satisfy his burning appetite; so with the fierceness of a tiger he sprang upon him and with a heavy blow from a club the man fell dead to the ground. "Old What," as nearly every body now called him, was suspected, arrested, tried and condemned to be hung for murder, and was placed in a dark dungeon for safety, until the day of execution. He now, for the first time, began to reflect seriously upon his past life, and saw his arrant folly; and oh how bitterly did he rue it. How he wished he had heeded his mother's counsel. All this might have been

avoided if he had. He remembered distinctly the time she forbade him going a fishing with Tom Jones, and how he had murmured and pouted about it. He now desired from the depth of his repentant heart, that he could but have it to do over again. Worlds of gold would he have given, if he had had them, to be a boy once more. But alas! it was now too late. His boyhood had been spent in dreaming what he would do when he became a man. His manhood had been spent in sin and folly and he was now under sentence of death for murder. His heart was overflowing: he could endure no more: he bowed his head and wept as a child.

The day of execution soon arrived, and he was led forth to the gallows. The black cap was placed over his eyes, and the noose around his neck. Prayers were offered for the peace of his soul, and after a farewell to his friends and mother, the props were knocked from under his feet; when he came down with a sudden jerk and—awoke. Imagine, if you can little readers, Walter's, surprise and joy, at finding this all a dream, and he sitting against the old tree in his mother's yard. He at once resolved, ever afterward, to obey his mother's wishes without murmuring; and when he became a man in reality, to shun those paths of vice and folly which had lead him into so much trouble in his dream.

And now little children let me enforce upon your minds the great importance of obeying your parents. Listen attentively to their teachings, heed their advice, shun vice in every form, keep the pure law of God and be prepared at Christ's coming.

THOMAS J. SMITH.

CAN WE TRUST HIM?

HAS God changed, that he can not be trusted as in former days?

Job in his patience said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." His trust was not in vain.

Read the history of Job and learn wisdom.

When the King, the Princes and the Governors of a powerful and idolatrous nation, conspired against the "three Hebrew children," Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego, to make them bow to heathen gods, and worship the golden image which the King had set up; replied, to the threats of the King, and his command to bow down at a given signal, saying, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace." Did the Lord deliver them?

Yes, He sent his angel who walked with them in the midst of the flames of the furnace into which they were cast, delivered them from all harm, and

when the King saw them walking and one in form like the Son of God walking with them, he said "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego." He then issued a decree that every people and nation should respect their God, and fixed a heavy penalty to the violation of the decree, and gave as his reasons for doing so, that "there is no other God that can deliver after this sort." The God of the "Hebrew Children" is the God we worship; he changes not, he is no respecter of persons. In answer to prayer, He sent his angel to deliver Peter from prison. In answer to prayer, he caused the earth to quake and a happy deliverance to come to Paul, and Silas when in prison and bound in the stocks. And that same God, has in the latter times sent the angel of his presence, to deliver from death and bring joy of heart to those who in like manner have trusted him.

Reader, can you trust Him? We are assured in his word that "he is not far from every one of us," and that he is a friend that "sticketh closer than a brother."

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.
Part Third.

CHAPTER IV.—NELLY.

OCTOBER found Constance at home. A letter from Lyss awaited her. A brief note, stating that Nelly was very sick, and incessantly calling for Constance. Could she, would she come, if but for a few days. That was all. Mary could not go. Charley and baby were down with the whooping-cough, and little Mary beginning to exhibit symptoms of the same disease.

"If you only *would* go, Constance," pleaded Mary Long gently, as she soothed her suffering babe in her arms.

"Of course she'll go," responded Henrietta. "It were inhuman not to."

Constance bowed assent, and she and her mother started homeward from Charley's.

Two days after Constance rapped at the door of Lyss Baker's cottage home, and was received with quiet, grave sincerity by him. "She is a little better, but very weak. Sit down and rest you here a few moments, and then come in and see her."

"O, I'm not much fatigued, I'd rather see her at once," replied Constance, laying aside her hat and cloak. She followed Lyss into Nelly's room, and was shocked beyond measure at the change in her friend. Nelly lay white and still, with no sign of life, save the short, scarcely perceptible breathing. And so thin and emaciated.

The nurse arose from her seat by the window and clumped across the uncarpeted floor to the bedside, and spoke in a quick, abrupt tone to the sufferer. Constance raised her hand and knit her brows in displeasure at the proceeding, and gently putting the woman aside, she softly laid her hand on Nelly's arm and spoke in a half whisper.

"It's Constance, Nelly, dearest; and your brother tells me you are better. I'm so thankful!" and she bent and touched her lips to Nelly's white brow, smoothing away the matted brown ringlets with her cool, velvety fingers.

"O, Constance! I'm better already from seeing you," whispered Nelly, with a fluttering sigh.

"Don't worry yourself trying to talk, Nelly, not until you are stronger. I'm going to take care of you now;" and sitting down by the bed she took Nelly's hand in hers, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her fall into a sweet, restful slumber. Just then Ulysses called Constance to tea.

The moment they were out of the sick-room, she exclaimed, "Say, Lyss, why don't you allow the poor girl a width of carpet at least in front of the bed, to muffle the sounds of footsteps—especially *such* footsteps as that nurse's. It's shameful, so it is!"

Lyss paused and turned toward Constance as he was about to open the dining-room door. Somehow there had been a slight constraint in their bearing toward each other. But Constance had forgotten this now, and spoke in her own frank, unreserved manner.

"Why, Constance, the nurse ordered the carpet up, because Nelly had lung disease, and there was so much dust from sweeping."

"Fudge! Lyss, that's all moonshine! And worse! A sick-room needs very little sweeping. And those shoes of that nurse's clump like horse-shoes. It's a wonder the poor girl isn't in her grave with such nursing as *she* gives her."

Lyss was shocked and surprised, but said no more.

After supper Constance went up to the house-keeper, a kindly-faced woman, and asked her to help lay some carpet in Nelly's room.

"That just agrees with my ideas, Miss Carson. I told the nurse she oughtn't take up the carpet, but she said she understood her business, so of course I let her have her way."

They went up stairs and found a couple of widths of new carpeting, which Lyss assured them Nelly had sewed together for the best chamber, just the day before she was taken ill. This Constance decided was the very thing wanted, as it would raise no dust in handling. In a very short time, and before Nelly awoke, and so silently that she was not disturbed, the carpet was spread, a bottle of disinfectant opened on the table, a window let down with the outer blinds closed, and the nurse, who had very reluctantly assisted, arrayed in a pair of serge slippers which Constance had given her, if she would wear them now, all the time.

"O, how much easier I can breathe," sighed Nelly, opening her eyes. "Constance hasn't gone?" She spoke quite audibly now.

"Here," replied Constance entering at the moment with a bunch of beautiful tempting grapes in her hand. "Will you taste one? Just the juicy pulp." And retaining the blue, smooth rind between her finger and thumb, she dropped the grape on to Nelly's parched tongue.

"How cooling and delicious it is!" she murmured. "May I eat another?"

"Certainly you may, dear," replied Constance, instantly giving it her, then laying aside the remainder.

Nelly seemed better all night. The next morning the nurse came to Lyss with the corners of her mouth drawn down till her lips described the two inclined sides of a triangle. "I'm going away, Mr. Baker! I aint needed any longer. Miss Carson has took it on herself to tend to things, and superintend *me*, like as if I didn't know nothing, and I can't stand it, so I'm goin'."

Mrs. Brainard, the housekeeper, who happened to be in the room, turned away her face to hide a smile. Lyss waited a moment, scarce knowing what to say. Then replied:

"I'm very sorry you're offended, madam, and I think you're mistaken in regard to Miss Carson. She only desires to act for the best, and in that way which shall make Nelly most comfortable. She is a kind, good girl I assure you, madam, and"

"I'm not madam, any more'n she is, I want you to know. We're both unmarried ladies, and you ought to call us both the same; instead of calling her *Miss* and me *Madam*."

Lyss compressed his lips to repress a smile, as he glanced from the nurse's candle-wick curls streaked with gray, to her thin lips where just a solitary tooth was displayed. "Thirty-five at least," was his mental comment. "Humph! compare herself with pretty, merry, eighteen-year-old Constance! Strange that old maids never know they *are* old maids." Aloud he said:

"Pardon, *Miss* Gaston, but how much am I indebted to you?"

"Six dollars only. And here's *that* girl's slippers. I don't want 'em." And she laid them down, took her money and departed."

"O, Lyss!" called Constance from the hall above, a little time after. "Come here, please." Then, as he came near, "There's a change, a singular one. I know she's worse—I'm afraid she is dying." And she grasped his arm, and setting her teeth together to keep back her grief, she drew him into the sick room.

There was indeed a change and a very marked one. She lay as white as death with her lips slightly apart, while every labored respiration seemed as if it exhausted her supply of strength; and a lingering, flitting, dead gray shadow was creeping over her features.

"O, Constance!"—gasped Lyss in an agonized whisper. "Is she dying? We must summon the doctor at once."

"But what use is it," replied Constance in the same tone. "He said last evening, you know, he had done all he could. I just gave her a dose of medicine, and she refused to take any more. Faintly declared she would never swallow another drop, as it had done her no good."

"But what *shall* we do?" queried Lyss in an anguished voice.

"Lyss!" whispered the sick girl faintly. He instantly bent his ear to her lips. "Lyss, send Mrs. Brainard to me."

Wondering why Constance would not do as well, he went out to do her bidding. Mrs. Brainard was standing by the stove, stirring some preserves she was cooking.

"Certainly I'll go, right away," turning to her little girl, (she was a widow), "here, Netty, you watch this in the stew-kettle closely. That poor sick girl wants me, precious, dear!"

"Yes, mamma," shaking her sunny curls, and seating herself quite near.

"I know what she wants, Mr. Baker," Mrs. Brainard remarked to Ulysses, as they went out of the kitchen. "She has twice spoken to me about sending for that minister of our persuasion, who preached in the church two weeks ago. This morning early, when she first began to feel worse, she asked me some strange questions, and then entreated me to send for him, as she felt that death was upon her. But I wouldn't without your consent."

"Did she ask you that? For what, I wonder," returned Lyss. "Here she is, Nelly, dear," and he bent over the sick bed again. The breathing was fainter and shorter, and the thin face was constantly overcast with that peculiar death-like pallor which is unmistakable.

"Tell her"—she paused and raised her eyes to her brother's face. "O, Lyss! I want to see the man—the one who preached in the church, you know."

"Certainly, dear, I'll go immediately. Where did you say he was stopping, Mrs. Brainard?"

Nelly raised her hand in appeal. "Don't leave me, I beg of you. I might not live till your return. I'm sinking fast and shall never rally, unless"—

"Unless what, darling? What can we do for you? Tell us, oh, do!"

"Send for him quick," and she closed her eyes wearily. Constance turned away, sobbing silently. Lyss sank on a chair and hid his anguished face, and Mrs. Brainard hastened out of the room.

Little Netty was at her post, faithfully watching her mother's kettle.

"Say, dear, won't you run over to Uncle Joe's and tell Bro. Davis to come immediately. This minute, dear, and hurry. Tell him to come quick, for the sick girl is dying, and wants to see him."

The child flew rapidly down the walk, and was over the hill and out of sight in a moment it seemed. In a very short time—it was only half a mile distant—a kindly-eyed, dignified man, with white hair and beard, yet upright and brisk in carriage came up to the door, and without a word was conducted up to the sick chamber. Constance was at the door, anxiously waiting, and gave the man such a mute, yet eloquent look of gratitude that he felt that they were duly introduced. People do not stand on ceremony in the

court of death. Lyss, who had only seen the man in the pulpit, grasped his hand warmly and with tearful eyes led him up to Nelly.

"Nelly, dear sister, here is Mr. Davis. She seemed too weak to comprehend. "Mr. Davis has come, little sister, Open your eyes, can't you?" She did, and they lighted up a moment as she essayed to speak, but the parched tongue refused her bidding and she merely raised her hand, which Mr. Davis took kindly in his own, asking in a low tone "Did you want to see me? Is there any thing I can do for you?" and stroking her wasted hand soothingly, he laid it on the white counterpane, which was scarcely whiter.

"Yes," she gasped, as with much effort, "I want you to pray for me. You believe the sick may be healed. Can you not pray that I be restored?" "Those who have believed and obeyed Christ's teachings have a right to the promise, my child, if they ask in faith," was his reply. "Shall I pray for her?" turning to Ulysses, whose emotions choked his utterance, but he bowed assent and they all knelt with him—even little Jannette, who had softly entered the room; and the minister poured forth such a heart-felt prayer of entreaty, of faith, of gratitude—that every heart was overflowing as they rose to their feet again. Nelly sighed and raised her eyes to the man's face, again. "I believe!—oh, may I not be healed!" she murmured in a deep, impassioned whisper. Asking Lyss' permission, he then drew a vial from his pocket and poured a few drops upon her head, witnessing solemnly that it was done in the name the Lord—then laying his hand upon her head with gentleness, he appealed to high heaven—to heaven's King in the name of the Son, for life and health for the sufferer, who had come with faith, such as was given to the children of the kingdom, and closed by sealing on her head the blessing she solicited, asking God's sanction, and promising that according to her faith so it should be. Not a word was spoken for some moments, until Nelly opened her eyes, and raised herself up, arranged her pillow and asked for Constance.

"O, Constance, dear friend, I am better, oh, so much better! Don't you know it? Thank God! for he has saved me!"

Constance could only kiss her and weep. Lyss was bewildered and said nothing, only gazed into Nelly's face, which had assumed its wonted color save a slight paleness. To see her rise and turn herself, and arrange her pillows, when she had been too weak to help herself for days, was more than he could comprehend.

"Shan't I send for the doctor to give her something to strengthen her?" he asked of Mr. Davis at length.

"I don't think it necessary. A little light food will give the best strength now, perhaps." Nelly smiled almost like her own happy smile.

"I'm hungry, and if Mrs. Brainard will toast me a slice of nice bread, I shall enjoy it, and be so thankful,"

Mrs. Brainard instantly left the room to prepare it. Mr. Davis approached the bed. "I'm thankful to see you so much relieved, and hope you will not doubt, but cling to the promise and continue to recover rapidly. I must go now, for I have an appointment twenty miles distant for this evening."

Nelly gave him her hand. "I am sorry you must go so soon. But thank you for your kindness and hope you will not fail to come and see us when you return."

"I shall most happily do so," hesitating and glancing at Ulysses.

He came forward, expressed his gratitude and invited Mr. Davis to come again.

"Well, good by. I hope to see you both at the little church again, a week from to-morrow," said Mr. Davis, turning to go.

"Do you suppose Nelly'll be well enough to go?" asked Lyss in amazement.

"Most assuredly, if she does not get discouraged and is well taken care of. I shall surely remember to pray for her."

And he departed, and Nelly began to eat the toast Constance had brought her with a decided relish.

To be continued.

SAMUEL'S SIGN.

LITTLE children, have you read the prophecies of Samuel, the Lamanite?

If you have not, get the Book of Mormon and turn to the fifth chapter of the Book of Helaman, and from that to the close of the book, which ends with that chapter, you can find a very thrilling and wonderful account of how God warned the people on this continent, through his servant Samuel, urging them to repentance, causing him to utter important prophecies concerning impending judgments, and the great "sign" that was to be given to the people of this country on the night previous to the birth of the Christ at Jerusalem: the sign to be a night in which there would be no darkness, which was prophesied of, about five years before the birth of Jesus.

Now, many believed the teaching of this prophet, and after a while when the hearts of some waxed gross and grew cold in the things of God, they began to doubt the prophecies of Samuel, thinking they were all vain delusions, and conspired with the more wicked part of the people to put those humble followers of the prophet to death. Like as in the days of Queen Esther, the time for their destruction had been set, which was to be in the night; But on the morning of the day preceding that night; Nephi, a servant of God, who had been informed of the evil intentions toward himself and brethren, bowed himself to the earth, in humble pleading to God, in behalf of his people, and obtained promise from God, that on that night, should the great "sign" be given. And when it occurred, it put to confusion the enemies of the righteous, causing the people of God to rejoice in the fulfillment of his promises which, coming when it did was a means in the providence of God, to deliver them from death, while the wicked feared because of their iniquity.

For a history of the fulfillment of these important events, read the Book following, and for interest, you will find this bit of sacred history, of which I have given but a small part, more interesting than a fairy tale, and in worth, invaluable.

ROBERT FULTON.

HIS celebrated civil engineer was born in the town of Little Britain, in the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. His father died when he was only three years of age. After receiving an English education, he was placed with a jeweller in Lancaster, with the intention of acquiring the trade. This pursuit, however, did not prevent him from cultivating and exercising his talent for painting, which he afterwards pursued with great success. By the advice of his numerous friends, he made a visit to London, and placed himself under the direction of Mr. West; he immediately became an inmate of that gentleman's house, and very soon, his companion and friend. The friendship thus formed subsisted, unabated, until the death of Fulton.

For some years after leaving the family of Mr. West, he employed himself as a painter. He did not, however, feel himself entirely satisfied with his progress in the art, and was, at length wholly withdrawn from its further cultivation, by his ruling taste for the mechanic arts.

As early as the year 1793, he brought forward his project of propelling boats by steam, with much confidence; and, in September following, he communicated his ideas on steam navigation to Lord Stanhope, who acknowledged it by letter, dated October, 1794.

In 1794, the British government granted him patents for a double-inclined plane, to be used in transportation; for a machine for spinning flax; and another for making ropes, &c., &c.

In the year 1796, he submitted to the British Board of Agriculture, a plan for the improvement of canal navigation, which was favorably received, and for which he received a patent in the year 1797. He then went to France, with a view to introduce it into that country.

In 1798, pursuing this interesting subject with great zeal, he published a series of letters, addressed to Earl Stanhope, in which he clearly exhibits the advantages to nations arising from canals and home improvements generally, simple taxation and free trade.

On his arrival at Paris, a friendship commenced between him and Joel Barlow, which ended only with their lives. At the invitation of Barlow, Fulton took up his residence at the hotel of the former, where he continued to remain during seven years. In this time, he studied the high mathematics, physics, chemistry, and perspective. He also acquired the French, Italian, and German languages.

Barlow, about this time, was preparing for the press his elegant edition of the Columbiad, which he afterwards dedicated in terms of glowing effection to Fulton. The splendid plates which adorn this work were executed under the superintendence of Fulton.

In December, 1797, he made his first experiment on submarine explosion on the river Seine, in company with Barlow.

In December, 1806, he returned to this city, and immediately recommenced his experiments on sub-marine war. He also directed his attention to steam navigation.

After several successful experiments, he published, in 1810, his interesting work, entitled "Torpedo War," which contains a full account and clear explanation of his system.

The earnest solicitation of the Honorable R. R. Livingston, who had pointed out to him the incalculable advantages which would arise out of a perfect system of steam navigation, had the desired effect of arousing the energies of his genius to a subject which he had not bestowed much attention upon since the year 1793.

After his return to the United States, in 1806, he and Mr. Livingston commenced building a steamboat called the "Clermont," which afterwards navigated the Hudson at the rate of five miles per hour. From this memorable era in the life of Mr. Fulton, the art of navigation by steam continued to advance towards perfection, and the last boat built under his direction was better than any that had preceded it.

On the breaking out of the war of 1812, he again turned his attention to his favorite project of sub-marine warfare, and after various successful experiments, obtained, in 1813, a patent for a "sub-marine battery."

It was from his sub-marine battery that he conceived the plan of the "steam man-of-war."

This invention was readily patronized by government, and in March, 1814, a law was passed to build one; the cost estimated at three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. He was appointed the engineer; and, in little more than four months from the laying of the keel, she was launched under the name of "Fulton the First."

The last work on which he was engaged was a modification of his sub-marine boat; her model was approved, and he had received the sanction of the executive to construct one at New York; but, unfortunately, his country had to lament his death before he had completed it. He terminated his valuable life on the 24th of February, 1815, a martyr to his efforts in the cause of science.

Mr. Fulton was about six feet high. His person was slender, but well-proportioned and well-formed. His features were strong, and of manly beauty.

In all his domestic and social relations, he was zealous, kind, generous, liberal, affectionate. He knew of no use for money, but as it was subservient to charity, hospitality, and the sciences. At the time of his death, he was a member of the principal literary and scientific societies in the United States.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER XI.—FAITH.

Q. What is the first principle in the gospel or plan of salvation?

A. Faith.

Q. What is faith?

A. "Belief; the assent of the mind to the truth of what is declared by another, resting solely and implicitly on his authority and veracity; reliance on testimony."

Q. Can we please God without faith?

A. No. We must believe that he is a rewarder of them that seek Him. Heb. 11:6. Eph. 2:8. Mar. 16:16.

Repeat the passage. "But without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." "By grace are ye saved through FAITH."

"He that believeth not shall be damned?"

Q. In whom, and in what must we believe?

A. We must believe in God, on the witness he gives of himself, and in his son, upon the "record" God has given us of him, and in the power of his gospel through which, life and immortality were brought to light. Acts 14:17. Jno. 5:10, 2 Tim. 1:10.

Repeat the passages. "Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."

"He that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record God gave of his son." "Who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

Q. Must ALL men exercise faith in order to be saved?

A. Yes. Faith is the key, figuratively speaking, that unlocks the door, to the reception of every blessing that flows to man through the gospel or plan of salvation. Hence, in order to do the will of God, and rest in his favor we must have faith in him as above explained. Heb. 11:6. Eph. 2:8. Mar. 16:16.

NAPOLEON AND THE STONE-CUTTER.

NAPOLEON, when in the height of his power, being once at Amiens, whilst traversing the square, in the midst of the acclamations of the inhabitants who had assembled around him, cast his eyes upon the multitude, and perceived in one of the corners of the square, a stone-cutter who had not been induced to quit his work by the curiosity which animated the crowd by whom he was surrounded. The indifference of this man excited the curiosity of Napoleon. He wished to know something about him; and, passing through the crowd, urged on his horse until he arrived close to him. "What are you doing there?" said Napoleon. The workman raised his eyes, and recognized the Emperor. "I am cutting stone." "You have served under me," quickly observed the Emperor, who recognized an old soldier. "It is true, sire." "You were present at the campaign of Egypt—you were a brigadier in such a corps?" "Yes, sire." "Why have you quitted the service?" "Because I had completed my time, and obtained my discharge." "I am sorry for it: you were a brave man—I shall be happy to do for you anything in my power: say, what do you require from me?" "That your majesty will leave me to cut my stone in quiet; my work suffices me; I am in want of nothing." This fact brings to mind the interview of Diogenes with Alexander; but the modest pride of the Greek philosopher was not equal to the reply of the stone-cutter.

"Aunty, did God make that man?" whispered a little four-year old to his companion, in the Jamaica Plain horse car, as he looked askance at Mr. Wah Lee, one of the new laundrymen from the flowery kingdom, who sat opposite.

"Certainly, my dear," was the reply; and why do you ask such a question?"

"Because, aunty, he didn't make the hinges to hang his eyes on straight."

A MECHANICAL NOVELTY.

A New Orleans man has, after six months of labor and study, completed a work of art which appears to be a marvel of ingenious mechanism and a monument to man's perseverance and patience, which is described by the *Picayune*. This work contained in a case about three feet square, is suspended against the wall, faced with glass, and showing from within a very picturesque rural scene in miniature. In the background is a windmill in active operation; a balloon conveying two aeronauts toward the clouds; an old-fashioned signal tower on a high hill with a man engaged in transmitting signals. At the left is shown a handsome church, with an illuminated clock, marking the standard time. In the foreground at the left, two villagers are seen drawing water from the well, whence the watery liquid runs in a sparkling stream. On the green, sheep are playing their merry pranks, while below them is a bay wherein a full rigged ship and a steamer are plowing through the rolling waves. In the extreme foreground a train of cars makes lightning time through the country, and to the right the picture is completed by an old country mill in full play. The effect on the beholder of this display of the water, the green hills and the signs of animation observed upon every hand, is exceedingly entertaining. Mr. Johnson has achieved a triumph in the construction of the work, and it is not only pleasing as a novel spectacle, but valuable as a specimen of art. The figures, ships, trains, etc., are separated by an intricate mass of machines, which upon being once wound up, the grand movement is continued for about an hour.

Correspondence.

HUTCHINSON, Jefferson Co., Colo.,
Sept. 26th, 1875

Last winter Br. F. C. Warnky came to Denver City, where I live; and on the first day of January, 1875, he organized a Branch consisting of 9 members; he was the first man I ever heard preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. My mother has always taught me, the principles (or doctrine) of the Church. I was baptized last April. We have had a good Sunday School and meetings in Denver until about a month ago, Br. and Sr. Warnky having left there and several members having gone east, has pretty near broken up the Branch; but as soon as I go back I intend to reconstitute the Sunday School any way. I love to read the *Hope* very much, especially the letters; when I read the letters of the little folks it makes me feel as if I was right with them. I ask you all to pray for me that I may ever be found faithful in the path of duty, and that I may endure to the end. Little Hopes, when I think of all our Savior suffered and how he humbled himself for us; it makes me feel as if I could go through anything on earth for His sake. I intend to do all I can in pushing forth His glorious cause. May God bless us all in my prayer, from your brother in Christ.
GEORGE E. WARD.

MILTON, Florida, October 7, 1875.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—I seat myself to write to the little *Hope*; this is my first attempt. I am no hand to write much. I love to read the little *Hope*. I belong to the Church of Christ, am only fourteen years of age, was baptized when I was eleven years old, by Br. L. F. West. I love to read the Scriptures, the *Herald* and the letters from the little Hopes.
Yours truly in Christ,
JAMES F. COOPER.

FORT SCOTT, Kansas, Oct., 5th, 1875.

Dear Editor:—I am living in the above named place, and am trying to live an honest and upright life. I am the only one here that belongs to the church; the people here are very much prejudiced against the Latter Day Saints. I try to remove all the prejudice I can. I feel very despondent some times, but when I think we are born to trouble, I pray to my heavenly Father to give me a pure heart, so that I may serve him better. I desire the prayers of all my little brothers, that I may at last find rest in a better world than this. I remain yours,
MARTIN L. MIDDLETON.

JEFFERSON, Greene Co. Iowa, August 24, 1875]

Dear Little Hopes:—There has not been any preaching here for three months. When brothers Lambert and Smith came here, Br. Lambert debated with Rev. A. Wilson on the Book of Mormon, as being a divine record. They debated two days, four hours each day; and they debated one day on the laying on of hands as

a divinely appointed ordinance for the reception of the Holy Ghost. I see some of the little Hopes say in their letters that they like to read "Cloud and Sunlight." Well, I like to read it, but I don't think we ought to indulge such reading, because I think it draws our minds from sound to flashy reading.

JOHN HATCHER.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, Oct. 3d, 1875.

It is Sunday evening, and they have all gone to church and left me alone. I have been reading the last Hopes, and saw so many letters from my dear companions, it encourages me to write. Brother Mark has been here preaching, ever since conference, he baptized twelve persons at conference, and seven since, which amounts to nineteen in all. We have a nice Sunday School here, it numbers fifty or more scholars.

We have church every Sunday after noon, and evening, and prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. In our Sunday School, we read in the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Bible, Testament and primer. I attend school, and of course my time is pretty well occupied; but my prayers are that all may seek after the Kingdom of God. I hope my little brothers and sisters will pray for me that I may not go astray.
ANNIE PALMER.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM IN HOPE FOR OCTOBER 1, 1875.

Finish thy work; the time is short,
The sun is in the west;
The night is coming down; till then
Think not of rest.

Finish thy work; then wipe thy brow,
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work; then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won;
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
"Well done! Well done!"

LYDIA BALLANTYNE.

Answered by M. L. Middleton, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Answer to Enigma No. 1, in Hope for Oct. 1, 75.

John, Ada, Hand, Inn, Madam, Sam, Oh, Fan, Alkali, Farm, Ink, No, Hank, Flora. John Franklin Adams.

Given by M. L. Middleton, Fort Scott, Kansas.

THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

1 Sam. 3:1-10.

In Israel's temple, once by night,
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by unseen angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke,
"Samuel," it called, and thrice it spoke;
He rose—he ask'd whence came the word;
From Eli?—No:—it was the Lord.

Thus early call'd to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod:
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were bless'd.

Speak, Lord! and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love Thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear,
Speak, Lord, to us, Thy servants hear.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$258 47	Mell Halliday	..	\$ 25
Zion's Hope Sunday School	St. Louis, Mo.	..	1	65
Cicily Chatburn	..	1 00	Henry Halliday, Jr.	25
W. N. Dawson	..	39	Mrs. Dorinda Dawson	50
James Smart	..	1 00	Cora A. Richardson	40

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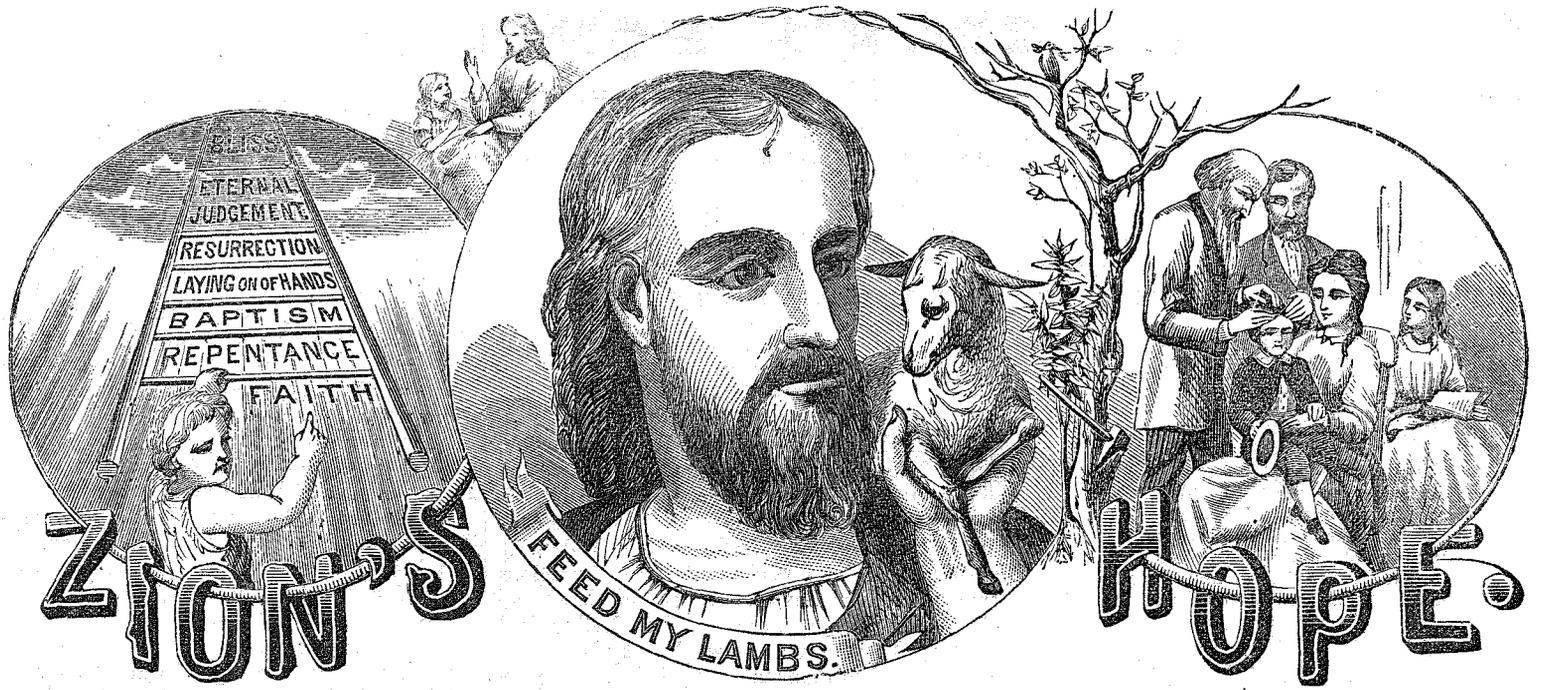
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., NOVEMBER 15, 1875.

No. 10.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.

UNCLE M. As many of the young readers of the *Hope* are not conversant with the early history of the Latter Day Work, and of him, who, in the hand of God, was by his direction, the founder of the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints; will you please answer, for their benefit, the following questions: which I am am satisfied will prove interesting and instructive to many readers of our little paper?

Q. "When and where was Joseph Smith the Prophet and founder of the Church born?" He was born December 23d, 1805, in the town of Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont.

Q. "What were his parent's names?"

A. His father's name was Joseph, and his mother's name was Lucy.

Q. "Where was Joseph Smith, Jr., living at the time he received his first revelation?"

A. He was living at Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, his parents having removed there from the state of Vermont when he was about twelve years of age.

Q. "When did Joseph Smith, Jr., receive his first revelation, and how old was he at the time?"

A. He received his first revelation "early in the spring of 1820, and was in the fifteenth year of his age.

Q. "What were the circumstances attending this revelation?"

A. Series of revival meetings had been going on in that vicinity and many had made profession of faith in Christ, and Joseph, also, had become concerned about the salvation of his soul. But about this time a dispute and war of words arose between the ministers and leading members of the different sects, over the converts, about their reception into the different churches or societies. And on account of this war of words and conflict of opinions about who was right, Joseph was laboring under great difficulty, not knowing what to do, or with which sect to unite, owing to the varied understandings and explanations of the same passages of scripture. And while in this state of mind, he was one day reading the Epistle of St. James, where it says, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." Upon reading this, he thought that if any man lacked wisdom he did, and accordingly, relying upon God's promise, he retired to the woods and sought wisdom of Him, as directed in his word, that he might know, "which of all the sects were right, that he might know which to join." And while offering up the desire of his heart to God the following scene occurred. He said, "I had scarcely done so, [begun to pray,] when imme-

diately I was seized upon by some power which entirely over came me; and had such astonishing influence over me as to bind my tongue, so that I could not speak. Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me for a time as if I were doomed to sudden destruction

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

Joseph, in his account of what followed, states that, no sooner had he recovered himself so as to be able to speak, than he enquired of the Personages who stood above him in the light, which of all the sects were right—(it having never entered into his heart that all were wrong) and which he should join. And was answered that he "should join none of them, for they were all wrong."

The Personage who addressed him said that all their creeds were an abomination to him, that those professors were corrupt, that they drew near him with their lips while their hearts were far from him, that they taught for doctrine the commandments of men and that while they had a form of godliness, they denied the power thereof. And forbade him to join any of them; beside many other things, closing his account of the vision with these words. "When I came to myself again, I found myself lying on my back looking up into heaven." And adds that from the time he first told of the vision, a few days after, opposition and persecution set in.

But like Paul on his way to Damascus, he had received a vision and the world could not make him disbelieve it, or destroy the knowledge he had received from it. See History of "Joseph Smith the Prophet," by his mother, pages 74 to 78.

Q. "What course did he pursue after he received the revelation."

A. Remained at home under the direction of his parents as any dutiful son should; standing aloof from all religious societies, and meditating upon and seeking to profit by what he had learned, from such an important source.

Q. How long was it before he received another vision?"

A. He received a second vision on the 21st of September 1823, in which was revealed to him the existence of the Plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated.

Q. "What were the circumstances attending his second vision?"

A. On the evening of the 21st he retired to his bed in a very serious and meditative state of mind, earnestly desiring a manifestation of his standing before God, and while he was thus in the act of calling upon him, he discovered a light appearing in his room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noonday, when immediately a personage appeared at his bedside, standing in the air, "for his feet did not touch the floor." He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness: his hands and feet were bare above his wrists and below his ankles. "His head and neck were also bare. I could discover," said Joseph, "that he had no other clothing on but this robe, as it was open, so that I could see into his bosom."

Not only was his robe exceeding white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person. When I first looked upon him I was afraid, but my fear soon left me. He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Nephi." See "Joseph Smith the Prophet," pages 78 and 79.

The angel told Joseph on that occasion, that God had a work for him to do and that "his name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues; or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people."

The angel at this time declared to him the existence of a Book or golden Plates, whereon was written an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source whence they sprung, and also said that they contained a fullness of the everlasting gospel as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants of this continent, and that with the plates were deposited the Urim and Thummim, two stones set in silver bows, the possession and use of which (stones) were what constituted Seers in ancient times, and that "God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book."

During this vision he was shown the place where the plates were deposited, so that when he visited the spot he recognized it, and beside this he received much instruction from the messenger, in the unfolding of the prophecies and the doctrines of the gospel and of the Judgments that were coming upon the earth.—*Times & Seasons*, vol. 3, page 729.

To be continued.

OUR FATHER'S WAY.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall;
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather, close together,
And in hushed and tender tones,
Ask each other full forgiveness
For the wrongs that we have done.
Should you ask why's this the custom,
At the ending of the day;
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our father's way?"

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true;
Op'ning wide its doors of greeting
To the many not the few;
If we share our father's bounty,
With the needy day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was our dear father's way.

Sometimes, when our hearts grow weary,
Or our task seems very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong;
Then we gain a fresh new courage,
As we rise to proudly say,
Let us do our duty bravely—
That was our dear father's way"

Thus we keep his memory precious,
While we never cease to pray;
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly,
To go home our Father's way.

G. W. G.

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

A Monosyllabic Meditation.

BY ALBERT S. PORTER, D. D.

DO a thing well, one needs to know the worth of deeds, large or small. The end may not prove the right aim, but a right aim is to be sought first, and then the deed may be left, where all men's deeds must be left, in the hands of God. There are folks who do not ask to know if a thing be right or wrong, but if it will do some thing to please the self, which is first in the thoughts of a bad mind. To put down this self, the love of Christ is meant to be at hand for our help. Love and law are at one. He who loves most what is right and good and true, will prove that law is the chief friend of all. It may be hard to see this so long as sin blinds our eyes. But the light of Christ's love drives black night off, so that with pure rays of God's truth all things may be seen to be as they are, good or bad. Yet as love is life, we must know that where love is not, the law of God is a hard rule, and the heart turns to it as if it were a foe to peace. Now the part of the law may be to drive us to Him who is the end of the law, but the part of love is to hold us by sweet and strong ties to the Rock, cleft for us. There we are safe.

The rose is fair, for it draws its life from the sun, which is the source of that wealth of tint and shade which we find in earth and sky; but how much more do our souls need to draw from the Great Sun of our Faith all that can make them bright, and cause them to throw back the rays they get from on high, so that their light may shine clear and well in the ways by which we go to the home that is not made with hands. In that fair place of love and rest no eyes will be held in the dark, for there shall be no light of sun nor moon, for the Lord shall be the light and the joy of those who dwell by His throne. It were well, then, for all who are here on this edge of time, by the shore of a vast sea, to walk with feet shod with peace, hands full of trust, eyes set

on the mark, and hearts drawn by a great cord to the long rest, where there shall be no storm; but the full calm, for which we moan and pray, while the waves press, and the winds beat on our weak barques.—*Christian at Work*.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

Part Third.

CHAPTER V.—LYSS' HOME.

NELLY was comfortable and cheerful all day. The evening found the family, save the farm hand, who retired early,—in Nelly's room. Mrs. Brainard and Constance were sewing, while Lyss was reading. Little Janette listening. He was reading the sweet, precious teachings of the Savior. When he closed the book a short silence ensued. Then Nelly asked timidly, "I wish some one would pray before we part. I feel so thankful to God for saving me from death, now in my youth, when life is so sweet, and I want you all to unite in thanksgiving to him. Won't you?"

Every one was touched by her simple, heartfelt appeal. But no one spoke or moved, only Lyss opened and shut the Bible nervously. At length he spoke slowly, and in an embarrassed manner, "I don't feel as if I *could* pray, Nelly. Though I am thankful, very thankful. I have seen so much in religion to disgust me that I have become discouraged."

"Not in religion, brother, that you have seen unpleasant things," suggested Nelly, "but in people who professed to be religious. — Mayn't Mrs. Brainard pray?"

"Yes, if she will."

And they all knelt reverently, save Nelly, who clasped her white hands and closed her eyes; and the good, kind woman offered a fervent prayer of gratitude, and asked God for more and continued blessings and mercies.

Nelly awoke refreshed and convalescent the next morning, and asked for a slice of toast. Then she insisted on getting up and being dressed. Constance and Lyss decided it was venturesome, and must not be permitted. Then Nelly appealed to Mrs. Brainard.

"If you were my sister I should surely allow it if you felt able. Should say yes, if you have faith; only wait an hour or two till the sun is higher and the air warmer," was her reply.

"If believing firmly that I can safely do so, is faith in God, I *have* that faith," pleaded Nelly, in an appealing tone.

Lyss went out without speaking and Mrs. Brainard went down to the kitchen.

"Constance, dear," said Nelly, "I'm ever so hungry yet! That tiny half slice of toast doesn't satisfy me. May I eat a piece of real bread and butter? And a small bunch of those nice grapes? Do you think it would be imprudent? You know when Jesus raised Jairus' daughter from death he told them to give her food to eat, immediately. He didn't say, just a few mouthfuls. But enough to give her strength, no doubt."

Constance brought what Nelly desired and received a sweet, smiling "thank you."

"And do you know, Con., darling, that your loving presence is a greater comfort to me than anything else? You are such a dear, faithful friend?"

"Nelly, dearest," replied Constance, "do you know I feel as if I can never sufficiently repay you for your kindness to me when I was a lonely little waif, with no one to love me?"

"But, Con.," persisted Nelly, "it is so good and kind of you to come and stay with me and leave your dear parents and sweet little brother."

"That is only doing duty, when it is a sincere pleasure," replied Con. "You loved me and was kind, when I had no parents to love me; and now, when you have none, shall I not do as much for you?"

"You are doing, oh! so much more, Constance,

dear! — And yet, I want another favor. In that great chest of drawers yonder, in some out of the way corner, no doubt, you will find, wrapped up, with some of Lyss' treasures, a little hymn book that used to be mother's. She gave it to Lyss just before she died, and he says its in there somewhere,—he'll get it for me by and by; but I want it now. I haven't seen it since she died. But I want to see it, and hear you and Lyss sing some of the beautiful hymns it contains! — What are you standing there for, Con? Why don't you get it?"

Constance blushed as she replied, "Why, Nell, I don't want to turn Lyss' things upside down. Do wait till he comes, won't you, dear?"

"No, Con; and I'll get up and get it myself, if you won't. You needn't be so dainty about it—there's only old papers, magazines, business letters and such things, in there."

"But yet he keeps this choice keepsake here, you say," persisted Con.

"Constance, will you *please* get it for me? or won't you?" cried Nelly, half displeased. "Its wrapped up in pink tissue paper, for I saw the parcel once."

Hesitatingly Constance began to examine the drawers, and presently found the described package.

"Now untie it, please," asked Nell pettishly.

Fold after fold of the pink, gossamer-like paper, and then a white muslin-bound parcel lay in her hand.

"Why, what's that, Constance?" Then Constance unfolded the muslin, and a brodered handkerchief, of quaint yet lovely design, was revealed. She bent her head a moment, then swiftly folded the little kerchief and laid it back in the drawer, and came and sat down by Nelly.

"Say, Con.," smiled Nell, "Do you know that handkerchief? — Ah! you needn't blush so sweetly dear. I know its the same little-token your precious mamma gave me for Lyss, that morning she took our Poppy away. (And when she brought her back, she was so much sweeter—prettier—better, that she was called Constance—the queer, but yet sweetly expressive name her mamma gave her when a baby). And Lyss has preserved that sacredly ever since."

"Papa named me, Nelly, dear," replied Constance, with a gentle kiss.

"But, Con, Lyss is really foolish over that little kerchief. He wouldn't part with it for the world. — But what made you blush so prettily?"

Con made no reply, but *this* is what she thought:—"I saw the word *Souvenir** in Lyss' writing, penciled on that little handkerchief, and it seems as if I did not merit the kind respect he must feel for me, to prize that so highly, just because it was given him in remembrance of me."

Lyss came in now, and Nell begged them to sing for her, and with some hesitation they complied. But they sat so far apart that they several times miscalled a word. Nelly looked surprised and still amused.

"Say, Lyss, don't be afraid of Con, she isn't a bit dangerous, I assure you. She's just as harmless as my tabby kitten. And do sing one more hymn and then let me get out of this. I'm tired of lying in bed, and want to get up to rest."

Nelly improved rapidly and in a few days' time, to the surprise of all who knew how sick she had been, she was walking about the grounds, leaning on Lyss and Constance, and happy and jubilant as a child.

Lyss' home was indeed beautiful and picturesque. Situated in the midst of a rich undulating prairie, dotted here and there with groves and farm houses, while away to the south and west the horizon was fringed with a belt of woodland that bordered a broad, rolling river, hidden from view by the dense foliage of the grand old forest trees. The southern limit of the farm was bounded by a highway. A hundred yards back from this road, rose a gentle eminence crowned with a thrifty natural grove of oak, and linden in the outskirts of which the cottage stood. While

on either hand, bordering the flower embellished lawn that led down to the high road, was a well kept orchard. Thus the quaint, commodious little home nest was embowered in trees, yet not concealed from air and sun. Back of the house and a little way up the ascent, a crystal spring burst from its rock-bound fountain and dashed in a mimic cascade down the white furrowed rock a short distance into an oval, moss-brimmed, natural basin of solid limestone; overflowing again to dance and ripple and sparkle in a circuitous direction down toward the cottage, to sweep in a smooth, narrow, swift stream through the flower plots on the left, and meander over shining pebbles through the west orchard, away to the river, whose timbered margin bounded the view in two directions.

Lyss and Nell and Constance stood by this beautiful fountain and partook of its cool, refreshing water, and Constance for the first time enjoyed the natural charms of the surrounding scenery. A little farther up the slope, a luxuriant grapevine twined itself into an arbor with the supporting aid of a young linden, while just above and on the summit of the hill, a narrow ledge of rock, trailing with honeysuckles and gipsy bells, shaded the arched entrance of a tiny grotto. By Nelly's urgent request they ascended the slope to this place. She wanted Constance to see the interior of the grotto and the little rustic sofa of infant oaks, bent and curved in graceful design, and cushioned with soft, velvety moss.

"O, how pretty and picturesque!" cried Constance enthusiastically. "What a cozy, inviting retreat in the sultry summer time! What a beautiful home you have! How lovely it must be in the spring, I imagine."

"Yes, indeed," replied Lyss, his eyes glowing with delightful remembrance. "When the trees array themselves in fresh, radiant, waving green, and the birds warble their joy and happiness till the rocks echo and re-echo with their glad melody; and the flowers fill the air with welcome fragrance and enliven this miniature forest with warm, bright tints, this lovely woodland home in the midst of a broad prairie, is a most enchanting spot. And in summer, when the sun's fervid rays burnish the fields of undulating grain, and the roses and almonds blossom on the lawn, and the pinks and gladiolus and flox nod their richly crowned heads in the breeze, no place for miles around is so cozy, cool and inviting as this shady hillside home with, its grassy lands, sparkling fountain, and tempting grotto"

Both girls were astonished and spell-bound by Lyss' unwonted eloquence. But he went on rapidly:

"Now, in autumn, as you see, when the fruit is rosy and delicious, and the rich blue grapes hang in tempting clusters within reach of the easy couch of moss and twigs within the little arbor there—and"—Nell pressed his arm—

"Pardon my interruption, dear Lyss; but do they really? Let's go and see! I'm tired and might rest in the arbor there a few moments. I never only just peeped in it, I've been so busy. But go on, Lyss, you talk charmingly."

"Yes," persisted Constance, as he hesitated. "How is it in winter?"

"As much better then, as now. When the wind sweeps over the broad prairie, and heaps the whirling snow into ponderous drifts, this little sheltered nook, with its sloping hill of dense tree growth, is protected from the fierce, driving, surging blast, having only its southern decline exposed, where the cheering rays of the midday sun, lighten and modify the scene, and make it seem a second Indian summer, all the while."

They had reached the arbor and permitted Nell to rest on the little mossy bed a few moments, and began the descent to the house.

"Say, Lyss,—Con,—I'm almost well enough to go to church. And it's only Friday. O, how glad and thankful I am!"

Continued.

*Souvenir is pronounced souv-neer; is a French word, meaning choice keepsake.

OUR SCHOOL.

VACATION has passed, and school has begun for another year's hard study; and if our time is properly spent in pursuing our instructive lessons in the school room, it will improve our minds, and will also help to prepare us for the future, which will determine whether our school days were properly spent or not. We read in our Physiology, action is the law of the living body, and the value of that training of the mind, which we call education, is everywhere recognized. A great many of my school mates have had to stop going to school on account of poor health, and caused by exercising the mind too much. But we must remember that it is just as important that the body should receive its education by exercise, as it is for the mind. But a perfect business of life, would be one which would require both physical and mental labor in their proper proportion.

At half-past eight in the morning the school bell rings, telling us it is time to go to school. On our journey we have a high and tedious hill to climb, but that is not the worst of it; when we reach the school building we have five flights of stairs to ascend; but then we do not regret our trouble so much, for we have a grand view of the surrounding country, including the City of Omaha.

In this department we have five teachers, to rule over about two hundred pupils. Mrs. A—the principle teacher opens the school at the hour of nine, by reading the Bible, and having prayer, and singing and playing on the organ, which is very nice. Then we are prepared for a day's labor at our study. Every minute of our time passes away pleasantly if we obey our teacher, and have our lessons learned well. But some times the teacher has to give us about three lectures a day to keep us all in order, for there is generally two or three odd sheep in a flock. We have one who most generally has his pockets full of amusements to entertain himself during school hours, and once in awhile draws out a jumping-jack or a fiddle string to try to draw the attention of some of his class mates, and sometimes misses it and draws the attention of the teacher, who he soon hears from.

When Friday comes, the day for composition; the teacher calls on him for a composition, the subject, "my first school days," and says he can remember the first day he went to school, and has a good reason too.

Just a few days ago two new scholars came to school, continued two or three days. Mrs. A—noticed they seemed to be strangers to us all, and spoke to us about making their acquaintance and being sociable. Just as soon as recess three or four of the senior class went up and spoke to Miss J., inviting her to go with them in the recitation room, to have a little fun with the rest of them. But Miss E. they did not notice, because she was a poor girl, and Miss J.'s parents were rich. This is one of the examples the senior scholars sets for the juniors.

In the school room we study to fit ourselves for life. We look around us and see the different courses taken by our school mates and friends, we see the effects of their efforts and make our choice. We see others successful and obtain honor and worldly renown; this encourages us to study more earnestly and win the end we seek. If the cause we work for is a good and noble one success shall crown our labors, if it be not so good, the sooner failure overtakes us the better both for us and others.

J. M. B.

SAMUELS SIGN—No. 2.

IN the Book of Helaman chapter 5, paragraph 7, is the prophecy of Samuel the Lamanite, of another sign, one that was to attend the crucifixion of Christ, and to be of three days duration.

The unbelieving part of the people on this land,

were by this sign, much like they were by the sign of His (Christ's) coming into the world at Jerusalem; but like the former prophecy, this also had its fulfillment; but of a very different character; for, instead of turning the darkness of night into light and sparing the people in their iniquity, and granting them yet, time and space to repent; the light of day was turned into darkness, and the very powers of heaven and earth, moved in agonizing convulsions, at the crucifixion of the Son of God; and the elements moved to the destruction of many of those who had corrupted their way before the God of heaven, and had rejected his counsels to them through his servant Samuel, and others.

But for a history of the awful and wondrous fulfillment of the prediction of this great sign, read the 4th, chapter of the Book of Nephi in Book of Mormon, and you can learn much of the history of the decaying ruins, buried cities, highways and viaducts, that speak of the civilization that once adorned this land.

SPELL IT OUT.

HERE is an alphabet that will make your study. Get out your Bible and turn to the places. When you have found them read and remember:

- A was a monarch, who reigned in the East.—Esther, i. 1.
- B was a Chaldee, who made a great feast.—Daniel, v. 1-4.
- C was veracious when others told lies.—Num., xiii. 30-33.
- D was a woman, heroic and wise.—Judges, iv. 4-14.
- E was a refuge where David spared Saul.—1 Sam., xxiv. 1-7.
- F was a Roman, accuser of Paul.—Acts, xxiv. 24.
- G was a garden, a frequent resort.—John, xviii. 1-2; Matt., xxvi. 36.
- H was a city, where David held Court. 2 Samuel, ii. 11.
- I was a mocker, a very bad boy.—Genesis, xvi. 16.
- J was a city, preferred as a joy.—Psalm, cxxxvii. 6.
- K was the father, whose son was quite tall.—1 Samuel, ix. 1-2.
- L was a proud one, who had a great fall.—Isaiah, xiv. 12.
- M was a nephew, whose uncle was good.—Colossians, iv. 10; Acts, xi. 24.
- N was a city, long hid where it stood.—Zachariah, ii. 13.
- O was a servant, acknowledged a brother.—Philemon, i. 16.
- P was a Christian, greeting another.—2 Timothy, iv. 21.
- R was a damsel, who knew a man's voice.—Acts, xii. 13-14.
- S was a sovereign, who made a bad choice.—1 Kings, xi. 4-11.
- T was a seaport, where preaching was long.—Acts, xx. 6-7.
- U was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong.—2 Samuel, vi. 7.
- V was a cast-off, and never restored.—Esther, i. 19.
- Z was a ruin, with sorrow deplored.—Psalm, cxxxvii.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER XII.—REPENTANCE.

Q. What is the second principle in the gospel or plan of salvation?

A. Repentance.

Q. Does repentance consist in weeping, mourning, groaning and hanging down the head sorrowfully?

A. A man may do all these things, and yet, never have repented.

Q. What is repentance?

A. "It is to feel pain, sorrow and regret at what one has done or omitted," when the facts of guilt are made known, whether of commission or omission, followed by a change of mind and course of conduct, in utterly forsaking the ways of sin

and wrong doing, in turning to God with full purpose of heart to do his will. 2 Cor. 7 : 10 ; Isa. 1 : 16, 17 ; 55 : 7.

Repeat the passages. "Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of."
"Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well"

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Q. Is it necessary for all men to repent?

A. Yes. None who have arrived at the years of accountability can be saved without obedience to the gospel; in which, is found the law of adoption into the kingdom of God, one of the principles of which is *repentance*. God by his Son Jesus Christ, and by his apostles commands men everywhere to *repent*. Mark 1 : 15 ; Luke 13 : 9 ; 21 : 46, 47 ; Acts 7 : 30.

Repeat the passages. "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: *repent ye*, and believe the gospel."

"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

"And thus it behooved Christ to suffer * * * that *repentance and remission of sins* should be preached in his name among *all nations*."

"And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth *all men everywhere* to *REPENT*."

HYMN

C. M.

Come, O ye saints of God and praise,
Your Lord and Saviour, dear,
We'll bow before the throne of grace,
And to our God draw near.

He'll guide us in good wisdom's ways,
His precepts we will learn;
Our minds he'll light with heavenly rays,
And fill our hearts with love.

Yes, he will cleanse us from all sin,
And will our hearts inspire,
With holy thoughts and words and deeds,
Which is our soul's desire.

And thus he'll lead us on to life,
Which we do highly prize;
That precious boon vouchsafed in Christ,
Life, through his sacrifice.

ARITHMETICAL.

WHILE we think a great deal of all the young Hopes, and try occasionally to contribute our mite for their instruction, entertainment and well-being in this life, and in that which is to come, we design at this time to direct the few thoughts that may find expression in this brief article, mainly to the fair young daughters of Zion. Knowing that to a great extent it rests with them, to give cast to the social standing of the Church, and to mould the characters and social habits of the opposite sex, of corresponding ages, in restraining their irregularities, through a discountenancing of them.

It is from their ranks that Zion's aged watchmen hope to see the Churches strength increased, with active, faithful soldiers, Spirit-endowed ministers to wage the conflict of truth against error, and to bear her banner aloft before the gaze of the nations in extending Zion's borders and gathering in the honest in heart, until He comes whose right it is to reign, the sceptre of whose power will extend from sea to sea.

And since we are instructed in latter times as well as those who lived in former days, to get wisdom and understanding from the reading and study of the best books, and since those books which contain the greatest amount of useful information, whether evangelical, historical or scientific, and since the Lord in his works and revelations of his will and purposes concerning the well-being of our race, made use of, to us, one of the sciences, (the principles of which we find set in order and explained in *one of our best books*), it certainly is becoming and proper in the children of men to employ the same principles or science to aid them in more fully discharging the duties and obligations they owe to him and to their friends and fellow travellers through this mortal state. And since the science or system of

principles referred to, is known to us as the science of Arithmetic, or in other words the knowledge and use of figures, recognized in the combination and proper use of the several elementary principles of Numeration, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division; it would be well then to bring every principle into constant use, so far as it will aid us in reaching the great end for which the children of Zion are seeking: namely, to do the will of God in walking humbly before him, ever trying to imitate the character of Christ, and in doing good to all people, that they may escape the corruptions the world, and at last enter into eternal life, in the world that is to come. And in doing this it would be well for the children of Zion to, first

NUMERATE

The benefits with which they are surrounded, to wit, an existence on the earth in a day and age when the gospel is preached in its fullness, and when its ordinances are administered by Heaven-acknowledged administrators; an age in which we are not left to wander in darkness after *blind guides* or a self-authorized ministry; but in an age in which the light of the Holy Ghost may be received, and the gifts and benefits of the gospel be richly enjoyed! And that Zion's fair daughters may do nobly and well, their part, in the great Latter Day Work in preparing a people for the coming of the Lord, let them

ADD

to their beauty and fair names—*virtue*, in its broadest sense, not forgetting to combine with it all the *graces* of the gospel that sweeten the character and brighten the life of a Saint. And that social pleasures and religious communion may be without alloy, let them

SUBTRACT

envy from *friendship*, that its pains and grudging dislikes at the success and enjoyments of others may never find place in their hearts. Doing so, they will be able to

MULTIPLY

amiable accomplishments by the sweetness of their tempers acquired through the subtraction of envy from their friendship, and thus show the beginning of the purity of the pleasures of an endless life. And that this happy condition may continue, let them

DIVIDE

time by sociability and economy, inasmuch as they have friends, to "show" themselves friendly," and exhibit a right use of time through diligence in business, alternating with social pleasures and intellectual pursuits.

Having done all this, they will be able to

REDUCE

scandal to its lowest denomination, and to guard well the "door of their lips," and to speak of the faults and foibles of others, ONLY as they would have their own spoken of under like circumstances.

If Zion's fair daughters will follow the above rules, they will prove a power in the Church for good, and when they reach the margin of mortality, they can look back over a well spent life, and turning toward their Father's House, gaze with delight upon their everlasting inheritance, even eternal life in celestial glory—the blissful quotient, of their life-time problem.

UNCLE MILTON.

Correspondence.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., Oct. 16th, 1875.

Dear Hope:—As I read the letters in your columns, I thought I would write also. I am eleven years old. I was baptized on the twenty-second of August last.

This is a very pretty place, but in the winter it is very cold; good by, I remain yours in Christ,

SARAH F. CURTIS.

BIRMINGHAM, England, October 11, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—It has been some time now since I wrote to the *Hope*. It is a dear little paper. I love to read its columns and learn of the goodness of God, for my whole soul rejoices in the Latter Day Work. I am truly thankful to my heavenly Father, that the way is opened up for the honest in heart.

We have had three more embrace the everlasting gospel in its purity. Bro. Joseph, I wish many more could say as we, as a people can, "Thanks be to God for the new and everlasting covenant!"

We have had a very hard year, taking it altogether, since the commencement of 1875; but we know it is but the fulfillment of our Lord and Master's word. We should see by the signs of the times, that the day of redemption is drawing nigh.

Br. Joseph, I hope all the dear Saints everywhere feel as I do, namely, an earnest desire to be faithful, and to have their lamps trimmed and burning; waiting for the appearance of Christ.

I do ask an interest in your prayers, brothers and sisters, that I may be strengthened, for I am weak and young in the cause, and temptations are strong, for I have seen the evil powers manifest, and by the help of God have overcome them. Praying that God will bless all the Saints, your sister.

ANNIE FLEMMING.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., Oct. 16th, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I like to read the letters in our little paper. I have been blessed and three of my sisters and my little brother. My baby sister is one year old. There is not many Saints here; we have meeting here every other Sunday. Good by,

FLORENCE CURTIS.

ESSA, Canada, October 24th, 1875.

Dear uncle Joseph:—As I could not go to Church to day, I thought I would write to let you know that I am not a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, but hope I will be, there is no Branch of the Church here, nearer than one hundred miles or more. My mother has been a lonely member here thirty-five years. I take the *Hope* and think it is a long two weeks till it comes. I like to read the letters of the little folks. I like to read the piece about "Cloud and Sunlight." Dear little Hopes pray for me and let us keep our lamps trimmed and burning, so we may enter in to the marriage supper of the Lord. With many good wishes, I remain yours as ever.

JORL MOONEY.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters
My 2, 3, 3, is what we sometimes do
My 7, 8, 5, is what some people drink
My 5, 6, 3, 3, 10, is what we should always be
My 7, 10, 2, is a kind of grain
My 7, 8, 9, 10, is the name of a precious stone
My 1, 6, 3, 7, 10, is an Irish name
My 7, 4, 5, 2, is the name of a city in Italy
My whole is the name of a splendid preacher in our Church.

FLORENCE P. RUSSELL.

SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS.

As the year 1875 is drawing to a close, we hereby return thanks to the subscribers, correspondents and contributors to the *HOPE*, for aid rendered, and the interest manifested in its welfare and usefulness; and as the close of the year is not far distant, we solicit the renewal of old subscriptions, and also an addition of new subscribers.

In the future, as in the past, we will try to make the *HOPE* both interesting and instructive to the young.

The Story, "Cloud and Sunlight," by Perla Wild, is expected to close with the present year; we expect contributions from her pen during the coming year.

Her articles speak for themselves, comment on our part is unnecessary. We expect to continue the "Catechism for Little Hopes," until we shall have given an outline of the doctrines and teachings of the Church. And also, to continue our "Items of Church History" as long as we think we can make it interesting and instructive to do so, or until we shall have overtaken ourselves.

We want the little folks to write to us, remembering the instruction on letter writing given in a former number of the *HOPE*.

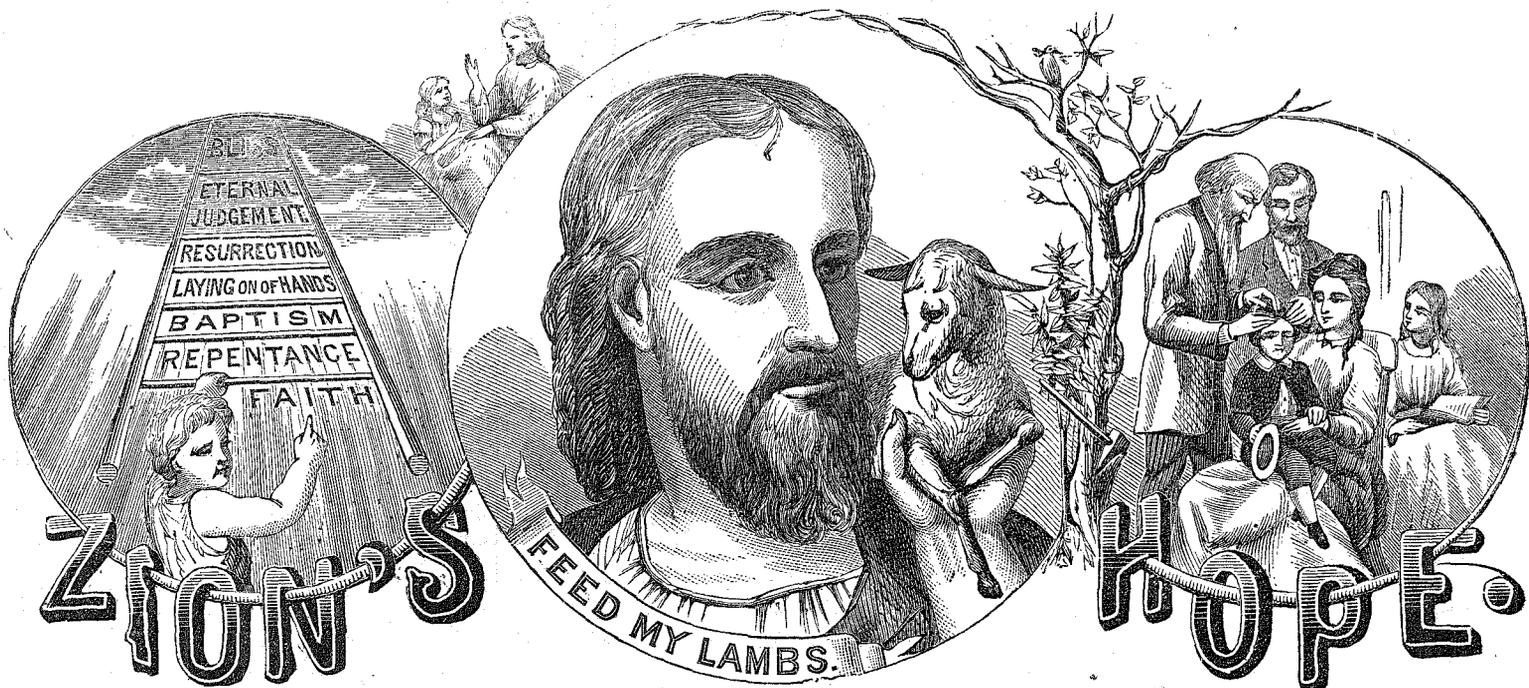
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., DECEMBER 1, 1875.

No. 11.

SABBATH SCHOOL SONG.

Children all, both old and young,
Raise your voices in the song;
You should come to Sabbath School
There to learn God's holy will.

With glad hearts our voice we raise
Singing songs in holy lays;
Here we learn God's holy word
Through the servants of the Lord.

Kindly to each other feel,
Observe to keep the golden rule;
"As we would have others do,
So we must to them be true."

O how pleasant 'tis to see,
Little children all agree;
Jusus bids us all be one,
Or, saith the Lord "You are not mine."

With bright faces, smiles so sweet,
In our Sunday School we meet;
Come we here to learn the ways
Of the Saints of Latter Days.

What the sons of God reveal
Through the Spirit's power we feel;
Blessings on our head they deal
By the Spirit's power to seal.

We to home without delay
Bear our Sabbath prize away;
With each other vying too
We bid to all, a kind adieu.

WILLIAM WORWOOD.

PEN PICTURES OF REAL LIFE.

THE following is an announcement by Perla Wild of her new piece or sketches and pen pictures from real life, which she proposes to contribute to the columns of the *Hope*, for the amusement and instruction of its many readers.

A little pleasantry, interspersed in our reading often gives a relish, keenness and strength to the intellect, and enables it to grasp, more untiringly, great truths, the association and proper application of which, make up the aggregate of a happy, useful and well spent life. The harshness of reasoning is often softened by a little pleasantry. A bow constantly strung will lose its elasticity. So with the mind, it needs relaxation and rest, as well. 'Tis said "The grave abound in repartees and wit." Cheerfulness is something that is admissible and right, in the Saints, and since the most earnest should be cheerful, and do indulge in pleasantries to break the monotonies of a lagging conversation, diversion and recreation may be sought in reading a class of literature that produces so pleasing, and yet harmless a variety of thought.

"Perla" has been pleased to christen her pen pictures or new piece, "*Rest haven.*" A pretty name indeed. May the perusal of her sketches be as pleasing and instructive to the Hopes as the

name indicates it will be. Here is—her announcement.

"Dear Hopes, one and all—Kindly Greeting—I would announce to you that I hope to benefit, amuse and instruct you with a new story soon. It will be for young and old—this new story—and you may look for it under the name of *Rest-haven*. I draw my pen pictures from nature—from every day life. The ordinary walks of life weave many salutary lessons if we but succeed in learning them. If some of the older and wiser than I object to my sketches—because they are sketches, and because there is too little doctrinal religion in them, permit me to urge this truth: honor, integrity and brotherly love are essential elements of the gospel requirements and are often left out of the composition of supposed christians. These I would illustrate as well as some other minor but very important principles, and if such illustration draw our minds away from sound reading, I cannot perceive nor comprehend it.

The problem of life is so hard to solve. But if we learn to treat others as we would have them treat us, the problem is half made out. True Charity is a grand qualification. Now dear Hopes, make an effort to sustain your favorite paper. Subscribe and persuade others to. Those faithful workers for the cause of the young are trying to make your paper interesting. How can editors succeed without correspondents and subscribers. Yours ever,"

PERLA WILD.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.

Continued.

Q. What followed the Vision and the circumstances connected with it, mentioned in the close of this former chapter?

A. On the day following the reception of the vision; Joseph Smith, with his brother Alvin and father, were reaping in the field, but Joseph seemed to be wrapt in deep meditation, so much so, that he stopped short, in the midst of his work, which attracted their attention, and so overcome and pale was he, that his father thinking him sick, instructed him to return to the house. He accordingly started, but before reaching the house, he became so weak he could proceed no further, when he sought a retreat on a beautiful green under an apple tree where he might lie down for a while, before proceeding on his way. He was there but a short time, when the messenger whom he saw the previous night, "visited him again, and the first thing he said, was: 'Why did not you tell your father that which I commanded you to tell him?'" When he replied "I was afraid my father would not believe me." The heavenly messenger replied "He will believe every word

you say to him." Joseph promised to obey his instruction. "Upon this the messenger departed." And Joseph returned to the field, sought and obtained an interview with his father, in which he related to him all that had passed between him and the angel the past night and that morning." His father's advice was, to attend strictly to the instruction he had received from the heavenly messenger.

Soon after the interview above stated Joseph repaired to the place where the plates were, which he describes as follows.

"Convenient to the village of Manchester, Ontario Co., New York, stands a hill of considerable size, and the most elevated of any in the neighborhood. On the west side of this hill, not far from the top, under a stone of considerable size, lay the plates, deposited in a stone box. This stone was thick and rounding in the middle, on the upper side, and thinner toward the edges, so that the middle part of it was visible above the ground; but the edges all around were covered with earth. "Having removed the earth, and obtained a lever which I got fixed under the edge of the stone, with a little exertion I raised it up. I looked and there, indeed, did I behold the plates! the Urim and Thummim, and the breast-plate, as stated by the messenger." "Joseph Smith the Prophet," pages 82 and 83; *Times and Seasons*, vol 3, p. 729.

While Joseph was at the place of deposit of the plates, the heavenly visitant again appeared to him, showed him by contrast, the difference between good and evil, and the consequences of obedience and disobedience in a very striking manner. Furthermore, the angel told him at the interview last mentioned, that "the time had not yet come for the plates to be brought forth to the world," and that he could not take them from the place where they were deposited, "until he had learned to keep the commandments of God—not only fill he was willing, but able to do it." The angel further instructed him, telling him to come to that place "every year, at the same time of the year," and he would meet with and give him further instructions.

On the evening of the day following the events just narrated, Joseph with his father's family were all seated in their home to hear from his lips, the great things which God had manifested to him. He in the outset, enjoined it upon the family to keep what he might impart to them, a profound secret, owing to the wickedness of the world, and the fact that the time to make them known to the world had not yet arrived, and that when the knowledge of the plates should come to the world their lives would be sought, and that

after they should obtain possession of the plates their names would be cast out as evil by all people. Hence he sought to escape the evils that would come to him through the unbelief and wickedness of the people, as much as possible, "until the time should come for them to go forth to the world."

He then proceeded to relate further particulars of the work which he was appointed to do, which was received joyfully by the family, and kept agreeably to the instructions he had given them.

From this time forth Joseph continued to receive revelations from the Lord, which he imparted in some measure to the family, when gathered in the privacy of the circle.

His mother, in her history of "Joseph Smith the Prophet," 84th page, says:

"I presume our family presented an aspect as singular as any that ever lived upon the face of the earth—all seated in a circle, father, mother, sons and daughters, and giving the most profound attention to a boy, eighteen years of age who had never read the Bible through in his life: he seemed much less inclined to the perusal of books than any of the rest of the children, but far more given to meditation and *deep study*." She further remarked, "We were now confirmed in the opinion that God was about to bring to light something upon which we could stay our minds, or that would give us a more perfect knowledge of the plan of salvation and the redemption of the human family."

"On the 22nd of September, 1824, Joseph again visited the place where the plates were deposited * * * he fully expected to carry them home with him, * * * but, as he was taking them thence (from the place of deposit,) the unhappy thought darted through his mind that there was probably something else in the box besides the plates, which would be of some pecuniary advantage to him. So, in the moment of excitement, he laid them down very carefully, for the purpose of covering the box, lest some one might pass that way and get whatever might be remaining in it." After having covered the box or place of deposit, he turned round to take the record again, when lo! it was gone and he knew not where, nor by what means.

Continued.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.
Part Third.

CHAPTER V.—WATERS OF BAPTISM.



ND Nell went to the little church and listened to a heart-stirring sermon from the lips of Mr. Davis. And she seemed unusually thoughtful and silent all the drive home. And she and Lyss had a long confidential talk toward evening. At the close of which, Lyss came into the little sitting-room, where Constance was musing alone by a west window, watching the sunset fade, scarcely realizing where she was, till the young man's voice aroused her, as he repeated,

"A shadow falls over the earth,
The soft, dreaming twilight comes on,
The cool hurried vapors of eve,
Persuade us the bright day is done.

"The canopied gleaming above,
Brings star after star to our sight;
The glory recedes from the west,—
And we are enveloped with night."

Thus suddenly awakened to life, Constance looked up with sparkling eye and tinted cheek. "Not quite enveloped in night, Lyss. A faint red glow suffuses the west, and lights up this window, and tells me by the shadow on your face that you are in trouble again. What is it, Lyss? And can I help you?"

"I don't know, Poppy," he replied, in a weary, disheartened way, dropping on one knee, and resting his head on the arm of the great chair in

which Constance sat. "Mother is dead; Mary far away; and there's no one to go to for counsel and cheer,—no one but you, Poppy. You spoke and looked so much like you did when a child, just now, that I cannot help calling you by the dear old familiar name. Do you know that I like it better than your true name?"

He did not look at her, but still rested his head on her chair arm, and gazed dreamily out at the fading sunset sky. She made no reply, but the color deepened in her cheek, as he went on: "You used to be a friend, one I could confide in. But some how, since the renewal of our acquaintance this summer, you are more reserved and distant. And I don't feel so free and unconstrained in your society as I used to. I don't understand it, and I asked Nell about it, and she just laughed outright."

Constance smoothed back the dark glossy hair that fell carelessly over his white troubled brow, and said in a low voice: "Get up, Lyss, and sit in a comfortable way, and tell me what worries you. I am your friend, believe me, and will aid you if I can. What is it?" And she placed him a chair a little way from her own, and then sat down and waited for him to speak. He began slowly.

"May be you will think me foolish for being troubled about it, but it seems just like giving her up, and she is all I have left in the world you know, and it is very hard, very."

Constance opened her blue eyes in wonder. "Give her up! Why, what do you mean? She isn't worse, is she? She seemed almost as well as ever she was, just now!"

Lyss raised his eyes to hers, and hastened to reply. "Nothing of that. She is not sick. But"

He hesitated, and Constance asked, "She isn't in love? And you going to give her up to some one else? She never hinted it to me!"

"No, Constance, not that,—but"—he paused again. The words he would speak seeming to choke him.

"But what, Lyss?" cried Constance, more and more bewildered.

"Why—why—that preacher has converted her, and she *wants to be baptized*. She says she knows it's her duty, and she wants me to consent. But I *cannot*!"

"Why, pray?" queried Constance with a sigh of relief to know the trouble was no worse. "Why not? Didn't you—didn't we receive her as it were, our dead, back to life again! Wasn't it a direct interposition of God's love and power? And did He not thereby acknowledge as his authorized agent, that man who laid his hands on her head and blessed her, and asked God to seal the blessings upon her? And didn't the kind father respond immediately? And this same man whom God thus acknowledges, expounds to us the scriptures and points out to us the way we must go. And shall we not walk therein? What are you staring at me for, Lyss?"

Ulysses turned away his head, the tears filling his dark eyes. "And you too have turned against me," he murmured, and walked wearily away to another window, and resting his arm against the sash, leaned his head upon it and sighed sorrowfully.

Constance pitied him. Poor boy! who could help it. He felt, just now, as if he were utterly alone,—as if every one of the few chosen friends he cherished were false to him. Constance seemed to understand his feelings and went over to him and asked him to come with her into Nell's room and talk it over together; but he turned away again.

"No, Con; I can't go in there now. *She* is decided, and *you* are half converted, I see; and her winning assurance would complete the business. And two against one is too much, you know," adding with a shade of his native gallantry, "especially if the two be ladies,—for even one was too many for my argumentary persuasions. No, not in there, but let's go out on the

lawn or orchard. I feel real down-hearted and dispirited. I can't give up Nell, there's no use trying!" They opened the vine-draped window and passed out.

"Did that old gray-haired man want to take Nell away with him, Lyss? Is he a widower?" And she looked up into his face with a quizzing smile. He knew she was teasing him, and answered not a word till they reached a rustic seat under a great twin apple tree, whose dual trunks diverged in opposite directions, and then shot straight upwards, forming a quaint yet comfortable resting place for the two.

"Shall we sit down here?" she asked sweetly. They did so, and he began with knit brow and down-cast eyes, pulling off apple leaves one by one and dropping them on the ground.

"You know what I mean by giving up Nell. You know how dearly I love her, and how more than worthy she is of mine, or any one's love; and it is almost like giving her up to the grave."

"Why, Lyss Baker! are you crazy quite! or are you growing to be an infidel, or what ails you?" cried Constance in open-eyed astonishment, with a grieved intonation in her voice; but Lyss persisted in desperate resolve.

"It is, Con; for I'd almost as soon see her die as"

"Stop, Lyss! you mustn't talk so! you really frighten me!" and her face grew pallid as she spoke, and she drew her scarf closer about her with a slight shiver. "It is really sacreligious for you to persist in such assertions, Lyss! It is, I know it is; and you make me tremble for the consequence of such rashness. Why will you not be reasonable? Nell will be your sister then as now. Just as kind and loving and thoughtful—and even more so, if may be."

"Yes, I know," he replied, impatiently, pushing back his hat from his forehead, gracefully, even in his abandon of despair, as he rose and stood before her. "But she will not be the same to me. There will be an impassable gulf between us. I shall not feel such a free, congenial sympathy for her. And I shall be ashamed of her when I take her with me to the homes of my neighbors—aye, when I go with her to visit Mary and your parents, and all those who knew us in the home of our childhood. O! Constance, do have pity on my anguish, and use your influence to dissuade her from her purpose!" And he set his lips together and walked away in mute sorrow, with his hands clasped tightly over his breast and his eyes bent on the ground. And Constance bit her nether lip, and tapped her boot on the soft grass nervously. What should she say? The boy was so blinded with prejudice and unreasoning pride that it seemed useless to say anything. She understood his sentiments thoroughly, and sympathized with him and pitied him. Yet still knew he was in error. Laboring, unwittingly, under a serious mistake.

She looked into his face as he came back to her, with a winning, trustful smile. And prayed in her heart, "O, Father, pity and enlighten his misguided soul. Thou knowest he is mainly a good boy, only discouraged and mistaken. In Jesus' name, give me wisdom to speak." Then aloud to Lyss:

"Sit down and calm yourself. And tell me why you would be ashamed of Nell. *Ashamed of her!* I own I can not comprehend such feelings."

Lyss sat down, thoughtfully, and presently answered, in a slow, subdued tone.

"Not that she ever spoke an unkind word, or committed an unbecoming act. But because she joined a church that is unpopular, everywhere spoken against. I *could not* endure it."

"Ulysses"—Constance spake very gently, "Do you believe in Jesus?"

"Yes, Con; but we can get along somehow, and be saved somewhere, without becoming one of *them*, can't we?" desperately.

"Yes, Lyss, undoubtedly we can. But we don't want an uncertain, indefinite happiness,

here or hereafter. We want an assurance of a home with the pure and the good—don't we?"

"Yes, Con, of course we do. But isn't there any other way?" He spoke almost despairingly.

Constance replied kindly and gently. "You remember, don't you, that it is said that whosoever climbeth up any other way, the same is a thief and a robber?"

Lyss was silent. Constance came over to his side, and spoke very considerately. "If you knew it was her duty you would not object to her becoming one of the church that is evil spoken of—doubtless because it more nearly than many others follows the Savior, who was evil spoken of, you remember, and his followers in former days."

"No," he spoke hesitatingly. "She says she knows it's her duty. Then, Con," looking suddenly up into her blue eyes, "if it's her duty, its every one else's."

Con felt like clapping her hands for joy, to hear him admit this, but wisely forbore urging the matter now. She inly thanked the good Father, and prayed that Lyss might see still more clearly, and then prepared to return to the house.

"Yes, yes," he replied, looking around in the deepening twilight. "I did not think it was so late. I must hurry up with the night chores. I promised to take Nell to meeting to-night. But I wish I hadn't."

"I may go, too? For I must go home Tuesday. I wrote to father to meet me at Oak Grove. Nell doesn't know it. I dread to tell her till I must."

They were slowly returning to the house. But Lyss paused. Don't go, Con, I beg of you. Don't leave us now! May be you can persuade her to—"

Constance interrupted him. "She is already persuaded, and I almost, Lyss."

"O, Con! Will you, too, desert me?"

"No, Lyss!—You may go hand in hand with us, if you can; at most, we will not desert you." With a kindly pressure of the hand she ran up the steps.

"Stop, Con, and promise not to go home so soon. Nell can't do without you. It seems so much like our pleasant childhood life, to be all together again. Won't you stay?"

"No, Lyss, I must return." She spoke firmly but kindly.

That evening the little church at the four corners was crowded full. Mr. Davis spoke eloquently and feelingly. He appealed to his hearers in such a sincere spirit of true charity that it seemed singular if any could misjudge his motive, or refuse the invitation he gave at the close of his address, for any one who wished to go down into the pure waters of baptism, and walk in the footprints of Jesus, to manifest their resolve by rising to their feet.

Nelly looked appealingly at Lyss, who occupied the seat with her and Constance, but he studiously avoided her eyes. Then the brave young girl, with the light of justified determination in her sweet brown eyes, and brightening her delicately tinted face, arose first of all, and modestly but unwaveringly bore the wondering gaze of the whole congregation. Constance essayed to rise—ashamed of her hesitation, for she too was fully convinced,—but Lyss, in a swift glance begged her to desist, and caught her sleeve desperately. Tenderly disengaging his hand, and whispering, "You come too, Lyss; we don't want to leave you behind," she also rose, and some half dozen others followed the laudable example.

Ulysses Baker never spoke to the girls during the drive home. But after they had gone up stairs he asked Mrs. Brainard if she would be kind enough to attend the girls on the morrow, as they were going to Crystal Lake to be baptized. They would need some lady friend.

Mrs. Brainard had remained at Lyss' while they attended meeting, and this was news to her.

"Yes, certainly! God bless the girls! And I know he will!"

"And great was the surprise of every one present, the next morning, to see Lyss Baker led

out first by the white-haired servant of God, and into the pure, limpid waters of the lake. Nelly wept for joy, and Con at least from sympathy, as they went forward to give him a welcoming hand as he came up to the grassy bank.

"Now, Nell, you and Constance may still be my dear sisters. I could not give you up. And it was so hard to conquer my worldly pride. But Con persuaded me by her womanly logic."

This was said in a low, joyful tone, as the waiting crowd began the verse of a sweet old baptismal hymn—

"Jesus, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shall be."
To be continued.

FIFTY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

An Interesting Collection of Conundrums.

An ingenious correspondent of the *Herald of Health* gives the following fifty questions, each to be answered by the name of a well-known author. The guessing of these questions will form a pleasant evening entertainment:

1. What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly.
2. Is a lion's house dug in one side of a hill where there is no water.
3. Pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him.
4. Makes and mends for first-class customers.
5. Represents the dwelling of civilized men.
6. Is a kind of linen.
7. Is worn on the head.
8. A name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings.
9. Belongs to a monastery.
10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them.
11. Is what an oyster heap is like to be.
12. Is a chain of hills containing a dark treasure.
13. Always youthful, as you see; but between you and me he never was much of a chicken.
14. An American manufacturing town.
15. Humpbacked but not deformed.
16. A internal pain.
17. Value of a word.
18. A ten-footer whose name begins with fifty.
19. A brighter and smarter than the other one.
20. A worker in precious metals.
21. A very vital part of the body.
22. A lady's garment.
23. A small talk and a heavy weight.
24. A prefix and a disease.
25. Comes from a pig.
26. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot.
27. A sick place of worship.
28. A mean dog 'tis.
29. An official dreaded by the students of English universities.
30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot.
31. A manufactured metal.
32. A game, and a male of the human species.
33. An answer to "which is the greater poet, William Shakspeare or Martin F. Tupper?"
34. Meat. What are you doing?
35. Is very fast indeed.
36. A barrier built by an edible.
37. To agitate a weapon.
38. Red as an apple, black as night, a heavenly sign, or a perfect fright.
39. A domestic worker.
40. A slang exclamation.
41. Pack away closely, never scatter, and in doing so you'll soon get at her.
42. A young domestic animal.
43. One that is more than a sandy shore.
44. A fraction in currency and the prevailing fashion.
45. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he named a poet mild.
46. A girl's name and a male relation.
47. Take a heavy field piece, nothing loth.
48. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much-loved poet you'll see.

49. Common domestic animal, and what it can never do.

50. Each living head in time, 'tis said will turn to him though he be dead.

[Answers given in our next.]

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER XIII.

BAPTISM—MODE—AND OBJECT.

Q. What is the *third* principle of the gospel?
A. Baptism.

Q. What is the proper mode of Baptism?

A. Immersion or the burial of the candidate in water, by one properly authorized to administer in that rite. Col. 2 : 12; Ro. 6 : 4; John 3 : 5; Matt. 3 : 6; Mor. 1 : 9, 10; Act. 3 : 38, 39; Nephi 5 : 8; Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 17, par. 21.

Repeat the passages. "Buried with him in baptism."

"We are buried with him by baptism."

"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the Kingdom of God."

"And were baptized of him [John the Baptist, 'a man sent from God,' clothed with authority] in Jordan."

"Jesus * * was baptized of John in Jordan." [He came up out of the water, AFTER he was baptized].

"And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him."

"Ye shall go down and stand in the water, and in my name shall ye baptize them."

"Baptism is to be administered in the following manner unto all those who repent: The person who is called of God and has authority from Jesus Christ to baptize, shall go down into the water with the person who has presented him or herself for baptism, and shall say, calling him or her by name: Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. Then shall he immerse him or her in the water, and come forth again out of the water."

Q. For what was baptism ordained?

A. For the remission of sins. Mar. 1 : 4; Act. 2 : 38 and 22 : 16; Moroni (Book of Mormon) 8 : 3; Nephi 14 : 1; Doctrine and Covenants Sec. 49 : 2.

Repeat the passages. "John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for remission of sins."

"Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins."

"Why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins."

"The first fruits of repentance is baptism; and baptism cometh by faith, unto the fulfilling the commandments; and the fulfilling the commandments bringeth remission of sins."

"Repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, according to the holy commandment, for the remission of sins."

Q. Is remission of sins to be obtained by mere immersion in water?

A. No. Of itself, immersion in water cannot remit sins.

Q. How than can remission of sins be obtained by baptism?

A. God has ordained that a man's sins shall be remembered no more against him after he has repented, and been properly baptized by one *HAVING AUTHORITY*. It is the appointment and command of God that give power and virtue to any ordinance.

I REMEMBER once hearing a story of a prisoner who was told that the cistern which supplied him with water would never be refilled when he had once emptied it, and that he would then be left to perish with thirst. Imagine how careful he would be not to waste a drop. He would know that every cupful he drank left less behind, and he would not be able to tell how soon the supply might fail. Like that prisoner's store of water is our store of time. We daily use from it, and every day less remains. Then how careful each should be of it!—*Set.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.

QUARRELS would never last long if the fault were on one side only.

LINES TO THE TRUE.

Blessed are the honest who humbly seek truth,
In old age, middle age, or tender years of youth;
None are exempt, but all have been bidden
To search for the treasures that have long been hidden;
But many there are who seek worldly applause,
That regard not the truth of God's holy laws;
The honest convictions of their heart they will drown,
In the prejudice that arises where truth may be found.
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;
No greater promise—none of more worth.
In view of the promise, ye honest in heart;
O turn to the Savior, and seek that better part.
Search for the truth, though your faith may be weak,
For God will reveal to the humble and meek,
The teachings of the Spirit, so mild in your hearts,
Will convince you of truth, when error departs.
O strive to be holy, humble, and mild,
God will present the truth pure and undefiled;
Then blessed are the humble, who live for the truth,
In old age, middle age, or tender years of youth.

ALPH. F. FLAHERTY.

LAWRENCE, Mich., March 20, 1875.

HOW MONKEYS ARE CAPTURED.

HOW are monkeys caught? The ape family resembles man. Their vices are human. They love liquor, and fall In Darfour and Senor the natives make a fermented beer of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forests frequented by the monkeys and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes it he utters loud cries of joy that soon attract his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and then in a short time they show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The few, who came too late to get fuddled, escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust the negroes, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up and these begin to weep and cover them with maudlin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead it off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support and endeavors to go on also. Another will grasp at him, and so on until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village, they are securely caged and gradually sobered down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

PROFANE LANGUAGE.

IT is related of Dr. Scudder, that on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer, with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See, friend," said the Doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country and a land of pagan idolatry; but, in all his life, he never heard a man blaspheme his maker till now." The man colored, blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself.—*Sel.*

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A WOLF one day, drinking from a running stream, observed a lamb also drinking from the same stream at some distance from him.

"I have yet to learn," said the wolf, addressing the lamb, with dignified severity, "what right you have to muddy the stream from which I am drinking."

"Your premises are incorrect," replied the lamb, with bland politeness, "for if you will take the trouble to examine the current critically you will observe that it flows from you to me, and that any disturbance of sediment here would be, so far as you are concerned, entirely local."

"Possibly you are right," returned the wolf, "But, if I am not mistaken, you are the person who, two years ago, used some influence against me, at the primaries."

"Impossible," replied the lamb, "two years ago I was not born."

"Ah! well," added the wolf, composedly, "I am wrong again. But it must convince every intelligent person who has listened to this conversation that I am entirely insane, and consequently not responsible for my actions."

With this remark, he at once dispatched the lamb, and was triumphantly acquitted.

MORAL.—This fable teaches us how erroneous may be the popular impression in regard to the distribution of alluvium and the formation of river deltas.

At a school one day, when the lesson was the table called "Ale and Beer Measure," a little boy, the son of a strict teetotaler, remarkable for the correct manner in which he usually said all his lessons, was quite unprepared.

"How is this, John?" said his teacher.

"I thought it was no use, sir," said John.

"No use!" interrupted the master.

"No sir; it's Ale and Beer Measure," said John.

"I know it is," said the master.

"Well sir," said the little boy, "father and I both think it is no use to learn about ale or beer, as we mean never to buy, sell, or drink it."

Correspondence.

MAGNOLIA, Iowa, October 31, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I have just finished reading the *Hope* of October 1st, and was surprised at not seeing a word from the young Hopes. I thought I would try and write a few lines. I am now attending the High School here in Magnolia, and have the privilege of attending Sabbath-school, also preaching twice on Sunday, and prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Although there are but few that attend our prayer meetings, I feel that the Spirit of the Lord is with us.

We expect Uncle Mark to be with us on the 9th of November. The branch has increased very rapidly since I was here two years ago. The branch then numbered twenty or twenty-five. Now there are over eighty members.

As I do not wish to occupy too much space, I will quit for this time by asking to be remembered by you all at the throne of grace.

Your sister in Christ, SARAH J. BALLANTYNE.

GILROY, California, October 31, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—We could not go to our conference, on account of sickness in our family. I was so sorry, they had such a good conference. The Spirit of God was with them. Oh! how much depends on that loving guidance of the Spirit. Jesus told his disciples to tarry in Jerusalem until they were endowed with power from on high. It seemed necessary that they should have that power that guides into all truth. * * * When we are beset with sickness and sorrow, and almost overcome with the cares of this world, what joy it gives us to feel the influence of the loving Comforter, encouraging and cheering us on our way?

Let us not give up, dear Saints. Let us try to be faithful. Let us leave off going to parties, and throw aside our light-heartedness, vanity and pride. Now is the time. Right now. No other time will do so well. Let us see that we are prepared, so that the Savior's coming will bring joy and gladness to our hearts. Praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain your unworthy sister, CHARLOTTE MUNRO.

ELKHORN CITY, Nebraska, Nov. 7, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I again attempt to write. My father and mother, brother, and two others, were baptized on the fifteenth of August, and myself, two sisters, and my brother-in-law, were baptized on the twenty-second of August. We were organized into a branch on the fifth of September, and have meetings every two weeks. I rejoice to think that I have obeyed the gospel, by going into the waters of baptism; but we must obey it in other ways beside that, to gain everlasting life; we must be faithful to the end. Little Hopes, I ask an interest in your prayers that I may hold out faithful to the end, so that when the Savior comes to number his jewels, I may be one; for there is not any of us that would like to be left behind. Well, I will close with my love to you all.

B. F. CURTIS.

HARLAN, Shelby Co., Iowa, Nov. 10, 1875.

Brother Joseph:—I take the opportunity to write a few lines. I was baptized by Bro. Nutt, about two months ago. I am twelve years old. I go a mile to school. I like to read the *Hope*. I will try to do better next time. GEORGE CHATBURN.

ALLENTOWN, Monmouth Co., New Jersey, November 10, 1875.

Brother Joseph:—As it is raining to day, I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. This is my first attempt, and I can't say much, but I will do the best I can. I was baptized by Bro. Stone last September. There is no branch here, but hope there will be soon. We have preaching every once in a while, by Bro. Small. We expect him up soon.

I take the *Hope*, and I think it is a very nice paper. I am trying to live in the fear of the Lord, and to walk in the right way as much as I can. I trust that all the little Hopes will pray for me, so that I may be fit for the kingdom of heaven when I die. There are not many Saints around here besides our family. I wish there was. I love to read the letters in the *Hope*, and think they are very nice. Well, I will bring my letter to a close, by asking an interest in all of your prayers for one who prays you. This from your sister ever in the faith of the gospel,

MARY E. MCGUIRE.

The Workshop.

DESSERT.—To make a delicate and healthful dessert, one easily prepared, put a few crackers into a suitable vessel, pour in enough boiling water to cover them, let them stand until thoroughly saturated, then grate a sufficient amount of loaf sugar and nutmeg over them, add sweet cream enough for sauce, and you have a dessert, though cheap, that is good.

CRULLERS.—Two spoons melted butter, two of sugar, two of milk, two eggs, a little nutmeg, as much flour as may be needed, mix, roll thin, cut in any shape you want. This is good, for we have tried it.

ANAHEIM, Cal.

MRS. MELISSA R. KERN.

SCRAPS.

How many of the little Hopes can tell from what date the Church was first called the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints?"

AUGUST 2nd, 1831, the Saints began the erection of the first house, in Kaw township, twelve miles west of Independence, Missouri.

IN June, 1832, "*The Evening and Morning Star*" was first published by the Church in Independence.

TRUTH.

Let us strive to speak the truth,
What e'er may cross our way;
It will guide us in our youth,
And lead us on to endless day.

O may we ever strive to speak
The truth which God has given;
When we are strong, when we are weak,
It will guide us on to heaven.

Without the truth we'd turn aside
From the commands of God;
And in this world of sin and pride
Care not to read His holy word.

While lasts this world of sin and care
May truth in glory shine,
Is ever and anon the prayer
Of Sarah Jane Ballantyne.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$258 47	Mell Halliday	..	\$ 25
Zion's Hope Sunday School,		St. Louis, Mo.	..	1 65
Cicely Chatburn	..	1 00	Henry Halliday, Jr.	25
W. N. Dawson	..	39	Mrs. Dorinda Dawson	50
James Smart	..	1 00	Cora A. Richardson	40
George Chatburn	..	50		

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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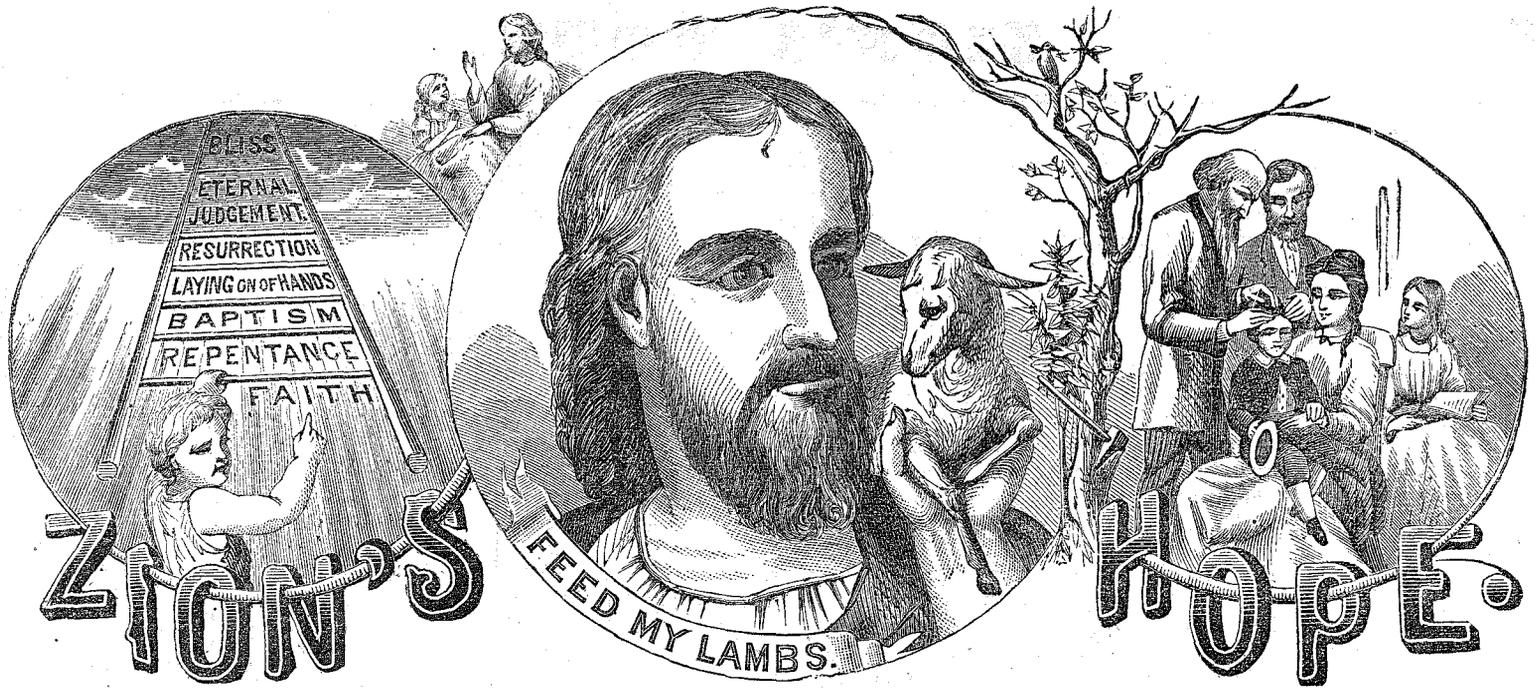
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For instance, 15 Oct 75 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th day of October, 1875, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., DECEMBER 15, 1875.

No. 12.

NEW-YEAR'S CALLS.

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?"

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more,
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

"How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

"While some poor creatures scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell
And rest upon my bed.

"While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

"Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best."

SEALS AND SEA LIONS.

THESSE animals are among the most peculiar in the animal kingdom. Their fore parts have a short web member, which answers the purpose of a limb, to some extent, while their hind part resembles that of a fish. They seem to be comparatively helpless, and yet they are very powerful in their way, and can swim at a rapid rate. In summer they expose themselves; but in winter they are generally found in the deep water. Their flesh, fat, and hides are articles of commerce, and a considerable trade is done in them.

The usual length of the common seal is five or six feet. Their heads are round, necks large, and they do not seem to have ears, as none are visible. We learn also that they delight in thunder-storms, and that during such times they seem to enjoy the raging elements with the highest delight.

They are found only in the cold waters, and by the Icelanders are regarded as the "offspring of Pharaoh and his host, who were converted into seals when they were overwhelmed in the Red Sea."

The inhabitants of Greenland find the seals of great importance to them. You will remember that Greenland, Iceland, and all those northern localities produce but little that can be used as food outside of animal life, and these seals and other animals are to those people about what our fields

of grain are to us. The flesh gives them food, the fat gives them oil for lamps and fires, and the fibers and sinews answer the purpose of thread or cord to do their sewing. The entrails are prepared and used for windows, curtains for tents, and even shirts. Their bones are also prepared and used for various domestic purposes. The skins make them clothing, and covering for houses, beds, and boats. So you see that even these ugly-looking animals are of use.

They are found principally on the rocky shores of Great Britain, Ireland, and Scotland, within the Arctic Circle. Their food consists of fish and other small water animals. The voice of a full-grown seal is hoarse, and something like the barking of a dog.

The foregoing description is that of the common seals; but there are also others. The Ursine seal is about eight feet long, and seems to have a very great affection for its young. They are also said to be desperate when they get into a quarrel among themselves, and have been known to fight for days, and will live for a week or more after receiving a wound that would be instantly fatal to any other animal.

The Bottle-nosed seal is another species, and often grows to the length of from twelve to eighteen feet. They divide their time between land and sea, and feed on such herbage as they can find while on shore. Their battles are frequent, and sometimes very furious.

There are also various other kinds of seals, among which are the Leonine, Sea Leopard, Harp, and the Sea Lion. The latter has a mane of stiff curly hair about its neck. They present an appearance in this respect similar to the lion, and make a roaring noise like that animal, or like the bellowing of a cow. The young animals bleat more like sheep.

Some rather wonderful anecdotes are told of the seal family. They are said to be capable of being tamed, and will follow their masters like a dog. It is also said that a pet seal in London answered to the call of its keeper, and would take food, crawl out of the water, or stretch itself at full length when ordered so to do. It would also stretch out its neck and appear to kiss the keeper when he requested.

The baby seals of a family are generally two or more in number, and their beds are cavities in the ice. Rather a cold bed is it not? When they are about two weeks old they are taken out to sea and instructed in swimming and seeking their food.

Well, little friends, I must bid you good-by, with the fervent hope that these articles make us all wiser and happier and better.—*The Gem*.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

Part Third.

CHAPTER VII.—JIM AND FANNY.

WHEN Con broke the news to her parents—the news that she had been converted to another gospel faith than the one they had espoused—they sat a few moments silent, then her father came and put his arms around her.

"I had hoped, Constance, darling, that you would favor the belief of your parents and grand parents. But you are old enough to decide for yourself. Much as it grieves me to know you have chosen a different path in life, yet this much I am assured, you will only pursue truth and virtue. Therefore may God bless you, my daughter."

"Thank you, my dear, noble papa, thank you."

"And we will walk with you in the new light you have found, my child, if it proves better than ours," added Henrietta, coming over to Constance and kissing her gravely.

"Dear, precious mamma!" How I thank God for my beloved parents," murmured Constance, and inly uttered a resolve never to give up praying for them till they could see the truth as she saw it. [And in less than a year her prayers were granted].

Thanksgiving morning broke, bright, and chill and pleasant. The dining room was hung with graceful wreaths and festoons of evergreens and scarlet berries. A long white-draped table was spread with the substantial luxuries of life, and the group of guests in the sitting room only awaited the arrival of Lyss and Nelly to make the circle complete. Constance watched by the window, while little Charley Long and her tiny black-eyed brother Philip, stood on tip-toe beside her.

"Why don't papa come!" murmured Con impatiently, pressing her bright cheek against the glass.

"At's four times you've said it," chimed in little Charley, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his new velveteen suit. "'Tis, Auntie Con, 'cause I counted 'em."

She laughed, and took hold of his coat collar. He wanted her to notice his clothes. "And I've dot some pockets, don't you see? 'E fust ones I never had. And I've dot—"

"Say, Charley, dear, don't you know you promised to try to speak plain as papa Charley, if mamma would make you two pockets? So don't forget! You can say *got* instead of *dot*, I know."

Charley pouted. "'Taint dood manners to interrupt a body," he replied, a little sullenly.

"How's that, Char?" quizzed Constance. "Dood, is it?"

"Now, Auntie Con, that aint fair, to e'rect a body all 'e time. You know I meant *good*."

"Well, say so then, little pet. And tell me what you've dot in your pockets."

"O, I got a little rock, and a button and"—

"Papa tum! papa tum!" shouted little Phil, and Charley's pockets and their contents were instantly forgotten.

Nell had brought little Janette Brainard with her. The child had been staying at Lyss' as company for Nell and so she accompanied them here. After the first greetings were over, Nell called little Charley to her.

"Now, little one, won't you forgive me for going away, and let me be your Auntie again?"

"I don't know about it," he replied, indifferently. "She's just as good as an auntie can be," nodding toward Constance, "and I don't care about any more."

Nell smiled, and was silent a moment. Then continued: "Well, my dear little neph., if you will disown me, I beg you to do me one favor."

"A what?" queried the child, looking curiously into her face.

"A favor, Char," do something to please me." Drawing Janette Brainard close to Charley. "Miss Netty, this is my eccentric young relative, Master Charley. Shake hands and be friends with her now, Char, as you two are the only little people here of your ages."

Charley eyed her from beneath his long, dark lashes a moment, then said to Nell, "She's a pitty dood dirl I s'pect. 'Cause she's got blue eyes like Aunty Con, and *her*," looking at Mrs. Carson across the room. "And they is both *ever* so dood."

Nell laughed, and Con, who sat close beside her, of course, whispered to Charley, "Say *good*, dear."

"Well, *good*, then," he cried curtly, looking up at her with smiling eyes, and involuntarily pushing his hands into his wonderful new pockets. "O, look," to Janette. "I got two whole pockets! Les' sit down in 'e corner, and I'll show you what pitty things I got in 'em."

Little Netty sat down. She was about the same age as Charley, and of course pleased with tiny playthings; and he began to take out his treasures one by one and place them in her little white apron.

"Here's a big button, and an awful pitty little rock I got in 'e creek, and a nail, and a candy mouse—you may have *that* to eat; only don't eat its tail, 'cause that's just a string."

Con and Nell, silently watching the little ones, smiled in an amused way at their innocent prattle. Charley went on: "And a penny Jim Welsh gave me, and a walnut—you may have that, too, and I'll crack it for you by and by."—

"Say, Con," exclaimed Nell, looking round the room, "Where's Jim? I'd forgotten to ask for him. Why isn't he *here*?"

"Didn't I tell you, Nell? I thought I did in the first letter I wrote after coming home. Don't you know? Haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?" replied Nell in surprise.

"Why, about Jim. Come up stairs with me and I'll tell you, if mamma don't wan't me to help about laying the dinner."

Mamma didn't want Con in the dining room, so away the two girls went, up to Con's little chamber. It was a cheery, cosy little nest, with a white-canopied bed, a pink velvet sofa, an in-laid toilet table, an easy chair, and a sunny south window, with snowy muslin curtains caught gracefully back with pretty pink ribbon, harmonizing with the white water-lined hangings and border of delicate blush roses and half opened buds. And there, nestling in each others arms on the little sofa, Constance related to Nell how that Jim had become more and more enamored of Fanny, till, finally failing to gain Grandma Bacon's consent, they eloped, and hadn't since been heard from.

Nelly's kind heart was much grieved at this; but she inquired why Mrs. Bacon would not consent.

"Because she thought they were not suited to each other—you see Jim went out there and stayed a week or two—and that they were too young."

"What foolish children," sighed Nell; and then came Lena Wilson, now Mrs. Walter Bacon, to call them to dinner, and they capture her and pet, and tease, and caress her till mamma comes, and they all go below.

Another year has almost closed its record. December, cold and chill, envelopes the snow-clad earth in icy fetters, and men are hurrying to and fro, muffled to the chin, while unkempt urchins draw their tattered garments about them and shrink into doorways or sheltered corners for temporary protection, from the whirling blast.

Nell Baker, warmly clad, and bright and fair as our admirable Nelly of old, was walking down the street pitying the poor, and wishing she could care for them all, when, suddenly, she became aware that some one was following her. Supposing it to be Lyss, as they had rode into town in a sleigh, and it was now growing late and time to set out for home, she turned with a half smile to beg a few moments more to select a Christmas present for little Netty Brainard—Mrs. Brainard had been with them since the early spring, assisting Nell faithfully. She turned and essayed to speak, but started with an exclamation of surprise, as she saw Jim Welsh with such a piteous, pleading, haggard face, that he was scarcely recognizable. He looked into her eyes a moment, and then the gathering tears clouded his sight and he turned away. But Nell grasped his hand. "O, Jim! I'm so glad to see you."

"I wanted to speak to you, Nell, as I saw you hurrying down the street, but *now* I am almost ashamed. I couldn't face any one else after being so foolish. But I knew you would not despise me."

"But, Jim, where's Fanny? I want to see her?"

"I want you should, Nell. I'm afraid she's going into decline. She cough's dreadfully."

"O!" exclaimed the kind hearted girl. "But why don't you take her back to her old home?"

"She wont go. Nor permit me to write to them. She says she'll die before she'll see any of her old friends now. She's very proud, you know; and we are very poor."

"I'm going to see her, nevertheless," and learning the number and street, she sent Jim to acquaint Lyss with her whereabouts, and hurried on and up into the little poorly furnished habitation, where she found Fanny, a mere wreck of her former self, lying on her bed, pale and spiritless, with contracted brow and set lips. "Weary, disheartened, peevish and idle," was Nell's thought as she greeted her.

"O, Nell Baker! who told you to come here and see our poverty and misery. Go away, do. It was all my fault. I was foolish and wicked, and now I am reaping what I have sown."

But Nell did not go away. She stood patiently till Fanny had exhausted her strength in a fit of coughing, brought on by the excitement of the moment, then came and put her arms about Fan and kissed her, and smoothed her uncombed hair, and spoke soothing, comforting words; till presently the poor girl found herself weeping softly on Nell's shoulder. And by the time Lyss and Jim arrived she had persuaded Fan to consent to go home to her grandmother, she volunteering to go with her and take care of her and see her safely there. "But we haven't money enough, Nell, to take us there."

"Couldn't you ride in a sleigh, think? It's only twelve miles to Lyss' and not much more from there to your home. Its better than staying here like this."

By the time Lyss and Jim arrived, Nell had bundled up Fan's clothes and began to pull the cover from the bed, when a tiny cry and slight movement startled her. Carefully removing the upper covering, a round faced, black haired baby looked up and smiled into her eyes.

"O Fan! why didn't you tell me? A precious

baby! And I am so glad, for now you'll have something to live for."

Wrapping the little one in her own warm shawl, she laid it tenderly in its father's arms and helping Fan to do herself up warmly, she assisted Lyss in carrying the bed and placing it in the old fashioned sleigh, and then tucking Fan in carefully, she nestled the child in *her* arms—they were stronger than Fan's—and enconcealed herself beside her and away they drove.

To be continued.

TWENTY FROGGIES.

Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log,
Taught them how to say, "Ker-chog!"
Also, how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last:
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be;
Now they sit on other logs
Teaching other little frogs.

GEORGE COOPER.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.

Continued.

WHEN Joseph discovered that the plates, mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter, were gone from where he had laid them, he was much alarmed, not knowing why they had been taken from him in the manner in which they had; and feeling that he lacked wisdom on that point, he knelt down and asked the Lord why it was that the plates had been taken from him. "Upon which the angel of the Lord appeared to him, and told him, he had not done as he had been commanded;" for in a former revelation he had been commanded not to lay them down after he got possession of them, until he had reached the house and could secure them in a chest or trunk, under lock and key; contrary to which he had laid them down, with the view of securing some fancied or imaginary treasure that remained.

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

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

As he was aware that the family would expect him to bring the plates home with him, he feared they might doubt his having seen them. Upon his entering the house, his father enquired if he obtained the plates; to which he replied, "No, father, I could not get them." His father further inquired, "Did you see them?" When Joseph replied, "I saw them, but could not take them." His father replied with much earnestness, "I would have taken them, if I had been in your place."

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

Joseph then related the circumstances in full, when fears were entertained by the family that he might utterly fail, through some neglect, in obtaining the plates at all. In consequence of their

fears of coming short of so great a blessing as seemed to be in store for them, they redoubled their diligence in prayer and supplication to God, that he might be more fully instructed in regard to this duty, and be preserved from him "who lieth in wait to deceive."

From this time, September 22nd, 1824, to September 22nd, 1827, nothing very special transpired with Joseph Smith relative to the plates and founding of the Latter Day Church of Christ. During which interval Alvin, brother to Joseph, died, on the 19th of November, 1824, in the 20th year of his age. Of him it is said that he was "a youth of singular goodness of disposition—kind and amiable." "A vast concourse of people attended his obsequies," who seemed anxious to show their sympathy for the family in their bereavement.

Following the events above narrated, Joseph made the acquaintance of Emma Hale, who in after years he married. About this time, Joseph Smith, father of the young but rising prophet, met with a reverse of fortune, from which he lost his farm and was greatly reduced in finances.

In the latter part of January, 1827, Joseph, Jr., returned from Pennsylvania to his father's house in the State of New York, where, not many days after, on his return from the town of Manchester, whither he had been, a few miles distant, he was met and detained by the angel of the Lord near the hill of Cumorah, where the plates were deposited, at which time he received a reproof from the heavenly messenger, for his lack of engagedness in the work to which he had been called. Upon his return home, where he had been vainly looked for for hours, in the beginning of the narration of this interview with the angel, he said, "I have taken the severest chastisement I ever had in my life." His father, supposing he had been interfered with by some of the neighbors, angrily observed, "I would like to know what business any body has to interfere with you!" To which Joseph replied, "Stop, father, stop, it was the angel of the Lord," following which he narrated the circumstance of his detention, the character of the reproof, instructions and revelations received from the angel relative to his shortcoming, the set time for the coming forth of the plates, and what his future course of action should be, but allayed all their fears, by saying, "Give yourselves no uneasiness, * * * for I now know the course I am to pursue, so all will be well." It was during this interview that the time was revealed to him, when he should obtain possession of the plates. But of this, however, he kept the family in ignorance, until after he had obtained them.

Continued.

THE END OF HER JOURNEY.

A boy of five years, says a New York letter, was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and a half. Drawing her upon a footstool, he imagined himself both the engine and conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he called out, "New York," and in a moment after, "Patterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried, "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly: "Top, I des I'll dit out here."

ONLY BELIEVE.

LITTLE drummer-boy was taken prisoner. Around the bivouac fires the soldiers said to him, Now, beat us a 'reveille.' And he beat them a 'reveille.' Now, beat us an 'advance.' And he beat them an 'advance.' Now, beat us a 'charge.' And he beat them a 'charge.' Now, beat us a 'retreat.' 'No,' said the drummer-boy, 'I cannot do that; I never learnt that.' Even so, faith, accustomed to trial, knows not retreat; she cannot deny him. She sings, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; for though I fall, I shall rise again.' Be it ours to trust the Lord at all times, under all circum-

stances, and for all things; thus setting the Lord always before us, we follow the lovely example of our blessed Lord, and to the extent we trust him, can say even as Jesus said, 'For he is on my right hand, that I should not be moved.' If any object, saying 'This is impracticable,' I reply, 'This is the standard of the word, the law of the Father's house, and let us not lower the standard, but walk hearing, even as Abraham heard, 'I am the Almighty God, walk before me, and be thou perfect.' It will neither stint our growth, nor lower our views of sin or holiness, to be strong in faith giving glory to God.'—Henry Varley.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER XIV.—SUBJECTS FOR BAPTISM.

Q. Who are proper subjects of baptism?

A. Persons who have arrived at the years of accountability and are capable of exercising reason, in believing and obeying the gospel. Matt. 28 : 19. Mar. 16 : 15, 16. Acts 2 : 38-41. D. & C. sec. 17. par. 2, and sec. 16, par. 6.

Repeat the passages. "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them," &c. "Preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. "Repent and be baptized every one of you. * * Then they that gladly received the word were baptized.

"No person can be received into the Church of Christ unless he has arrived unto the years of accountability before God, and is capable of repentance." "For all men must repent and be baptized. And not only men, but women; and children who have arrived at the years of accountability.

Q. Then little children are not required to be baptized?

A. No, they are not held accountable before God, and therefore are not considered sinners, consequently need no baptism. Mark 10 : 14. Moroni 8 : 2. Also, see Luke 18 : 16.

Repeat the passages. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God."

"Behold, I came into the world not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance; * * * wherefore little children are whole, for they are not capable of committing sin. * * * Little children are alive in Christ, * * if not so, God is a partial God * * and a respecter of persons; for many little children have died without baptism. Wherefore, if little children could not be saved without baptism, these must have gone to an endless hell. * * He that supposeth that little children need baptism, is in the gall of bitterness, * * For awful is the wickedness to suppose that God saveth one child because of baptism, and the other must perish because he hath no baptism, * * and partakes of salvation." [Read the whole paragraph.]

Q. At what age are children considered accountable and old enough to be baptized?

A. At eight years when properly instructed.

Repeat the passage, D. and C. 68 : 4.

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance; faith in Christ the Son of the living God; and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the head of the parents; for this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized; and their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands: and they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

Q. What is baptism sometimes called?

A. The law of adoption, or the door of the Kingdom.

Q. Why is baptism so called?

A. Because mankind having become, through sin, strangers and aliens to God, they, by obeying the ordinance of baptism, and other ordinances of the gospel, become his adopted children, and members of His Kingdom.

INFORMED HIS FRIEND.

RADNORSHIRE (Eng.) lady recently paid a visit to her father at Yorkshire, who, before she was married, had kept two or three sheep dogs, of which she was very fond. Since then he has retired from business and disposed of all but one dog. This one met

the lady with demonstrations of great delight upon her arrival at her father's house, and that night the dog went a distance of seven miles to a farm-house where one of the other dogs had been sent (the latter was blind, but kept as being an old favorite). In the morning, when the lady went to the door, she saw not only the dog which had given her such a glad reception the day previous, but also the old blind one, which had evidently been brought by the other dog to welcome her. When the second night came, the old blind one was taken back to his home by the same dog, which afterwards returned, having traveled a distance of twenty-eight miles to give pleasure to the old blind one.—Land and Water.

FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.

WILLIE and Helen had a little bit of a quarrel the other night. Willie had a pretty picture-paper, and Helen crumpled it. But Willie is very particular to keep his papers smooth and nice, so I am sorry to say he was very angry, and slapped his sister. Then Helen slapped back again.

Mother had to separate the children. She put one on the sofa, and the other on a stool to cool down and think. Then she told them they must make up.

Helen marched straight up to Willie, and said in her sweetest tone, "Willie, I am sorry I mussed your paper; will you forgive me?"

Willie was not so loving as his sister. It was a good deal harder for him to make up. But he had to do something about it, so he replied,

"Sister, I will forgive you, but I think I can't excuse you." He meant just what I have heard many a person say, "I can forgive, but I can't forget."

"That wont do," said mamma; "you must forgive, my son, with all your heart."

"Well, then, I will," said master Willie, after thinking some time about it; "sister, I'll forgive you, and I'm sorry I struck you; let us kiss."

Dear children, we can never be happy unless we forgive as God does: forgive and never remember any more:

CHRISTMAS DOINGS.

THE teachers, children, and friends of the Rising Star Sunday School, in Plano, are making preparation for a Christmas Tree. Songs, Dialogues and such other festivities as will render the occasion pleasing and instructive.

We wish all the little Hopes a Merry Christmas, whether in the chilly north, or the genial south, where orange trees bloom and the grasses perennially wave and snow-flakes never fall. But in the midst of your glee, never forget of the dear, dear Savior, whose coming into the mortal state, you may be celebrating. But remember that present earthly pleasures are short lived, while the pleasures of that life which you may attain unto are forevermore.

AN INGENIOUS CLOCK-MAKER.

How Many Things Can be Run by Works of a Clock—A Note for the Children.

An ingenious piece of mechanism, suggesting the famous clock in the Strasburg Cathedral, has been constructed by a gentleman residing at the south-east corner of Eighth and Arch streets, where the article is on exhibition. It is a clock in the shape of a pyramidal windmill tower, thirty inches high, having the dial-plate on one of its faces and the works hidden at the base. A variety of curious and laughable operations can, by one winding up, be made to continue for twenty-four hours. On the platform at the foot of the tower, a band of rotund Liliputian peasants, clad in Continental costume, are earning their bread by the sweat of their brows; one, with a formidable buck saw in a matchstick frame, is making hopeless headway through an unpainted

pen-holder, and an assistant wood-butcher, with rapidly succeeding blows from an axe, is savagely cleaving a block just sawn from the log. A buxom kitchen lass is filling a water pail at the pump, from the spout of which protrudes a round, corrugated bit of glass, made to revolve rapidly, thus causing the illusion of flowing water. A sturdy chap with impatient grimace is hoisting a hog's head to the top of the tower by means of a rope and pulley arrangement, while close by an anxious daddy is spanking a venturesome youngster for standing in danger from the falling weight. Now and then a door in the upper story slowly opens, and a cautious old granny peers out, looks down suspiciously at things below, and, seemingly displeased, quickly slams the door and disappears. Her jolly-featured "old man" goes through a similar performance on the other side of the house, leaning far out over the window sill, hugely enjoying the contortions of the wood-cutters below, and then springing back to ask the old lady how things go on her side of the house. No mean amount of skill was required to make these comical clowns' movements so life-like and regular. A large wind-wheel is continually revolving, and the weather-vane at the summit veers around and twitches with natural irregularity. The inventor is not a Yankee.—*Philadelphia Times.*

POWER OF KINDNESS.

WHEN little Harry Harford wished his sister to do something she did not feel inclined to do, he did not scold, and fret, and cry, as too many little boys do. No; his father and mother had taught him that there is a great deal more power in kind words and a pleasant temper than in scolding words and fiery passions. At a certain time Harry wanted to engage in a play that his sister Minnie was not inclined to take part in, but taking her hands in his, he said, "Now, dear sister Minnie, will you not be so kind as to come along with me?"

What do you think Harry's sister said? What would you have said? She said, "Yes, my good little brother, I will go with you."

What else could she have said? She never could have been scolded into going with him; but kindness impelled her to partake in her brother's innocent sport.

Dear little reader, please to be kind to your brothers, sisters, parents, and to everybody. Be good to others, as God has been good to you.—*Kind Words.*

A SACRED CONCERT.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 31st, a Sacred Concert was held in the Bethel Sunday School, Fall River, Mass. Bro. John Gilbert conducted the singing in the absence of Bro. John Potts who was sick. Quite a number of the parents and friends were present. The book used on this occasion was "The Silver Song." The singing was excellent. A "Solo," entitled "Too late," was given in an effective manner by Sr. Levina Slinn; afterwards Bro. John Gilbert made a few remarks on being too late; giving the parable of the five wise and five foolish virgins as an illustration. The singing was interspersed with a few recitations from Scripture. Sr. Caroline Hacking and Sr. Ann McKee are among the worthy of note. Bro. John Smith also made a few remarks in a pleasing manner on music, vocal and instrumental, ancient and modern.

The concert was brought to a close about a quarter before eight o'clock, by singing a chant entitled, "Thy will be done." WM. STREET.

PRAYINGS FOR HER ENEMIES.

A little girl in an Italian Sunday School complained that some of the children hissed at her. "Why did you not do your best to defend yourself, or complain to the master?" inquired her mother. The child hung down her head and was

silent. "What did you do," added the mother, "when they were seeking their pleasure in tormenting you?"

"I remembered what Jesus did for his enemies," replied the child: "I prayed for them."—*Kind Words.*

THOUGHTS OF THE ATTENTIVE READER.

There is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray,
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And christians love the way—
It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be past,
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.
How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travelers spread;
While the broad road where thousands go
Lies near, and opens fair:
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.
But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

ELIZABETH ARCHIBALD

ANSWERS TO FIFTY QUESTIONS.

IN HOPE OF DEC. 1, PAGE 43.

1, Chaucer; 2, Dryden; 3, Pope; 4, Taylor; 5, Holmes; 6, Holland; 7, Hood; 8, Burns; 9, Abbott; 10, Southey; 11, Shelley; 12, Coleridge; 13, Young; 14, Lowell; 15, Campbell; 16, Aken-side; 17, Wordsworth; 18, Longfellow; 19, Whittier; 20, Goldsmith; 21, Harte; 22, Spencer; 23, Chatterton; 24, DeQuincey; 25, Bacon; 26, Bunyan; 27, Churchill; 28, Curtis; 29, Proctor; 30, W Savage Lander; 31, Steele; 32, Tenyson; 33, Willis; 34, Browning; 35, Swift; 36, Cornwall; 37, Shakespeare; 38, Crabbe; 39, Cooke; 40, Dickens; 41, Stowe; 42, Lamb; 43, Beecher; 44, Milton; 45, Motherwell; 46, Addison; 47, Howitzer; 48, Bryant; 49, Cowper; 50, Gray.

FAITH.

Have you given your heart to Jesus?" asked a teacher of a little boy in her class.

"Yes'm."

"And do you think he has taken it?"

"Yes'm."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he says he will," was the answer.

Correspondence.

LAWRENCE, Mich. Nov. 1st, 1875.

Dear little Hopes:—I have tried a number of times to write to our little paper, but feared I could not write good enough, and did not dare to send it, but thought I would try again. I have not been in the Church long, was baptized last March. I never have been sorry. I love our little paper and have learned a great deal by reading it, am sorry so many of the Hopes write so discouragingly about "Cloud and Sunlight." I feel that we ought to be thankful for all that is written to make our paper interesting. For my part I feel to thank our sister for her kindness, and hope she will write more for us. Br. D. Campbell is here. He and my Father are holding meetings. I will try and write more next time. Your sister,
FANNIE SMITH.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Illinois, November 25, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—It has been some time since I wrote to the *Hope*, and I thought I would write a few lines this thanksgiving evening. I go to school, and therefore I do not get time to write very often, and I guess all the Hopes are going to school too, for they don't write very often.

We do not have meeting very often in this branch of the Church. There are not very many members here, and what few there are live so far apart they can not all get together at once. Br. Benedict is in our district now. We expect Br. Lambert soon. Our district conference begins the second Friday night in December. I wish Uncle Mark would come here, to preach some more for us. We miss him very much.

I want all the Hopes to write and tell where they live. I live way down in the south-eastern part of Illinois, on a farm. I wish we lived where there were more Saints, but I suppose we will when the time comes. I must close for this time. I remain as ever, yours respectfully,
MOLLIE HILLIARD.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., California,
November 8, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—Again I write a few lines for our precious little paper, the *Hope*. I would like to write something for the little folks that would be strengthening, but I feel my inability whenever I attempt it. Little Hopes, it is not much that we can do, but we can lift our hearts to God in prayers, that he may help us to keep his laws and statutes, and that he may, by the power of his Holy Spirit, make us useful in the upbuilding of his kingdom here on earth, and that we may be bright and shining lights in the same, and that the world may see our godliness, and turn and follow our good example.

Little Hopes, and big ones too, let us forsake all that is worldly. (See Titus 2: 12, 13; also 1 John 2: 1, 2, 3). But let us do nothing but what we can ask the blessings of our heavenly Father upon. Let us shun every appearance of evil, and if we follow the teachings of the Scriptures, we will then be really true Hopes of Zion, and our hope will be not in vain. Pray for me, that I may hold out faithful to the end.
From your brother in the covenant,

WILLIAM N. DAWSON.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Wayne Co., Illinois,
November 22, 1875.

Uncle Joseph:—As I have not very much to do today, I thought that I would write you a few lines. We have a good school here. I love my teacher very much. I have been going to school three weeks.

I like to read the letters from the little Hopes. I like the *Hope* very much. I like to read the piece about "Cloud and Sunlight." I am glad when it comes. I am ten years old. So I must close for this time. Good by.
SARAH B. HILLIARD.

HARLAN, Shelby Co., Iowa October 26, 18h6.

Dear Little Hopes:—It has been a month since I wrote to you. I was baptized this month, by Bro. Lake. He has been here preaching and has done a great deal of good. There will be school here all winter and till next June. I hope to learn a great deal. I am eleven years old. I love to read our little *Hope*. Br. Mark H. Forscutt will be here next month. Good by for this time.
E. A. REYNOLDS.

NEW PARK P. O. York Co., Pennsylvania,
October 31, 1875.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—My father and mother and all of us belong to the True Latter Day Church. I am trying to do what I can. I will pray to the Lord to help me always. We have no Elder here to preach for us. We are all alone. We have no church here to go to. We have nothing to go by but the Holy Bible and other books. I will pray the Lord to take me through to the end. I am but sixteen years of age. I send my good wishes to you all. Good by. From your sister in Christ,

MARY C. MATTHEWS.

Our minds are as different as our faces, we are all traveling to one destination; but few are going by the same road.

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Previously credited \$258 47	Mell Halliday	.. \$	25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	..	1	65
Cicily Chatburn	.. 1 00	Henry Halliday, Jr.	25
W. N. Dawson	.. 39	Mrs. Dorinda Dawson	50
James Smart	.. 1 00	Cora A. Richardson	40
George Chatburn	.. 50		

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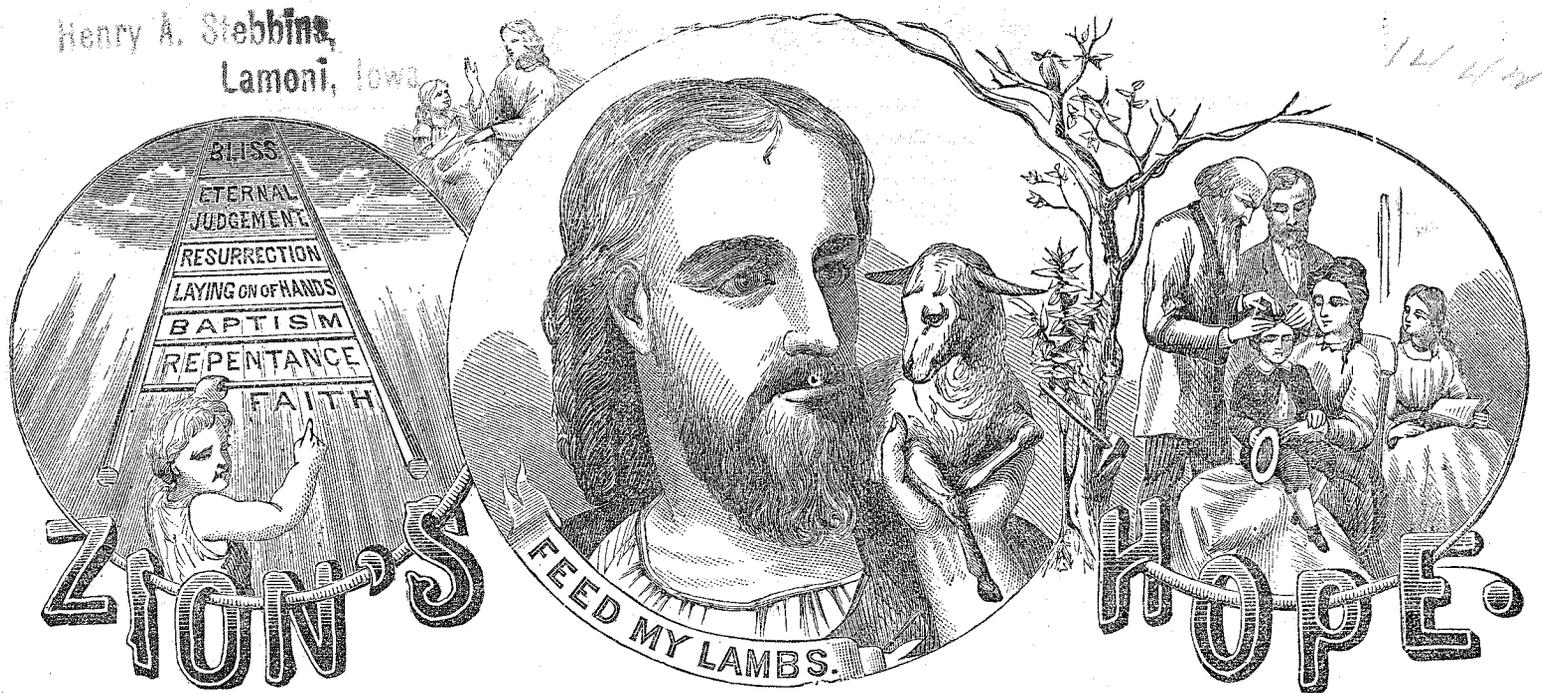
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

CHRIST WAS BORN TO-DAY.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned bright and beautiful. The sunshine danced merrily over the snow-covered streets, and made the icicles, hanging from the tree-boughs and window-sills, gleam and glitter with many-changing, beautiful colors. Plenty of noise there was—blowing of horns, whirring of rattles and beating of drums. Boys were hurrahing—dashing along on their new and gaily-painted sleds, or trying in a small way the shining skates destined to figure on the great pond in the Central Park. Little girls, well wrapped up in woollens and furs, ran from house to house, telling their playmates of the wonderful gifts of dolls, books, sugar-plums, and all sorts of nice and lovely things that dear old Santa Claus had brought the night before; and servant-maids called cheerfully to each other over the area-railings, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" The whole city seemed full of mirth and fun. The morning chimes rang out clear and sweet, and with their music mingled joyous laughter and the happy tones of fresh young voices.

But alas! all were not merry in the great city. In the back attic-room of a miserable house in a dirty down-town street there was no laughter, no music, no gifts from Santa Claus. A pale, hollow-eyed man lay on a straw mattress in one corner of the uncarpeted room; a dark-haired, sad-faced woman sat at the two-paned window, stitching at some coarse garment she was making, and two pretty little children, a girl and a boy, stood beside her, each munching a crust of hard, dry bread. There was utter silence among them until the silvery sound of the bells came stealing gently into the wretched room.

"Christmas morning," said the sick man, as he raised his head a little from his pillow to listen. "I can hear the chimes. They are playing the very hymn my mother used to sing when I was a little boy. Merry Christmas! 'Tisn't very 'merry' for us, wife. When I had plenty of work and good wages we had plenty of friends; but now I am sick and we almost starving they've all forgotten us."

"Has Santa Claus forgotten us, too?" here broke in the boy. "He didn't bring us the least thing."

"Me no dollie," said the blue-eyed girl, with trembling lip.

The poor mother tried to smile so that the little ones might not notice the tears in her eyes as she answered: "Yes, Charley, I'm afraid the old fellow has quite forgotten you and sister May this time. But never mind, let us hope that

next Christmas he may bring us something splendid to make up for it."

"But," persisted the boy, "why don't he remember poor chilluns?"

"Not as poor as you are," said the father, bitterly. "You see, my boy, many people forget it is Christmas, because Christ was born to-day, and so they feast and make merry, never thinking of the sick and starving."

"But Christ loved poor people and little chilluns?" said Charley.

"Yes, Charley dear," answered his mother, "the dear Savior loved poor people best; but don't talk any more to papa now, he is tired and must sleep," and rising she knelt down by the sick man, and took his thin hand in hers.

"Don't be so cast down, John," she said; "you are getting better, though slowly, and that is much to be thankful for. And my sewing, poorly as I am paid for it, will at least keep us alive until you are able to work again." As she was speaking the children quietly left the room, Charley leading his little sister by the hand.

"Ware you doin'?" asked May, as he hurried her down-stairs and out of the street door.

"To find some of the people that have for got Christ was born to day, 'cause if we can find 'em and tell 'em about it, p'r'aps it'll all come right. I know a big church where there'll be lots of folks, and I'm goin' there." So the two poor little children wended their way to Broadway and stood at the door of old Trinity until the congregation was dismissed. Charley looked eagerly into the faces of the people as they came flocking out. "None of them has forgot," he said, in a few moments. They look too solemn."

Just then a stout old gentleman stepped from the church-door and slipping on the icy pavement, came near falling.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he burst into a merry laugh; "came near going down that time. Only saved myself, that's all."

"Christ was born to-day," said a childish voice near him.

"What! hey?" said the old gentleman turning round and facing Charley. "I know it, my boy. Merry Christmas, and here's a stamp for you," holding out fifty cents.

"You didn't forget, then?" asked Charley.

"Forget what?" said the astonished old gentleman.

"That Christ was born to-day?"

"Why, bless your heart, no! What in the world do you mean by asking that?"

"Father said we had nothin' to eat 'cause lots of people forgot it. And Santa Claus forgot us too," added Charley after a pause.

"Me no dollie," said May, shyly raising her blue eyes to the kind face of the stranger and letting them fall instantly.

"Bless my heart!" said the old gentleman, "this is very strange. Where is your father, my boy?"

"He's sick in bed; he wasn't always sick though. He was a carpenter once, and we had lots of good things, and last Christmas Santa Claus brought me a rocking-horse. It's sold now."

"Me a dollie," said May; "she's broke and dead."

"Bless my heart!" said the old gentleman again; "so your father thinks a great many people forget why it is Christmas Day? Take me home with you, my boy, I should like to see this father of yours."

"Mother, too?" asked Charley.

"Of course, and mother, too."

"Nice muzzer," said little May.

"I dont doubt it," said the old gentleman, and away they went, people looking after them in wonder; for you see the old gentleman was dressed very finely, and the children weren't dressed at all, unless you call rags clothing, which I don't believe you do.

A few minutes brought them to the door of the miserable room where Charley lived. His mother started with surprise when she saw the stranger, and hastily rose and offered him the only chair.

"Sit down again, sit down again!" said the old gentleman cheerfully. "I want to speak to Charley's father."

The sick man turned his face toward him.

"I have not forgotten Christ was born to-day, my friend," said the old gentleman; "neither have I forgotten He was the son of a carpenter, and His lot was cast among the poor and lonely, and so I have come to help and cheer you."

"God bless you," said Charley's mother, while tears of joy this time rolled down her cheeks.

"Not a word—not a word," said the old gentleman, as the sick man tried to speak. "I am going out to look for Santa Claus. He's never forgotten you in the world. He's made a mistake in the number, that's all." And with a merry twinkle in his eyes he departed. But to return again very soon—this time with the grocery-boy from round the corner, and the basket that the grocery-boy carried was so big he could scarcely squeeze it through the door-way, and it was filled—well, I haven't time to tell you all that was in it. And as for the old gentleman, what do you think he had? In one hand a golden-haired, blue-eyed wax doll for May, in the other a pair of bright new skates for Charley.

"Bless your heart," he said, as the little girl held up her pretty mouth to kiss him, "you'll have a merry Christmas after all. I'm glad you came to the church-door, Charley, though I hadn't forgotten, of course not. God sent you straight to me, my boy, that you might show me the way to this poor room. Remember that, *always* remember that, and now make yourselves as comfortable as you can, and I'll be here again tomorrow. Good-by. Merry Christmas!" And away bustled the old gentleman again leaving "Faith, Hope and Charity" behind him.

There were two Christmas dinners in town that day that were very different. The old gentleman went to his well-spread table, around which his family and a select circle of invited guests sat down to a sumptuous entertainment. But part of the contents of the grocery basket made a meal in that scantily-furnished upper room, around which the half-famished little company who came so near being forgotten by Santa Claus had a grander entertainment. It does not take much to give poor folks a "Merry Christmas" after all.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER XV.—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Q. When a *truly* penitent person has been baptized by a *legally authorized* minister, what is it his privilege to receive?

A. The gift of the Holy Spirit.

Q. What is the Holy Spirit commonly called?

A. The Holy Ghost.

Q. What did Jesus Christ call it?

A. The Comforter.

Q. For what is the Holy Ghost given?

A. To cheer, comfort, and enlighten the mind, strengthen the memory, and lead into all truth, that men may become perfect. John 14 : 26 ; 15 : 26 ; 16 : 13.

Repeat the passages. "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, * * * shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

"But the Comforter, * * * which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me."

"Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth, * * * and he will show you things to come."

Q. What are the peculiar manifestations of the Holy Ghost?

A. Amongst others, visions, dreams, prophecies, speaking in tongues, interpretation of tongues, discernment of spirits, angelic visitations; knowledge, wisdom, extraordinary faith, healings, and miraculous powers. 1 Cor. 12 : 8-11; Gal. 3 : 5; Moroni 10 : 1.

Repeat the passages.

"For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another, faith by the same Spirit; to another, the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of tongues: but all these worketh that one and the self same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

"He therefore that ministereth to you the Spirit, and worketh miracles among you, doeth he it by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?"

"And again I exhort you, my brethren, that ye deny not the gifts of God, for they are many; * *. For behold, to one is given by the Spirit of God, that he may teach the word of wisdom; and to another, that he may teach the word of knowledge by the same Spirit: * *. And again, to another, that he may work mighty miracles; and again, to another, that he may prophesy concerning all things; and again, to another, the beholding of angels and ministering spirits; and again, to another, all kinds of tongues; and again, to another, the interpretation of languages and of divers kinds of tongues. And all these gifts come by the Spirit of Christ."

Q. Can these manifestations of the Holy Ghost, be obtained by men in all ages of the world?

A. They *always* follow faith and obedience to the gospel of Christ. Acts 10 : 34 ; 17 : 30 ; Mark 16 : 17, 18 ; Acts 2 : 39.

Repeat the passages. "God is no respecter of persons."

"But now commandeth all men every where to repent."

"And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

"For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

Q. In what manner is the gift of the Holy Ghost communicated to man?

A. By the laying on of hands of those having authority. Acts 8 : 17-19 and 19 : 6 ; D. and C. 39 : 6.

Repeat the passages. "Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost. And when Simon saw that through laying on of the apostles' hands the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money, saying, Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost."

"And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came upon them; and they spake with tongues and prophesied."

"And again it shall come to pass, that on as many as ye shall baptize with water, ye shall lay your hands, and they shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

'Tis he whose every thought and deed

By rule of virtue moves;

Whose generous tongue disdains to speak

The thing his heart disproves.

He never did a slander forge,

His neighbor's fame to wound;

Nor hearken to a false report,

By malice whispered round.

Who, vice, in all its pomp and power,

Can treat with just neglect;

And piety, though clothed in rags,

Religiously respect.

Who to his plighted word and trust,

Has ever firmly stood;

And, though he promise to his loss,

He makes his promise good.

Whose soul in usury disdains

His treasure to employ;

Whom no reward can ever bribe

The guiltless to destroy.

[Selected by M. ATWELL.]

JACK THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

The Restored Son.

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

THERE once lived a boy whose name was Jack. He knew nothing of the pleasures of home, nor of the happiness of having a fond father and mother to watch over and love him. As long as he could remember, he had lived in an old garret with a black man who gained a living by sweeping chimneys.

Jack was not a colored boy, though his face was generally as black as his master's. But often, when he went to bed at night, and saw that the parts of his arms and neck which were covered by his clothes were soft and fair, he wondered whether he had ever lived with white people, and how he came to be so poor and forlorn.

One day he had been happy. It was the Sabbath. He had been wandering about the streets, when a gentleman met him, and asked him to go to the Sabbath School. Jack expressed his willingness to accompany the stranger, though he did not exactly understand what a Sabbath School was.

The kind gentleman took him to his house, washed and fed him, and having provided him with clothes from the wardrobe of his son, led him to a large room, where nearly two hundred children were engaged in studying the scriptures. He was invited to be present every Sabbath; but only three times in the four succeeding months had he been able to obtain leave to do so. One morning, early in November, Jack's master received orders to send a boy to a house on one of the principal streets of the large city where he resided. He did so; and Jack, who was a nimble little fellow, soon ascended the chimney, and performed the labor. The roof of the house was flat, and connected with a number of houses in

the same block. The boy amused himself for a few moments by running back and forth from one chimney to another, and then prepared to descend. He easily gained the top of the chimney and began letting himself down. But he had mistaken the house, and soon found himself in a large and elegantly furnished chamber. It was still early, and the lady had left her room after the making of her toilet, without stopping to put away any of her jewels, which probably, she had taken off the night before.

For a moment poor Jack stood bewildered, and then softly approached the table. There lay an elegant gold watch, chain, and seals, and near by also valuable rings, and brooches. He took up one ring and tried it on his finger; but, small as it was, it would only fit his thumb. Then he carefully lifted the watch, and held it to his ear. "O, what a beauty," he whispered, "I'll take it for my own. No one will ever know who took it." And he hastily thrust it into his pocket, and turned to dart up the chimney again. Suddenly he stopped, and seemed to hear a soft voice whispering, "Thou shalt not steal." He glanced around quietly, but no one was near. "O, what have I done," he exclaimed aloud. "It was a kind lady in the Sabbath School who taught me that; and she said that God could look from the sky, and see every thing we did. There, I'll put it back; I won't steal; no, I won't," he added, bursting into tears, "for God will know it." He crossed the room, and replaced the watch upon the table; then with a lingering glance around the chamber, returned to the fireplace. "Stop, little boy; stop a moment," said a lady, entering the room. "How did you come here?" "I came down the wrong chimney by mistake," replied Jack timidly.

The lady then led him on to speak of himself, and told him she had heard what he said about taking the watch, and was glad that he resisted the temptation to steal it.

Her kind tone and manner opened the boy's heart, and he unburdened to her all his griefs—the cruelty of his master, and the harshness of his lot. "I'm white ma'am, when my face is clean," he said, piteously. "And I don't like to live there." Every moment the lady's interest increased; and at length, with a sudden resolution, she rang the bell, and ordered a warm bath to be prepared. Then she sent her servant to a clothing store, and soon the little sweep appeared before her a new boy. If she had been pleased before, she was affected now. She called the child to her side; she gazed in his face, while tears ran down her cheeks. She could not account to herself for her emotion, nor decide what to do with her protege. The longer she talked with Jack, the more her emotion increased; and at length it became so strong that she determined to send to her husband's counting-room, and request him to return home. He did so; and, without one word of explanation, she led him into the apartment, and pointed to the boy. The gentleman gazed for one moment, and then caught the astonished child to his breast crying out, in a tone of rapture. "It is our Willie, our lost boy." "Yes, it is, it is; I am sure of it," exclaimed the lady, "it must be our Willie." The little fellow began to cry as she hastily pulled off his new jacket, which had so delighted him; but she soothed him by saying that she wanted to see his arm. "Our Willie had a large brown mole near the elbow, she said, in a low voice, trembling in her eagerness; to convince herself that this was her darling child. "Yes, yes," they both screamed, "it is he! it is he!" And so it proved that Jack's black master was the wicked man who, years before had taken him from his parents and his home, and had brought him up like a slave. O, how glad the little fellow was that he did not take the watch, but that he remembered God was present everywhere! How thankfully his young heart went up to his heavenly Father, as kneeling before his mother, with his sunburnt hands clasped closely in hers, she

united with her husband in fervent praise to God for his restoring mercy! How lovingly, as the prayer was ended, did he put back the curls from her tear-dimmed eyes, while the blissful, almost too blissful thought ever recurred to his mind, "O, how glad I am that I have a mother! O, who is so happy as I am, to find in one day a father, a mother, and a home!" In the very room where he resisted the temptation to steal, his Father in heaven, who had put the good thought into his heart, granted him so many blessings. Dear children, I hope, when you have read the story of Jack the Chimney Sweeper, you will remember that God sees you, whatever you do; and if you endeavor to keep his commands and to love him, he will give you, too, a beautiful home above the skies, where you will be happy forever.

"When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received, propitious Heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings."

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.
BY PERLA WILD.
Part Third.
CHAPTER VII.—JIM AND FANNY.
Continued.

JIM was much fatigued with the journey, and was petted and waited on as much as if she had been a lady born, and Mrs. Brainard and Nell her servants. Little Janette took the baby in charge and proved a capital nurse. It was sometime before Lyss and Jim came in,—there were so many chores to do. When they did, and Jim was introduced to Mrs. Brainard, she looked at him fixedly and asked abruptly: "Was your father's name David? Did he have a scar on his forehead? And do you resemble him?"

"Yes, to all your questions, madam, and what then? He was a Mormon elder, too. Came from Vermont to Cleveland, Ohio, where he found my mother. They lived there some years and came west, where he died almost immediately."

"One question more," exclaimed Mrs. Brainard; "Was your mother's name Eve Lawrence?"

"Yes," replied Jim in amazement. "Did you ever know her?"

"I verily did, James Welsh, for she was my only sister. And is she dead, too, poor girl?"

"Yes; years ago," said Jim. "But can it be possible! I thought I hadn't a relative in the world. Thank God, there is one of my kin left. And you are my Aunt Eliza. I've often heard my mother speak of you. And I am rejoiced to see you."

There was much to be said, of course, and the evening passed rapidly away. And at bed time Jim and Fanny were much surprised to see that Lyss had family worship ere retiring.

"Lyss," asked Jim, curiously, next morning as they stood together by the stove in the sitting-room after rising, "Lyss, have you been getting religion?"

"I have been trying to be a christian for over a year."

Jim turned away; "I didn't think that of you, Lyss. I thought you and I had seen enough of people trying to be pious on Sunday, and something else on every other day in the week. If I could come across any of the church my parents belonged to, I'd begin to think seriously of such things."

"You would? Do you mean it, Jim? Well, we are Mormons,—Nell and I. Mrs. Brainard has been one from her youth. And Mr. and Mrs. Carson have become ones."

"Lyss Baker, is it possible! Well, I shan't be far behind you; I shall be one the first opportunity, if they teach such doctrine as they used to."

Poor Fanny rallied a little after reaching the home of her childhood, but when the daisies began to blossom they laid her in the tomb, and Jim was left with a wee baby, scarcely more than half a

year old, and no one to care for it. Poor, grieved, feeble Grandma Bacon was not able. Lena and Walter had a boy of their own only a few weeks old. He thought of his new found aunt, Mrs. Brainard. But she was a poor widow, with no permanent home. He wrote her the sad news, stating also that he was to stay with Grandma Bacon, she would not consent for him to leave. He was to stay and superintend her business which had been running down since Walter left. (Mr. Wilson wouldn't give up Lena, his only child. So Walter stayed with her, receiving as a recompense a deed of half his father-in-law's extensive property). He closed the letter by saying he did not know what to do with little Jimmy.

Now, Mrs. Brainard had engaged to stay with Nell and assist her through the summer. She didn't dare to suggest taking the child herself, though it was in her mind. She read the letter aloud to them all. Nothing was said, only Nell sighed for poor, suffering Fanny, suffering now no more; when little Netty looked up suddenly. "Mother, why don't you take that baby of cousin Jim's? He hain't got any more folks but you. I could hold it while you helped Miss Nelly."

Nell clapped her hands. "That's a happy thought, Netty, dear. Certainly, why don't your mother take little Jimmy? Of course she will. And we'll all be ever so kind and good to the poor little motherless baby."

"O Nelly!" exclaimed Mrs. Brainard. "Do you really mean it?" Then she glanced at Lyss, who sat deep in thought.

"Yes," he answered, looking up, "I am willing. If I were in his place I should want such aid. If you women can fix it, I've no objections, I'm sure." Now it cost him an effort to say this, and feel what he said. For he was trying to economize and save a little extra, to be able to pay a large sum on the farm he had bought, the ensuing fall. And he feared this little fellow might cost him something. But he put away the thought, trusting that God would provide for him if he was doing his duty, and it was his duty to treat others as he would wish to be treated. So he said he was willing to let the little motherless babe be brought into his house. And he meant it, too.

And he was never sorry, but often felt thankful, for the little creature was so pleasant, merry and content, that it soon became a special pet with them all, and it was so little trouble. It owned Nell at once. And Mrs. Brainard doing the greater half of the house work, it became much attached to the kind hearted girl as, indeed, all children did. And when Mrs. Brainard was away, it slept sweetly and happily in Nelly's arms.

One balmy day in early June, just when the roses were putting out their first rich beauty, and the lovely home of Lyss Baker was one perfect round of varied fragrance and tinted, emerald set grandeur, Nell sat by the window eagerly looking for Lyss to come in, for she had some wonderful news to impart. Baby Jimmy sat on the floor, vigorously munching a bit of bread and butter. Thrusting the last morsel into his mouth, he held up his little dimpled hand for more. "No, little pet, not just now. You've eaten two pieces and it's almost tea time. I want to take this soiled bib from your neck," doing so as she spoke, "and tell Uncle Lyss what you've done."

A step in the hall without, and she caught up the child and stood in the door, exclaiming, "Don't you think Jimmy crept clear across the floor this afternoon, and?"—she stopped short, for she now saw it was not Lyss. But not before the man who stood hat in hand had noticed what a pretty picture she made in her lilac blue muslin, her brown curls tossed carelessly but gracefully from her fair womanly face, which was all aglow with health and vivacity easily and jauntily supporting the little, plump, roguish, white-robed boy on her arm. Nor did he fail to note the becoming blush that tinted her cheek and brow for a moment, when she saw her mistake. Quickly looking up, however, and coming forward with

her own frank artlessness, she said, "I thought it was Lyss. But I am glad to see you, Jim, very. Here is your baby. Doesn't he grow finely? And he *did* creep across the floor, Jim! And looked so cunning. Don't you think he's real smart?"

Jim took the child and held it caressingly, while tears fell and trickled among its bonny black curls. "I don't know, Nelly. I'm not much used to babies. But this I know, you have cared for my child as no one else but a mother could. And I wish I could express a little of the gratitude I feel."

"But I know that babies don't always creep at eight month's old. Sister Mary's didn't any of them."

Lyss was joyfully surprised at this unexpected visit from Jim, though it was a short one. He had just come to see his baby and only remained over one night, and went away leaving a couple of twenty dollar bills on the table, as Lyss refused to accept any money. Jim had brought a letter to Nell from Constance, who was at Grandma Bacon's,—a genuine girlish communication of a dozen pages,—which Nell was reading for the third time as she sat hushing the baby to sleep by the open south window. Jim saw her through an opening in the tree-girt lawn, and his heart went up to God in gratitude for the pure, unselfish love bestowed on his child; and as he looked around him with a good-by glance at the beautiful surroundings, he inly thanked the great Benefactor for giving his baby such a lovely home to dwell in. For he felt that gentle nature influences those who are surrounded by her rarest charms.

Constance was staying with Grandma Bacon, for the poor woman was failing fast and required some one, and Constance had been Fanny's friend, and it was next to having Fanny again to see Constance by her side.

One year after Fanny's death they laid her grandmother by her side. The old place was sold and the money divided equally between Jim and Walter. The principal part to be given to her two great-grandchildren when they became of age. After it was all settled, Jim went to Walter's, thence to the old Baker farm, and made a bargain for buying it. Then he went to Mr. Carson's. Just as he came in sight a young man emerged from the front door and Constance followed. They did not see him as he came along the willows, but he heard every word they said.

"Faith, Miss Constance! but yer the purtiest, swatest girl I ever see,"—the man was saying, but she paused in her walk and interrupted him. "Is that what you wished to tell me? I'll go in now."

"Shtay, me darlint, shtay! I jist come to ax you to marry me, Miss Constance."

"Why, Teddy Mulligan! What ever put that into your head?"

"Yer own swate face to be sure. And the knowin' that yer as good as can be."

"But, Teddy, I never thought of it before. And you mustn't any more. I don't want to marry."

"Och! botheration! Miss Constance, we all do when we find the right one. Ah! I know! It's that handsome young man who lives away off you; its Lyss Baker. That's why ye don't want to marry."

"Now, Teddy, you're mistaken. I don't want to marry any one. I'm too young."

"Then its that purty, black-haired widdy, Jim Welsh, perhaps. And there he is, begorra! Good day, Miss. He's coming to see ye, sure."

Concluded in our next.

"AND the Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee; he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not, nor be dismayed."
—Bible.

Avoid idleness—it is the parent of many evils. Can you pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and not hear the reply, "Do thou this day thy daily duty?"

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

A SENSIBLE RESOLVE.

"**D**ID you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?" said a workman to his employer one day, when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

"No," said the latter; "how was it?"

"Well, one day Edwards was drinking in a public house, when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to dinner.

"What's for dinner?" said the man.

"Roast goose," replied his wife.

"Is there apple sauce?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, go and make some; I won't eat goose without apple sauce."

"Edwards was so impressed with the scene he had witnessed, when the woman had left to prepare this delicacy, that for the first time in his life he began to think what a fool he had been."

"Here's this man," said he to himself, "can't eat his dinner of roast goose without apple sauce, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't have that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow with good things? Mine and that of other poor fools like me. Well, what's done can't be undone. It's of no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine off roast goose again at my expense."

"So he paid his reckoning and walked out of that public house, never to enter it again."

NATURE'S LABORATORY.

NOT many years since certain miners, working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subject—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of the decay. They brought it up to surface, and for a while, till thoroughly exposed to the atmosphere, it lay the image of a fine, sturdy young man. No convulsions had passed over the face in death—the features were tranquil, the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face. A generation had grown up since the miner went down into shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman who hurried from her cottage at hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which through these long years she had not forgotten. The miner was to have been her husband on the day after that on which he died. There was no dry eyes when the gray-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured into his deaf ear many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old, the other so young. They had been young these long years ago, but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.

"WHY EVERY THING WENT WRONG"

A poor lame boy in Springfield who became converted, whose home surroundings were very unfriendly, said, when relating his experience, "Once every thing went wrong at our house; father was wrong, and mother was wrong, and sister was wrong; but now that Jesus is mine, it is all right, and I know why every thing went wrong before—I was all wrong myself."

Every thing will go wrong with us if we are not right in Christ. Every heart has enough within it to make disquiet and unrest, and unrest, and unhappiness, until the love of Christ dwells there, turning out all the enemies to happiness and peace.

AVOID EVIL HABITS.—It is related that an Indian once brought up a young lion, and finding him weak and harmless, never attempted to control him. Every day the lion gained in strength and became more difficult to manage.

At last when excited by rage, he fell upon the Indian and tore him in pieces. It is thus with evil habits and bad passions. They are like this lion. If indulged in youth, they will cause us much vexation in after life, and may perhaps destroy us. Youth, remember, and beware!

A KINDLY DEED.

A kindly deed is a little seed
That groweth all unseen;
And, lo! when none do look thereon,
Anew it springeth green.

A friendly look is a better book
For precept than you'll find
'Mong sages wise, or the libraries,
With their priceless wealth of mind.

The little dole of the humble soul,
In all sincerity given,
Is like the wings of the heart as it springs,
Singing clear to the gate of heaven.

THE WAY TO HEALTH AND WEALTH.

A printer, instead of going out to drink with his fellow-workmen, put in the bank the same amount he would have spent for liquor. At the end of five years he had on deposit nearly \$582, and had not lost a day from ill-health; while three out of five of the others had become drunkards, and were discharged from the office. He bought the printing-office, enlarged the business, and in twenty years was worth \$100,000.

LIVED IT DOWN.—An honest blacksmith was once grossly insulted and his character infamously defamed. Friends advised him to seek redress by means of law, but to one and all he replied, "I will go to my forge, and there in six months I will have worked out such a character and earned such a name as all the judges, law courts, and lawyers in the world could not give me. He was right. It is by honest labor, manly courage, and a conscience void of offense, that we assert our true dignity and prove our honesty and respectability.

Correspondence.

STREATOR, Illinois, December 7, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—As I have never written to our paper, I thought I would drop a few lines to let you know how we are getting along in Streator. We have a nice little Sunday-school here, and social meeting in the afternoon and preaching in the evening. I was baptized a year ago. I will close now, asking an interest in your prayers, that I may be a good boy. I like to read the *Hope*. I will try and do better next time. I close with my love to you all.

CHARLES E. WEST.

WIRT, Jefferson Co., Indiana, Nov. 28, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—I rejoice when I read the *Herald* and see the numbers that are added daily, to this great and glorious cause. Oh! how I love to read the *Herald* and *Hope*, though I am not taking either one; but I have them to read. I expect to take the *Herald* soon. I sent for the *Hope* sometime ago, but have not received it. I think that Br. Joseph did not get my letter; if not, I will try again.

Bro. E. V. Springer is holding a discussion at this place with a minister of the M. E. Church. Br. S. is making it pretty hot for the minister. I will now close by asking an interest in the prayers of all the little Hopes, expecting to hear from many of them through our little paper.

I remain, as ever, your brother, A. J. HART.

STARFIELD, Clinton Co., Missouri,
December 18, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—Not seeing many letters in the *Hope* if late, I thought I would throw in my mite, although to be small. I hope you will have a happy time on Christmas, and bear in mind why it is so called.

Dear Hopes, let us try to be more faithful every day of our lives, so that when the trumpet blows we may be ready to meet the Bridegroom when he cometh. I will write again by and by.

SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

LOOKING-GLASS, Douglas Co., Oregon,
November 30, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—As I read the letters of the little Hopes, I thought I would write also. There is no branch here, but pa and ma belong to the Church.

I am not a member of the Church, but I think I will be. Uncle Joseph Clapp has been preaching some for us. I like to hear him preach. He has now gone to Coose County. We look for him back shortly. I think we will have a branch here before long—I hope we will. With many good wishes I close. Good by.

MARY BUEL.

EATON RAPIDS, Eaton Co., Michigan,
December 18, 1875.

Brother Joseph:—I take the opportunity to write a few lines. I have not been baptized yet. I am thirteen years old. I go two miles to school. I like to read the *Hope*, and think it a nice paper. I think the "Items of History" is a nice piece. I like to read the letters of the Saints. We live here alone. I would be glad if one of the Elders would come this way—I would like to go to a Latter Day Saints' meeting. I can just remember you when we lived in Marengo, when you were at our house. Bro. Kelley was here and preached once, and I had to stay at home with my little brother, so that my mother could go to meeting; and Bro. Thomas and Bro. Smith came here, and I went to meeting and we had a good time. I will close with my love to all.

MARY HOLBROOK.

WOODBINE, Harrison Co., Iowa, Dec. 8, 1875.

Little Brothers and Sisters:—I feel very thankful when I read your letters in the *Hope*, to know that you are all trying to keep the commandments of the Lord. I would like to say a great deal to you if I could write well in the English language.

Dear little readers, we are only placed here in this unfriendly world to make our own choice; to choose good or evil, and may the Lord help us to be wise, to choose the good part. Pray for me that I may be able to enter into the kingdom of God with you all.

Little brothers and sisters, do the best you can to support our little paper. Your brother in Christ,
J. M.

ENIGMA.

Little Hopes:—My object in writing is to call your attention to the Word, and such as make for your future welfare; and what I have to write this time I propose to put in Acrostic style, and though put up in weakness, I hope it may draw out some minds to read about the parties called in question, also seek to make the subject your chief concern, that you may be partakers of its greatest blessings.

Now, search the parties and place the initials in a row, and you will have the subject.

I am composed of two times ten:
My first is Paul's beloved son,
My second, the Eternal God's abode,
My third, a perfect man of God,
My fourth, the home that Adam lost,
My fifth came from a burning bush,
My sixth, a priest and Buzi's son,
My seventh a maid that Jacob won.
My eighth, he journeyed to this land,
According to divine command.
My tenth, a prophet just and true,
To tell the people what to do.
My twelfth he was the son of Amoz,
My next a righteous preacher was,
God sent him a message to disclose.
My next, the Author of perfect love,
On earth and in heaven above.
My next, a martyr full of faith,
My next was faithful unto death.
My next was fed down by a brook,
My last from sleeping death awoke.
My whole, a blessing to us given
By an angel sent from Heaven. G. N. D.

Avoid telling idle tales, which is like firing arrows in the dark; you know not into whose heart they may fall.—M. Atwell.

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

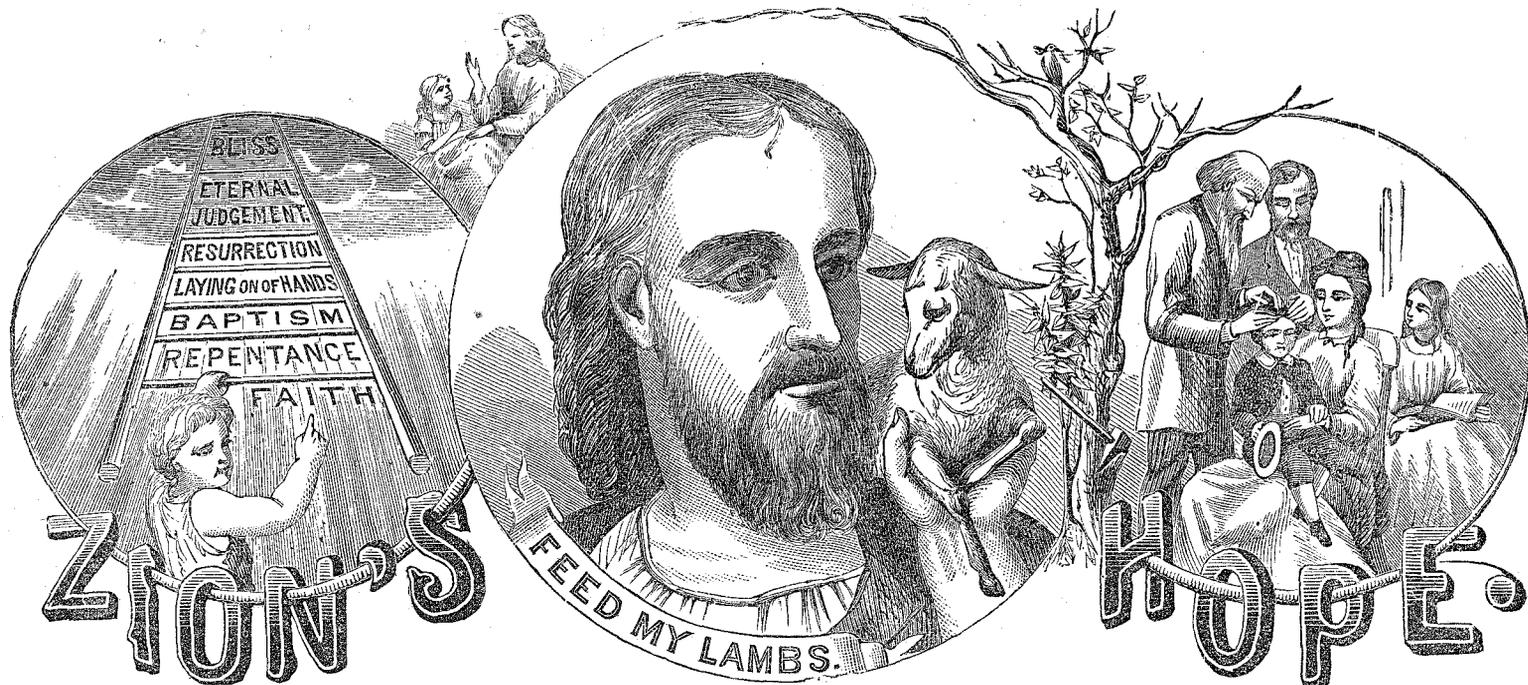
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JANUARY 15, 1876.

No. 14.

REST-HAVEN.

We are in receipt of the first two chapters of Perla Wild's new story or pen pictures of real life under the name of "Rest-Haven." As stated in a former issue it will be introduced in our next. Look out for it, you will find her sketches entertaining.

A "MOVING" ADMONITION.

JOHN Wesley says, "I dare not fret, than to curse and swear." This is a high attainment in faith and in grace. If it were as general as Wesley's hymns are in their diffusion, the piety of the Christian world would be amazingly advanced. Dare not fret! Why, there are scores of ladies who dare do nothing else on rainy days, and scores of men who are fretful and foolish when things do not move as they want them to go, and yet both these women and men are members of the Church, eminent for zeal on public occasions, and esteemed to be all but saints already, by those who profess to know them best, but who don't know them all. "Dare not fret!"

ITEMS OF HISTORY.

WITHOUT mentioning minor incidents that occurred between the close of the former, and the opening of the present chapter we will at once begin with our "Items of History," from the morning of September 22nd, 1827, the day on which Joseph Smith Jr. came in possession of the Plates, or "Golden Bible," from which the Book of Mormon was translated.

Very early on the morning of the date above named, a long while before day, Joseph and his wife Emma set out from his father's house for the place or hill where the plates were deposited. * * * They did not return until the middle of the forenoon, when Joseph found his parents laboring under much anxiety in regard to his safety and well being, lest he should fail again in receiving the plates promised. But upon his return he assured the anxious waiting ones, that all was well, and addressing his mother, said: "Do not be uneasy mother, all is right—see here, I have got a key," and exhibiting to her she took it into her hands not knowing what it was; but which she described as consisting of "two smooth three-cornered diamonds set in glass, and the glasses were set in silver bows, which were connected with each other in much the same way as old-fashioned spectacles." And added, "He took

them again but said nothing about the records," after which he made some inquiries about a chest with a lock to it. Steps were immediately taken to procure such an one as he desired, which necessitated Joseph's absence from home for a few days.

On the day following the foregoing events, one of the neighbors called in to see Mr. Smith, Sen., and asked him many questions concerning the plates. In this connection the historian states, that "no one ever heard any thing from the family about the plates" except a confidential friend of Mr. Smith's, to whom mention had been made of them some three years previous. "It appeared that Satan had now stired up the hearts of those who had gotten a hint of the matter from our friend, to search into it, and make every possible move towards thwarting the purpose of the Almighty." Mr. Smith soon learned that some ten or a dozen men headed by one Williard Chase, a Methodist class leader, "had sent sixty or seventy miles for a certain conjurer, to come and divine the place where the plates were secreted." The question naturally arises in this connection. By what power, or from what source of intelligence did those men learn, or conjecture that Joseph had come into possession of the plates? His mother in her history states that they (the family) supposed he had taken the plates and secreted them some where. And that they were apprehensive that their enemies might discover their place of deposit. So on the next morning after hearing the above report Mr. Smith, Sen., thought he would go out among his neighbors and try if he could learn any thing concerning it, when by a seeming accident he learned to his satisfaction that the conjurer had arrived and that plans were being laid to find "Joe Smith's golden bible," as they expressed themselves. When they found that their plans had been exposed to Mr. Smith, the conjurer remarked, "we will have them plates in spite of Joe Smith or all the devils in h—ll." Upon this, Mr. Smith returned home and asked Emma, Joseph's wife, if she had removed the plates from their place of deposit and whether she knew where they were. To which she replied, she could not tell where they were or whether they had been removed from their place. But upon being informed of what was on foot, she set out to inform her husband who was temporarily engaged a few miles away from home, to inform him of the enemies' movement. We will here state that Joseph kept the transparent stones, or Urim and Thummim constantly about his person, through which means, as possessors of them in former times, he was enabled to see coming events and know of the safety and wellbeing of

that divine and heavenly boon, that had been committed to his trust. And being informed by the visit of his wife of the supposed danger the plates might be in, he at once looked into the Urim and Thummim and learned that the Record, or plates were safe as yet in its then present deposit. But he returned with his wife to care for it. On arriving at home Joseph found his father in great anxiety of mind in regard to the sacred trust, whose fears he calmed by assuring him there was no cause for alarm.

After partaking of some refreshment he sent his little brother Carlos over to his brother Hyrum's with a request for him to come over, as he wished to see him; upon his arrival, arrangements were made for him to furnish the desired chest, with lock and key, right away. When he (Joseph) started for the plates to bring them from their place of deposit. See History of "Joseph Smith the Prophet," Pages 99 to 104.

THE GARDENER'S LESSON.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about it very much. The other went patiently to work at once to plant a new crop. After awhile, the impatient fretting man went to his neighbor. To his surprise he found another crop of peas growing finely. He wondered how this could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor.

"But don't you ever fret?" he asked.

"Yes, I do; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done."

"Why, then you have no need to fret at all."

"True," said his friend, "and that's the reason I put it off."

THE OSTRICH.

THE Ostrich is the largest bird known to exist, its height being from six to eight feet. It is an inhabitant of Africa, and from thence the elegant plumes are brought. They are mostly obtained from the wings and not from the tail of that bird, as is generally imagined.

A great number of eggs are laid by the Ostriches in one spot, several birds belonging to each nest. The eggs are very large and strong, and are used by the Bosjesmans for holding water. Each egg holds rather more than five pints.

The principal strength of the Ostrich lies in the legs; a swift horse has great difficulty in overtaking one. As the Ostrich mostly runs in large

curves, the hunters cut across and intercept them, otherwise they would probably escape if followed in their exact course. In running it is aided by its wings, which being too short and weak to raise it from the ground, serve only to hold the bird steady and aid in its forward motion.

"The Ostrich is easily tamed. Many of our readers have doubtless seen the tame Ostriches at the Hyppodrome, who ran races, bearing riders on their backs, and really seemed to enjoy the sport as much as any of the spectators."

The Ostrich is not as regardless of its young as has been generally supposed. "Captain Cummings remarks a fact not generally known," in regard to this bird, viz: "It has generally been supposed that after the eggs are laid the female leaves them to hatch in the sun, and takes no more care of them." In proof of the falsity of this notion, he relates the following incident. "I fell in with a troupe of about twelve young Ostriches, which were not much larger than Guinea Fowls. I was amused to see the mother endeavoring to lead us away, exactly like a wild duck, spreading out and drooping her wings, and throwing herself down on the ground before us, as if wounded, while the cock bird cunningly lead the brood away in an opposite direction."—*Sketches from Encyclopedia of Animated Nature.*

A SONG.

We sing of the mansions of rest,
Our Savior hath gone to prepare;
And oft of their beauties attest,
When seen by the Spirit afar,
But O! What'll it be to be there.

We speak of their pavements of gold,
Their walls be-decked with jewels rare;
And pleasures by mortal untold,—
But O! the rapture to be there,—
Such glory forever to share!

We tell of their freedom from sin,
Where sorrow, temptation and fear;
Rise not from without or within,—
O! "What must it be to be there,"—
Free, free, from sin and mortal care.

We sing of the service of love,
And the robes that the ransomed wear;
In the courts of Zion above,
The place, Jesus went "to prepare,"—
O, may we be found worthy there.

Amid earthly sorrow and woe,
Help, Lord, our spirits to prepare,
That with Thee, we also may know;
And feel "what it is to be there,"—
Thy presence and glory to share.

PLANO, Jan. 1, 1876. M. B. O.

A KIND WORD.

ON a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty years ago, a reckless young man was idly lounging under the the elm-trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched waif on the current of sin. His days were spent in waking remorse of the drunkard, his nights were spent in the buffooneries of the ale-house. As he sauntered along, out of humor with himself and all mankind, a kind voice saluted him. A stranger laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Mr. Gough, go down to our meeting at the townhall to-night." A brief conversation followed so winning in its character, that the reckless youth consented to go. He went; he heard the appeals there made. With tremulous hands he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he kept it, and keeps it yet. The poor booterimper who tapped him on the shoulder, good Joel Stratton, has lately gone to heaven. But the youth he saved is today the foremost of reformers on the face of the globe. Methinks, when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of the Academy of Music, I am hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder, and that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester. "He that winneth souls is wise."—*T. J. Cuyler.*

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

Part Third.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONCLUSION.

BUT Teddy Mulligan was mistaken. For Jim was not Constance's lover.—Come once more to the old Baker Farm—the old familiar home where our story opened. In the same wide kitchen where Pussy Baker sat paring apples some fifteen years ago, stands her fair faced, brown eyed daughter, beside a table ironing a tiny white robe, trilling a sweet lullaby song while little Jimmy—sweet, merry roguish four year old Jimmy, stands by the cradle rocking a small lady who winks her brown eyes and admires her plump dimpled hands and occasionally thumps her cunning little nose by way of variety.

"Mama Nell, aint our baby pittiest? Charley says Uncle Lyss' is. But I know 'taint."

"We all love our own little ones best," replied Nelly. "Perhaps Charley likes baby best because its a boy. And perhaps he wanted to tease you a little."

"I think girl babies is the nicest cause they're so cunning dont you Mama Nell?—O—who's that? Look quick!" Nell did look and dropped her iron on the cricket and ran out with a glad cry. "O Lyss and Con! How glad I am to see you. You never told us you were coming. But come in do. Jim has gone over to Charley's so Lyss you'll have to put out your team yourself. Aint you fearful tired Con, riding so far. You used to always come by the train." "Yes," replied Constance passing her crowing black eyed boy over to Nell, while Lyss lifted her to the ground. "But we thought it would be nice to come in the carriage and it was. But I'd ought to go over to papa's first. I haven't seen my folks for a whole month."

Nell stopped kissing the baby long enough to say, "nor us for six months you naughty girl. We'll all go over to morrow. You must stay with us to night."

Jim came home soon and little Charley and Mate Long with him. Netty Brainard had accompanied Lyss and Constance, and the three set out for the orchard, immediately. "Look, there is a trio such as you and Lyss and Poppy used to make. Char is another Lyss out and out; little Mate looks and seems like my sweet little girl did; and Nett Brainard is blue eyed, fair, pert and winning like Con when she was Poppy. Wonder if they will be as happy as we all are, by-and-by."

"Say Con—Lyss—to-day is our wedding day, yours and ours. I declare I hadn't thought of it before. And it doesn't seem two years since we were girls, does it Con?"

"Girls now—or brides, which is better," replied Lyss smiling. "But say, Nell have you named that little Welsh girl of yours yet?"

"Wait till to-morrow at church and you will see or hear perhaps. But what's your young heir's cognomen?"

"Just Baby Baker. We can't find any name good enough. I believe though Con says she's going to settle the matter soon. Let's see he's seven months old. And I expect she'll name him for some of her old loves or favorites."

"I never had but one, save you, Lyss," she replied. "And I don't approve of keeping up the old family names so continually."

"Say Con," quizzed Jim, "you'd best name him for that other old beau of yours that you speak of. May be I can suggest the name. Say you call him Teddy. That's a nice little pet name."

Nell and Lyss looked bewildered. Con laughed and blushed.

"Did you hear that proposal Jim? I was afraid you did at the time, but as you never mentioned it I was in hopes you didn't. I never told it. Poor fellow! I pitied him, he was so thoroughly in earnest. I wouldn't tell it because it was his secret."

"Con" cried Lyss, "is it true I had a rival in Mulligan; I never dreamed it before."

"Not a dangerous rival, Lyss," replied Con, with a sweet trusting smile.

Elder Davis preached in Oak Grove school house the next day, and at the close of the services, Nelly came forward and the venerable old man took her baby tenderly in his arms and began with "Constance, in the name of Jesus who took little children in his arms and blessed them, I ask God to bless thee," &c.

"Say, Lyss," whispered Con, "let's have our baby blessed. What do you think of calling it after Brother Davis. Shall we?"

Lyss nodded. "Any thing to have it over," and bore it to the minister, who smiled a grateful smile at this unexpected note of respect, when Lyss spoke the name of George in a low tone.

"Mother," said little Mate Long that evening at home, "I want you to make some pants and a vest and a coat for my dolly."

"What for Mary dear," replied her mother.

"So I can name it George like auntie Con's baby and the preacher; it's just the puttiest name I ever heard."

THE END.

THE INVENTOR OF THE WHEEL-BARROW.

IT takes a great man to do a little thing sometimes.

Who do you think invented that very simple thing called the wheelbarrow? Why, no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci.

And who was he?

He was a musician, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist and inventor, all in one. He wasn't a "Jack at all trades and master of none," either. He was a real master of many arts, and a practical worker besides.

When did he live?

Somewhere about the time Columbus discovered America.

And where was he born?

In the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy.

Perhaps some of you may feel a little better acquainted with him when I tell you it was Leonardo da Vinci who painted one of the grandest pictures in the world, "The Last Supper," a picture that has been copied many times, and engraved in several styles, so that almost every one has an idea of the arrangement and position at the table of the figures of Our Lord and his disciples; though I am told that, without seeing the painting itself, no one can form a notion of how grand and beautiful it is.

And only to think of the thousands of poor, hard-working Americans who really own, in their wheelbarrow, an original "work" of Leonardo da Vinci!—*From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas for July.*

QUEEN VICTORIA.

A Correspondent of a New York daily says that Queen Victoria, being about to have a photograph taken for circulation among her subjects, presented herself in a plain black silk dress, without a particle of ornament. The photographer suggested that she should send for some jewels. With characteristic good sense she declined, saying, "This photograph is to go among my people, and I wish to do all in my power to discourage extravagance;" a reply that did her great honor, showing that she appreciated the influence of her example, and wished always to exercise it in favor of prudence and virtue.

ANGELS AND BOYS.

"I want to be an angel," Bobby kept singing at the top of his voice, except when he was teasing the cat, spilling his milk, contradicting Bridget or making mud-pies—"I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand."

"That is all well and good when the time comes," cried Bridget, at last, quite out of temper, "but before you can get to be an angel, Bobby, you must just want to be a good boy. Good children are the stuff angels are made of; mind that, sir. Put it this way: 'I want to be a good boy and with the good boys stand;' then folks can know how much you mean it."

Bobby did not like Bridget's view of the case, so he made up a lip and walked off.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER XVI.—SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Q. What is the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper?

A. Partaking of bread and wine as a religious duty and privilege.

Q. Who instituted the Sacrament?

A. The Lord Jesus Christ.

Q. For What purpose was it instituted?

A. To commemorate or keep in remembrance the love, sufferings, and death of Jesus, our Lord and Savior. 1 Cor. 11:23-26.

Repeat the passages.

"For I have received of the Lord, that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

Q. Can any one administer the Sacrament?

A. Only those who have received authority from God, can administer it acceptably.

Q. Among what people did Jesus Christ institute the Sacrament?

A. His Jewish disciples at Jerusalem, just prior to his crucifixion, and among his Nephite disciples in America, shortly after his resurrection. Matt. 26:26-29; 3 Nephi 8:6, 7.

Repeat the passages.

"And it came to pass that Jesus commanded his disciples that they should bring forth some bread and wine unto him. And while they were gone for bread and wine, he commanded the multitude that they should sit themselves down upon the earth. And when the disciples had come with bread and wine, he took the bread, and broke and blessed it; and he gave unto the disciples, and commanded that they should eat. * * * And this shall you always observe to do, even as I have done, even as I have broken bread, and blessed it, and gave it unto you. And this shall ye do in remembrance of my body, which I have shown unto you. And it shall be a testimony unto the Father, that ye do always remember me. And if ye do always remember me, ye shall have my spirit to be with you. And it came to pass that when he had said these words, he commanded his disciples that they should take of the wine of the cup, and drink of it and that they should also give unto the multitude, that they might drink of it. And it came to pass that they did so. * * * And when the disciples had done this, Jesus said unto them, Blessed are ye for this thing which ye have done, for this is fulfilling my commandments. * * * And if you do always remember me, ye shall have my spirit to be with you. And I give unto you a commandment that ye do these things. * * * But whoso among you shall do more or less than these are not built upon my rock, but are built upon a sandy foundation. * * * Ye must watch and pray always."

Q. Have all the members of the church of Christ a right to partake of the Sacrament?

A. All, except those who may be under condemnation, or in transgression. 1 Cor. 11:29, 3 Nephi 8:9

Repeat the passages.

"For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself."

"Behold, verily, verily I say unto you, I give unto you another commandment. * * * And now behold this is the commandment which I give unto you, that ye shall not suffer any one knowingly, to partake of my flesh and blood unworthily, when ye shall minister it, for whoso eateth and drinketh my flesh and blood unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to his soul."

Q. How is the bread administered?

A. The person having authority beakes the

bread, and kneeling with the church, asks a blessing on it, calling upon the Father in solemn prayer. D. & C. 17:22.

Repeat the passage.

"It is expedient that the church meet together often to partake of bread and wine in remembrance of the Lord Jesus; and the elder or priest shall administer it: and after this manner shall he administer it: he shall kneel with the church and call upon the Father in solemn prayer, saying, O God, the eternal Father, we ask thee in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ, to bless and sanctify this bread to the souls of all those who partake of it, that they may eat in remembrance of the body of thy Son, and witness unto thee, O God, the eternal Father, that they are willing to take upon them the name of thy Son, and always remember him and keep his commandments which he has given them, that they may always have his spirit to be with them. Amen."

Q. How is the wine administered?

A. A blessing is asked upon it in like manner. D. & C. 17:23.

Repeat the passage.

"He [the administrator] shall take the cup also, and say: O God, the eternal Father, we ask thee in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ, to bless and sanctify this wine to the souls of all those who drink of it, that they may do it in remembrance of the blood of thy Son which was shed for them, that they may witness unto thee, O God, the eternal Father, that they do always remember him, that they may have his Spirit to be with them. Amen."

Q. How often does the church of Christ partake of the sacrament?

A. It is their privilege to partake every Sabbath; but in some branches, as in Plano, they partake but once a month.

Q. Are bread and wine always used in the sacrament?

A. No, water is sometimes used, when pure wine made by the church, can not be had.

Q. When wine is not to be had, is the use of water acceptable to God?

A. Yes. It was through instruction by revelation from Him that water was first used in the sacrament. D. & C. 26:1.

Repeat the passage.

"For behold, I say unto you, that it mattereth not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, when ye partake of the sacrament, if so be that ye do it with an eye single to my glory." [Read the whole paragraph.]

THE CHILD AND THE "AMEN."

A CHILD once told us that he thought the Amens said at the end of prayers were good-byes to the Lord, so he used to avoid them, and continue talking with Him. But is not the child's fancy too often a fact with ourselves, and the Amen a farewell word to Him, until the glorious Lord has sent some fresh cause to bring His wanderer to His feet again? Oh! did we but know how *He* yearns to have His people ever close to His side, abiding in His love, then we should be more watchful that nothing should press Him from our thoughts or our affections. Oh! what power would there be were the life spent in fellowship with Him! What might not be practically ours, did we but go on with Him, living in communion with Himself?

PUT SOME SALT IN.

"Mother, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make you put in a little salt, and sometimes a great deal."

So spoke observing little Annie, as she stood "looking on."

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without salt, and see if you can find out."

"O mother! it doesn't taste a bit good," said she, after she had tasted it.

"Why not?"

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie, a day or two afterward, "Jane Well is the worst girl I ever saw: she slaps her little brother, and pulls his hair, and acts real hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her broth-

er, he would be kind to her, she only spoke rough to me, and hit him again. Why wont she take my advice, mother?"

"Perhaps you did not put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do, and your words, spoken in the spirit of Christ, will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in it, or else it wont taste good." "Let your speech be *always* with grace, seasoned with salt."—Col. 4:6.

AN OLD CAMP-MEETING REFRAIN.

Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One who loves us to the end;
Forward then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, 'Come home.'"

In this world's a thousand snares,
Laid to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, 'Come home.'"

But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet;
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, 'Come home.'"

HEAVENLY RICHES.

BY some means a christian lady in England, who had been very well off, lost all her property. She was obliged at last to go to the poor-house.

She was old and near her end. One day, while a friend was by her side talking to her, he saw her smile and look very happy. He asked what she was thinking about that she seemed so pleasant. "Oh," she said, "I was just thinking what a blessed change it will be when I go from the poor-house to Heaven. My earthly riches are all gone, but my heavenly riches are all safe. Nobody can take them away from me. They will last forever."

WHAT EVERY CHILD OUGHT TO BE.

Little readers of the *Hope*, if you will search out the following alphabetical list of what every child ought to be, you will gain some information concerning yourself and the Scriptures.

You ought to be

A—Amiable,	Phil. iv. 8.
B—Benevolent,	Prov. xxii. 9.
C—Contented,	Prov. xv. 15.
D—Diligent,	Prov. xxii. 29.
E—Eager to obtain knowledge	Prov. ii. 3-5.
F—Forgiving,	Eph. iv. 32.
G—Gentle,	2 Tim. ii. 24.
H—Honest	Exo. xx. 15.
I—Industrious.	Eph. iv. 28
J—Just,	Prov. xi. 1.
K—Kind,	Gal. vi. 10.
L—Loving,	Eph. v. 2.
M—Meek,	Eph. iv. 32.
N—Noticing,	Rom. xiii. 7.
O—Obedient,	Rom. xiii. 7.
P—Pious,	Prov. viii. 17.
Q—Quick,	Ps. cxix. 60.
R—Regardful,	John x. 4, 5.
S—Sincere,	Titus ii. 7.
T—Truthful,	Eph. iv. 25.
U—Useful,	1 Cor. xv. 58
V—Virtuous,	Eph. iv. 29.
W—Wise,	Prov. x. 1.
Y—Yeilding to good counsel,	Prov. xix. 20.
Z—Zealous in a good cause,	Titus ii. 14.

DOING GOOD.

Oh if the selfish knew how much they lost,
What would they not endeavor, not endure,
To imitate, as far as in them lay,
Him who his wisdom and his power employ
In making others happy.

DO NOT TELL A LIE.

Oh, Henry, do not tell a lie
'Tis a mean thing to do.
A noble boy would rather die
Than say what is not true.

No person trusts a lying youth,
If once you have deceived;
When, afterwards, you speak the truth
You will not be believed.

Ask for the Holy Spirit's aid,
God loves to help the weak,
He will not let you be afraid,
The honest truth to speak.

"COME ABRAHAM OVER THEM."

THE sons of a christian farmer were very anxious to visit a large fair in their neighborhood, and their godly parent, fearing the influence of such an assemblage upon them, advised and urged with them not to go, but in vain.

At length, the day before the fair was to be held, finding that his sons really meant to go, he was greatly troubled; whereupon he went, as he was wont when in any anxiety, to his Bible, praying God for guidance. The old man opened on Genesis 18, and his eye rested on the verse, "I know Abraham, that he will command his children and household after him." "Ah!" said he, "that's where I was wrong, I advised them; I should have come Abraham over them, and have commanded them."

The next morning after family prayers he read this chapter, and explained how that it was the parent's duty to command his sons to keep out of harm's way, and theirs to obey; and he accordingly forbade his sons going to the fair. They all obeyed; and from that day, the old man told a friend, "I never had any trouble after I learnt to come Abraham over them."

We commend this little story to parents.

DESTROY YOUR ENEMIES.

IT is recorded of a Chinese Emperor that on being told that his enemies had revolted in one of the distant provinces, he said to his officers, "Come, follow me, and we will quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted on his approach.

All now thought he would take revenge, and were surprised to see the captives treated with kindness and humanity. "How!" said the chief officer, "is this the manner in which your majesty fulfills your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold, you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them!" "I promised," replied the emperor, "to destroy my enemies; I have fulfilled my word, for see, they are enemies no longer; I have made friends of them."

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him * * * for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."—Romans 6: 20.

SOMETHING FOR ALL TO DO.

"Sir," said a boy, "do you want a lad to work for you?" "No," answered the man, "I have no such want." The boy looked much disappointed, at least the man thought so, and he said in a friendly tone, "Don't be discouraged." "Oh, no, sir," replied the boy cheerfully, "I still hope on, because this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it." "Just so, just so," said a gentleman who had overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you." He thought a boy so anxious to find work would be likely to do it well, and he was not mistaken.

But one false step, one wrong habit, one corrupt companion, one loose principle, may wreck all your prospects, and all the hopes of those who love, honor and regard you.

Correspondence.

A SUGGESTION.

We commend the following suggestion to the contributors to the *Hope*. Who will comply with the request?

Editors *Hope*:—I have been thinking of writing to you for some time; but have waited, in hopes some one more competent would introduce the subject. We are told that we should instruct our children, so that they may become fit subjects for baptism when they are eight years old.

I have a large family to care for, and have neither time nor the knack of teaching my little ones as they should be taught: we are twenty-five miles from church and Sabbath-school, so that all my children know of the gospel is what little I have time to teach them. Therefore, I would suggest that a small portion of the *Hope*, a half column or more, be devoted to teaching the little ones the principles of the gospel, in a manner that a little one of five or six years can comprehend. If some of our good writers would write a series of short articles that would be instructive, and at the same time interesting, I think it would be a great help to the little children, and to mothers situated as I am. Respectfully yours. A. I. Y.

SR. LYDA A. EMMONS, under date of 26th ultimo, writes us an interesting letter from Thriving Willow Branch, near Palmer, Illinois, which is in hand too late for insertion, in full, in this issue.

She writes encouragingly. Several members of her father's family had been afflicted for months; but, through the ministrations of Bro. Wm. W. Blair, the exercise of faith, and the power of the Holy Spirit, they were restored, and for God's goodness she expressed a feeling of gratitude becoming in a child of His.

PLANO, Illinois, January 7, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—We have just set out in the labors of the new year. But first I must tell you about our Christmas festival. Under the direction of Bro. F. G. Pitt, Superintendent, and Bro. Wm. H. Curwen, manager of the festivities; a nice "tree" was prepared in the Latter Day Saints' church, which was well laden with holiday presents: and on "Christmas Eve" the Rising Star Sunday School and friends filled the house at an early hour. About two hours, prior to the distribution of presents, were spent in duets, quartets, short speeches, dialogues, and rehearsals, interspersed with songs.

Taking the affair altogether, we—young folks at least—had an enjoyable time, not soon to be forgotten. Hoping to greet you again through our little paper, I close, wishing you all, though late, "a happy new year," I am still yours for the right way.

WILLIAM CRICK.

BELLEVILLE, Illinois, December 30, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write to the *Hope*. This is a beautiful day. We have no school this week. We are going to have a party on New Year's day; we hope to have a nice time. I have good health and am trying to serve the Lord, and trust that all the other little Hopes are trying to do so too. I close with love to all the Saints.

Your sister in Christ, AGNES BEAIRD.

LEAVENWORTH Co., Kansas, January 2, 1876.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—As this is the Sabbath of the Lord, and I could not get to meeting on account of the weather, I thought I could not improve my time any better than by writing a few lines to our dear little *Hope*, to say that I am yet alive and trying to serve God and keep his commandments as well as I know how. It is good when one is in trouble to kneel down to pray, and feel His comforting Spirit steal over us and fill us with its delightful influence. I can say I am in deep trouble, for my dear mother is lying on a bed of sickness, from which she is never expected to be restored to health and strength again. It is hard to think we must part, yet I know, and feel assured that if I keep the Lord's commandments and live my religion as well as I know how, I will again be united with her never again to part, and that is a balm for all my sorrows here. I look up with faith to Him who pities our weakness, and calmly say, thy will, O, my Father, not mine be done.

Your sister in the Church, MARY J. HARMER.

WATSONVILLE, Santa Cruz Co., California,
December 19, 1875.

Bro. Joseph Smith:—As I did not go to church today, I write a few lines to the *Hope*. Dear brothers and sisters, we are living in an age in which we must make a good use of our time; for we know not what day or hour we might be called to lay our bodies

down. We are commanded to put our trust in God.

We ought to let our light so shine before the world that they might see our good works. But I do not think it is letting our light shine to go to parties and dances,—it is not becoming a saint of God to mix up too much with the world. We find by read St. Matthew 14: 6 that it was dancing that was the cause of John the Baptist being beheaded in prison. And we also find in the Book of Mormon, Ether 3: 11, was the cause of the overthrow of the kingdom of Omer.

Now, Dear Hopes, let us pass a new resolution within ourselves, that we will strive harder to keep the commandments of God more perfectly in the new year than in the one past.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain your brother in Christ. ELIAS HUTCHINGS.

SHENANDOAH, Page Co., Iowa, Jan. 2, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I wish you all a happy New Year. I have just returned from church. Bro. J. Badham preached a good sermon. Little Hopes, let us begin this new year and try to have a clear record. I love to read the *Hope*.

I dreamed, sometime ago, that I looked to the east, and saw a beautiful, silvery cloud, and at the south of it were seven rainbows. Two of them were the shape of the upper part of a heart, and at the north of the cloud were all the stars marching in a line two by two, with the Moon at the head. About half way of the train of stars was a bright object which turned in many different shapes. It was trying to draw the attention of the stars from the Moon; then the Moon would turn and smile, as much as to say, "You are of no consequence."

Now, Hopes, if you can give the interpretation of this dream, I would be pleased to hear it.

MISS ZELLA J. MOORE.

CHELTENHAM, Mo., Dec. 27, 1875.

Dear Editor, Joseph Smith:—I have read your little *Hope*, and I have seen a good many little histories and informations. I am an orphan boy, and I have a small brother. I was born in Allenton, St. Louis Co., Mo. We had a Christmas Tree on Saturday night. The meeting house was crowded, and the Sunday-school scholars got some presents,—candy, oranges, and apples. All of the scholars said pieces. The *Zion's Hopes* is a very nice paper to read. I have been a Sunday-school scholar ever since I have been with Mr. Davis of Cheltenham, Mo. Yours respectfully, HENRY DAVIS.

FR. SCOTT, Kansas, Dec. 27, 1875.

Dear *Hope*:—I am the only one here that belongs to the Church, and I am among a class of people that does not care anything about true religion, and will seldom read the *Hope* and other periodicals of the Church; yet I try to defend what is right, by my walk and conversation. The year of 1875 will soon end, and at the beginning of the new year let us all try to live uprightly, even more so than in the past, so that we may be prepared for that event that none can escape, (death). I ask an interest in the prayers of all my brothers and sisters, that I may prove faithful to the end. MARTIN S. MIDDLETON.

THE MIRROR.

The Bible is represented under different figures, and one of them is that of a mirror, or looking-glass. As we look into a glass that we may behold ourselves, so we can look into the Bible, and there see a faithful likeness presented. And what is indeed strange, we are there seen, not only as we are, but as we ought to be, and as we ought not to be. Now, take this mirror, and see if you can trace your own likeness.

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

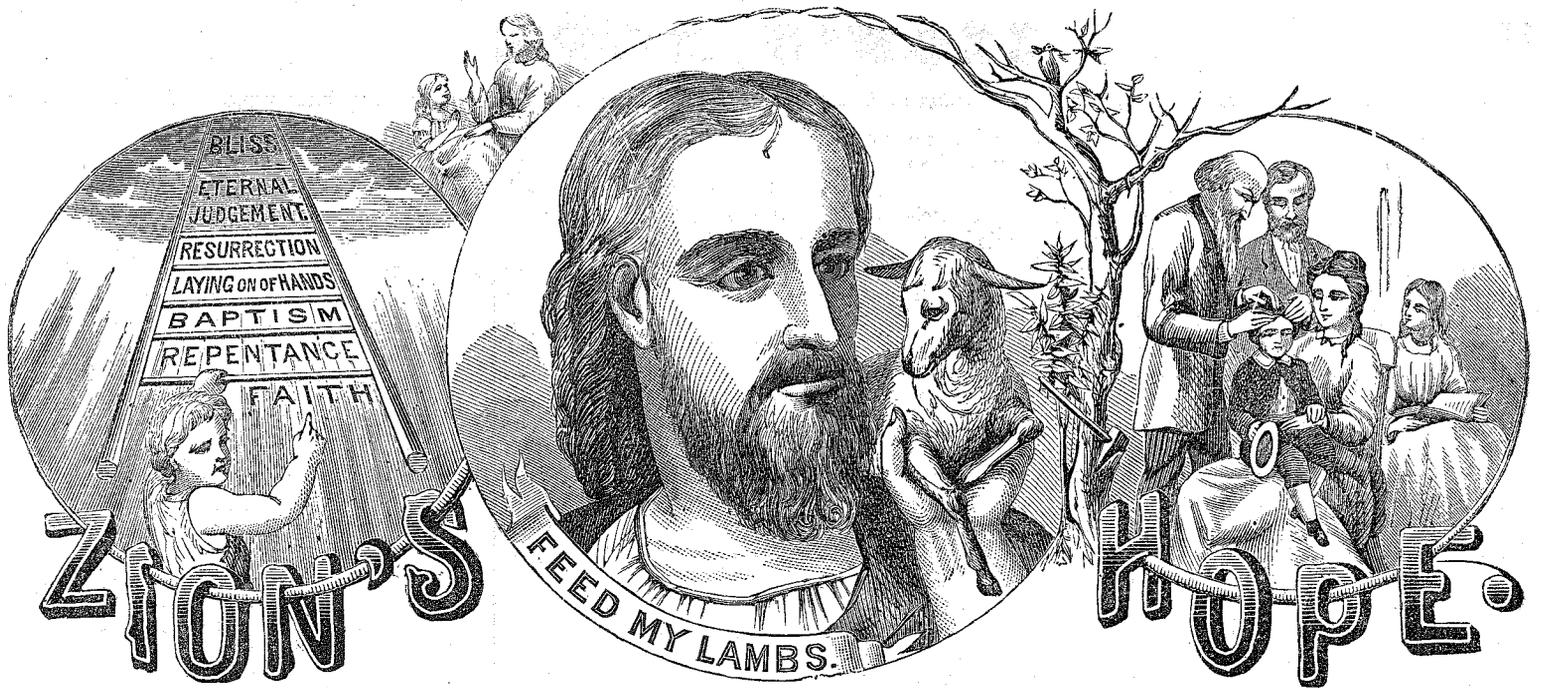
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

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No. 15.

REST-HAVEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER I.—GRACIE AND SUSIE.

GRACE MERRILLS, the bride of a year, sat by her cheerful grate with a decided frown on her brow, and a pout on her pretty, wilful mouth. "I declare it's a crying shame, so it is! And I shan't stand it! So there! I'll show Mr. Ed. Merrills that he can't tyrannize over me!" And she started up, with flashing eye and glowing cheek, only to meet the sweet, subdued face of her intimate friend, Susie Clark.

"Oh, you blessed soul!" cried Grace; "you've brought that precious baby, haven't you? And I'm so glad, for I was getting really desperate, just as you came in." And Grace proceeded to unwrap her friend's baby and go into feminine raptures over it's cunning, quaint, infantile beauty.

"I declare, Sue, I envy you your happiness with this little cherub! I do believe you're happier than I am, after all. And here I am, wife of a wealthy man, with nothing to do unless I choose, and every whim of mine gratified. While you are a poor carpenter's wife, with all your work to do yourself and a cross ill-natured cur of a husband to endure. Hush! I'm talking. But, notwithstanding all this, I almost envy you the comfort you take with this pretty little creature. And don't you think, Susie, I told Ed. I was going home to-morrow and he actually refused to consent to go with me. Did you ever hear of the like.

"No, Grace, never. I surely never knew Ed. Merrills to refuse his wife the slightest request before," was Susie's reply. "What has come over the man," she continued. "Such unusual conduct is really surprising."

"Now, Sue, you're teasing me, I know you are. And I don't like it in you! I thought you were my friend and I could trust you. And the spoiled beauty coaxed another frown to her face. But Susie laughed merrily as she asked: "Why wouldn't Ed. go, Gracie?"

"O, he says he promised to meet an agent from the firm in the city in which he deals, and he says it is impossible. But I don't believe it. The man might come again, or something. I don't care what, only so he'll go. If he don't he'd better. For he knows I've set my mind to go, and I do believe it's because he's growing cold and indifferent, as they say husbands always do a few years after marriage. I declare, I never thought it would come to this! And it is my birth-day and our wedding anniversary, you know. But its no use; he's determined he wont.—The old curmudgen.—He says you and

I can manage Kit in the single buggy, and he will come in the afternoon in time for a late dinner. But who ever *heard* of such an arrangement! Nevertheless, *I shall go*. You and I will enjoy ourselves as well without him. Mother shan't be disappointed, and that nice cake that is waiting us, shall not spoil just because of his muleishness. I only wish Dave could manage to go with us."

David was Susie's husband.

"But, Grace, I don't think I can go. I"—

"You, Suze Clark! You *will*! So let that decide! Why I do declare I believe every one is trying to make me as miserable as can be! What foolish reason were you going to offer for not going with me?"

"It is a foolish one perhaps, Grace. But still I think it sufficient. Though I would dearly love to go."

"Of course its foolish," put in Grace, as Susie hesitated. "What is it?"

"Nothing, Gracie, only my old blue dress is ruined and this is my only resort now," touching a half-worn, brown calico, which she wore. It was neatly done up, but bore evident marks of age.

An odd smile dimpled Grace's lips, as she rose and dumped the baby in its mother's arms. "What's come over that old shag of a blue of yours?"

"O, it just bursted, that's all. The last time I wore it, it gave way at both arms in the front waist. I mended it the best I could, but it looks bad, as I had no piece like it."

Now the dress had been a present from Grace, and Susie had not mentioned the matter before, never telling Grace that she couldn't go till now, for fear it would seem a hint for another new dress. Susie knew that Grace couldn't manage to get one for her now, it was so near the time, and Susie was too tall to wear one of Grace's dresses. Grace answered not a word, but went into her dressing-room, returning very soon with a neat black basque in her hand. "There, madam," laying it over Susie's shoulder, "that flimsy excuse is removed. What next, pray?"

"Nothing, simply nothing," replied Sue, tears filling her eyes as she essayed to express her thanks.

"There, there! That'll do Susie. I understand how you felt. You can't tell it if you try.—Oh yes, it will fit you! For I ordered it made after your pattern."

My pattern!" echoed Susie.

"Yes, your pattern, Sue. Whose else should it be. I kept the pattern of your blue one for future use. There, does that satisfy you?"

"You are an angel Gracie."

"Pooh! don't you know better than that? Don't I know better? What is the use of flattery."

"It isn't flattering Gracie,"—Grace closed the sentence by clapping her hand over Sue's mouth.

"Hush now, madam. I want to talk. And I you to grant me one request. Will you? Say yes first, before I ask. I'm so afraid you'll refuse if you don't. And I do want it so much. It isn't fair to get a promise in such a way, I know, but I do want it so very much."

And Grace removed the hand that had covered Susie's mouth. "You are so good and kind to me Grace, that I couldn't refuse you anything, save baby here. You can't have him," smiling.

Grace tossed her head impatiently; "I wasn't buying you to do anything, by giving you that trifle. I want you to do it merely to please me. And I don't want you to give me your baby, as you very well know; for what in the world would I do with it? If it cried I should sit down and cry too.—But I want the privilege of naming it.—May I?—But stay; don't answer me now, Sue. Wait till to-morrow morning; come at nine and we'll get ready and start by ten. Of course you want to consult that old Dave of yours."

That evening after supper Susie brought her new basque for David to inspect and admire.

"Humph! quite a present. Some of Grace's old cast offs, I suppose. Thought 'twould do for poor folks." And he threw it carelessly over a chair.

"Now David you know better than that. Just see; it's new and made expressly for me."

"Likely!" he answered ironically, taking up a newspaper. "She made you think so of course."

Susie said no more though she was hurt at her husband's want of gratitude. But he was something of a spoiled child, as was Gracie, only of a less sunny temperament. More of a despondent nature. Given to looking on the shady side of everything, which rendered Susie's life almost a failure at times. She was naturally sweet tempered, cheerful and buoyant. Very sensitive and conscientious, and capable of any self-sacrifice that was not sin. Now the truth was, David's pride was touched by Grace's donation; for he was well aware that Sue needed something of the kind, but he saw no way of getting it. He worked diligently, but it took all his wages to live, and Susie was a capital house wife too. Saving and economical as woman could be. It seemed to him that this gift was a hint that he couldn't provide his wife proper clothing. And Sue's joyful gratitude was like a confirmation of his suspicion. Susie didn't expect it, but she suc-

ceeded in winning a rather reluctant consent to Gracie's request. He said, as he often had before, *he didn't care what the baby was called.*

Grace was in her room, tapping her foot impatiently on the carpet. "I declare, it's fifteen minutes past nine, and Sue isn't here yet! Dear! I wonder if she is going to disappoint me."

"O, no, Gracie, never fear," answered Susie, entering at the moment. "I walked so fast I'm nearly out of breath. Really, baby is quite heavy for three months old."

Grace had the little wondering-eyed fellow in her arms and his wrappings off in a moment. The tiny creature was arrayed in a spotless white robe with a cute little sacque of pink wool. These were her gifts. "Well," she remarked, laying him on the sofa cushions, "he will do for now. But come here, Sue;" and she led the way to her dressing-room, where a small trunk stood open, packed full and surmounted by a white embroidered baby dress and a wee crimson jacket of soft, fluffy zephyr. "And here's a dinner dress for you to wear to-day, in honor of the occasion;" raising the infant's garments and revealing a portion of a rich brown merino.

Susie's arms were about Grace's neck, and she was endeavoring to express her joyful surprise and gratitude. But Grace kissed her demurely and put her away, saying, "I've given you a surprise, and I'm repaid, Sue. Now I want you to dress my hair and help me get ready. Perhaps you are too tired. I might have called Jenny, as usual, but I prefer your assistance. You are so careful, and handier than she.—You won't think I am making servitor of you, will you?" with a sweet appealing look in her lovely, amber-brown eyes.

"No, no; not a bit of it, Gracie, darling. It's like old times, when we were girls, and used to comb each other's hair and be like two loving sisters. It is a pleasure to be able to do you a favor." And Susie proceeded to brush out Grace's long, amber-brown tresses, just the color of her beautiful eyes in the shadow, but a soft, bright, shining gold in the sunlight.

Once on their way, driving briskly through the autumn grove, bright leaves dropping softly over and around them, beautiful leaves,

"Ruby tinted, golden spotted,
Emerald hued and scarlet veined,"

Grace asked carelessly, "Well, about baby's name?" She held her breath for the reply, so anxious yet so fearful was she, notwithstanding her apparent indifference.

"O, you're to name it Gracie. Who could refuse you any thing? Yes, indeed; now what is he to be called? I'm anxious to know."

"Who could refuse me any thing, Sue?" answered Grace, with a grave expression on her face. "Ed Merrills, to be sure. *He* could refuse me a wish very dear to my heart. That shows how much he cares for me."

"Now, Gracie," soothingly remonstrated Sue, may be he couldn't come. It doesn't seem at all like him to be unkind to you."

"No, of course it doesn't and that's why it hurts me so. But I'm not going to let any one know it if it does.—The baby's name is John. How does that please you? It's for papa, you know."

"John?" replied Susie. "I'm so glad. I was afraid it would be Ed, and David doesn't fancy that name. Oh, yes; John is a good old name, and so handy."

"Humph! Sue, you needn't think I'd name even a pet kitten Ed, *now*. We've quarreled. Or rather *I* have. And I don't care if I never speak to him again."

"Why Gracie!" cried Susie. "You don't mean it, surely."

"Yes, I do mean it and a good deal more." And a hard, stern expression came into her eyes and over her handsome face, as she urged demure old Kit to a livelier pace, and began trilling a merry air in assumed indifference. But Susie couldn't believe there was any thing serious in

the disagreement between Ed and Gracie; not even when they arrived at their destination after a pleasant six miles ride, were warmly welcomed by Grace's parents and big brother, Al, and replied to their anxious inquiries after Ed, with a careless toss of the head, "O, he staid at home to attend his business. He cares more for that than he does for me. I don't care, however. I'll punish him for disappointing me so."

There was no time for further explanation, for some dozen or more of the invited guests came flocking out of the parlor to greet the new comers. First and foremost among these was a very foppish young gent, who sported a gold-headed cane, a pale buff-colored mustache, and an eye-glass dangling at his breast. He was a distant cousin of the family, of no particular account to himself or any body else, and possessed of no very marked characteristics, save it be a decided admiration of himself. However there was nothing bad about him, and as he was one of the family, he was always tolerated at their feasts and merry-makings, at which times the younger and more thoughtless among the number often took occasion to make him the victim of sly jokes and ridicule. But he was so indolent and good natured that he bore it all with complacency.

"How-dy-do, Gracie, my angelic cousin? I'm rejoiced to see you." And he extended his hand, which Grace scarcely touched with the tips of her dainty fingers, not more dainty than his however, as she replied, "Not quite as angelic as usual, Miles. I'm cross, in fact." And turned to greet the other of her young friends.

At the first favorable opportunity Mrs. Dean, Gracie's mother, inquired of Susie the reason of Ed Merrills' absence. Susie told her all she knew of the matter, and the kind-hearted mother delayed dinner till one, hoping her son-in-law would come at last. And sure enough, just as they were approaching the dining table, literally loaded with the substantial as well as luxuries of life, in came Ed with a worried, anxious look on his face, and after a general salutation he took his accustomed place at Mrs. Dean's right hand; looking in the same time toward Grace, who loitered by a window dallying with a pretty Maltese kitten that was sunning itself on the outside, apparently unconscious of her husband's entrance. The kind, but over indulgent mother looked annoyed and pained, but Grace only thought of herself and how shamefully she had been treated—in her own way of thinking. Self is blind, you know.

"Come, Gracie, child, we're waiting," urged her mother, looking to a vacant chair beside Ed, where Grace always sat. Grace turned toward the table and seeing another empty seat on the side near her, quickly slipped into it, and demurely bent her head and waited for her father to say grace. Mrs. Dean flushed to the temple and Ed swallowed down a sigh that was almost a groan, but nothing was said for some moments after Mr. Dean's reverent appeal to heaven for blessing on the bounty given. The seat which Grace had taken chanced to be at the left of her insipid cousin Miles, and that young gallant smiled all over his face at the supposed preference shown him by his much admired relative, Grace. Looking around the table, she noticed that Susie was not present. So it was her seat she had taken possession of. Well, she didn't care, she'd punish Ed a little; and that was all she wanted to do just now.

Continued.

DO YOU LOVE CHRIST.

We will tell you how you may know.
If we love a person, we like to *think about him*.
We like to *hear* about him.
We like to *read* about him.
We like to *please* him.
We like his *friends*.
We are jealous about his *name and honor*.
We like to *talk* to him.
We like to be *always with him*.

ANGEL NETTIE.

On the Death of Nettie Bradley.

She has gone to live with Jesus
In that bright and happy land,
Where the souls of little children
Ever in God's presence stand.
Pain and sorrow cannot reach her,
Shades of darkness never come
To that realm of light and glory,—
To our little Nettie's home.

She deserves to be an angel,
She was such an angel here,
Ever loving, kind and gentle,
Precious little Nettie dear.
How we loved our cherished darling
Only tender parents know,
And our grief at our bereavement,
Words nor tears can never show.

Yes, we loved our Nettie fondly,
And we thought her all our own,
But the Father claimed her spirit,—
Called her to the bright unknown.
Through the Savior's death and rising
She is crowned an heir of light,
For she knew no sin in earth life,—
Angels, there, will guide her right.

And to us the same sweet promise,
By the Savior's word is given;
If we follow his injunctions
We may dwell with him in Heaven.
And we've now in Heaven a treasure
Nettie is of Jesus' fold;—
May we worthy be to meet her
In the city paved with gold.

P. W.
INLAND, Iowa, Nov. 15, 1875.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE CHURCH.

Q. What are those who obey *the* gospel called.
A. Saints.

Q. What are Saints called, when associated as an organized body of people:

A. The Church of Jesus Christ.

Q. Are there more churches of Christ on the earth than one?

A. No. There can be but *one*, and though that one be divided into many Branches, yet they must all be united in faith and doctrine, and subject to one presiding head.

Q. May not the Church of Jesus Christ, exist, acceptably, in the several divisions, and under the different names by which the several religious societies are recognized in the world at the present day?

A. No. God disapprobates such divisions of his Church, and the several names applied to them, which are approved of men, as not being in harmony with the Divine will, and order of the Gospel Church, because He loves unity, and order among his children. John 17: 20-21. 1 Cor. 1: 10. D. C. 36: 2-38; 6.

Repeat the passages.

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one."

"Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye *all* speak the *same* thing, and that there be *no* divisions among you: but that ye be perfectly joined together in the *same* mind and in the *same* judgment. For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, * * that there are contentions among you. Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Appollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ. Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?"

"The Lord called his people Zion, because they were of one heart and one mind."

"I say unto you, be one; and if ye are not one, ye are not mine."

Q. How does God look upon divisions and separations from the church and teachings of Christ.

A. He looks upon them as acts of open rebellion against His authority. And the movers of such things are fully described in the following scriptures. Jude 16, 19. Acts 20; 30. Ro. 16; 7: 1

Repeat the passages. "These are murmurers, complainers, walking after their own lusts; and their mouth speaketh great swelling words; * * These be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit."

"Speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them."

"Mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them."

Q. There are a great many churches on the earth. Which among them all is the true church of Christ?

A. The TRUE "Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints."

Q. Why is it called the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints?

A. To distinguish it from the Church of Christ of Former Day Saints.

Q. How was this name given to the church?

A. By commandment, to "Joseph Smith, Jr. Sidney Rigdon, and Hyrum Smith," * * * *For thus shall my Church be called in the last days, even the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.*

Q. How can the Church of Christ be known from other religious societies?

A. By various characteristics, among which may be named its Priesthood and organization after the apostolic order; its being led by a Prophet having direct revelation from God; its enjoyment of the gifts and blessings of the Holy Ghost, and promising the same to all believers who are obedient to the truth; its purity and CONSISTENCY of doctrine; its unity and oneness of spirit, the gathering of its members from among the wicked, and, lastly, men may KNOW the Church of Christ by obeying its doctrine and obtaining a testimony for themselves by revelation from God.

Q. Is it the privilege of all people to receive a testimony for themselves from God, of the truth of the gospel as revealed in its fullness, and taught by the Church of Christ?

A. Yes if they honestly desire it, and seek it in faith. John 7; 17. James 1; 6, 7.

Repeat the passages. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of my self."

"If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, * * and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith."

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Thomas McCrie, an eminent Scotch preacher, and the biographer of John Knox, used to tell with strong feeling an anecdote of his mother. He was not a Christian when he left home for a university education in Edinburgh. The mother's heart was troubled at parting with her boy, and full of anxiety at the thought of temptations to be met in city and college life.

She walked with him for some distance on the road, to give a few parting counsels. Then, climbing over a fence into a field, she led him behind a rock, where, shielded from the view of passers by, she put her hands on his head and prayed earnestly for God's blessings on her boy, to keep him from evil and make him a noble and useful Christian man. To that prayer he always referred, as changing his whole life.

CROWNING KING PUMPKIN.

The Paris market people practice a queer old custom at this season of the year, which they call "Crowning King Pumpkin."

The first thing is to get the very largest pumpkin to be found, that it may be worthy of the royal honor intended for it. All the gardeners for miles around are requested to send in their best specimens. and when a number of pumpkins have been collected, a committee of the market men selects the best adapted to the purpose.

Then all the market people get together, and with much solemnity and ceremony, the monster pumpkin is adorned with a crown of tinsel and foil-paper, and placed upon a gilded board. Four men, chosen for their height and size, lift this odd chair of state on their shoulders, and march through the market-halls with it, while songs are sung and music is performed.

As "King Pumpkin" progresses, the stall-keepers make their bows and salutations; flowers and cabbages and carrots are spread in his path; an address is read to him by two of the best-look-

ing market-women, who wear green dresses. There is a great deal of joking and merry-making, and the day of the coronation is a holiday in the markets. The people, young and old, are dressed in their finest clothes, and some of them wear carrots and turnips in their button-holes.

The coming of the evening is the signal for the sacrifice of the royal pumpkin. The market people gather round a table, on which the "King" is placed. A market-man chosen for the purpose then flourishes a carving-knife over him and with a solemn speech proceeds to cut him up into large, yellow slices. These slices are sold off at auction; and soon after the last has been sold, the successful bidders hasten off to convert the ribs of the poor dissected king into soup, which is freely distributed to the gay crowd in the markets.

Although our own Yankee "pumpkin-pie" is almost an unknown dish to the French, they make many more uses of the big yellow vegetable than we do. They use it for soups, they fry it, preserve it, make sauce of it, and even candy it so as to make a sweetmeat. Thus the French are very proud of their pumpkins, and it is quite natural that they should choose it to represent the royal vegetable in their autumn festivity.—*Youth's Companion.*

ITEMS OF HISTORY.

AS stated at the close of the former article, Joseph started for the Plates—or "Gold Bible" as the world has been pleased to call them—which he had deposited or secreted about three miles from home. Upon reaching the spot, he "took them from their secret place, and, wrapping them in his linen frock, placed them under his arm and started for home. While Heaven was propitious, to answer and bless, in giving that which was good; the powers of darkness seemed to be as actively engaged, if possible, to prevent that good flowing to him, and thence to all the world; and having in some measure, experienced the despair that comes from the triumphs of the powers of darkness, and feeling that he was, for some cause or other, being made a special object, upon which the enemy of all good was seeking to expend a large share of his wrath; he was led to shun the highways of men, and ere he had proceeded far he thought it would be more safe to return through the forest, and accordingly left the road. But ere he had gone far, he had to cross a windfall, and as he was jumping over a log, a man sprang up from behind it and gave him a blow with a gun,—he dealt his enemy a blow which felled him to the ground and escaped "at the top of his speed." But ere he had proceeded a mile further, he was attacked again in the same manner as at first, and in like manner escaped a second time. In freeing himself from the last attack, he dislocated one of his thumbs, which, however, he did not notice until he had arrived within sight of home, and was well out of danger of the strange and unprovoked attacks upon his life, "when he threw himself down in the corner of the fence to rest and recover his breath. As soon as he recovered a little, he went to the house, almost speechless from fright and fatigue.

After resting a few moments, he desired his mother to send for his father (who was not in at the time) and for Messrs. Knight and Stool, to see if they would go and try and find the men who had been pursuing him. And his little brother Carlos was sent to Hyrum Smith's to see him about the chest, mentioned in the last chapter and when he arrived there, Hyrum without any explanation from the child, gathered the chest, emptied its contents on the floor and left the house instantly with the chest on his shoulder, for his father's house where Joseph was waiting his arrival. His sudden and unexplained action caused some astonishment in the minds of his guests who thought him certainly crazy, and who, with him, were at the table at the time Carlos arrived; but a few words from his wife allayed their fears, on the score of insanity.

When the chest came, Joseph locked up the Record, and threw himself upon the bed, and after resting a little, so that he could converse freely, arose and went into the kitchen where he related his recent adventure," to his father, and Messrs. Knight and Stool; who had returned from searching after those who had attempted his life. But they were unable to gain any traces of them.

When Joseph first came into possession of the Plates, the heavenly Messenger or angel of the Lord stood by, and said:—"Now you have got the Record in your own hands, and you are but a man, therefore you will have to be very watchful and faithful to your trust, or you will be overpowered by wicked men, for they will lay every plan and scheme that is possible to get it away from you, and if you do not take heed continually, they will succeed.

"While it was in my hands, I could keep it, and no man had power to take it away; but now I give it up to you. Beware, and look well to your ways, and you shall have power to retain it, until the time for it to be translated." See History of "Joseph Smith the Prophet," Pages 104 to 106.

WOULD BE A HERO.

"If I were a general," said FREDDIE, laying down his history, "I should be happy."

"Are you not happy now?" asked AUNT MARGARET.

"Oh yes; but I long to be a hero. It's something to be a hero; don't you think so?"

"Yes," said AUNT MARGARET. "I admire a hero. Shall I tell you how you may become one now—a boy hero? which, I think, is far more noble than becoming a general."

"Yes," said FREDDIE eagerly, "do tell me."

"By being master of yourself. Do not give way to angry, wicked feelings. The Bible says, 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' Think of this, and when tempted to do wrong fight for the right, and you will be a hero greater than a general."

BAPTISM, THE MODE.

GOD is the same from age to age. Time works no change in him or his "perfect law." He is no respecter of persons. That is, he will not require more of a man to day, than what he did of one eighteen hundred years ago. If men then, had to live by every word that proceeded forth out of the mouth of God, and obey all the requirements of the "perfect law of liberty" in order to obtain the favor of God, in the forgiveness of their sins, and the benefits of his kingdom, through the gifts and revelations of his spirit,—can they obtain like blessings and gifts to-day without yielding alike obedience to that "perfect law," and if the law was perfect then, it is perfect yet. If it was perfect then it would admit of no change, hence must be the same to-day.—If men had, in the days of Christ and the Apostles, to believe in the one true and living God, and in his Son Jesus Christ; repent of all their sins, or in other words cease to sin and make restitution where they had wronged their fellows; that is, as far as they were able and be baptized in water for the remission of their sins: we ask again, can we be saved in the kingdom of God without living by every word, that proceedeth forth out of his mouth?

Christian people universally agree that men must have faith in God, through Christ, and that they must repent of their sins, to be saved in the kingdom of God; but many do not believe that it is really necessary to be baptized in order to obtain salvation. And among the many that acknowledge it as a christian ordinance—not really essential or necessary, to obtain salvation,—a difference of opinion and practice is had in regard to the mode in which it should be administered.

To us, the scriptures are very plain on the subject, that it is essential or necessary, to obtain salvation and that its object, is the remission of sins—and that the MODE, was immersion in the days of Peter and Paul, and that as its requirement, is a part of the "perfect law," the mode of necessity must be the same to day. That immersion, was the acknowledged mode, taught and practiced in the first few centuries after Christ is strongly supported by the following testimony from early christian authors.

Barnabas, a writer of the Apostolic age, says that in baptism: "We indeed go down into the water."

Hermas, of the same age: "We go down into the water."

Justin, A. D. 140, says of the candidates: "They are bathed in the water."

Tertullian, A. D. 200: "We are immersed." Valesias, a learned critic: "Baptism, properly signifies immersion."

Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, A. D. 348, in speaking of baptism: "The body is dipped in water." "The body went down and came up."

Gregory, Bishop of Nyssa, 371: "He who is baptized in water is wholly wet."

Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, 374: "Thou wast immersed, that is, thou wast buried."

ANONYMOUS.

A few months ago we gave notice that no attention would be paid to *anonymous* articles—Hence the writers of letters and articles; expecting their insertion in the HOPE,—must accompany them with their full name,—for the reason that we are not always able to tell who "M. J."—"C. W.," or "H. A. T." is. Again we give notice that such communications will find their way to the "waste basket."

We do not mean by this, to say that no article will be published without the full name of the author signed to it—But we simply mean that the name of the writer must be sent, so that we may know who the author is. And in sending clippings from papers; please give the name and date of the paper, so that we will know who to credit it to.

Correspondence.

BLACKFOOT CITY, Deer Lodge Co., M. T.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*; this is my first attempt, and I can't say much, but I will do the best I can. I was baptized when I was eight years old. There is no Branch here, and but few Saints, and they are very suattering. Let us sing and be happy, and keep the commandments of God. I have no more to say at present, so I will bring my letter to a close, by asking an interest in your prayers. My love to you all. I remain your brother in Christ,

JEREMIAH P. JENKINS.

CLOVER HILL, Simcoe Co., Canada, Nov. 7, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I love to read the letters of the Hopes. When I think how the Lord has blessed me in different ways: my heart rejoices in the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. May I be of the happy number that shall wear the crown. Oh, little readers of the *Hope*, if we could live so that we could all meet in Zion, how happy we would be. I pray to God to give us understanding hearts, that we may understand the gospel. There has been nice weather here for some days. I am going to school every day. I enclose, in this letter, \$1.00 for the good of Zion. Uncle Joseph, if there is one thing more than another that I desire, it is to live a pure life before God, that I may be accepted of him. I remain your brother in faith.

Good by. JOEL MOONEY.

DOWNSVILLE, Pottawattamie Co., Iowa, January 2, 1876.

Dear *Hope*:—It is with feelings of great pleasure and interest that I write a few lines to you. Some of the Hopes have been writing about their homes—I will tell you something about mine. I live on a farm nine miles from Council Bluffs, our nearest city. It is a beautiful place, surrounded on all sides by the wild prairies. Dear Hopes, let us all remember the cause in which we have enlisted, and not fall short of our duties; but let us go onward in this glorious latter day work, for the Lord has promised us that those who seek him early shall find him. Let us not be

vain or proud in our clothing, for that is a great fault with the young. We are commanded to be plain in our apparel. Therefore let us improve our time while it lasts, for we know not when we may be called to leave this world and the things thereof to try the realities of eternity. I close, praying that the blessings of the Master may attend you all.

From your brother, KENNEDY H. HANSEN.

BLACKFOOT CITY, M. T., December 23, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write also to our little paper. I love to read its columns, and learn of the goodness of God, for my whole soul rejoices in the latter day work. We are the only family of Saints within eight miles of this place. I was baptized by Elder R. C. Moore, when I was eight years old. Dear Hopes, pray for me, and let us keep our lamps trimmed and burning. I remain yours as ever.

JAMES P. JENKINS.

ALLEN TOWN, N. J., January, 5, 1876.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—I again make an attempt to write to the *Hope*. I have the pleasure of telling you that we have a little Branch, of nine members. It was organized on Christmas day, by Bro. John Stone—for which I am very thankful. We have preaching every two or three weeks, by Bro. Stewart. The Branch was organized about eight miles from here, and is called the Hornerstown Branch. Ma says she feels thankful for having a Branch in this land, for it is what she has been praying for these many years, and now her prayer is answered. We haven't had many meetings out at Hornerstown lately, for the weather has been so unfavorable, and it is quite a ways to go; but when spring comes it will be pleasanter, and we can go oftener.

Well, I will bring my letter to a close, with my love to all, by asking an interest in all of your prayers. This from your sister ever in the faith of the gospel.

MARY E. McGUIRE.

WHITESTOWN, Indiana, January 9, 1876.

Brother Joseph:—Thinking you would like to hear from this out-of-the-way place, I will write a few words only. There are but three Saints here—that is by obedience—but there are others that are convinced, and I believe ready to obey as soon as an opportunity is offered. We are expecting Bro. Springer with us soon, as he promised to return as soon as possible. We hope he may arrange his temporal affairs so that he can settle in Whitestown. I think there is a good work here for an Elder; there are calls for Elders, on every hand.

Bro. W. H. Kelley opened up the way here, followed closely by Brn. Lambert and Smith, Bro; Springer coming in for his share of the good work of convincing the people.

Since Bro. Kelley preached here the churches are doing no good. They seem to be dead. They did not turn out very well to hear him, and from that time they have almost quit going to their own church. I thought last fall we would be with the Saints this winter, but Providence has otherwise directed. Although we have many friends here, yet we long for the society of the Saints. Your sister in the new and everlasting covenant,

S. A. TROUT.

SANBORN, Illinois, January 10, 1876.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. I like it very much. * * * I am glad to say that I am a member of the Church. I was baptized by Bro. L. J. Simpson, in the year 1874. There are not many meetings around here now, and when there is, I can't enjoy myself in sharing other people's happiness, for I am deaf, and have been for four years; but this is God's will for me to be so. So now, dear little Hopes, will you pray for me, that I may once more hear, so then I would be happy again. I am thirteen years old now. So now, dear Hopes, I will come to a close. No more at present.

From your brother in Christ, JOHN L. THOMAS.

MILLERSBURG, Illinois, January 8, 1876.

Uncle Joseph:—I will be six, next August. Moroni is my little brother; he will be two years old next August. He plays with me. We were to see Viola Vernon today; she is getting better—she comes to meeting. We have prayer meetings on Wednesday nights, and Sabbath at two o'clock, and papa preaches on Sabbath nights. I go to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday. Aunty Ennis (Susan H.) is our teacher, I am not big enough to write, so I told my papa what to write. I am going to be baptized when I get old enough. I do not go to school yet.

LILLIE B. TERRY.

JEFFERSON, Green Co., Iowa, January 6, 1876.

Dear Little *Hope*:—I love to read all the little letters in your columns. I am going to school now. We have a good teacher. On Christmas and New Years I had a nice time. We have had fine weather; snow all gone; the ground is covered with water. * * * We have no Sunday-school now. Good by.

ELLA A. HATCHER.

THE LAW OF GOD.

Matt, 19:18. Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder.

Ex. 21:12. He that smiteth a man so he that he die shall be surely put to death.

Gen. 9:6. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man.

Numbers 35:31. Ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, which is guilty of death: but he shall be surely put to death.

THE FIRST MURDER.

Gen. 4:8-15. And Cain talked with Abel, his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel, his brother, and slew him.

And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said: I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?

And he said: What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.

And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.

When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.

And Cain said unto the Lord: My punishment is greater than I can bear.

Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass that every one that findeth me shall slay me.

And the Lord said unto him: Therefore, whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.

I. John 3:12. Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous.

A SUPERINTENDENT once asked the children of his Sunday-school this question:

"Children, who are the meek?"

A little boy gave him this answer:

"They are those who give soft answers to rough questions."

The Workshop.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—Take one teacup sweet milk, one-half teacup buttermilk, one-half teacup molasses, two cups Indian meal, one cup of flour, one cup of English currants, one teaspoonful of soda and a little salt. Steam two hours; serve with butter and sugar or sweetened cream.

N. M. and JOHN F. PATTEN.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—To cure cholera, feed your chickens, twice a day on corn—soaked in coal oil; and as a preventative feed them as above, once every ten days or two weeks. This remedy is cheap, and proved a success when all others known had failed. Keep it in mind and try it when your chickens are troubled with cholera.

Yellow stains, commonly called iron mould, are removed from linen by Hydrochloric acid or hot solution of oxalic acid. Wash well in warm water afterwards.

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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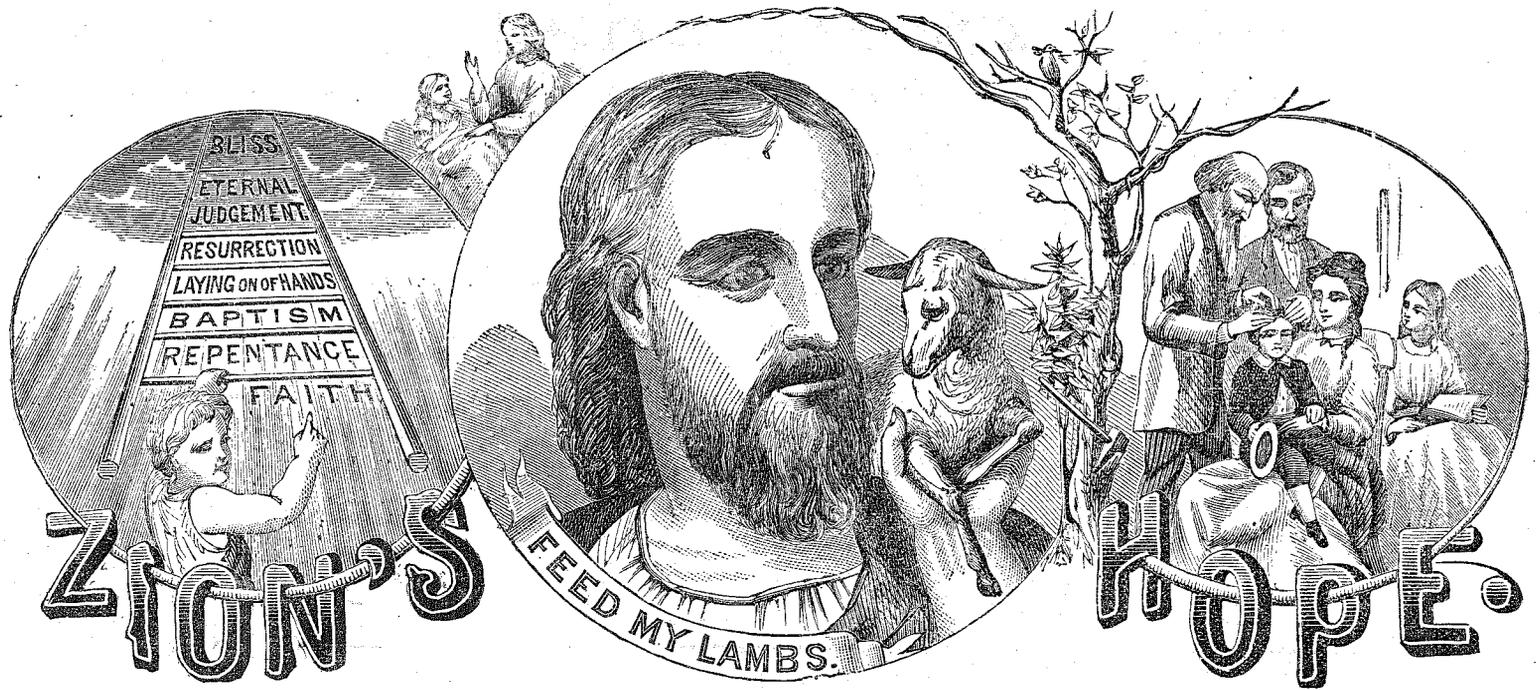
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., FEBRUARY 15, 1876.

No. 16.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Readers of the HOPE, Friends, Parents and Children, send us more *new* subscribers. We are not asking you to work for us, but we are asking you to work for yourselves. Our papers—the HERALD and HOPE do not belong to an individual or company of men, but to the Church at large, and are under the control of the Board of Publication, which is a creature of the Church. Therefore *every* member should feel an interest in the HOPE, in trying to render it useful and pleasing to the Young.

Send us articles, short, pithy and pointed, original and selected, prose and poetry. There are thousands of little incidents known to the readers of the HOPE, which, if dressed up a little, would be both instructive in the illustration of every-day-life and also of the principles and doctrines of the gospel. Now little Hopes, we want you to work with a will, *in your interests*, and get as many new subscribers as you can—and if parents or children do not like the kind of matter published—please send us something that you think more suitable. Now, don't be backward, but show by your action that you are in earnest in this great work of the last days.

Will the ministry also take notice, and remember the interests of the young?

REST-HAVEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.—GRACIE AND SUSIE.

"Where's Susie Clark," she asked presently. Her mother answered, "O her baby was crying and refused to be comforted by Barbary, and so Susie said we shouldn't wait for her. She'll be here presently." And at that moment she entered, looking as fresh and bright as a flower, in her new dress and ribbons, for Grace had neglected nothing in making her loved friend's attire pretty and complete. Susie hesitated a moment, then bowing a pleasant "good afternoon" to Ed., she took the seat beside him.

"We're glad to see you, Ed. We were afraid you wouldn't come, as Grace said your business detained you at home." This was said in the most natural way in the world, and was intended to convey to him the idea that no one knew of the misunderstanding between him and Gracie; which indeed was the case with most present; and also with a hope of restoring peace between two fond hearts. But Grace mistook the kind motive of her friend and felt a trifle vexed, she scarce knew why. But with a jaunty toss of her

shapely head, a motion peculiar to her, she began a light conversation with Miles Dean, who she very well knew was Ed's especial abomination. Dinner over, Ed waited at the dining-room door for Grace, offering his arm and casually remarking, "You didn't have any trouble driving out, I presume."

Grace turned toward Miles just as if she had not heard Ed, and asked, "How did you like the bride's cake? wasn't it beautiful and delicious?"

By his side she entered the parlor, but Susie drew her hand into her own whispering, "Gracie, Gracie, don't disgrace yourself and break Ed's heart, don't. And your poor mother. Do be reasonable!"

"Let me alone if you please. I'm eighteen today, and I am asserting my independence, that's all," answered Grace, half aloud with a careless laugh. "But where's Barbara? I want to present that wonderful son of yours to the company. He's been asleep till dinner time, so no one could get a sight of him." This in a tone that all would hear. Barbara, the little house maid came from a curtained recess with the infant in her arms, arrayed in the brodered robe and crimson jacket in accordance with Grace's command. He was a very pretty child, with black eyes and fair white brow surrounded with tiny rings of soft silken hair, dark and shiny as the raven's wing. Of course he was duly admired and caressed, and finally landed in the arms of Mr. Dean.

"There, papa! that's your first and only namesake. I want you to give me your word of honor to present John Clark," and Grace pointed solemnly to the baby, who was smiling innocently up into the old man's face, "when he shall arrive at the mature age of one and twenty, a new suit of clothes, and a horse, saddle and bridle."

Her father laughingly consented to do so, and she, with mock gravity called all the company to witness the contract. "I have promised to provide him with an ample wardrobe during his minority," she added soberly.

"Why Grace," remarked Susie, confused and blushing, "you haven't done any such thing. I don't want you to. I—"

Grace stamped her foot audibly on the threshold; she was standing close by the open door.

"Hush Susie Clark! You've nothing to say. I've taken the matter entirely into my own hands. And I did promise (myself) what I would do; and now I repeat it. You're only to be a silent witness."

Ed Merrills had lingered in the hall, and now called in a low tone, "Grace, come here, I want to talk to you."

No one but Grace heard, and possibly her father, who was quite near. But Grace detected, or thought she did, a slight accent of authority in her husband's voice, and deigned him no reply. He waited a little while and then with saddened heart and uncovered head, he walked out into the soft hazy sunlight that flooded the lawn, and, avoiding the main walk, turned aside, presently finding a rustic bench under a great spreading oak, where he sat himself down and bent his face in his hands.

CHAPTER II.

"There is a shady side of life,
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for any one to say,
On which he'd choose to dwell.
For every one unto himself,
Commits a grievous sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out,
And shuts the shadows in."

'Twas a sweet, happy childish voice caroling this quaint little ditty, and the sentiment impressed Ed Merrills strangely, as the sound aroused him from the perplexed reverie into which he had fallen, sitting there with bowed head under the oak tree at Rest-Haven. Yes, it was a haven of rest indeed. A quiet peaceful country home, with as kind hearted, sympathetic and generous inmates as could be found. Here Grace was born and reared, and here Ed had always found rest and happiness,—till now. Was he at fault? But how could he do otherwise than he did? He had conscientiously tried to do his duty, and what had been his reward? Again the young voice sounded in his ear, nearer now as the singer passed him, down the path to the woodland spring.

"The clouds may wear their saddest robes,
The sun refuse to smile,
And sorrow with her troop of ills,
May threaten us the while;
But still the cheerful heart hath power,
A sunbeam to provide,
And only those whose souls are dark,
Dwell on life's shady side."

It was only little Barbara, but the words of the song aroused him to real life again.

And he raised his head just as Susie came up holding a kerchief full of autumn leaves, stooping constantly to cull a brighter and prettier than the rest from the leafy carpet at her feet. She started in surprise at seeing Ed here, and let her store of treasures fall to the ground to be caught up and whirled away by a passing zephyr.

"Ed Merrills! why how you startled me. I supposed you somewhere in the house. Did you hear Barbara's song? And are you not choosing the shady side of life? Moping over Grace's behavior, I suppose. But that's all nonsense. Just be as cool and unconcerned as she, and she'll soon be all right."

And Susie began to gather up more crimson, gold and emerald leaves, and collect them in her muslin handkerchief, which she held by the four corners, turning away as she did so.

"It's no use, Susie; she is determined to disgrace herself and me. And I wish I had stayed in town. If she would come out here, I'd like to have a word with her."

Susie strolled away in search of more autumn leaves, and bent her steps towards the house. Grace was chatting merrily with Miles Dean, but Susie came directly to the window where the two sat and seated herself beside them, to cull the choicest leaflets for preservation, saying in a tone too low to be heard by any save Grace and Miles:

"Grace, Ed wants you; he's under the old King's oak." This was a name given to the great oak tree by Grace herself, years ago, and had been a favorite resort of hers, in her girlhood's happy days. She flashed a quick suspicious glance at Susie.

"How do you know? You've been having a tete-a-tete* with him out there, I suppose.—Well, let him want; who cares? I don't." And she turned to Miles with a proposition to go out for a walk. One or two couples had already gone out and down to the little lake that glistened in the dreamy sunlit distance. As she passed through the great French window, she tossed back a kiss on the tips of her fingers. "Carry him that, if you choose." She laughed, laying her hand on Miles' arm, and tossing her head coquettishly as she stepped from the veranda to the gravel walk.

"How pretty she is," murmured little Barbara, who with little Johnny in her arms came over to Susie's side.

"Yes," replied Susie, gazing after her friend in her pink silk and white velvet hat. "Yes pretty, piquant, and wilful. But, Barbara, you must be every where. I heard you singing in the grove not more than five minutes ago."

"Yes mam; I was going for water. And now Mrs. Dean said I might come and take your baby a little while, as she supposed you would be going away soon."

"Yes, Barbara;" glancing up at the sun, which was dipping low in the south-west. "We have six miles to go, and it takes us some time to reach home. I didn't think it was so late."

Half an hour passed, and Susie began to grow anxious to depart. But Grace had not returned. Ed came in and looked around for his wife. "She's gone out for a walk," said Barbara.

"But it's time we were on our way," he answered. "Which way did she go?"

"Toward the lake," answered Susie.

He went out and walked rapidly in the direction Grace and Miles had taken, returning in a few moments with a sad, despairing look, and alone. No one was in the parlor save Susie and Mr. Dean, the guests, mostly having departed.

"She wont come," he said sadly. "She is going out for a sail with Miles and Cassey Clifford. She says she came intending to stay till she chose to go back, and she shall certainly do so. She didn't tell you so, Susie, for fear you would not come. What shall I do?" looking imploringly from Susie to Mr. Dean. "I promised to be home early, as I left my business in a rather unsettled state. But I don't want to go without Grace. And Susie wants to go home. And Grace will be sure to be jealous if I drive home with her. And, then she can't manage the baby and drive too. Grace told Miles to tell me, for she wouldn't speak a word directly to me, that I could leave Banger the black horse I rode, and drive Sue home, and she'd come when she pleased. But,—" he hesitated.

"Do just as she told you Ed," spoke up Mr. Dean. "That'll punish her the worst. Leave Banger and take Susie home, if she wont stay, and I'll try to manage that obstinate little hussy. She always was fearfully wilful, and I'm afraid you're humoring her till she is completely spoiled."

* Tete-a-tete, pronounced tate ah tate, a French word, signifying confidential talk.

Susie was obliged to go, but it didn't seem right for her to go with Ed and leave Grace behind. But there seemed no other alternative, and she finally consented.

"Don't let her come home alone, father," enjoined Ed as they drove through the carriage gate, "for Banger is rather wild and she never rode him."

"O, I'll risk her," answered Grace's father, "she's a splendid horsewoman. But you'd best ride out for her in a day or two, she'll get over her pet by that time."

"I proposed to do so but she declared she'd never return if I did."

"Ah ha!" replied Mr. Dean, "she's going a little too far. She thinks you will, however; but don't you do it. That'll be serving her as she deserves. I'll talk to her. Good-by Sue, take good care of my namesake. Good-by Ed. Don't worry over Grace. She'll get over it and be as docile as a lamb when she finds out no one cares, and she isn't to be coaxed."

And they drove away and Mr. Dean returned to the house to encounter Grace and Cassy Clifford on the front steps.

Continued.

HOW TO PAY RENT.

A blacksmith was one day complaining to his iron merchant that, such was the scarcity of money, he could not possibly pay his rent.

The merchant inquired how much "grog" he used in his family in the course of the day. Upon receiving the answer to this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed that the cost of the blacksmith's spirits amounted to considerably more money in the year than his house-rent! The calculation so astonished the blacksmith, that he determined from that day not to drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. In the course of the ensuing year he not only paid his rent, and the iron merchant, but also bought a new suit of clothes out of his savings. He persisted in this wise course through life, and, with God's blessing, competence and respectability were the consequence.

A GLIMPSE AT FALL RIVER.

I PROPOSE giving some brief historical sketches of different cities and towns I have visited since my arrival in this country, ten years ago. I have chosen Fall River first, because I now reside there.

Fall River is 53 miles south of Boston, 183 miles north-east of New York, 17 miles south of Taunton, 18 miles south east of Providence, 14 miles west of New Bedford, and 18 miles north of Newport. Steamers connect Fall River, Providence, Newport and New York daily. Fourteen passenger trains pass to and fro between Boston and Fall River every day.

Fall River is often called the "Border City," and the "City of Spindles," because of lying on the borders of the state and of being the largest manufacturing town in the United States.

Fall River was incorporated a city in 1854: and the words or motto of her corporate seal, "We'll Try," has received a most significant exposition.

The number of incorporated companies for the manufacture of cotton goods is now 34, owning 41 mills, (or 44, counting those that have two mills under one roof), with an incorporated capital of \$14,870,000, but a probable investment of \$30,000,000 containing 1,269,788 spindles and 30,000 looms.

The first cotton factory was built in 1813, with 896 spindles and less than 300 souls in the whole town. To-day it contains upwards of 40,000 inhabitants.

In full running time, the mills employ upwards of 15,000 hands, using 130,000 bales of cotton in the manufacture of 350,000,000 yards of cloth per annum. Some one has made the as-

sertion that if all this cloth could be put in one line it would reach three or four times round the globe, or make a hat or band for all the people of the Chinese Empire. The monthly pay rolls amount to over \$500,000, one fourth of the mills paying the first week.

There are two calico print works in the city, belonging to the "American Print Works," the finest structure of its kind in the United States, costing over one million dollars. There is a rolling mill and a nail mill. Over 32,000 tons of iron are used in the production of nails, hoops, &c.; 105 nail machines, the product of which is 115,000 kegs of nails per annum. There are four cotton thread mills, producing 6,000 dozen spools of thread per day; and a woolen mill consuming 350,000 pounds of wool, to make 100,000 yards of fine fancy cassimeres per annum. Also a bleachery, where 6000 pieces are bleached daily. There are three weekly and two daily papers published. There are seven banks, with an aggregate capital of \$2,250,000, with a surplus of \$1,152,341. There are a gas and water-works; a fire department with seven engines, and thirty places of public worship. WM. STREET.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The snow was drifting o'er the hills,
Fierce was the wind and loud,
While the Good Shepherd forward pressed,
His head in sorrow bowed.
"O Shepherd, rest, nor farther go,
The tempest hath begun."
"I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

A thorn-wreath bound the gentle brow
That beamed with pity sweet,
And marks of wounds were in His hands,
And scars upon His feet.
Again I said: "O Shepherd rest,
The tempest is begun."
He murmured: "Nay, I must away
To seek My little one."

"I saw thy flock at peace within
Thine own well-guarded fold;
O Shepherd, pause, for wild the gale
That rages o'er the world!"
"No; one poor lamb hath gone astray,
And soon may be undone;
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"But, since Thy flock are all secure,
Why to the height repair?
If Thou hast ninety-nine at home
Why for a truant care?"
"Dearer to me than all the rest
Is that poor struggling son!
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"Good Shepherd, tell me if his need
Should bring the wanderer home,
Wilt Thou not punish him with stripes
Lest he again should roam?"
"No; I would clasp him to My heart,
As mother clasps her son.
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

Even so, I thought, our gracious Lord
Hath in his heart divine
A wealth of love for all his saints—
For all the ninety-nine!
But most He loves and most He seeks
The soul by sin undone;
And still He sighs: "I must away
To seek My little one!"
—W. H. D. A. in *Scottish Guardian*.

KIND WORDS

KIND words are easily and quickly spoken, they neither burn nor blast. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will. Kind words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath, and make them blaze more fiercely.

Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is

such a rush of all other words in our day, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image in men's souls.

When fitly spoken they are as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." They soothe, quiet and comfort the hearer. They dispel the shadows that fall athwart life's pathway, lighten its burdens and give strength to the weary.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Q. Has the Lord ever given to his people a code of laws or commandments for their moral guidance?

A. He gave a code of ten commandments to His people in ancient times, which has never been repealed.

Q. Did the Lord put any preface to these ten commandments?

A. Yes, declaring that he was the Lord God. Ex. 20 : 2.

Repeat the passage. "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the Land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage."

Q. What does the first commandment teach us?

A. To worship no God but the Lord. Ex. 20 : 3.

Repeat the commandment. "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."

Q. What does the second commandment teach us?

A. Not to worship any image, or the likeness of any thing. Ex. 20 : 6.

Repeat this commandment. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven-above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments."

Q. What does the third commandment teach us?

A. Not to take the name of the Lord in vain. Ex. 20 : 7.

Repeat this commandment. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

Q. What does the fourth commandment teach us?

A. To keep holy the Sabbath day. Ex. 20 : 8-11.

Repeat this commandment. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore, the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

Q. If God commanded that the seventh day of the week should be kept holy as the Sabbath, how is it that people keep Sunday, which is the first day of the week?

A. On the first day of the week the Lord Jesus Christ rose from the dead, and appeared to his disciples, and in honor or remembrance of his resurrection professing Christians keep that day, instead of the seventh, holy as the Sabbath. But the Jews, who do not believe in Christ, keep holy the seventh day, or Saturday.

Q. Which day do the Latter-day Saints keep holy?

A. The first day of the week.

Q. Is this in accordance with the will of the Lord.

A. Yes, Joseph Smith received instruction from the Lord to that effect. D. & C. 19 ; 2, 3; Repeat the passage. "And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments

upon my holy day; for verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the most High; nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days, and at all times; but remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren and before the Lord. And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart."

Q. What does the fifth commandment teach us?

A. To honor our parents. Ex. 20 ; 12.

Repeat the commandment. "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Q. What do the sixth, seventh, and eighth commandments teach us?

A. Not to murder, commit adultery or steal. Ex. 20 ; 13, 14, 15.

Repeat these three commandments. "Thou shalt not kill." "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Thou shalt not steal.

Q. What does the ninth commandment teach us?

A. Not to bear false witness.

Ex. 20 ; 16.

Repeat the commandment. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

Q. What does the tenth commandment teach us?

A. Not to covet nor desire anything belonging to another person. Ex. 20 ; 17.

Repeat this commandment. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's."

Q. Into how many great commandments did Jesus Christ sum up these ten?

A. Two—to love God, and to love our neighbour. Matt. 22 ; 36-40.

Repeat the passage. "Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Q. When were these ten commandments given;

A. About 3,300 years ago.

Q. To what people were they given?

A. To the Twelve Tribes of the Children of Israel, who descended from the twelve sons of Jacob, who was the son of Isaac, who was the son of Abraham, the father of the faithful.

Q. Who was the leader of the children of Israel at this time?

A. Moses was their leader and President, and also a Prophet, Seer, and Revelator.

Q. In what part of the world did God give these ten commandments to the children of Israel?

A. At Mount Sinai, in Arabia, in Asia.

Q. How were these commandments revealed?

A. The Lord came down on Mount Sinai, and spoke the commandments unto Moses and the children of Israel.

Q. Did God give any particular manifestations of His power on this occasion?

A. Yes. He descended from heaven in fire and smoke, and there were thunder and lightning, and earthquake, and the sound of a trumpet. Ex. 19 : 16, 18 ; 20 : 18, 19.

Repeat the passages. "And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that were in the camp trembled. . . . And Mount Sinai was altogether on smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly."

"And all the people saw the thunderings and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking; and when the people saw it they removed, and stood afar off. And they said unto Moses, speak thou with us, and we will hear; but let not God speak with us, lest we die."

THE rum-seller's bottle, labeled "Eye-Opener," shuts the eyes, and opens the jail door, the poor-house and the pauper's grave.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.

AFTER bringing the plates home, Joseph commenced work on the farm with his father and brothers, that he might be near the treasure confided to his care. Not long after this, Joseph brought the breast-plate home. The historian described it as follows: "It was concave on one side, and convex on the other, and extended from the neck, downwards, as far as the center of the stomach of a man of extraordinary size. It had four straps of the same material, for the purpose of fastening it to the breast, two of which ran back over the shoulders, and the other two were designed to fasten to the hips. They were the width of two of my fingers, and had holes in the ends of them. The whole plate was worth at least five hundred dollars."

It in turn was deposited in the chest with the Urim and Thummim.

Not a great while after the circumstance just related, Joseph came to the house and enquired if there had been a company of men about; and when informed there had not, he then said a mob would be there that night, if they did not come before that time, to search for the Record, and that it must be removed immediately. Soon after this a man by the name of Braman, a friend of the family, one whom they could trust, and one, too, who proved to them that their trust had not been wrongly reposed, come in from the village. To him Joseph related his apprehensions of an attack from a mob; stating that they must prepare to drive them away, but that the first thing to be done was to secure the Record and breast-plate.

To accomplish this a portion of the hearth was taken up, an excavation made to receive them, in which they were deposited and the hearth relaid over them. This was accomplished as speedily as possible, but scarcely had the task been accomplished, when a company of armed men came rushing up to the house. But Joseph threw open the doors, and taking a hint from the stratagem of his grandfather Mack, hallooed as if he had a legion at hand, in the meantime giving the word of command with great emphasis, while all the male portion of the family ran out of the house with such fury upon the mob that it struck them with terror, * * and they fled before the little Spartan band, into the woods, where they dispersed to their homes."

It was not a great while after the occurrence just narrated, till the premises were again visited by a mob, in search of the Records and breast-plate. They entered a cooper shop near by, tore up the floor and did other violence in the shop, in search for the Record which they supposed to be concealed about the building, which, however, was concealed in the garret. But failing in their search they went away.

Subsequent developments revealed the fact that a young woman by the name of Chase, had "found a piece of green glass, through which she could see many wonderful things," and among the things she professed to see, was the place where "Joseph Smith kept his golden bible hid." Hence, upon her revelation (?) the vigilant search at the cooper shop. And though foiled in the object of their search, they still retained confidence in Miss Chase and visited other places at her bidding, in search of the "golden bible."

Closely following the scene at the cooper shop, Joseph began to make preparation for the translation of the Record. The first step taken was to make a fac-simile of some of the characters, which were called reformed Egyptian, and to send them to some of the most learned men of this generation, and ask them for the translation thereof."

Prior to this, allusion has been made to a confidential friend of the family, to whom merely a mention of the plates had been made. "This was none other than Martin Harris, one of the witnesses to the book subsequent to its being translated." See pages 107, 8, 9, of *Joseph Smith the Prophet*]

We trust our readers will bear with us for entering into detail a little, in describing the oppo-

sition with which Joseph had to contend; for we wanted to show, in some measure, how demons of darkness, taking possession of human forms and operating through them, sought to destroy the work of God, which the enemy of all righteousness seemed to understand would be organized and arrayed against all his perversions reared in the place of the apostolic church, and which, in its growth, triumphs and final culmination would by the power of its author crush out and drive from the earth every opposition, that arrayed itself against the Prince of Peace, or those who loved and waited for his appearing.

No wonder then that Satan with his emissaries, sought to prevent the rolling forth of that "little stone," which is to fill all the earth with its glory. Joseph, true to his charge, confronted every opposition, going boldly forward in the discharge of the wondrous work assigned him of God, to translate the Record, of which we will tell you more in our next.

WHERE IS YOUR TREASURE?

READER, where is your treasure? Jesus says, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." If our thoughts and affections are placed upon the things of this life, we may know full well, that our treasures are in this world, and not in heaven.

Jesus told of a certain man who was prosperous in the affairs of this world, and felt rich in the abundance he had laid up—and said to himself, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." For his unwise course he was called a "fool," because on that same night his soul was "required of him," and "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," he had to pass hence into the presence of Him, whose counsels he had disregarded. "So," says our Savior, "is he who layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

Be wise and "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Harken to the counsels of our risen Lord, and "seek first the kingdom of God." Be rich in faith toward God, for the faithful "abound with blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." Let us then buy of the Lord, "gold tried in the fire," that we may be rich indeed, so that when He comes, with all his holy angels, he will acknowledge us as his, before his Father and them. Then shall our riches be inestimable—eternal—and our joys never ending.

"NEVER MAN SPAKE LIKE THIS MAN."

NEVER was truth made so vital as when it fell from the lips of Jesus. It was no novelty in Jesus to call God His Father. The word had been used before often enough. But the world, by all its wisdom, had not learned to know God as its Father. Now, little children, by the side of their small cribs, say in infantile trust: "Our Father, who art in heaven;" and the martyr at the stake cries out in assured faith: "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit." Jesus, because he was vitally conscious of the Father's love, has made mankind also conscious of it. "To them who believe in Him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God. It was no novelty when Jesus taught men to overcome evil with good, to bless those who cursed them, help those who persecuted them, love those who hated them. The thing had been said before but now it was done. Now it was said and done so livingly that it was not a mere far-off ideal but a commonplace fact, an actual event in human life, a safe rule to go by. To tell of a future life was no novelty. The Egyptians taught a future life in all its minutest details. Nearly every ancient nation believed in immortality. And yet it is true that "life and immortality were brought to light through the gospel." Before they were possibilities, dim conjectures. But

he who believes in Jesus [and obeys His commandments] has eternal life abiding in him. Faith in immortality becomes a part of the texture of his soul, as it was a part of the texture of the soul of Jesus Himself. He was the immortality, the resurrection, the eternal life. He did not prove it by elaborate but unconvincing arguments, as Socrates in the Phædo nobly argued for it, expectant of death, amid the laurels and myrtles of an Athenian summer day. But Jesus was full of that immortal life which dispels all images of decay, and puts death at an impossible distance. These vital truths are the deepest and also the highest. They have a character of the infinite about them. Who has not noticed this in reading the words of Jesus? No commentary ever exhausts their meaning. The words grow more luminous, their meaning deepens while I am thinking about them. That is why Paul speaks of the breadth and length and depth and height of the love of Christ, the knowledge of which "passeth knowledge." That which is vital is inexhaustible. We eat and drink and come again, and the banquet is still spread, new, every morning, with daily bread for the soul.—J. F. CLARKE.

A SAD DAY.

"WE had a sad day at our house last week, auntie," said little Kate. "The sun did not rise clear, and the wind was very cold. Sam stepped on Nellie's shoe-string when she was going down to breakfast, and she fell all the way down and cut her face on his skates that he had thrown on the hall floor the night before. Trip stole one of baby's kid shoes and chewed it all up. When Puss saw the little bare toes popping about she thought they were for her to play with or to eat; so she caught them between her sharp claws and her teeth and scratched and bit them till the blood came. Mamma and all of us had to kiss her little foot twenty times before it got over the pain. May lost her spelling-book, and it was found under the big apple-tree all wet and spoiled with the dew. She was late to school, and so was 'kept in,' and that made her cry so that she had the headache all the evening.

"In the afternoon Sam climbed up on the shelves of the china-closet to reach papa's pistol. The shelf gave way, and he came down all mixed up with broken china and glass. His hands and face were badly cut, and mamma was very much grieved with him, beside.

"We were all glad when bed-time came, so that we could get asleep and be out of danger, and mamma was more glad than anyone else. Wasn't it an unlucky day?"

"No, I do not call it so," said the kind aunt. "God sends the rain, in love, to make grain and fruit grow for our comfort. If Nellie's shoe-string had been tied at the proper time, and Sam's skates hung up in their place, she would not have fallen and cut her face.

"If nurse had put baby's shoe in the toilet-basket in the closet, Trip would have found something nicer and cheaper to cut his new teeth on. Nurse's carelessness did not make that 'an unlucky day.' Had dear little May put her book on the shelf made for it in her room she would have saved herself being 'kept in,' and crying till she had the headache.

"Sam's trouble among the china and glass came from a greater fault than carelessness. He was disobeying his father. It may have been mercy instead of 'bad luck' which brought him and the dishes down; for had he reached the pistol it might have gone off in his hands and killed him. If you all 'turn over a new leaf' you will find that 'bad luck' vanishes before good order as the clouds do before the sun," said Aunt Miriam.—*Watchman*.

To be truly happy, forget your unhappiness in ministering to some one more miserable than yourself. Whoever carries coals to another will warm his own hands.

Correspondence.

CANTON, Illinois, January 21, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I have read several of your papers and have got very much interested in them. I love to read your letters, although I am not a member of the Church; but I have attended some of your meetings and like them very much. LAURA ROLLER.

CANTON, Illinois, January 21, 1876.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—As I have never written to you before, I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that we are having good meetings. We have a very nice Sabbath-school and singing-school. I remain your sister forever.

MAGGIE JONES.

ALTON, Illinois, January 17, 1876.

Dear Brother Joseph:—We have nice meetings here, and have enjoyed a great deal of the Spirit. Last Sunday was set apart for fasting and prayer in this District, by Father Hazzledine of St. Louis, for the rising progress of the work in this District. We had a nice meeting here and enjoyed ourselves, though few in number. I ask to be remembered by all the little Hopes. Your sister in Christ.

MARY A. RICHARDSON.

STARFIELD, Clinton Co., Missouri, Jan. 23, 1876.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*, in this the year eighteen seventy-six. We that have not lived our religion as we ought to have done, let us begin anew, and serve our Master better than we have in the past. Dear Hopes, I have had a season of rejoicing this year. I will write again soon. SARAH ANN SUMMERFIELD.

SEDALIA, Pettis Co., Missouri, Jan. 20, 1876.

Dear Little *Hope*:—I rejoice when I read the *Herald* and learn of the numbers that are added daily to this great and glorious cause. I love to read the *Hope* and hear from the little folks. I have not been in the Church long. I was baptized on the fourth of July. There are no Saints here except my folks. So I will close by asking an interest in the petitions of all the little Hopes. I remain your brother in Christ.

JOSIAH CURTIS.

BARTLETT, IOWA, January 25, 1876.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I love to read the little *Hope*. I am thirteen years old. This has been a nice warm winter. I love to read Perla Wild's story. We have meeting here every other Sunday, but our branch is small; but thank the Lord, that there is what there is. We do not have any school here. Little Hopes, remember me in your petitions.

Your sister in Christ. LYDIA C. HARRINGTON.

The Workshop.

Linen can be glazed by adding a teaspoonful of salt and one of finely scraped white soap to a pound of starch.

Ink stains may be removed from books by wetting the spot with a solution of oxalic acid, one ounce; water, half a pint.

French polish for furniture can be made by putting half an ounce of shellac, the same quantity of gumlac and a quarter of an ounce of gum sandarac into a pint of spirits of wine. Put them all together in a stone bottle near the fire, shaking it very often. As soon as the gums are dissolved it is ready for use. Now make a roller of woolen rags—soft old broadcloth will do nicely—put a little polish on it, and also a few drops of linseed oil. Rub the surface to be polished with this, going round and round, over a small space at a time, until it begins to be quite smooth. Then finish by a second rubbing with spirits of wine and more of the polish, and your furniture will have a brilliant lustre, equal to new.

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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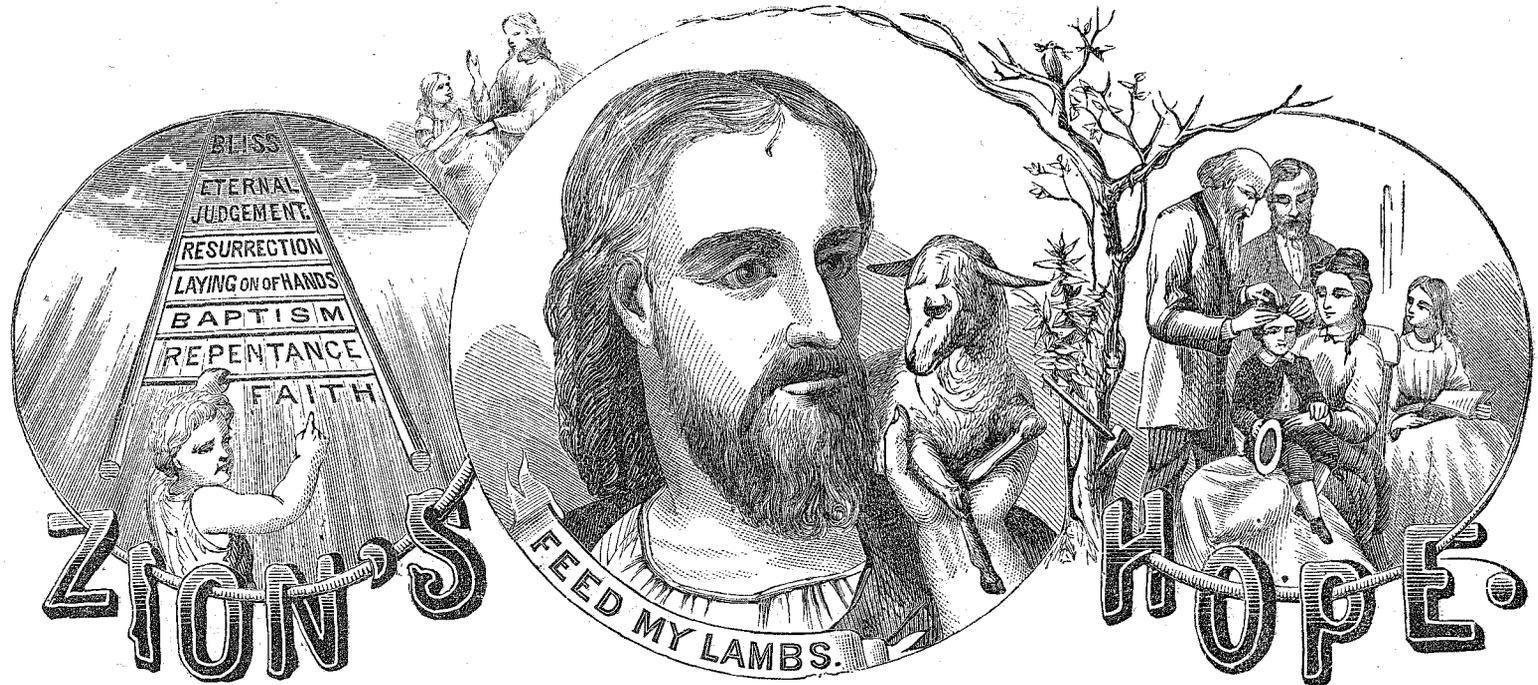
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"We shall have at least three hours for skating in," said Charlie, and just then they came in sight of old Goody Steven's hut. Infirm as she was, she stood out in the cold trying to split some kindlings from a pine stick.

"Let's stop and help her," suggested Charlie.

"Not I; I am in a hurry to get to the pond," replied Rufus gruffly, and he passed on.

"Please go in and warm, and I will bring you in kindlings enough to last you a week," said Charlie, gently taking the wood from her trembling hands.

"You have lost a good half hour," cried Rufus scornfully, when at last he appeared at the pond.

"But perhaps I have gained a blessing," whispered Charlie to himself, remembering how the old woman had asked God to reward him.

Then came an hour of merry strife, cutting circles, playing "Fox and Geese," etc., till he saw Ned Percy standing on the bank with longing eyes, for Ned's mother was too poor to buy him skates. "Mine would just fit him," thought Charlie, and in a moment he had gained the shore.

"Halloa, Ned!" he called cheerfully. "I will take turns with you, for I should hate to have my skates grow rusty while I am sitting down to rest." And for more than an hour he insisted upon Ned's keeping them.

"I don't see why you enjoy life so much better than other folks," muttered Rufus discontentedly; "I should think it was Easter morning with you all the year round."

"I don't know, I am sure," answered Charlie, unless it is because I have learned that the secret of being happy is to try to make somebody else happy too."—*Child's Paper.*

ITEMS OF HISTORY.

A few days after the events of the previous chapter, Joseph Smith sought, and obtained promise of an early interview with Mr. Harris relative to the translation of the Record or "golden bible." In the mean time, Mrs. Harris had learned of the existence of the Plates, and manifested no little curiosity and some little opposition in regard to them, but a little explanation satisfied her curiosity, and ere long a singular dream she received, abated, for a while, her opposition to the work of translation. About this time Alva Hale, Joseph's brother-in-law, came from Pennsylvania for the purpose of moving him (Joseph) to his father-in-law's in that state.

According to promise, not many days had passed before Mr. Harris, saw Joseph and Alva, in the town of Palmyra, N. Y., and conferred with the former relative to "the work of the Lord," as he called it. At this time he expressed much desire to aid Joseph in the work in which he was engaged. In presenting Joseph with a small sum to aid him in prosecuting the work of translation, he said, "Here, Mr. Smith, is fifty dollars; I give this to you to do the Lord's work with; no, I give it to the Lord for his own work." Strange as it may seem to some, Mr. Harris urged Joseph to a reception of the money, refusing compensation from him, insisting that he gave the money "to do the Lord's work."

Joseph, in a short time, arranged his affairs, and was ready for the journey (to Pennsylvania). The Record and breast-plate, for security, he nailed up in a box and then put them into a strong cask; and after filling the cask with beans, headed it up again."

When it became known that Joseph was about leaving for Pennsylvania, a mob of about fifty men was raised with a view to following him and searching through his effects for the "golden bible," and if possible to get it from him. And that they might have system and order in their movements, they requested one Dr. McIntyre, to take the lead of the company or mob; but the Doctor, taking a different view of the matter, told them, they were "a pack of * * fools * *; that if Joseph Smith had any business of that sort to attend to, he was capable of doing it, and that it would be better for them to busy themselves about that which more concerned them;" upon this a quarrel arose among the mob, which led to the abandonment of their wicked purpose.

It was agreed that after Joseph's removal to Pennsylvania and a lapse of time, sufficient for him to "transcribe some of the Egyptian characters, Martin Harris should follow him—and that he (Martin) should take the characters to the East, and, on his way, he was to call on all the professed linguists, in order to give them an opportunity to display their talents in giving a translation of the characters."

But when Mrs. Harris found that she had not been duly consulted in the matter, she become in some measure indignant, and did all she could to thwart the work and render Joseph as odious as she could, among his neighbors (she having, on a subsequent trip visited Pennsylvania with her husband) telling them that he was an impostor, that "Joe Smith" was not the only one in possession of this great curiosity, that she had the same characters, and that they were quite as genuine as those exhibited by Mr. Harris. Now Mr.

Harris had a copy of a few of the characters that he took home with him from Pennsylvania, and it was of these that she, through chicanery had obtained a copy and with which she biased the minds of many respecting Joseph and the work in which he was engaged—telling the people that he was an impostor, that the plates were not genuine, that he only had designs upon her husband's property. While stopping at Joseph's house during the early part of her visit to that state, she was so persistent in her determination to get sight or hold of the Record, that for safety, Joseph had removed them from the house, but becoming satisfied that the Plates were not about the house, she began searching out of doors and at last finding a place where she thought they might be concealed, she stooped down to examine as to whether she was correct or not, when to her surprise "she encountered a horrible black snake, which gave her a terrible fright," and she fled for safety.

Upon reaching the house she wanted to know of Joseph's wife if they had snakes in that country in the winter. When answered in the negative, she related her "encounter" with a snake, notwithstanding the time was winter, and the ground covered with snow—After a visit of a fortnight she returned home with her husband. She used her endeavors to dissuade him from having any thing further to do with the publication of the Record, but Mr. Harris paid no attention to her, but immediately returned to Pennsylvania, leaving his wife at home, who after his departure, went from place to place telling her grievance, how that Joseph was an impostor and that to save some of the property she had to remove it from home during Mr. Harris' absence, which she did; depositing furniture, bedding, linens ect, with her neighbours, who she felt she could trust, until she rendered home almost comfortless.

During Mr. Harris' absence from home at this time, he was writing for Joseph in the work of translating the Record, and after having written about one hundred and sixteen pages of manuscript, he returned home; but before doing so he requested of Joseph the privilege of taking it home with him to read to his wife, thinking perhaps it would tend to soften her feelings toward the work. But Joseph, unwilling to act in so grave a matter without the guidance of divine wisdom, sought unto the Lord for instruction, and was refused the privilege, but upon the request of Mr. Harris, he enquired again and received a second refusal. Mr. Harris not yet being satisfied and still urging his request, Joseph again enquired of the Lord; and this time received an answer unlike the others, in that the Lord permitted Martin to

take the manuscript home with him. With this Mr Harris was delighted, and to show Joseph that he would be true to his promise and show them to none but his own family, he entered into a written agreement with him to that effect.

But O! the frailty of man. They little thought of the disappointment, sorrow and despair, which they were doomed to suffer on account of their repeated requests of the Lord, for a thing, of which they had been, at first, refused.

Shortly after Mr. Harris' departure for his home in N. Y., Joseph's wife became the mother of a son, which was soon snatched from them by the hand of death. Then followed for Joseph, weeks of anxious watching over his wife, during which time Mr. Harris, contrary to covenant, had remained silent.

Having taken the manuscript home with him, he was not content with showing it to his own family, which greatly delighted his wife and won her favor for it. The manuscript was upon her request deposited in one of her private drawers, in her bureau—not long after this Mr. Harris and wife visited some friends several miles away, and Mrs. H. remained for a few days, not returning with Mr. Harris, who shortly after his arrival at home had a particular friend to whom he made known the existence of the manuscript, and upon his importunities, Martin consented to show it to him, but the manuscript being locked up in his wife's bureau and she gone, he had to pick the lock in order to get to it, and in doing so he damaged the furniture.

About this time, (three weeks from Mr. Harris' departure), Joseph began to feel concerned about his silence, and after consultation with his wife and arrangements for her welfare, he set out for Palmyra, N. Y., to visit his father's house and see what had become of Martin and the manuscript. After a long stage ride, (Rail Roads were not common in those days), his mind burdened with the most intense anxiety both for the welfare of his wife and the safety of the manuscript, and after a walk of twenty miles from the end of his stage route, he reached his father's house, through the kindly assistance of a *stranger*, just as the first streaks of the morning began to appear, weary and so exhausted that he was unable to travel unsupported.

After a little rest and refreshment Joseph requested that Mr. Harris be sent for immediately. See pages—109 to 120 of *Joseph Smith the Prophet*.

SCHOOL-BOY HEROISM.

TWO boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fire-works, contrary to the master's prohibition, exploded. One boy denied it; the other, Bonnie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again, "why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Bonnie.

"Then, why not say that I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would share the lie."

The boy's heart melted; Bonnie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk, and said: "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his schoolmate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if they two were paired in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said, aloud:

"Bonnie! Bonnie! lad, he and I beg your pardon—we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed and still, as older scholars are apt to be when something true and noble

is being done—so still, they might have heard Bonnie's big boy-tears drop proudly on his book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself, as well as all the rest, and then, for want of something else to say, he gently cried:

"Master, forever!"

The glorious shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something, behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he resumed the chair.

"A good name is rather to be chosen, than great riches." Prov. 22:1.

REST-HAVEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER II.

HO were you talking to, papa?" "To some of your friends, who were taking their leave," he replied, not wishing to expose her before Cassy. They went into the house.

There was no one to be seen save Mrs. Dean and Barbara, and Al, who sat whittling in the parlor window.

"Where are they all," cried Grace, looking from one to another in consternation.

"All gone home, of course," returned her father, who had entered with her. "Don't you see its nearly sundown."

Grace tossed her pretty and costly hat on a sofa, exclaiming, "That's a pretty way to treat me, I think. Go off and leave me on the sly. Well, I don't regret such visitors, any way."

"Didn't you go off and leave them,—you and Miles, first. Say, sis?"

"I just went out for a walk, as some of the others had done," she replied, frowning.

"And where are the others who went down to the lake, Gracie, Miles among the number?" questioned Al from the window.

Grace deigned him no reply, but sat down in a chair, and gazed gloomily at the carpet.

"O, they all went home," responded Cassy, who was a young and especial friend of Grace's; a sweet, amiable, sensible girl of sixteen, who resided at the next farm.

"But where is Miles?" persisted Al, brushing the white curled pine shavings from his knee, utterly oblivious of the litter he was making. "Grace dragged him off with her."

Grace literally looked daggers at her tantalizing big brother, who whittled on serenely notwithstanding.

"I didn't, and you know it, Al Dean. I just went with him, that's all; and what of that? He's my cousin."

"Yes, to be sure, Queenie; cousin some sixteen times removed. Did you see Ed just now, as he left?"

"Ed? No!" exclaimed Grace, with an alarmed anxious tone and manner. "Where has he gone?"

"Why home, to be sure," coolly replied Al, without looking up.

"Gone home? I don't believe it! It can't be possible. He wouldn't go off and leave me. Al, you're fooling me. Isn't he, papa?"

"Not a bit of it, sis. Ed and Susie drove away just before you came in."

"Ed and Susie! Why, father, what do you mean? They haven't both gone home and left me."

"Yes, they have, Queenie," put in Al, in a tone one might use to a spoiled baby. "Don't worry, dear. He'll take ever so good care of her, and they'll get home all right."

"Her," echoed Gracie disdainfully. "I'm not troubled about her. I'm vexed. I'm indignant. And—and—" and she burst out crying.

Cassy thought this no place for her, although she was conversant with all the family affairs; so she quietly prepared to withdraw.

"Stop, Cass! you promised to stay with me tonight. You shan't go home. I'll go raving mad if you do, I know I will."

"Have already," remarked Al. "Just now talked as if you intended to go with Ed, and cry-

ing like a baby because he didn't wait for you; and now speaking of your making Cassy promise to stay here with you."

"Shut up! you don't know what you're talking of, Al Dean!" And Grace pulled off Cassy's hat and cloak, and sat down with her on a sofa. "I wasn't crying because I wanted to go home; but because I was just as mad as I could be, and I am yet. He has treated me shamefully; and I'll be even with him yet, so I will."

"Didn't you tell him to go and take Sue home, you would come when you choose," quizzed Al.

"Well, if I did, then what? I thought he knew enough not to do so. I told him to leave Banger, but of course he didn't."

"Of course he did, Queenie; he took you at your word, and followed your command, like a faithful servitor as he is."

"Like a faithful fool, rather," snapped Grace, biting her finger nails and looking as if she were utterly nonplussed.

"Well, and what are you going to do about it, madam?" asked Al, closing his knife with a click, and brushing the last tiny bit of whittling from his glossy black cloth pants.

"Why Albert!" exclaimed Mrs. Dean. "Just see what you've done. Now who will clear up that litter for you, do you suppose?"

"You, won't you, mother? You always used to."

"No, I'll not. Nor Barbara needn't. You ought not whittle on a carpet."

"Why mother, I can whittle just as easy here as any where. Say, Gracie darling," with a rueful glance at the heap of tiny crinkled cuttings at his feet, "won't you sweep them up for me. You're used to waiting on Ed, aren't you? And I can't handle a broom judiciously."

"I can handle a broom judiciously enough to warm your shoulders with it, if you don't let me alone, and stop teasing me," she cried.

"Well, I suppose, if I must I must. Where's the broom, Barb. It's rather humiliating for a gentleman of leisure, and fresh from the Alma Mater, to crimp his aristocratic fingers about a plebeian broom handle. But such is life." He found a little hand-broom and went to work, but so awkwardly that good natured little Barbara relieved him of his task, for which he thanked her with a polished bow, and sauntered away to another window.

"Say, Gracie, old lady, where's Miles? Did you push him into the lake to get rid of him?" quizzed Al, presently.

"Grace sent him away in disgust," answered Cassy, as Grace did not seem inclined.

That night as Grace and Cassy sat by the fire in the room where they were to sleep, Grace suddenly turned and threw her arms round Cassy's neck and began to sob.

"Why Grace, what is the matter? What is it? tell me!"

"I'm just as miserable as mortal can be!" replied Grace, between her sobbings. "I've quarreled with dear old Ed, and sent him away as unhappy as it is possible for man to be. And I just wish I was dead."

"No you don't," returned Cassy, soothingly. "You are only naughty, and suffering from remorse. You are too wayward, my sweet Grace. Otherwise you are all that is winning and loveable."

"No, no," cried Grace. "I am very wicked and disagreeable. And I'm afraid Ed will cast me off entirely. I deserve it, and I know it! And then I made a foolish promise not to speak to him for a week. Oh, dear!" And now I'd give the world for a chance to speak to him."

"Don't cry, dear Grace, but let us kneel and ask God to forgive our erring ways, and assist us in doing better in time to come. And we can pray for Ed, that will be a consolation, won't it Gracie?"

"Yes indeed it will; but I hadn't thought of that. What a dear little saint you are, Cassy,"

answered Grace, and they knelt in humble devotion, still twined in each others' arms.

Next morning as Gracie was brushing out her bright golden hair, looking alternately in her glass and out of the open window, through which the soft humid air of the balmy Indian Summer morning gently wafted, welcomed by the two rosy lipped maidens, for Grace was much of a merry careless girl as any, she saw Al walking up a side path toward the house, and looking up, saw Grace at the window, and called out in a playful bantering tone, "Hey, Queenie, Ed's coming. I saw him drive through the gate. Come down now and meet him, and kiss and make up like a good little girl."

At the first mention of Ed's name, Grace picked up her dainty white morning robe and made a step toward the door of her chamber. Then a sudden revulsion of feeling came over her. Humph! she thought. He must be silly to come this early in the morning for her, when she had refused to go with him last night. Somehow he was lowered in her esteem by the act. And she paused, hesitated, then turned back to her mirror, and began leisurely arranging her hair again. Cassy looked from the book she was reading. "Why don't you go Grace. Do; after the poor boy was kind enough to drive out for you."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Grace. "I thought he was a man of more spirit than this proves. No; if he wants me he may look for me."

Cassy looked pained. "I thought you were sorry, Gracie. Don't be stubborn and wayward again. He doesn't deserve it of you."

"I am sorry, Cass. And you know I was going home this morning as demure a kitten. But yet I don't know how I could have managed to keep my promise not to speak to Ed for a week. I guess I won't go. I oughtn't tell a story. I said I wouldn't, and I mustn't. I'll slip out of his sight till he goes home, and stay with mamma the week, writing him two or three explanatory little notes meanwhile. Then it'll be all right, and he'll be sufficiently punished, and we'll be as happy as two turtle doves ever after. Isn't that a capital idea, Cassy?"

Cassy shook her head and began to talk sober sense and reason to Grace, when she suddenly interrupted her with, "Hush, Cass, what's that? Oh! it's Ed's step on the stair; don't you tell where I am now," and shaking her finger laughingly at Cassy, she flitted through the open window, stood a moment on the narrow balcony, then as she heard Ed's voice within, half turned to descend the outer staircase, threw up her hands with a cry of terror, and fell over the iron railing, striking with a heavy dull sound on the brick pavement, which surrounded the grand old country residence on every side. Ed and Cassy both saw her fall, but not in time to save her. Cassy was out and down the stairs and beside Grace in an instant it seemed. Ed, white as death itself, looked over the railing, saw Grace lying still and pale, her fair bright hair reeking in crimson blood; and moaned in irrepressible agony as he turned away from the fearful sight, and leaned his head against the window, "Too late! too late."

"Ed, oh Ed!" called Cassy in awe-stricken tones, "I'm afraid she's dead. But don't stand there, I beg of you! Come and let us carry her into the house, and see what can be done."

Ed hastened down now, and tenderly lifting the slight form of his loved wife in his arms, Cassy removing her own white apron and winding it loosely around the poor wounded head the while, she went before to prepare a place for the unconscious girl. They entered the nearest room, which was the parlor. Cassy flew to an adjoining bedroom, hastily caught from the bed a pillow and white counterpane, and returning instantly, covered a blue velvet sofa, and placed the pillow properly for Ed to lay Grace upon.

"What a thoughtful girl you are, Cassy," murmured Ed, as slowly he laid his precious burden out of his embrace. "But what matters it if this paltry sofa be ruined, if only Gracie be spared;"

and he knelt and began chafing the limp hands gently in his own.

"Of course it would matter little," replied Cassy, "but 'twere as well to protect it from being soiled." And she hurried out to find some one. Barbara met her in the hall. She stopped short at seeing Cassy's pallid face. "O, Barby! Grace has fallen and hurt herself badly,—run to the kitchen and bring a towel and a basin of cold water. And stay! Where is Grace's mother, Barbara?"

"In the dining room," replied Barbara, hasting to do Cassy's bidding.

Cassy encountered Al at the next door, and rapidly imparted the sad news, and dispatched him for the nearest surgeon.

The doctor examined the wound on Grace's head, felt her pulse, considered a moment, then turned to the anxious weeping group, for every eye was filled with tears, father, mother, Albert, Cassy and Barbara. Ed was sitting with bowed head, close beside the sofa, weeping silently, but with all the anguish of a true, noble-souled man.

"There is hope," the doctor said slowly, "but not certainty. The skull is fractured, but how much cannot be determined now. The wound is on the side of the back brain, and in a very dangerous place. It seems small, however, and may be nothing very serious, yet there is much to fear, and everything to hope for. If she received the full force of the fall on that spot, the injury must naturally be very severe. But if, as I hope it may prove, the shock was broken by her arm or shoulder, it may not prove fatal. But she will doubtless remain in this same comatose, or unconscious state for some days,—her faculties being stunned by the blow on her head. She should be removed to a more comfortable position, in a bed, her clothing loosened, and she kept quiet; changing the compress, wrung from cold water as often as it becomes warm. I will wait awhile and see if there is any change."

"I loosened her corset as soon as I reached her after her fall—hoping to revive her," exclaimed Cassy, as they proceeded to place her in the pretty blue bed room, next the parlor.

"You're a real thoughtful little woman, Cassy," said the doctor.—"But stay; that feather pillow is too heating for a threatened concussion of the brain. Have you a bolster, or something of the kind, Mrs. Dean?"

The anxious, grief-stricken mother hastened out, to return almost immediately with a broad flat pillow in her hand. "This is made of cotton bats."

"That is just the thing; lay it on the feather one,—the smallest one you have. There! now she must be attended to constantly. I will stay by her myself." And he sat down near the bedside with a pail of cool water at hand.

Ed called Albert aside, and with quivering lip and broken voice requested him to do a favor. "Take Banger, Al, and ride to town and tell them I can't come back no one knows for how long. Stay, I'll write a brief note to the head clerk, giving him instructions to release all hands, close up the store and the like. You can deliver that and go to the house and tell the housekeeper, Mrs. Quigg, what has happened, and to take care of everything till she hears from us again, and to send Brelchy, the maid, to Dave Clark's to tell them the sad news. You'll go, won't you, Al? I can't leave."

"Certainly, you know I will, and I'll be back as soon as possible."

To be continued.

LITTLE FOXES.

One little fox is, "By-and-by." If you track him, you come to his hole—Never.

Another little fox is, "I can't." You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, "I Can" by name. It does wonders.

A third fox is, "No Use in Trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is, "I Forgot." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

Fifth little fox is, "Don't Care." Oh, the mischief he has done!

Sixth little fox is, "No Matter." It is matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults.—*Good News.*

LABOR AND WAIT.

Possess your soul in peace, my friend,
Doing the best you can,
'Tis idle, vain, to scold and fret,
Since life is but a span;
We cannot lengthen out its days
Or alter Nature's plan.
We scatter seed for good or ill,
And harvest what we sow;
Then why repine, we cannot change
The course the winds doth blow,
Change the tint of a single rose,
Or give it a warmer glow.

Possess your soul in peace, my friend,
Do what you find at hand,
Nor for a greater work to do
In idle waiting stand;
For causes to effects doth run
As Nature's Author planned.

Possess your soul in peace, my friend,
The fruit will soon appear,—
First the blade, and then the bloom,
Ere long the full grown ear.
Scatter the seed—or, work and wait—
The harvest time draws near.
Scatter the seed—God sends the rain
And warms the frozen earth,
Do well thy part, nor doubt results,
God giveth all things birth,—
Measures unto every soul
According to its worth.

Possess your soul in peace, my friend,
And step by step move on,
The steady march of time, my friend,
Proclaims a century won.—
Do well thy work—in confidence
To hear at last, "well done."

MARY B. B.

THE BIBLE AND BOOK OF MORMON.

THE Bible and Book of Mormon agree in the spirit of their teaching. While the testimony they bear to the world, may not be given in exactly the same language, yet the great principles they teach, through which life and immortality are brought to light are the same. To illustrate we make one quotation from the teachings of Jesus to the people on this continent, viz: "Now this is the commandment; Repent, all ye ends of the earth, and come unto me and be baptized in my name, that ye may be sanctified by the reception of the Holy Ghost, that ye may stand spotless before me at the last day. * * * If ye do these things, blessed are ye, for ye shall be lifted up at the last day." Book of Nephi, chap. 12.

BUSINESS AND WORSHIP.

SOLOMON, in Proverbs, says, "Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds; for riches are not forever." These with all that "please the eye and gladden the heart," are for the children of God, "to be used with judgment and not to excess." The apostle Paul confirms the teachings of Solomon, in that he gives instruction to be, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; * * instant in prayer," and to "rejoice evermore."

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

When, press'd with guilt and anxious fear
I trembling bow the knee,
I know that God my prayer will hear,
For Jesus died for me.

When gloomy darkness shrouds my soul,
And I no light can see,
I'll cry, though loudest thunders roll,
My Savior died for me.

When death's dark vale I'm drawing near,
And earthly comforts flee,
This only thought my soul shall cheer,—
My Savior died for me.

And when I reach that blissful shore,
From sin and sorrow free,
Blood wash'd, I'll sing for evermore,
My Savior died for me.—*Selected.*

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

WORD OF WISDOM.

Q. Has God given any particular revelation in these last days for the preservation of the lives and health of his people?

A. Yes. He gave a revelation to Joseph Smith, Jr., on this subject.

Q. What is this revelation called?

A. A Word of Wisdom.

Q. When was this revelation given?

A. On the 27th, day of February, 1833.

Q. Where can this "Word of Wisdom" be found?

A. In the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, section 86.

Q. Why, and for what purpose was this "Word of Wisdom" given?

A. It was given because of the evils and designs in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, and to instruct His people in laws and practices, governing their temporal as well as their spiritual welfare.

Q. Does this commandment or Word of Wisdom apply to ALL Saints?

A. We understand that it applies to all Saints. Paragraphs 1 & 3.

Repeat the passage. "Verily thus saith the Lord * * inasmuch as ANY man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold, it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling your selves together, to offer up your sacraments before him."

"And all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health * * and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint."

Q. What is the general teaching of this Word of Wisdom in regard to the laws of health?

A. It forbids the use of strong drinks or wine as a beverage, the use of tobacco except as a remedy "for bruises and all sick cattle." It interdicts the use of "HOT drinks" as being enervating or weakening to the human system, and designates fruits and herbs as being suitable and proper food for man, and prohibits an excessive use of flesh, and then, *only* to be used "in times of winter, or of cold or famine."

Q. May not strong drinks be used temperately, as a beverage without injury or guilt?

A. The LORD says, it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, *only* in * * your sacraments before him.

Q. Are we to understand that tobacco, in the various ways it is used by men, is injurious to health and should be discontinued?

A. He who gave the commandment says "tobacco * * is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.

Q. What great benefit is to be derived from an observance of the "Word of Wisdom?"

A. To such is extended the promise, that they shall be preserved amidst the outpouring of the

judgments of God, in the latter days. Par. 3.

Repeat the passage. "And I the Lord, give unto them a promise that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

JUVENILE INSTRUCTION.

LITTLE Willie Sharp, after returning from Sabbath-school, where he had been receiving some wholesome instruction which caused him to have a considerate and reasoning turn of mind, said to his father, who had been using some improper language a short time before, and who was about to engage in family devotion; "Father, don't you think you had better stop swearing, or else leave off family prayer?"

Little Hopes, remember that the apostle James says, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain."

LIGHT-MINDEDNESS.

THE Lord, instructing his people in these latter days says in section 85, Book of Doctrine and Covenants, "Cease from all your light speeches, from all laughter, from all your lustful desires, from all your pride and light-mindedness." And "See that ye love one another." Now little children, does this instruction apply to a part or all of God's people? If any part of them are excused from an obedience to all these requirements, please inform us who they are.

BE YE ALSO READY.

LET all the Little Hopes read the following from the *Well Spring*, take pattern therefrom and always "remember the Sabbath" or "Lord's day" to keep it holy.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

A Sabbath school teacher who had to mourn over the late attendance of many of his scholars, observed that one little boy in his class was always in his place at the appointed time.

No matter how cold or wet the morning might be, there he was, with his clean, rosy face, and well-brushed hair, a pattern of order and neatness.

Having occasion to pass the house of the little boy's parents one Saturday evening, the teacher thought he would call. He soon found out the secret of the boy's punctuality.

The mother and daughter were busily engaged in taking from a drawer clean clothes for the Sabbath, and seeing that no buttons or strings were missing; the father washing and shaving, after the day's toil, and the boy, looking as happy as possible, cleaning the boots and shoes.

What a pleasing picture! thought the teacher. There is no need to ask whether the Sabbath is regarded here. All appear to hail its approach with delight, and *joyfully prepare for its sacred duties.*—*Well Spring.*

"I'LL DO IT TO-MORROW."

THERE were two boys in a school I used to go to when I was young, which is about forty years ago. One was remarkable for doing with promptness and perseverance whatever he undertook. The other had the habit of putting off everything he could. "I'll do it to-morrow," was his motto. "I'll do it now," was the motto of the other boy. The boy who loved to put things off had by far the best natural talent, but he was outstripped in the race of life by his neighbor whose motto was, "I'll do it now." Let that be your motto. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to day.—*Selected.*

LOOK UP.

A gentleman was fording the Susquehanna river on horseback, and found himself becoming so dizzy as to be in danger of losing his seat. Suddenly he received a blow under his chin from a

hunter, who was his companion, with the words, "Look up!" He did so, and recovered his balance. It is so with the sinner. If he looks into the dark waters of his sins surging around him, he will begin to despair. He must look upward to Christ, who has been exalted to give salvation.

Correspondence.

DECATUR COUNTY, Iowa, Feb. 3d, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I am a member of the Church. I was baptized when I was eight years old, now I am ten. I like to read the *Hope*. We moved to Iowa three weeks ago. I have three brothers and three sisters, my oldest brother is a member of the Church, he was baptized four weeks ago. I am trying to do right that I may be saved with you all in the everlasting kingdom. Your sister in Christ,

KATIE LAMPERT.

SHENANDOAH, Page Co., Iowa,
Feb. 3rd, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I was baptized last June. I'm ten years old. I go to school. We have no Sunday School here now. We have prayer meeting at our house, and at Bro. Mathews', every Sunday and Thursday evenings, and have preaching meeting at the hall once a month. I send my love to all. From your brother in Christ,

MARCUS M. MOORE.

CHARITON, Lucas Co., Iowa, Feb. 5, 1876.

Uncle Joseph:—It is with the greatest of pleasure that I write to say I have been baptized into the Church, have put on Christ; and I hope to be able to walk in his spirit. We have a Branch here of seventeen members. There are twenty-one children in the Branch. I hope we will be able to have a Sunday School soon.

J. I. SPENCER.

SHENANDOAH, Page Co., Iowa,
Feb. 3d, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have tried to write to you. I have not been baptized, I am not seven years old yet; there are four departments in our school I read in the "Fourth Reader." I like my teacher very much. There are forty-four in our room. It has been a very pleasant winter so far. I will close, I send my love to all.

LOIS M. MOORE,

LAMONI, Iowa, Jan. 30, 1876.

Dear Uncle Joseph: This is my first letter for the *Hope*. I am ten years old, was baptized over a year ago, by Br. Zenas H. Gurley. I am still trying to be faithful. I have just finished reading the History of Joseph Smith, and find it to be very interesting. I am very glad to see sketches of this history in the *Hope*. I like to read history and short stories, (that are true ones), better than novels. We have a good Branch here, and many of good meetings.

I go to school this winter to my father, about a mile from home. We have a good school. I also attend a singing school twice a week, and a reading school once a week. We write compositions, and select pieces to read, and learn pieces to speak. I found a short piece in an old paper called the *Well Spring*, which I wish you would put in the *Hope* if you think best. I am always glad to get the little *Hope*. Pray for me that I may hold out faithful to the end.

HARRY H. THOMAS.

A writer expresses himself as having abstained from all alcoholic stimulants for the last twenty years, and his opinion is, "that the most severe labors or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulants."

Kind words and smiles, genial greetings and good wishes, are seeds that thrive and bear fruit, each after its own kind.

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

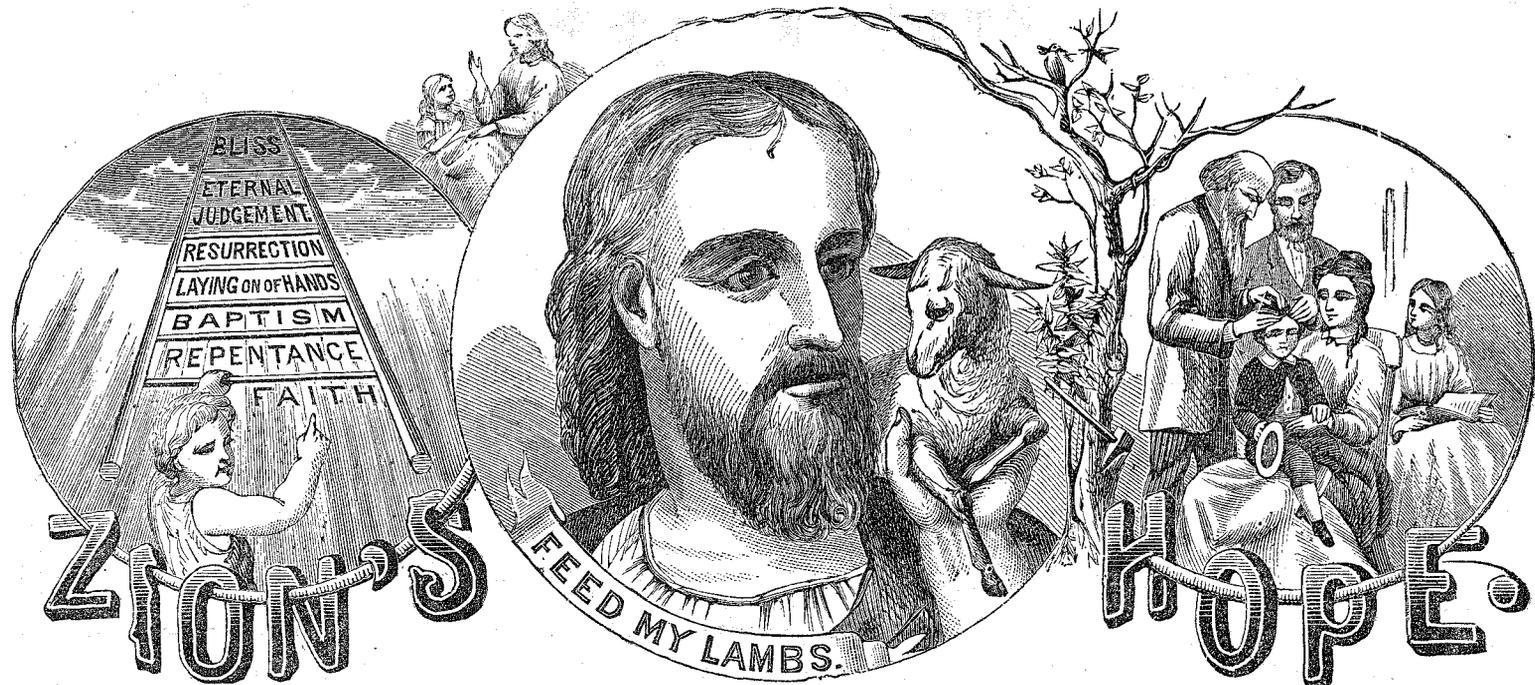
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

READERS OF THE HOPE.

WHEN we set out, in No. 10, present volume, to furnish a few "Items of History" respecting the early life of Joseph Smith, the rise and progress of the Latter Day work, in a series of short articles under that head, viz: "Items of History," in the form of questions and answers, making each chapter complete in itself, we hardly thought it necessary to number the articles or chapters. But since they have run into the present form and seem to have awakened an interest in the minds of some both in and out of the Church, we have deemed it proper, for the convenience and accommodation of those who may wish to read the entire series, and who may wish to refer to them, to number the chapter from this one, the one in present issue, being the eighth; and in this connection state that the series began in HOPE for November 15th, 1875, and that each succeeding number to the present, contains a chapter, except January 1st. Should we be able to make our future chapters as interesting as those already published seem to have been, we will be more than repaid for writing them. Yours for the advancement of the cause,

UNCLE M.

REST-HAVEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER III.—RECONCILED AND RECOVERING.

"We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out I know not why,
And kissed again with tears."

FOR seven long days and nights Grace Merrials lay in a death like coma, and then she opened her eyes and looked about her in a bewildered sort of way. It was near sunset and only Cassy was by. Grace sighed and murmured, "Did he go home, I wonder? Oh yes. I remember he went home and left me—he and Susie. And—and,—I can't remember. I will get up." And she tried to rise but sank wearily back again to her pillow. "What is the matter with me?" She did not see Cassy till she spoke. "You are ill, Gracie. Don't you remember you fell over the balcony and hurt you?"

"No—yes, Cassy, I do remember it all now. It was in the morning, and Ed had come after me. Yes, yes; and I said I wouldn't speak to him for a week.—Did he go home Cassy? It is late I see by the sunset on the wall. I must have been asleep all day."

"Yes dear," replied Cassy, "you have been asleep a long time. But Ed did not go. He is coming now."

Grace clasped her hands and closed her eyes. Ed came slowly through the parlor with the air and manner of one weary in mind and body, and drew near the bedside of his wife, Cassy passing out into the parlor at the same time. He bent over the pallid face, then started back as the long closed eyes suddenly opened and looked full into his.

"O, Ed! forgive. I must speak, though I declared solemnly I wouldn't speak to you for a week. But I must." And she drew his face to hers and pressed a kiss upon his brow, his tears mingling with hers as she did so.

"You are better, darling," he said, "so much better. Thank God that he has spared you to me."

"I have been very foolish, Ed. But I am sorry. And I will try to do better."

Now the doctor appears. "God bless the child! Why, if she isn't awake and talking. That's good. Every symptom is favorable now,—Say, Gracie, are you feeling pretty well this evening, coming up and laying a finger on her wrist. "Pulse all right. Only don't worry yourself by talking too much or getting excited, you might bring on the fever we have been trying all the week to ward off."

"All the week!" echoed Grace in round eyed amaze. "How long since I was hurt?"

"Just seven days, my dear child. And you have slept all that time. And the wound on your head has been healing nicely without inflammation, and you are in a fair way to health now. Only don't be so wayward again, and make such rash promises. There is danger in keeping promises the way you have. We were almost afraid you would never speak to poor Ed again."

"Oh doctor, I have been very wicked. Can you all forgive me?"

They were all there by this time, for Cassy had imparted the joyful news to the rest of the anxious family, and they were clustered about Grace expressing their rapturous gratitude in various ways, which the doctor cut short by saying: "Well! we mustn't weary the child with our demonstrations. We are truly thankful that she is better. But she is weak yet and should have quiet now almost as much as before, to avert bringing on nervous fever. Let me ask one question. How came you to fall, Grace? We have wondered much. I thought it caused by sudden vertigo. Am I right?"

"No, doctor. The morning breeze blew my skirts about me in such a way, as I turned sud-

denly to go down the stairs my foot caught and I fell before I could recover myself. I found myself going and made an effort to draw up my skirts, but I was falling too fast; and I remember throwing up my hands in a vain endeavor to save myself, then going swiftly over, and that is all. I have no recollection of striking the ground."

"Ah! then Cassy was right. That was her theory. But we mustn't worry you with our joyfulness. Mother will sit by you awhile, and the rest withdraw. Ed really must rest or we'll have to watch over him next. Come, my boy, go and lay down a little while. I will go now and call in again on my return; I'm going to Jerry Taylor's. His baby is sick again."

Arrived there he found the little patient white and stupid with exhaustion, save intervals of terrible pain. The good old doctor shook his head thoughtfully.

"The child needs care, and with it, it would soon recover. Dieting, bathing, and the like would bring the little fellow around all right in a short time. Otherwise I'm afraid he'll hardly see the spring time."

The poor father sighed sadly. He knew not what to do. He had hired Biddy Maloney a stout kind hearted lass of sixteen, to do the family's work with the assistance of his own twelve year old daughter, and his brother Tom's wife came in occasionally to oversee matters. But somehow things didn't go aright. The household expenses visibly increased, and worst of all the baby pined away to a mere shadow of its former self. If his poor wife had lived it would have been different. And he sighed again helplessly.

"I'll tell you what Jerry Taylor, you ought to get married again. In fact, it seems to me unavoidable."

But Mr. Taylor demurred. He couldn't think of such a thing. Why what would his poor dear wife say? she's only dead a year! No, no!

"She'd say you are a foolish man, to say the least, to neglect your interests and that of your family in this way just because she's gone. You can't mourn her back. You needn't snap your pretty black eyes so, Miss Josephine. You are just spoiling for some one to train you." And Doctor Gray pulled her ear playfully.

"I'd leave if papa brought another wife here, so I would." And Josie Taylor flung herself out into the kitchen, to hold an indignation meeting with her brother Lewis and Irish Biddy, at the mere mention of a stepmother.

"I'll call at your brother's and endeavor to persuade his wife or Miss Lande to take care of

little Tommy to-night. Good evening. Now you had best think of what I said to you."

The Doctor found Mrs. Tom Taylor down with influenza, and, after considerable persuasion, succeeded in winning a promise from Miss Lande, the school mistress, to spend at least a part of the night with the sick child.

"Do go, Miss Lande," urged Mrs. Taylor. "You know I can't. And the poor little thing is dying for want of a woman's nursing and care. Those girls are entirely too young to mind a teething baby. And, Doctor, Miss Lande is a capital nurse."

"I know it," replied he, "I know it. That's why I am so urgent in the matter."

He found Grace sitting in a great arm chair on his return to Rest-haven. And in a week's time she was at home in her beautiful city residence, gentle and subdued, and winning; so different from the imperious, self-willed Grace, who had left in a pet two weeks before.

"O, David!" cried Susie, one evening on his return from work. "Don't you think Gracie has come home! I'm so glad, and I know you are."

"Humph!" he sniffed indifferently. "I suppose you're so wild over that, that you've forgotten that any one ever wants any supper."

A grieved shadow swept Susie's face as she caught little Johnny to her bosom and kissed him. But she said nothing and sat silently down, and her cheek flushed with natural resentment, as David went on. "Well I'll declare. That's cool! Sit and hold that young one, and not make a move toward supper. I never saw such a woman in all my life." And David Clark flung his boots off, one landing in the baby's white nest and the other under the table. "Where are my slippers, I say!"

Susie, with eyes sparkling with tears, was laying Johnny in his cradle, endeavoring to explain that supper only waited his return. It was all ready save laying on the table. But he would not listen. "Where are my slippers, I'd like to know."

"In your chair," replied Susie, in a low, gentle tone, as she placed the boots of her liege lord in a corner side by side, and began spreading the table.

"Oh," uttered David in a more pacified manner, as he drew from the chair beneath him a pair of brodered velvet slippers. "Oh, you done that, I suppose. Well, they look first-rate. But how did you get them soled? You couldn't do that."

"No, David; I helped Mrs. Brown wash and iron last week, and the money she gave me paid for finishing them."

"So," replied he, my birthday present, eh! I'd forgot it had come around. Thank ye."

This was, perhaps, satisfactory—or ought to be, Susie thought. But somehow it did not bring her the joy she had anticipated when she worked so hard to make them. And thought how she had been nearly sick after working for Mrs. Brown, all for something that was not appreciated. But yet David was not all at fault there. He was peevish and irritated at times, it is true. But he did not really feel as cross as he seemed. And she, foolish woman, allowed him to go on as he chose, only grieving at heart in a despairing way that rendered life at times very dark and gloomy to both. Truly he did not appear to appreciate Susie's present. Though at heart he was delighted far more than Susie imagined. But he had adopted as true, a belief that it is unnecessary and almost mockery to express thanks to ones own family for favors done. Such is only duty.

In this he was mistaken. It does a dear friend's kindness but justice to acknowledge it. And gives our home ones a sincere joy to note gratitude, as it does a stranger. Aye, more. For they know we feel what we say. And if there is duty on either side, it is our duty as well as a simple act of courtesy, to acknowledge a favor done us.

Continued.

RAG BASKETS.

I saw, at the end of the narrow way
That leads to the City of endless day,
A couple of pilgrims tired and sore,
Finish their journey at Heaven's door.

One had no burden, and for his dress
He was clothed in Christ his righteousness;
The other a couple of baskets had
Full of good deeds—and this made him glad!

First the man with the burden came up straight
To the portals that guarded the pearly gate;
But the cumbrous baskets barred his way
Into the City of endless day.

"How now?" said he who no burden bore,
"You can't get those baskets inside that door."
"Ah, I long'd," said the other, in trembling tone,
"To cast all my treasures before the Throne."

Just then, as the pilgrims paused to think,
A ray of glory streamed through the chink
Of the pearly gate, and a radiance threw
On the puzzled saint and his baskets two.

And then, all perplexed, in sore dismay
He saw all the good deeds fade away;
And the baskets, revealed by that light so fair,
Showed that nothing but "filthy rags" were there.

How careful he'd been, 'long the thorny road,
To store up those feelings and deeds so good!
And now that he'd reached the heavenly land
To leave them he couldn't quite understand!

But the porter, who stood at the gate so wide,
Said, "Brother, just leave all those rags outside;
No feelings or deeds—be they e'er so good—
Can add to the value of Jesus' blood."

Then methought that the saint, with a sigh and
a tear,

Let go the baskets he'd thought so dear;
Saying, "Jesus, Thou drank all the bitter dregs,
And Thou hast no need of my filthy rags."

Then, casting a glance on his friend standing there,
He asked, "How cam'st thou with no load to bear?"
And a sweet smile passed o'er his face as he
Replied, "Jesus has finished the work for me!"

Then with joyous hearts made glad and free,
They passed along o'er the crystal sea;
And for ever they sing, 'mid that joyous throng,
"To the Lamb all honor and praise belong."

H. J. A. —British Evangelist.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 8.

AT the time Joseph Smith set out on his long stage-ride, from Pennsylvania to New York, to visit his old home in the last named state, and to see what had become of Martin Harris and the manuscript, the *Stranger* mentioned near the close of our former chapter was the only passenger on board the stage with him, destined also, for some portion of country beyond where Joseph was to get off. They had not proceeded far, together, before his attention was attracted by the gloomy and thoughtful expression of Joseph's countenance. Thinking him unwell, he made inquiry about his health, but being assured that he was not suffering from any physical derangement, his attention was still more attracted by his appearance, and he sought by questioning to ascertain the cause of his earnest thoughtfulness, coupled with a look of such deep anxiety which continually marked the expression of his countenance. But learning nothing of his history other than that he had been keeping vigils over his wife for a fortnight, and that in the mean time he had buried his first born an infant, that his wife was not yet well, and that he was going to visit his people in New York. So finding him very reticent, he ceased his inquiries, but lost none of his interest in the

strange, sad and thoughtful young man. Nothing more passed between them on this subject.

Joseph reached the end of his journey, by stage, about ten o'clock at night; but just before leaving the stage, he remarked he "still had twenty miles further to travel on foot that night," in reply to which the *stranger* said, "I have watched you since you first entered the stage, and I know that you have neither slept nor eat since that time, and you shall not go on foot twenty miles alone this night; for if you must go I will be your company." And further said, "Now tell me what can be the trouble that makes you thus dispirited?" Joseph replied about as before, referring to the low state of his wife's health, and the loss of his first and only child. The stranger expressed sympathy for him, Joseph thanked him, and they proceeded on their journey. But from lack of nourishment from food, and rest from thought and anxiety through sleep, nature gave way and Joseph was unable to walk, unsupported by his strange though faithful companion, who saw him safe at his father's house, as stated in the last chapter, and who, after partaking of food, retraced his steps to again take up his line of travel by stage. Whence he came, who he was, or whither he went, other than as stated, the writer has been unable to learn. But his presumption is, that he was a *friend*, a *HELP*, influenced by Him who hears the young ravens when they cry, and who orders the steps of those whose hearts are set to do His will, and who proves himself a present help to all such in the day of their necessity.

As stated at the close of our former article, Joseph had sent for Martin Harris to come and see him, at his father's house; but notwithstanding he lived, not far away, and had been sent for in early morning, Joseph had to wait, until near twelve o'clock before Mr. Harris arrived. As he approached the house, he was unlike his former self, with head erect, a firm and elastic step; but he walked with a slow and measured tread with his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the ground, while his hat was drawn down, as if to conceal them. "At length he entered the house; soon after which they all sat down to the table to partake of food, Mr. Harris with the rest. He took up his knife and fork as if he was going to use them, but immediately dropped them. Hyrum, (Smith), observing this, said 'Martin, why do you not eat; are you sick?' Upon which, Mr. Harris pressed his hands upon his temples and cried out, in a tone of deep anguish, 'Oh, I have lost my soul! I have lost my soul!'"

Joseph, who had not expressed his fears till now, sprang from the table, exclaiming 'Martin, have you lost that manuscript? have you broken your oath and brought down condemnation upon your head, as well as my own?' 'Yes, it is gone,' replied Martin, 'and I know not where.' 'Oh, my God!' said Joseph, clenching his hands. All is lost! all is lost! What shall I do? I have sinned—it is I who tempted the wrath of God. I should have been satisfied with the first answer which I received from the Lord; for he told me that it was not safe for me to let the writing go out of my possession.' He wept and groaned and walked the floor continually. At length he told Martin to go back and search again. 'No,' said Martin, 'it is all in vain; for I have ripped open beds and pillows; and I know it is not there? Then must I,' said Joseph, 'return to my wife with such a tale as this? I dare not do it, lest I should kill her at once. And how shall I appear before the Lord? Of what rebuke am I not worthy from the angel of the Most High?'"

Says the historian, from whom we quote, "I besought him not to mourn so, for perhaps the Lord would forgive him, after a short season and humiliation and repentance. But what could I say to comfort him, when he saw all the family in the same situation of mind as himself; for sobs and groans, and the most bitter lamentations filled the house. However, Joseph was more distressed than the rest, as he better understood the con-

sequences of disobedience. And he continued, pacing back and forth, mean time weeping and groaning, until about sunset, when, by persuasion he took a little nourishment.

The next morning he set out for home. We parted with heavy hearts, for it now appeared that all which we had so fondly anticipated, and which had been the source of so much secret gratification, had in a moment fled, and fled forever."

We have entered into detail a little, in the making up of this chapter of items, but we have done so feeling that it would be of interest to the readers, and to show to those unacquainted with the rise of the Latter Day Work, that Joseph's first labors to correct his way before the Lord, receive, protect and translate the plates, prior to the organization of the Church, were not always performed with his mind at peace and conscience undisturbed, and amid the social pleasures of home, or along quiet walks and winding pathways where the perfumes of a "thousand flowers" floated all around, and where music's enchanting strains lent a sweet vibration to the ambient air, and as naught arose, as some suppose to mar the the "spirit of his dreams," in his anticipations of being the founder and leader of a great religious society, the growth and prosperity of which would secure to his name a place in the annals of history, and crown his memory with a fame that would record it for good all along the roll of coming years.

But on the contrary, to show that anxiety, tears, sorrow, labor, self-condemnations for repeated errors, committed in inauspicious moments, through the frailty of his nature; prayers and strivings for repentance, strugglings for victory over self, and for submission to the Divine will, in the fulfillment of the words of the angel to him, in the beginning of the work, that his name should be "had for good and ill among men," were all being suffered, sought and fulfilled, by and upon the humble instrument God had chosen to usher in the great and last dispensation; and that his only reward was, a sense of honest endeavor, the cheer of a few friends, the instruction of the heavenly Messenger and approbation of a merciful heavenly Father, which followed his reproofs and humble repentance of his trespasses, and the assurance of the Lord, that beyond all these sufferings there remained a rest.

What the state of his mind and the character of his hope, at the time we parted with him in this chapter we leave the reader to imagine. See *Joseph Smith the Prophet*, pages 120 and 122.

PRECIOUS PROMISES.

"A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.
 "For the arm of the wicked shall be broken; but the Lord upholdeth the righteous.
 "The Lord knoweth the days of the upright; and their inheritance shall be for ever.
 "They shall not be ashamed in the evil time; and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.
 "But the wicked shall perish."—Psalms 37.

A PORTION OF THE GOSPEL.

We find that the gospel requires us to love our neighbors as ourselves. How are we to do so when real affection does not come at the call of will? We should try to practice self-denial; try to be kind, for kind actions tend to arouse kind feelings in the doer. We can not do good deeds even to an enemy without beginning to feel like a friend. Be kind to men, do for them as if you loved them, and in time you will love them.

We might take a dislike to a neighbor, but upon becoming acquainted with him and offering him the needed instruction, find that we had been looking at the worst traits of his character, and when understood it was underlaid with good principles, and that we had judged him too hastily. Let us think of all the best we can, and if we

came in contact with persons deceitful and low in character, let us pity rather than scorn them, in their miserable condition.

Why should we speak evil of our neighbor? It does us no good, but on the contrary it injures us and does him no good. If we should have a good and faithful animal we are very apt to extol his good qualities and tell of his gentleness and domestic worth. How much more then should we speak good of our neighbors. We feel happy when our minds are fixed on the good. The good of life, is to gaze on the grand, the good, the beautiful things that are strewn along its pathway.

The life and example of Christ, was that of goodness to all. He healed all, far and near; he had no prejudice toward any. We see again that there is no general favorites, the sun gives its light and heat to all alike; the rain falls on our selfish neighbor's field as on our own. So kind friend we see that we have good examples, let us one and all try and follow them.

ISAAC R. PRICE.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

AUTHORITY—ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH.

Q. When was the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints organized?

A. On the sixth day of April, eighteen hundred and thirty.

Q. Where was it organized?

A. In the State of New York.

Q. Who was it organized by?

A. Joseph Smith the Martyr, under direction and by authority from God.

Q. How is the Church governed?

A. By officers of different grades, set in the church by command of God, who act under authority from God, and are recognized as the Priesthood, and who, in a faithful discharge of their duty, labor under the influence of the Holy Ghost, which guides into all truth.

Q. What are the names of those several officers, form the highest to the lowest?

A. First—The President of the High or Melchisedek Priesthood, who also is President of the Church, and is a Prophet, Seer and Revelator, having two Counsellors.

Second—A Quorum of Twelve, (a traveling High Council), "to officiate *** under the direction of the presidency."

Third—A "standing High Council" of the Church.

Fourth—High Priests' Quorum.

Fifth—Seventy; one or more quorums, not exceeding seven.

Sixth—Elders, Quorums of.

Seventh—Bishops, consisting of a Presiding and local Bishops, having temporal jurisdiction, subject to the general direction of the higher Church authorities.

Eighth—Priests, Quorums of.

Ninth—Teachers, Quorums of

Tenth—Deacons, Quorums of.

Q. Under how many grand divisions is the Priesthood divided?

A. The Melchisedek, or higher, and the Aaronic, or lesser.

Q. Why is the higher Priesthood called the Melchisedek Priesthood?

A. Because Melchisedek was such a great High Priest; and also to avoid a too frequent use of Jehovah's name, as this Priesthood used to be called after the order of His Son. D. C. 104 : 1.

Repeat the passage. "Why the first is called the Melchisedek priesthood, is because Melchisedek was such a great high priest. Before his day it was called the holy priesthood after the order of the Son of God; but out of respect or reverence for the name of the Supreme Being, to avoid the too frequent repetition of his name, they, the church in ancient days, called that priesthood after Melchisedek, or the Melchisedek priesthood."

Q. What power and authority belong unto the Melchisedek Priesthood?

A. It "holds the right of presidency," to re-

ceive revelations from heaven for the guidance of the Church. See D. C. 104 : 3-9.

Q. Why is the Aaronic Priesthood called the "lesser priesthood?"

A. Because "it is an appendage" to the Melchisedek Priesthood, and has "power in administering outward ordinances."

Q. Why is the "lesser" priesthood called the "Aaronic" Priesthood?

A. Because it was conferred upon Aaron and his seed forever. See D. C. 104 : 8.

Q. Are we to understand that persons not holding the Priesthood, have no authority to administer in the kingdom or Church of God?

A. Yes. God's acknowledged ministry hold authority from HIM, and are reckoned as the Priesthood.

RESPECT THE AGED.

"One of the many good laws given to the Jews was meant to teach respect to old age. In Leviticus, nineteenth chapter, we read, 'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God; I am the Lord.' If it was right then, in the sight of the Lord, for the young to respect the aged; it certainly must be right for them to do so to-day. Children, obey your parents in all things; for it is well pleasing unto the Lord." Col. 3 : 20.

PRAYER.

Prayer that is heard, is earnest, simple, full of trust and free from affectation. Our Father is not deaf nor afar off that we should thunder our petitions in His ears. Love casteth out fear and the soul overflowing with the bounty it brings in its trustful and gentle pleadings, looking up to a Father ever ready to be gracious, grows eloquent in its appeal, and though sent up from quivering lips by a faltering voice, it reaches the Divine ear, and brings, through Christ, the blessing down.

Little children, God is ever near, by his spirit. Let us then so live, that with gentle loving trust, we can call upon him feeling that he is near and that he will answer.

NEHUSHTAN.

NEARLY fifteen hundred years before Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, while the children of Israel were in the wilderness on their journey from Egypt to the land of Canaan they rebelled in their hearts and "spake against God and against Moses." For which cause the Lord sent fiery serpents among them, the bite of which was death, from which cause much of the people died. In their distress they confessed their sins to Moses, and besought him to entreat the Lord in their behalf. He did so and the Lord instructed him to make a fiery serpent and raise it on a pole in the midst of the camp, with a promise that all who had been bitten by the fiery serpent, should be healed of the bite by looking upon it. The serpent was raised and deliverance came to the hosts of Israel. And when they journeyed from that camp they took the brazen serpent with them. For centuries it was kept by Israel, as one of the sacred relics; and so highly was it regarded by the people, that at last they began to burn incense to it. Thus they worshiped the means provided for their deliverance, rather than Him who provided the means. About seven hundred years after the raising of the serpent and in the days when the people were burning incense, there arose a king in Judah who walked in the statutes of God and sought to turn the people thereto from their corrupted way before the Lord. And in order to do so he, "removed the high places," * * "brake the images" * * cut down the groves, and broke in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made, calling it Nehushtan," that is "a piece of brass."

It is recorded of this king, that he "trusted in

the Lord God," so that among all the kings of Judah, either before or after there was none like him. He stopped not to worship the means employed to convey blessings to the people, nor allowed them to stand between the people and God.

It is too often the case in this age of the world that men and means are worshiped, instead of God, who employs them.

Reader—ever strive to worship and praise the great Creator for his goodness, and the use of the means employed to convey blessings to us, for "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, shall be safe."

LITTLE HOUSES ON THE TELEGRAPH POLES.

HASTENED to the telegraph poles in New York City there are five hundred and forty-eight little houses, in each of which dwells an invisible spirit with greater powers than the fairy godmother who made a carriage for Cinderella out of pumpkins and horses out of mice. They are built of iron and painted green, and look for all the world like postoffice boxes. Indeed, I have been told that honest country folks visiting the city sometimes almost wrench them to pieces with their umbrellas in trying to get their letters in.

Under the eaves of these little houses there is a bit of glass window, behind which is a blind with some printing on it, and the printing says that a key to the door may be found at the baker's or the tailor's or the shoemaker's over the way. But the possessor is forbidden to loan it, unless there happens to be a fire in the neighborhood and the spirit is wanted to go on an errand. So, in order that we may have a peep within, we will enlist the services of a friend of mine who is a city fireman, and who carries a duplicate key in his pocket.

When the door is opened, we look into the front room; let us call it the parlor, and, like many other parlors, it is cold and bare. The only furniture is a little knob projecting from one of the walls. The back room which the fireman opens with another key, is much more interesting, however; and it is here that the wonderful spirit is imprisoned in a curious looking little machine, with brass cog-wheels, levers and springs, which is set in motion by that simple knob in front.

He is on duty all the year round. Pull the knob, and he will fly like a flash of lightning over the wire that enters the house from behind, tell the firemen throughout the city that they are wanted, and where. His name is Electricity, and his house is called a fire-alarm telegraph-box. So you will see that I am writing something more real than a fairy-story, although the facts I have to relate are about a kind of giants and dwarfs.

WM. H. RIDEING, *St. Nicholas for March.*

Correspondence.

STOCKTON CITY, San Joaquin Co., California,
February 18, 1876.

Dear *Hope*:—Presume you think that you are entirely forgotten by me; but not so, for I would pass many lonely hours, wherein you are agreeable company, also quite a comfort to me.

Somewhat young in years and young in the cause, and do many things that are displeasing in the pure eyes of my heavenly Father. Still my determination is to keep on trying to serve the true and the living God. If we seek him early we shall find him; this is his blessed promise to us. Now, my young brothers and sisters, let us strive to keep in the narrow way; for strait and narrow is the road that leads to that blest abode, and few there be that find it. But broad is the road that leads to destruction, and thousands walk together there.

I agree with our young brother of Watsonville, that it is not letting our light shine to go to parties and dances. The world thinks lightly of Christians who indulge in such amusements. It generally leads to a life of gayety and worldliness, to companionship with the thoughtless, and lovers of worldly pleasures. Many a youth who has given promise of great usefulness,

has been led astray by this amusement. Let us who are trying to lead a godly life in Christ Jesus relinquish it, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world as much as we can, leave behind us the gayeties which its votaries love. Let our example be without blemish and our Christian walk without blame. If our hearts are full of love to Jesus and we are led by his Holy Spirit, we shall feel no need of quenching our thirst at the fountains which hold no water.

Go thou in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy for thy adorning
The precious pearl of truth.
Secure this heavenly treasure
And bind it on thy heart,
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

Brothers and sisters, I desire an interest in your prayers, that I may do better in days to come than what I have in days that are gone. I hope that I may stand all the storms, overcome the temptations, and come out victorious, and gain a starry crown at last. Adieu for this time. Yours in hope,

DORINDA F. E. ROBERTS.

SOLEDAD, Monterey Co., California,
February 13, 1876.

Dear *Hopes*:—I thought that as I am deprived of meeting with the Saints to-day, in worshipping the Lord, I would try and pen you a few lines. I have not been to church for over three months. I am almost ashamed to say so, but I hope to see the day when I can go every Sunday.

I am herding sheep. I find it very lonesome and tedious work. I live near Gilroy when at home. We have had heavy floods in this part of the country. Prospects are fair for good crops. I with you rejoice in the gospel of Christ, although it is seldom I get to meet with the Saints; yet my heavenly Father blesses me abundantly, for which I feel to praise him. I have not had any remarkable dreams or visions, as some have had, yet there is a Spirit that bears witness to mine that this is the work of God. All the doubt I have is in myself. If I do my part, all will be well. *** What a glorious time that will be, to reign a thousand years with our blessed Savior. It is worth working for. We miss Father H. Green; also Bro. Alex. H. Smith. From your brother in the gospel of Christ.

ISAAC A. MUNRO.

KEWANEE, Henry Co., Illinois, Feb. 27, 1876.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am ten years old. We have a large and a very nice Sunday-school here. I like to read our little paper. My father and mother belong to the Church. Br. T. W. Smith baptized my father and grandfather last spring, and we are all very happy. I have not been baptized yet, but I hope to be soon. Yours truly,

ELIZABETH A. SUMPTION.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Linn Co., Iowa,
Feb. 22d, 1876.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I thought that I would write a few lines to you. I do not know much, if anything, about the Latter Day Saints' Church, but I dearly love to read the *Hope*, and so does ma; but my pa and ma belong to the Methodist Church, and I am a member of the Sabbath School, and attend every Sunday. I go to school every day, and to singing school once a week. I never knew anything about the little *Hope* till my little cousin in California, Rhoda S. Dawson, sent them to me. My pa has sold out, and we are going to move to Cherokee county, and, Uncle Joseph, won't you please send my next paper to Cherokee, Iowa. I have been taking these papers for two years, and I should miss them very much should I not get them. I will be twelve years old the 17th of March.

ALLIE D. GARD.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Linn Co., Oregon,
Feb. 7th, 1876.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—I am eleven years old, and am glad to say that I am a member of the Latter Day Saints Church, I was baptized August the 29th, by Elder J. C. Clapp, he was here preaching last summer; I am sorry that he has been so sick since he left here? We have meeting here every Sunday. There are quite a number of members here. Father and mother belong. I close for this time, with many good wishes to all; your sister in Christ,

L. A. BUTLER.

KINGSTON, Decatur Co., Indiana,
January 27, 1876.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—I am with my parents at present. Expect to remain with them till spring, as my health is not very good this winter. But if it is God's will, I will try to be content, for in him I have put all my trust, and when I go in secret and pray, I feel blessed. Pray for me little *Hopes*. I feel that I am weak in the sight of God, and I am where every thing is thrown at me against the Latter Day Work, and I have trials and persecutions to fight against. But let come what may, I intend to stand firm in this grand

and glorious work. My parents are not in the Latter Day Work yet. But I hope they will obey the gospel, take up their cross, and follow Jesus. There are no Saints here but myself. There are none nearer than Olive Branch in Ripley county, and that is thirty miles from here. I have no books, but as soon as I am able to send for them, I will do so; and I think some tracts would be good to scatter among these people. Yours in gospel bonds,

A. J. HART.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Feb. 17, 1876.

Dear little *Hopes*: Would it please you to gather up precious stones, as you pass along the streets? I think I hear you say Yes. Well, you can if you wish to, by dropping sweet words, kind actions and pleasant smiles as you pass along. Speak to that ragged friendless boy; just see his pleasant look. See that poor deformed little girl; take her by the hand and help her over the rough places. Smile on the sad and the careworn. Help that poor old lady to carry her bundles.

So you can go on, my dear little *Hopes*, gathering up precious stones, making yourself and others happy, and above all, our blessed Jesus will love you. Try, my dear little friends, to gather up all the precious stones you can. Yours truly in the gospel of Christ,

AMIE HOLT.

WEST BELLEVILLE, St. Clair Co., Illinois,
February 29, 1876.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—It has been a long time since I wrote to the *Hope*. I have been very sick. I sent for the "elders of the church" to administer to me. They did so, and I received the blessing promised to the faithful, and I thank my heavenly Father for his kindness and mercy. I have often asked and prayed that I might have a testimony of the work, whether it was true or not, and I have received it. I know of a surety that it is the work of God; and hope that I may live in the truth, and walk in the light as he is in the light, and be found faithful to the end.

Well, I think I have said enough this time. I will bring my letter to a close, by saying that I like to read the letters in our little paper, and also the "Items of History." I ask an interest in your prayers. I remain your sister in the truth of the gospel of Christ.

JENNET ARCHIBALD.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.—Following is the answer to Enigma in *Hope* for November 15th, 1875.

Err, run, merry, key, ruby, jerry, Rome, Jerome Ruby. Given by Lizzie Mills, Mission San Jose, Cal.

He that would be well spoken of himself, must speak well of others.

There are truths which some people despise because they have not examined them, and they will not examine them because they despise them.

Some minds are like sieves; they retain all that is worthless, while that which is good passes through.

Rather improve by the errors of others than find fault with them.

Prefer loss to unjust gain, and solid sense to wit. And remember that, want of punctuality is a species of falsehood.

Little boys should not tease the girls nor smaller boys than themselves.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$258 47	Mell Halliday	.. \$	25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	..			1 65
Cicely Chatburn	.. 1 00	Henry Halliday, Jr.	..	25
W. N. Dawson	.. 39	Mrs. Dorinda Dawson	..	50
James Smart	.. 1 00	Cora A. Richardson	..	40
George Chatburn	.. 50	Lillie Gay Tomlinson	..	25
Charles Henry Tomlinson	.. 25	Miss Allie Gard	..	25
Mary A. Hawkins	.. 55	Ed Reynolds	..	25
Ivora Davies	.. 25	St. Louis S. S.	..	1 15

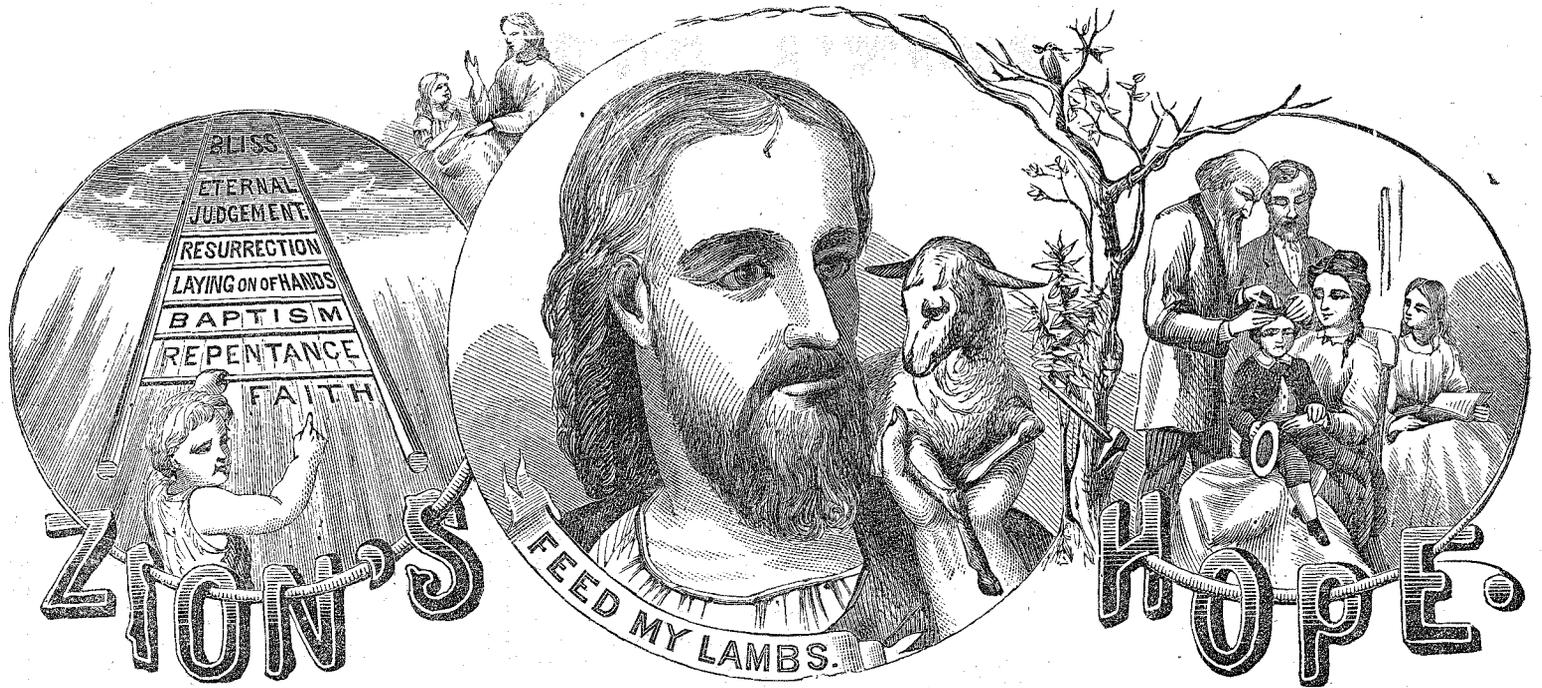
The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., APRIL 1, 1876.

No. 19.

"WHAT IS IT WORTH."

In the next issue of the HOPE, we will resume the publication of the article "What is it worth?" the last chapter of which appeared in the HOPE for September 15th, 1875. Those who have read the former chapters, will doubtless be pleased to learn that the answer will yet be given to the question, "What is it worth?" that was asked in the outset.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 9.

MRS. Harris having returned from off the visit mentioned in a former number, and finding her private bureau so defaced, as what it was by Mr. Harris, in picking the lock, "her irascible temper was excited to the utmost pitch, and an intolerable storm ensued, which descended with great violence upon the head of her husband."

Mr. Harris, "having made a sacrifice of his conscience, he no longer regarded its scruples: so he continued to exhibit the writings, until a short time before Joseph arrived, to any one whom he regarded as prudent enough to keep the secret except to Mr. Smith's family who, "were not allowed to set their eyes upon it."

For a few days prior to Joseph's arrival at his father's Mr. Harris had been otherwise engaged, and thought but little about the manuscript. And "when Joseph sent for him he went immediately to the drawer where he had left it, but, behold it was gone! When he interrogated his wife as to where it was: "she solemnly averred that she did not know any thing respecting it." Then followed the vigilant search for it, mentioned in the last number.

Owing to Mrs. Harris' "irascible temper" she had become embittered against the work again, and had "taken the manuscript from the drawer, with the view of retaining it, until another translation should be given, then, to alter the original translation, for the purpose of showing a discrepancy between them, and thus make the whole appear to be a deception.

From the history, it appears, that Martin Harris suffered, not only spiritually but temporally, for on the same day on which the foregoing circumstances took place, a blight (apparent at least) settled upon his fields in the form of a dense fog, doing his crop great damage, while those fields of grain that stood just across the road from his, were not injured by it.

From that day of darkness and gloom "both within and without," the day of Joseph's depar-

ture for his home in Pennsylvania, nearly two months rolled slowly by, while to the senior Smith's family "the heavens seemed clothed with blackness and the earth shrouded in gloom," and yet after all these days of anxious suspense and painful waiting, nothing had yet been received from Joseph.

The Historian in speaking of the gloom and mental suffering of the family during this season of silence on the part of Joseph, said she often thought that if a continual punishment as severe as that which they experienced, should be meted out to the most wicked characters that ever lived on the footstool of the Almighty,—it would be enough to engage pity for them in their woful condition.

About two months after Joseph's sad departure from his father's house, his parents set out to visit him; in order to allay their anxiety and, doubtless, learn if all was lost. His mother in her account of the visit said. "When we came within three quarters of a mile of the house, Joseph started to meet us, telling his wife, as he left, that father and mother were coming. When he met us, his countenance wore so pleasant an aspect, that I was convinced he had something agreeable to communicate with regard to the work in which he was engaged." That evening he related to his parents what transpired with him after his sad parting with them in New York.

Upon his return home he "commenced humbling himself in mighty prayer before the Lord," that if possible he might obtain mercy and be forgiven of all he had done contrary to the will of God; and while thus engaged an angel stood before him, and answering, told him he "had sinned in delivering the manuscript into the hands of a wicked man;" And that as he had become responsible, he would of necessity have to suffer; and demanded of him the "Urim and Thummim." And when delivering them into the hand of the angel, he received promise that if humble and penitent he might receive them again on a given date, and if so it would be "on the 22nd of September," following. Soon after this he received a revelation, (July 1828), touching the manuscript, which was full of reproof, instructions, warnings, and exhortations to faithfulness, rendered precious from the promises it extended on conditions of faithfulness. For this revelation in full, see Doctrine and Covenants section 2.

We return again to Joseph's recital, to his parents. "After the angel had left me," said he, "I continued my supplications to God," without cessation, and on the 22nd of September, I had the joy and satisfaction of again receiving the Urim and Thummim, with which I have again

commenced translating, and Emma writes for me, but the angel said that the Lord would send me a scribe, and I trust his promise will be verified. The angel seemed pleased with me when he gave me back the Urim and Thummim, and he told me that the Lord loved me, for my faithfulness and humility."

A few months after receiving them, (May 1829) Joseph enquired of the Lord, and received a revelation concerning the manuscript, in which he received further instruction, and was shown how he had erred and lost his "gift" by letting the manuscript pass out of his hands—was urged to faithfulness and a continuance in the work of translation, and to not run faster or labor more than strength and means should be supplied him; and was shown how satan sought, through wicked, unfaithful men to get the manuscript from him, and to change or alter it, and when he should retranslate it; to bring the first forward and show that his translations would not agree—that thus the work might be destroyed.—

For the sake of brevity we summarized the revelation. The reader can find it in full, Doctrine and Covenants section 9. Joseph's mother states in the account of her visit to Pennsylvania, that she made the acquaintance of Mr. Isaac Hale and family, in the town of Harmony, on the Susquehanna river, and that they were highly respectable people, and that they (her self and husband) returned home, relieved of a burden that was almost unsupportable, and that their present joy far overbalanced all their former grief. Joseph Smith the Prophet Pages 122 to 127.

THE HORSE.

D^{R.} Frost in his "Encyclopedia of Animated Nature," says of this animal. Originally, the horse, it would seem, was a native of the eastern hemisphere only: though multitudes of the race are now found running wild in various parts of North and South America: as they are, also, in some countries of Asia and Africa." But time with its unfoldings and revelations of knowledge has proven that the horse, originally, was not confined to the "old world" or eastern continent. When the Book of Mormon came forth under Divine instruction and by the gift and power of God, in the year 1830; it was therein stated, that the horse, existed on this continent in ages long anterior to the time of its discovery by Columbus, in 1492. And on account of such a statement the authority and truthfulness of the book, for many years was called in question—because history, antiquarian researches and scientific investigations up to within a few years past fur-

nished no evidence of the existence of that noble animal on this continent. But today, scientists in their endeavors to unveil the hidden mysteries of the past, have brought forth abundant evidence to prove the existence of the horse on this continent at a very early date; which has welded another great link in the chain of evidence that proclaim the Book of Mormon, to be of divine authenticity, and hence invaluable as a history of the "New World," and as a fulfillment of God's word and promise to man, as recorded in the Bible.

THE TOY BALLOON.

Hold fast, little hand, I cried, hold fast,
Lest the string will slip from you,
And your pretty toy'll go bounding up,
Far up to the Heaven's blue.

'Twill bump against the pearl-edged clouds,
And sail far from your sight,
And so be cautious, little hand,
And hold the riband tight.

"Oh! I don't care!" said the rougish lips,
And black-eyes laughed at me;
If it goes way up above the clouds—
Way up where the angels be."

"For you may bet," he laughing said,
Unheeding my warning frown;
"I will not lose my balloon, at all,—
The angels'll throw it down."

Oh! ye who walk the way of life,
With Care and Grief defiled,
Ye know the word of Jesus saith,
That ye must have the simplest faith,
The faith of a little child.

CLARA CLYDE.

REST-HAVEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER IV.—NEW YEARS.

HERE had been Christmas festivities in town; but New Year's eve found a merry party at Rest-haven. Mr. and Mrs. Dean, ever hospitable were, it would seem, determined to outdo themselves this time. Every one for miles around was invited to come and partake of their bounty, and those who were inclined to "watch the old year out and the new year in." Of course the friends from town were there too, and the old house rang again with young voices and merry laughter. Various games among the children and younger people, music for the others, and social converse. So all were happily employed.

Barbara—pretty, dark haired, blue eyed little Barbara, in passing through the hall or her way to the kitchen for a pitcher of water, found a group of youngsters cuddled down, talking in low tones and with very serious faces.

"I just shan't stand it," Josephine Taylor was saying. "I think it the awfulest piece of business I ever heard of."

"Yes," chimed in her brother, Lewis, "and don't you think she's gone to putting on authority already, and it's only a week since they were married."

"Is that so?" questioned Margaret, their cousin. "I wouldn't have thought it. Why, she's boarded to our house near a year now, and she seemed just as good as apple pie all the time. And she's just the best school ma'm. Don't you think so, Esther?"

Esther was a little sister of Josie and Lewis; and had been a silent listener.

"Yes, indeed I do. And she'll be just as good as our own mamma, I know she will. Little Tommy loves her ever so much, and so do I. And I don't see what Josie and Lew have got against her."

"O, she *honey*s you and Tom," replied Josie, with a scornful sniff. "But Lewis and I are too old to be palavered over that way. I'll bet we'll

have tall times at our house before long. I shan't be put down by a step-mother, and that'll make a row of course; but I can't help it."

"O, Josie!" says Barbara, "come with me to the spring. It's a beautiful night. Every thing is covered with ice, and the old King's Oak glitters in the moonlight ever so brightly. Come."

"And away skipped the two girls arm-in-arm, Barbara taking a sudden resolution to get a pitcher of water fresh from the spring. Truth to tell, she wanted to talk with Josephine alone.

"How beautiful the winter's sky is!" exclaimed Josephine, glancing upward. "And mamma, my own dear, good mamma, is away up there somewhere. If she had only staid with us."

And Josie swallowed down a great sob as she let her beautiful eyes fall on the glittering snow beneath their feet.

"Josie," began Barbara, in a low sweet tone, "your mamma is dead. She will never come back to you. But you may go to her if you will try to be good and patient always. She would not be pleased with you, if she knew how you were talking about the new mother your papa has found for you."

Josie listened at first with a grave look upon her pretty face; but at the mention of the new mother, she tossed her black curls spitefully.

"If you want to preach, Barb Eldon, you can preach to the trees and stars. I shan't stay to hear you." And away she ran, meeting her father at the door.

"Why, child, why are you out in the night bareheaded? Come in now, Marie wants you to amuse little Tommy while we eat supper. Come. What do you stand there for?"

"Because, papa, I just don't want to, so I don't. She ain't my mother."

"Josephine!" her father's voice was low, but stern and reproachful. "Don't speak that way to me. She is to be your mother, and you are to treat her as such. Remember! Now go directly to the parlor and take care of little Tom."

Josephine's black eyes flashed, but she kept them lowered as she went silently to do her father's bidding. Taking her little brother by the hand, she led him into the adjoining room where the children were assembled, and sat down with him moodily in a corner. There was a game of 'snap and catch them' going on, but she took no note of the sport. Not even when Frank Merrills, Ed's young brother, snapped her to catch him. Three times he ran past her, snapping his fingers each time, but she kept her face averted. The next time he came, he paused. "Joe Taylor, come and catch me."

Slowly she turned toward him, as if she was just aware of his wishes.

"My name is Josephine, Mr. Merrills," she replied coldly. By this time he had again come around. With a smile that was slightly quizzing and a mock bow, he cried, "Miss Joe Taylor, get down off your dignity and come and catch me."

She flashed a defiant glance at him, but deigned him no answer. Frank, a good natured school boy of fifteen, laughed merrily as he ran on in search of some more obliging miss; and his laughing angered Josephine intensely. Pretty little Barbara entered the door as Frank reached that side of the room; Barbara with little Johnny Clark in her arms, Susie's baby.

"Here's a good natured lassie," snapping his fingers at Barbara. She smiled her willingness, but shook her head.

"O put the little one down a moment and come, do," he cried eagerly, for the centre group were growing impatient. "Here, I'll find a place for it." And before Barbara knew what he was going to do, he had snatched the pretty babe from her arms and running over to Josephine, deposited in her lap beside her little brother; and before she had time to speak, he was away and Barbara tripping swiftly after him around the circle.

Josephine was almost beside herself with rage. She didn't dare let the offending baby fall, though she really wished he would. Once as Frank flew

past her, he flung her a kiss on his finger's tips, exclaiming in a low, swift tone, "You're a capital little nurse, Miss Joe. What a dear kind soul you must be." He did not see the threatening glance she gave him, for Barbara was just at his elbow. And in another moment he came up with a graceful bow and took Johnny with many thanks for her kindness, and seated himself beside Josephine, while Barbara gave Lewis Taylor the opportunity of catching her.

"You needn't thank me for my kindness, Frank Merrills, for I didn't act from that feeling," snapped Josephine.

"Do you ever?" queried Frank, chirruping to Johnny at the same time.

"Do I ever *what!*" she cried testily.

"Do you ever act from kindness, my precious little lady bird?" said he soberly, though his mischievous eye twinkled.

"Humph!" sniffed Josephine indignantly, "do you ever mind your own affairs, I wonder?" was her savage rejoinder.

"Yes," he replied hesitatingly, "when I can't help it. But won't we have a glorious time when you come to town to live, though. We'll be continually meeting, and perhaps attend the same school and"—

"I'm not going to town to school. Who put that idea into your head?" interrupted Josephine.

"Your father was talking with Ed about it a little while ago. Ed said it was the best thing he could do, and if your father would sell, he'd send him a buyer right away. Then your father could buy out Ed's partner in the store, and then, my little black-eyed beauty, you'd be a merchant's daughter and perhaps, as I said, go to school with me, Miss Josey." He looked saucily into her bewildered, frowning face, and she rewarded him with a quick blow from her brown little hand.

"No body calls me Joe but you. And you're the meanest boy I ever saw. And I won't go the same school you do, if I *never* learn anything." She paused and bit her lip, the tears of vexation filling her eyes. "I won't go to town to live if that hateful Marie Lande does, I'll run away first."

"Whom did you say?" quizzed Frank.

"That woman pa married, you know," she snapped. "I hate her. So I do."

"Why, Josie, you oughtn't to talk so," pleaded a sweet voice behind her. It was her little sister who had come near.

"Go away and mind your own business," cried Josie, more vexed than ever. "I declare every one is trying to taunt me, and make me as miserable as they can."

"That isn't good grammar, Joe," put in Frank. "You should always remember to honor the king's English in your most tragic moments. It has a more telling effect."

His voice was half a laugh, and this was too much for Josephine's power of endurance.—Hiding her head in Tommy's bosom she began to sob violently. Just at this moment Barbara came up to relieve Frank of his little charge. Frank gave her his seat also.

"I'll hold Tommy awhile Josie," she said, "if you're tired. You go and play awhile, with the rest."

But Josie shook her head. Then Frank drew from his pocket a big handful of sugar plums and let them fall one by one upon the sofa beside Barbara. Esther was sitting near and silently beckoned Tommy, who slipped down and came eagerly over and climbing up on the cushions, began to gather the bon bons into his white pinafore.

"Come, Josie," pleaded Frank, "come with me if you don't want to play. They're all looking at you. Come with me a moment."

Josie glanced around furtively, then turned her tear-stained face away and followed Frank through a side door into the library. He drew a chair by the fire, and then brought her some beautiful illustrated volumes, and Josie soon forgot her vexation.

"Whose pictures are those over the mantel?" she asked, glancing anxiously around.

"Don't you know Josie? Were't you ever here before?"

"Only once a moment," she replied, still gazing at the portraits of two pretty laughing-eyed girls in the carved frame above her.

"Why, that is Grace and her twin sister, Hope. Odd names aren't they? Which is Grace; can you tell?"

"The one on the right, of course, she replied quickly. "The other looks like her a little, but that's Gracie."

"No, you're mistaken. That is *Hope*. This is Gracie. Then you never saw Hope?"

"No, she died before we came out here."

"True," returned Frank. "I was a very small boy then.—But Joe"—

She interrupted him with a glance.

"Pardon," he bowed. "Josie, I wish you wouldn't be so much of a little vixen. You'll make a terrible woman. You talk fearfully of your step-mother."

"That's none of your business, Frank Merrills, I wish you would remember."

He laid his hand coaxingly on her sleeve. He had a winning look in his honest blue eyes. "I didn't mean to offend you, Josephine," he went on gravely. I like you uncommonly well, if it wasn't for that ugly, pouting way of yours.—Don't push me away Josie. I want you to be a good girl, and let me be your friend. Forgive me if I have teased you too much." He stood before her offering his hand. She could not refuse him pardon and a friendly hand clasp;—and she blushing-ly acknowledged her own hasty petulance, as they turned toward the door in answer to a summons to supper.

"Do I look as if I had been crying, Frank?"

"Not a bit, Josie. And *don't* be saucy to your step-mother. You may be a lady, if you try yet."

Continued.

SIZE OF COUNTRIES.

GREECE is about the size of Vermont. Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

Hindustan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine.

The Great Desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States.

The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

The English Channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior.

The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

The Caspian Sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and New York to Rochester.

Great Britain is about two-thirds the size of Japan; one-twelfth the size of Hindostan; one-twelfth of China, and one-twenty-fifth of the United States.

The Gulf of Mexico is about ten times the size of Lake Superior, and about as large as the Sea of Kamschatka, Bay of Bengal, China Sea, Okhotsk or Japan Sea; Lake Ontario would go in each of them more than fifty times.

The following bodies of water are about the same size; German Ocean, Black Sea, Yellow Sea. Hudson Bay is rather larger. The Baltic, Adriatic, Persian Gulf and Aegean Sea, half as large, and somewhat larger than Lake Superior.

The entire alphabet is found in these four lines. Some of the children may like to read them:

God gives the grazing ox his meat,
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry,
But man who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high.

HOW TO WASH DISHES.

A WRITER on this practical subject, in the *Country Gentleman*, does not wonder that the young housewife shrinks from attacking a huge pile of dirty dishes. She says:

"My young friend, let me just give you an insight into the science of this matter, and you will dread it no longer. When you clear up your table remove all the food first, then the castor, sugar-bowl, etc. Then take a knife and scrape all the crumbs from every plate and dish into the hen's pail, put the bits of butter into the plate of cooking-butter, pour out all slops of tea, coffee or water. Then pile up the plates artistically (here is some of the science) the large ones at the bottom, and so on. When they are all picked up and arranged in order, convey them to a shelf or table in close proximity to the sink. Fix in your dish-pan (which should be a large tin one with two handles, as tin is so much easier to keep sweet and clean than the little wooden tubs we used years ago, and will never rust if scalded and wiped dry every time it is used) a small quantity of pretty warm water, with a little soap.

"Wash every dish separately, commencing with your glasses and silver, and ending with tins and kettles. Then wash out your dish-pan; pile all, or as many of your dishes as you can, into it; pour a dipper of hot water into your tins, and wipe while hot—never drying by or on the stove, as it spoils them. Rinse your silver and glass and wipe immediately; then pour the hot water over the dishes, with enough more to scald them thoroughly, and rinse off all the dish-water. Whirl them around rapidly in the pan; then turn one by one upon a rack to drain, said rack supposed to be an indispensable appendage to the sink; wipe as fast as possible. You will have to work lively at this stage of operations, as they must not be allowed to drain dry, as by so doing they have a spotted, streaked look. You will be perfectly astonished at the fun of washing dishes if you proceed in this way. They are finished up so suddenly that you wonder what has become of them."

THE LAST CHAPTER.

IN this issue we publish our last chapter of "Catechism for Little Hopes." If they have been, or shall be, the means of enlightening the minds of any, in regard to their duty, the principles and teachings of the gospel, the organization and order of the Church, the gifts of the gospel in the operations of the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, and the great design and culminating glory of the "Dispensation of the fulness of times," and a proper conception of the gift of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, in leading them along to an exercise of faith in God, and obedience to and a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ; we will be richly repaid in the day of awards, for any pains we may have taken in preparing them.

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER XXI.—ON DISPENSATIONS.

Q. What are we to understand by a dispensation, in connection with the word of God.

A. It is the act of dispensing or dealing out—the distribution of good and evil, natural and moral, in the divine government,—a system of principles and rites enjoined as the Mosaic or Christian dispensations.

Q. Have many dispensations been given since the "fall of man"?

A. Yes. Several.

Q. Name a few of the principal ones.

A. One was given to Adam when he was banished from the Garden of Eden and the promise of a Redeemer made. One was given to Enoch, by which he was enabled to know and do the will of God concerning himself, and thus secure the

translation of his body without death—A dispensation was given to the world through Noah—who through obedience to the commandments was saved, while the disobedient perished. One was given to the brother of Jared, at the confusion of languages at the tower of Babel, when he, under divine guidance led out a colony from that place—constructed vessels—crossed the ocean, to this continent and began peopling it about 2,200 years before Christ; one through Abraham in which the promise of a Redeemer is received; one through Jacob the father of the Twelve Tribes; one through Moses during which time the children of Israel were led out of Egyptian bondage, and the "Ten Commandments" given; one to Lehi at Jerusalem about 600 years before Christ, during which he journeyed from that city across the southern portion of Asia, received commandments from God, built a vessel and crossed the ocean to this continent, which was to them a land of promise; one through Jesus Christ our blessed Lord, to the world, both in Asia and America, and last, though not least of all, the "dispensation of the fullness of times," given through Joseph Smith, Jr., in these latter days. A dispensation in which a fullness of the "everlasting gospel" has been restored, or in other words, AUTHORITY to preach and minister the word of promise in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that too, under the direction and by the power of the Holy Spirit. In which dispensation the fullness of the gospel, with its gifts and benefits, are enjoyed by the honest and truly obedient as in the days of the first century of the Christian Era. The Church too in this last dispensation is organized after the apostolic pattern and recognizes no ministerial authority except such as comes in accordance with the teachings of the revelations of God's word and will as made known according to his own good purpose concerning our salvation and that of our race.

As Apostles and Prophets as well as the Lord, saw *this* dispensation by the Spirit of revelation, and spake of its culminating glory when "all things in Christ should be gathered in one," we, according to the fulfillment of God's promises from age to age—confidently expect a continuous rolling of the "little stone," until as a great mountain its glory fills the whole earth, and all in Christ become one, to the glory of God the Father.

THE END.

TEMPTATION.

TEMPTATION; that word is full of meaning and the world is full of it. Every day and on every hand we meet with this great enemy, and if we are not true, brave soldiers in the army of the Lord, we will surely be conquered. And once conquered the next time is much easier to be overcome.

Everybody has their trials and temptations. Some more, some less; but if we are faithful saints, God will not suffer us to be overcome. We must not say "I am tempted of God" "for God tempteth no man." Satan is abroad everywhere seeking whom he may allure from the right road. But God will be our helper in all times of need, and our guide through this world of sin and vice if we will only rely on his arm of mercy and call upon him while he is near, for "the arm of flesh will fail you; ye dare not trust your own."

So little Hopes when you are tempted to do wrong, ask Jesus to help you, and turn away and it will be much easier to resist next time. If we had not the guidance of a kind loving Father we would be in a sad condition; yet we do not half appreciate his kindness and mercy. We do not love him as we ought; we are, many of us, discontented with our portion in life, wishing for something which is beyond our reach, but God knows what station we are best fitted to occupy, therefore we should strive to overcome such feelings. Some wish to be rich in this world's goods I once heard a young lady say, "If I was rich I

would be perfectly happy." How many of you think she would? She would, no doubt, be more exposed to temptation than in a more humble state.

Let us seek the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all else that we need will be added. We cannot be perfectly happy here, any way. Let us strive to discharge our duties as saints calling upon the Lord day by day for his guidance through life, which is but short at best, and he will help us.

C. A. S.

HYMN.

A glorious day is coming, the time is near at hand,
When Jesus, our Redeemer, will stand upon this land;
All nations will behold him, the saints will all rejoice,
To see their dear Redeemer, and hear his loving voice.

Cheer up, ye saints of Zion, behold in yonder sky,
The signs of Judah's Lion, who brings salvation nigh;
The graves will burst assunder, and let their captives
free,

And then we'll reign with Jesus, through all eternity.
M. B. WILLIAMS.

CARES OF THE WORLD.

HF you stand upon the hill-top, you can see the sun shining long after it is dark in the valley below. Why not live on the hill-top, try to make an upward path for our feet, escape if we can the damps of the lowlands. The best striving of our souls are high. Our standard ground should be high, then live upward; for though our hearts may at times seem desolate, we are never alone, for God is there. The cedar-tree is always developing its branches from the top, while the lower ones are withering away; then let our souls be so upward,—upward be our motto, and so live that at last we shall hear the sweet words "well done" from the blessed Master's lips proclaim that heaven for us is won.

Your sister in Christ, ANNIE HOLT.

THOU GOD SEETH ME.

H! Jim; do you see that window open?"
"Yes, Joe, what of that?"
"Why, I looked through it and saw a great big apple lying on the table. Let's have it. You just hold up the sash and I will soon grab it. Hurry up Jim; what are you thinking about. Nobody will know; I saw them going out."

"Well, Joe, I am thinking about what the superintendent of our Sunday-school said."

"Why, Jim, what has that to do with it; hurry up."

"Wait until I tell you. He said the eye of God was always upon us; therefore all our actions are known unto him, and are written in the book called the book of life, and every man will be judged by the things written therein, whether they be good, or whether they be evil. So you see, Joe, if nobody would know now, yet every body would know then that you and I had been thieves, and that is the reason I will not help you!"

Joe turned upon his heel, whistling over what he had once learned at school—

It is a sin to steal a pin,
Much more to steal a greater thing.

But Jim felt like a young hero, and thanked God that he had power to resist temptation. And the apple remained where it was.

THANKS FOR CO-OPERATION.

SOME time past we urged upon the correspondents and friends of the HOPE, to send in their letters, little, short and pithy articles, and clippings from other papers, so that we might have constantly on hand, a good assortment of original and selected matter, in making up the HOPE. Being thus supplied, it makes light labor lighter, and increases the variety of reading matter, which certainly makes the little HOPE more interesting to its young readers. To read in the same issue,

letters of equal date telling of snow and tempest in the region of Chain Lake, Minnesota, and of early fruits and waving grain in Alabama and Texas, of the bleak winds of early spring that sweep hither and thither over the broad prairies of Illinois and adjoining states, and of balmy breezes, early flowers and blooming trees in the "Golden state," (California), lends an interest to the correspondents' column that otherwise it would not have. And when coupled with this the news from the little Hopes in those various sections that they are attending Sabbath-school, and branch meetings, and that they joy in the work, make that column of our little paper still more interesting—specially to those who love to hear that gospel truth is being planted in every part of the land, and that it is growing in the hearts of the young.

Now, little Hopes, and friends, let this expression of our thanks for past favors, be a sufficient reward, to induce you to continue your efforts to help make the HOPE pleasing and instructive to all. Then we will all be rewarded together for the good that we may accomplish in trying to interest and instruct each other.

SHETLAND PONY.

The Shetland Pony, as its name implies, is a native of the Shetland Isles. The Sheltie, as it is called, is very small, its height sometimes being only thirty-four inches; but is it very sure footed, carrying its rider with perfect safety along the most terrific precipices. The mane of the Shetland Pony is very heavy giving its head a very bushy appearance.

Correspondence.

SEDALIA, Pettis Co., Missouri, March 1, 1876.

Dear Little Hopes:—I will try and write a little, though I have never written to you before. I love to read our Church papers, and hear from all the little Hopes. I have not been baptized yet, but expect to be the first opportunity. I wish some good Elder would come through this country—I think there can be some good done here in this part of the vineyard, though the people are very hard here. I will close by asking an interest in the petitions of all the little Hopes.

NANCY P. CURTIS.

BRAIDWOOD, Will Co., Illinois, March 6, 1876.

Uncle Joseph:—This is the first time I ever tried to write to our little paper. I love to read the Hope. I am going to school, and am in the Fourth Reader class. I am eight years old. I cannot write good yet, but I hope to write better soon. Love to all the Hopes.

GEORGE D. LILLY.

BARTLETT, Fremont Co., Iowa, March 9, 1876.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am a member of the Church of Christ, and I thank my heavenly Father for giving us our being in an age when gospel light is on the earth. I love to read our little paper. I think it is interesting to the Hopes. Yours in Christ,

JULIA E. CASTER.

St. Louis, March 11, 1876.

Dear Brother Joseph:—We have a nice Sunday School here. We have prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, prayer and testimony meeting on Sunday afternoon, and preaching on Sunday evening. We should all feel very thankful for the nice piece written by our kind sister, "Perla Wild."

I have been a member of the Church since 1872 or 1873. Br. Blair was here not long ago. Br. T. W. Smith and his wife are now with us, but will remain only a short time. I am always glad when the Hope comes. I think it is a very nice paper, and hope it will be supported by all the members of the Church and Sabbath-schools. I send an anagram, which, if you think fit, please put in the Hope. I desire an interest in the prayers of all, that I may hold out faithful to the end. Your brother in Christ.

FRED. C. MOLYNEAUX.

INLAND, Cedar Co., Iowa, March 5, 1876.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—Bro. Jerome Ruby has been among us. He stayed about a week and we heard some very good sermons delivered by him. About a week after he left us, Bro. Patterson came and stayed with us a week. We had a very pleasant visit, as we had not had the pleasure of seeing him since his return from Europe. He preached three good sermons. It seemed so good to hear the truth

preached again. The Methodists have been holding protracted meetings two miles north of here for about seven weeks; during which there have been between thirty and forty went forward. A good many of them are on probation. It seems as though they can believe the teachings of men easier than those of God. But I do not see how they can. Do you, dear Hopes; when the truth is preached so plain to them? It is strange indeed that some are so blind. But I am glad that we can see. There are but few of us Saints here, but we are trying to live right. Dear Hopes, I may not see you in this world, but pray for me that I may meet you in the world to come.

Yours in Christ.

FLORA RUSSELL.

FARRAGUT, Fremont Co., Iowa, March 12, 1876.

Dear Hope:—I was baptized last fall by Bro. M. H. Forscutt. We have prayer and testimony meeting every Wednesday night, and preaching every Sunday. We have no Sunday-school, but hope to have one soon.

Pa talks of selling out and going to Jackson county, Missouri. I have just finished reading the Book of Mormon. I love to read it. Have read to the twenty-second section in the Book of Covenants, and have read to the book of Leviticus in the Bible, and intend to read them both through. From your brother in the gospel,

E. L. KASTER.

HAVING more letters than we can publish in full—we give the following extracts from some we have on hand. But we do not want our little correspondents to become discouraged because they do not see their letters published in full. We have not room for all.

VIDA SMITH, of Nauvoo, Ill., writes a nice little letter. She says, "it is the first time I ever undertook to write a letter." You did well; try again.

ELIZA A. GREEN, of Nortonville, Cal., has sent us a good letter—her motto is a good one. She says of her effort to write: "If at first I don't succeed, I will try again." That is a good motto. Stick to it.

AUSTIN W. BOHALL, of Arcadia, Cal., sent quite an original letter. He had met with an accident, and got one of his shoulders broken—having faith, he was administered to, and was healed. In his joy he exclaimed: "O, what a grand thing it is, that Saints have a Doctor with them all the time, that can heal all diseases, and broken bones as well!"

CARRIE EPPERLY, of Millersburg, Ill., writes: "I am a member of the Church. * * * I like our paper. * * * Think every boy and girl ought to be supplied with Zion's Hope. Surely it would not make us much poorer to spend fifty cents a year for it." A good conclusion that. Write to us again.

He liveth long who liveth well.
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

ANAGRAM.

Senkrads saw ningeedp er'o eth sase,
Nda lsitl eth lhuk vredo no;
On alsit ot sravvn ot teh ezeber—
Hre tasms adn redogae noeg
Oygnlo adn rrradee reh cerosu fo rafe,
Heca dlokeo tbu fro a agevr,—
Ewhn flul ni tihgs het ncoabae hightl
Aecm gsmrneiat er'o het eavw.

FRDE. C. XMOVALEYN.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$258 47	Mell Halliday	..	\$	25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	..	1 65			
Cicily Chatburn	..	1 00	Henry Halliday, Jr.	25	
W. N. Dawson	..	39	Mrs. Dorinda Dawson	50	
James Smart	..	1 00	Cora A. Richardson	40	
George Chatburn	..	50	Lillie Gay Tomlinson	25	
Charles Henry Tomlinson	25	Miss Allie Gard	..	25	
Mary A. Hawkins	..	55	Ed Reynolds	..	25
Ivore Davies	..	25	St. Louis S. S.	..	1 15

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

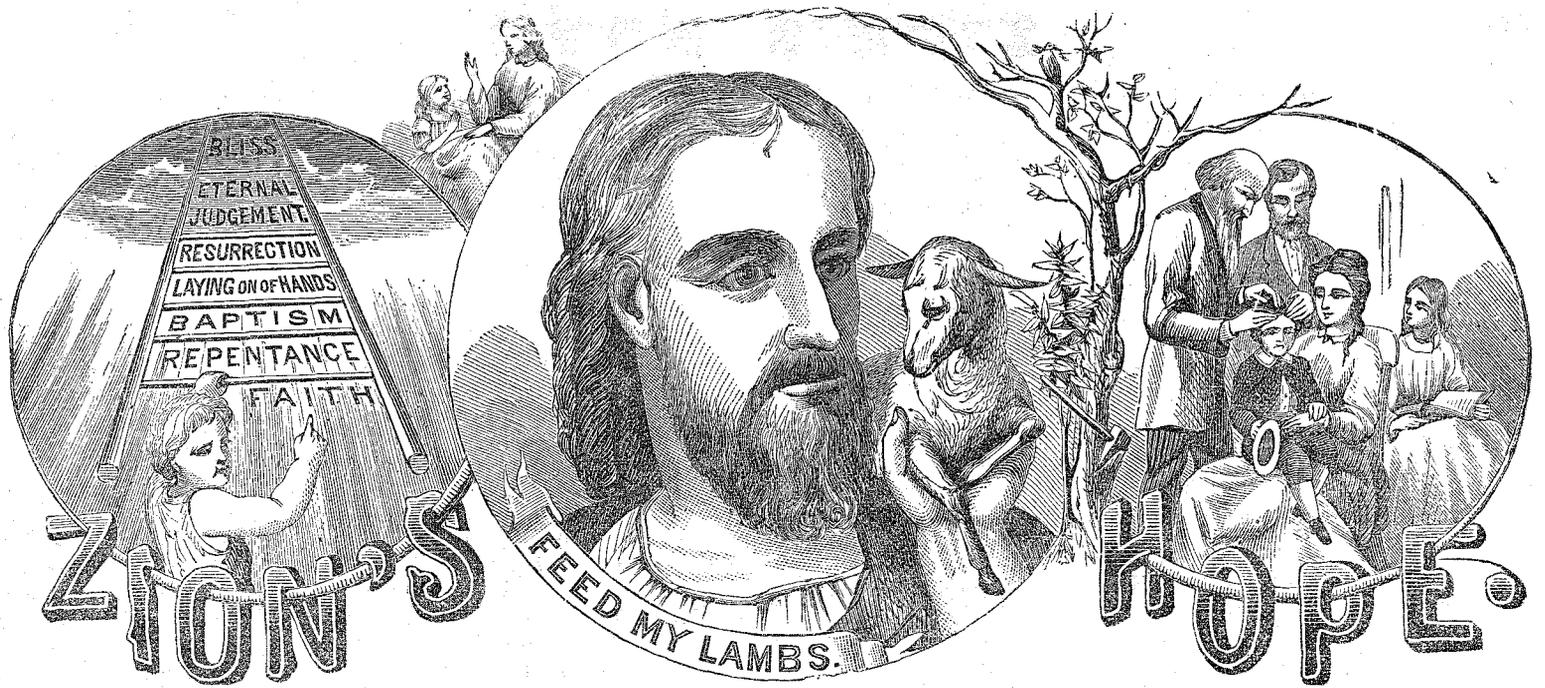
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

THE week passed rapidly away. Elder Jones came over on Tuesday morning bringing his satchel of clothes and books with him. After dinner he said to Mr. Judson, "Friend Judson, I shall feel much better, and shall enjoy my visit more, if you will permit me to assist you in your labors about the farm. I am unused to be idle, and my faith involves the necessity to work, to keep me from mischief and dependence."

Mr. Judson was about to demur and insist upon the Elder's remaining at the house in quiet; but Mistress Laurie, observing the quiet look of earnestness in the eyes of their guest, quickly remarked:

"Yes, husband, I doubt not the Elder will feel that he has a pleasanter welcome if he can visit and talk with you at your labor, than he will to be shut up in the house all day, and only a chance to see you at your meals and in the evening."

Elder Jones thanked the plain spoken woman; and the subject was not renewed. Before the second day of the visit closed, Mr. Judson discovered that there was a world of energy in that quiet, sober faced man. He worked quietly, talked the same, but seemed always to be enjoying the labor and society of his host and Horace.

To Horace, this visit of Elder Jones, was as a holiday. He said little to either Mr. Judson, or the Elder except what his labor required, and to reply when spoken to; but he listened to the conversation of the two, with constant attention. It was evident to him that here was his opportunity. Mr. Judson was a keen, shrewd reasoner, a man of some reading and had a ready aptness for asking questions. The conversation was principally upon religious topics; but the new way in which Elder Jones made use of every kind of information, and made application of every stirring event of the times fairly puzzled his host. Turn whichever direction he would for a fact to hurl at the strange faith his guest was preaching, the striking force with which the relation of the fact cited to the design and purpose of God in dealing with man, was presented by this man, answered every query and left his hearer silenced or convinced.

The evenings, with one exception, were spent by the family in the pleasant keeping room, in chat and reading and singing. Elder Jones, like nearly all of the preachers of the faith was a fair singer; and the hymns and songs illustrative of his belief, he sang to them. Mr. Peters came over one evening, and this addition to the circle was a great delight to all; the sunny temper and cheerful spirit of the man were like so much

magic in dispersing the gloom. He said but little, but when he did speak, his earnestness of soul shone out all over his face, and his voice fairly thrilled one, it was so full of feeling and power.

That evening, after Mr. Peters had gone home and the Elder had retired to his room, Mr. Judson remarked to his wife:

"Mistress Laurie, those two men impress me strangely. Mr. Jones is quiet, reserved; but is so grave that he almost makes one sad. He must have seen some great sorrow to make him so. Mr. Peters, though I have known him sometime, never seemed so strong and handsome as to-night. He is certainly afraid of nothing. The day Mr. Barnes thought to shoot me in the court room, and Mr. Peters caught his arm and threw him to the floor, he had that same quiet smile, that you saw on his lips to-night, but his eyes burned like coals; yet, the moment Barnes was bound and helpless to do any body any hurt, he looked at the man so pityingly that tears stood in those same eyes. I wonder why it is?"

His wife replied, "I noticed the smile you refer to. I have often thought of it; since the night he stood up by Horace. You remember that, of course. I believe that he would die before he would forsake a principle or a friend. Elder Jones told me, yesterday, when you were down at the village, in answer to my woman's enquiry whether he had a wife, that he had once been married; but that his wife was dead. He said that, once when he was away on a mission the village where he and a few more of his brethren lived, was mobbed, his wife was very badly treated, and finally, with the rest, was driven out of her home, with her two little ones, one a babe a few months old, the houses burned and their all destroyed. After the mob went away, a few of their kinder hearted neighbors, took the homeless people in. His wife, however, did not recover from her abuse, and the distress and shame which it caused her broke her heart. He learned of it all only in time to return and hold her hand in his and kiss her good bye as she went out beyond the river. Her babe died the next day and the two were buried on the day following, together. His little girl is with a friend who cares for her while he is preaching. I do not wonder that he is sad-eyed and sober-faced; I only wonder that he is so cheerful as to sing as he does."

The good woman's eyes suffused with tears as she gathered her Kitty in her arms and carried her to her bed to put her to rest for the night.

Mr. Judson was thoughtful and said little more. He was evidently thinking of that which was affecting him deeply.

The evening that followed the visit of Mr.

Peters, was the one of the regular week-night meeting. At this meeting several more gave their names for baptism; the first one offering to go forward by rising, was our friend the saddler. The discomfiture in the discussion that he had experienced at the hands of Elder Jones, as related in a former chapter, had sadly disconcerted him; and as a sort of offset he had visited Mr. Peters, and unfolding his grievances, was again put to rout; that philosopher with the pleasant smile, having successfully defended the Elder, and added to the strong reasons already given by him. This was too much for the village champion; and set him pondering. The result was, that an intense desire to learn why these alone, of all the religious men he had met, could maintain themselves in a consistent belief. This desire led him to inquire, and he became satisfied that it was their faith, and the Spirit given them as believers. His life's purpose was changed.

But there was one of the rest who arose that added new interest to the movement; and who bid fair for a time to be the cause of serious disturbance. This was the wife of Squire Pullman, a middle aged woman, the leading member in the only church in the place. She had been present at the meeting when Elder Jones had preached his sermon on the subject, "Was Joseph Smith a prophet?" and was very strongly affected by it. She had carefully noted the quotations from scripture, that Elder Jones made; and also the other points presented by him, and had presented them to the pastor of the church of which she was a member, and asked him to explain the scripture and refute the assertions made. The pastor first ridiculed her for going to the meeting at all; but finding the lady was not to be put aside that way, he then scolded her for listening to such outrageous assumptions and foolish arguments. To this she replied, that she had never seen Nahum, Joel, Jeremiah, Isaiah, nor any other of the ancient prophets; that she only knew that they were prophets because the Bible so stated, and that it also stated that they came because God sent them. Now, how did she know that Joseph Smith was not, like Joel, Nahum or Isaiah; or that even Mr. Jones himself was not a prophet. She would not be ridiculed for going to hear him; she would not be scolded for listening to him. He talked quietly, proved what he asserted were scripture teachings, and his arguments she could not meet in her own mind. "And now," said she, "I still love my church and respect its communion. I still regard you as my pastor; and I demand of you that you help me to put this error away from me if it be an error as you say it is."

To be continued.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

A dear little prattler came asking one day,
 "Dear mamma, does Jesus want *children* to pray?
 And would He look down from the beautiful sky
 To love and to bless one so little as I?"

"O yes, my dear child; when He came from above
 His heart toward the little ones kindled in love."

"But then, 'twas so long, long ago when he came,
 I cannot think now that he feels *just the same*;
 He was here upon earth, and could see them you know—
 But He is so far, far away from us now."

"No, darling, He is not 'way off in the sky;
 Though you cannot see him, he's always close by."

"O mamma, is Jesus here all through the day,
 And can He hear every word that we say?
 Does He look at us kindly, although we can't see,
 And will he care really for *just little me*?"

"Our Savior loves every dear little child
 Who is truthful and loving, gentle and mild;
 And if you are trying to follow him too,
 Be sure, little Gracie, 'He careth for you.'"

REST-HAVEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER V.

Josie Taylor was determined not to be influenced by Frank Merrills. It was none of *his* business, she told herself, how she departed. What right had he to talk to her, and reprove and advise as if he were her father or brother? What right indeed! She had been foolish for heeding him at all. She knew what was what, just as well as he did. He needn't put on such airs. But all the while she was saying indignant, resentful things to herself, his bright, winning face and kind, truthful blue eyes seemed before her, pleading his sincerity and his desire for her welfare. And she was more obedient and respectful to her step-mother for sometime, as was her brother, Lewis, who only followed where she led.

And preparations began for removing to town. And in the bustle and excitement attendant thereon, Josephine forgot to be insolent, and Mrs. Taylor began to be reassured and cheerful again. All went well for sometime. The new home, the new sights and scenes occupied the entire attention of the children. There was only one thing to mar the happiness of any. At home in the country the two younger children had been permitted free range of the great yard and grounds. But here Esther and Tommy were held in restraint. Only the tiny yard was allowed them as a play-ground. When the public school opened little Tommy was left alone with mamma Marie. And she could not refuse the sweet baby plea to "do out on 'e street, please." Every fair morning she took the little motherless boy by the hand and went out for a walk, till he grew weary and wished to return home for his midday nap.

One morning as they were passing David Clark's, situated quite near the Taylor residence, the door suddenly opened and David came out, with a frown on his brow and some very loud, angry words on his lips, which floated out on the clear morning air and reached Mrs. Taylor, though they were evidently only intended for his wife's ear.

"I declare, Sue, you're the strangest woman I ever saw! There's no living in peace with you! It's impossible, utterly impossible!" And he slammed the door noisily, and gave old Tabby—who came purring about his feet with her friendly "good morning"—such a desperate kick that she landed at the further edge of the sidewalk. In his blind vexation Mr. Clark nearly stumbled against Mrs. Taylor, who was hurrying to get past the house, but Tommy pulled her back and stooped to pity the much abused pussy.

"Ah! Good morning, Mrs. Taylor. This is a lovely morning. Hope your family is well."

"O mamma! see kitty's leg. It tant hardly

walk. Poor kitty! 'At naughty man done it.' And the baby's black eyes flashed a glance of disgust at David Clark as he turned down the street. Mrs. Taylor hurried the child away, but the rebuke was not lost. David Clark thought of it many times that day and felt a trifle ashamed.

The next morning Mrs. Taylor would have taken a different direction for the morning walk, but Tommy was so urgent in his appeal to go "at way dest once, and see 'at poor kitty," that she took her way toward Mr. Clark's, though this time choosing the opposite side of the street. She had purposely delayed half an hour longer this morning so that she might not seem a spy, but just as they were nearest the house, the front door opened again and David Clark appeared on his way to his daily work. Mrs. Taylor turned her face away, but Tommy didn't; and he duly informed her of all that occurred, notwithstanding her endeavors to silence him. "Yook, mamma! he kiss 'e baby and 'e woman!" And a pleasant "by, by, little wife and bantling," reached Mrs. Taylor's ear. And then she heard the door close and the springing step of David as he went cheerily down the street. "What a changeable man he must be," she thought; but she did not go that way to walk again soon.

Now the truth was, David's temper was like many other irritable people's. Like a cup full of muddy coffee; if you walk very steadily and don't come in contact with anything, it is all right. But take a misstep, brush against any one or receive a trifling jolt in any way, and up comes the worst and runs over. At the least little offense and often without, such a temper rises up and pours out of the mouth such very unpleasant things that one is almost inclined to think—if one doesn't know—that the heart within must be all occupied with bitterness. That the temper is *all muddy coffee*.

But there are redeeming qualities in every one, I believe. And in most persons the good at least equals the evil, only force of circumstances, improper influences and the like, have perverted or warped the good in some hearts, until they seem *almost* all bad. But it is pleasant to think that they are not so bad as they appear. That their motives are mostly good, only they don't see things aright. Have not been properly trained, perhaps, in their early days. *Our* faith in human nature is great. There is more of good and less of evil than doth appear. Thank God for the comforting knowledge!

One day as Mrs. Taylor was washing the dinner dishes, there was a rap at the door, and in bustled Gracie Merrills, bright and fair, and pretty as a rose.

"Ah! I thought I'd find you in the kitchen this time of day. But say, Mrs. Taylor, *wont* you go with me to Sue Clark's? Now don't make any excuses. For you haven't been to visit her once and she's been here twice. Will you go?"

"I guess I can go with you till tea time. Will that suffice?"

"No, it won't!" replied impetuous Grace. "I am going to make a *visit*; none of your cold conventional calls. Going to stay all the afternoon, till after supper; they eat at six you know, after David's day's work is done. And I've set my heart on having you go with me. Now *don't* disappoint me, Mrs. Taylor!"

"But, Mrs. Merrills"—

Grace stamped her foot impatiently. She didn't like to be dignified as *Mrs.* by her intimate friends: She had enough of style and affectation among her fashionable friends in society.

"Well, then, *Gracie*," smiled Mrs. Taylor, correcting her expression, "I can only stay till tea time, because I have no one else to get tea, you know. And Mr. Taylor is not feeling well for a few days and I must have a cup of tea ready when he comes home, not to keep him away from the store longer than is necessary."

"Fudge," cried Grace. "What's the reason Josephine can't get supper for once. She's as big as mother's Barbara, and *she* often gets a

meal all alone." Josephine and Lewis entered the kitchen at the moment to call Esther, who was playing with Tommy in the corner, as it was time to go to school. "Say, Josie," went on Grace, "your mamma is going with me to Mrs. Clark's, and you can get tea for papa, can't you? She'll tell you all what to do."

Josephine paused and looked steadily at the floor for a moment, but said nothing. Mrs. Taylor put away the dish pan and turned towards the girl for her answer. But still Josephine was silent. Her eyes flashed beneath their drooping lashes and her cheeks flushed brightly red. Mrs. Taylor spoke in a mild, entreating way. "There's nothing to cook, Josie. Only light a fire and boil the teakettle. You know how to make tea. And set the table. You know how that is done, too. There is a cake in the bread box and a custard pie in the pantry. Some preserves in a nappy on the shelf. You can do it, can't you, just once?"

"I 'spose I can," snapped Josephine, without raising her eyes. "But I don't know how much tea to put in."

"Just a rounding teaspoonful," replied Mrs. Taylor, patiently. "And make it in the small white tea urn, filling it about half full of boiling water, and setting it back where it will keep hot, but not boil, for some twenty minutes before using. You'd better start a fire as soon as you come home from school. You can help her do that, Lewis." Lewis said nothing and the three started out. "Here is a key to unlock the kitchen door. I'll fasten the others on the inside." And Mrs. Taylor gave the key to Josie, who thrust it in her pocket and went away in sullen silence.

The afternoon passed very pleasantly in the tiny parlor of Susie Clark. Susie was splendid company. And Grace was all life and vivacity. And Marie Taylor was a sweet, sympathetic, intelligent woman; just the one to win every one's confidence and esteem. At five o'clock Susie excused herself to prepare supper, leaving the two ladies in care of Johnny, who was creeping about the room in search of mischief.

Just at six a manly step was heard in the kitchen, and a peevish voice exclaimed, "Sue, where's the little hammer? I've looked all around and can't find anything of it."

"I'm sure I don't know, David," replied Susie's voice.

"Of course you don't! You never know where *anything* is. I do wish you had a little more carefulness. I'll warrant that boy has dragged it off somewhere and lost it. But you wouldn't know it, or wouldn't care if you did, if it was anything of mine.—What you a pulling my sleeve for?—hey?—Well, what of that? Who cares for them; I don't. I want my hammer and I don't care who knows it." And out he went, out at the back door, scolding as he went.

"Dear!" sighed Gracie. "I don't believe I could stand to be scolded as Sue is. I *wouldn't*, and I know it."

"Perhaps she can't help it returned Mrs. Taylor. "No doubt but it is as painful to her as it can possibly be to any one. She is a sensitive soul. But there are some things we must endure if they can't be cured."

"But *he* might be cured, I believe," chimed in Gracie, confidently.

"No doubt he might be, in a measure, if she had a little more confidence in herself, and a little more self-esteem," replied Mrs. Taylor.

"Self-esteem!" cried Grace. "What do you mean? not conceit, surely. And as for self respect, she's got plenty of that. She would not stoop to the least thing dishonorable, or that bore a shadow of meanness. She is the very soul of honor."

"Yes, no doubt of it," replied Mrs. Taylor. "But you are getting things mixed, Gracie. You are confounding self esteem or self respect, whichever you choose to call it, with conscientiousness. She wouldn't do a known wrong, because it is

wrong. She does right for love of right—from principle. And that is a grandly good trait in any character. But what I mean is this: She doesn't assert her rights far enough to make him respect her properly. She doesn't respect herself sufficiently to do nothing, nor yield to nothing that will lower her in her own eyes. If she kindly but firmly stood her own ground, and permitted no intrusion upon her standing room, matters would soon improve I think. The world is wide enough that one needn't trample on another's toes. David Clark wouldn't dare treat some women as he does Sue."

"Why, Mrs. Taylor what do you mean?" exclaimed Grace. "You don't believe in wives ruling their husbands, do you? I know you ain't in favor of women's rights."

"No, Grace, not in wives rulling. But in women's rights—properly hers, and men's rights, too. But a man has no right to encroach on his wife's rights. And—"

"Say, Mrs. Taylor!" interrupted Grace, "you talk to Sue as you have to me. Tell her what to do! I wish you would. She's a blessed good soul, and deserves to be happy, but she isn't. Hush! There he is again."

David's step was heard in the next room. "O, you found the hammer, did you?" cried Susie. "Where was it?"

"Upon the shelf, in the wood-house," he replied gruffly.

Supper is announced, and after it is over David goes out down town for a walk, and Grace broached the subject nearest her heart just now.

"Say, Sue, why don't you teach Dave a little better manners. Susie looked up inquiringly. She was scarcely surprised at anything Susie said. "Why he doesn't respect you as highly as I do Becky, my hired help; or at least he doesn't treat you as if he did. You oughtn't to allow it, Sue. I wouldn't."

"No, Susie, you wouldn't, but I don't know how to prevent. I suppose I am to blame but I don't know how to avoid it."

"Yes, Mrs. Clark, you are to blame in a measure for permitting it." And Mrs. Taylor went on to explain her meaning, and give a few words of sound and seasonable advice, which Susie thought over many times in the days immediately following.

While they were still chatting over their tea, Mr. Taylor put his head in at the open door.

"Ah! here you are, Marie. I declare, I thought you had all run away." Mrs. Taylor looked at him in surprise. "I stopped at a restaurant and got my supper—as the house was locked up."

"Weren't the children there?" cried Mrs. Taylor in amazement. "I left everything ready for Josephine to get your supper, and she said she would—as soon as they came home from school. Where can they be?"

Mr. Taylor went on to his place of business, and his wife hurried away home. But the house was closed since she left. She searched the premises thoroughly but no sign of the children could be found. Little Johnny suddenly cried, "Yook, mamma, Eddy coming." Eddy was his name for his sister Esther.

But the child could give little light on the subject. They came home from school as far as Ed Merrills, and there they told her to go in and stay with Jenny, Mrs. Merrills' maid, awhile, and then they ran back down the street as fast as they could.

Down the street! Why, where were they going?" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor.

"I don't know," replied Esther. "Ain't they here somewhere?"

Dark came and Mrs. Taylor had made enquiries of the neighbors and all to no purpose. Closing up the house again, she took the children to Susie Clark's and then went to the store of Merrills & Taylor to inform her husband that the children were missing. After consulting awhile, Ed Merrills in the council, it was concluded that

the children had gone away to play a trick on their step-mother, and would be home by bedtime. So Mrs. Taylor went home, but not at all satisfied with the conclusion. But when bedtime and then morning came, and they were not at school at half-past nine, the father, too, began to be alarmed.

"Take Ranger and ride out to the old place," said Ed Merrills.

Continued.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 10.

UPON arrival at home from Harmony, Pennsylvania, Mr. and Mrs. Smith found a number of their family sick—but after anxious vigils of watching, health came again to the household.

About this time a man by the name of Lyman Cowdery applied to Hyrum Smith for a school, he being one of the trustees. After due course Mr. Cowdery was employed—but circumstance arose that rendered it impossible for him to teach the school, so he brought his brother Oliver, and requested of the trustees that he be accepted in his stead. It being agreed to, Oliver commenced his school, boarding for the time at Mr. Smith's. He had not been long engaged in his school ere he heard from different quarters concerning the "Plates," and began to importune Mr. Smith on the subject—at last, having gained confidence, a sketch of the facts concerning them were related to him.

Being highly delighted with what he had heard, we was solemnly impressed with the thought that he should yet write for Joseph, and determined to pay him a visit at the close of his school. On the following day he remarked concerning the subject, that it seemed to be working in his "very bones," that he could not "get it out of his mind." After praying over the matter, he resolved to go to Pennsylvania and see Joseph, and of the visit remarked, "I firmly believe that it is the will of the Lord that I should go. If there is a work for me to do in this thing, I am determined to attend to it."

Mr. Smith told him, that he supposed it was his privilege to know whether this was the case, and advised him to seek for a testimony for himself, which he did, and received the witness spoken of in Book of Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 8."

Oliver being constantly absorbed in the subject of the Record, it now seemed impossible for him to think of aught else."

About this time pecuniary reverses of a grievous character, fell to the lot of Joseph Smith, Sen., compelling him to leave what was once his comfortable home, and repair to quarters more humble and less inviting. At this point, the historian thought that the friendship of Oliver would be tested, whether it was real or feigned, (for already, on account of the "Golden Bible," the Smith family were held in no high esteem), and whether he loved heaven's truth more than the praise and favor of the world. And pointing to past comforts and directing his attention to future inconveniences, she informed him that he would be "under the necessity of taking board somewhere else." Upon which the young man exclaimed, "Mother, let me stay with you, for I can live in any log hut where you and father live, but I cannot leave you, so do not mention it."

About the first of April, 1829, Samuel Smith (Joseph's brother) and Oliver Cowdery set out for Pennsylvania. They had to encounter many trials on their way, incident to their mode of travel, but nothing daunted, they at length arrived at Joseph's.

Joseph having been pressed with his secular affairs, and his wife, on account of household duties, was unable to devote much of her time to writing—hence the spiritual work moved slow. Seeing this, Joseph prayed the Lord to send him a scribe according to the promise made by the angel; and received answer that one should be forthcoming in a few days. Therefore, when Mr.

Cowdery related his feelings and the object, if possible, to find out whether the Lord had a labor or work for him to perform; Joseph was not at all surprised. After due consultation between them, they began the work of translation on the following day, Oliver acting as scribe for Joseph.

One morning as they sat down to work as usual, the first thing that presented itself through the Urim and Thummim, was a commandment for Joseph and Oliver to repair to the water, and attend to the ordinance of baptism. They did so, and as they were returning to the house, they overheard Samuel engaged in secret prayer. Joseph said that he considered this a sufficient testimony of his being a fit subject for baptism; and as they had now received authority to baptize, they spoke to Samuel upon the subject, and he went straightway to the water with them, and was baptized. After which Joseph and Oliver proceeded with the work of translation as before."

About the first of August, Samuel returned home, bringing the news of Joseph's success, which intelligence produced in Martin Harris a great desire to go to Pennsylvania to see how he was prospering. Mrs. Harris sought to prevent his going, and if possible to bring Joseph into difficulty, and to prevent the accomplishment of the work he was engaged in. And to accomplish her purpose, she undertook, by process of law, to prove that Joseph *did not* have the plates or Record, and in order to do this she mounted a horse and "flew from house to house through the neighborhood like a dark spirit, making dilligent inquiry wherever she had the least hope of glean- ing anything, and of stirring up malicious feel- ings against Joseph, which would tend to serve her wicked purpose. After which she made affi- davit, and had her witnesses summoned for trial, Mr. Harris among the rest.

Not until the day of trial arrived did Joseph's family know of the plot that was going on against him, and being greatly troubled, Joseph's mother betook herself to prayer in his behalf, that no false charge should be sustained against him, and he be subjected thereby to future arrest. In answer to her requests, a spirit of peace was poured out upon her, which gave her full assurance that all would be well.

In speaking to the family of the great peace and happiness that came to her, she said, "I never felt so happy before in my life;" and in speaking of that time in after years, she remarked, "It did not appear possible to me that I should have any more trouble while I should exist." Little she knew at that time, the pangs that awaited her in coming years.

The day of trial having arrived, the case was proceeded with, the first witness being sworn, "testified that Joseph Smith told him that the box he had contained nothing but sand, and he, Joseph Smith, said it was gold to deceive the people."

The second swore "that Joseph told him that it was nothing but a box of lead, and he was determined to use it as he saw fit."

The third witness being sworn, said Joseph told him there was nothing at all in the box, that he had made fools of the whole of them, that all all he wanted was to get Martin Harris' money, that he "had already got two or three hundred dollars."

Mr. Harris was next called to the stand, who with earnestness, made a brief statement, as follows. "I can swear that Joseph Smith never got one dollar from me by persuasion, since God made me. I did once, of my own free-will and accord, put fifty dollars into his hand, in the presence of many witnesses, for the purpose of doing the work of the Lord. This, I can positively prove; and I can tell you, furthermore, that I have never seen in Joseph Smith, a disposition to take any man's money, without giving him a reasonable compensation for the same in return. And as to the plates which he professes to have, gentlemen, if you do not believe it, but continue to resist the

truth, it will one day be the means of damning your souls."

After hearing Mr. Harris' testimony, or the magistrate told them they need not call any more witnesses, but ordered them to bring him what had been written down, of the testimony already given. This he tore in pieces before their eyes and told them to go home about their business, and trouble him no more with such ridiculous folly. And they did go home, perfectly discomfited."

It is due to the family, in this connection, to say that this was the first lawsuit ever prosecuted against any member of it.—"Joseph Smith the Prophet, pages 128-135.



Spring.

DEAR Little Hopes: Spring is here, and I can imagine your bright eyes looking forward to the time when you can work in your little gardens, planting seeds, looking for the little plants to peep out of the ground, and while you are watching and waiting for the flowers, do you ever think your walk through life is like a flower garden? The good kind words that fall from your lips, are the seeds of little flowers, that spring up in your path, giving pleasure to all around you. The cross ill-natured words are the weeds that spring up among the flowers, and if you let them start once, it is hard to get them out, for a cross or harsh word once spoken cannot be recalled and the weed grows so fast the flowers are in danger. "But how are we to get rid of them?" asks one little Hope. Let me tell you: Plant the flowers so thickly around them and with such a strong resolute will that you will not let the ugly weed grow, and soon it will wither and die out altogether; then water the flowers with pure thoughts which is like dew falling into their cups keeping them alive and strong. Try ever to cultivate the sweetest flowers in your gardens, for it is not always that the gay rich colored flowers are the sweetest; they may attract attention for a moment, but when we want a more lasting pleasure or influence, we select flowers such as the violet which teaches us to be meek, modest, and patient, the homely but sweet mignonette whose lesson is, goodness of heart, the lily, purity, snowball, thoughts of heaven, and so on. So it is with our companions, the modest, sweet tempered children, no matter how plainly they may be dressed, are always beloved by all who know them and we seek to cultivate their society, for the influence they shed is like the perfume of the flowers, gentle and refining, sinking deeply into our hearts to be gratefully remembered when we grow older and these childhood scenes are among the first leaves in the book of life.

J. A.

Correspondence.

NEW TRENTON, Indiana, March 20, 1876.

Editor *Hope*:—The New Trenton Branch is situated on a high ridge, which overlooks the White Water Valley. From the brow of the ridge you have a fair view of the valley below, on which is situated the towns of Harrison and Trenton, Harrison being six miles off, Trenton about two; also a view of the White Water Valley Railroad.

I will now tell you about the organizing of this Branch of the Church, showing that the little *Hope*

was the cause of the gospel being preached here. Some three years ago, the Methodists from another circuit would come and preach for us three or four times a year, and one of them thought we ought to have a Sunday-school on our ridge, so he put it to vote to see whether our people wanted one or not; and they voted unanimously for one. So he said he would send a person to help organize it. On the day appointed his brother came and organized a Union Sunday School, composed of Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and some Catholics; with a Methodist superintendent; the secretary and treasurer belonging to no church. The next thing was to get reward tickets and a Sunday-school paper. Among the papers presented was the little *Hope*. It was finally decided to take the *Hope*. My sister, being treasurer, sent on to Plano for eighteen copies of the *Hope*, stating in her letter that she had never heard the Latter Day Saints preach. Bro. Joseph sent on the papers and published her letter in the *Herald*. Elder B. V. Springer, seeing her letter in the *Herald*, wrote, asking if he could get a chance to preach. On receiving an answer that he could, he came, January 24, 1874, and commenced preaching the next day; and on the eleventh of February, he organized a branch of nine members, called the New Trenton Branch. It now has fourteen members.

So now, little brothers and sisters, you see the little *Hope* has been the means of spreading the gospel news, as well as affording useful reading to the Hopes. And I must say the columns of the *Hope* and *Herald* are read with pleasure by the Saints of this Branch; and I hope the time will soon come when they will be weekly visitors. Yours in gospel bonds.

JOSEPH H. CHAPPELOW.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, March 24, 1876.

Brother Joseph:—We have had a very good branch here and now some of the brothers and sisters have gone away, and it has made us very few; but the Lord has said wheresoever a few are gathered together he will bless them; and he fulfills his promises to us. He does bless us in many ways; he reveals things to come and comforts our hearts in things past. We have our meeting twice a week. My desire is to be faithful and obedient and gain the prize which awaits the faithful. May we live in that way and manner that we may be acceptable in the sight of God. Pray for me that I might fear God and keep his commandments. From yours in the gospel truth,

SARAH A. GREEN.

PLUM HOLLOW, Fremont Co., Iowa,
March 21st, 1876.

Dear Little Hopes:—I have been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ for three years, and every day trying to do the will of my heavenly Father. I have been blessed and feel thankful. We had a good Conference here and were blessed with the Spirit. Your sister

E. E. OSTRANDER.

LITTLE KENNEBEC, Me., March 26, 1876.

Brother Joseph:—I write to tell you that I want the *Hope*. I have not the money now, but I shall have it in July. I will not fail to have it by that time; and if you will please send it to me, I will try to be a good boy. I know that if I obey the gospel and live faithful I shall be saved in God's kingdom. I am thirteen years old, My mind is now made up to take the first opportunity, so good by. From ALBERT C. FOSS.

JEFFERSON, Green Co., Iowa,
March 26, 1876.

Dear Little *Hope*:—It is with pleasure that I let you know the Saints are well. I do not go to school now. I love to read the letters from the little Hopes. There has been no preaching here for a long time, nor any Sunday School. There are but four Saints here. I remain yours,

ELLA A. HATCHER.

SOLDIER, Monona Co., Iowa,
March 15, 1876.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—The *Hope* is a dear little paper, and I would not do without it for anything, it has such interesting pieces in it, "Cloud and Sunlight" I think has ended splendidly, and I think that "Rest-Haven" and "Items of History" are good. Brother Crabb was up here not long ago, and stayed with us a week; he preached every evening, and we had a good time. I live away out here in the western part of the country, and it is not very thickly settled. I like the place very well; sometimes it is very cold, but it has not been very cold the past winter, it is worse this spring than at any time through the winter. I have been going to school this winter. Our school was out not long ago, and we had an exhibition and a good time generally. May God be with us forever. From NANCY MARGARET BALLANTYNE.

SULLIVAN, Franklin Co., Mo.
March 17th, 1876.

Brother Joseph:—We came to this place from Dry Hill, and are living on a little farm. We have been

here four years this spring. There is no branch of the Church here, so it makes it very lonesome on Sunday for us. The *Herald* and *Hope* are dear friends to us. I don't know how we could live without them. The nearest saint's meeting is at Dry Hill, and it being seventy five miles from here we can not go. There are three or four different sects that meet together in a church house about a mile from here. My pa preached there Sunday before Christmas, and would have preached again but the committee stopped him, because he told them that he knew that Joseph Smith the martyr was a prophet of God. But he has preached many fireside sermons since and before then. There is one head of a family who believes. As soon as the weather gets fine, pa expects to preach in the grove at home. We would like to have some good Elder come here and preach; he would be kindly received by us. We are five in family, and there are two other families of saints within eight miles of us. Pa thinks we could raise a branch if an Elder would come here and organize it. I know this is the work of God. I ask an interest in the prayers of the Hopes, and may we all be saved in the celestial kingdom of our Lord is my prayer. From a sister in the cause,

RACHEL EVANS.

ELKHORN CITY, Nebraska, March 24, 1876.

Dear *Hope*:—I see lots of letters in our little paper from Iowa, but none from Nebraska; so I thought I would write a few lines. I am sorry to tell you that our president, Bro. Leach, has departed this life, which leaves us without an Elder in our branch. We have a branch of fifty members. Our worthy brother, Avondet comes out from Omaha, and visits us as often as he can, and gives us good instructions. Good by. I remain your sister in Jesus Christ.

S. FANNY CURTIS.

The Workshop.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One cup yeast, three cups warm water, one tablespoon salt. Mix with one fourth fine flour and three fourths graham. Mix this enough to clean from the spoon. Put in a deep pan, rise once and bake. This makes delicious bread and ever so healthy for us, little folks.

AURILLA.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-four letters.
My 4, 8, 19, 3, a man's name;
My 6, 3, 24, 13, 12, 16, 21, 7, 14, 12, a very bad disease;
My 1, 5, 15, a man's name;
My 18, 7, 17, 18, 22, a flower;
My 10, 8, 9, a boy's name;
My 2, 20, 7, 8, 23, something strong and good to eat;
My 3, 8, 14, 21, 24, 21, 21, 24, 6, 14, a kind of bitters;
My 22, 11, 64, something good to use;
My 6, 24, 13, 15, 24, 9, a man's name;
My 17, 7, 5, 23, a kind of animal;
My 15, 24, 6, 6, 22, a kind of fruit,
My 3, 24, 11, 6, 21, 3, a part of a store;
My 14, 16, 6, 11, 3, a girl's name.
My 26, 7, 2, 23, 10, 16, 12, 13, 14, a man's name;
My 15, 11, 18, 17, 19, 23, 21, 22, 9, 24, a man's name;
My whole is a man's name.

"Through strong drink they err in vision; they stumble in judgment."—Isa. 28: 7.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$258 47	Mell Halliday	..	\$	25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	..				1 65
Cicely Chaburn	..	1 00	Mrs. Halliday, Jr.		25
W. N. Dawson	..	39	Mrs. Dorinda Dawson		50
James Smart	..	1 00	Cora A. Richardson		40
George Chaburn	..	50	Lillie Gay Tomlinson		25
Charles Henry Tomlinson	25	Miss Allie Gard	..		25
Mary A. Hawkins	..	55	Ed Reynolds	..	25
Ivora Davies	..	25	St. Louis S. S.	..	1 15

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

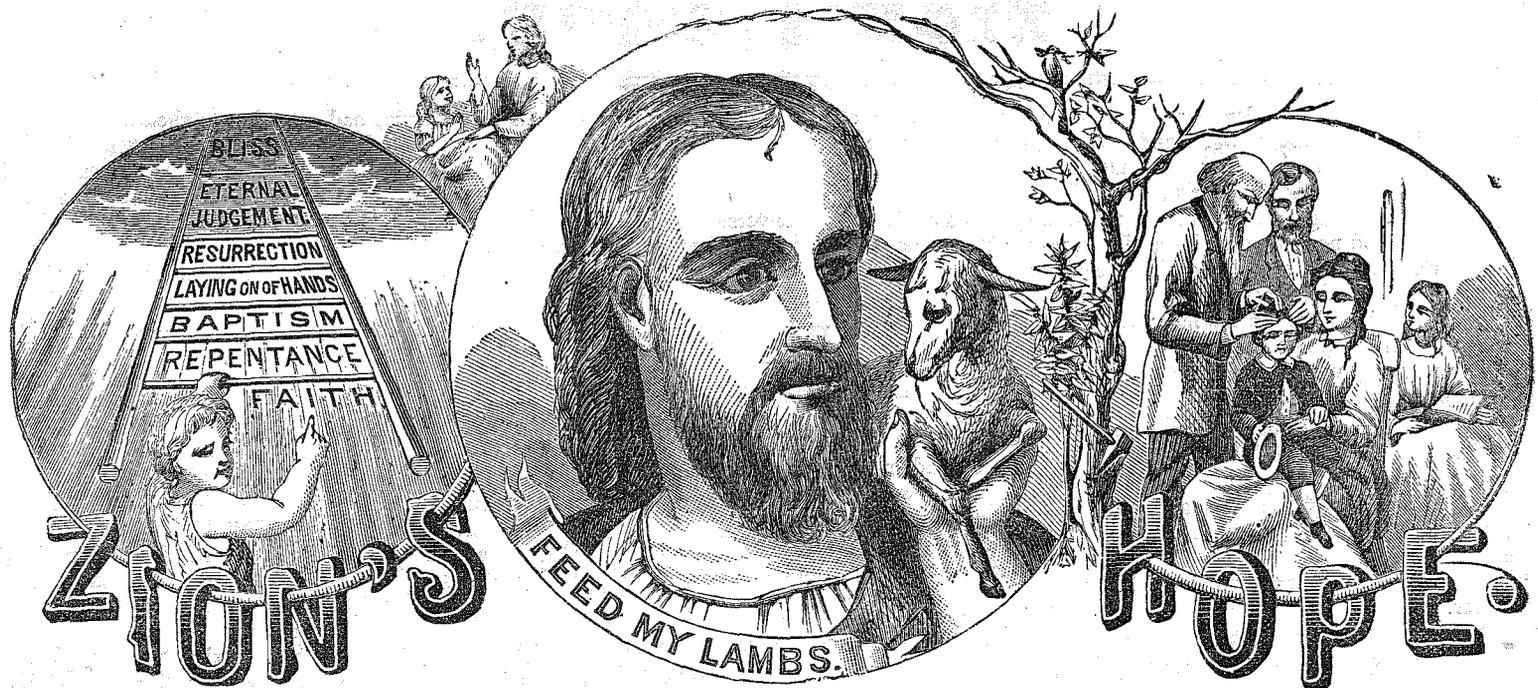
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

REST-HAVEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER VI.—FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.

MR. TAYLOR gave Ranger free rein, and the seven miles were soon passed over. But the new owners of his old home had seen nothing of the runaways. He called at his brother's with no better result. His brother volunteering, set out in another direction in the search. Thence Mr. Taylor turned Ranger's head toward Rest-haven. But the children had not been here. It was just dinner time, and being urged by the kind-hearted Mr. and Mrs. Dean, he sat down and partook with them, while his handsome steed was unsaddled and given the chance of cropping the fresh green grass in the pasture below, a rare treat for a townsman's horse.

Of course the missing children were all that could be thought or spoken of. Finally Barbara, who had not ventured a word before, suggested the idea that they might have taken the train.

"But where would they go to?" queried Albert Dean, who was at home to spend the season, too close application to his studies having proved too hard for him to continue them.

"I don't know," replied Barbara, shyly dropping her eyes to her plate, blushing at having presumed so far.

"Yes," added Mr. Taylor, thoughtfully, "where would they go? There is no one they know within a hundred miles. And then they had no money. It isn't at all probable, but I'll inquire of the agent as soon as I return, and see if he knows any thing of the fugitives. Strange! what should possess the children to run away. It must have been a sudden fancy. I don't believe they ever thought of such a thing before! And why should they?"

Barbara didn't know whether she ought to speak what was in her mind. But Mr. Taylor went on: "I don't believe they *did* run away voluntarily. I am afraid they didn't. Some one may have carried them off for the reward sure to be offered. Yet that seems hardly probable. Children as old as they. Maybe they were enticed away. If Josie had been alone I should fear some terrible fate had overtaken her. But Lewis was with her. Though a villain could easily overpower two children if so disposed. Marie fears the worst and is in despair already, and I begin to think she may be right in her fears."

Now, Barbara decided to speak. Blushing prettily and modestly, she said, timidly:

"Perhaps they did run away, Mr. Taylor. I think it quite likely. I have heard Josephine

speak of doing so several times, before she went to town to live."

"You have! Are you sure of it?" cried Mr. Taylor, excitedly. "I'm glad to hear that, so I am! That relieves my mind a good deal! Though I am surprised to know that Josephine is so wayward and unfilial toward her step-mother. For of course it is on that account she threatened to leave home?" glancing inquiringly at Barbara.

"Yes, sir; that was what she said," was the reply.

"Foolish child!" muttered Mr. Taylor as he rose to depart.

Ranger tossed his proud head and gave a short neigh of approbation as he turned again towards town. As Mr. Taylor turned down the street toward the depot—there was but one railroad in town—he met Frank Merrills striding along with rapid gait, his jaunty little cap set far back on his head and his bright winsome face beaming as if with some joyous inward emotion.

"Ha! Uncle Jerry! Back again so soon? You didn't get any news I know, by your sad despairing look."

"No, Frank, not a word. They haven't been seen in that direction. I'm just going to the station to inquire."

"I've been there before you, Uncle Jerry.

'But give to me your daughter dear,

And by the holy Tree,

Be she on land or on the sea,

I'll bring her back to thee."

Frank sang out the lines of the sweetly quaint Quaker poet in a playful tone, and paused with a mischievous smile on his lips and in his honest, merry blue eyes.

"Have you heard any thing?" eagerly inquired the anxious father.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Bangs tells me a little boy and girl took the last evening train, begging him not to tell as they didn't wish any one to know. They took the eastern train."

"Foolish children!" cried Mr. Taylor. Where in the world can they have gone. But Frank, are you in earnest. Do you believe you can discover the runaways. I'll give you fifty dollars if you will bring me a clue whereby I can find them. I'll fill out a check for you now, if you'll undertake the job. I declare I'm out of all patience with the good-for-naught Josie!"

"I'll do what I can, sir," replied Frank, "and don't want any pay for it either. Only if I advertise and offer a reward of fifty or a hundred dollars—and the reward is claimed I shall be obliged if you will meet that obligation. I am under age, you know, and only a stated sum is allowed me. I'd go to the ends of the earth to

find Josie, Mr. Taylor, for she's a capital little girl, after all her naughtiness. She has a vast deal of goodness in her heart, only it wants awakening. She has a little too much spirit and self-will, but I like her nevertheless. And she'll make a splendid woman yet."

"I hope so," responded Jerry Taylor ruefully. "But the promise is rather obscure now.—Well, Frank, shall I go home and tell Marie that nothing serious has overtaken Josie, and that you are going to play detective,—and shall I go to work?"

"Certainly, sir, if you will trust a boy like me. There's to be a two week's vacation and I've nothing to do when I'm out of school. I'll find her—them—never fear."

"You know more of the escapade than you tell, perhaps," ventured Mr. Taylor, struck with the boy's assurance of tone and manner.

"A little—a mere trifle—yet it may avail me. I should have told you as soon as I heard of their disappearance, but she told me in confidence, and I won't betray her if I can possibly avoid it.—But believe me, Uncle Jerry, I didn't aid or encourage them to go—indeed I didn't really think they would till they were gone. I always liked Mrs. Taylor."

"No, no, Frank; I don't believe you would do any thing to help them run away. You're too good and noble a boy for that."

"Thank you, Mr. Taylor, for your good opinion of me," murmured Frank with blushing cheek and downcast eye.

"That's a boy to trust," said Jerry Taylor to himself as he turned Ranger's head in the opposite direction. "I hope my boys will be as noble and manly as he."

Three days passed. Frank made every effort to obtain some clue to the whereabouts of the missing children. He advertised in the one daily and weekly of the town; he questioned the conductor on the train that had borne the little runaways from home; he took a trip eastward, then struck out into the country on a trip of discovery;—but all to no purpose. He informed Mr. Taylor of what he had done; but was not yet disposed to give up. "Let me try a day or two more," he urged.

"Try as much as you like, Frank, and as long. I'll wait a few days and then if they don't put in an appearance I suppose I shall have to do some thing, though what it'll be, I don't know. You're doing all that can be done."

Next day the following announcement appeared the *Weekly Star*:

"Fifty Dollars Reward.—To any one who will furnish information that will lead to the recovery of Josephine and Lewis Taylor, who left their home in this place Thursday evening last."

Then followed a description of the children and the address. Saturday night and no news yet. Nine days since the run-aways had left. Frank Merrills called at Mr. Taylor's to learn if he had received any tidings. No, none. And Mrs. Marie was pale and nervous and despairing, urging her husband to do something more decided in the matter. Frank opened the door to depart, with a sad, perplexed look on his face; but as he did so he started back with a cry of surprise and joy. For there, shivering in the chill darkness stood the two young truants.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Frank. "Here they are, safe and sound, Mrs. Marie!"

"God be praised!" cried Mrs. Taylor, almost dropping little Tommy who was asleep in her arms, as she rose to rush forward and meet the little wanderers.

"The good-for-naught little runaways!" put in the father.

"O Jerry!" pleaded Mrs. Taylor, as she laid Tommy tenderly in Mr. Taylor's arms, "don't upbraid them now. We are so glad to have them return safe and well that we ought not to reproach them by as much as a look." And she drew the little ones to the fire to warm them and caress them. Lewis thoroughly benumbed with the cold night air, and subdued and repentant, threw his arms around his step-mother's neck and sobbed. But Josephine stood back defiant and rebellious still, though presenting rather a sorry appearance, her white sunbonnet soiled and limp, flapping over her eyes, her black unkempt hair straggling out and fringing her ill-natured little face and mingled with the fragged and dirty lace, that a week ago had made such a neat finish for the neck of her pretty lavender wool dress, which was now torn and begrimed, utterly ruined. And her new serge boots were bespattered with mud and devoid of half their buttons. And her white ribbed hose!—oh! not white now. Rather a dark, dingy brown. Mrs. Taylor placed Lewis on a chair and turned to Josephine. "Let me untie your bonnet, dear. And take your hands in mine. Poor little fingers, they are nearly frozen."

But the little cold fingers refused to be thus warmed and were thrust resolutely behind the little lady, as she drew back without permitting Mrs. Marie to touch her. "Let me alone; I aint a baby, if Lew is. I don't want to be fussed over. I can take care of myself."

"You look like it, now," exclaimed Mr. Taylor as his eye ran over the neglected looking little figure. "Rather doubtful case, one would think from your present appearance."

A moment Josie was silent, then straightening up to her fullest height, which was not very great, however, she replied suddenly and defiantly:

"You can make just as much fun of me as you please, I don't care. I'll take that fifty dollars reward. I'm the one it belongs to." Looking entirely unabashed at her father, then at Frank, who still stood by the door waiting to hear the story of the children's adventures. As Josie said this he burst out laughing, he couldn't help it. She, with her ludicrous appearance, to put on an air of dignity and impertinently demand the reward offered for the recovery of herself and brother was more than he could endure calmly. He laughed heartily, which incensed Josephine and she turned her flashing eyes upon and was about to utter some sharp retort when her father spoke sternly, and in a manner not to be questioned.

"Josephine Taylor, sit down and warm yourself, then go directly to bed. You demand the fifty dollars! Who ever heard of such impudence! To think that a child of mine could so deport herself. Astounding! Fifty dollars, indeed! Fifty blows from a good green willow rather!—Frank, I'm ever so much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to hunt up such an ungrateful creature as she; I'm glad Lewis is a little nearer feeling right; and I'll reward you suitably. Come in to-morrow and we'll hear the

fugitives give an account of themselves. Its time they were in bed now."

"You won't hear it from me," muttered Josie spitefully.

"We don't want your version of the story, Miss Vixen. Lewis will tell us all we wish to know.

To be continued.

BE IN EARNEST.

BY THIS, I do not mean that you should be officious and clamorous; but quiet and unostentatious and faithful, deep-souled and true, so that our memory will linger long after we are gone, like light upon the hills after a glorious sunset.

The shallow stream rattles along its course, but when it is met and drowned by the majestic tides rolling in from the sea there is silence on the hills.

And that is what I wish to say, that things most demonstrative, as they must be from their effects, are not necessarily noisy; then let us be in earnest. We need not make a great noise, for it is better to be known by our earnest endeavors than by making a noise.

Let us be in earnest. Live in earnest, increasing in fervor during our stay among the objects of time and sense, and thus fitting ourselves for the glorious hereafter.

MRS. ANNIE HOLT.

"NO MOTHER."

THE other day, when a stern and dignified judge ordered a prisoner to stand up and offer objections, if he had any, to being sentenced to prison for a long term of years, the prisoner rose and said:

"I never had a mother to shed tears over me!"

His words entered every heart in the great court-room. He was a rough, bad man, in the middle age of life, and he had been convicted of burglary, but every heart softened towards him as his lips uttered the words. He felt what he said, and tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued:

"If I had had a mother's love and a mother's tears—some one to plead with and pray for me—I should not be what I am!"

Ah, that is it! There is a power in a mother's love, and in her tears and pleadings and prayers, whose influence is hardly to be realized. God pity the boy who has no home to go to—no mother to whom he can tell his troubles and griefs—no one to put her arms around his neck and whisper to Heaven to keep in right paths. There is no heart like a mother's heart. Her child may wound it again and again, and pierce it with a sword, and yet it has only love and affection for him. It is the first to excuse his faults, the last to condemn. There is no love like a mother's love—so enduring, so tender, so far-reaching. It is lavished upon the child in the cradle, and it follows the boy over the ocean. It calls upon the wanderer the first thing in the morning, and it stays with him until sleep closes the eyes. When a mother's love for her offspring dies out, he may be called too wicked and too wretched to live among men.

There are no tears like a mother's tears. Nothing can so enlighten the sorrow of a child—nothing so restrain a mind wandering into evil paths. The Man who looks back over his childhood and youth regrets nothing so much as that he brought tears of sorrow and sadness to a fond mother's eyes. Every tear a mother sheds over a wayward child is recorded in the great book, and he shall answer for it.

There are no prayers like a mother's prayers—none that reach so far and are so earnest. The wanderer on foreign shores feels this in his heart, and he is thankful to heaven that he can feel it. Kneeling at her bedside and asking the angels to guide the feet of her children in right paths, who doubts that a mother's prayers are heard in heaven?

"I never had a mother to shed tears over me!"

The words of the robber might be the words of many evil doers. "No mother" means aching hearts, hardened minds, deadly woes, and paths which lead down to ruin. Heaven be kind to the lad who must battle the world without a mother's tears, prayers and boundless love to give him courage.

LOVE.

What we might comprehend, and fully understand, the vast meaning of the word *love*.

In the book that the Lord has given us for a guide, we have some glorious lessons—for our instruction. In the 119 Psalm, the 105 verse, we are told. That the word of the Lord is as a lamp to our feet, and as a light to our path. Then let us go to the word of the Lord, or the Holy Scriptures, to see what we can learn about *love*. In one place we read that, there is no fear in love; and in another that perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

Dear children, are we in possession of this love that the apostle speaks of? If so, blessed indeed are we: but if not, let us seek to come in possession of it.

These words were spoken by one whom the Saviour especially loved; one who leaned upon the blessed Jesus at the supper table. Surely this disciple possessed if not a fullness, a very large share of that love that casteth out fear. Was it not this *love*, love for the true gospel, love for his loving Master, and love for his fellow men, that gave him such confidence and holy boldness to declare the gospel of Christ? Behold him cast into a cauldron of boiling oil, because he would preach Christ and him crucified! Surely, perfect love casteth out fear.

Now let us hear what Paul says about Love: "Therefore, owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law." How exact is this with the words of Jesus; "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, might, mind, and strength; and the second is like unto it; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; for upon these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Again, it is said of love, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

Again, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." W. R. C.

"BEHAVE YOURSELF."

LITTLE Susan was a little wild and could scarcely restrain her mirth and jollity for any length of time. One day when her mother was expecting company, she talked to Susan impressing her with her wild ways, and obtained a promise that she would behave properly while the visitors were there.

Susan was very sedate and well behaved till awhile after dinner, when her mirth got the start of her promise. She forgot her promise and was cutting up at such a rate, that her mother took her aside to talk to her; in the course of which she asked her if she had not promised to behave while the visitors were there. To this the little girl replied; "Yes, mother, but I did not know they were going to stay so long."

ADVICE TO BOYS.—You are made to be kind, generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with shabby clothes, don't talk about shabbiness in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the play that does not require much running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson.

A SPANISH TRADITION.

HERE is a tradition among the Spanish peasants that contains a beautiful lesson for all young people. Their favorite saint, Isidore, as a boy seemed hopelessly dull and ignorant. No one could teach him anything. He was so scolded and grumbled at that he one day determined to run away from his teacher and give up all attempts of becoming what his parents wished—a good scholar. He wandered from school in a very sad and disheartened mood, until at last he sat down on the steps of an old roadside well. There his eyes happened to fall on its worn marble sides. He saw that the continual friction of ropes had worn quite a hollow groove in the hard, white stone. A bright thought struck the boy's mind: "If a cord by constant rubbing can thus indent marble, merely perseverance and study would make even me remember and profit by what I learn. I will try what I can do." So saying, Isidore went back cheerfully to his school, determined to study with all his strength. He would be the rope and make his mark. And he did it so well that he afterward became celebrated all over Spain for his wisdom and learning.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 11.

BURNING from the scenes of the trial mentioned in the last number, to where we left Joseph and Oliver in Pennsylvania, busily engaged in the work of translation, we find, according to history, that about the time the trial was going off in New York, Joseph, while engaged in the work of translation received, "instead of the words of the Book, a commandment to write a letter to a man by the name of David Whitmer, who lived in Waterloo, requesting him to come immediately with his team, and convey himself and Oliver to his own residence, as an evil designing people were seeking to take away his (Joseph's) life, in order to prevent the work of God from going forth to the world." The letter was written, sent and delivered, and was shown by Mr. Whitmer to his father's family and their advice asked in regard to the course he should pursue in relation to the matter. His father reminded him of a certain amount of wheat he had sowed which would require two day's labor to harrow it in, and of a lot of plaster of paris that had to be spread, and consequently he could not go; "unless he could get a witness from God that it was absolutely necessary." This suggestion pleased David, and he asked the Lord for a testimony concerning his going for Joseph, and was told by the voice of the Spirit, "to go," as soon as a given amount of work should be accomplished.

On the next morning when he repaired to the field with his team, he found that according to the ordinary course he had at least two day's harrowing before him. "He then said to himself that if he should be able by any means to do the work sooner than the same amount of work had ever been done on the farm before, he would receive it as an evidence that it was the will of God, that he should do all in his power to assist Joseph Smith in the work in which he was engaged." At noon he found he had made wondrous progress with his work; in the afternoon he kept steadily at it, and to his surprise, ere the day closed he completed the "two day's job" that lay spread out before him in the morning. His father on going into the field at the close of the day was of the opinion that there "must be an overruling hand" in the matter, and thought that David had better go down to Pennsylvania as soon as the plaster of paris was spread. So the next morning he (David) set about that, but upon going to the field where he had left the plaster in heaps near his sister's house, two days previously, he was surprised to find it all gone. "He then ran to his sister's and inquired of her what had become of it.

Why do you ask me! was it not all spread yesterday?

"Not to my knowledge," he answered. At this his sister was much surprised, and stated that on the previous day the children begged her to go out and see the men sow plaster, saying they never saw any body sow plaster so fast in their lives. "I accordingly went * * saw three men at work * * but supposing that you had hired some help * * gave the subject no further attention."

David made inquiry, but was unable to learn any thing further, of what seemed to him, an exertion of supernatural power connected with this strange occurrence. David immediately set out for Pennsylvania, arrived in good season and was under the necessity of introducing himself to Joseph, as this was the first time they had ever met.

It will be well to add in this connection, that the only acquaintance that existed between the Smith and Whitmer families was that formed by Joseph's parents, when they were on their way from Manchester to Pennsylvania, to make him the visit mentioned in a former number, at which time they stopped over night with David, and gave him a brief history of the Record.

When Joseph began making preparations for the journey, he enquired of the Lord to know in what manner he should carry the Plates. "The answer was, that he should commit them into the hands of an angel, for safety, and after arriving at Mr. Whitmer's the angel would meet him in the garden, and deliver them up again into his hands."

After due preparation Joseph and Oliver set out, leaving Emma—Joseph's wife, to take charge of affairs during his absence. On arriving at Waterloo, Joseph received the Record according to promise: and on the day following they resumed the work of translation, which they continued without further interruption until it was accomplished.

As soon as the Book of Mormon was translated, Joseph dispatched a messenger with the intelligence, to his parents, requesting them to come at once to Waterloo.

And on the same evening they received the good news, they communicated the same to Martin Harris; "for" said Joseph's mother, "we loved the man although his weakness had caused us so much trouble." On hearing this he greatly rejoiced, and determined to go at once and congratulate Joseph upon his success. So the next morning they all set out together for Mr. Whitmer's place, to see Joseph, and ere the sun had set, the happy meeting took place, Oliver being in the company. In this connection the Historian states. "It would be superfluous for me to say * * we rejoiced exceedingly." To those unacquainted with the magnitude of the work, it now seemed that the greatest difficulty had been passed; but Joseph better understood the nature of the dispensation of the gospel that had been committed unto him.

The next morning after attending to the usual services of reading, singing and praying, "Joseph arose from his knees, and approaching Martin Harris, with a solemnity that thrills through my veins to this day when it occurs to my recollection, said, 'Martin Harris, you have got to humble yourself before your God this day, that you may obtain a forgiveness of your sins. If you do, it is the will of God that you should look upon the Plates, in company with Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer.'"

Not long after this, the four, "Joseph, Martin, Oliver, and David repaired to a grove, a short distance from the house, where they commenced calling upon the Lord," and continued in earnest supplication, "until at length an angel came down * * and declared to them that all which Joseph had testified to them concerning the Plates was true.

When they returned to the house it was between three and four o'clock p. m. At the time Joseph arrived at the house Mrs. Whitmer and his parents were seated in a bed room to which he repaired. On entering the room, he threw

himself down beside his mother, and exclaimed. "Father, mother, you do not know how happy I am: the Lord has now caused the plates to be shown to three more besides myself.

They have seen an angel, who has testified to them, and they will have to bear witness to the truth of what I have said, for now they know for themselves, that I do not go about to deceive the people; and I feel as if I was relieved of a burden which was almost too heavy for me to bear; and it rejoices my soul, that I am not any longer to be alone in the world. Upon this, Martin Harris came in: he seemed almost overcome with joy, and testified boldly to what he had both seen and heard. And so did David, and Oliver, adding, that no tongue could express the joy of their hearts, and the greatness of the things which they had both seen and heard."

To be continued.

DAN'S DINNER.

A TRUE STORY.

DAN is a watch dog in an iron foundry, and is always fed by his master at one o'clock. Dan knows the time, and is as punctual as the clock waiting in the appointed place with an air of calm satisfaction delightful to behold. The other day his master came in with his meat, but was called away at the instant; and, as it was not quite time, he hung it upon a nail, meaning to return directly. Dan didn't like that arrangement, but sat down and waited, with a resigned expression, both funny and pathetic. The clock struck, but no one came, and Dan barked to remind his master that dinner waited. Master didn't hear, and there hung the delicious meat, just out of reach, in the most tantalizing manner. Dan bore it as long as he could, thought over his wrongs, and growled over his opinion that it was a mean shame to keep a hard working fellow waiting when he was ravenously hungry. Presently he made up his mind that he wouldn't bear it. He had a right to that meat, and he would have it in spite of other people's neglect. Up he jumped, took a good look, gave a spring, and—didn't get it. Over and over he tried growing excited as he leaped up and bounded down, each time getting just one momentary sniff as he snapped and missed.

One of the workmen, attracted by the noise, peeped in at a window behind him, and, enjoying the fun, wondered when Dan would give it up. But Dan had no thought of giving it up, for "Nil desperandum (Never despair,)" was his motto; so he jumped and pawed and snatched till he was exhausted; then he sat down to consider the matter.

Being a sensible dog, he soon had a bright idea, and astonished his watcher by dragging and pushing, with teeth and head, a chair to the wall, just under the meat. Having fixed it to his mind, he stepped into it reached up, and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together, brought down the meat. He surveyed it with an air of pride, as well he might, after such a struggle for it, and then devoured it with a relish which hunger and hard work always give to one's meals; while the man went away to tell the story, and glorify sensible old Dan.—*Chatter Box.*

GOOD AND EVIL.

"'Mamma,' said my little Charley, 'now that I have a new sled, what shall I do with the old one?' His face wore a puzzled look for a little while; when a thought struck him. 'Mamma, there's a chance to do something, real good, too. What's the use talking so much about a thing, and never doing it?'

"'What, Charley?'" "Well, mamma, if there's any boy in the world that I hate, that boy's Sim Tyson. He's always plaguing and teasing me and all the other little boys, either taking our things from us, or

pretending that he's going to. It never does any good to get cross; for that's just what he likes; but, better even than this, Sim does like a sled; and—well, maybe its foolish—but I've half a notion to give the old sled to him. It might make him think, and so do him good. Mightn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, it might," said the mother.

"So Sim got Charley's sled, which pleased and touched him beyond everything, and they do say he is kinder, not only to the little boys, but to everybody, than he was before."—*Well Spring.*

LETTER FROM UNCLE JETHRO.

DEAR young Hopes:—It is a long time since Uncle Jethro had a chat with you, and he feels that he has not done his duty to you. He has not taken his share of the labor, to furnish the little Hopes with instructive matter to read, and if you will forgive him for his shortcomings he will try and do better. It is the meanest kind of selfishness, to vote a burden upon the shoulders of any of our brethren, and then leave them to struggle on under the load, not so much as moving a finger to ease the load. The Saviour of men administered a rebuke that every Elder may consult and study with much profit, but the negligent elder of Uncle Jethro's stripe must stand under positive condemnation; and while we may excuse ourselves with the sham statements, that we are so busy and our time is so occupied that we cannot write any thing for our papers, yet we expect that the editors will stand upon the ever revolving wheel, grinding out copy for the *Herald* and *Hope* as though to them it were always a pleasure and there were no weary hours of mental and physical exhaustion; as though they never had, with aching heads, to seek the friendly couch for rest. These reflections came up like accusing witnesses last Sabbath evening while turning over the Album of Sister Charles Derry, where I viewed and contrasted the Photographs of our President, Bro. Joseph Smith, taken in 1864 with that taken in 1875. The crushing, crowding weight, not of years but of responsibilities and anxieties, of solicitude for Zion's prosperity, and for her progress up to the standard of pure religion and undefiled have changed him thus. A great hindrance to any extended growth of the plain doctrines of our Lord Jesus Christ, seems to be in the willfulness caused by our early training and by the traditions we learned when young. Then let every elder resolve, and perform, that a fresh thought for the young Hopes shall be committed to paper no matter how simply clothed, and be as a pearl on the string of truth, that which always charms and delights the young mind, as is plainly evidenced by the children's letters published in the *Hope*. To the young Hopes, and burden bearers (I mean the elders) I commend the twenty-third chapter, first to fourth verses, of the Testimony of Matthew, Inspired Translation. JETHRO.

Correspondence.

MILLERSBURG, Ill., Feb. 28th, 1876.

Dear Editors: For the first time I will write to the *Hope*. I am a member of the Church; baptized six years ago, and I have never regretted that I obeyed the gospel of Christ. Zion's Hopes, let us try to live faithful, and obtain the reward of the just.

ALICE EPPERLY.

ALLENTOWN, N.J., March 14th, 1876.

Br. Joseph Smith: Having read so many letters in the *Hope*, I thought to say something for the little paper, that I love to read so well. I hope the children will not forget to write for it, as their letters are read with pleasure. It is good to work for the Lord when young, for youth is the time to serve him. We have a branch organized here, small in numbers, but I believe strong in faith. We have preaching by brethren Small and Stewart, and we enjoy the Spirit. We desire to walk in the narrow way, and to let our light shine in the world. I rejoice that I obeyed the commands of God, and I wish to see many more come and obey the truth. I was baptized by brother John

Stone, and was administered to, and I know I received strength and health therefrom. I feel thankful to the Lord for all that I receive, and believe that we all could say something for the *Hope*, if it is only a few words now and then. I will close my letter, ever praying that the Lord will bless all the young Hopes, with his people everywhere. Your sister in the gospel,
SARAH A. MCGUIRE.

SODA SPRINGS, Idaho, March 5th, 1876.

Editors and Hopes: It is Sunday, and we have just been to Sabbath School; we have meeting on Sunday, also, and on every Wednesday night. Br. Bowman is our branch president, and Br. Fleming is teacher of our day school. I have a sister and four brothers that are younger than myself, who go to school; I will be fifteen years old the 9th of July.

Dear Hopes, let us strive to do well at all times, for we are very apt to go astray, and need the Lord's Spirit to guide and help us at all times.

I close with my love,
To my Father above.

CAROLINE ELIASSON.

Mills County, Iowa, March 11th, 1876.

Dear Br. Joseph: For the first I attempt to write to the *Hope*. I love to read its pleasant columns, and am glad to see the interest the little ones take in it. I am thankful that I have heard and obeyed the gospel, and my desire is to do right, and to keep the covenant I made with God when I went into the waters of baptism; but at times it is hard to overcome the temptations, yet the hope of a home in Zion will cheer us. Dear brothers and sisters, let us strive to live faithful, and to overcome all evil. Let us pray for each other, that we may ever be found walking in the straight and narrow way that our Savior trod. Let us be ready when the Lord gathers his people, so that we may be of that number, and receive the great reward that is promised. Your sister in Christ,

ALICE R. CAMPBELL.

DANVILLE, Cal., March 14th, 1876.

Dear *Hope*: You are very precious to me, and it seems a long fifteen days to wait for the next number. We have had a long, rainy and dreary winter, but not a very cold one. It is beautiful to-day over head, and the hills and valleys are covered with a carpet of green. The peach and almond trees are all in bloom. I wish I could get more subscribers for the *Hope*. There has not been enough preaching here yet to allay prejudice. From your sincere friend,

KATE RUSSELL.

CHELLENHAM, Mo., March 18th, 1876.

Dear Br. Joseph: I wish to send a few lines to the *Hope*. I have a little saving bank, and I send twenty-five cents to the *Hope*. I have been sick, and I wish all the little Hopes to pray for me, so I'll get better, for when the weather gets fine, I want to go to my Sunday School. As I grow older every day, I hope also to grow better.

IDA M. DAVIS.

LAMONI, Iowa, March 19th, 1876.

Dear Br. Joseph: It has been a long time since I wrote to the *Hope*, but I like to read the letters in it, and thought perhaps the Hopes would like to hear from me. I like to read the story of Rest-Haven; but my big brother, Earl, says it is just like any novel. I am twelve years old, and am glad to say that I am a sister in the Church.

EVA M. BALLELY.

FAYETTE, Decatur Co., Iowa, March 26, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—After reading our little paper, I thought to write a few lines to help sustain it, as I think all the Hopes ought to do. Instead of not having enough to fill the columns of our paper, we ought to furnish it with good pieces, like "Items of History" and "Catechism for Little Hopes."

We have meetings every Sabbath. Bro. A. H. Smith preached on the perfect law of liberty and the word of wisdom, and how man is defiled by the use of tobacco and by the use of other things mentioned there, the use of which would make us unfit temples for the Holy Spirit to dwell in. I desire to see the Saints become like those of Enoch's days, pure and holy. Yours in Christ,

CHARLES CHURCH.

WILLOW CREEK, Gallatin Co. Montana.

March 20th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I will see what success I will have writing to you again. I can say that I have been baptized, also two of my brothers, into the Church of Christ, and I have never been sorry, for I know that this is Christ's Church. We have meetings here every Sunday. My father is the president of the branch we have had a good conference here.

My love to all

SARAH GAULTER.

WE have also received letters from Mary E. Ritter and Eleanor Snyder, Harlan, Iowa; Joseph E. Montague, Soldier, Iowa, Emma J. Spencer, Chariton, Iowa; Jacob and Katie Lampert, Lamoni, Iowa;

Thos. A. Hougas, Macedonia, Iowa; Margaret A. Davis, Nortonville, Cal.; Fred. J. Curtis, Elkhorn, Neb.; Carrie E. Hills, Vincennes, Iowa; A. A. Hudson, Lamoni, Iowa; Ella Sherard, Maysville, Mo.; Vida E. Smith, Nauvoo, Ill.; Emma A. Whitehouse, Kewanee, Ill.; which we acknowledge, but have not room for.

The Workshop.

DELICIOUS DROP CAKE.—One pint of cream, three eggs and some salt; thicken with fine rye till a spoon will stand upright in it, and drop on a well-buttered iron pan which must be hot in the oven. They may be made thinner and baked in buttered cups.

INDIAN TRIFLE.—Boil a quart of new milk with a large stick of cinnamon; thicken it with rice flour, first moistened with cold milk, and sweeten to your taste. Pour it into a dish, and when cold cut it into the shape of a star or any other shape you please; take out the rice and fill the shape with custard. Ornament with split almonds and spots of currant jelly.

Answer to Anagram in "Hope" of April 1st.

Darkness was deep'n'ing o'er the seas,
And still the hulk drove on;
No sails to answer to the breeze,
Her masts and cordage gone.
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,
Each looked but for a grave,
When full in sight, the beacon light,
Came streaming o'er the wave.

FRED. C. MOLYNEAUX.

Answered by Carrie E. Hills and Vina Ervin.

ANAGRAM, No. 1.

UMRRMUS.

Osem rruum hwen erhit kys si arlec,
Nda yowhl ighrb ot ewvi;
Fi neo amls cpeok fo rkad eprapa,
Ni hrite argie vaehe fo ulbe;
Dan osme, hiwt ntakuhl olev rae dilef,
Fi ubt neo arsket fo hligt,
Eon yra fo ods'g odgo rymce lgdi
Hte ssdnkera fo ethri ginht.

IETRHRA SSTERAM.

Answer in one month.

ENIGMA, No. 1.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is the name of a coin.
My 4, 2, 3, is the name of a number.
My 10, 11, 12, is the name of an insect.
My 8, 2, 10, 6, is the name of a fruit.
My 9, 5, 1, 7, is a girl's name.
My whole is the name of a plant that is in blossom in our garden.

LIZZIE MILLS.

Answer in one month.

MUSK DEER.—The musk deer is a native of the mountainous parts of northern India. From the male of this animal the perfume, known as "musk" is procured.

Boys should be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they are to other boy's sisters.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$258 47	Mell Halliday	..	\$	25
Zion's Hope Sunday School,		St. Louis, Mo.	..		1 65
Cicily Chatburn	..	1 00	Henry Halliday, Jr.	..	25
W. N. Dawson	..	39	Mrs. Dorinda Dawson	..	50
James Smart	..	1 00	Cora A. Richardson	..	40
George Chatburn	..	50	Lillie Gay Tomlinson	..	25
Charles Henry Tomlinson	..	25	Miss Allie Gard	..	25
Mary A. Hawkins	..	55	Ed Reynolds	..	25
Ivora Davies	..	25	St. Louis S. S.	..	1 15

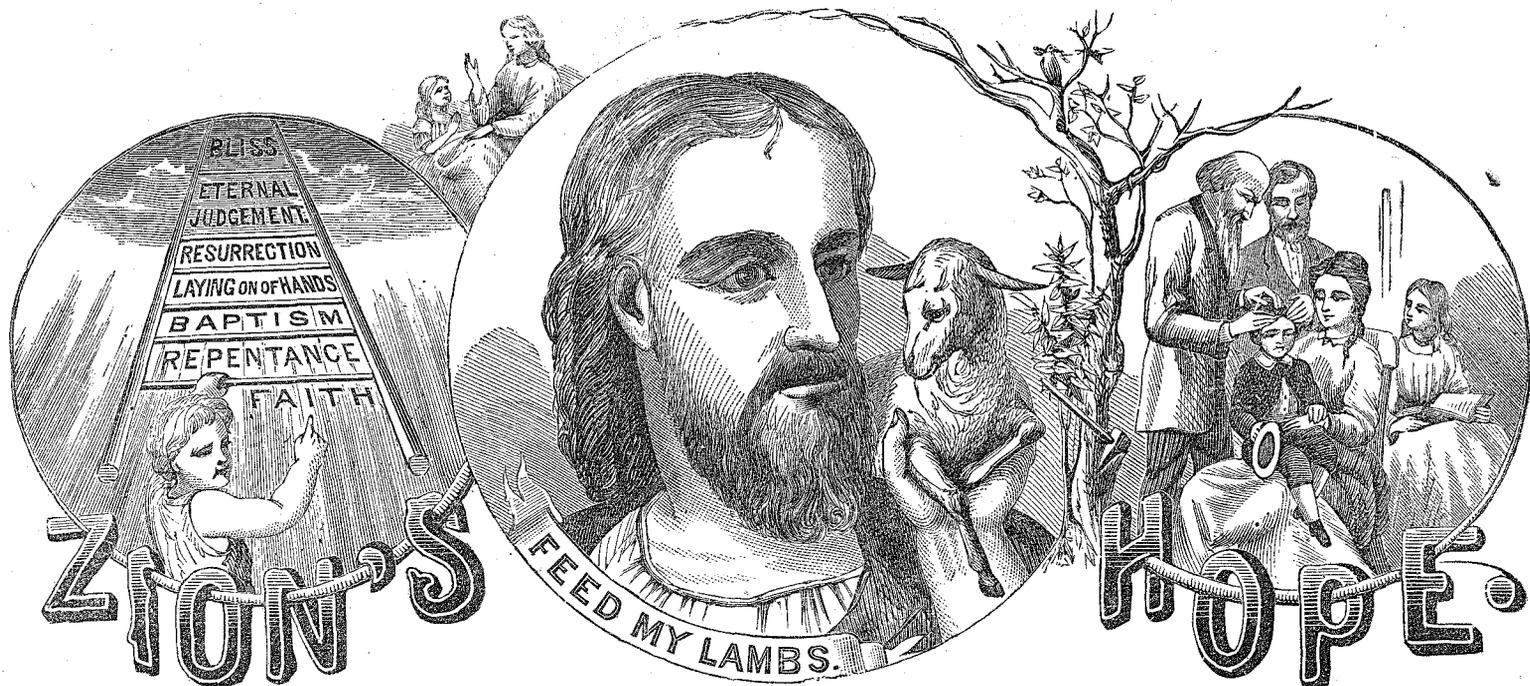
The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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Read This.—The small colored label with your name printed on, tells the date to which your subscription is paid. 15 Apr 76 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th day of April, 1876. Our terms are payment in advance.

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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MAY 15, 1876.

No. 22.

UNCLE "Milton" having retired from his connection with the HERALD office, for other labors and pursuits, the chief care of the HOPE, so long borne by him, will devolve upon Bro. H. A. Stebbins, now Associate Editor.

The same kind help that the contributors to the HOPE have before given to "Uncle Milton" in the duties of his office, in charge of the HOPE, we trust will be given to his successor. And while the readers of the paper may sometimes think of "Uncle Milton," let them remember that to his honorable efforts much of the usefulness of the HOPE was due.

Bro. Stebbins will spare no pains to continue the good influence of our ZION'S HOPE.

UNCLE JOSEPH.

GREETING TO THE HOPES.

UNCLE Milton has gone from us to other labor in life's field. As assistant editor there devolved upon him during the past two years the more especial charge of ZION'S HOPE, as well as the doing of other office labor in connection with Uncle Joseph. He was a faithful man, and his presence at the desk next our own, and his cheerful company are missed by both the remaining Uncles. Still he has not ceased to write and his articles will be welcome, and we trust, will be as timely in instruction and advice to you, dear Hopes, as heretofore, even if his office labors do rest upon another; and here let us say that we have in the past often considered the care and patience needed in order to write, revise, prepare and select reading matter for the entertainment of the young folks and of the little folks, and have felt that he was more successful than we could be, but we hope to receive such measure of assistance from these and from their parents and teachers, and from others who love the young and can instruct them in pure and truthful things, as will make our work acceptable to the Master.

More than ever before is the present associate editor interested in the success of our papers, the Herald and Hope, and in the general interests and prosperity of our publishing house. Consequently he is anxious that all that can be accomplished for the general good of each depart-

ment should be done, shared in by all who feel interested in the same special and general success.

Therefore, little folks, parents and friends, we ask your aid both in writings and subscriptions, for none of you wish to see the Hope fail but all wish with the editors to see it progress in interest and value. Many are able to write who do not have confidence to do so, but who can easily give us short articles, or those not running through over two or three numbers, as well as choice selections, etc. Let the Hopes write us letters, especially when they have something good to say. The letters in the last few numbers we think were very good and very pleasing to both the little folks and the grown folks.

UNCLE HENRY.

Manuscript of "Rest-Haven" did not come to hand for this issue. We waited as long for it as we could.

We welcome "Aunt Charlie" to our columns again, and hope to hear from her often.—Evs.

LETTER FROM UNCLE MILTON.

Dear Hopes:—In my wandering I reached here on the 25th inst, and being a stranger in a strange place, and having a hungering for something that worldly pursuits and worldly society could not satisfy, I set out on last evening, it being Thursday, to find a company of people who were essaying to worship God in prayer, that I might bow with them; although they might not worship with the same understanding that I had. Upon reaching a corner of the street, I halted, to enquire in my own mind, which church I should go to, and while casting about me as to whither I should go, my attention was attracted to two ladies crossing the street toward me; they were talking very glibly, and that too, about a new dress, and as they passed near to me the elderly lady remarked something about a brown dress, to which the younger replied. "O! Mother!! I wouldn't have a dark brown dress for ANY money,—I looked around in church last Sunday, and I did not see a SINGLE brown dress." At this point in the conversation they passed around the corner and I heard no more of them.

The remark struck me with such force, that I at once noted down the language of the young lady; and thought of how many there are who go to church—not to learn something of God's will concerning them, and of their duty to him—but to see who has a new dress or hat, and what the color, whether pink, blue, green or brown.

The world is full of "Achins," and the number

is legion; even among those whose feet bear them from Sabbath to Sabbath, to places where prayer is wont to be made. The "golden wedge" and the "Babylonish garment," steal away a love of the truth and blind the eyes to the beauty of meekness and simplicity. Young Hopes, young sisters, do you "look around in church to see who, or whether any one has a blue, buff or brown dress? When you go to places of worship, try to think, speak, and act as in the light of eternity, and in the presence of Him to whom you will have to render your final account; and you will care but little about Bell Brandon or Florence Lovegrace's dresses, whether they are brown or not. You will think of that robe of righteousness—pure and white, with which the faithful and true will be clothed when they sit as guests at that GRANDEST of ALL entertainments, the "Marriage supper of the Lamb."

In order to be a welcome guest at that "feast," a robe, suitable for the occasion must be secured for each guest. He who gives the feast has provided the means by which it may be obtained and if we reject the means, we will be found in that day, "poor," destitute, "wretched," "naked" and "speechless" before the King, and being so found, will be cast out.

Therefore, let us guard well the door of our lips, and pray that we may be cleansed from secret faults, and that by the spirit of truth our thoughts may be guided aright. So living and striving to obtain, we will become sanctified by the Holy Ghost, and will with Christ live in celestial glory. Young Hopes—live for the crown, and remember

UNCLE MILTON.

MUSCATINE, Iowa, April 28th, 1876.

THE UNPROFITABLE DOG.

WHEN my little girls were about three years old, I discovered that they were very fond of a dog; and I thought I would get them a little dog—one that we could keep in the house, merely for a plaything for them. For sometime I did not succeed in finding one such as I wanted; till one morning, soon after hearing the car whistle, we were surprised by the entrance of the children's uncle, who had come from a neighboring city, bearing a basket on his arm, which was closely covered. Though we were all glad to see him, yet there was some query among the little folks as to what he had in his basket; and to satisfy their curiosity, he placed it upon the floor and lifted one side of the cover, when out jumped a little dog, of a very light color, with large, dark eyes, bright as dollars.

Glad to be released from his confinement, he capered about the room, barking and "scraping

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acquaintance" with the cat and children, much to the annoyance of the former, and the amusement of the latter. He was truly a pretty little creature, and as smart as he was pretty; so we made him very welcome and ere long he became a great pet with all the family.

After some length of time, however, I was forced to conclude that our dog was as great a pest as he was a pet. He was indeed getting much larger than we had anticipated or desired for a house dog, and although he was very intelligent and would readily learn what was pleasing to him to do, yet he could not be made to learn or do anything that he did not like to do. For instance, he would dodge out of doors whenever any one passed out, and soon come bounding back into the room, leaving the door wide open for some one else to close. Much pains was taken to teach him to close the door himself, but he was too stubborn; so we had to make him let it alone entirely, and teach him to bark at the door when he wanted to come in. He was very mischievous, gnawing everything that happened to be laid within his reach, and frequently tearing the children's clothes when at play. Besides this, he was very peculiar—always retaliating when he felt himself ill used. If he happened to be left in the house alone, he would bound on to the bed, pull off the pillows, tear up the bed clothes and crawl down into bed. Or, if he could not get into the bedrooms, would get upon the shelves or table, break dishes, tear books to pieces, and make havoc with every thing he could get hold of. But when about one year old, he began to get sober, soon lost his relish for play with the children, and ere long became quite grave.

From this time, his favorite place, when in the house was in a chair by the kitchen fire; where he often sits by the hour, like some sleepy gentleman, nodding this way and that, and sometimes falling off; when he rouses up, and after trying to place himself more firmly into his seat, goes off into another doze. A few weeks since, while dozing in this manner, he actually fell into a kettle of water which stood near, to the great amusement of those who saw him.

But to be brief, I will tell you, that, although he is good to drive cattle and pigs, yet as we seldom have any such thing for him to do, he is really of no service to us. Yet he eats heartily, and is not at all fond of plain food; besides this, our neighbors and friends are nearly all afraid of him, as they do not yet understand that he requires them to greet him with a pleasant "Come Nino, good fellow!" before they can come into the yard in peace.

A few days ago, when dinner was over, he placed himself by the table as usual, waiting his accustomed meal. Being weary, I looked upon him as I had sometimes done before, feeling that he was truly a burden; and exclaimed, "You unprofitable dog! Must I always feed you, and care for you so tenderly, while you are of no account whatever to me?" But he only wagged his tail slightly, as though he hardly understood me, so I gave him his food and went on with my work; but the word "unprofitable" still rung in my ears. What am I but unprofitable? I said to myself. Does not He who created me, preserve me in life, and feed and clothe me, and give me home and friends, and above all, the gospel and gift of his dear Son? And what do I do to benefit the generous hand that has bestowed all this? It is true, I have obeyed the gospel, and am striving to keep the commandments, and endure through faith unto the end. But should I succeed in accomplishing all this, is it not exclusively for my own benefit—that I might receive the great reward of eternal life in the celestial kingdom, at the end of the race? So, after having done all that I can do, I am likewise unprofitable!

Then I turned again to the poor creature that had been the subject of such a train of thought. "Nino," I said, "you are also the work of His hands, and are made dependent upon me. Therefore, I will care for you without grudging. And since

you have been so daintily brought up, you shall not only have your food but a bed, and a comfortable place by the fire when it is cold; and I will shew kindness to you, even as I would have kindness shown unto me."

AUNT CARLIE.

ENTER THE ARK.

In vain the preacher cried, "Repent!
Flee from the coming wrath;"
Headlong the world of rebels went,
Along its own broad path.

They ate, they drank, they bought, they sold,
Built, planted, till the day
When the flood came, and young and old
Were swept at once away.

A few that feared the warning word,
Escaped the doom of sin;
The ark received them, and the Lord
Shut safe his servants in.

And still God's preachers cry, "Repent!
Flee from sins deadly doom;"
Forth from the ark this call is sent:
"Come in, there yet is room."

Open the door where mercy stands,
The perishing to save,
With earnest eye and outstretched hand,
From death beyond the grave.

—Selected by C. Church.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

"WELL! well! Pooh! pooh! Give me your notes and I will look them over, and in my Sunday morning service, I will fully convince you that Joseph Smith was an impostor, and the men who are preaching his doctrines are deceivers."

This Mrs. Pullman objected to. If she was worthy of a public effort to disabuse her mind of favor towards the ideas presented; she was worthy of a private one. If the tidings were false, as he said, and the men so evil, he could show her, and thus dispense with any public demonstration.

At this, Rev. Lovegrace took alarm, and angrily demanded, "What, are you going to turn Mormon, and be a polygamous wife to Brigham Young or Elder Jones? Are you going to leave a respectable church to join a set of wicked and despicable adventurers, who have no numbers, popularity, or respectability?"

To this inquiry the lady replied, "I am sorry, Sir, that the church I have thought to be God's church, needs a defense of that kind. I am persuaded that Mr. Jones is an evangelist sent of the Master. His manner is kind and gentle. His effort is a pleading one. Like Pilate's wife, I have been troubled about this man; and unless my feelings change, I shall join them, if opportunity is given."

So saying, she left the pastor angry and astonished; and at the evening meeting referred to, she arose, and in a few clear, determined sentences, gave in her name for baptism.

This created a great talk all over the village. The pastor appealed to the Squire, asking him to interpose his authority and stop his wife in her "mad idea;" but Squire Pullman laughed, and told the mortified minister that his wife had a pretty good head of her own; that her religious convictions were matters concerning which he thought she should act without restraint; "and moreover," said he, "if you cannot defend your doctrines to the satisfaction of your flock against what you declare to be plain heresy, you deserve to lose them. I shall not interfere. My wife may do as she chooses."

"But," urged Rev. Lovegrace, "your wife will disgrace herself, your good name, the church and all her relatives."

Squire Pullman quietly stopped the pastor's talk, by saying, "You forget, Reverend Sir, that Mrs. Pullman has always shown herself to be a lady-like and conscientious woman; and it is not

at all likely that she will lose her self-respect now—at all events I do not wish to hear anything further on the subject. You may talk with her. She will do as she feels to be right,—I shall not interfere."

The minister went home sadly out of humor, and sorely perplexed. He hardly knew what to do. To lose the most prominent and influential member of his congregation; to find his teachings set at naught by a mere pretender, as he felt Mr. Jones was; to be beaten and foiled was humiliating. To add to the man's distress Mrs. Pullman sent him a note, asking for letters of dismissal from the church, stating that she would be at the morning service as usual, and would be pleased if he chose to present her request before the church at that time; as she would then be there to answer for herself, inquiries that might be made as to her reason for withdrawing from them.

The Rev. Lovegrace thought that here was the last and only chance left him to prevent the threatened disaster, and to save this departing sheep from the clutches of the wolf. So, when the hour for morning service arrived, and the little church was filled almost to crowding, he gave out his text, "Beware of false prophets," prayed fervently that the lambs of the flock might be kept from the destroyer, and disgrace be averted from the church. Waiting until after the second hymn had been sung, he read the request of Mrs. Pullman, and told his people to think the matter over until after the sermon; and he would then ask for a show of hands, whether they should grant the card of dismissal or not.

The sermon was an earnest exhortation to beware of all pretenders, gospel mongers, doctrine peddlers, and false prophets. The pastor then turned his attention to Elder Jones, especially, and denounced in very bitter words him, his creed, and his associates. He fairly grew eloquent at the close, when, presenting the letter of their "loved and respected sister," he asked with uplifted hands and well affected horror, "Shall we give our consent that one of our number shall be made a victim of such a base, such a vile gospel;" and, turning to where she sat, he fairly electrified the people when he shouted, "No! never!" He then sat down, amid a painful silence.

After a few moments had elapsed he again rose to his feet, and asked Mrs. Pullman if she still wished that he should present her letter asking for a card of dismissal; and was seemingly much surprised when she rose, and with apparently little emotion replied that she did. He then asked her if she had not been happy with them in church fellowship; to which she said, "Yes." "Why then do you wish to leave us?" he then asked, with just a faint trace of temper in his tone.

The lady turned herself so as to face him, and raising her eyes to his, asked him, "May I reply to that question fully?"

He hastily answered, "Certainly, but we don't want any preaching."

Mrs. Pullman thanked him, and then proceeded in a quiet way to tell the story of her hearing Mr. Jones preach, of her emotions upon that occasion; and of her effort to get her pastor to refute satisfactorily to her the claims made by him. She was not permitted to tell what the points were; as the watchful minister stopped her saying, "That will do! That is enough!"

Then followed an extraordinary scene. Some favored the granting of the letter; some were in favor of refusing it; some wanted more time, while some were in favor of expelling Mrs. Pullman in disgrace.

In the midst of this confusion the lady herself rose, and stating that she was sorry to create any disturbance, and that she felt that she was entitled to a letter, said that she would go away from the meeting; as it might be that the church would act more freely in her absence. She then went out with her husband, who had sat in his seat during the whole affair, sometimes amused; sometimes angry; and sometimes He curious.

took no part in the discussion, as he felt that his wife was fully equal to the case; as it was her own act and fate that she was answering for.

We leave the people in the church to settle their own affairs only stating that they refused to grant the card. This, however, did not prevent the Squire's wife from being present at the time appointed for baptism. Fully one half of all the citizens of the town were there to witness the strange spectacle.

While the crowd was assembling, Elder Green, who had come the Friday before, and who had found a home at the saddler's house, gave a short but very interesting and instructive discourse upon the rite of baptism which they were about to engage in celebrating. He was quite a different type of man from Elder Jones; taller and more robust, with a high square forehead, almost white where it was shaded by his hat; face rather long, and eyes so full of kind pleading, and so defiant, that whenever he looked at anyone they almost seemed to pierce them. He was clad in homespun woolen cloth; and from the fashion of the garments, it was evident that a workman had cut them, though they may have been made up by some member of the elder's household. At any rate they fitted him well; and after he had been speaking a little while no one thought about his clothes; but all became absorbed in what he was saying.

When he concluded his remarks, the voice of Elder Jones broke the stillness of the hushed body of waiting people.—“Let us pray.” Then followed such a prayer, as few then assembled had ever heard, so full of confidence in God, and in the right to act in behalf of the Master, and yet so calm, so dignified and resigned. Proud men and haughty women, gay youths and thoughtless maidens, careless, worldly minded men and devout ones, all paid involuntary tribute to the pathos of that prayer and the power of Him who was worshipped.

A hymn was sung; Elder Jones went into the stream, and returning asked who should go first; Horace and our friend of the pleasant face, Mr. Peters, stepped forward, and the latter, placing the hand of Horace in the elder's grasp said: “The boy has the best right, let him be first; I will be content to go after.” Then followed the baptism of Horace, Mr. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Judson and their eldest girl, Rhoda, Mrs. True and her daughter, the saddler, and Mrs. Pullman. It was supposed by some, that the last named would certainly repent of her expressed intention, but she did not hesitate, but went forward calmly only remarking to her husband, who led her to the water side, “I feel that I shall rise to a knowledge of my Savior.”

When the minister officiating raised her from the water, it was observed by some that her face was very pale; some even thought that she had fainted, but this could not have been the case, as she stood upright and still unsupported, while the elder brushed the water from her face and streaming hair; others said that her face was shining as if with light. Elder Green had stepped quickly to the water's edge as if to be ready in case help was needed, but his brother minister had shaken his head at him, and a look of such singular meaning passed between the two men that it awed while it surprised those near enough to note what took place.

This was the last one baptized, and as the two were coming out of the stream, the elder began to sing:

“The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;”

Elder Green joined in and they two sung the verse through.

Continued.

PICKING UP THE MINUTES.

“A Sabbath school scholar earned a new suit of clothes, shoes and all, by digging dandelions and selling them to the dealers in herbs. “When did you find time Johnny,” I asked; for besides being a very punctual and constant scholar at the

day school, he ran errands for his mother and old Mrs. Davis. When did you find time?”

“There is almost always time for what we are bent upon,” said Johnny, “you see I pick up the minutes, and they are excellent picking.”

AUNT RUTH.

THE TEETOTALER'S SIGNBOARD.

Ale and tobacco,
Liquors and wine,
Are not to be had
At this house of mine.
Business transactions
Go on without these;
To work then, at once,
Or, go if you please.

But don't be mistaken
The cellar's not empty;
There's bread, beef and bacon,
And butter in plenty.
Tobacco and drink
I have quite put aside,
But any thing else
I will gladly provide.

There's coffee and milk,
And sugar and tea,
And all that is needful
For mortals like me.
To grudge my friends these
Is not my intention;
But liquors and ale,
I beg they'll not mention.

Selected by EVAN W. LLOYD.

THE OLD HEN AND HER FAMILY.

THERE was once a big white hen who had twelve little chickens, and they were all just as good little chickens as ever you saw. Whatever their mother told them to do, they did.

One day, this old hen took her children down to a small brook. It was a nice walk for them, and she believed the fresh air from the water would do them good. When they reached the brook, they walked along by the bank for a little while, and then the old hen thought that it looked much prettier on the other side, and that it would be a good thing for them to cross over. As she saw a large stone in the middle of the brook, she felt sure that it would be easy to jump on that stone and then to jump to the other side. So she jumped to the stone, and clucked for her children to follow her. But, for the first time in their lives, she found that they would not obey her. She clucked and flapped her wings and cried to them, in hen-talk:

“Come here, all of you! Jump on this stone, as I did. Then we can go to the other side. Come now!”

“Oh, mother, we can't, we can't, we can't!” said all the little chickens.

“Yes, you can, if you try,” clucked the old hen. “Just flop your wings as I did, and you can jump over, easy enough.”

“I am a-flopping my wings,” said one little fellow, named Chippy, who stood by himself in front, “but I can't jump any better than I did before.”

“I never saw such children,” said the old hen. “You don't try at all.”

“We can't try, mother,” said the little chicks. “We can't jump so far. Indeed, we can't, we can't, we can't, we can't!” chirped the little chicks.

“Well,” said the old hen, “I suppose I must give it up”—and so she jumped back from the stone to the shore, and walked slowly home, followed by all her family.

“Don't you think mother was rather hard on us?” said one little chicken to another, as they were going home.

“Yes,” said the other little chick. “Asking us to jump so far as that, when we haven't any wing-feathers yet, and scarcely any tails!”

“Well, I tried my best,” said Chippy. “I flopped as well as I could.”

“I didn't,” said one of the others. “It's no

use to try to flop when you've got nothing to flop.”

When they reached home, the old hen began to look about for something to eat, and she soon found, close to the kitchen door, a nice big piece of bread. So she clucked, and all the little chickens ran up to her, and each one of them tried to get a bite at the piece of bread.

“No, no!” cried the old hen. “This bread is not for all of you. It is for the only one of my children who really tried to jump to the stone. Come, Chippy! you are the only one who flopped. This nice piece of bread is for you.”—*St. Nicholas.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

Dear Little Hopes:—The Bethel Sabbath School held a scriptural concert, April 16th, and we had a very good concert. All the brethren and sisters were very much interested, and they profited thereby. The concert began at a quarter after six in the evening, and lasted till eight o'clock. The exercises opened by prayer from Elder Wm. Cottam, and remarks by Elder Thos. Gilbert. Recitation: Subject, Faith in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ; illustrated by passages from Hebrews 11: 1, 2, 3 and 6; Romans 10: 6-8; 10: 9-11. Singing by the school. Romans 10: 13-16; James 1: 22-25; James 2: 14-17; James 2: 22-25. Singing, ‘Before Jehovah's glorious throne.’

Second Subject, Repentance from sin. Mark 1: 14, 15; Matthew 3: 7-9; II. Corinthians 7: 8-10; Ephesians 4: 26-28. Singing by the school. Ezekiel 18: 20-22; Ezekiel 18: 25-27; Ezekiel 18: 28, 29; Ezekiel 18: 30-32. Singing, “Hark! the song of jubilee.”

Recitation: Subject, Baptism by Immersion for the Remission of Sins. Acts 2: 36-38; Acts 2: 39-41; Acts 8: 35-39; Acts 22: 12-16; Romans 3: 5. Singing, “Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.”

Recitation: Subject, The Gift of the Holy Ghost and the Laying on of Hands. Matthew 3: 11, 12; John 15: 26, 27; Acts 8: 14, 17; Acts 19: 1-3; Acts 19: 4-7. Singing by the school. Reading of the 6th chapter of Hebrews by Bro. T. Gilbert. Singing: “Luther's Judgment Hymn.” Remarks by Bro. E. N. Webster. Singing by the school. Remarks by Bro. Wm. Pond and Bro. Gavett. Singing by school. Remarks and solo by Bro. John Potts. Remarks by Bro. T. Gilbert. Closed by singing, “I need Thee every hour.” Benediction by Bro. Thos. Gilbert.

WM. MARSLAND.

FALL RIVER, MASS.

THE ORIGIN OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE postage stamp was born in London on the 10th of January 1840, and England employed it alone for ten years, France adopted it on the 1st of January, 1849, and Germany in 1850, according to M. Alphonse Esquiros. It was a curious incident that gave rise to the idea of postage stamps. A traveller was crossing, about forty years ago, a district in the north of England. He arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over and over in her hand and asked the price of the postage. This was a large sum, and evidently the young girl was poor, for the postman demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly, and said the letter was from her brother, but that she had no money, and so she returned it to the postman. The traveller was a man who rambled about the earth for instruction and observation. Having a good heart he offered to pay the postage of the letter, and in spite of the resistance of the young girl he paid the shilling. This resistance made him reflect. Scarcely had the postman turned his back than the young innkeeper's daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother. Some signs marked upon the envelope

had told her all that she wanted to know, but the letter itself contained no writing. 'We are both so poor,' she added, and so we invented this mode of corresponding and prepaying our letters. The traveller, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving place to such frauds was not a vicious one. The sun had not set before Mr. Rowland Hill (that was the name of the traveller) had planned to organize the postal service on a new basis. He said that in England where family ties are strong, and where the members often live far apart, where, too, the spirit of commerce knows no limits, the correspondence was only limited by the cost of the post; and that by lowering this barrier a great service would be rendered to society without hurting the resources of the treasury. These views were agreed to by the English government, and on the 10th of January, 1840, not more than a penny was paid for letters which circulated over the whole extent of the British Isles. This bold scheme soon surpassed the hopes of the Legislators. Ten years later in 1850 the number of letters increased from 1,500,000 to 7,230,962, Mr. Rowland Hill occupied the post of Secretary to the Postmaster General.—*Chatterbox.*

ANSWER TO BLIND FANNIE'S PRAYER.

There still are some would like to hear
God's answer to blind Fannie's prayer;
Would like to know how I was healed,
How God to me his love revealed.
With joy I tell the wondrous plan,
God's word again revealed to man;
Dear reader, this is gospel light,
Now shining through sectarian might;
Again the spirit and the word agree,
And thus the Spirit said to me:

'Your groans and cries, your prayers and tears
Have come up to the throne of grace;
Rejoice! they've reached a father's ears,
And you to God must give the praise.
Go heed the prophets' warning voice,
By whom I've called in latter days;
So make a free, a happy choice,
And serve the Lord throughout your days.
Obey the gospel I have given
In these, the glorious latter days;
And sight and life you'll have in heaven,
And then to God you'll give the praise.

FRANCES A. ERNST.

DELOIT, Iowa, Feb. 2d, 1876.

Correspondence.

STAUNTON, Va., March 17th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: I have often thought of writing to you. I live on a farm about four miles from Staunton. I was baptized into the Church about a year ago, by Bro. T. W. Smith. There are no Saints around here except my father and mother and myself. I love the piece about "Rest-Haven" and "Items of History." Remember me in your prayers. Your sister,

SALLIE E. CLEVELAND.

INLAND, Iowa, March 27, 1876.

Dear Hopes: It has been a good while since I have written to you. How I wish the *Hope* was a weekly, for it is so long between its visits. I am very much interested in the "Items of History;" and the letters, how I love to read them. My cousin Florence Russell, and her cousin Ada Hunter and myself were baptized March 11, 1875, by Bro. J. F. Adams. Bro. Jerome Ruby preached here a few weeks ago. Dear Hopes, why don't you send some more recipes. I will send one and I wish you would send also. It has been a very warm winter here. I wonder if all you Hopes love flowers, for I love them very much. I must bid you all farewell for this time. Your sister,

AURILLA WILDERMUTH.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., April 3d, 1876.

Uncle Joseph: I am glad when the little *Hope* comes; for I love to read the stories in them. We have a very nice Branch here, and I like to go to meeting very much. This is a poor letter, but I will try and do better next time. Ever yours,

BELLA BURLINGTON.

[Tell something about St. Joseph, Mo. in your next, Sr. Bella.]—Ed.

NEW TRENTON, Ind., April 4th, 1876.

Dear Little Hopes: This is my first attempt to write to our little paper. I have been taking the *Hope* about four years, and I would be very lonesome without it,

for I love to read both of our church papers, and the letters in them. Whenever the *Herald* comes, the first thing I read is the correspondence. This (the New Trenton) Branch was organized February 11th, 1874, by Bro. B. V. Springer. We have prayer meeting every two weeks. I am young but my determination is to keep trying to serve the true and living God. I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may hold out faithful to the end. Your sister in Christ,

EMMA J. CARMICHAEL.

BOSTON, Mass., April 9th, 1876.

Dear Little Hopes: It is the first time I ever tried to write to the *Hope*. My father and mother belong to the church, and I hope to be baptized soon. I am seven years old. I have spots on my eyes, so I can't see to write very well; but I have that faith in the Lord that he will heal me soon. I ask all the little brothers and sisters to remember me in their prayers. We have preaching meetings twice on Sundays, and prayer meetings Wednesday evenings. I will close now, my love to all of you. PERLA KNIGHTS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 27th, 1876.

Dear Editors: I send you a little selection for the *Hope*, if there is room for it; I am trying to find such clippings as will benefit the *Hope*. This is all I could find now, but I will send you more when I find them. Your sister in the gospel. LILIAN I. SWIFT.

WELLSVILLE, Mo., April 10th, 1876.

Bro. Joseph: I send a piece of poetry to the *Hope*. I love the *Hope* very much, and do not intend to do without as it long as I can help it. We have no Sunday School now, but I hope we will have soon. We have meetings every Sunday and every Wednesday night. Bro. Blair was here some time ago and we enjoyed his visit very well; and Bro. T. W. Smith and wife were here not long ago; we liked them very much. I send my love to all the little Hopes, and big ones too. Your brother in Christ, EVAN WALTER LLOYD.

STRING PRAIRIE, Iowa, April 1, 1876.

Dear Hopes: My mother died when I was but seven years of age. My father is an elder in the church; I have a little sister four years old. I love to go to meeting and hear the brethren and sisters speak of the goodness of God. I am in my fourteenth year now. MILLIE BENEDICT.

JACKSON, Jones Co., Iowa, April 5, 1876.

Dear little Hopes: I will try and write a little, though I never have written to you before. I am nine years old. I have not been baptized yet, but hope to be some time. We have no regular meeting here. Mr. Patterson came here and stayed with our folks a week. I think he is a good man. He preached three good sermons. I will close by asking an interest in the petitions of the little Hopes. MARY L. GARVIL.

UNION FORT, Utah, February 22, 1876.

Dear little paper: I again make an attempt to write a few lines to you. The last letter I wrote to you was not published, so I thought that I would not be in a hurry to write to you again, thinking you had more letters on hand than you could publish; but as I wanted to send for the *Hope* to give to a little girl I thought I might just as well write a line or two, hoping they will be worthy of a place in your columns. I so seldom see any letters from this part in the *Hope* that people may think we are all dying out here in Utah, as it has been remarked by some of the Brighamites around here not long ago, because the work has been so slowly progressing lately in Utah; but I think if they would read our papers, they would see that the Josephites, as they term us, are not dying out in other places if they are quiet and still in Utah; and I believe if there was some missionaries sent here to preach to the people, it would open some of their eyes, for there are some that can not see into this "new order," and are beginning to search their books, and they find a great many things they did not expect to find. I, for one, feel like going onward in this work of God, and do not feel like dying out as some people say we are, though it is little that I can do to help the work along, yet through God's help I calculate to own my religion, wherever I may be; and to stick up for it when I hear any one talking falsely of it; and when I hear some one telling falsehoods and making fun of the Church of Christ it makes me feel stronger in the faith, at the same they think they are weakening my faith they are only strengthening it. One person told me that they would prophesy that in ten years I would be in the Brighamite Church again. I thought how foolish he must be, for what is there to go back to them for. It looks as though any person would be insane that would go back to that abominable church again. I do most earnestly hope that my heavenly Father will protect me from such a thought. O, when will they see their folly, and the wrongs that are committed in that church. Will they always be so blind as to think as they do. How I wish that I could show them so they could see and understand as I do, but I

can not explain myself as well as I would like to.

I ask an interest in all your prayers, and I pray that the God of heaven may bless us all with his spirit that we may do his will continually. From your sister in the gospel bonds, LUCY ANN GRIFFITH.

The Workshop.

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.—One quart of new milk, four tablespoonfuls of flour, two of sugar. Season with nutmeg or cinnamon, and add salt to your liking. The milk should be placed over a quick fire, and when at a boiling point the flour should be added, being previously stirred up in cold milk. As soon as thoroughly scalded add the sugar, spices and salt. This is an excellent dish, and is deservedly prized by every one who has tried it.

A GOOD ANODYNE.—An English journal gives this formula: Alcohol, one quart; gum guaiac., one ounce; gums myrrh and camphor, and cayenne pulverized, each half an ounce. Mix and shake occasionally for a week or ten days, and filter or let settle for use. Apply freely for surface pains, or it may be taken in teaspoon doses for internal pains.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.—No. 2.

My first is in saber but not in sword,
My second is in mayor but not in Lord,
My third is in breathe but not in faint,
My fourth is in boat but not in ship,
My fifth is in run but not in stop,
My whole is the name of a noted English author.

ANAGRAM.—No. 2.

Owh anny desed fo dineksns
A tillet holid anc od,
Tlahugh ti ash os tillet resntng,
Dna titelt dwismo oto;
Ti awtsn a vlongi psirti,
Ucmh reom nat retsnth ot ropve
Woh anym htngis a holid amy od
Orf thores yb ish oeiv.

OSJEHP E. NOTMGARU.

[Answer in one month.]

HIDDEN PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

ONE IN EACH OF THESE SENTENCES.

God's blessings be upon the church in Plano.
The promises are to every one that believeth.
Be not so facetious.

They fee that man well.

From what is tar made?

Faith and works must go together.

What is more revolting than kleptomania?

Every thing we think needful is prepared.

think Mrs. Browning's writings are good.

SISTER MARY.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

In "Hope" of April 15th.

John Oriondamus Ballantyne, Noah, Rheumatism,
Job, Lilly, Don, Onion, Hostletters, Yarn, Reuben,
Lion, Berry, Hearth, Sarah, Oriondamus, Ballantyne.
Given by Nancy M. Ballantyne.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$258 47	Mell Halliday	..	\$	25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	..	1 65			
Cicily Chatburn	..	1 00	Henry Halliday, Jr.	..	25
W. N. Dawson	..	39	Mrs. Dorinda Dawson	..	50
James Smart	..	1 00	Cora A. Richardson	..	40
George Chatburn	..	50	Lillie Gay Tomlinson	..	25
Charles Henry Tomlinson	..	25	Miss Allie Gard	..	25
Mary A. Hawkins	..	55	Ed Reynolds	..	25
Ivore Davies	..	25	St. Louis S. S.	..	1 15

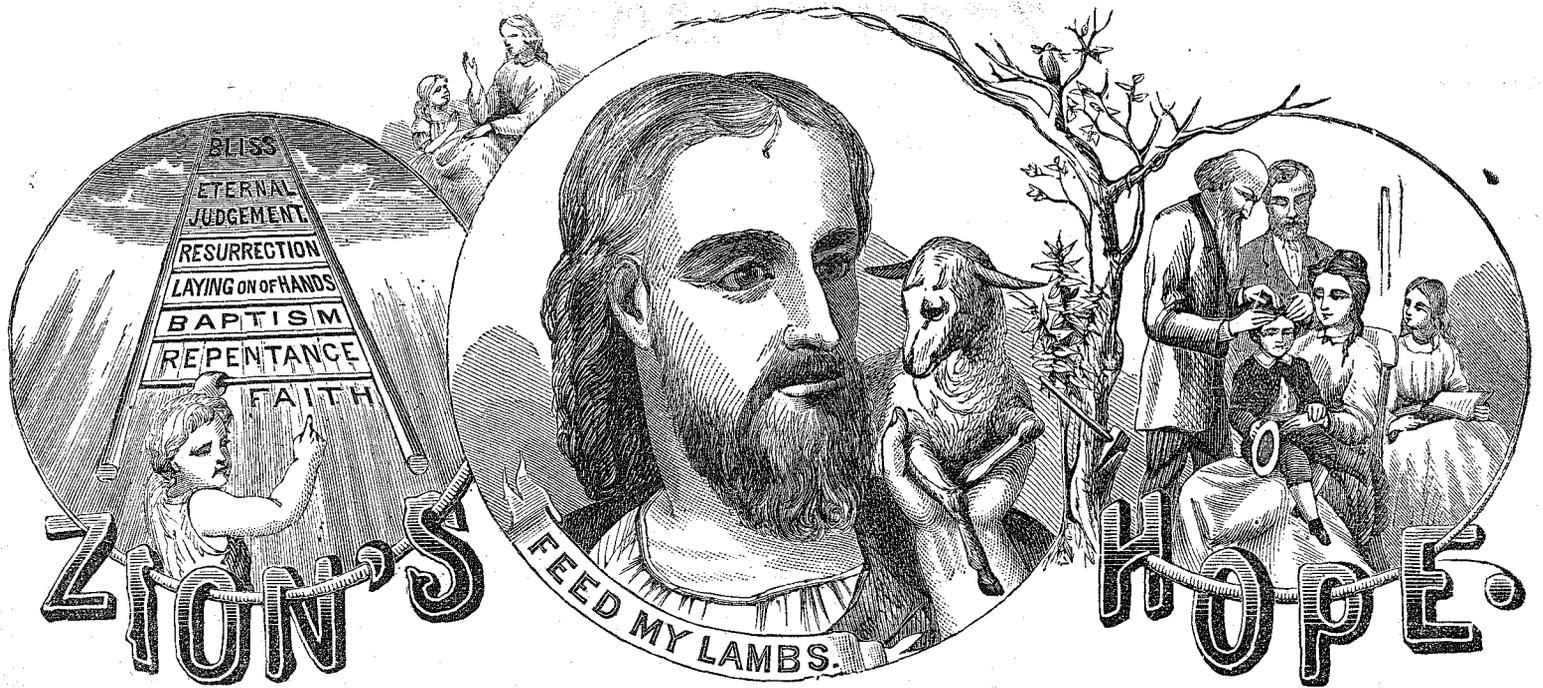
The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 12.

THE testimony borne by Martin Harris, David Whitmer and Oliver Cowdery concerning the Plates, and the things they both saw and heard, of which mention was made at the close of the former number, was written, and inserted in the first part of the Book of Mormon, and sent forth with the Book, into all the world as a witness to the truthfulness of the book; and is as follows. "Be it known unto all kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that we through the grace of God the father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this Record, which is a Record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower, of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shown unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare, with words of soberness, that an angel came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true; and it is marvellous in our eyes, nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment-seat of Christ, and dwell eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen."

Signed

"OLIVER COWDERY,
"DAVID WHITMER,
"MARTIN HARRIS."

The day following the one on which this testimony was first borne, Joseph Smith Sen., wife, and Martin Harris returned from Waterloo, a happy company," soon to be followed by Joseph and Oliver and the Whitmers, who came to visit and "make arrangements about getting the book printed." Soon after their arrival at Father Smith's the male portion of the company, including Samuel and Hyrum Smith, retired to a given place, where prayer was wont to be made in time past; for it had been revealed to Joseph that the plates would be carried thither by one of the an-

cient Nephites. "Here it was, that those *eight witnesses*, whose names are recorded in the Book of Mormon, looked upon them and handled them. Of which they bear record in the following manner.

"Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jr., the translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work, and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and hefted, and know of a surety, that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world, to witness unto the world that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness of it. Signed:

"CHRISTIAN WHITMER, HIRAM PAGE,
"JACOB WHITMER, JOSEPH SMITH, SEN.,
"PETER WHITMER, JUN., HYRUM SMITH,
"JOHN WHITMER, SAMUEL H. SMITH."

After the witnesses had returned to the house, the angel appeared to Joseph again, at which time he delivered up the plates into his hands.

On the ensuing evening, a meeting was held, in which *all* the witnesses bore testimony to the facts above stated; and all of the family, even to Don Carlos, who was but fourteen years old bore testimony of the truth of the Latter Day Dispensation—that it was then ushered in. In a few days preliminary arrangements were made with one Mr. E. B. Grandin, for the printing of the Book.

On the day and about the time that Joseph was starting for Palmyra, the place where the writings concerning the printing of the book was to be executed, one Dr. McIntyre, came in and informed the family that there was a mob of forty men collected on the way to Palmyra, for the purpose of waylaying Joseph on his way thither, and that they had requested him to take the lead of their company, and that upon his refusal, one Mr. Huzzy, a hatter of Palmyra, offered his service as their leader. Upon hearing this, Joseph's mother importuned him not to go. On hearing this, Joseph, smiling said "Never mind, mother, just put your trust in God, and nothing will hurt me to-day," and soon set out for the town of Palmyra. On his way he had to pass through a strip of dense forest, just beyond which, on a line of fence were seated the reported mob. On coming to Mr. Huzzy, the leader, first, he tipped his hat and good naturedly saying "Good morning,

Mr. Huzzy," and passed on, addressing the others in like manner. Struck with confusion, they pondered in amazement at his fearlessness, during which he passed on, leaving them sitting on the fence "like so many roosting chickens," and reached P—without molestation—where he met Mr. Grandin and consummated the arrangements for the printing of the Book of Mormon; half of the price for the printing to be paid by Martin Harris, and the residue by Joseph and Hyrum Smith.

Upon Joseph's return, he said to his mother. "The Lord has been on my side to-day." After rehearsing some of the events of the day, including the action of the mob, he further remarked to his mother. "There is a God in heaven, and I know it." "Soon after this Joseph secured the copy-right," to the book and returned to Pennsylvania; but before doing so he received commandment, that Oliver Cowdery should transcribe the whole manuscript and that he should take but one copy at a time to the office, so that if it should get destroyed there would still be one remaining, and that in going to and from the office, he should always be attended, for the protection of the manuscript, and also that a watch should be kept about the house, constantly, to protect the manuscript from malicious persons. All of which "were strictly attended to as the Lord commanded."

A LITTLE GIRL'S REPROOF.

AN army officer on returning from camp to his home, went also to visit some relatives. Like some who imitate the habits of their associates, he indulged in profane swearing. A little girl walked out with him to his horse, as he was taking his leave, and, as they were talking in great glee together, she said to him, "I don't like to hear my cousin swear." He replied "I know, my dear, that it is wrong." In the same mild way she rejoined, "Well, then, if you know it is wrong why do you do so?" On relating the story to a friend the captain confessed that he never felt a reproof so much as he did that one from the little child.

Selected from *Juvenile Instructor* by B. F. Curtis.

PERFECTION NO TRIFLE.

A friend called on Michael Angelo who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards he called again, and the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last." By no means," replied the sculptor, "I have retouched

this part and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "But recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

Selected by Lillian I Swift.

TO MY LAST BORN CHILD.

Hush! with finger raised,
And softened tread,
We are greeted at the door,
Returning home; we are led
To ask in wonder
What now can be in store!

The matron smiled;
With twinkling eye
She scanned our anxious face:
Perplexed the more;
There's no reply
By which the cause to trace.

But soon, our ears,
With thrilling sound,
The truth doth sure present;
One spirit more
With body bound
Is on life's journey sent.

Poor helpless babe;
Why crowding here?
We thought our measure filled!
Midst hope and fear,
With hurried step,
We seek the stranger child.

We view its tiny form
And wonder at the scenes
It's eyes may yet behold;
The sorrow and the tears
That each must share it seems,
As the Creator's plans unfold.

Welcome, then, dear child,
To Zion's youthful band;
The harbingers of light and truth.
On you will soon devolve
The burden and the heat to stand;
The hope of Zion is her youth.

Young Hopes, advance; soon
Zion's unseen glory
Now hid from weary eyes by doubting;
Will, through your purer faith,
Be seen the oft repeated story,
Ushered in with shouting.

UNCLE JETHRO.

WHAT IS IT WORTH.

IN the evening a meeting was held at Mr. Judson's when the rite of confirmation was administered; at which meeting it was stated, there was much joyous inquiry and spiritual peace and comfort of the Holy Ghost.

The news of the scene at Rev. Lovegrace's church was noised abroad; the presiding elder of the conference heard of it and came down from his home to enquire into it; and finding that Mrs. Pullman had really left the church, he made her a visit and endeavored to dissuade her from any further connection with the deluded people. He failed, however to make the desired impression; but being a much wiser, as well as a better man at heart than his minister in charge, he contented himself by saying to her at the close of his visit; "I hope my dear sister, that the Lord will open your eyes to the folly of your present course; and cause you to return to the household of faith that you have left. If you return soon, you will be gladly welcomed; but if sometime should elapse, I fear that association with the ignorant people, of which Mr. Jones is a type, will so contaminate your mind that you will not be cordially received."

To this the lady answered; "I shall be ready to return at any time that He, who all my life I have acknowledged as my Savior shall make it clearly my duty to do so. In the meantime, I shall strive to do my duty among my new associates, as I have in the past, tried to do it by those I have left. I have been deeply hurt by the conduct of the people, among whom I so long worshiped in refusing to grant me an honorable dis-

missal; and by what many of them have said. Aside from this hurt, I have only the warmest feelings of esteem for my old associates; and assure you, Reverend Sir, that it has not been without some pain that I have broken those ties that have so long held me with these people. Only the most solemn sense of duty to my Master, and an awakened respect to his word, would have moved me to take the step I have taken."

After a parting regret expressed to the squire, presiding elder Hughes went away. It is not necessary further to trace this man except to state; that not long after this occurrence, he was called to his last account, being taken suddenly ill while at a quarterly meeting, and dying in the midst of weeping friends. His successor in charge of the conference, will have something to do with our history.

The following account of the confirmation meeting held at Mr. Judson's as given by Mrs. Pullman to her husband the next evening, will perhaps be as interesting to our readers as it was to him. They had been sitting after tea, by the fireside, the squire busy with his weekly journal, and his wife, busy with her thoughts, and gazing absently into the fire, nothing breaking the silence save the crackling of the fire and the rustling of the Squire's paper as he turned it in his hands; when the lady started from her reverie and said;—"Henry, I wish that you had been at the meeting at Mr. Judson's last evening."

"Why so, my wife?" said the Squire laying his paper aside, and turning his easy chair round to the fire, and near to her side, "Why do you regret my absence from that meeting?"

"I did not say that I regretted your absence, Henry; I remarked that I wish that you had been there."

"Perhaps I inferred regret more from the tone in which you spoke than from the words, but why do you wish that I had been there?"

"For several reasons, Henry. But before I tell you, I wish to ask; do you remember the conversation we had on the occasion of your reading the notice of Mr. Jones' preaching in the neighborhood?"

To this the Squire, after a minute's reflection, replied that he did, distinctly.

"You remember then, my taking our Bible there and asking you to read me the first gospel sermon, which you did. In that you read these words. 'For the promise is to you and your children, * * and all that are afar off; even as many as the Lord shall call.'" When I asked you what this meant, you replied, 'If the language conveys the idea intended, it was the promise that the Holy Ghost should be given to those baptised;' and you then thought it confined to those baptised on the day of Pentecost. You will remember that I then said that I could not see any good reason why there should not now be a giving of the Holy Ghost. You then told me that in conversation with Mr. Peters, in your office the day before, he had stated that Mr. Jones taught that there was now just such a giving of the Holy Ghost, as was there recorded—You remember all this, do you?" Her husband nodded assent and she continued.

"Well, after changing my wet clothing on Sunday afternoon, I sat here drying my hair and thinking about how strangely it all seemed to be brought about, I suddenly remembered our talk upon the subject, that we have just recalled. I turned to the table, took up the Bible, and seeing a part of one of your business cards in it for a mark, I opened it at the place indicated. The word "you" was underscored, done by you I suppose when reading it at the time mentioned. It seemed to me then that I saw Peter, and that he said, pointing directly at me, 'The promise is unto you.' I laid the Bible down, feeling a new and strange sensation; the same, I then remembered, as that I felt upon rising out of the water when baptised. Soon after this you came in, and I soon made myself ready and went over to Mr. Judson's.

"When the solemn services of the evening began, my heart melted into a joy and peace I never knew before; I felt an assurance strong as my life that my sins had been remitted; that my work that day had been approved. I would have been satisfied with this. But when elders Jones and Green stood up and said, 'we will now confirm by the laying on of hands, and pray that the gift of the Holy Ghost may descend upon these children who this day covenant with him;' I was suddenly in a tremble of anticipation. They laid their hands upon Horace, the young lad who is working for Mr. Judson, and I saw his countenance gradually change until at the closing of the prayer, it shone like an angel's face.

They next laid hands on Mr. Peters; but I did not observe so marked a change in him; though each in turn evidently was blessed. When they approached my seat to lay their hands on my head, I felt that they were ambassadors in very deed; and when with the solemn 'Receive ye the gift of the Holy Ghost, pronounced by elder Green, they removed their hands, my spirit stood face to face with my Redeemer, and I knew him.

"The room was lighted as at noon day, a strain of music such as I never before heard; my Lord smiled sweetly and said, 'Fear not sister, I will write my law in thy heart.'

"I could not tell all this to Minister Hughes; but I know Henry, that my husband will believe me when I tell him that I am wondrously happy and contented to-night. This is why I wish that you had been there."

Her husband rose, came round to where she sat and kneeling beside her, drew her head to his shoulder, and kissing her said; "I am also happy my wife, to see you so satisfied; and to feel assured that he whom you have so worshiped has blessed you more than you anticipated, makes me also very happy. I will myself hear these men, and though sceptical all my life, if I find this new found joy of yours continues, I shall myself walk with you."

The lady's tears were flowing silently now; but looking up, she whispered, "The peace of God is upon us. Amen."

Read This.—The small colored label with your name printed on, tells the date to which your subscription is paid. 15 Jun 76 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th day of June, 1876. Our terms are payment in advance.

REST-HAVEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER VII.—GRACE AGAIN.

THE next morning Josephine was tossing and moaning in the delirium of fever. Mrs. Marie watched over her as tenderly as a mother could, scarcely leaving her bedside to catch a moment's rest or partake of a hurried morsel of food. Kind-hearted Frank Merrills was dispatched to Rest-Haven to convey the tidings that the lost were found, and that Josie was seriously ill. Good, motherly Mrs. Dean, knowing well that Mrs. Thomas Taylor could not well spare her daughter Margaret, as she had a family of small children and Mary was her only help, sent little Barbara back with Frank in the buggy, to stay till Josephine was better.

This was Lewis Taylor's story:

"You see, Josie got all out of sorts 'cause Mamma Marie wanted her to get supper for papa that day, and she said she wouldn't stay here and be made a nigger of for no stepmother under the sun. So she got all the money she had and all I had, pretty near a dollar in all, and put it in her pocket afore we went to school that afternoon. She couldn't get her 'rithmetic lesson, and the teacher scolded her and told her she'd got to get it at recess. She sat down and cried and just then Frank Merrills came in and went over and talked to her, and showed her all how to work the sum, and then she said something, and I expect she told him we was going to run off, though

I didn't hear what she said; but he told her she hadn't ought to think of such a thing. She said she was going to do it any way, and he mustn't tell nobody. He said he wouldn't tell, though he coaxed her not to, though he didn't seem to think she really would.

"Well, after school we went as hard as we could run toward home till we got to the corner, then we run around the square and back to the depot, and stayed till the train come and then we got in and went off. The conductor asked us where we was going. Josie told him we were going to Barlow. A big, black-whiskered man stared at us awfully. Then we got off the cars, and Josie told me she didn't know what to do or where to go in the dark. Then she asked this same man, who had got off at Barlow too, if he knew of any one who'd like to adopt a girl and boy. He asked us some sharp questions and then said we could go home with him if we hadn't got any other place to go, and if his old woman wanted Joe, he'd keep us awhile any how. That woman, Mrs. Pound, was awful. Poor Joe had to go on the run from morning till late at night and work just as hard as she could. And I used to pick up chips, and feed pigs and help in the house till I was so tired I couldn't hardly sleep nights. We told 'em our names were Jane and John;—that was a wrong story wasn't it? Well, they was awful hard on us. If we didn't hurry ever so fast, or if we didn't do just right they would come at us and slap us over the ears or face till we cried. Though *he* didn't so much as *she* did; 'cause he wasn't round so much. But *she* did pound fearful. The day afore we come away from there, they got the *Star*, and I heard 'em reading that piece about fifty dollars reward. They said that was strange, 'cause they had supposed all along we were run away from the county house; and that they'd get some work out of us afore the men come to take us back. But this looked like we were somebody's young ones after all. And they seemed so glad and said now they'd get the fifty dollars. I told Joe what I heard 'em say, and she doubled up her fist and shook it, and said they *shouldn't*: she'd get it herself. We'd go back home when we could get out of sight without their knowing it. She said she wouldn't stay *there*, any how. We'd go home and get the fifty dollars and go off and find some *good* folks to live with, if Mamma Marie didn't behave. So we asked the conductor to let us come, and when we told him who papa was, he said we could. And so we come. And I don't want to run off again; if Josie does she'll have to go alone. I guess she's cured though; I am. Though I didn't much want to go at first. But, papa, oughtn't Josie have the fifty dollars? Didn't you promise it?"

"She'll get it in care and nursing if she's sick long. She'll get it in clothing before the year is out. It'll take half of that sum to pay the costs of her escapade. She'll get it."

And Josie was completely cured of running away. Home was the best place after all. Mamma Marie wasn't Mrs. Pound. A stepmother wasn't so bad; only the *name* sounded so. Her over-work and exposure and excitement had been too much for her young system, and death seemed very near for days. But the kind Father heard the many prayers offered in her behalf, and she lived to be a better girl. She did not overcome all her perverseness at once. She had many battles to fight with her obdurate little heart. Indeed the human heart seldom profits fully by one lesson. It is line upon line; precept upon precept; even though the line and precept be each a repetition of the other.

Did Grace Merrills learn *her* lesson from her one sad experience? For a time it did seem so. She was all that could be desired; sweet and gentle and humble.

The summer waned, autumn came again. Gracie's wedding anniversary was celebrated at Rest-haven. They were all there, the Taylors, the Clarks, the Cliffords, the numerous relatives of the Deans and many others. Grace occupied the

place of honor at the left of Mr. Dean when dinner was served, and Ed. beside Gracie, as happy and genial and merry as his kind, sunny nature ever prompted him to be.

Little Barbara was not permitted to serve this time. Al. Dean placed a chair beside his own, ordered another plate, and as all agreed to help one another, the little maiden blushing seated herself with the rest of the company. Miles Dean was there, but he had forgotten his eye-glasses and gold-headed cane; and his foppish air had given place to sadness and reserve. He had lost his parents in the last year and seemed to feel alone in the world. There was no flirting between him and Grace, now. Neither had any such inclination. He received kind words of condolence, but he had never been a favorite, and now the younger portion of the company took very little notice of him.

He felt the slight keenly, and began to cast about him to discover the cause. He had good sense enough to know it was—it must be—from a lack of merit on his own part. And he took an inward retrospect of himself and his past life; and came to the conclusion that others had, long ago, that he was a mere cypher—a useless member of society. The awakening was not a pleasant one, you may be sure. Cassy Clifford, dear, thoughtful little soul, read something of his feelings from his face, and came over to the window and sat down by him with an autograph album in her hand, and together they turned the leaves and read the numerous and varied thoughts and wishes of friends inscribed on its rose-tinted pages. Presently little Johnny Clark came toddling up, attracted by the crimson and gold embossed cover of the book, and laying his hand firmly upon it with all the innate authority of babyhood, demanded:

"Div me? div me! mine book!"

"No, no," gently replied Cassy, "it's Al's book. Baby mustn't have it. Let me lay it away, and Johnny come and sit on my lap and look out of the window. See the pretty red and yellow leaves falling all over the ground. See how they fly and float about like little birdies."

The sweet child face was very sober, and the little rosebud mouth drew down till it was almost three cornered, and he showed a decided inclination to pout. For he did not understand all of Cassy's speech. Enough, however, to know that he was forbidden the pretty book. He stood a moment silent, then, as she mentioned 'birdies,' he slowly removed his dimpled hand from the album and permitted her to place him on her knee. He laughed and clapped his wee hands as he saw the gayly colored leaves skipping about at will of the fitful breeze that wafted through the tree tops.

"Pitty! pitty! me out!" he cried.

"Get your hat then, and mine," replied Cassy.

"Shall I go too?" asked Miles humbly, so unlike his old, self-satisfied, confident manner that Cassy could not help saying sweetly, "Yes indeed! It will be pleasanter out there than here, I'm sure." So with Johnny in her arms she threw open the window and led the way out on to the lawn. Miles followed at a little distance, thinking what a pretty picture she made with her soft sunny hair, her white dress and blue ribbons contrasting with Johnny's black hair and dancing eyes, his pink dress and white apron. They gathered leaves, and Miles sat down and wove a wreath of real artistic grace and beauty, and crowned baby Johnny Prince of Autumn. But he couldn't see the wreath when it decked his own curly head, so he insisted on removing it to Cassy's brow. A very becoming wave of feeling, half smile, half blush, swept over Cassy's sweet face as she met Miles' admiring glance, as he remarked, "That really improves your appearance, Miss Clifford, though *that* seems scarcely necessary."

"What fine eyes he has," thought Cassy. "It's a pity he shouldn't do something for himself or others. He surely has natural abilities more than we gave him credit for."

So, without knowing it, Miles had found a genuine friend, in sweet, little Cassy Clifford.

"Say, Cassy," exclaimed Gracie, as she was about departing that evening, "I want you to come and stay with me a week or two before long. Ed's going away, and I shall find the time positively unendurable without some one to keep me company in that great house. Frank is there, but then he's a boy you know. I want you. Will you come?"

"Perhaps," replied Cassy. "I should be pleased to do so, if mother can spare me," turning toward Mrs. Clifford.

"Certainly, any time, except when the threshers come. We expect them next week."

"O, Ed. isn't going that soon," returned Grace. "But when he does, I shall send for you, and you mustn't disappoint me." Then with a merry good by, and a sweeping invitation for all to come and visit her, Grace tripped down to the carriage where Ed and Dave and Susie Clark were waiting for her. Miles Dean held the gate open for them to pass out. "How sad and changed he seems," murmured Grace, as he bade them a grave farewell.

Ed called back as they drove away, "Come and spend Thanksgiving with us, Miles; your home must be very lonely now. Come, sure."

"Thanks," replied Miles with a broken voice. "Perhaps I may."

"Bless your kind heart," said Grace in a low tone to Ed. She knew he didn't like Miles, and felt truly grateful to see how nobly he sacrificed his own particular tastes to give another comfort. "And I'm so glad Mamma kept Josie Taylor. The child really seems going into a decline. That runaway trip was a dear one to her. But if there's one place better than another to build one up, refresh, rest, and strengthen, that place is dear old Rest-haven."

"Yes, indeed!" echoed Ed, heartily.

Cassy and Miles were the only guests at Thanksgiving. Ed went away to an adjoining city to buy goods the next day. And the great, crisp, delicious roast turkey, and the iced cake and cranberry tarts and other delicacies melted away very slowly, with only the four to partake of them, Frank and Miles, Cassy and Grace. And Grace was "decidedly sulky," Frank declared, and laughingly rallied her, and teased, but all in vain. The truth was, the little lady wanted a grand piano, and had made known her wishes to Ed just before his departure, and received this reply:

"A grand piano, Grace? Why, what in the world do you want of that? That parlor organ is new—only bought last June."

Grace had turned away without another word, but she had kept her foolish disappointment turning over and over in her mind ever since. And troubles, whether fancied or real, (especially the former), grow very rapidly with constant nursing. She began to think herself an abused wife. And when, a day or two after Ed's return, she came suddenly into the sitting-room and found him and Cassy standing by a window talking in low tones, and Cassy started away, blushing confusedly,—then Grace was *sure* she had cause to complain. She really began to be jealous of sweet, pure-minded Cassy and true-hearted, faithful Ed. She kept it all shut up in her own foolish little heart; and she was miserable as need be, aye, and a good deal more so. For she should have been happy and care free as a bird.

Continued.

BRIGHT PROSPECT SABBATH SCHOOL.

Dear Hopes:—At a meeting of our Sunday School, some time since, the secretary was requested, by vote of the school, to write to the *Hope* and give an account of the school.

The name we have chosen is "Bright Prospect Sunday School," and we think it is very appropriate. Bright Prospect Sunday School was organized on Sunday, March 12th. The number in attendance the first Sunday was twenty-five, and since then there have never been less than twenty or more than thirty present, but we expect our number to increase.

We usually have several visitors, and among those who have been with us lately is Uncle Mark H. Forscutt, who was at our meetings two Sundays in April and whom we thank for good suggestions for the management of the school. Any of the elders or other Saints will always be welcome visitors at our school.

We have been using the singing book called the "Crown," but we expect soon to use "Brightest and Best."

A brother in the church has kindly presented the school with several volumes as a start for a library, and it is probable that soon enough more will have been added to have them in use.

Hoping that our school may with God's help, be the means of doing a great deal of good, and that others like it may be established all over the land, we are one with you in the bonds of the Gospel.

CLARA B. SELLON *Secretary.*
BURLINGTON, Iowa May 10th, 1876.

THE GREAT PRIZE.

IT is worth trying to run for, and worth toiling for, bearing crosses, temptations and trials for. And our hope is if our lives are spared a few more years of a fore taste of it in this life in the land of Zion. But what is the great prize that all who are willing to hearken to and obey the gospel have privilege to whether their lives should be long or short? Why I think it is a part in the resurrection of the just; a portion in the millennial state, which is soon to commence, according to reliable prophecy; and as the poet beautifully and truly words it:

"Signs of which there's no mistaking
Tells that the day of glory nears;
When Satan bound shall cease his conflict,
With saints for o'er a thousand years."

And though celestial glory is the greatest prize; yet this millennial glory must evidently be obtained first, before we can have a chance for celestial glory; for the promise is that the second death shall have no power on them who have part in the first resurrection. Then how encouraging it is for us to try with all our might to so live now, that we may have part in the first resurrection, to dwell with Jesus on the earth in "the sweet bye and bye;" when we can live a pleasant life in peace and quietude; when nothing shall hurt nor destroy; when no evil will abound and none shall molest or make afraid; when there shall be no trouble, no sorrow, nor poverty; neither sickness nor pain. The mountains leveled, the vallies filled up, the rough places made smooth the land yield her increase and when all shall delight in the abundance of peace. Let us live for such a life.

W. C. L.

Will some one be able to spare us a clean copy of the Hope for Feb. 15, 1876? We wish one for our files.

Correspondence.

SEDGWICK, Decatur Co., Iowa, May 6, 1876.

Dear Little Hopes:—It is raining here to-day. We have a late spring. I have belonged to the church ever since I was eleven years old. I will be nineteen the ninth of this month. I am trying to serve the Lord in spirit and in truth, but I come short of it many times. I am resolved to try and do better in the future. The Lamoni Branch numbers about one hundred and seventy members. There were four baptized last Sunday, one boy and three girls; two of the girls are twins. We have no Sunday-school here yet, but we expect to meet to-morrow to organize one. We have meetings every Sunday.

Your brother, EDWARD C. CHURCH.

ELKHORN CITY, Nebraska, May 8, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I again attempt to write to you. We have a very nice place on which we live here, but we expect to sell out and go to the land of Zion, where the saints are to flee for refuge when the destroyer is going to and fro upon the earth. We have a Sunday-school, and we are going to try to get the people to take the Hope as a Sunday-school paper, for they will not come to meeting to hear the gospel, so they must read the word. Let us live faithful to all Christ's

commandments, that we may have our sins blotted out when the time of refreshing shall come. I send you a sketch, and if you see fit to publish it, it may be an example to some to leave off the bad habit of swearing. With my love to you all, I remain your brother in Zion's cause.

B. F. CURTIS.

SAN BENITO, California, April 7, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I wrote you a letter some time ago, but as it was not published I will try again. I will be eleven years old next July, and I was baptized by Bro. D. S. Mills a year ago last December. My grandma is eighty-three years old to-day. Bro. Mills baptized her a year ago last August. My pa and ma, and two of my cousins, belong to the church, and I wish that more of my relations did, but instead of that they are nearly all displeased with us for joining the church.

I love to read the Hope, and would like to see some who write for it, and thank them for writing us such nice stories. We have had plenty of rain this winter, and two or three times the ground was all white with snow, covering up the pretty flowers; for you know they bloom here all winter, and the fruit trees have been in bloom a good many weeks. We have not had many meetings this winter, for our president was sick more than three months; but we expect to have a conference here in May, and hope Bro. Joseph will be here too, if he visits the Coast this summer. From your sister in Christ,

EMILY PAGE.

SWEET HOME, Linn Co., Oregon,
April 11, 1876.

Brother Joseph:—This is my first attempt to write to the Hope. I am twelve years old, and was baptized September 2nd, 1875, by Bro. J. C. Clapp. He has baptized nine of our family. I feel thankful that we have heard the gospel preached in its purity, and I want to try to serve the Lord. I have not been as faithful as I ought to have been, but I will try to be more faithful in serving him. I ask an interest in the prayers of all the saints, that I may be found faithful to the end. We have quite a branch here, and meeting every Sunday. My love to all the little Hopes.

SERENA J. MORRIS.

UNION, Cass Co., Nebraska, May 4, 1876.

Dear Brother Joseph:—It has been a long time since I wrote to the Hope. I like to read the nice articles and good letters from the Hopes. We have meeting every Sabbath. I have been a member of the church for four years, and feel as much determined to go on in it as I ever did, and I ask all the little Hopes to pray for me, that I may live faithful and be saved in Christ's kingdom with you all. Your sister,

MARIETTA ERVIN.

ALPINE, Michigan, May 8, 1876.

Dear Readers of the Hope:—I will write a few lines to help keep up our little paper. I have seen quite a number of letters from different states, but very few from Michigan, so I add my mite. We live thirty miles from any branch of the church, and we have not heard a Latter Day Saint sermon since three years ago the 28th of last November. We would like to see some of the elders here once more. We think the Hope is very interesting. I remain your friend,

MATILDA NORTON.

VINCENNES, Iowa, May 8, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—This is not a very pleasant day, for although the apple-trees are in bloom, the wind blows, and it is quite cool. I am still trying to serve my Lord and Master. Pray for me that I may ever be found faithful. Yours truly,

JOHN S. PARISH.

PLUM HOLLOW, Iowa, May 11, 1876.

Dear Brother Joseph:—As I have not written to the Hope for some time, I thought I would write now. I like to do some good, when I can, so I send you fifty cents to send the Hope to a girl who does not belong to the church, and she has no Sunday-school near her, so, if you please, send it, commencing with the "Items of History." I am thirteen years old, and have been a member of the church four years. I love to read the letters from my little brothers and sisters in the Hope. Yours in truth,

EDMUND E. OSTRANDER.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$258 47	Mell Halliday	.. \$	25
Zion's Hope Sunday School,	St. Louis, Mo.	..	1	65
Cicily Chatburn	..	1 00	Henry Halliday, Jr.	25
W. N. Dawson	..	39	Mrs. Dorinda Dawson	50
James Smart	..	1 00	Corra A. Richardson	40
George Chatburn	..	50	Lillie Gay Tomlinson	25
Charles Henry Tomlinson	..	25	Miss Allie Gard	25
Mary A. Hawkins	..	55	Ed Reynolds	25
Ivora Davies	..	25	St. Louis S. S.	1 15
Eliza Bonton	..	10	Sarah A. Atkins	25

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA, No. 3.

I am composed of seventeen letters.
My 6, 7, 8, 10, 3, was the name of an apostle.
My 5, 14, 15, 17, 2, is the name of an angel of the Lord.
My 5, 15, 3, 5, 15, 17, is a water where Alma baptized.
My 17, 15, 4, 1, was the name of a prophet.
My 17, 10, 6, 1, 2, 9, 7, 12, was the name of a righteous people.
My 8, 2, 5, 15, 9, 1, 11, was the name of a servant of God.
My 13, 10, 9, 8, 7, 3, is what we should all try to be in the future.
My 15, 2, 17, 10, is a drink that saints should not indulge in.
My whole is the name of a preacher in our church.

W. N. DAWSON.

ENIGMA No. 4.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.
My 18, 7, 24, 14, 13, 9, 3, name of an ocean.
My 4, 2, 5, 16, the name of an ore.
My 8, 10, 6, 15, 5, 21, 12, is terrible to witness.
My 18, 25, 23, is a useful article.
My 1, 17, 22, 6, is an animal.
My 11, 19, 16, is a boy's nickname.
My 21, 10, 15, is a man's name.
My 4, 12, 20, 16, 10, 23, is a large city.
My whole has been the glory of the Union.

J. W. WRIGHT.

ANAGRAM.—No. 3.

Cive si a nomters, fo es tirghfluf imen,
Tath of eb death, endes ubt of eb esen;
Tub nese oto tof, railmafi whit ihs cafe,
Ew rifts rudene, ehtn typi, hetn bermace.

SISTER MARY.

SQUARE WORDS.—No. 1.

A girl's name. A bitter herb. A girl's name.
Many months.

SISTER MARY.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—No. 1.

Two trains of cars started at the same time, one from Chicago for Council Bluffs, the other from Council Bluffs for Chicago, a distance of 400 miles, and their speed was such that the train from Chicago reached Council Bluffs nine hours after meeting the other train, and the train from Council Bluffs reached Chicago in six hours and fifteen minutes after meeting. Required the speed of each.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 1.

In "Hope" of May 1st.

Cent, Ten, Ant, Pear, Lucy—Century Plant.
Answered correctly by Dora Sellon, Della Craig, James Atkinson, Carrie E. Hills, H. O. Smith, Cora A. Richardson, Sarah J. Ballentyne, J. W. Wright.
Correct answers to Enigma in April 15th Hope, have been received, since former publications of answers, from Sarah J. Ballentyne and J. W. Wright.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM, No. 1.

Hope for May 1st.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

HARRIET MASTERS.

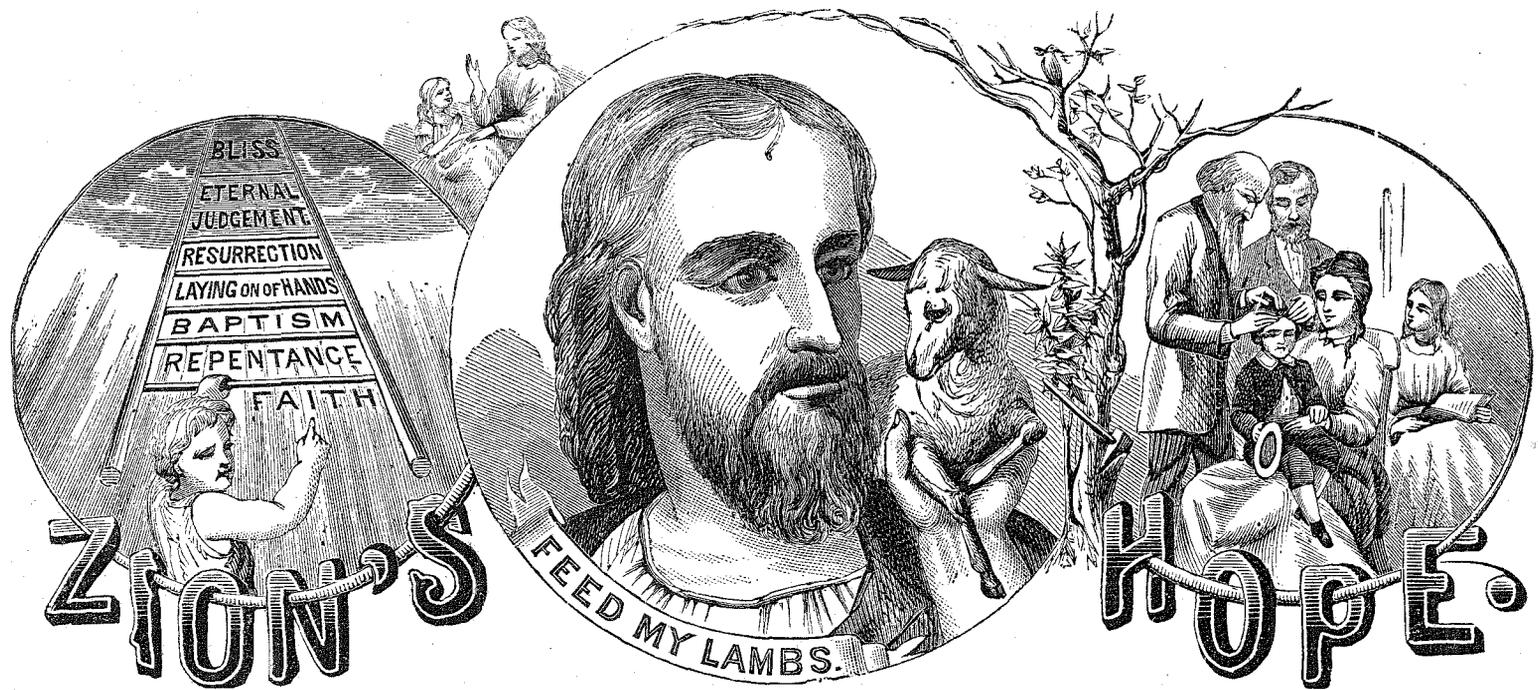
Answered correctly by Dora Sellon, Della Craig, Sarah A. Atkinson, Marietta Ervin, James Atkinson, Edward Carter, Carrie E. Hills, Sarah J. Ballentyne, J. W. Wright, Mary E. McGuire.

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 7.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JUNE 15, 1876.

No. 24.

GOVERNED BY LOVE.

PART I.

"LIDA, Lida, what is the trouble now? Why are you and Frank forever quarreling?"

"Why, because he is the meanest boy in this town; O I wish I had no brother. I wish—yes, I wish Frank was dead."

"I guess you do not wish it any more than I wish you were dead, you little vixen."

"Hush! hush! My children, have you no love for each other? O that I should have a son and daughter that I am almost ashamed to own! Girl, do you think your father can love you, you who should or could be so much comfort to him, and yet are always causing him trouble?"

"I do not want any one to love me sir."

"Not another word, but follow me both of you. I will lock you in your rooms, and there you will stay until your governess comes, who, I hope, will be able to make you mind."

"She'd better try," and little Lida's black eyes flashed as she sprang into her room and waited for her father to lock the door.

Not so with Frank, he looked pleadingly up in his father's face, and said, "O, father, do not lock me up, she made me so angry but I am sorry."

"You are too late with your confession my son; I will put you in here for the day, and then I will know you are out of mischief." So saying Mr. Crowell locked the door thinking that he had Frank safe for one day.

I would inform my little readers that Mr. Crowell was a widower with two very naughty children to deal with; and, as he went down stairs, he said, "What will I do with them? My little Lida, who looks so much like her dear mother. O if she only had her mother's disposition, so gentle, kind, and loving. Still, Jennie had a will of her own. But she knew how to govern it and when to use it. I do not believe Lida knows what true affection is, for she seems to have no regard, no respect for anyone. If I could but govern her and make her more obedient, and my home more pleasant, how thankful I would be.

"And Frank what will become of him? He is always in mischief, and is as regardless of displeasing me as he is his dog Carlo; but my poor boy, he has a tender heart, and could he have had a mother's care and love from such a mother as his own would have been, who knows but what I would have been proud of him now? Still, what could she have done? How acted towards them? I am sure I am very strict with them, but they have no love or respect for me. I was tempted to let Frank go, he looked so sincere,

but I had said I would lock them both up, and it was right to let them know I meant what I said, so I will leave them to their own reflections." And, going down to the kitchen, he told Maggie (his house-keeper) that he had locked up the children, and for her to see that they had some dinner. Then, thinking that he had done all that a father could do, he went to his office down town.

Now it happened that Frank was Maggie's favorite, and in everything that she could she would shield him from punishment. She was very angry to think he was to be shut up all day, and she thought that if Frank would only let her take him out, he need not be in that room long; "but no," she said, "he would tell just how he got out, and then I would lose my place."

While she was trying to contrive some plan to liberate her pet, she was surprised to see him step in at the kitchen door and ask in a whisper if his papa was gone.

"Yes, child, but how did you get out?"

"Easy enough; I wonder if papa thought I was a silly little boy that I would stay up in that old room all day? No, sir, a boy ten years old is not a baby. Catch me sleeping all day, especially when cousin Albert and I were going for a long, long walk this morning. We were going to climb trees, make a swing and just have a jolly time. And now, Maggie, don't be angry, but I had just taken the clothes line down to make the swing, and had it all rolled up under my coat, ready to start, when that plaguy little Lida had to bother me. Of course we had one of our quarrels, and we were locked up. At first I was very sorry and wished that I was not such a bad boy; then I thought of how I had told papa how sorry I was, and he did not seem to care. Then I thought of the clothes line; so I tied it to that big hook by the window and out and down I went, and here I am. Now, as the key is on the outside of the door, I am going up to get my line for the swing. I can take it, can't I Maggie? I won't hurt it. Crackee, won't papa whip me!"

"No, Frank, you do just as I tell you, and all will be right, for I can't bear to see you whipped so hard. Your papa will not be home till almost night; so you be sure to be back in time, and I will lock you up; he will never know the difference."

"O, Maggie, do you think I would do that? No, no, I am a bad boy and I suppose it was right for papa to shut me up; and it seems to me if I do as you want me to, it would be just like telling a lie. I remember once when dear mamma was talking to me that she said, 'I hope my little boy will never tell a lie, no, nor ever act a lie either.' I thought that was a strange thing to say, and I

wondered how any one could act a lie; but now I see, for what you want me to do would surely be just the same as telling a lie. No, Maggie, I will take the whipping; but I must hurry, or Albert will think I am never coming."

Poor little Lida! only eight years old, hardly old enough to know how naughty she had been, but she knew she was very unhappy. She was only four years old when her mamma died, and now she remembered her as the only being that she had ever loved. Hersweet mamma! O, how she wished she was dead, so that she might go to her, for no one loved her here, and she could not help being naughty. "Maggie is good to Frank, but they all say I am so cross that they cannot like me. Well I don't want them to; and my governess, I will show her I won't mind her. O, if she ever whips me as papa does, I do not know what I will do to her," and the poor, unhappy child cried herself to sleep.

Evening came and with it the absent papa and the expected governess. Mr. Crowell thought as he looked at pretty little Olive Green, "What can such a frail little woman do with my great, rough Frank, or that little wild cat, Ida?" Just then Frank stepped up to the door, flushed and bright with his long walk, but on seeing his papa he looked down and did not speak.

"Frank Crowell! how is it I find you here, when I left you in your room? Answer me boy."

"I got out papa, I could not stay there."

"You got out, did you! But did I not lock the door and tell you that you were to remain there until evening? How then did you get out?"

"Yes, sir, you told me to stay in there, but I did not want to, so I got out of the window;" and Frank, very honestly, told his papa all about it.

"Well, sir, when you have eaten your supper go to your room; and, remember it, you will be punished for this as I have never punished you before."

And now Lida was brought in, and Olive thought that she had never seen such a neglected little girl before; and, as she looked into her large, brown eyes, that she knew could flash with anger, she thought too that worlds of tenderness could also look forth from those same eyes; and she said to herself, "I cannot help loving these little, motherless children; and, O, that I may have wisdom given me to teach them how to be happy."

"Well Lida," said Mr. Crowell, "I hope you have had a pleasant day of it, and plenty of time to think how naughty you have been; I hope you are ready to tell me you are sorry for acting as you did this morning."

"No sir, I am not sorry."

"Lida, what shall I do with you, you naughty,

saucy girl? But see, here is Miss Green, your new governess, and I trust she will manage you."

"She shall never shut me up in my room all day with nothing to eat."

"Why, did not Maggie give you your dinner?"

"No sir, she says she forgot all about me."

"Well, child, I did not intend to starve you. It was very careless of Maggie; but you must learn to be good, if you do not want to be punished."

"I do not want to be good, no one notices it when I am."

Supper being over and the children gone to bed, Mr. Crowell asked Olive what she thought of taking care of two such unmanageable children.

"I trust sir that I will get along with them, and I think that I can."

"I know you will have trouble, but I give them entirely into your hands, do with them what you see fit."

"Then, sir, to commence with, I have a favor to ask of you, Mr. Crowell; it is this: will you not allow me the privilege of punishing Frank for escaping from his prison, to-day?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; but I had intended to whip him severely."

"Well, you remember that you told him he would be punished as he never had been before. Perhaps he will, for I will tell you before I commence that if I can not govern your little ones by love, I will not govern them at all."

"I only hope you will succeed, for I would be a happy man if my children loved and respected me."

SISTER LENA.

[Concluded in our next.]

[We welcome "Sister Lena" to our columns once more.—Ed.]

AND HE BLESSED THEM.

HEAR Hopes: When I read your pleasant letters I often think how much I should like to see you all together. What a beautiful sight it would be. I love the little ones, for they soften and purify the heart, warming and blessing it by their gentle presence. They comfort the soul and awaken within us all that is favorable to virtue. They are a fountain of love, and love is a teacher whose lessons few can resist. They brighten our homes and inspire us with courage for the duties and charities of life.

Now, dear Hopes, if you are of so much importance, you must, of course, keep yourselves pure and holy so that your bodies may be fit temples for God to dwell in. Obey the commandments of God, and be strong in the faith. If not permitted to meet you here, I hope to meet you all in Zion. Your sister in Jesus Christ our Lord,

Pawtucket, R. I., May 15, 1876.

ANNIE HOLT.

REST-HAVEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRACE MERRILLS sobbed herself to sleep that night, because—well for what cause do you suppose? First, those two grievances, the disappointment in regard to the piano, and her suspicions of Ed and Cassy;—then, that evening Ed and Miles and Cassy had gone to church, and she remained at home, insisting that they should go—she didn't wish to, and she wouldn't hear of Cassy's staying with her, though Cassy much preferred to do so. Then after they were gone she felt grieved and abused because they *did* go. How very unreasonable, you will say. How like a child. Yes, Gracie was a spoiled child; and had, it seemed, forgotten her determination to do better. It is so easy to resolve to do right, but so difficult to always do so. Grace tried to act natural; but the effort was not very successful. Ed tried to conciliate her when they were alone, but she would only turn away from

him without a word. So, after vainly attempting to talk with her about the piano, and telling her that it was impossible to get one now without seriously affecting his business, he went down town with a very heavy heart. He thought how near to death she had been a year ago, and almost felt guilty for denying her what she so much wished. May be he could pull through somehow. The more he thought, the more he felt inclined to gratify her. And at dinner she looked so sad and despondent he determined she should have the piano at all hazards.

Three days later, just as Cassy and Miles were departing, a team backed up against the sidewalk in front of the Merrills residence, and a crowd of men who followed came forward and lifted a huge wooden case to the flagging.

"O, my piano!" cried Gracie in delight. "Come back, Cass and Miles, and see it set up! Oh! do." And she was pleased as a child.

When Ed came home at dinner time he looked troubled and weary, but Grace was so lively, so profuse in her gratitude, so affectionate, that he almost forgot his perplexities till he returned to the store again. As soon as he was gone, Grace hied away to inform Mrs. Taylor and Susie Clark of her beautiful present. She found Sue singing like a bird, with one foot on Johnny's rocker, and sewing away industriously. She looked so cheerful and happy that Grace paused a moment before speaking.

"Why, Sue, you look ten years younger than you did! What has come over you?"

Sue looked up with a bright smile, as she drew a chair near for Gracie. "Only a wave of happiness, Grace. But what's come over you? You look as if your heart was brimming with joy."

"It is," replied Grace. Then she told her how much grieved and worried she had been about the piano, and now how elated she was at receiving it so unexpectedly. "But what unusual thing has happened to you, Sue? You haven't got a piano?"

"No," smiled Sue, "I don't want one. I have what is better, a kind, considerate husband. You don't know how happy I am, Grace."

Grace looked at Susie curiously—quizzingly. "You haven't been exchanging with some one, have you? Surely *your* old hub hasn't begun a reformation, has he?"

"I haven't exchanged with any one, nor I couldn't gain a better if I did. I only began to *think* and to act upon my meditations. I began to see how foolish I had been,—for it was really as much my fault as David's. I determined to act so as to preserve my self-respect, try to do my duty, and silently, or with gentle persuasion and suggestion, assist him to do so. The result is more than I dared hope for."

"I'm so glad!" cried Gracie joyously. "Every thing is so bright now, only —" She paused, and a sombre shadow flitted over her face.

"Only what?" queried Susie.

"O, nothing much," returned Grace evasively, but a confused flush rose to her cheeks, and Sue wondered what Gracie had hidden away in her merry heart that she wished to keep concealed.

Grace Merrills' next piece of extravagance was a set of new parlor furniture. Then a grand reception must be given, and taking it all in all, the expenditures were enormous. Grace never thought that Ed could be in want of almost any amount of ready means. She knew as little of business as a child. And Ed never told her when trade was dull or business low, and always granted her every request. So how should she suspect anything wrong. But business just now was very dull. Several who owed the firm considerable sums, had failed to meet their engagements, one or two had absconded, a clerk had robbed the store little by little of a large sum and then ran away, and altogether matters were rather gloomy for Merrills and Taylor. With this state of things, and Grace's unwonted outlay, Ed saw that they were on the verge of ruin. Jerry Taylor was not so much acquainted with business affairs and did not

yet despond, though, as he expressed it, he began to feel rather blue over their prospects.

The last night of the old year Ed came home late. Grace was dozing before the fire, and scarcely heeded his entrance. He came up and kissed her and smoothed down her glossy hair. "Come, dear, go to bed like a good girl. I can't go just now because of some business, papers to look over. We settle up and balance our accounts to-morrow and —"

"Dear!" interrupted Grace impatiently. "Always business, business! I'm heartily sick of it."

"Are you, Gracie?" replied Ed. "Well, I won't trouble you any more with my affairs. So go to bed now. It's eleven past."

He spoke gently and lovingly, but there was a strange sadness of tone that Grace thought of till she was in bed and too sleepy to think of any thing. And the first thought that came to her on awakening was the grave manner in which he kissed her good night, and she almost believed now there were tears glistening in his eyes as he held the door open for her to pass out. She was too dull and sleepy at the time to consider or notice distinctly. She turned her face toward Ed's pillow. Surely it had not been touched. There was no sign of her husband's presence in the bed chamber. This startled her. She sprang up and hastily dressing herself, she was about leaving the room, when a tiny white parcel, just inside the threshold, caught her eye. It had evidently been slipped under the closed door. Tearing it open with breathless haste and apprehension, she read these lines:

"My Dearly Beloved Grace:—When this note comes into your hands I shall be far away. I have been very foolish and very wicked, and I can never meet you and Jerry Taylor and my other friends when it is all known, as it will be shortly. You are not to blame, poor girl, but for your sake I have been dealing unjustly, spending Taylor's money without his knowledge, and now our business is ruined. May be there's enough to pay him when all is sold that was mine. I hope so. The house is yours. Creditors cannot take that. I will send you money to keep you in comfort, if I succeed in earning any, for I take none with me, only what pays for my railroad ticket. If you don't get any money from me, you may know that I am dead or gone to the bad. You will sometimes pray for your poor, cowardly, unworthy husband. Ed."

Grace turned pale and staggered back to her bed, and threw herself upon the pillows and lay for sometime in mute, tearless agony and despair. Then arising, she fell on her knees and offered a humble prayer to God for strength, guidance and forgiveness, for she felt that she was the first cause of all this trouble. Then she rang the bell for Jenny.

"Ah! Good morning, Mrs. Merrills. And Happy New year to you."

Grace never heeded the girl's salutation, but said in a cold hurried tone, "Send Dennis to the store to ask Mr. Taylor to come here immediately." And closed the door abruptly.

It was late but Grace partook of no breakfast, but calmly sat and waited till Jenny announced that Mr. Taylor was, in the drawing room below.

Without raising her eyes to his face, Grace Merrills entered the room, walked up and gave Mr. Taylor Ed's note and waited with downcast eyes while he read it.

"Can it be possible!" he murmured as he folded the paper and handed it back to Grace. "God pity you Grace. I don't know what to say to comfort you. Only don't worry over it. Ed hasn't done so very bad, I guess. If he'd only stayed and helped fix up things. I am a novice in the business yet. I never would have told it if he had been using money without accounting for it. There's enough for us all if its only managed right, I guess, yet. Foolish boy to go away. But people shant know why he went if I can help it."

"Heaven bless you, Uncle Jerry!" exclaimed Grace, her tears flowing, to the relief of her overburdened heart. "You can't help their guessing why, at once. And then it will come out as soon as the books are looked into I suppose. But its

all my fault,—” she paused, her emotion choking her.

“Tut, tut, girl! Don't feel so bad over it. I must go now, but I'll send Marie to stay with you if you wish.”

“Please don't, Mr. Taylor,” she replied, “I'm going directly to Rest-haven; and never intend to leave it again.”

“Why Grace,” he began, but she stopped him with a wave of the hand and closed the door till he had gone, then went slowly up stairs and packed a few of her plainest clothes and one or two little keepsakes that Ed had given her, and ordering the single buggy she got in, had her one trunk placed in front, and drove away telling Becky to take care of the house till she heard from her again.

It seemed to her the six miles would never come to an end, and that old Kit was determined to follow a snail's pace all the way.

But at last the carriage gate of dear old Rest-haven was reached and she climbed down to open it, but staggered and would have fallen had she not clutched an elm bough that hung near, for support. She leaned her head against the gate, her brain in a whirl, her limbs trembling.

“O Gracie! what is the matter;” and sweet little Barbara Eldon stopped to pick up a tiny paper that had fallen from Grace's hand. It was Ed's note, held in her hand all the way, and dropped now without her noticing it. Barbara had been out in the grounds and had seen Grace and ran to meet her. Al saw her too from the house, and now came up, and spoke. Grace raised her head, pointed Al to the note Barbara held out toward her, and reeled and fell fainting, but was raised the next moment and borne to the house by the united efforts of Al and Barbara.

Continued.

WHAT IS IT WORTH.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE year of Horace's probation as a laborer in Mr. Judson's employ, was nearly ended. The events narrated in the last two chapters, succeeded each other rapidly, and there remained only a few days for the lad to approve himself; but time sometimes affords the performance of wondrous acts within a few hours.

It had been for some time the intention of Mr. Judson to take his family and make a visit to some distant friends, and the opportunity proving favorable at the close of the events already told, he and his family departed on their journey, leaving only Horace and the dog to look after the house, and to do the farm chores. Horace was to get his meals at Mr. Peters', but was to sleep at the farm.

On the second night after Mr. Judson and family went away, about one o'clock, Horace was awakened by the growling of the dog just outside his room door. This seemed strange to him, for he remembered feeding Rover the evening before at his kennel; and had also gone over the lower part of the house to see that the doors were all shut. He rose up in bed and listened, and could hear the growl of the dog; and, as he thought, the voice of some one in a low tone saying, “Hist, hist, good dog, good dog, come here old fellow.” This fully roused him, and he sprang out of bed and began to dress himself, all the while trying to decide what was the matter. He succeeded in getting all his clothes on but his coat and boots, when he heard a muttered curse, and what appeared to be a blow, mingled with a fierce howl from the dog, the scuffling of feet and sounds of a struggle, and a shout; “Come Jim, with the light and kill the dog. He's got me by the neck.” He then heard the sounds of running. Horace did not wait to hear anything more; but threw the door of his room open, and saw by the light of a lantern held in the hands of a man running towards the end of the hall near his door, the dog, Rover, struggling with another man on the floor. The boy had been raised in a rough school in the city, and had had many a tussle and

ugly fight with his vicious companions, and was not a bit cowardly; he hesitated a moment, and only for a moment, for the man holding the lantern had by this time come nearly to the place where the struggle between his comrade and the dog was going on; and, on seeing Horace had stopped and drawn a pistol from his pocket and fired directly at him. By the flash of the pistol and a ray of light from the lantern, Horace recognized his old temptor, Mr. Barnes. The latter, in his haste had missed Horace; but, as if thinking he had nothing to fear from the lad, or that his friend needed his help, he sprang forward and aimed a kick at Rover. The dog, though busy with his antagonist on the floor, was spry enough to evade the kick, and Mr. Barnes, thrown off his balance by failing to hit the dog as he intended, slipped and fell.

Horace, seeing his opportunity, sprang over the struggling dog and man, and struck Mr. Barnes with one of his boots which he held in his hand just as he had been trying to pull it on. The boot was a heavy leather one, with a solid heel, and as the boy swung it by the strap through which he had run his finger, it came down on the skull of the man rising to his feet with terrible force, and though it had been struck by a weaker arm than that of a boy just coming into manhood and inured to hard work, it must have hurt him terribly; as it was, however, it was dealt in a moment of excitement, and with all the strength of an arm young and vigorous, and the force of a valiant spirit suddenly aroused; the result was such that the strong man sank down senseless, the lantern dropped from his hand to the floor, and was overturned and broken by a stroke from the foot of the ruffian, who struggling with Rover had succeeded in stunning him by a blow from his clenched hand, and had shaken him off and risen to his feet alarmed, confused and bleeding, only to take in at a glance the fate of Mr. Barnes, and thinking himself overmatched by Horace and the dog, he started to run, and had struck the lantern in his haste.

The oil from the broken lamp at once took fire; but Horace, with great presence of mind, first drew the inanimate Barnes away from it, then ran into his own room and bringing a blanket, threw it over the flames and smothered the fire out, before it had taken hold of the floor.

All this, which it has taken so long to tell, passed in a very few moments; for from the time of his being awakened until he stood in the dark hall after the light from the extinguished flames of the spilled oil had died out, scarcely five minutes had elapsed. He still heard the footsteps of the baffled marauder as he ran down the graveled path to the road; and as they seemed to reach the gate, he heard the quick, stern challenge of a voice whose tones were musical at all times, but which now rang through the still night air and sounded in his ears like the bugle blast of a deliverer, “Who goes there?” It was Mr. Peter's voice; but the runner did not answer. Turning at the gate he ran rapidly back up the path to the house and round to the left through the yard to the wood lot. Mr. Peters did not follow him, rightly thinking that Horace, being alone, might be in need of help of some sort; so passing in at the door, which the escaping burglar had left open, he called to Horace, “Horace, my boy! are you hurt? And where are you?”

Horace replied from the hall, “No. Here I am! In the hall. Get the lamp off the dining-room table. There's matches lying close by it. And come up.”

Mr. Peters easily found the lamp and the matches; and striking a match and lighting the lamp was but a moment's work. He then ran up the steps to where he had heard Horace's voice, and found the boy standing guard over the man who still lay where he had fallen, and the dog staggering about in a confused sort of way recovering from the stunning effects of the blow which he had received from the fugitive comrade of the still unconscious Mr. Barnes.

“Well! well, Horace, what does this mean?”

A few words from Horace, who was fast getting over his excitement, put Mr. Peters in possession of the facts, as we have told them. The next thing to be done was to see to the wounded man. The two picked the senseless burden up, carried it into Horace's room and laid it on the bed.

Continued.

CHATS WITH UNCLE CHARLIE;

OR,

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

QUEEN Mab read the paper she had extracted from the Budget, and which as was intimated last week was in the handwriting of Uncle Charlie. It was entitled—

MABEL AND HER BIRD.

While sitting at my breakfast, this very morn I heard a little conversation between Mabel and her bird.

“Good morning,” said Miss Mabel, “Miss Linnet how are you?”

This is a lovely morning and you are lovely too.”

“Good morning, lady Mabel,” and she preened her pretty wing,

“But you are lovelier still, you know, and then how sweet you sing!”

“Nay, nay, my little birdie, 'tis you that sings to me, Your song of mirth and gladness, poured out so rich and free.”

“I sing,” quoth lady linnet, “do you know the reason why?”

I read the notes of music which are written in your eye.

Your voice is always cheery, your bright eyes ever shine,

And your joyous little spirit, puts music into mine.”

“Nay, nay, you foolish linnet, 'tis you,” fair Mabel said,

“Your ringing notes of gladness, put the song into my head,

For I woke without the music, and was feeling rather sad

Then you trilled your morning song, your singing made me glad.”

“Ha! ha! I see,” said birdie, looking wondrous wise, And bright as if two angels were dwelling in its eyes;

“The God that made the linnet, has made its music too, And bids me sing my matins, to cheer and comfort you.

And though I'm but a linnet, there's service in my song,

And I can trill a blessing to help a heart along.”

“Yes,” said little Mabel sweetly, “and though I'm little too,

I can do a little service, as I have done to you, And I'll sing and work for Jesus, so that guided by

His hand, I shall one day sing more sweetly, in the better land.”

Such was the conversation between Mabel and her bird;

And now, I tell with pleasure, what with pleasure I have heard.

To me this thought came sweetly, like an angel's touch, None are too mean for service, *the least can render much.*

[From *The Christian Globe*, Mar. 2d, 1876.]

PETER PUT-OFF.

I KNOW a littl boy whose real name we will say, is Peter Parsons; but the other boys call him Peter Put-off, because he has such a way of putting off both business and pleasure.

He can learn his lessons well, but he is almost always at the bottom of his class, because he has put off learning his task from one hour to another until it is too late. He can walk or run as fast as any boy in town; but if he is sent on an errand, the errand never gets done in season, because he puts off starting from one minute to another, and for the same reason, he is almost always late at school, because he can never be made to see that it is drawing near to nine o'clock.

If letters are given him to post, they never get in in time for the mail; and, if he is to go away by the boat or train, the whole family has to exert itself to hurry Peter out of the house, lest he should defer starting until the hour is past.

He procrastinates in his play as in his work. He puts off reading the library book until it is time to send it back; he waits to join the game until it is too late, and generally comes up a little

behindhand for everything, from Monday morning to Saturday night, and then begins the new week by being too late for church and Sunday-school. Peter is quite conscious of his fault, and means to reform sometime; but he puts off the date of reformation so constantly, that I fear manhood and old age, which do not know how to put off their seasons, will overtake this boy and find him still only too worthy of the name of Peter Put-off.—*Child's World*.

NOTICE:

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

A DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.

HERE is a beautiful tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family, the other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in shocks, the elder brother said to his wife: "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks, and place them with his, without his knowledge." The brother being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself: "My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take of my shocks, and place them with his, without his knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard, and solve the mystery. They did so, when on the following night they met each other half way between their respective shocks with their arms full.

Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this was the temple of King Solomon erected—so spacious, so magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days how many would sooner steal their brother's shock than add to it a single sheaf.—*Family Journal*.

A BRIGHT BOY.

A little boy had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him—just to see what he would say—to give him one or both of his pets. One day he told a gentleman present he might have his colt—reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked, "Why, Jacky, why didn't you give him the dog?" Say nothin', say nothin', mother; when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him."

Correspondence.

DEER LODGE, Montana, May 10th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—It is a long time since I wrote to you, and as I have time, I will write to-day. I do not live at home now but with a family in town, and go to school every day. I am going home as soon as school is out. How I wish that some elders would come here, or some one who is a member of the Church. I am not baptized yet, but I think I will be as soon as I have a chance. I remain yours in Christ,

AUGUSTA ELIASSON.

NEWMAN'S GROVE, Neb., May 10th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—It has been a long time since I have written any thing for your columns, but as every little helps, I will now write a few lines. I am glad to see the puzzles coming out in the *Hope* once more, as I think a great deal can be learned from them, if they are got up in the right style. For instance take a passage of the scripture for the whole, and then from

your geography spell out the names of cities, rivers, etc., until you have completed your Enigma, and then when the little Hopes have studied it out they have learned something. I enclose an Enigma, composed by Hattie Masters, which will represent what I mean, better than I can express it. Biblical Enigmas are also very good. Yours in the Gospel,

H. O. SMITH.

EMSWORTH, Allegheny Co., Pa.

May 12th, 1876.

Dear Hope:—You are always a welcome visitor in our house, and I am always glad to see you come, for I like to read "Rest-Haven;" I think it is a very interesting story. "Items of History" is also very nice. We are having preaching here every other Sabbath by Mr. Brown and Mr. Garrett, and I think they will organize a branch here. I hope they will, for it is so lonesome here on Sabbath without going to church. I am trying to be a good girl. I have never been baptized but I want to be this summer. I will close my letter by bidding you all good bye.

CORA A. RICHARDSON.

ALLENTOWN, N. J., May 16th, 1876.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I thought to write to the *Hope* again, if I can say any thing worth putting in our dear little paper. We are having very fine weather in this part of the country, and every thing looks beautiful, robed in its green foliage. I think we will have plenty of fruit here this season, by the appearance of things. I think the "Items of History" are very instructive. This is all at present. Yours for the right way,

MARY E. MCGUIRE.

PIPER CITY, Ford Co., Ill., May 21, 1876.

Dear Brother Henry:—I send you the answer to anagram, No 2. We have had a real hard rain here to-day. I would like to have you come and see us again. We are all well and pa and ma send their love. Good bye.

ADA ROGERS.

WOODFORDS, Alpine Co., Cal.,

May 15th, 1876.

Uncle Joseph:—I do not know what I should do without the *Hope* to read, for I like it very much. We have had a very hard winter here and a great many cattle have died on account of it. Your sister in Christ.

ELLEN M. VALLEM.

BARRY, Pike Co., Ills.,

May 21st, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I do not belong to the church but intend to soon. My father belonged to the old church and my mother belongs to the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ. I have two brothers who are going to join it, one is eighteen years old and the other twenty, I am fifteen. I love the *Hope* and I enclose money to send it to Lizzie Plasmeyer.

LILLIE M. BOWEN.

PEORIA, Illinois, May 22d, 1876.

Dear Hope:—Mr. Weston of the Calvary Mission Church was lecturing here against the Book of Mormon, and one evening when he was through papa got up and said that nearly all he said was untrue, but he drowned papa's voice out with the organ. After they were dismissed, Mr. Reynolds, the head man of the church, came to papa and said that he had no right to speak, and another man who also belonged to the Calvary Mission, said that he was not a gentleman. Another man took papa's side and replied severely to the man who said that papa was not a gentleman, and the church people are very angry. Your friend,

WALLACE ROBINSON.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

IN writing anagrams the Hopes will please make each one of the disarranged letters of the words as perfect and clear as possible, because it is much harder to set type and to read proof of these than of perfect words. The answers or correct reading should be sent along with the puzzles in all cases, or we do not insert them.

ENIGMA CROSSWORD.—No. 6.

My first is in joy but not in grief
My second is in short but not in brief
My third is in short but not in tall
My fourth is in whole but not in all
My fifth is in psalm but not in hymn
My sixth is in heart but not in limb
My seventh is in stone but not in rock
My eighth is in time but not in clock
My ninth is in fine but not in coarse
My tenth is in colt but not in horse
My eleventh is in hope also in breath
The beginning of heaven, the end of death.
The whole is the name of one loved and respected by the faithful.

SISTER MARY.

ENIGMA.—No. 5.

I am composed of 42 letters.
My 25, 2, 15, 11, 18, 19, 22, is a musical instrument.
My 40, 16, 3, 21, 19, 40, 8, 40, 13, is a fruit.
My 35, 39, 19, 34, is a river in Asia.
My 25, 36, 18, 19, 42, 18, 23, is a river in Australia.
My 19, 6, 9, 1, 15, 42, 7, 34, is a river in Asia.
My 1, 8, 27, 41, 7, 22, is a city in Asia.
My 10, 24, 19, 34, is a mountain in Europe.
My 18, 37, 14, 8, 20, 22, 19, is a city in Asia.
My 14, 8, 27, 18, 5, is a city in France.
My 27, 38, 12, 17, 9, 39, 19, is a city in Persia.
My 1, 35, 8, 18, 27, is a town in Nebraska.
My 29, 30, 19, 2, 26, 14, 13, 19, is a cape in the United States.
My 21, 15, 14, 33, 9, 22, 28, 17, 32, is a river in Asia.
My 2, 31, 26, 19, 4, is a city in France.
My whole is a saying of our Savior.

HATTIE MASTERS.

SQUARE WORDS.—No. 2.

A number. Meaning before. For catching fish.

ANAGRAM.—No. 4.

Het nasist rea tesadret ot nad ofr,
Hogrhtu lal teh haetr robada;
Eth pegols mutrp gania lwil wold,
Adn neth heblod rieth Odg,
Jorecie, ey vesrtsan fu uro Gdo,
Hwo ot hte ned denuer;
Ciejore rfo tgear si royu wderar,
Dna oyur fedsnec si rsue.

ROLNEFEC SLURLES.

Answer to Puzzle Corner of May 15.

TO ENIGMA (Cross-word) No. 2.—Byron.
By J. W. Wright, Sarah J. Ballantyne.

TO HIDDEN PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.—Chin, Toe, Face, Feet, Arm, Hand, Ankle, Knee and Brow.
By Florence Russel.

Mary Emmett and Mary I. B. Williams sent answers to Anagram No. 1 too late to insert her names in last issue.

TO ANAGRAM No. 2.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child can do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too;
It wants a living spirit,
Much more than strength to prove,
How many things a child may do,
For others by his love.

JOSEPH A. MONTAGUE.

By Zaide V. Smith, Ada Rogers, J. W. Wright, Flora Russel, Sarah J. Ballantyne, Sarah Bradshaw, Elizabeth Archibald, Margaret Archibald, Lillie M. Bowen, Sarah C. Brown, Emma E. Ostrander.

THIS number closes the seventh volume of the *HOPE*, and if our friends and patrons, both old and young, will aid us as they may and should, we will be able to continue. Those in arrears, or whose time is out with this issue will please, take notice of the fact and govern themselves accordingly.

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Charles Henry Tomlinson	..	25	Miss Allie Gard	..	25
Mary A. Hawkins	..	55	Ed Reynolds	..	25
Ivore Davies	..	25	St. Louis S. S.	..	1 15
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