

and fish; and he says, "greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to the Father." It is our privilege and our duty to continue to learn, until we shall have wisdom enough to command the elements as he did, and until the earth is brought back to its paradisaical state. But we must first redeem ourselves from every root of bitterness that may be in our nature, striving daily to overcome the evil that is in the world and in ourselves, sanctifying our hearts and affections until there shall be nothing abiding in us contrary to the Holy Ghost in its perfect and full fruition of enjoyment to the creature.

I think it likely that after a while I may be able to so humble myself and become like a little child, as to be taught more fully by the Heavens. Perhaps, when I am eighty years of age, I may be able to talk with some Being of a higher sphere than this. Moses saw the glory of God at that age, and held converse with better beings than he had formerly conversed with. I hope and trust that by the time I am that age I shall also be counted worthy to enjoy the same privilege.

I pray you not to forget what I have said to you this morning, but lay it up in your hearts, and pray that it may bring forth fruit for the more perfect establishment of the kingdom of God upon the earth. Amen.

#### REMARKS

By President BRIGHAM YOUNG, Hovey, G. S. L. City, p.m. of Oct. 6, 1862.

[REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.]

I will offer a few remarks in relation to the difference between this and the next state of existence. The next state of existence is a spiritual one. The spirit which is now clothed with mortal flesh will be set free from that encumbrance, and the spirits of Saints will be free from the power of sin and Satan.

This state is a state of trial, wherein the spirit clothed upon with flesh labors to sanctify, redeem and save the flesh, that in the resurrection the spirit and the body may be made eternally one through the power of the atonement and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The next state of existence is the paradisaical state of the spirit, a state of waiting until the body shall pass through the purification and refinement given to it by passing through death and the grave, then cometh the resurrection which bringeth to pass the reunion of the body and the spirit. "O, how great the plan of our God. For on the other hand, the paradise of God must deliver up the spirits of the righteous, and the grave deliver up the body of the righteous; and the spirit and the body are restored to each other again, and all men become incorruptible, and immortal, and they are living souls," etc.

From the state of embryo to the time of birth and from infancy to ripe old age unseen dangers lurk in our path to mar our bodies or to render our senses inefficient, hence we see the lame, the maimed, the blind, the deaf, dumb, weak, sickly, and so on.

I think it has been taught by some that as we lay our bodies down, they will so rise again in the resurrection with all the impediments and imperfections that they had here; and that if a wife does not love her husband in this state, she cannot love him in the next. This is not so. Those who attain to the blessing of the first or celestial resurrection will be pure and holy, and perfect in body. Every man and woman that reaches to this unspeakable attainment will be as beautiful as the angels that surround the throne of God. If you can, by faithfulness in this life, obtain the right to come up in the morning of the resurrection, you need entertain no fears that the wife will be dissatisfied with her husband, or the husband with the wife; for those of the first resurrection will be free from sin and from the consequences and power of sin. This body "is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." "And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

God has done his part towards putting us in possession of celestial glory and happiness, by providing the means whereby we may attain to it; and if ever we possess it, we must do so by conforming to the means provided. God has given the children of men dominion over the earth and over all things that pertain to it, and has commanded them to subdue it, and to sanctify themselves before him, and also to sanctify and beautify the earth by their industry, and by their wisdom and skill which cometh from God. Learn, for instance, how to yoke together a pair of oxen, how to manage, and drive them across the plains, how to get timber from the canyon, how to make brick, and how to hew stone and bring them into shape and position to please the eye and create comfort and happiness for the Saints. These are some of the mysteries of the kingdom. To receive the gospel and believe and enjoy it in the spirit, is the simplest part of the work the Latter Day Saints have to learn and perform.

God has made man Lord of all things here below, and it is the labor of man to bring all things unto subjection to God, by first subjecting himself to the will of God, and then subjecting all things over which he has control, in their time and order. The will of God is eternal life to his people, and to all they control. May God bless you. Amen.

PAUPERS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—England and Wales has 892,067, or 4-7 per cent.; Scotland, 120,624, or 4 per cent.; Ireland, 80,880, or 1-6 per cent.

#### A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

What deep impression on the loving heart,  
Makes counsel flowing from loved mother's lips;  
That striking on the ears of youth, sweetly  
Makes virtue smile—makes deep integrity  
An inmate of the soul, and causes dreams  
The child indulges in to fly before  
Reality. Not so bright the scenes, or hues  
Imparted to our manhood's eyes, for they  
Have not the mirage of our youth, and are  
Mere facts, culled from life's experience—  
Real things that are unclothed with that  
Poetic zeal, luring to childhood's hours.  
All bright our scenes in youth—instructive to  
The counsel from a loving mother's lips.  
When evening comes to lay our head upon  
Her knee, and meet her kindly eye, lit with  
Maternal love, that smiling welcome to  
Our heart, in treasured sweetness lines upon  
Our inmost soul her form; so beautiful  
A mother's love, so kind, so good, so grand,  
That even the savage heart is tamed, and gall  
Is turned to honey. Her smile lights up  
The darkest night, and lifts the cloud of anguish  
From the boyish heart.

The scene will change.  
Perhaps the prison cell is now thy home;  
The felon's fate thy doom; hope no longer lives,  
But dark on every hand the adverse clouds  
Descend. Guilt shrouds thy heart, and terrible  
Its darkness lowers—so grim, so horrible  
Its presence that bolts and bars are heaven,  
To its enthrallment. Are not then a mother's  
Teachings felt? Are not then her anxious watchings  
Prized? How pure her love—her soul how vast  
To face the ill, the woes of life, to rescue thee  
Her child from dreaded death. Though fell disease,  
Contagious in its virulence, were thine,  
And each embrace were death; yet still she'd clasp  
Thee to her bosom, and call thee blessed,  
So thou might'st live. Even now, when infamy  
Around thy name is clinging—when to own  
Thee, is but to meet the sneers, the scoffs of  
Wordly wisdom, yet still she loves thee—still  
Her soul goes forth in prayer for thee, and  
Infamy, dishonor, weigh as chaff 'gainst  
Love maternal.

And in the darker hour  
Of life, when all around gaze on in scorn,  
And turn with coldest look away from thee,  
Then within the soul arise scenes long past—  
Of childhood's hours, when innocence was thine;  
When guileless sport were done, and yet beside  
Her chair and listen to her voice's music,  
Relating godlike deeds. Do sights like these  
Ne'er pass thy mind and goad thy spirit on  
To fiery desperation? Methinks I hear  
Thee answer, "No more—'tis past; Lillie's waters  
Were preferable to fierce regret. O! that  
Forgetfulness were mine—thought poisons all,  
And when I would do wrong, my mother's form  
Reproaches me, but mad, wild desire still  
Conquers.

Another scene. 'Tis of the wise,  
Where mother's words a goodly fruit hath borne,  
Leading heavenward every effort made.  
A world's renown are his, but far more valued  
Is that inward peace bespeaking soul at rest,  
And won by following maternal counsel.  
The cheerless breath of adverse fate can ne'er  
Appal a soul like this, wherein submission  
To heaven's decrees is found and prized.  
The conquering madman knows it not, for he  
Desires destruction, blood and anarchy,  
That in the flames of discord he may mount  
To worldly fame, and rule mankind. That bleed  
And fire, and corse, may strew the miry field  
Where fends combat and perish. Ah! good, wise,  
Is he who rightly lives—who loves sweet virtue,  
And meath her mandates lives to bless her.

But yet how many scenes darken Lillie's page,  
And show the folly of human power,  
Of manhood's aspirations and its insane hopes.  
When trials come, when sore assailed the heart,  
When dire temptations shroud in gloom the path  
We walk in, how weak our wisdom? How  
Trifling every effort, and firm resolve  
So conflict in virtue's hour, before the breath  
Of adverse winds is as the changeful  
Zephyr, kissing every flower, the bad  
As well as good. So we in earthly life,  
A mother's goodly counsel is not always prized,  
Nor is it always present in our soul—  
And back and forth we move at syren call  
Of pleasure and of interest, nor do we dream  
That we can fall; that prejudice may cloud  
Our better judgment and mar our hopes of life.  
But yet 'tis so—and only do we fall when  
Over-confident.

But thou, O mother,  
Teachest nobler things—that pride is sin—  
That from its presence other faults arise,  
And with increasing darkness leads our minds  
Astray, and steepens our soul in poverty,  
For that is poverty which brings us pain  
And misery and woe, deservedly.

Speak then, ye mothers; let your tones be heard,  
Tha living chords may vibrate at the sound  
Of such sweet music. Soul harmony is  
There, and blessed is the heart that childhood  
Clings to—blessed the joyous smile of you, by  
Or innocence—blessed the rosy tint  
Of health and joy, and blessed ye, for God  
And ye have placed it there to eve bloom.

ORION.

HEAVY BLOW EASTWARD.—Punch regards it as very strange that at the present moment in America, when they have the greatest difficulty in raising the wind, that every one should be rushing away as fast as he can "to get out of the draft."

#### JEWELERS' GOLD.

The London *Mechanics' Magazine* contains the following interesting remarks on this subject:

From very ancient times it has been the practice to divide the ounce troy into twenty-four imaginary parts. An ounce of pure gold, therefore, and what is called twenty-four carat gold, are identical terms. Anything less than twenty-four carat gold indicates that in an ounce of that substance there are so many twenty-fourth parts of pure gold, and that the remaining portions of an ounce of it is made up of an alloy of some inferior metal, usually copper. Except for wedding rings, which are, or should be, made of standard gold, consisting of twenty-two parts or carats of pure gold, and two of copper alloy, jewelers seldom use gold of a higher rate of purity than eighteen carat. How often they use it of a much lower degree of fineness they know best. There is no doubt that it is possible to give almost any color to gold, by the addition of particular alloys, and of late ingenuity has been at work to give the sixteen carat gold the appearance of pure gold. This is done by the aid partly, of what is technically known as the coloring-pot, in which the metal is treated to an acid bath of a certain amount of strength. By the judicious use of this contrivance, twenty-two carat gold may be made to resemble very closely native gold, as found in the shape of nuggets in California or Australia. Nuggets are never, however, found to be pure gold—they consist for the most part of twenty-three or twenty-three and a half carat gold, the fraction being made up of an alloy of some inferior metal. In order to test the purity of gold the application of heat is, perhaps, one of the simplest means. Pure gold will not be in the least discolored by it, while twenty-three-carat gold will take a slightly red tint. There is this advantage about the mode of testing suggested, it will certainly discolor very materially all gold of degrees of fineness inferior to that of twenty-three carat, and nothing but the acid bath will restore it to its original hue. In order to effect this latter operation on a small scale, nothing more is necessary than to obtain an earthen pipkin, or gallipot, place the article in it, cover it with nitric acid, and hold it over a spirit or gas lamp, or even a candle, until the acid boils. The result will be that the metal will be restored to its original brightness.

As regards the testing of the genuineness of gold coin, there is nothing equal in simplicity or efficacy to weighing it. It is impossible that any metal inferior to standard gold can be used in the manufacture of counterfeit sovereigns or half-sovereigns which will give pieces, of the same size, of equal weight.

The testing of "jeweler's gold," when used in the manufacture of many kinds of trinkets, is a matter attended with considerable risk and difficulty, and perhaps the only means readily at the command of the purchaser for ensuring a proper relationship between quality and price in such cases, is to ascertain the respectability of the seller.

#### SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.

How many of those who daily see X appended to a document of those who are unable to write, ever take the trouble to discover its signification. The mark that persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signature is the sign of a cross, and this practice having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariable proof of such ignorance anciently. The use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons, for among the Saxons, the mark of the cross, as attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could not write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof positive or presumptive that he was in holy orders. The word *clericus* or clerk was synonym us with *penman*; and the laity or people who were not clerks, did not feel any necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was therefore universal, alike by those who could and those who could not write; it was indeed the symbol of an oath from its holy association, and generally the mark. On this account Mr. Charles Knight, in his notes to the Pictorial Shakespeare, explains the expression of "God save the mark" as the form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath. This phrase occurs three or four times in the plays of Shakespeare; but hitherto it has been left by the commentators in its original obscurity. With these associations clustering round it, the sign of the cross should not be made a subject for ridicule, but rather be treated as having an important meaning when appended to a document; being at once a signature and an affirmation to the truth of what is there written.

#### A PRAYING WHEEL.

We went over the monastery, which was just the church of Gorogontal over again on a larger scale. Amongst other things we were shown with great pride a monster praying wheel; the cylinder was at least ten feet in height, and five or six feet in diameter, and it was hard work for two priests to turn it. These praying cylinders were the great feature of the place, and were of all sizes; the smallest were about the size of humming-tops,

and resemble that toy in shape. They are called *chos-hhor*, and are carried in the lama's right hand—the handle being the axis on which they revolve. They turn at the slightest movement; and as each revolution counts as one prayer, it is easy to carry on an animated conversation, and get through any amount of prayers to Boodh at the same time. Others, a little larger, were placed in shelves along the walls about the height of a man's waist. The pious, in passing, always give these a twirl. But the most perfect specimen of this business-like way of getting over their spiritual duties practised by the Boodhists of Ladak, was a little water-mill which we noticed a short time after, near a village. The stream turned the mill-wheel, which was nothing more or less than a prayer cylinder, and revolved unceasingly—as long as the stream flowed on, so long would its devotions last. Unlike a "friar of orders gray," apt to fall asleep over his beads, and to shirk the number of *aves* which have been bargained for, this charming little mechanical contrivance never stopped to take breath—never slept—never left off for meals; but prayed continually, and all "free, gratis, for nothing." He certainly was no fool, whatever else he may have been, who invented the praying wheel.—[Travels in Ladak, Tartary and Kashmir, by Lieut.-Col. Torrens.]

#### A CONFIRMED GRUMBLER.

Some time ago there lived in Edinburgh a well known grumbler named Sandy Black, whose often-recurring fits of spleen, or indigestion, produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability, which were highly relished by all except the brute's good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel; the baddies and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening; and breakfast passed without the looked for cause of complaint.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy," said Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roast or boiled?" asked the wife.

"Confound it, madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife, you'd have known before this what I liked," Sandy growled out, and slamming the door behind him, left the house. It was in Spring, and a friend who was present heard the little wife say, "Sandy's bent on a disturbance to-day; I shall not please him do what I can."

The dinner time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner; the fish was eaten in silence, and on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion he called out, "Boiled chicken! I hate it, madam. A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the cover was raised for another chicken, roasted to a turn.

"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken," roared Sandy; "you know how it should have been cooked!"

At the instant a broiled chicken, with mushroom, was placed on the table.

"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money in that way?"

"They were a present," said the wife, interrupting him.

Rising from his chair and rushing from the room, amid a roar of laughter from his friend, he clenched his fist and shouted, "How dare you receive a present without my leave!"

GREAT LIARS.—An Arkansas volunteer in the Mexican war riding on horseback, came across an Illinoisian who was shot in the leg. The Illinoisian told him he was wounded, and asked to be taken up and conveyed out of danger. "Arkansas" placed him on behind his saddle and fastened him to himself with a leather strap. While they were hastening from danger, a grape shot took "Illinois" head off, but "Arkansas" thought he had only fainted from fatigue and pain. When a safe place was arrived at, the horseman released his charge, and seeing his head was gone, exclaimed, "Well the Illinoisians are the greatest liars! Here's a rascal with his head cut off; he told me he was only shot in the leg. You can't believe a word that these fellows say."

ABOUT BILLIARDS.—Somebody wrote to the editor of the *Bucyrus Journal* a letter of inquiry as to billiards, to whom the editor replied, as follows:—"Yes, sir, we can tell you all about billiards. It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt sleeves, punching balls about on a table, and presenting the keeper of the table with fifteen cents, or as is commonly the case in this country, telling him to mark it down. This last mentioned custom has given the title of billiard markers. If you have a decided genius for the game, you will make a superior player at the expense of about \$100. Blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., pay it for exercise. It was invented by a shrewd saloon keeper, who was not satisfied with the profit of whisky, and was too much opposed to temperance to water it."

COLLOQUY IN NEW YORK.—Small boy, No. 1—"Sam, mother says your dad's shut his house all up and lives down cellar, so's to pretend to be away, for fear he'll have to go for a soldier."

Small boy, No. 2—"No he haint, neither. He's only shut all the winders up 'on account of the draft," he says, so there now."

Small boy, No. 1 retires to report "corrected version" to mother.