

On the grottoes and clusters of coral and shell,  
And sparkled like stars on the clear crystal drops  
That fell from the front on the rich lily tops.  
Displaying the wealth and the grandeur  
that's seen  
In the airy-like home of an oriental queen.

At the elegant sight he was more than amazed,  
And in wonder and silence he stood still and gazed.  
There is one thing alone, said the pilgrim; I fear  
No Christmas supper will come to me here.  
In all of my needs the present is upper,  
I wish I could have now some Christmas supper;  
I ask not for wine or for brandy and rum  
But a cut of roast goose and some nice, sugar plum.

He entered the bed room, the first to the right,  
And fell on his knees and prayed with his might.  
That a lesson of love and devotion he'd learn  
While blessing the poor with the money he'd earn.  
Then laid down his hat on the mantle piece  
As the clock in the tower of the steeple struck twelve.  
In a tank like the present I've nothing to dread,  
And proud of the prospect he soon went to bed;  
But his courage grew cool with the arch of his hair,  
On hearing the patter of feet on the stair;  
On listening, an expression he heard of delight,  
As the preacher arrived on that Christmas night.  
"Who could believe we should have such a treat  
As a preacher for guest at our Christmas fete?"

The footsteps drew near, someone opened the door,  
And close to the bed, stood still on the floor.  
Then, what do you think should the preacher behold?  
A magnificent page, all sparkling with gold;  
Then, lifting his turban and soothing his head,  
Said, "Preacher, your ordered to rise from your bed  
As the guest of the palace;" and, making a bow:  
"Your presence is wished at the banquet below."  
Now what can it mean? the preacher did say,  
Then arose to his knees and continued to pray,  
Then peeped through the key-hole to see such a sight,  
With the balls and the stairs full of most brilliant light.  
A Christmas feast, said the preacher, its true;  
So he opened the door and took a good view  
At the butlers and waiters and valets around  
On the fine elevators from attic to ground,  
All smiling and whispering and telling to some  
The wonderful news that a preacher had come.  
While the scent from the pies and the cake  
and the roast  
Was something immense for the preacher to boast;  
As a waiter who passed from the slip could be seen  
With a large silver cover turned over a tureen;  
As a valet in front was packing a tray  
With the Christmas cards the laurel and bay  
In sarcasm then the preacher did smile,  
Saying, so I'm invited to supper in style.

Then he fastened the door and went back to his bed  
And tucked up the coverlet over his head.  
But two messengers came to invite him again  
And tugged at the weary old pilgrim in vain.  
He lay cold and still and heavy as lead  
Till they caught him and jerked him right out of bed  
They put on his clothing, his cloak, hat and all  
And dragged him right down to the banquet hall.  
Where the lords and the ladies so gallant and gay  
Were placed round the table in dazzling array  
They arose to their feet and bowed to the floor  
When the pages appeared with their charge at the door.  
The drapings and curtains exceeded description,  
As did the pictures of history or fiction.  
Such pompous reception of pride was put on  
By the lord of the feast on an ivory throne.  
Who ordered the butlers and waiters about  
With austere command and a thundering shout;  
Who looked up to his lordship so bolstersome and fat

And flew with his charges like mice from a cat.

There were monarchs and princes and monks  
at the feast  
And knights cavaliers and a friar and priest  
With dukes and with duchesses more than a score  
And the count and the countess McCorelly Ostore,  
So the preacher was placed at the head of table  
And ordered to eat all the food he was able,  
Then they drank him a toast from the red flowing juice  
And close to his plate set a hot roasted goose.  
Then started to eat and to carve on the shoulder  
When he rose to his feet and called them to order.

I have, said the preacher with sanctified air,  
Been used to give thanks in a few words of prayer;  
Then closing his eyes and raising his hands  
He called for a blessing to rest on the viands;  
"If what I have seen is substantial and good,  
But so far as its gone, I have not understood  
These folks and their feast is a secret to me.  
But nothing is hidden my Father from thee.  
I enter this mansion for shelter and rest  
And also in hopes that the poor would be blessed;  
Not for eating and drinking, and to be crammed  
At the feast of the vain with the spirit of the damned.  
I pray you that this beautiful palace be blessed  
And from banqueting fairies, like these, may it rest  
From reveling spirits forever release  
To its owner a boon of comfort and peace  
The name of all names is Jesus I know;  
In that powerful name I command them to go  
Lord, if thou wilt hear me my gratitude be  
The gift to the poor and the glory to thee."

And after these words he opened his eyes  
And what should he see, to his utter surprise,  
But a large marble ball without picture or mark  
And himself standing there all alone in the dark

At the great name of Jesus the hunters had fled  
And the goodly old pilgrim went back to his bed.

So no one need wonder, for that's how it was  
That the jolly old pilgrim was called Santa Claus  
As many have reckoned and wanted to know  
About Santa Claus's home in the regions of snow.  
While some say the pole and others the plain  
All doubt may be ended as this will explain  
He rides through the air with his jolly old smile  
And lives with the lord of Harleyberrie.

### ST. GEORGE STAKE CONFERENCE.

ST. GEORGE, Utah, Dec. 16, 1896.—  
On Saturday, the 12th of December,  
the Stake Priesthood meeting convened in St. George Tabernacle, Stake President McArthur presiding.

Elder Heber J. Grant of the Council of Apostles was present. After the usual Stake business was transacted, he addressed those present.

As the Sunday school of St. George meets in the Tabernacle, no conference proceedings were had on the morning of Sunday the 13th, but at 2 o'clock the conference was called to order by Elder McArthur. There were present his counselors, Elder Grant of the Apostles, Daniel Seegmiller of Kanab Stake, and Bishops and representatives of the wards of St. George Stake.

An evening session was held on the morning and afternoon of Monday the 14th were most profitably spent in reporting the progress of the Lord's work and in imparting His word to all present.

Elder Grant, with his characteristic energy and zeal, spoke at each of the meetings. The spirit of testimony rested upon him with irresistible power.

The other speakers at conference were Elders D. D. McArthur and D. H. Cannon, James Andrus, Thomas J. Jones and William A. Bringham, also Elders William Gardner, recently from the Australasian mission, and Melvin M. Harmon, recently from the Hawaiian mission.

In addition to the uninterrupted stream of instruction, admonition, encouragement and powerful testimony, the usual business of presenting and by vote sustaining the general authorities of the Church as well as the Stake authorities, was attended to without one dissenting vote.

On Tuesday, the 15th of December, the Improvement associations of the young men and of the young ladies of the St. George Stake held their conference at which Brother Heber J. Grant was present. He delivered a very instructive address at each of those meetings. The authorities, both general and Stake, of these associations were sustained by unanimous vote of the members present.

JAMES G. BLEAK,  
Stake Clerk.

### COL. TATLOCK'S "HOLDUP."

FILLMORE, Dec. 20, 1896.—The one-horse mail conveyance left here Saturday evening, the 26th, and arrived at Clear Lake station, where the train is met, about 10 o'clock p. m. Col. Tatlock was a passenger and walked from the table to the house while the driver unhitched. Seeing no light he called for the agent when a request came from a determined voice to know his name. Not replying very quickly, the demand for his name, with a threat of very terrible consequences, was repeated. He then gave his name when another voice called out to the first man, "It's all right." It appears that the colonel had had a very close call from receiving the contents of one or more shot guns in the hands of Mr. Meyers, a burly German, and Mr. Parsons, the agent at Clear Lake station. A tramp had made his appearance a short time before and had informed Mr. Parsons that he had come from the camp of five men with saddle horses, and also a buggy. He said he had learned that this band had had it all fixed so that when the train drew in from the south they would hold up all the hands and relieve the train of about \$60,000, worth of furs coming from De Lamar. Consequently these two men had loaded up their guns and were laying for the robbers. But they were very anxious to know who Col. Tatlock was before they shot.

GEO. CRANE.

H. O. Henry, the millionaire contractor of Seattle, Wash., has secured the contract to build the approaches to the Great Northern Railroad's tunnel through the Cascade mountains, and men are already on their way to commence preliminary work. Henry refuses to state the amount of the contract. It will take about six months to do the work, and then everything will be ready to commence on the track, which it is said will be one of the greatest engineering feats in history. The tunnel will be two and a half miles long, and will reduce the altitude of the road 1,000 feet.