

wonderful and far-reaching and incomprehensible to man as the physical mechanism of the universe itself; and as the earthly is a type of heavenly, material of spiritual so may also the Via Lactea which our eyes in part behold, uncomprehended by our minds, be but a type of the wondrous but harmonious machinery of its control. Upon this point we look upon Proctor's reasoning as lame and believe that the ideas of the Latter-day Saints will bear scrutiny and serious consideration. We will merely refer the reader to one or two items of Mormon belief. The revelation in the Doctrine and Covenants called the Olive Leaf speaks in a parable of the Planetary worlds as kingdoms upon which the Lord bestows His attentions in turn. The sun and His planets are but an insignificant territory of the universe but they are nevertheless grand and quite beyond the comprehension of man; nay, they are not unworthy the supervision of a God. May we be pardoned the presumption of offering a suggestion: May not the great Lord, Jehovah, be the Ruler of the sun and His planetary retinue, Jesus Christ the Lord of the earth for which He became the atonement, and Eloheim the Ruler of the universe or of some grander system comprehending our solar system as an empire is included in some greater empire? Where, then, is Heaven?

The bereaved mother, sorrowing and longing for her dead treasure, unsatisfied by the conclusions of science, seeking through the Scriptures for a bow of promise that would comfort and heal her aching heart, turned to the Pearl of Great Price and held her breath in surprise and gratitude as her burning eyes fell upon these words. "And it came to pass that Moses spake unto the Lord, saying, Be merciful unto thy servant, O God, and tell me concerning the earth and the inhabitants thereof and also the heavens and then thy servant will be content. And the Lord God spake unto Moses, saying, The heavens they are many and they cannot be numbered unto man, but they are numbered unto me, for they are mine, and as one earth shall pass away, and the heavens thereof, even so shall another come; and there is no end to my works, neither to my words."

Each world, with the heavens thereof! Again the saddened mother looks upward to the sky but Alcyone is forgotten. Some where up yonder her bright, lost darling has taken up a new abode. Among the glorious mansions which the Father hath provided for His purest lambs, her own sweet treasure hath found a lovely home—a home where sin or care, or death or grief can never enter. Amid the realms which eye hath never seen nor ear heard, nor man's imagination conjectured, her glorified darling sitteth before the Great White Throne beholding the river that floweth close beside it and gathering the amaranths of heaven with those dear little sanctified hands! There he lives and breathes the ambient air of that blessed world with a refinement of ecstasy, of which our coarser senses can never dream! But not in Alcyone! Not in Alcyone! This lowly, sin-stained, unhappy earth hath yet a heaven of its own—a bright, eternal heaven as real as itself, although so wonderfully happy and its locality, dear reader, is not, we think, so very far above the tender blue which we be-

hold in its bending down so lovely around us!

"Eye hath not seen it my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a word so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

RUBY LAMONT.

ON TO THE PACIFIC:

ST. GEORGE, Aug. 1, 1894.—On Monday, the 11th of January, 1847, we completed ferrying over the Colorado and marched 15 miles through heavy sand. The afternoon was hot, teams gave out and two wagons were left. The baggage was packed on mules. At night we camped by a well that had been dug by General Kearney, but it was dry and in it was a dead wolf. Details were made and the men put to work. The well was soon made deeper and a new one dug, when water was had for the army. The next morning orders were given to leave two more wagons; the probability was they would be sent for from California. Here Major Cloud cached a trunk of tools and some other articles.

On the 13th we reached another well. It was dry and in it four dead wolves. This well was soon cleaned out and dug deeper, at the same time a new one was made, and water was obtained. On the morning of the 14th twenty-four men, with Weaver, the chief guide, went ahead to dig for water. That night we made a dry camp. Early on the following morning we were on the march. By 10 a. m. we came up to the men digging for water; they had reached some but it was of very poor quality. Neither men nor mules liked to drink it. Here we met the men who had been sent from the Gila to General Kearney to meet us with fresh mules and beef cattle. With the party were some Mexicans and California Indians. The colonel ordered one of the beeves killed, and the men to be ready to march in one hour and a half. Our flour, salt, sugar and coffee being exhausted, we thought one beef insufficient for a battalion of 400 hungry men.

The mules brought had never been broken and there was a lively time, but the soldiers and the native Californians with their lassoes seemed to enjoy the sport and the wild mules were forced to submit to the harness. This was the first time that myself and many others ever witnessed the lassoing business, and we enjoyed the fun. After a hasty dinner we marched 20 miles and camped without water.

On the 16th we started at midnight and traveled until 3 p. m., over a very sandy road and under a hot sun. Twenty mules gave out and were left to take care of themselves. The men suffered on account of hunger and thirst. The first who reached water carried canteens of it back to their comrades, who had given out and were left by the way. One mule was lost with his pack on his back.

Here I will relate what Brother Abraham Hunsaker told me since our discharge. He belonged to Company D. He was detailed to lead a pack mule, and was left behind and out of sight. He was nearly famished for want of water when two turtle doves came and lit, one on each of his shoulders. He had been thinking of home, and was

troubled about his family and considerably alarmed at his present condition. The doves remained on his shoulders for some minutes, when all at once his fears left him and his troubles about himself and family ceased and he was comforted.

On the 17th we camped where there was plenty of good water. On the 18th the camp did not move. The day was spent cleaning guns, for our muskets were filled with sand and dust; washing and mending our clothes, for they were in tatters and our feet nearly bare. One of my messmates shot a crow. It proved to be a fat one. He ate it and said it was splendid.

Some of the boys had recovered so far from their weary marches that they sang, fiddled and danced, while others amused themselves by going to the top of a mountain near camp and rolling large boulders down the mountain, making a noise like loud peals of thunder and fairly shaking the earth. This seemed to get away with our colonel and he could not understand how men, "half starved and staggering as they walked, as soon as camp was made and tents up, engaged in fiddling and dancing."

Late in the evening an Indian brought a letter to the colonel. Rumor in camp said it was from General Kearney and that he had a battle and had lost several of his men. On the 19th of January we had a hard march in crossing a mountain. We had to move large stones out of the way to make a road passable for our wagons. At another mountain we took our wagons apart and carried them and their loads through a narrow, rocky channel. That day for the first time I saw wild sagebrush. At dark we camped on top of a mountain without water. The night was cool and there was no wood for fires except fine brush.

On the 21st of January we reached Warner's ranch, the first settlement. Mr. Warner is a native of the state of Maine and owns 15 square leagues of land and three thousand head of cattle. Our colonel procured a few fine beef cattle, when our rations were increased to four pounds, and a half of meat to each soldier per day. This did very well though it was flat eating without bread and salt.

On the afternoon of the 23rd of January it began to rain; the weather turned cold. On the mountains each side of us, we could see it snowing. The wind arose and blew almost a hurricane. We halted to camp and undertook to pitch tents but the wind blew them down almost as fast as we could put them up. Hats were blown away and it continued to storm all night. The next morning four mules were found dead. It was a pitiful sight to see the poor dumb beasts that survived the storm shivering and shaking with the cold. It soon cleared up and the weather became pleasant.

On the 25th we camped in a beautiful valley where we were met by an express messenger from General Kearney, who had marched to San Diego, where he was quartered. This intelligence pleased us, as the expressman, Mr. Walker, said that a ship load of provisions was daily expected to arrive at that place from the Sandwich Islands. There were herds of fat cattle all around us and a few were killed for beef. The doctor told us to broil our meat instead of boiling it, as we had neither salt nor bread.