

no religion from heaven that does not unite the people. There is no division among the followers of Christ as to the doctrines necessary for salvation. The Gospel unites the people, and those who received the teachings of the Apostles anciently were brought into the fold and made one. So it is in these days. If there are the divisions among us that there are in Christendom it would be because we had lost the spirit.

Men wonder that we say that angels have restored the Gospel. But how else could it be restored, when the apostles and those who held the keys of the Priesthood were destroyed? Is it any wonder that the gifts of the Gospel were lost under such a condition. Who has the authority such as the Apostles once had? When Joseph Smith was called there was no one among men who held the Apostleship. Is it any wonder then that God sent His angels and ordained two men to this authority? When this authority was restored, the gifts of the Holy Ghost were again made manifest; and from that day to the present many wonderful works have been performed in the Church. It was necessary for this restoration, and the Saints have shown its fruits. In their hearts was aroused a love greater than that for father or mother, brother or sister, or kindred. What is it that has drawn the Saints together in this land, causing them to cross oceans and continents and endure hardships to be associated with the people of God? Men call this imposture; but where is the power of God? Could anything else have accomplished this great work? It could not. And here among the Saints is manifest the power of the Almighty. The Spirit which unites them here in love is His Spirit. I can believe in heaven when I see what exists here; and when we are disenthralled from sin we can dwell in peace and love together. I see the people here dwelling in that condition, and bearing weekly persecution for the truth's sake. These are the fruits of disciples of the Lord Jesus. Persecution has no effect upon a people who manifest such fruits. None who have experienced the feelings which actuate such a people can understand what it is that unites them. God pours out upon men and women His spirit according to their faith and sincerity. He loves the whole human family, who are His children. His providence is over all. His salvation is for all, and He will eventually save all according to the laws which they obey, except those who commit the unpardonable sin. Christ died for all, and will save all.

Our hearts should swell with thanksgiving to God for the blessings we have received. Let us keep his laws, that we may be prepared to dwell with him. Let us seek to understand godliness that we may live godly in all things and assimilate in that likeness which he has given unto us.

The choir sang the anthem:

O give thanks unto the Lord.

Benediction was pronounced by Elder John Nicholson,

### THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

One month ago today we started from Salt Lake City for an outing through the Rockies to the Yellowstone National Park, going by the Union Pacific to Market Lake, Idaho, thence by team to Teton Basin, where we packed up at the ranch with bronchos and started across the mountains, going via the north fork of the Snake River. Our party consisted of Dr. J. H. Park, president of the Deseret University, Harry Squires, the artist, Milando Pratt and his daughter, Miss Viola Pratt, and B. W. Driggs, Jr.

This whole north country is yet in its infancy in its development by man, with here and there an oasis in the desert, made by cultivation and the introduction of canals from the immense water resources of Idaho.

Rexburg is blooming into quite a thrifty city, and is the trading mart for the district for fifty miles around. The next town is Teton, ten miles beyond, and it is one of the most beautiful places in the west for situation and extent of country around, lying as it does, on an upland plain resembling the slopes east of and beyond the Rocky Mountains. Here is a wonderfully extensive range, not many years since the home of the buffalo, whose bones and walls still abound. This is among the most fertile regions of the Snake River country, and is being fast settled, mostly by "Mormons."

Beyond this, a day's drive, is the beautiful Teton Basin. There also is a country rich in natural resources—good land, lots of timber, and plenty of water for all. The valley resembles Cache Valley, with the grand Teton mountains on the east, winding streams running down to the river in the west, and low mountains skirting the western edge of the valley. The Basin is being fast settled, mostly with people from Utah, who have come in in the last two years. Game and trout are abundant.

Following up the North Snake is a vast extent of good farming and grazing country, which is just beginning to be occupied. That surrounding the little settlement of Springville is specially rich for farming. Water is conveyed from Falls River.

Passing over this extensive plain we next strike the uplands, plateaus and mountains which are covered with timber. We found an old trapper's trail leading from up the Warm River, or "Mormon Mule River" as it is sometimes called. The trail is very dim, and leads up to near the vicinity of the Viola Falls on the Snake River. We were told these falls were worth spending a day to see; but it being a wild country, without roads, very few people ever visit them. We camped on the Warm River, after following its winding course half a day, and found it one of the best places for fishing in our experience. One of the party pulled twenty-six trout out of one hole while we were getting supper on. Dr. Park distinguished himself as a fisherman

by capturing the finny beauties at the rate of about one a minute, until we had got all we wanted. But for the Doctor's conscientious scruples about throwing them away, we might have continued fishing just for sport.

Leaving here we were for a time uncertain as to whither we were going, but managed to reach the Falls after a series of windings around and through openings in the woods and over fallen timber. We were grandly surprised on coming along the great plateau of the Island Park to see, far down the canyon of the Snake River, a series of beautiful cascades, where the whole river dashed through narrow passes between cliffs of rock, and falling in places from twenty to thirty feet. Just above these our eyes discovered a dense mist which hid the Falls from view until a nearer approach unveiled the miniature Niagara. The river goes over a precipice one hundred feet high and about three hundred feet wide, in the shape of a horse shoe, on the west, like Niagara Falls from the Canada side then on the east it resembles them from the American side. The cliffs on either side are covered with moss and other verdure, from the spray constantly falling like rain over their rugged sides.

If people knew of the wondrous beauties of this country it would not long remain without roads or trails. Unlike other parts of the western slope, with its arid plains of sagebrush and deserts, the whole country here for hundreds of miles is covered with fresh, green grass, and forests of pine and spruce, reminding one of the country east of the Missouri, or more particularly the pines of Northern Michigan.

We were riding for days through natural parks, studded with trees, looking in places as though they had been cultivated in groups, with openings here and there through the denser parts sufficient to pass through without much difficulty. Wild deer and antelope made these haunts their home, though we could see very few of them at this time of the year. Besides, the country being covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, there is an occasional wild hay meadow, with brooks, springs, and rivers winding through.

We followed up the vicinity of the Snake and Buffalo rivers to Henry's Lake, a beautiful sheet of water lying at the foot of the Shoshone Mountains. It is the source of the north fork of the Snake River and is near the Continental Divide, where the waters start on their winding courses toward both oceans. Fishing is excellent in Henry's Lake, which abounds in large salmon-like trout. We carried thirty pounds on our pack animals from there. We also had trout three times a day for ten days, until all were satisfied.

From Henry's Lake we passed over into Montana, where the horse flies were so bad that we were obliged to shut the horses up in the shade in the day time and travel at night.

Not long after passing over the Continental Divide we entered