

"Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars;

"Beasts, and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl:

"Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

"Both young men and maidens; old men and children:

"Let them praise the name of the Lord: for His name alone is excellent; His glory is above the earth and heaven." (Psalm 148.)

When we came near Lincoln's farm we saw a frame house upon it, and went to it to ask for a little information about the place. A nice young man by the name of Brown is living in the house. He and his wife were sitting on the doorstep, and he was quite willing to give us any information we desired.

"How large a farm is this, and who owns it now?" I asked.

The farm comprises 110 acres, and a Mr. Bennett of New York now owns it, and has had the nice fence that you see placed around it."

Noticing that the land was broken up I asked him what they were doing with it.

He replied, "We will probably sow red top and blue grass over most of the farm."

"Do you have many visitors in the summer?" I asked.

"Yes, from now on till fall they come, and everyone wants to take away a rock or something to remember their visit here. Last fall," he went on, "a party of people came here from the east and when they went up on the hill where Lincoln's cabin is, they all picked up some pieces of glass dishes which were near the cabin, thinking they were getting parts of dishes that Abraham Lincoln ate off; but instead they were only carrying off remnants of dishes that people before them had thrown away, after eating their lunch."

Mr. Brown then pointed out the cabin which is on the spot, where Lincoln was born. He said the cabin was pulled down and put up in another place, but his uncle, John Davenport, bought the logs, and then it was afterwards replaced on the spot where it was when Lincoln was born.

We went over to the cabin, which has but one room with a fireplace for burning logs. On the side of the cabin which is highest I counted fourteen logs and on the lower side eleven logs.

We then went down to the fine spring where I suppose Lincoln often-times, when he was a boy, could cool his thirst on a warm summer day. Little did he think when a boy, that he would become so distinguished.

We sat down by the spring, where everything was so peaceful, and by which a few sheep were feeding, and looked up at the little cabin on the hill, trying to realize that it was here the noble statesman, who has now become almost as great in history as George Washington,—that it was here he was born. Yes, such was the case. Here in Kentucky, three miles from Hodgenville, on February 12th, 1809, Abraham Lincoln first saw the light. His father was not able to read or write and was poor, so, hoping to better his condition he moved to Indiana, all the family floating down the Ohio on a raft. When Lin-

coln was nineteen years old he hired out as a hand on a flat-boat at \$10 a month, and made a trip to New Orleans. When he returned he accompanied his family to Illinois, driving the cattle on the trip. When they reached their destination he helped to build a cabin, and split rails to inclose the farm. He became from now on a flat-boat hand, clerk, captain in the Black Hawk war, country store-keeper, postmaster and surveyor; yet he was able to get a knowledge of law by borrowing books at an office before it closed at night, and returning them at its opening. In the morning. After being admitted to the bar he rapidly rose to distinction. He was tall, and rather ungainly, but was gifted with good common sense and was known everywhere as "Honest Abe." He was kind, earnest and sympathetic and his great desire after he became President was only to serve his country.

Tomorrow Elder Smith and I expect to start for Taylor county, a distance of thirty-five miles, and visit two other Elders, going on no other conveyance than our legs.

JOHN C. CUTLER, JR.

## OUT OF THE SOLID ROCK.

VIRGEN CITY, Utah,

April 7, 1895.

Thinking that a few words in support of Utah's garden spot, and a description of one of its latest enterprises would be in order, and possibly interesting to your readers, I here take the liberty of writing.

I am sure that the value of the southern part of our State is underestimated by a great many of the people in the metropolitan district of the State. They look upon Dixie as of no consequence to the remaining portions. But this is not the case, for right there fortunes lie, and are only waiting for somebody to claim them.

You may ask wherein lies the fortune. It is in her vast mountains of mineral wealth, which ever solicit the passer-by to investigate. But this is not all, nor is it the greatest source of wealth. In her climate and fertile soil lie the germs that will eventually grow into fortunes. But the key to all these treasures is work, honest, faithful work. Work has been, and is yet, the father of Dixie.

To show you the way in which they regard work, I could find no more fitting means than by briefly describing a canal that is being constructed down there. When completed this canal will be known as the Hurricane canal. The land to be irrigated by it, lies about five miles south of Toquerville and six miles west of Virgen City. It will be between seven and eight miles in length. You may say that is not very long, but you must consider the kind of formation that it is to be made in. The water is to be taken from the Virgen river. The river, along where the canal will follow, is almost like the canyon of the Colorado, only on a smaller scale. The river bed is from two to three hundred feet below the level of the surrounding country. The head of the canal is made in solid rock, and the dam has been made by blasting rock from the cliffs above into the river. This has made a dam that will last for-

ever, because it is built upon a rock. It has cost \$1,000.

The first four miles of the canal from the head will be made in the ledges mainly. There will be several tunnels, one of which is already completed and another is being worked upon. It is one of the most formidable canal sites that one could imagine. The canal completed will likely cost \$75,000.

On this canal you have illustrated what is called faithful work. From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. the blasts may be heard heralding the enormous work that is being accomplished. To one not acquainted with this kind of work the project would appear to be almost an impossibility. But already the roughest two miles are nearly completed and ready to be tested by the water.

The people who are doing this work are farmers who have suffered many losses by the treachery of the Virgen river, and also young men who are expecting to be in need of homes soon. The people of Virgen City, Rockville and Toquerville, with a few of the neighboring settlements, are the sole owners of this enterprise, and it is only by their long experience and unity that they will be enabled to reach the end in view. The vision that is always before them, and which urges them on, is a beautiful home, built secure from the hostile waters of the Virgen. The key that will unlock this vision is the canal, and work is what will turn the key and let them realize their vision.

This spot of land, embracing 2,000 acres, is one of the most beautiful places on which to create a town that the human eye ever looked upon. Here the happy farmer can dwell in peace and ask no odds of any one. It will likely be several years yet before the canal is completed, as the farmers are compelled to tend their farms in summer in order to live through the winter. Therefore only about one-fourth of their time is left for work upon the canal.

The clouds which have so long overshadowed Dixie and hid her from view will soon be frightened away by the shrill voice of the locomotive. What a welcome sound this will be to the ears of those patient tillers of the soil! The railroad will be the means of rescuing Dixie from her lowly position and raising her up to the level of the remainder of the State. The coal and iron of Iron county and the fruits and vegetables of Washington county have been waiting for years to be shipped to the places where they could do more good, and these will go a long way in helping to support a railroad.

To those who are laboring for the construction of this railroad, I say, do not stop, but go on and thereby help to more fully develop the resources of our new State.

J. L. W.

## BINGHAM STAKE CONFERENCE.

The quarterly conference of the Bingham Stake of Zion, was held at Menan, Fremont county, Idaho, Sunday and Monday, March 15th and 16th, 1895. There were present as visitors Elders Francis M. Lyman and Brigham Young, President Thomas E. Ricks of Bannock Stake, his second counselor Thomas E. Bassett, and