

corrupted themselves before Him, filled the earth with abominations and iniquity, and their eyes are so closed to that which is true and pure that when the truth is revealed from heaven it is accounted a strange thing, and they not only turn away from it, but they are filled with hatred towards those who have received the truth and desire to walk in it.

It always was so from the beginning. When Abel would worship God in the way appointed, Cain, who wanted to go his own way, offered what he pleased, what he thought would do, and he was filled with anger towards Abel because his offering was accepted. Abel offered what God commanded, the firstlings of the flock. Cain offered the fruits of the ground. God had commanded a lamb without blemish and without spot, to be offered as an emblem of the coming Redeemer, who, in the meridian of time should come as "the lamb slain from before the foundation of the world," and offer his life and pour out his blood for the remission of sins. Cain offered what he pleased, and when Abel's offering was accepted, Cain was filled with anger. The spirit of Satan entered into him—which is the spirit of destruction, the spirit of murder—and he arose and slew his brother. Now, though persecutors in these times do not realize it themselves, they are filled with the same spirit towards the servants of God. When Joseph Smith, called of God to be a prophet in this latter time, to usher in the great last dispensation of God's mercy to man, to bring forth the ancient Gospel as taught by Jesus and His Apostles, to reveal again the ancient Priesthood and authority thereof, to lay the foundation of the latter day kingdom, to prepare the way for the coming of the Son of Man; when he came as a boy, an unlettered youth, bearing the glad tidings of great joy that communication between the heavens and the earth so long lost had been restored, that the light from the eternal Sun of Righteousness had again streamed down to lighten up and dispel the darkness of the world—how was he received? Why, men would not listen to his teaching. They would not compare the doctrines he taught with the scriptures which they professed to believe. They hooted at the very idea of present revelation from God. They said: "Even supposing it possible that in this enlightened age one could receive revelation, was God going to speak to an illiterate boy? Would He not choose some of the great and wise men of this generation, some of the learned divines. But the idea of God's speaking to this youth!" And they were filled with anger. The preachers and ministers of the day were filled with hatred and wrath towards him and towards all those who received his testimony, and the Saints were driven from place to place, from city to city, from State to State, until finally his blood was shed. What for? Because he committed crime? No; his own confession proved to the contrary, for they said, "the law cannot touch him, but powder and ball shall." The same spirit that put Jesus Christ to death; the same spirit that put those holy men to death about whom I have spoken, who had "the burden of the work of the Lord," and came not to declare their own opinions, but the word of God Almighty to the inhabitants of the earth; the spirit that put them to death put Joseph Smith to death, and that is the spirit that burns in the hearts of the so-called pious "Christian" ministers against the Latter-day Saints. They meet together in their convocations and conferences and assemblies and pass resolutions about a people of whose doctrines and practices and lives they are in perfect ignorance. They do not know the motives which prompt us. They do not know the principles which actuate us. They know nothing about the work God Almighty has called us to do, for which we have left our homes in distant lands and come to these valleys. But they are inspired by the same spirit of wickedness and destruction which filled the hearts of men who slew the servants of God in former times. They do not want to try and convert these Latter-day Saints. Oh, no. What do they want to do? One enlightened minister of the gospel who came out here and stayed about twenty-four hours, and like a great many other people went back professing to know all about "Mormonism"—although perhaps he never spoke to a "Mormon" while here—got up in the pulpit and preached the gospel of the bayonet and cannon as a means of solving the "Mormon problem!" He said he would solve the problem in a short time. He would gather all the Latter-day Saints into this great Tabernacle, and then turn the artillery of the United States upon them! That was a minister of the orthodox gospel. I do not say they are all like him; God forbid that I should. But the same spirit is working in their hearts and in the hearts of a great many men and they do not know it.

It may be said of them as Jesus said in regard to His disciples on a certain occasion. Because some people did not do exactly as they wanted, they asked: "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?" The Savior, we are told, rebuked them and said: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." That is the spirit of the Gospel, the spirit of salvation. Well, those people who seek the destruction of the Latter-day Saints do not know what spirit they are of. They are in the dark in regard to the things of God. They have not been guided

by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost. Many of them have administered in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost without the slightest vestige of authority. They have done it upon their own authority; and they are filled with the spirit of the evil one, and they desire the destruction, not the conversion, of the Latter-day Saints.

Well, my brethren and sisters and friends, I take great pleasure in bearing testimony this afternoon in this public congregation before the heavens, before Almighty God, who shall judge the world, before Jesus Christ the Mediator of the new covenant, before the angels of heaven who can hear and witness my words, that in these last days our Heavenly Father has revealed the ancient Gospel anew, by His own voice from heaven and by heavenly messengers sent down from on high; that the authority which the ancient prophets and apostles held in ancient times has been restored and men held it now; that the same Holy Ghost by which the ancient prophets spoke and wrote the word of the Lord is given to the people called Latter-day Saints,—not only to the leaders of the Church who are placed in authority to direct and manage and govern the affairs of the Church of Christ upon the earth, but the body of the people. The spirit that is in the head of the Church is in the body and runs to every extremity, enlightening it, filling it with life and with vigor. And it brings forth the same fruits, which are love, joy, peace, patience, long-suffering, brotherly kindness and charity, and the light of God bears witness to these things. And not only have we these gifts, but there are other gifts in our midst the same as were manifested in olden times, such as the gift of tongues, interpretation of tongues, visions and dreams, the gift of prophecy, the discerning of spirits, the healing of the sick—those who have faith to be healed—and every gift and every power and every blessing which were the result of the reception of the Holy Ghost in ancient times, are enjoyed in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I bear this testimony with words of truth and soberness, before God and all men. I know this is God's work, and I know it will prevail. I know it will not be left to another people. I know it will remain, and every power and every influence that rises against it to destroy it will itself perish and be destroyed, and every arm that is lifted against this work will in the due time of the Lord be palsied and withered, for it is the work of the great God, and it will stand for ever. The servants of the Lord in this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in spite of all attacks and schemes and efforts to stop them, will go out to every nation, kindred, tongue and people, and preach the gospel of the kingdom, and they will gather the elect of God from the four winds and bring them to Zion. And these Temples which we are laboring upon will be erected, and the people of God will enter them and administer in behalf of the living and the dead, and God will commune with His servants therein. They will learn more of His ways and walk in His paths; they will purge out all iniquity in their midst; they will cut off the evil doer by severing him or her from the Church; the spirit of judgment will come to Zion, and the wicked and ungodly and the hypocrite will flee away; and God will break every yoke, and remove every bond, and Israel shall be free. And the Zion of our God shall arise and shine, and the glory thereof shall stream forth to the uttermost parts of the earth, and God will break down every nation, kingdom and government of the earth which refuses to hearken to his voice, until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and His Christ, and He shall reign from pole to pole and from shore to shore.

May God add His blessing to this testimony, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

"CHINESE" GORDON.

A LIFE FULL OF ADVENTURE AND STIRRING INCIDENTS—A WONDERFUL MILITARY CAREER.

"Chinese" Gordon, who is reported to have been captured by El Mahdi's forces, spent five years in the Sudan as a diplomatic agent of the Khedive. On account of his acquaintance with the country and his supposed influence with its people, he was dispatched by the British government, about three weeks ago to, Khartoum, to make the best arrangement possible for the settlement of affairs in the Sudan. He set out from Cairo January 27th, with Lieutenant Colonel Stewart, a military secretary, and the young Sultan of Darfur, taking with him £104,000 for military purposes. When the news that he had thus gone on without escort reached London, Sir Samuel Baker wrote that Gordon's position, alone and absolutely unprotected in the deserts of Sudan, and bearing a large sum of money, was not only extremely dangerous, but a challenge to disaster. If the rumor of Gordon's capture is true, Baker's apprehensions are well founded.

The story of "Chinese" Gordon's life, full as it has been of adventure and stirring incident, cannot fail to appeal to a wide circle of readers. Very few men have held so large a place in public consideration as he has, both for his lofty courage and for his honesty of purpose, while his achieve-

ments in China have obtained a durable place in history. The tradition of his family made Charles Gordon a soldier. His father was a Major General in the artillery; his elder brother had preceded him in the profession of arms. It was the most natural arrangement that he himself should be entered at Woolwich for the royal engineers. At Woolwich he was not considered a promising candidate in his studies. He obtained his commission none the less, and in 1855 proceeded to the Crimea, where he served in the trenches, and obtained the reputation of being the quickest man to detect the movements of the Russians. After the close of the war, he was employed on the frontier commissions in Bessarabia and Armenia, where his talents as a draughtsman stood him in such good stead that all his applications for leave to return home were distinctly refused at the horse guards. In the year 1860 the difficulty with China had assumed a serious form owing to the repulse of Admiral Hope's attack on the Taku forts, and a large Anglo-French expedition was sent to the Peiho for the purpose of bringing the Chinese government to reason. Before Gordon reached China the Taku forts had been attacked a second time and captured; but he was engaged in all the latter operations, which terminated with the occupation of Peking and the destruction of the summer palace. When the Taipings became more active in the country around Shanghai, Gordon's experience of the Chinese—for at Gastin he had employed his spare time in studying the character and country of the people—was called into requisition for the purpose of clearing the district around that great place of trade of the insurgents. His measures were completely successful, and when he had driven the Taipings back to the line of the Grand canal he zealously devoted himself to the task of personally surveying the whole country for a distance of 30 miles around Shanghai. This thoroughness showed the character of the man, and he attributed to the topographical knowledge thus acquired his subsequent success when employed in the Emperor's name against the bands of the Nankin faction.

HIS MAGIC WAND.

The necessities of the Chinese government compelled it to have recourse to foreign allies; but, although the services of a few American adventurers were obtained, neither their exploits nor their character promised a speedy issue from the dangerous situation into which the young Emperor's authority had been brought. The climax was reached when Burgevine violently appropriated for his own purposes \$10,000, and was dismissed the Chinese service in consequence. It was then that the Chinese applied to the English General to nominate a trustworthy officer for the command of the foreign drilled contingent, and General Staveley named Captain Gordon, then not more than 30 years of age. The manner in which he led the so-called "ever victorious army" from one success to another, until he had cleared the province of Kiangsu and the course of the grand canal of the presence of the Taiping rebels, is almost a thrice-told tale. When Gordon assumed the command of the force, a necessity for greater vigor had arisen in consequence of the defeat of Col. Holland in an attack on Taitsan. The Taipings were naturally very jubilant over their success, and affected for a time to entertain a contempt for the prowess of Europeans. "They thought they would take Nankin, and they have failed before Taitsan." Such was their boast when Gordon was called upon to repair the blunders and misfortunes of his predecessors.

He soon justified the expectations of those who had followed his career by capturing both Fushan and Taitsan. Other successes rapidly followed. His force was dressed in a semi-European uniform, and the men wore boots. Such was the terror produced by their presence that the mandarins availed themselves of a ruse in order to spread a belief that they were more numerous than they were. The toatoi of Shanghai purchased some thousand pair of European boots, which he distributed so that "the marks of Gordon's soldiers might be everywhere visible." In almost all these engagements Gordon found it necessary to be constantly in the front, and often to lead in person. The officers of this force were brave men enough, but were not always ready to face their desperate antagonists. Gordon, in his mild way, would take one or other of these by the arm, and lead him into the thick of the fire. He always went unarmed himself, even when foremost in the breach. He never recognized danger; to him a shower of bullets was no more than a hail storm. He carried no weapon to direct his troops—he had but a little cane, and this soon won for itself the name of "Gordon's magic wand of victory." His Chinese followers, seeing him always victorious, always foremost in the fight, concluded that it was his wand that insured him protection. The idea encouraged the ever victorious army greatly, and was of more service to the young commander than all the arms he could have borne.

IN EGYPT.

Gordon left China in 1864 and returned to England. He was still only a captain of engineers. Yet he had led several thousand men with consummate skill, and it was not denied that he had won great victories. Having thus outstripped all laws of seniority, commanded armies and saved an empire

when he should, according to rule, have been still engaged in mastering the intricacies of fortification, it necessarily followed that it was not an easy matter to provide him with suitable work on his return. With the best possible intentions the young hero was given a consular appointment on the Danube, whence he was summoned in 1874 by the late Khedive. The new task assigned to him was in some respects more difficult than that entrusted to him in China, for whereas in the far east he had only to vanquish an enemy whose forces were revealed, he had to deal in the Soudan with difficulties which were only partially known, while he had to reconcile as well as he could instructions that were incompatible with the facts of the position. It was to his credit that, working on a reduced pay, and without any desire for fame, he devoted all his powers to the performance of his work, and, constituting himself the champion of distressed humanity, spared no effort to put an end to the suffering and infamous lot of the dark skinned race over whom he was called to exercise authority. During five years he toiled in this cause with unflinching zeal, and when he resigned the powers with which the Khedive entrusted him, it was admitted that he had not trafficked in slaves, but that he had prepared the way for the emancipation of the Soudanese in 1880, should the Egyptian government of that day possess the force and the will to make good its bond. So far as his career has yet run, "Chinese" Gordon, who is now a Major General in the Royal Engineers, will be remembered for two episodes—the Taiping rebellion and the governorship of the Soudan.—*Denver Tribune.*

PRAISE HER.

Andrew Lee had come home from his shop, where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits—came home to his wife, who was out of spirit.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only; none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop and the home-made bread nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man if there had been only a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent that he feared an irritating reply. And so in moody silence the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their breakfast room with his hands thrust in his trousers' pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast. After removing all the dishes and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon went out and shut the door after her, and leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your Wife." They rather tended to the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written for him, and just for the occasion. It was a complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice to his wife: she had always made his home as comfortable as her hands could make it, and had he offended the light return of praise or comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion; as he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind and he could not look away from them; but he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression on his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill nature, and with ill nature he had no patience. His eye fell upon the newspapers spread out before him, and he read the sentence: "I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment! But his eyes were on the page before him and read on:

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered: "Oh, yes! that's all very well. Praise is cheap enough; but praise her for what? For being sullen and making your home the most

disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again on the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, food agreeable; for pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more; she don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that and you too."

"A kind, cheerful word spoken in a gloomy house is the little rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer; his own ill nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advance with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning toward her and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said in a voice carefully modulated with kindness: "You are doing this work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply, but her husband did not fail to observe that she lost almost instantly that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, and that the motion of the needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other made in the shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness; she did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little toward him. He had broken the ice of reserve and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly; "and I've heard it said more than once what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was a light in it and a light in her eye, but there was something in her expression of her countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew, starting up and going round to the side of the table where she was sitting. "What a question, Mary," he replied, as he stood before her.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly-spoken answer. "How strange that you should ask me such a question."

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good."

Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee! He had never given his wife even the smallest reward of praise in all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul and made the light all around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her heart.

"You are good and true, Mary, my own dear wife, I am proud of you, I love you, and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I always see your face in sunshine my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling through her tears into his face.

"With them in my ears my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon, and now the bright sunshine was streaming and flooding the home with joy and beauty.—*Popular Monthly Magazine.*

GERMS OF JOYFULITY.

Never begin dinner with pie.

Given up to dye—A last year's light dress.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Never jump out of bed in the morning before you hear the fog horn.

Another grate paper is to be published in the interest of stove molders.

It is probable that walking matches will have another run.—*Detroit Post.*

"Time's up," said the needy one when he pawned his watch.—*Boston Bulletin.*

The excuse of the milkman "Can't help it if the milk's thin, cows are wadin' about in the water."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The very earliest record of curved pitching was in Noah's time, for do we not read that Noah "pitched the ark without and within."—*Antediluvian.*

A health journal says that you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for your dinner. It is well to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.—*Boston Star.*

A woman in San Francisco has been appointed to the position of conductor on a line of horse cars. At last the "dream of 'fave' woman" is realized.—*Boston Courier.*

"No," said the generous man, "I haven't got that horse now. I found it cost me more to keep him than he was worth; so I gave him to my brother as a Christmas present."

It makes Omaha people mad to refer to them as "Omahogs," and if you want to see a man hop around and chew the air, just ask a Danville man if he is a Danvillian.—*Bismarck Tribune.*