

long, and is kind." It has a wonderful power over those who possess it. Let us seek for it, and let us trust our God in the midst of our afflictions. I was thinking this morning how patient our Lord Jesus was. He was the King of life and glory; He was the Creator of the earth. He forsook His high estate, according to the will of His Father, and came down on earth, and He suffered ignominy in every form, was mocked at, ill-treated, thrust out, spit upon, crowned with thorns, and finally crucified. What patience He possessed! This was the example He set us. He knew who He was and what He possessed; but He was patient in the midst of all these afflictions. He knew that He could, if He wished, call for legions of angels to avenge Him; but He did not do it. He bore with patience the scoffings of sinners and their contumely, setting us an example. Some of us feel, if we had the power, that the heavens would not be open long to us before there would be a cohort of angels coming down to avenge us. But that was not the feeling of our Lord and Savior. He bore with God-like patience the lot which His Father had assigned unto Him, and He murmured not in the midst of all His afflictions. How is it with us? We want the Kingdom established immediately. We are in a hurry for Zion to be redeemed. We cannot bear these things patiently, and we say, "O Lord, how long have we to endure these things, and when shall we have relief?" I tell you we shall have to bear them until we can endure them patiently.

I have thought also, about the Apostles. The Lord said concerning His Apostles: "Ye which have followed me, in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Nobody believed that unless it was those who were His disciples. I'll warrant you the Jews did not think Peter, James and John and the others would ever sit upon thrones. They treated them with the utmost contempt. After long lives of patient endurance, every one of them, excepting the Apostle John, was slain. These men to whom Jesus had promised thrones, and that they should judge the twelve tribes of Israel, were put in prison; these men were hated and persecuted, and finally were slain. Did they rebel at the providences of God? No; they bore them patiently, looking forward to the recompense of reward in the glorious future, as their Master did, when He would reign and His power be established, and when wickedness should be swept from the face of the earth. They were full of patience. It was a gift they possessed.

Let us emulate their example. Let us be like our Lord and Master and bear patiently all things that may be heaped upon us, looking forward to the time when the Lord will reign, when all wickedness shall be put down, and when righteousness and truth shall prevail in the earth. Thank God, that day is not far dis-

tant! I thank Him with all my heart that it will come, and we shall see it and our children shall rejoice in it. The day will surely come when righteousness will reign upon the face of the earth, when truth will prevail, when the righteous can dwell in peace, when we can build and another will not inhabit, and when we can plant and another will not eat the fruit of our planting. Some perhaps may sleep before this day shall come; but a great many of this people shall see it. Then the knowledge of God will cover the earth as the waters cover the great deep; and it shall not be necessary for one to say to another, "Know ye the Lord?" for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest." Satan, who is the arch-enemy of the children of men, and who has made war upon the Saints of God, will be bound.

The Lord will send forth judgments and calamities. The wicked will slay the wicked. Nation will rise against nation, and all the woes that God has predicted, through the mouths of His holy prophets, will come to pass. But it is for us to lift our voices in warning to the inhabitants of the earth, and to show by our lives that we are indeed the children of God, cherishing the Spirit of our Lord and Master and standing in holy places, that we may be secure when the wrath of God shall go forth to vex the inhabitants of the earth.

These are the duties that devolve upon us; and this Gospel, which the world calls "Mormonism," is not changed. It is the same today that it has ever been. It possesses the same gifts and the same powers that it has always had, and if we do not enjoy these, rest assured that the fault is in us and not in the Gospel; for I testify to you, as a servant of God, this Sabbath morning, that the Gospel which God revealed through His servant Joseph is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; and if we live it we shall have the gifts thereof extended to us. We shall rejoice evermore in this glorious Gospel: for God will be with us and His angels will be round about us. And I pray that this may be the case with all of us, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

#### GOLD-DIGGING PRIESTS.

The discovery of the gold mines near the San Bernardino Mission recalls the traditions the Indians tell of the priests and friars who brought civilization to California and who reared the cross in its fertile valleys and on smiling hill-sides ere the stars and stripes had been borne across the mountains. Nearly every mission has its legend of hidden gold and mines sealed by the hand of time.

For years the people about San Bernardino searched with never-failing hope for the treasure that tradition told of, and last week the toilers were rewarded, and rich veins of gold quartz were found. Twenty miles east of the town a trail was discovered up a canyon. Every evidence was there of a

Mexican road, up to which the padres and the peons had gone to work the mines and down which they had come loaded with the gold that had embellished the altars and enriched the general church or made wealthy the God-fearing priest. It seems strange that the trail escaped the notice of the searchers so long. Three-quarters of a mile from its origin a canyon branches off at right angles, and a few hundred yards further on the first of the old mines is in view. A tunnel twenty feet into the mountain proves that the padres did not spend all their time at prayers. The moss and great trees growing in the excavations show the time that has elapsed since the original possessors worked the claims. A few blows of the pick, displacing the moss and fungi, have revealed a rich vein of gold quartz that will make the second owners wealthy.

Some time ago the tunnel of the mine that had been worked by the padres of the San Luis Obispo mission was discovered. The vein extended through the Sugar Loaf peak in the Santa Lucia range. A great oak barred the mouth of the tunnel, but did not deter the eager hunters from making their way inside. They were rewarded by finding rich ore, containing silver in paying quantities. When the secularization of the state began the priests returned to Spain, carrying with them gold worth a fabulous sum.

A Mexican woman who is in the household of a rich Spanish family of San Luis Obispo tells the story of a young padre who staggered under the weight of the bullion he was carrying away. He called her in one day and had her make a lining for his coat. In it were quilted nuggets of the precious metal. At different times during the work of quilting the ambitious padre tried on the coat, to try whether he could bear the weight. Then he staggered forth and walked bravely on board the ship that was to bear him to his home.

The traditions that were told of the gold about the missions of Santa Barbara, San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, San Diego and San Francisco have kept many men busy for years, and Capt. Kidd's chests have not been sought for with more eagerness than are those mines and treasures. Everyone knows the story of the mine of the mission of San Francisco. It is located between the house of correction and the ocean; exact spot unknown.

There was good reason for the efforts the priests made to conceal their wealth. Heedless of the curse of the Church of Rome, with no regard for the laws of the meum and tuum, the desperadoes who had been driven from civilization by the strong hand of the law sought to take from the missions what the innates had gathered by toil and sacrifice. The mission of San Gabriel, in Los Angeles country, was the scene of many a bloody foray. It was in the midst of a country where might was right and where the strong did no work that would make the same returns as those that