

weakness of the infancy of their faith and move abreast with the clearest will of God made known to them with the passing years, then their faith is productive of progress, and that is the will of God forever ringing down the ages in the mind of every human being capable of understanding life. Judged thus, Mormonism is doing well. It has outgrown blood atonement. It has outgrown many a rough, wild prejudice and vindictiveness engendered by the bitterness of that old hatred. It has outgrown polygamy. You may deny the last, but it is true. Let the manifesto of 1890 be withdrawn and polygamy once more given a clear field, the intelligent young men and women of Utah would abandon the Mormon Church before they would be forced into that marital relationship even though a thousand revelations should appear commanding them. You see progress counts for something and the theology that makes progress is that which will hold the hearts and hands of the people.

Let, then, Mr. Schroeder peddle his mare's nest of inspired lies and give the Mormons credit for all the good they have done for themselves. Whether Joseph Smith was a Prophet is of no consequence. What Mormonism is now is the thing in which we are interested. What Presbyterianism was in the days of nonconformists; what the Catholic church was in the times of the inquisition; what Methodism was when the love feast was vile—these are not the questions, but what are they all now? They have all grown broader and better. So long as they continue to progress they may be instruments of good and so agencies of God in the world. The lies pass whether inspired or not. The truth remains. I long ago predicted that Mormonism would in time grow out of its chrysalis and become a thing of beauty and an American religion based on clear, clean human reason as the highest possible agency through which God can ever work among men. I may be mistaken, but if so, then, while it will, like all other religions, live its day and go, a newer world will come, for God is not dead, but is speaking more clearly now than ever in the undeveloped past. All good agencies have my best wishes and I know that through many ups and downs truth will gradually rise and spread. Hoary dogmas may retard, but cannot destroy it.

CHARLES ELLIS.

Salt Lake, June 10, 1898.

#### NORTHERN NEWS NOTES.

Hyrum, Cache Co., Utah,

June 18, 1898.

N. J. Nielsen left here a couple of days ago for a mission to Montana, and previous to his going the ladies of our Relief Society got up a sociable in the academy for his benefit. A nice program was rendered in the young peoples' splendid style. Music, songs, recitations and a sumptuous supper were enjoyed, after which the large folding doors of the assembly rooms in that beautiful building were opened and the young people enjoyed a two hours' dance. Messrs. I. C. Thorsen, C. F. Olsen and W. A. McBride resolved themselves into a finance committee at the request of the Relief Society presidency, and at the close of their labors the handsome sum of \$68 was raised, and the children of the Sunday school also gave \$15. He has been a faithful Sabbath school worker for years, and the children, like their seniors, remember not only in love and affection, but when needed, substantial aid for that love and persistent labor that has been given them. Elder Nielsen returned a few years ago from a mission to the Northwestern states on account of his wife's illness, but on his arrival home

he found that she had passed through the valley of death to a life immortal. He carries with him the love and respect of the entire community to his field of labor.

It is but a short time since our Relief Society gave a similar party to Elder William A. Williams, going to the Northwestern States, and gave him the nice little sum of about \$60. The ladies of our Relief Society are not only hard workers—truly busy bees of Deseret—but are really the richest persons in the community. They own about \$500 worth of real estate on Main street, and also have a new and substantial granary with 1,300 bushels of wheat. They have a large number of poor, aged and infirm people on their charitable list, and their motto is: By giving, one always has something more to give, believing in that scripture which says, "A man's gift maketh him room." The sick and also the dead find loving and faithful friends in the true sisters' mercy. It is the intention of the society in the near future to erect a neat chapel on their own ground, and thus always have a place to worship in, as it often so happens that among our many build-ings and meetings they are crowded out. This week a poor woman, Mrs. Annie Curtis, lost her two cows, and two of our young men, Charles Wilson and Chris Jensen, took up a collection, and in a few hours raised the sum of \$40, which they presented to her.

Quite a number of our small farmers and others have been to Pocatello valley and taken up large tracts of land and propose settling that part of Zion in the near future. This valley is situated a few miles west of West Portage and President Hoskins of Malad Stake will soon have quite a number of very good citizens and some not so good. Our people are becoming very numerous and the young brood are hunting new homes. Cache valley has done much to settle Bannock, Bingham, Bear Lake, Oneida, Cassia and Canada Stakes of Zion, and we number quite a few yet, I think about 15,000 souls. What a Cache valley it is? and has been and its future greatness no man can tell today. As I pass up and down these Stakes of Zion and find wards and families in every nook and corner of these valleys of the mountains, I often ask: "Where and when will that increase and growth end?" And the answer must be: "There is no end. It is like the ever-rolling stream which says, 'Men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever.'"

When viewing these Stakes of Zion extending their number I remember when a boy attending the Methodist prayer meetings and after a sermon from the text: "They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward," (Isaiah), some good soul would pray that Zion's cords may be lengthened and the Stakes strengthened. I could not understand their meaning and I don't believe they did either. I now know after nearly fifty years experience laboring for the extension of Zion.

If you will allow it, I will tell a story that happened during the early fifties, during my ministry in the Potteries, Staffordshire, England.

One of our brethren, a jovial fellow had been saving up his money to gather to Zion, and by chance got into one such meeting as I have described and the minister persuaded him to go to the penitent form, or anxious seat, and when there said to him in solemn tones: "My friend are you going to Zion?"

He answered, "Yes, sir; when I get the means."

"O, Jesus, has provided the means," said the minister,

"I am glad of that," replied the penitent. "I have only been able to save up half the money. When does the ship sail?"

The dialogue was continued for some time, and as Mormonism was not as well understood then as it is now, it

took some time to get it through the parson's wool.

"Ship and money," he exclaimed, and at last said aloud: "My friend, we have one of those vile Mormons here. Call the police."

It broke up the meeting but our brother got to Zion and no doubt but that he and his posterity are aiding in real earnest to strengthen the cords and lengthen the Stakes of the Zion of our God. As the prophets have told: SALOP.

#### ASSASSINATION OF A MORMON.

Sanderson, Fla., June 9th, 1898.

We regret deeply that fate compels us at times to report anything but pleasant news. But a gloom has been cast over us that will sadden the heart of every Elder of our conference and a grief brought upon our friends that tears can scarcely wash away. Our noble and staunch friend, Brother Geo. P. Canova, was foully assassinated a little after dark last Sunday night, June 6th, taking from our midst one whose generosity had reached the heart of every Elder and Saint who knew him.

Brother Canova was a local Elder and presided over a branch of the Church at Sanderson.

We were holding a branch conference at New Zion on the 4th and 5th inst. and he was in attendance. He enjoyed the services and was in high spirits when he separated from us to return home some twenty-five miles away. The distance compelled them to travel in the night and at Junction where Brother T. Hill, his only companion, was opening a gate, Brother Canova was fired upon. Brother Hill made good his escape. The perpetrator finished the horrid deed and then fled.

The mangled body was brought home to the grief-stricken family and after fitting services the remains were interred in the Evergreen cemetery at Jacksonville.

Brother Canova, since his acceptance of the Gospel, has been a sincere member, striving to live up to all its requirements, happy and contented in the hope of eternal life.

No cause existed for the committal of such a crime, not the slightest provocation was given.

This is not the first of like happenings in this country and the fact that murder after murder is being perpetrated and the guilty evade punishment forces our minds to recall the state of affairs that existed among the Ne- phite nation previous and instrumental to their downfall and destruction; also the predictions concerning the things that should exist in this our day previous to Christ's second coming.

Respectfully,

FRANK H. CUTLER.

Frank D. Millet, the noted artist, who is going to Manila with General Merritt as the correspondent of the London Times and as the representative of publications of Harper Brothers of New York, has arrived in San Francisco.

The Frawley company produced Brigadier General King's military play For Frayne at the Columbia theater, San Francisco, Tuesday night, scoring the greatest success achieved in San Francisco in many years.

Major Hess of the Third United States artillery, who is soon to go before a retiring board, has been relieved of the command of Camp Miller. His successor is Major Grogan, of the Sixth artillery which arrived at San Francisco on Monday from the East.