

Smiling as morn, and bright in beauty's bloom;

A monster only could have sent her there

Ye dreadful towers, where innocence has bled,

On such a victim could your portals close?  
Upon the soil, with many a murder fed,

Be spent the perfume of this beauteous rose?

Another of London's great attractions this year was the Colonial Exhibition, which I visited on Whit Monday. Here was the world in miniature, and it needed only a little play of the imagination to make the scene most charming. Here you can move around the world with wonderful celerity—in less time than Nelly Bly—without the expense and fatigue of travel.

The British colonial possessions cover an area of 7,938,422 square miles, embracing a population of 316,090,000. All these vast districts, teeming with numerous and varied industries and social traits, were represented within the vast enclosure.

Artistically moulded figures, representing different races, wearing the costumes of their respective nations, illustrations of national industries, sports and amusements; veritable living Hindoos, Hottentots, Malays and Mohammedans passing to and fro, or weaving, potting, dyeing, etc., crop out at every turn. But the most enchanting sight to me was the electric light illumination, and the wonderful aquatic sports at the fountain. By a most ingenious contrivance the water was made to represent fire-works.

The numerous jets of the grand fountain were variegated with all the colors and shades of the rainbow, changing in hue every moment; by turns white, rose, a rich green, blue or deep violet, and changing to a gorgeous gold; lastly the whole liquid volume became a deep, fiery red, and blazed upwards like lurid flames from a volcanic crater, while clouds of gray mist rolled between like dense smoke, and completed the charming picture.

The next day there was a grand tournament at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. The Prince of Wales and his fair consort were present and I was lucky enough to occupy a position directly opposite the seats reserved for the royal family. This is the only time in my life that I have had the honor of sitting or even standing in the presence of royalty. I gazed upon his royal highness, and the prince graciously bestowed upon me several genial glances, a distinguished honor which I appreciated with unctious self-gratulation.

This mutual admiration could not be due solely to the fact that we were both good looking; no, but rather to a fine, sympathetic recognition on his part that we each alike held heavenward a clean and shining crown, lacking the vulgar hirsute cumbrance that usually vegetates upon less respectable craniums.

In passing through the great cities and marts of the world, and beholding the stupendous works of man, one is struck with admiration and awe at the wonderful powers of intellect and handicraft which is everywhere manifested. There seems to be no limit to mental puissance, no bar to skilful achievements. But there are ever present with these pleasurable emotions others of a far different cast, which distract our respectful regard for human capabilities, and turn our pleasure to pity and regret. It is painful to know that in all his mighty and ingenious works man appropriates all the praise and honor, and never glorifies his Creator or acknowledges his dependence upon divine inspiration.

Another humiliating thought is, that sin and corruption permeate all the departments of science and art. It seems, indeed, regrettable that the most splendid genius can exist without the adornment of morality. Would it not be a blessing to mankind if purity of character were a necessary accompaniment of enterprise and skill? But the wine is poured from very unclean vessels, and though the texture and fabrics be smooth and pure, the human machines are abominably filthy. It is this wretched state of society that is so deplorable; and, showing itself in all places, tarnishes the fountain of enjoyment.

JOHN H. KELSON.

#### PAHVANT VALLEY.

"Elsinore and 'Neversweat,'  
'Suckertown' and Deseret."

The name of the author of these lines, probably through his own modesty, is lost to everlasting fame! Some persons may fail on first reading to detect any sign of poetical genius in the couplet, but to those who fifteen years ago were acquainted with the towns above named will detect the sarcasm in the comparison drawn.

The history of Deseret, like that of scores of other "Mormon" settlements, has been a perpetual struggle with natural obstacles, consisting of extreme fluctuations in the volume of water in the Sevier River, a loose soil causing dam building to be not only expensive but uncertain and oft-times disastrous. From its first settlement until some four years ago Deseret has been an arena wherein the unflinching courage and perseverance of the av-

erage "Mormon" settlers have been pitted against great natural obstacles and forbidding surroundings. Twice deserted on account of bursted dams, its generous soil, with an abundance of water, has caused a return.

Four years ago, right on the heels of a most disastrous season, the settlers rallied, and with the assistance rendered by the now confiscated Church fund (which furnished bread to the toilers, who had but scant food and clothing in mid-winter) built a canal twenty-four feet wide on the bottom, over four miles long, and nearly all in heavy cutting. They thus solved the water problem in a permanent manner, and gave a stability to the place which invites settlers to permanent homes.

That Deseret was not the third time deserted is chiefly due to the assistance of Church funds, which fact, with many other examples, stands as an enduring refutation against the allegation that the Church fund was being used for unworthy purposes, as also against the wilful perversity of those who have been chiefly instrumental in its confiscation.

Deseret is situated in the Pahvant Valley, midway between the east and west ranges of mountains, the nearest of which is about twenty miles distant. The surrounding country—which in the remote past was a small part of the slimy bed of Lake Bonneville—is flat and unbroken, save here and there where sand dunes and uplifted plateaus of volcanic rock relieve the monotony of the landscape. Imagine this wild plain covered with greasewood—a shrub generally conceded to be both useful and ornamental in the absence of any other vegetation—the Sevier River winding its way across the valley to the Dead Sea of Millard County, with occasionally a few patches of willows and meadow along the river bottom, and a good idea of Deseret scenery will have been obtained.

Making our unfinished meeting house, which stands near the north bank of the river, the initial point for description, it will be about one mile east to Oasis, a station on the O. S. & U. N. Railway. East of that point the farming land is taken for two or three miles. Three or four miles south and southwest are numerous ranches and stock farms. Following the course of the river towards the west, ranches and stock farms can be made for a distance of at least fifteen miles.

The principal part of the farming land, however, lies north and northwest, the northern limit being about three miles distant and marked by a branch of our canal. To the northwest a fine tract of land stretches out in an almost unbroken plain for a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles, and nearly all susceptible of profitable tillage.

Six miles north and three miles west we came upon a scene which, in its strange contrast with those of ninety days since, fills us with admiration for the pluck and enterprise which have, within so short a time, transformed one thousand acres of greasewood desert into a