

refused to be enlightened will be found to be in darkness still, yea, in outer darkness because he despised the light and fought against it, because his deeds were evil; he finds association with kindred spirits who like himself refused to obey, refused to put forth their hands and partake, but reject the proffered gifts of heaven. Their punishment is that of ceaseless remorse, fully conscious of blessings cast off and rejected, which blessings others are permitted to enjoy, but which they are not, because of their sins and transgressions and their own neglect of the means of grace. Their torment is the torment of the damned, and it is like the smoke that ascends up forever and ever; among them is found weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, to use the language of the scripture. But for what? For blessings lost, for opportunities gone, for privileges ignored, for the means of grace, for glory and exaltation once within their reach, which they, in their pride, would not receive; for being deprived of the presence of God and the Lamb and the holy angels and the sanctified ones, and of the keys of immortality and eternal life and everlasting increase vouchsafed to the obedient, while they are doomed to perpetual darkness, which they have chosen in lieu of the blessings of the faithful, and in which condition they will live to prey upon each other and to work out the same evil passions which they delighted to indulge in while in the flesh, the devil who deluded them will rejoice over their downfall, and will reign over them until peradventure the time shall come when the long suffering and mercy of an indulgent Father shall cause him to send messengers from the terrestrial or celestial world, as the case may be, to see if there are any among them who by their sad experience have learned to appreciate the light and are yearning for a better condition. And if they do, the offer of salvation may again be made to them, and they through the means that our Savior has wrought out for them and through the ordinances of the House of God, and the servants and handmaidens of God who may be called priests and priestesses, to administer for and in their behalf.

Such is the beauty, and extent of the plan of salvation, which God has revealed to his children on the earth. And truly it is as Paul has said of it—good news, glad tidings of great joy revealed to all people; joy to the righteous, and will be a joy to all people who appreciate it, henceforth and for ever. And that was a people may be worthy of it, walking in the light, and that our pathway may grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

FROM SALT LAKE TO THE GILA DESERT.

FROM TEMPERATE TO SEMI TROPICAL.

"WHAT WE SAW ON THE WAY."

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Editors Deseret News:

When the railroads running east and west from our great centre stake can afford it, I believe hundreds of our citizens would avail themselves of a cheap excursion rate to the Golden State—California. Certainly, no part of the Union is as interesting, and no portion of our country is so full of objects of interest to visitors from less favored localities.

So much has been written about a trip to our western slope, that the outlines of the 900 miles stretch to San Francisco may be summed up as follows: First 50 miles, thrifty farms and green fields; the next 500 miles, desert with occasional patches of cultivation; a few railroad towns, along the Humboldt River, some Indians, sagebrush forests, barren hills and treeless plains—such is the sum of objects as far as Wadsworth. From there all is changed; and as we ascend to the summit of the Sierras, pine trees and flowering plants greet the eye. We ascend by the side of the beautiful Truckee River, and approach the wonderland, California, with awakened interest.

The summit is about 7,250 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean, and in the midst of snow and winter the descent is made to the varied changes from winter to

summer. First, the shrubs are just budding out; then as we descend they are in full leaf; then further on, all is green and beautiful as summer in Salt Lake in June.

Down we go to Sacramento. The State Capitol looms up above all other buildings, it is the pride of California and well worth a visit. The pines are left behind; live oaks, white oaks, orange trees, huge geraniums 10 feet high, fuchsias reaching to the second story of the houses, rare vegetation of all kinds, fill the gardens, and roses without limit scent the air. Already the mountains are far behind and we are in a level valley barely raised above the Sacramento river.

A few hours more and we are in San Francisco; our railroad trip terminates at the long wharf of the C. P. R. R. Our ship with its cargo of Utah wheat is pulled out in the harbor and took on the load from this immense pier two miles long.

From this point San Francisco is seen westward five miles, and a fine ferry-boat conveys passengers in a short time. I was much amused when crossing to see an English sloop of war lying at anchor. The red coats of the marines revived the scene of Old England, and on this little craft the majesty of British rule was manifested by the red coated marine pacing the deck.

All around us floated the "white winged messengers" from almost every nation. Ocean steamers and sailing craft of every kind. The coaster, the pleasure yacht, tugs, river steamers and war vessels find a comfortable resting place in the finest harbor in the world.

While in San Francisco I visited one theatre and witnessed the "Passion Play." It is an effort to reproduce the effects produced in Germany which cause a great sensation every ten years. The scenes and incidents connected with the life of Christ are beautifully portrayed and I really think that it is an instructive method of presenting pictures of Bible scenes and would have a marked effect upon juveniles. The first scene represents a Jewish synagogue with all the fidelity to reality possible, and the flight into Egypt, the massacre of the innocents are all reproduced with wonderful faithfulness to scenery and dress. All this is well enough until the personation of the Savior of mankind is attempted—and here is the greatest failure—of course the type is copied from the old masters and the make up of the actor, Mr. O'Neil, was correct as far as representing the Son of Man with hair parted in the middle and beautiful ringlets hanging down over his shoulders, but all his gestures were lacking in that modest dignity and freedom from sanctimoniousness, characteristics that must have belonged to the highest type of manhood; instead of these we had the Savior with upturned eyes and forced piety, utterly opposed to the being born in a stable, and whose mission has revolutionized the whole world. What made the matter worse in my mind was the report that the actor was a man whose habits of life were in sad contrast to the holy being he was trying to imitate. The taking down from the cross, the resurrection and ascension, were all copied from paintings by the old masters, and were handsomely put upon the stage. No applause was permitted during the play, only on the falling of the curtain.

But public sentiment even in San Francisco caused the play to be withdrawn, and although a believer in the mission of Christ might look upon it with interest, it detracts from the divine mission of the great personage to submit his acts to the clap-trap of whistling boys and the empty applause of an unbelieving audience.

All kinds of theatres and shows are open on Sundays in this Paris of America, and it is unquestionably one of the gayest, most sprightly and liveliest of American cities, and in the matter of climate the most highly favored in the world. The whole Pacific slope pours in its wealth of luxurious products in this favored spot, and the wants of man, whether Arctic, temperate, semi-tropical or tropical, can be gratified if he has the wherewithal.

My business takes me further south, along the great San Joaquin Valley 200 miles, and over the Tehachapi pass across the Mojave desert through the longest tunnel in the west—the San Fernando, and down the valley of the same name to Los Angeles and further on.

Right here the orange groves begin to be seen, and all along the

west slope of the mountains are beautiful orchards, where oranges, lemons, limes and other tropical fruits abound as far as San Bernardino. Thousands upon thousands of acres of the finest land in the world are lying waste for the want of water; for just in proportion as you go south from Alaska, so does the rainfall diminish until at Fort Yuma, the most southern post in California, the rainfall is hardly two inches per annum.

From San Bernardino, south, and on to the end of the track of the Southern Pacific, it is a barren, unfruitful stretch of hundreds of miles of sandy desert, with every variety of cactus new and novel. At Seven Palms on the Colorado desert are some palms 60 feet high, and east of Fort Yuma are the Opuntia Gigantia standing from 20 to 50 feet high like the barren trunks of trees. The structure of the wonderful plants is most astonishing. Scientific men say that they close up their pores during the hot months, and open them in the rainy season; their thorns are like fish hooks; at Fort McDowell is a specimen 53 feet high.

The Colorado River is crossed by a fine bridge built by the railroad company. Fort Yuma is on one side and Yuma City, A. T., on the eastern bank. The River trade that centered here is gone, the boats are lying down the river, only one of them is now in use. The second great trans-continental railroad is moving eastward with rapid strides, now half way across the territory, soon will be at Tucson, then El Paso, Texas, on the Rio Grande, and from this trunk will radiate lines into old Mexico and other points not yet thought about. If the people in Texas and the southern States are awake, the exports from California that now go round the Horn, will some of them go from a gulf port. This great artery will open up the southern world to new life.

The course of the railroad is along the Gila, and is devoid of any attractive natural scenery; sand, sand everywhere; in fact Arizona should be represented by a sand-hill for a coat of arms. The water of the Gila is salty, and when you touch Arizona in these parts, you may say good bye to good water.

Life in Arizona is about as rough as it is possible to imagine. The Indians go around nearly naked. The hardy miner is about as rough as a man can be and live, yet underlying the exterior are hearts as kind and generous as ever beat in a human breast. Some say they have the richest mines in the world down here, and no one will be sorry if a man has a good mine who is willing to live in such a country. The very names that abound here are unique and odd, if not funny. I append a few: Canteen, Bumblebee, Horsetanks, Centennial, Desert Tombstone, Deestricot, Fillbuster, Rawhide Pocatch-Catskin, Picket Post, etc.

One sees sights here that will be hard to forget. I witnessed an outfit bound for Tombstone that should be mentioned as one of the original scenes in this delightful place. Having occasion to spend a day at Gila City, (an old stage station) I saw emerging from a cloud of dust two men of sinister appearance; they were armed with revolver and bowieknives, slung around them, and breach-loading rifles, their team consisting of a solitary donkey, hitched to a broken down buggy filled with an assortment of novelties that would be difficult to describe. Hanging by the neck to the end of the "vehicle," were three or four empty bottles covered with rags—but alas, they were empty, four days ago they held whisky, but in that brief time it had been transferred to their throats, and they had, by the help of said firewater, made 15 miles in four days. Nothing like whiskey for getting over the ground.

The Southern Pacific is now completed and in running order to Maricopa, 155½ miles east of Colorado River; from that point to Tucson by the nearest survey it is 87 miles, and if it does not get too hot to handle the rails no doubt the road will go forward to that point. If the readers of the NEWS will take the trouble to look they will find the end of this track directly south of us near to our "Mormon" settlements on Salt River.

At Gila Bend, a congregation of tents, I took breakfast in a restaurant where a Jap. was brushing off flies, a Chinaman waiting at table and a negro steward watching them both, a naked Indian was

fetching water, an experienced miner—a white man—was head cook, a sharp looking white man collected the dollars and there was no foolishness in his face if you did not pay up. Three inches of dry sand make a carpet for this Demonio of the desert, and what between the sand and flies a man would try and be satisfied with as few meals as possible.

Mr. Campbell, former superintendent of the Utah division of the C. P. R. R. is the presiding genius down here and is as genial as ever.

During my trip I witnessed a sand storm and to those who have never seen one, I may say in brief, that instead of the sand staying below it gets up until the sky and Old Sol looks like a great fiery ball, but his rays cannot penetrate the thick atmosphere; this storm sometimes lasts three days, and it is impossible to see 200 yards ahead or around you.

In this sandy fog I must leave my readers, with the hope that when you get there, it will be clearer weather. I am satisfied that none will object to the opportunity afforded John Chinaman to be section men on this road. I heard no murmers that Chinamen were driving out the poor whites on the Gila Desert. C. R. SAVAGE.

TROOPER MAXWELL'S CONQUEST.—A middle aged man with Napoleonic features, but meanly clothed, was before the desk of the 51st Street police station last evening. One sleeve of his coat hung empty at his side. "James Maxwell, of the 5th United States cavalry," he replied, when the sergeant asked for his name. "I was among the last men that General Phil Sheridan met when he dashed through his retreating troops at Winchester. I was still fighting, and it was while waving my hat above my head, to welcome our gallant general as he came to the front at the head of his rallying forces, that this arm was shot off. I was in the hottest battles of the rebellion—but that (holding up a flask nearly empty) is the only enemy that ever conquered me." He passed the night in a cell.—*New York Sun, 5th.*

Schoolmistress (just beginning a nice, improving lesson upon minerals, to the juniors).—"Now what are the principal things we get out of the earth?" Youthful angler, aged four (confidentially).—"Worms."

Self-possessed Tramp—"Will any gentleman—" Brown (to intending alms-giver).—"Don't you give him anything—he's been here before to-day." S. P. T. (loftily).—"Will you have the kindness not to meddle with my business affairs."—*Punch.*

A gentleman addresses another gentleman whom he doesn't know, at a party: "This affair is awfully stupid; let's go out and take a drink." "I would like to do it," was the reply, "but I can't leave very well." "Why not?" "Why, you see, I am the one who is giving the party."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

In a leading church in the diocese of Huron, Canada West, there has lately been some difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of gas, through a defect in the main, or other cause. The manager at the gas-works sent a boy to the church with instructions to see the sexton and ascertain whether they were getting enough light. The boy arrived there after service had commenced, and not seeing the sexton, walked boldly up the aisle and accosted the rector, who was reading the service, and asked in a frank and perfectly audible tone: "Say, boss, how are ye off for gas?" The answer was not heard, but there were reasons why most of the congregation indulged in a smile.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE!

In the matter of the estate of NORTON JACOB, deceased.

ALL persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby required to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after this date, to Sarah Jacob or Joseph L. Wall at their residence in Glenwood, Sevier County, Territory of Utah.

SARAH JACOB, JOSEPH L. WALL, Administrators of the estate of Norton Jacob, deceased. April 14th, 1878.

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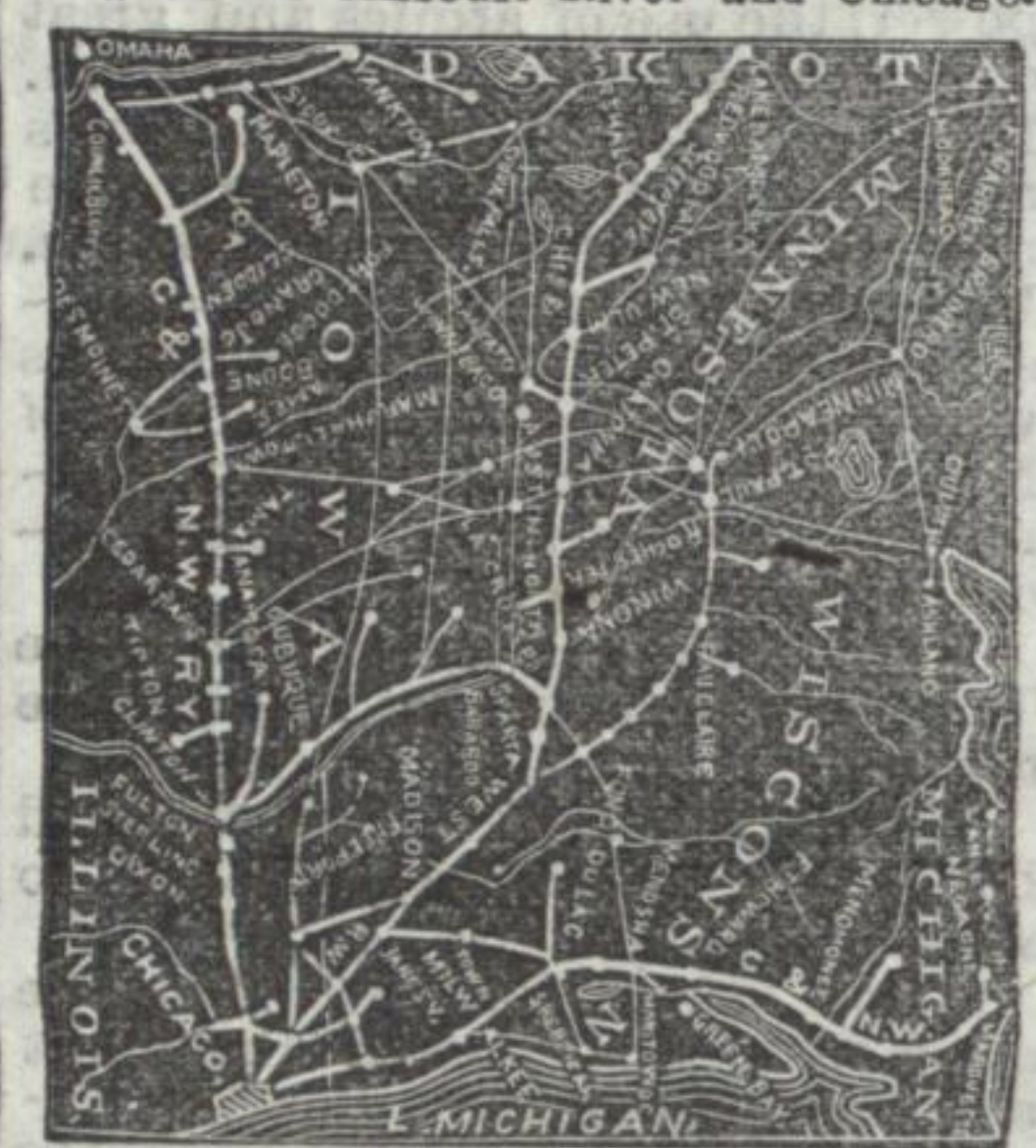
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