

The speaker related the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. The parable illustrates how a life of integrity is rewarded in due time. Lazarus upon his death is conveyed by angels to a place of happiness, while the rich man is in hell asking for a drop of water.

It is not the man whom the world deems successful who is so before the bar of God, but the individual who lives a life of obedience to the commandments of God.

"All things whatsoever ye do, do it in the name of Christ." If we square our lives according to this principle, we shall go forward until we shall reach eternal exaltation.

The Choir sang the anthem:

Let the Mountains shout for joy.

Benediction by Bishop W. B. Preston.

CRANNIES OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Editor Deseret News:

In the afternoon of June 15th, I left the village of Teasdale, bound for the Blue Valley ward, lying eastward. Our journey for the first eight miles, to Carcas creek, was through a rough mountainous country, yet abounding with fine scenery, including a sharp ridged mountain locally known as Fish creek peak, standing detached from the higher mountains on the south, near Fish creek, where there are a couple of farms. From Carcas creek we pass over a divide covered with piñon pines and cedars, after which we go down one of the steepest hills that a team could possibly ascend or descend with any degree of safety. At the foot of this extraordinary hill we found ourselves in what is called the Sulphur Wash, where the road (if such it can be called) winds around among the hills, boulders and cedars for a distance of about five miles, in some places for rods together over the face of the bare rock, where there is hardly a handful of soil of any kind. While watching for the boulders and "dump offs" with keen eye, so as to avoid tipping over, our vehicle struck an unseen sand bank hid under a bunch of willows, and this in an unexpected moment overturning our cart and sending young David Stewart (the driver) and myself sprawling in the sand; but, thanks to our athletic abilities and to our "presence of mind," we were on our feet again just in time to prevent what might easily have terminated in a disastrous runaway.

This, however, was only the beginning of our adventures, for after reaching Pleasant creek, or Temple creek as it is named on the map, which at this point runs through a genuine box canyon, where the nearly perpendicular cliffs on either side rise to a height of about five hundred feet, we found ourselves overtaken by the darkness of night, with a balky horse, which absolutely refused to cross the creek or go down the steep banks leading to the same. I must explain that in order to save ten miles of travel, we had taken a sort of cut-off, and were following a track that was more like a trail than a wagon road, and which perhaps had not been traveled by a dozen vehicles during the past three months.

The distance through this box can-

yon, which, by the way, presents some of the finest natural scenery in the world, is about five miles, and the road here crosses the creek just twenty times; and oh! such crossings; in some instances the approaches to the creek were so steep that the horse with cart and all would actually have to be dumped into the creek, a process that was brought about by one of us getting behind the cart and with main force pushing the animal and cart down, at the same time endeavoring to keep the vehicle from tipping over sideways. After getting into the stream our horse would refuse to climb the opposite bank, which made it necessary for one of us to jump the creek, and from the opposite bank endeavor to get a hold of the horse's bridle and lead him up. Thus we wended our way slowly in that lonely canyon, being guided somewhat by the glittering moonlight, which here and there had an opportunity to peep through the opening between the rocky walls above us. At length toward midnight we reached a small opening in the canyon, known as Hank's Place, where three Latter-day Saint families reside in grave solitude far away from all other human habitations, and here we met a kind reception in the home of Brother U. V. Stewart, with whom we spent the remainder of the night.

The next morning I was introduced to Ephraim K. Hanks, a Church veteran, whose life's history, if it was written, would indeed be "stranger than fiction." I found him, true to his characteristics as a minute man of long standing, ready with his team to take me thirty-six miles further on my journey, and back again; he proved to be a most pleasant companion, being very sociable and never tiring of relating his wonderful experience as a frontler man.

By 9 o'clock, with Brother Hanks as tennister and pilot, I was again on my way, and going through the "lower edition" of Pleasant Creek canyon. We had to cross the same stream twenty-five times which the night previous I had crossed twenty times—making forty-five crossings altogether. In going through this wonderful canyon we again had an opportunity of admiring the grandeur of nature. The massive and perpendicular rock walls, huge domes and steeples carved out by the hand of nature from the huge mountains; and the numerous caverns, gorges, side canyons, etc., of endless variety, which meet the eye of the traveler as he passes through, calls forth the most sublime thoughts and fills him with awe and respect for the great Creator of all.

Emerging from this canyon of natural wonders we reach an opening along the creek where, about six miles below Hank's Place, a few families of our people reside. There was once a lively little branch of the Church here, but owing to reverses and other causes some of them have moved away, and meetings are now held only occasionally. Further down the creek, at the point where Pleasant creek empties into the Fremont river, there is another half a dozen families, who have quite recently been organized into a branch of the Church.

From this place we continued our journey eastward over a mountain

ridge, thence down a wash through a most dreary and forbidding country until a point on the Fremont River is reached. Then the road turns to the right winding up and up between the hills until a summit is gained, from which we go down the famous "Blue dug way," and again strike the river, which we now follow in a southeasterly direction until we cross Tantalus Creek, or Sandy, one of the tributaries putting into the Fremont River from the south; then we turn to the northeast and finally cross to the northwest side of the river, where the village of Cainesville is situated in a pleasant little valley about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide, bordered on the east by the peculiar formation known as the Blue Ridge and on the west by another similar ridge, though of another color. The little settlement of Cainesville, named for the Hon. John T. Caine, consists of about a dozen families which are organized into a branch of the Church presided over by Geo. P. Pectol.

About three miles east of Cainesville, on our road to Blue Valley we come to another little cluster of houses locally called Elephant, thus named after a huge cliff somewhat resembling an elephant in shape, which stands immediately north of the village. At this place and at Cainesville there is room for quite a number more settlers, and the natural facilities here are good, the climate being warm and pleasant and the land rich and productive with plenty of water in the Fremont river to irrigate it.

Soon after leaving Elephant, where Orson N. Dalton presides over the little branch recently organized there, we reach what may properly be termed the mouth of a canyon or the point where the Fremont River or Dirty Devil, as it is here called, emerges from the Blue Ridge, into a more open sandy country, the surface of which is only about one hundred feet above the river bed. Leaving the river in order to avoid a narrow canyon below, the road leads us up on to a bench north of the river, and here we have a fine view of the Henry Mountains far to the southeast, and also over the tract of country lying northward toward Castle Valley.

On our left a curiously shaped mountain, locally called the "Provo Factory" attracts our attention, as it stands out in bold relief from the other mountains lying adjacent. It is a portion of the Blue Ridge, which was apparently left standing when the surrounding country in ages past was washed down to its present level by the terrible storms and floods which are supposed to have taken place. To reach Blue valley we pass from the bench above down a very steep hill to the river bottom below, which brings us to the upper end of Blue valley. This valley is about eight miles long and from one to four miles wide. Only about twenty families reside here, although there are ample facilities for one hundred and fifty families, provided the present settlers will divide up with new-comers and not retain more land for their own use than what they can cultivate to advantage.

In traveling from Blue valley to Graves valley, ten miles below, we cross from the north to the south side of