

countable" matter, but an affinity of opposites, beginning away back there as Walton "stretched his legs up Tottenham hill" and first met the wayward, ill-directed, though undoubtedly appreciative and sympathetic, Cotton as none other than Venator who, from the instinctive deference to a great soul which made the word "master" unconsciously burst from his lips, came by degrees of betterment, grateful love and reverence, to know the gentle Wangler who had saved him from himself as a "father" in the highest and purest spiritual sense. The whole romantic valley is redolent of legend and memory of Cotton and Walton. The ancient Beresford Hall is changed, but the "Walton Room" is intact. The bowling-green beside the Dove is as it was nearly a quarter of a thousand years ago; and the old stone "Fishing-House," now more than 200 years old, still stands in the murmurous dale, one of the truest monuments in England to a strange but scathless friendship.

The distinction between classes and masses was immeasurably closer drawn in England in Walton's time than now. Few laymen, and particularly few tradesmen, enjoyed even ordinary familiarity with men of consequence in church and state. In this respect Walton was an extraordinary exception. All authorities hold that no man of his time enjoyed so lofty a personal regard among the noblest and most famous men of that day. Two facts contributed to this. Though but a simple linen draper, the graces of his perfect life and the winsome qualities of his intellect and heart gave him not only the unqualified respect but the unlimited affection of men of high degree.

Besides this, his relation by birth and marriage made recognition of his personality and its logical result a matter of natural sequence. Some biographers believe his mother to have been a niece of Archbishop Cranmer. His first wife, Rachel Floud, whom he married in 1626 and who died in 1640, was a great-grand-niece of that prelate. His second wife Anne Ken, whom he married in 1646 and who died in 1662, was a half sister of Bishop Thomas Ken, author of the Morning and Evening hymns, and I have seen a memorial tablet to her memory, written by Walton himself, in the Lady Chapel of Worcester Cathedral. His son, Izaak, became a Canon in Salisbury Cathedral, where his remains and those of some of his descendants now lie.

During many of the later years of Walton's life apartments were constantly reserved for him and his daughter Anne at the episcopal residences of Dr. Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Morley, Bishop of Winchester; and the marriage of this daughter Anne to Dr. Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, in whose house Walton died Dec. 15, 1683 centered still closer to historic Winchester, for centuries the royal capital of England, the closing memories of Walton's peaceful life; while the grand old cathedral here became the good man's tomb. Thus memorials in three of England's noblest ecclesiastical structures preserve his glorious name.

Because these things about Walton are nowhere collectively made concise and clear, I have dwelt upon them here, and delight also to point out another remarkable fact in his career illustrating how the human intellect secures exalted

and powerful sustentation from pure and equable physical and moral life. Walton was sixty years of age when his "Complete Angler" first appeared. Three of the remarkable series of his "Lives" were first published after he was seventy years old. And at the age of ninety, when he wrote the preface to "Thealma and Clearchus," a pastoral poem by John Chalkhill, the mental powers of this noble man were clear and strong and whole. I believe there is not in the whole range of English literature so luminous an example of sweet and pure living, thinking and writing as that furnished by the career and work of Izaak Walton.

So as the peaceful evening of his life was passed at Winchester, the pilgrim to Walton's haunts and shrine will find in and about the old cathedral town the closest and tenderest ties of presence and memory. All through these lovely Hampshire valleys are the haunts of his hale and calm old age. The river Test stealing out of the Berkshire moors and the river Itchen gleaming between the chalk hills of Hamps to murmur through the old cathedral town, both reach the sea at Southampton Water. In all their lovely way from the north are countless deeps and shallows where the gentle angler came. Every mossy old mill, every flower-embowered steading, every slumberous old inn, every quaint old parish church, every rippling ford, silent pool and ancient bridge, every hall and castle, and almost every riverside cottage along these streams has its loving legend of the good old man who transfused the sweetness of his life into the murmurs of the waters, the odors of the blossoms, the melody of the birds and the very sunlight upon these Hampshire hills and meads and streams.

And when you have come to the noble cathedral wherein he lies, it is not the tombs of kings and prelates that hold your rapt attention. The bones of grim William Rufus, of Kynegils, of Adolphus, of Egbert, of Kenulph, of Canute and that spotless queen who trod the fiery ploughshares unscathed, are all lying within their sepulchers near where the light of the marvelous altar white is bathed in the greatest window's mellowed rose. But you turn aside from mighty mortuary chest and glorious effigy to the little chapel of Prior Silkstede. It is here you will love to sit and muse and dream. For here the morning sunlight always comes and filtering through the tiny panes of the ancient cathedral windows it always seems to leave a radiant glow and endless blessing upon the slab that covers the grave of gentle Izaak Walton. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

### JUAB STAKE CONFERENCE.

The quarterly conference of the Juab Stake convened at the Tabernacle Saturday and Sunday, July 29th and 30th. Saturday morning the meeting was called to order at 10 a. m. There were present on the stand the Stake Presidency and the Bishops. After the opening exercises Elder Wm. Paxman, President of the Stake, addressed the congregation giving much valuable instruction and timely advice and urged the people to keep out of debt. Elder Charles Sperry also made a few remarks which were full of good instructions.

In the afternoon the Nephi, Mona and Levan wards were reported by their Bishops and the counsel given by them was of a kind, fatherly character; their reports showed these wards to be in a healthy condition.

Elder Paxman stated that since last conference they had effected a complete organization of the Eureka and Wellington branches. Brother Samuel Cazier had been appointed presiding Elder over the Wellington branch. The remainder of the time was occupied by Elder Elm of Salt Lake.

Sunday forenoon was devoted to the Sabbath school.

Sunday, at 2 p. m., after the Sacrament was administered, the general Church authorities and Stake officers were presented and unanimously sustained. Elder John Morgan of the presidency of the Seventies then addressed the conference, delivering a powerful discourse and speaking of the predictions of the Prophet Joseph yet to be fulfilled and the consequences that will follow those who do not heed the word of warning of the Prophets of God. He reminded the people of not taking the counsel of the Prophet Brigham about going into debt, and said the conditions of the people surrounding us were lessons for us. The Saints of God have been warned from time to time to prepare for a famine and he warned them as Latter-day Saints to prepare for a famine of bread for that time will surely come and perhaps with such suddenness that they cannot comprehend it. He urged the people to teach their children to be self-sustaining. His remarks were listened to with wrapt attention and greatly appreciated by all present.

Elder Paxman made a few closing remarks, and hoped the people would profit by the word of God that had been given to them.

Conference adjourned for three months.

D. K. BROWN, Clerk.

NEPHI, August 6, 1893.

### NOTES.

AN INDIANA girl named Trout was drowned last week in a small stream running through her father's farm. What's in a name?

LOOK OUT for the first number of a new volume of the popular Washington periodical, the *Congressional Record*.

MEN WHO in buying real estate "got in on the ground floor," are now discovering how convenient it is to have a cellar or basement addition.

THE AMERICAN yacht Navahoe, having emerged from two trial races in English waters at the end of the list will please join in the chorus, "Britannia rules the waves."

HAVING ESCAPED from her Siamese bullying without injury, France might try the experiment of making faces at and scaring her neighbors on the other side of the Rhine.

FRANCE DID not knock the chip off England's shoulder as she was dared to do, because, perhaps, after close inspection there was no chip to be seen there!

THE FACT that American forage is being exported to the Old World