

tions. I knew that he was solemn, and praying all the time. I had more confidence in his judgment and discretion, and in the manifestations of God to him, than I had in myself, though I then believed the Book of Mormon to be true. Previous to this I had thoroughly examined the Book of Mormon. In about eight days it will be twenty eight years since I was baptised. I brought br. Joseph home from Canada, and told him what I had experienced of the power of God, and what I had observed of the folly and nonsense so prevalent in the Christian world.

You have heard the brethren state their experience before they received this gospel. I was not disposed to attach myself to any church, nor to make a profession of religion, though brought up from my youth amid those flaming, fiery revivals so customary with the Methodists, until I was twenty three years of age, when I joined the Methodists. Priests had urged me to pray before I was eight years old. On this subject I had but one prevailing feeling in my mind: Lord, preserve me until I am old enough to have sound judgment, and a discreet mind ripened upon a good solid foundation of common sense. I patiently waited until I was twenty three years old. I do not know that I had ever committed any crime, except it were in giving way to anger, and that I had not done more than two or three times. I never stole, lied, gambled, got drunk, nor disobeyed my parents. I used to go to meetings; was well acquainted with the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, New Lights, Baptists, Free Will Baptists, Wesleyan and Reformed Methodists; lived from my youth where I was acquainted with the Quakers as well as the other denominations, and was more or less acquainted with almost every other religious ism.

Upon the first opportunity I read the Book of Mormon, and then sought to become acquainted with the people who professed to believe it. Br. Pulsipher said that he watched to see if he could find fault with the Elder who preached the gospel to him. I did not take that course, but I watched to see whether good common sense was manifest, and if they had that, I wanted them to present it in accordance with the Scriptures.

When "Mormonism" came I was not under the necessity of hunting Scripture arguments to contradict them, for I had all my life been more or less familiar with the Scriptures. And I do not remember that I ever saw a day when I attacked a sectarian priest with the Bible, for I was well satisfied that they were in water too deep for them to fathom. I understood the Scriptures tolerably well, and my whole mind and reflections were to seek for every particle of truth with regard to doctrine.

I always admired morality, and never saw a day in which I did not respect a good, moral, sensible man far more than I could respect a wicked man. I embraced the gospel. I then had not the priesthood, but my mind was susceptible of the Spirit of Truth, and that truth I imparted to my br. Joseph. He caught its influence, came home with me, and was baptised. I was not baptised on hearing the first sermon, nor the second, nor during the first year of my acquaintance with this work. I waited two years and a few days, after this church was organized, before I embraced the gospel by baptism.

Up to the time that "Mormonism" came to me I did earnestly pray, if there was a God, and I believed there was, "Lord God, thou who gavest the Scriptures, who spake to Abraham, and revealed thyself to Moses and the ancients, keep my feet that they may not be entangled in the snares of folly." So far as the Spirit went, its application and enjoyment were all right with me, but with regard to doctrine I did not then see any that altogether suited me. I said, let me pray about this matter—the gospel—and feel right about it, before I embrace it. I could not more honestly and earnestly have prepared myself to go into eternity, than I did to come into this church; and when I had ripened every thing in my mind I drank it in, and not till then. From that day to this it is all right with me. I am more and more encouraged, because I can see the hand of the Lord more clearly and distinctly than I did no longer than two years ago.

As I frequently tell you, we can rise up, sit down; go here, or there; act in this or that way; trade here or there; but we cannot bring out the results of our acts. God does that. I can see the results which he brings to pass by his handy work. I can discern his foot steps among the people, and his going forth among the nations. His foot prints are clearly discovered by his faithful Saints.

Br. John Young says there are some complainers. Who cares for that? I have nothing to do with them at present. Some are afraid there will be a good many apostates; that we expect, for many receive the truth who do not receive the love of it. Do not be afraid, but take fresh courage and persevere.

Some inquire, "Is this community going to be destroyed by thieves? No, but they have their agency, and their course affords us an excellent opportunity to see the operation of the benign influences of so-called 'civilization.'" Do you suppose that I am now looking upon thieves? No, they do not come to meeting.

Those who are for right are more than those who are against us. More will prove faithful than will apostatize. A certain class of this people will go into the celestial kingdom, while others cannot enter there because they cannot abide a celestial law; but they will attain to as good a kingdom as they desire and live for.

Do not worry. All is right, for God reigns. Trust in him, keep your hearts clean, and

faithfully observe your prayers, that, should the angel Gabriel appear in this stand, you could calmly meet his gaze, and say, "all is right with me, Gabriel." That you may be able to look an angel in the eye and say, "All is right," you require a clean heart. How many of this congregation could do this? How many could look at an angel and say, "What is wanting? I am ready." If you can do this, you can enjoy the Spirit of the gospel and be Saints. This is the bread of eternal life.

I bless you all in the name of Jesus Christ: Amen.

CLIPPINGS.

—A sermon specially addressed to thieves and harlots was preached in New York, April 2d. But few of that class addressed were present, however, according to the report.

—A British vessel in the African trade, undergoing repairs at Bristol, shows the extraordinary power of the swordfish. A fish drove its sword through a double sheathing of copper, a plank two and a half inches thick, and deep into one of the ship's timbers, when the weapon broke short off.

—A young lady at Muscatine, Iowa, has exercised the leap year privilege with perfect success. Her William hung down his head and blushed, but said he was willing and should have popped the question himself if he had had spunk enough. Ladies with bashful beaux should go and do likewise.

—The Providence Journal gives an account of the exhumation of the remains of Roger Williams, for the purpose of removing them from their late resting-place in a field back of the house of Sullivan Dorr, Esq., to a tomb in the North Burial Ground. When the grave was opened, no distinguishable remains could be found, a number of nails, a small fragment of wood, undoubtedly of the coffin, and a mass of black earth was all that could be reclaimed. The contents of the grave, such as they were, were taken to the new tomb.

—The Pike's Peak territory has a variety of names; "Tampa," interpreted Bear; "Idahoe," meaning Gem of the Mountains; "Nemara;" "Colorado;" "San Juan;" "Lula," interpreted Mountain Fairy; "Wehpollah;" "Arrapahoe," the name of the Indian tribe inhabiting the Pike's Peak region; "Tahosa," meaning Dwellers on the Mountain Tops; "Lafayette," "Columbus," "Franklin," and "Jefferson."

—The Bangor (Me.) Whig announces the death of an old lady of Upper Stillwater, at the age of ninety-one, who had read the Bible through no less than eighty times, averaging once a year four-fifths of a century.

—The number of school districts in New Hampshire is 2,392; whole number of scholars 86,708; average attendance 55,606; number of male teachers last year 1,404; number of female teachers last year 3,184; total cost for past year \$282,841; average pay of males with board, \$25.30; average pay of females with board, \$14.15; average cost for each scholar, \$2.89.

—The number of hogs slaughtered and packed in the West, last season, was 2,350,822; being a decrease of one hundred and fourteen thousand, two hundred and thirteen on the preceding year, or about 4.5-8 per cent.

—The oil excitement has extended from Pennsylvania into Virginia. Two thousand acres of land in Wood, Wirt and Ritchie counties have been bought and leased, and oil wells have been opened that yield 30 barrels per day. Near Cairo a bitumen has been found which yields 65 gallons of oil per ton.

—The first time grain was ever exported from Canada was in the year 1752, when two ships arrived in Marseilles, laden with wheat.

—The Irish servant girls of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, during the year '59, sent home to their friends, brothers and sisters, the enormous sum of one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars of their hard earned savings.

WEALTH OF LOUISIANA.—The report of the State Auditor of Louisiana shows the taxable property in the city of New Orleans to be \$106,646,838, more by six and a half millions than one-fourth of the whole taxable property of the State. Including the parish of Orleans complete is \$109,192,668. There are ten parishes in the State which are assessed for over ten millions each; five for nine millions; two for seven millions, and five for about six millions each. The total taxable property is set down at \$400,450,747. The free population of the State is given at 336,986. The assessed value of taxable property, therefore, averages more than \$1,100 per head for every free person of all ages, sexes and colors.

A Looking Glass from the Bible, or Past and Present.

When the captives of Israel were in Babylon, many of them sincerely and truly worshipped the God of heaven, in accordance with his commandments to them. This greatly annoyed Nebuchadnezzar, the king, and roused his jealousy and anger. In Babylon there was no law or decree against this kind of worship, and to enact one expressly prohibiting it under penalty would savor entirely too strongly, even for that barbarous king, of special or invidious legislation. To accomplish his purpose with a seeming show of impartiality, he set up a golden image in the plain of Dura, and commanded all "people, nations, and languages" (States and Territories) to "worship the golden image." This would apply only to the captives (one Territory), for the king well knew that all others would be proud to comply, as it entirely coincided with their modes of worship. He also knew equally well that the captives could not bow the knee to his golden image, without denying their faith and contravening the commands they professed to have received from Jehovah.

The king vainly imagined that he had his captives in a narrow place, and could not discern that he was taking a course to bring to pass Heaven's decree, to wit: "The kingdom is departed from thee."

If an anciently a wicked though powerful king was so easily and suddenly dethroned for opposing God and his laws, and afflicting his people, upon what ground is it presumable that a like course will not produce a like result in the days of our

CONSTITUTION?

MOsaics.—The Mosaic copies of celebrated pictures which are now almost the only ones which adorn the interior of St. Peter's, are the products of the Vatican Factory, and are far superior to the ancient Mosaics. The ancients, besides their inferiority in painting, show no such delicacy of shading, or such variety of coloring as has been attained in modern times. The material used for these Mosaics is an artificial stone, of which over 20,000 different shades are used. No one but a real artist, however, one might at first imagine, can excel in such work. It was interesting enough to see a workman with a picture of enormous size before him, working for hours in the selection and fitting of one little piece of stone into the Mosaic which is to be its copy. The large Mosaics, some eighteen feet in height, which adorn St. Peter's, have each of them cost twenty-five years of the labor of several artists. It seems to me that rather than undertake so endless and unproductive and wearing a task, I would rather be the slave of a silver mine—and yet the perfection of the work is wonderful. At a little distance, it is impossible to tell it from an oil painting, and it is next to indestructible. The Mosaics of the Roman churches still last, while the churches themselves have been changed in almost everything else except the solid walls.

A KNOTTY TEXT.—There was once an itinerant preacher in West Tennessee, who, possessing considerable natural eloquence, had gradually become possessed with the idea that he was also an extraordinary biblical scholar. Under this delusion he would very frequently, at the close of his sermon, ask any member of his congregation, who might have a "knotty text" to unravel, to speak it, and he would explain at once, however much it might have troubled "less distinguished divines."

On this occasion, in a large audience, he was particularly pressing for some one to propound a text, but no one presuming to do so, he was about to sit down without an opportunity to show his learning, when a chap by the door announced that he had a Bible matter of "great concern," which he desired to be enlightened upon. The preacher quite animatedly professed his willingness and ability, and the congregation was in great excitement.

"What I want to know," said the outsider, "is whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gobbler?"

The "exponent" looked confused, and the congregation tittered, as the questioner capped the climax, by exclaiming in a loud voice:

"I fished him down on the first question!"

From that time forward the practice of asking for difficult Bible passages was avoided.

A Russian Hot House.—Bayard Taylor thus describes the magnificent green-house which the Czar maintains for the production and growth of tropical and other exotic plants, amid the snows of Russia:

The botanical garden in which I spent an afternoon contains one of the finest collections of tropical plants in Europe. Here, in latitude 60 deg., you may walk through an avenue of palm trees sixty feet high, under tree ferns and bananas, by ponds of lotus and Indian lily, and banks of splendid flowers, breathing an air heavy with the richest and warmest odors. The extent of the giant hot-houses cannot be less than a mile and a half. The short summer and the long, dark winter of the north requires a peculiar course of treatment for these children of the sun. During the three warm months they are forced as much as possible, so that the growth of six months is obtained in that time, and the productive qualities of the plant are kept up to their normal standard. After this result is obtained it thrives as steadily as in a more favorable climate. The palm (a phoenix, I believe) is now in blossom, which is an unheard of event in such a latitude.

BAD INVESTMENTS.—If you invest money in books, and never read them, it is the same as putting your money in a bank but never drawing either principal or interest.

If you invest money in fine stock, and do not feed and protect them, and properly care for them, it is the same as dressing your wife in silk to do kitchen work.

If you invest your money in choice fruits, and do not guard and give them a chance to grow and prove their value, it is the same as putting a good hand into the field with poor tools to work with.

If you invest your money in a good farm, and do not cultivate it well, it is like marrying a good wife, and so abusing and enslaving her as to crush her energies and break her heart.

If you invest your money in a fine house, and do not so cultivate your mind and taste as to adorn it with intelligence and refinement, it is as if you were to wear broadcloth and a silk hat to mill.

If you invest your money in fine clothes, and do not wear them with dignity and ease, it is as if a plowman were to sit at a jeweler's table to make and adjust hair-springs.

If you invest your money in strong drinks, it is the same as turning hungry hogs into a growing corn field—ruin will follow in both cases.

If you invest your money in every new wonder that flaming circulars proclaim, it is the same as buying tickets in a lottery office where there are ten blanks to one prize.

SAVOY.—The province of Savoy, an object of so much attention just now, is situated in the northwestern corner of the Kingdom of Sardinia; a barren mountainous region, of a hundred miles by sixty, containing about a half a million of inhabitants, poor in the extreme, though hardy and industrious, independent in character, and able to subsist upon a very little. Indeed they eke out a subsistence upon chestnuts when all other sources of living fail. The district was, in point of fact, the original nucleus of the Kingdom of Sardinia, and as far back as the year A.D. 1000, it was governed by its own rulers, who annexed Piedmont in the beginning of the fifteenth century, as they had Nice in the fourteenth. This province was by Napoleon I governed as the district of Mont Blanc, and some of the inhabitants, remembering the glories of the Empire, would have no objection to return and again become an integral part of France.

AN INDIAN QUEEN ON HER WAY TO SEE VICTORIA.—A few days since a lone daughter of the forest, Nah-nee-bah-we-quah, of the Ojibwas of the Northwest, arrived here on her way to England, on a mission to the Queen of Great Britain, to represent to her Majesty the wrong that is attempted to be done to her people, by removing them from their cultivated lands, and pleasant homes to a barren wilderness, to suffer, to starve, and to die. Nah-nee-bah-we-quah possesses a mind highly gifted by nature and greatly improved by education. She speaks the English language with great accuracy, and is highly accomplished.—[N.Y. Com. Adv.]

MILD ALE.—Vanity Fair, a capital comic paper published in New York, has a clever illustration typical of Seward's late speech.—Seward is represented as a bar-tender, drawing a glass of ale from a barrel marked "Senate 1860," for a customer, who looks like a full-blooded believer in the "irrepressible conflict" and "impending crisis." The following is the dialogue:

Customer—I notice you draw your ale mild now, William.

Landlord Seward—Yes, this is a new tap; some I brewed myself quite recently. My customers thought the Rochester ale was rather too strong.

DEATH OF AN OLD INDIAN PRINCESS.—Eunice Manwee, the last full-blooded Indian of the Pishgachligoh tribe, and a resident of the Indian Reserve, in Kent, N.Y., died lately at the age of — years. She was the granddaughter of Gideon Manweesemum, the last sachem of the tribe, and the first convert made by the Moravian missionaries in that region. He was baptised by them in 1743, when he received the name of Gideon. The tribe was driven from Rhode Island during the King Phillip war. During the revolution, the tribe was quite numerous, and furnished one hundred warriors, but now it is reduced to fifty half-breeds.

A LITTLE TOO FAMILIAR.—The editor of the Sullivan County Democrat says that a large bear, a few days since, entered a dwelling house, in the town of Sherry, and seizing a little child which was playing about the floor, commenced caressing and fondling it in the most tender manner. The child as well as the bear seemed highly pleased, and, strange to say, this singular proceeding continued for several minutes, till the terrified mother—the only person about the house—seized upon the opportunity to bar the door upon the rough intruder, while he happened to be on the outside. The offended animal, being thus shut out from further sport, retired to his home in the woods.

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