

tion, to the worlds that move in space by divine appointment, so harmonious in their spheres and solar relationship as to be viewed as representing God moving in His Majesty of sublime order and loveliness.

When we draw this veil aside—lay this mortal by and come into His presence, our little time on earth will only seem to compare with the flitting cloud that has passed between our vision and the sun's bright rays—it is soon passed, and the light and heat of those rays so essential to life and growth, are only the better appreciated for the few moments of their obscurity.

So our brief absence from Father's presence of glory never dimmed, may render us more susceptible, and enable us the better to appreciate the life-giving virtues that radiate from Him to all who receive of His fullness, and are thereby made partakers of eternal life.

Be sure, O man, your sins will find you out; an all-seeing eye is ever over you! B. W. RICHARDS.

ST. JOHN'S STAKE CONFERENCE

The quarterly conference of the St. John's Stake of Zion was held at the Union ward at Springerville, Apache county, Arizona, on the 3rd and 4th of September, 1893.

Conference commenced at 10 a. m. on Sunday the 3rd. There were present on the stand, the presidency of the Stake, a number of the members of the High Council, Patriarch H. J. Platt and the Bishopric of the wards.

Elder David K. Udall expressed joy at the privilege of meeting in conference and stated that the presidency had visited all the wards in the stake during the last quarter, except the Ramah ward, and expected to visit that ward during the coming month. He was pleased to note the good spirit that prevailed amongst the Saints for improvement and the desire to live their religion. The condition of the Saints was satisfactory, both temporal and spiritual.

Elders Wm. H. Gibbons, H. J. Platt, J. N. Heywood and George H. Crosby occupied the remainder of the time in the forenoon, encouraging the Saints in works of righteousness, and Elders Heywood and Crosby as Bishops reporting the condition of their ward. In the afternoon the Sacrament was administered, and the time was occupied by the Bishops of the wards, and Elders E. A. Noble, and E. N. Freeman. The wards were very favorably reported, and the financial condition of the people seemed to be somewhat better than for some years past.

There was a Priesthood meeting held on Sunday evening at which there was a good attendance, and much good instruction was given.

The speakers on Monday were Elders Hyrum Chapman, A. V. Gibbons, Prime T. Coleman Jr., Wm. H. Gibbons and David K. Udall.

During the conference the Saints were encouraged to make use of and study the Bible more thoroughly. They were also advised and encouraged to take steps to complete the St. John's Stake Academy. The conference was a very enjoyable time, and the Saints felt that it has been a time of rejoicing and strengthening of their faith. CHAS. JARVIS.

LUNATICS AT HOME.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 15.—A gruesome subject—the insane asylum! Well, perhaps so, but nevertheless I am going to give you a description of my short trip to Blackwell's Island.

Our party took a "crosstown" car at Fifty-ninth street and went on past dear old Central Park, with her magnificent and stately old trees, and faced with the many hotels and large apartment houses—on past Plaza and Savoy hotels, on Fifth avenue; down into the dirty tenement district of the East river; then we walked up to Seventy-sixth street where after scrambling over a rocky, grass-grown by-path, we tumbled across an old dilapidated looking construction, called by courtesy a pier. No boat in sight, excepting a few dirty, smoky barges, from which peered dirty, smoky faces. Just across the river could be seen the island that contained so many lives, hopes and histories.

What a strange thing is the human mind, when one thinks about it! A child is born, it cries, laughs and thrives with no thought of the morrow. After awhile the little germ of knowledge begins to sprout. It is fostered by the tender parental love. Little leaves of fancy begin to peep above the soil. The stock of imagination springs forth. The child lives in a fairy world in which wood, river and sky are filled with forms of inconceivable beauty and terror. The growth goes on—the fairy world of the child fades into the background and in its place the youthful dreamer builds a bright airy castle of pure golden hope and enthusiasm; only he builds the foundation of the frail crystal ideal; still, the castle grows and is peopled with large ambitions, a great name, the victor's crown—all beautiful shadow forms of the easily earned future. On, on, goes the stately pile; but stay! Who comes yonder with that huge iron hammer in his hand? He stalks straight up to the beautiful structure and—stop him!—strikes at the delicate, white foundation, and lo, it is cracked in many places. The youthful dreamer begins to mend the places, but the seams will show. He looks up and sees reality stamped on the forehead of the huge monster who has so marred his building, and on the hammer, sorrow and disappointment.

Hope is ever the companion of youth. So he goes on to repair the injuries, but is always retarded by the stern old man, whose hammer strikes again, a dag again, until—crash, down goes the castle and under it lies buried all the dear shadow-forms of love, fortune and fame. If the branches are strong and the roots firm he begins anew to build a ladder this time of strongest iron, and employs reason and fact for workmen. If on the contrary they are weak or brittle they bend down under the burden and end in misery and death, or else snap and live in a world of madness and fantasy. Which is the happier lot? What mortal can answer? We are like—

There, I have wandered far away from the island in question and am now brought back by the arrival, not of a ferry boat, but a row boat, manned by a crew of six sturdy-looking sailors, each manipulating a large wooden oar.

They have for the most part very ill-favored countenances and are nearly all Italians. I find myself thinking as I step into the boat—"What a small chance one would have of being rescued, if by chance, they fell overboard and trusted to the bravery of these men." They were all dressed alike, in coarse grey trousers, checked shirts falling back displaying their brawny necks. Small grey skull caps surmounted their closely-shaved heads; and this served to complete the costume. My eyes glanced around at the other occupants of the boat and found they consisted of just thirteen persons, which total number caused a thrill of horror in the breast of Miss T., our superstitious little dark-eyed friend. To add to the comfort, we are now informed by the gentlemen of our party that the sailors are workhouse men, who have been sent up for petty crimes. The prison is pointed out to us at the southern part of the island, a very large building of grey granite. In fact the island presents quite a charming picture to one from the river, with its grey-white buildings embowered in trees, and every inch of the ground covered with a thick carpet of green.

The river is very calm today, and we sail along nicely without accident. Several "cute" little tugs with their little important noses held high in air, with a few excursion boats in tow, pass in. In about five or ten minutes we are across to Blackwell's Island, tied (the boat I mean) to an upright plank, and cross to terra firma on a narrow board.

We landed about in the center of the western shore of the island, and before us lay a large open grass plot dotted over with the beautiful "ox-eye" daisy in which this eastern country abounds. We were afterwards informed that this is the tennis ground. We turned to our left and walked along towards the north about one square and a half (Salt Lake measure) and find ourselves near a large granite building. We could descry some twenty-five or thirty of the inmates of the asylum who were spreading out clothes on the grass to dry. They all wore red shawls, blue calico dresses and sun-bonnets. They seemed to work very slowly and gave each piece a vicious little tug as it dropped.

As we near the building the path diverges in two directions, one going northwest from the building and the other along the south side; near the former we see a notice: "No visitors allowed along the path." On the porch of a small structure of lattice work we see several persons sitting with bowed heads and clasped hands, or pacing restlessly to and fro. We take the south path—it is very close to the wall of the main building—and as we pass we hear mumbling, shoutings and screechings. This, we afterwards learned, was where the aged and incurables were confined, and that they are very noisy and troublesome.

When we reached the southeast part of the building we were met by an attendant, who directed us to walk up the east side of the building and we would reach the superintendent's office. We did so and found a beautiful entrance of stone steps surmounted by a vine-covered porch.