

circulated among the Latter-day Saints concerning the authorities of the Church have been believed in in this manner, until many have got false ideas concerning the character of the men of God. This was the case in the days of Joseph. Many accusations which his enemies made against him some of those who professed to be Latter-day Saints believed. Occasionally I hear things said about the late President Young that are utterly false, and they are believed because they have been printed. It is so also with charges against the Saints of God. The character of this people has been maligned and villified to such an extent that men are astonished when they are brought in contact with us and find out who and what we are. I know this is the case with myself. My name has been bruited about a good deal, and when I come in contact, in my travels, with people to whom I am a stranger they tell me what their feelings have been. They supposed we were monsters of wickedness, seeking all the time to do wrong. And it would seem as if some of the Latter-day Saints felt this way. A young man a few days ago called my attention to an article which appeared in an Eastern paper, and which was copied into one of our papers, containing gross misstatements. I do not think I ever read an article that contained more lies in the same amount of space than it did. This young man told me that he was riding in the cars, and a prominent Latter-day Saint (I would not ask his name, because I did not want to know it), after reading this article, said, "Well, there is more truth than poetry in that." Now, to hear of a Latter-day Saint making such a remark about one of the authorities of the Church, if I were not accustomed to such things, it would make me sick. How can a man do it and have faith in the Gospel? How can we believe that President Wilford Woodruff is a wicked and untruthful man, and still believe that God would hold him in his position? How can we believe this about any of our brethren who occupy responsible stations?

The brethren have borne testimony to you this morning concerning the Spirit of God, and I bear testimony to you concerning it. Be careful what spirit you allow to get into your hearts. Do not allow Satan to deceive you. Watch and pray; not only watch, but pray—not on your knees alone, but when you are walking around, pray in your hearts for God to deliver you from the influence of Satan. Be not ready to believe everything that you hear of an evil nature. Pray God to dispel darkness from your minds, that you may see light. When you are filled with light, you are filled with everything that is God-like, and you will have indescribable joy. There is nothing on the earth that approaches the joy of the Spirit of God when it possesses a man or a woman. Do they then hate their brethren? Will they tell lies about them? Will they believe lies about them? No, they will not. The Spirit of God will not believe a lie, because the Spirit of God brings charity, and charity does not indulge in these feelings. When men and women have charity, lies are abhorrent to them, and they believe in the servants of God and in the authority of the Priesthood, which authority God has confirmed in your eyes, if you will but open them to see. By every sign that human beings could ask, God has confirmed the authority

of the Priesthood to those that will open their eyes to see. There need to be no mistake about it. Every child may know it, whether this is the work of God or not, or whether these men are true servants of God or not. I warn you today, in the presence of our God, against these evil influences of which I speak, and I will stand as a witness before our God in the day of the Lord Jesus that I have warned you. Beware then of what you do and the spirit that you indulge in! God bless you in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Written for this Paper.

### IN EAST TENNESSEE.

My brother, Willard Halliday, in 1890, while laboring in the cause of God in Davis county, N. C., after a siege of pneumonia, parted this life to labor in a holier and happier sphere; to visit the place of his death, in connection with Elder R. R. Judd, of Grantsville Utah, we left our field of labor in East Tennessee and after visiting a number of Saints in the upper counties, on November 12th, just at noon, we crossed the Blue Ridge, through "Grandmother's" gap, the great watershed which divides the rivers running into the Mississippi from those running directly into the Atlantic ocean. The mountain scenery along our route was indeed grand, while the pure mountain water that gushed forth from the rocks in numberless places added much to the pleasure of the trip.

Arriving at Mocksville, we had no trouble in locating Mr. L. M. McClamrock, at whose home my brother died, and whose kindness I shall never forget, for I am persuaded that no more willing hearts or tender hands could have administered to him, had he been at home. And it was a source of great joy to us to know that during our brother's last moments on earth, he was so favored as to fall among such good Samaritans.

Returning again via Ashville, N. C., we lay over one day for the purpose of visiting the famous Vanderbilt mansion, now in course of construction. The mansion is located about five miles south of Ashville, and feeling quite weary from our previous day's journey, we slowly sauntered down South Main street, and reaching Baltimore, the closest point to the mansion that will be reached, when completed, by any conveyance save carriages, we called on general manager Macknamee, requesting passes, but were informed it we were on foot no pass was necessary. So taking the rail road track, about three miles brought us to the mansion. As we crossed rough ridges and deep gullies we wondered how it could be possible that a man would select such a rugged place upon which to expend so much money, for surely nature has presented many more beautiful and less rugged places to subdue and beautify.

It so happened that the same morning we visited the place Mr. George W. Vanderbilt himself arrived. He is a single man probably thirty years of age, dark complexioned, medium height and would weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

As we reached the spot, a most beautiful spectacle met our gaze. Towering before us probably 150 feet high, 600 long by 180 feet wide, beautifully decorated by stone sculpture work, stood the

magnificent white sandstone mansion, and when being informed by the manager in charge that the stone both for the mansion and the huge walls, arches and steps which bedeck the grounds had been shipped from Bedford, Indiana, we were led to exclaim "what cannot be accomplished with money."

After viewing the mansion with its immediate surroundings, and procuring souvenirs, we followed the winding paved and macadamized walks into the floral and horticultural part of his premises. In the greenhouse we found many tropical trees and plants, with thousands of varieties of flowers in bloom as though it were springtime.

The high stone archways and sculpture work gives a massive and substantial appearance to the grounds. The water supply is piped from Bushy, a distance of three miles, and the sewerage is perfect.

We were informed that the tract of land upon which the building stands comprise about seventeen thousand acres, with probably three hundred of it already beautified, while farther back in the mountains Mr. Vanderbilt owns a tract of seventy thousand acres, known as the "paint beds." From one in charge we obtained the following statistics. About one thousand men employed upon the grounds, of which about three hundred are working on the interior of the building, receiving from one to five dollars per day wages. The building contains three hundred and sixty-eight rooms. Forty five carriage horses will be kept at the mansion for the accommodation of the millionaire and his guests. Forty miles of macadamized carriage road is already constructed on the grounds, reaching most of the scenic points. Everything seems to be of a substantial nature and will last for ages. And we leave this beautiful picture, with the breeze so health inspiring, with a sigh of regret.

East Tennessee conference is in a prosperous condition, and with the recent arrival of Elders Thomas Coffin and J. R. Terry, our number is increased to twenty-eight.

With appreciation for your paper, which reaches us, we are still yours in the cause of truth.

J. R. HALLIDAY,  
Pres. East Tenn. Conference.

### ZINA D. H. YOUNG.

On the 31st day of the present month Sister Zina D. H. Young will have reached the age of seventy-five years.

"Aunt Zina," as the Latter-day Saints love to call her, was born January 31, 1821, in Watertown, Jefferson county, New York, and comes of goodly parentage. Her father was William Huntington, her mother Zina Baker, whose father was one of the first physicians in New Hampshire. Her maternal grandmother was Dorcas Dimock, "descended from the noble family of Dimocks whose representatives held the hereditary knight-championship of England; instance: Sir Edward Dymock, Queen Elizabeth's champion." Mrs. Young's father served in the war of 1812; Samuel Huntington, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was the uncle of her grandfather, Wm. Huntington, a revolutionary soldier. The family were directly descended from Simon Huntington, the