

knew nothing about God, devils, angels, nor their power; nothing about good or bad principles,—stepped in and seen those miracles wrought, do you not perceive that he could not have told which was from a good or which was from an evil source? He could not have judged the matter upon any worldly principle. Moses says to Pharaoh, "Let the children of Israel go." He would not do it. "Then," says Moses, "I will cause frogs to come upon the whole land." Pharaoh replies, "I don't believe it." But up they came. He calls for his soothsayers, astrologers and wise men, and tells them what Moses had done, and asks them what they can do. "We can do just what he has." And sure enough up came the frogs.

Moses next made the dust into lice. Pharaoh calls for his wise men, saying, "What can you do, my friends?" "O, we can do the same." How could a man, woman, nation or people, destitute of the spirit of revelation, discern and determine which were right, Moses or the wise men of Egypt? They could not.

Hence, you comprehend that every principle set forth in our holy religion—every part of the religious experience which we have obtained on the earth, proves the necessity there is for all saints to live their religion, that the Lord may reveal unto them, from time to time, his will concerning them. Then you would not be troubled about crickets, nor about grasshoppers, rain, drought, nor anything else; but you would inquire what the Lord requires of you, and how he wishes you to do his will on the earth. Pay attention to what the Lord requires of you and let the balance go. He will take care of that if you will acknowledge his hand in all things. Then you will rejoice that your names are written in heaven—that you have the privilege of being able to discern between the right and wrong; to recognize the goings forth of the Lord, and that you can perceive his handy work among the people and his footsteps among the nations; how he pulls down one kingdom here and raises another there, and turns and overturns in the earth according to his good pleasure and men cannot help it, and the people know it not—they understand not.

The Lord causes the people to bring forth his purposes that his saints may rejoice, and that wickedness may eventually be destroyed from the earth; he will bring it all about, therefore let us pay attention to our duties. Attend to your crops, and let the gardens be attended to; and if your corn is eaten off to-day, plant again to-morrow; if your wheat is cut down by the grasshoppers, sow a little more and drag it in. Last season when the grasshoppers came on my crops, I said, "hobble away, I may as well feed you as to have my neighbors do it; I have sown plenty, and you have not raised any for yourselves." And when harvest came you would not have known that there had been a grasshopper there; the yield was as good as I expected at the planting and sowing.

Do your duty and cleave to the truth, and let us attend to adorning this block and to building the Temple, and let the brethren come and pay their labor tithing. We have completed what some call the endowment house, though what I call the House of the Lord. In it you will get your endowments, but do not fret about it, for you will receive them in your times.

Let us build the Temple, and when we have finished that building we will call it the Temple of our God. Be diligent and upright in all things, and acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all things; rejoice ever more, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks, even if you have nothing but buttermilk and potatoes.

Do those things that are necessary to be done and let those alone that are not necessary, and we shall accomplish more than we do now.

In the United States, where I lived in my youth, I have known immigrant families who would rise early, have their breakfast ready and eaten in about forty minutes, and all turn out to work on their farms until half past eleven, then go to the house, eat dinner and not devote more than an hour for rest. What was the result of this steady labor? People who had crossed the ocean with no money and with very little clothing, who knew little or nothing about farming, and in a new country, would soon have a good farm cleared and paid for. In a few years more they would have their carriages and horses, and every comfort and luxury to be derived from fine gardens and orchards. After a while they could purchase more land and add it to their well cultivated farms, and perhaps, in fifteen or twenty years, become wealthy, though they had nothing but health and industry to begin with.

I wish to be rich the Lord has wealth in store for us, but let us take a course to gather it together, and then to prepare it for usefulness when it is gathered. I am not for hoarding up gold and other property to lay useless, I wish to put everything to a good use. I never keep a dollar laying idly by me, for I wish all the means to be put into active operation. If I now had in my possession one hundred million dollars in cash, I could buy the favor of the publishers of newspapers and control their presses; with that amount I could make this people popular, though I expect that popularity would send us to hell. True with such a sum we could gather up the poor scattered Israelites and redeem Zion, but I feel to say, "No, Lord, when riches before their time are going to destroy the people."

Let the people have righteousness, be taught of the Lord, live in the revelations of Jesus Christ, and then they can handle the gold and silver of the whole earth without having a desire for it, only as a means with which to gather Israel, redeem Zion, subdue and beautify the earth and bring all things in readiness to live with God in heaven.

May the Lord help us to do this great work. Amen.

The electric telegraph line from Sebastopol to St. Petersburg has begun to operate.

From the Christian Inquirer.

THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

1. In heavy sleep the Caliph lay,
When some one called, "Arise, and pray!"
2. The angry Caliph cried, "Who dare
Rebuke his king for slighted prayer?"
3. Then, from the corner of the room,
A voice cut sharply through the gloom—
4. "My name is Satan. Rise! obey
Mohammed's law, Awake, and pray?"
5. "Thy words are good," the Caliph said,
"But their intent I somewhat dread,"
6. "For matters cannot well be worse,
Than when the thief says—'Guard your purse,'"
7. "I cannot trust your counsel, friend,
It surely hides some wicked end."
8. Said Satan—"Near the Throne of God,
In ages past, we devils trod;"
9. "Angels of light, to us 'twas given
To guide each wandering foot to Heaven;
10. "Not wholly lost is that first love,
Nor those pure tastes we knew above."
11. "Roaming across a continent,
The Tartar moves his shifting tent;
12. "But never quite forgets the day,
When in his father's arms he lay;"
13. "So we, once bathed in love divine,
Recall the taste of that rich wine;"
14. "God's finger rested on my brow—
That magic touch, I feel it now!"
15. "I feel, 'tis true—Oh, ask not why!
For still to God I turn my eye;"
16. "It was a chance by which I fell;
Another takes me back from Hell."
17. "Twas but my envy of mankind,
The envy of a loving mind."
18. "Jealous of men; I could not bear
God's love with this new race to share."
19. "But yet God's tables open stand,
His guests flock in from every land."
20. "Some kind act toward the race of men
May toss us into Heaven again."
21. "A game of chess is all we see—
And God the player, pieces we."
22. "White, black—queen, pawn—'tis all the same,
For on both sides He plays the game;"
23. "Moved to and fro, from good to ill,
We rise and fall, as suits His will."
24. The Caliph said: "If this be so
I know not; but thy galle I know;"
25. "For how can I thy words believe
When even God thou dost deceive."
26. "A sea of lies art thou—our sin
Only a drop that set us within;"
27. "Not so," said Satan, "I serve God,
His angel now, and now his rod."
28. "In tempting, I both bless and curse,
Make good men better, bad men worse;"
29. "Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother,
I but distinguish one from the other."
30. "Granted,"—the Caliph said—"but still
You never tempt to good, but ill."
31. "Tell then the truth, for well I know
You come as my most deadly foe."
32. Loud laughed the fiend. "You know me well—
Therefore my purpose I will tell."
33. "If you had missed your prayer, I knew
A swift repentance would ensue."
34. "And such repentance would have been
A good, outweighing far the sin."
35. "I chose this humbleness divine,
Born out of fault, should not be thine;"
36. Preferring prayers, elate with pride,
To sin with penitence allied."

Mr. Smith Lounges on the Sofa, and Mrs. Smith Lectures Him for it.

BY ROSE RANDOM.

"I declare, Mr. Smith! this is too bad. Here you are stretched out on the sofa, musing it up, and my nice carpet is all soiled by the tramp of your cow's boots. I shall be ashamed to bring any one into the parlor again—and I have taken so much pains to keep everything nice. I do think, Mr. Smith, you are the most thoughtless, careless man I ever did see—you don't appear to care how things look, nor how much trouble you give me."

If I had no more care than you have we would soon have a nice looking house—it would not be long till our new house and furniture would be just as bad as the old," said John Smith's wife to him, as she saw him in the parlor taking a nap on the sofa.

Mr. Smith rose up slowly, and answered, "I was tired and sleepy, Mary, and the weather so hot, and this room so quiet and cool, and the sofa looked so inviting, that I could not resist the temptation to snooze a little. I thought when we were building a new house, and furnishing it thus, that we were doing it because the old house and furniture were not so comfortable as desirable and that I and my own dear Mary, would indulge ourselves in a little quiet leisure in these nice rooms, and, if we chose, in lounging on the sofas, and rocking in those cushioned

armed chairs, away from the noise of the family, and the smell of the cooking stove."

I did not dream of displeasing you, Mary, and I thought it would give you pleasure to see me enjoying a nap on the sofa, this warm afternoon. I notice when Merchant Swell, or Col. Bigman and their families are here, you appear delighted to have sofas, and cushioned armed chairs for them to sit in or lounge upon."

I thought the house and the sofas were to use—that we were seeking our own pleasure when we paid a large sum of money for them; but I suppose I was mistaken; and that the house and furniture are for strangers, and that we are to sit in the old chairs, in the kitchen and if I want to take a nap, or rest a little when fatigued, I am to lie down on a slab in the wood-house; and you, if you want to rest, can go to the children's trundle-bed; in the little, close bed-room, where the flies can have a chance at you."

The irony of Mr. Smith's reply only provoked his wife, and seeing himself threatened with a repetition of Mrs. Smith's speech, with unpleasant additions and variations, and knowing that he would get tired of gaining victories over her in argument, before she would think of getting tired of defeat, he took himself out and left Mrs. Smith to fix up and dust out, and lock him out of his own house, and took a seat on an old chair in the kitchen, which Mrs. Smith said was good enough to use every day—in the kitchen, where no one sees it.

Poor, mistaken Mrs. Smith, thought I. And yet, most women are like her. They want a fine house, and when they get it they want an out house built to live in; and they confine their families to a few small rooms, poorly furnished, while the main building, well furnished, is never seen by the family only when visitors come. Both house and furniture are too grand for use. The carpet is too fine for their husbands to walk on—the mirrors are too fine for him to look into—the furniture is all too fine for him to see or use.

Just so it goes—we dress, we women, I mean; and I am sorry that many men are as foolish as we are, to please others, or rather to excite their remarks—we build houses, and furnish them for those outside of the family, and live as poorly when we are rich as we did when we were poor; as poorly in the new house as in the old.

It is a fatal day to enjoyment when a family gets a house and furniture too fine for us; and yet most women have an ambition to have it so. Better would it be if they were contented with such a house and such furniture as is suited to every day use—the house large enough to accommodate one's friends, and the furniture such as all use when at home.—[Marysville Tribune.]

NOT ASHAMED OF RIDICULE.

I shall never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad at an Academy in the B——. Among my school-fellows were Hartly and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and to the latter I looked up to as a sort of leader in matters of opinion as well as of sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the look-out for matters of derision.

Hartly was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning as we were on our way to school he was seen driving a cow along the road toward a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was one not to be lost by Jemson. "Holloa!" he exclaimed; "what's the price of milk? I say Jonathan, what do you fodder on? what will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!"

Hartly waving his hand at us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail-fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then, putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school in the afternoon he let out the cow, and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of B—— Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson, were accordingly often renewed. He once on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartly. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartly bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartly," said Jemson, one day, "suppose your daddy means to make a milkman of you?" "Why not?" asked Hartly. "O nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all." The boys laughed, and Hartly, not in the least mortified, replied, "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milk man, I'll give you good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation, there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from neighboring cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of our Academy, and both Hartly and Jemson received a creditable number; for in respect to scholarship these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances

were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize for heroism. The last boy who received one was young Manners, who three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The Principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story. "Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the streets, just as a poor boy on horse-back rode by on his way to mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, however, who had witnessed the accident from the distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render services."

This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back, helpless. "Never mind, good woman," said the scholar, "I can drive your cow!" With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted his offer.

But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the Apothecary. "I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with; but I can do without them for awhile." "O no," said the old woman, "I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of cow-hide boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely." The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cow-hide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right; caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered.

He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow; for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives, and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartly, do not slink out of sight behind the black board! You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, Master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face!

As Hartly, with blushing cheeks made his appearance, what a round of applause in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartly's feet seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell a good thing of Jemson, before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured raillery, and, after we were dismissed he went with tears in his eyes and tendered his hand to Hartly, making a handsome apology for his past ill manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartly, with delightful cordiality; "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation." The boys one and all, followed Jemson's example; and then we set forth, with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was!

Boundary between California and Utah. Wagon Road Route.

SACRAMENTO, Oct. 5, 1855.

EDITORS OF THE STATE JOURNAL:—I have obtained from Mr. Giddard a hastily drawn up, but interesting report of some of the results of his expedition to Carson Valley, which I take pleasure in placing at your disposal.

S. H. MARLETTE.

TO THE HON. S. H. MARLETTE, SURVEYOR GENERAL:—SIR—In accordance with your wish, that I should give you a brief statement of the results established by the Boundary Survey under my direction, and in anticipation of a more full and detailed report, when the observations shall have been all reduced and completed, I beg leave to present you the following statement:

BOUNDARY SURVEY.

I set up the altitude and azimuth instrument a little west of the 120th meridian in Red Lake Valley, on the old Carson road, and took such observations as were available during my stay there.

The Hon. Sherman Day measured a base line in the Valley, and established by triangulation the relative positions of all the neighboring peaks, with the station and prolonged my meridian line over the Round Top Ridge into Bigler Lake Valley.

I then proceeded to Bigler Lake Valley, and set up the instrument on the south shore of the lake, near where the Truckee river falls into the lake, and a little east of the 120th meridian.—Here I took such observations as the weather permitted.

I measured a base line and connected the former points of the Red Lake triangulation with this station, and carried the triangulation over the mountains into Carson Valley.

The meridian of Red Lake Camp, was by the

[Continued on page 294.]