

[COMMUNICATED.]  
IMPATIENCE.

In every stage of life this feature is quite noticeable: The little fellow at the knee longs to be a man, or approach thereto. He asks when he will be five years old; now he asks when he will be six, and he is looking for the time when he will be old enough to be baptized; next he will inquire how long it will be before he can take a mission; or perchance an education, a trade or marriage will be the object of his solicitude, and time will lag, days and even hours will seem to be as if the coveted thing would never come.

First experience in planting a garden constitutes an amusing reflection. It seems forever, waiting for germination; peas and potatoes become special objects of interest, and the planted tree is long in putting forth its leaves and still longer in blooming for the expected fruit, and our first peaches seemed much longer graduating from the green condition into luscious sweetness than they do now, after years of hard experience. At one stage particularly (while the shell was maturing) there was no apparent change for several weeks.

Spring comes with a suddenness in Utah, which would surprise elsewhere, as we noticed when in the British mission, for "winter there did linger in the lap of spring." Week followed week, and while the grass was a perennial green, the hedge-rows in comparison with spring at home seemed unaccountably long in coming. Our impatience vented itself in lauding the peace where even the slow locust tree seems to spring to bud and leaf almost in a day.

This impatience of the soul originates surely in part at least in inexperience, for we all remember how in the war of the rebellion, prominent men counted on settling the whole controversy "in ninety days," yet four sad, long years elapsed ere the proclamation of coveted peace, and the cost of life and treasure so far exceeded the impatient conclusion of early history that we marvel how they could have been spent, how one million lives went out on the altars of real and fancied patriotism, while over three billions in treasure barely covered the cost; and even now, thirty-three years from the struggle, it costs this liberal nation over one hundred and forty million dollars annually to furnish pensions for the proud survivors or their kin, for this conflict of "only ninety days."

We remember in the Christ era the impatience of some at least of His followers when they half petulantly asked, "Wilt thou not at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" Of precisely the same temperament were the modern promulgators of the self-same faith and Gospel, for most of the early Elders expected "the consummation of all things" almost a generation ago. The winding up scene was looked for within a brief time; some very impatient things were then said and done. Now it is realized that quite a preparatory work was imperative, even for those of the greatest faith ere they could "take the kingdom and possess it," and not unlikely some of the disappointed had feelings or thoughts akin to the early Christians who in turmoil, persecution and death were asking: "Where is now the promise of His coming, for since the fathers fell asleep, have not all things continued as they were at the beginning?"

Probably some of the over sanguine of our time think that events move slowly; that the Lord delayeth His coming; that justice is deliberate in meting out the penalty for suffering caused by persecution, imprisonment, mobbing, drivings and death. Some who

endured have long gone home, and others have given up the idea of seeing retribution, at least in their day.

It is quite possible that this impatience grew out of the action of faith, out of an illuminated vision. The revealing of the future was so clear and the recollection thereof so vivid that the culmination seemed to be at the very door; perchance this impression was needed so that sacrifice might lose its bitterness, that trial might be deprived of its sting, and that contrary to the experience of ordinary human nature a man might even "rejoice in affliction," and "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ."

Experience bids the soul curb and restrain its impatience; the fact that "the mills of the gods grind slowly" is the dictum of history. The Lord is not hurried, "nor is He slack concerning His promises, as some men count slackness," and the strange statement of holy writ that "a thousand years are with Him as one day, and one day as a thousand years" is the key to that leisure which to man of our hurrying time is almost inexplicable. Modern life is essentially rapid. Results are looked for almost instantaneously. Business habits are not congenial with the waiting anticipation of years gone by, even the brief "three score years and ten" are freely discounted through the spirit of impatience. Men make haste to get rich, and the desire is to annihilate time and distance, to turn night into day and make leisure a hurry whether to rich or poor.

That with modern facilities a man or woman can accomplish more in any given time goes without saying, but the fever of impatient haste destroys the very purpose and intent of invention and discovery. The intending blessing may become an instrument of suicide when perverted by the heat of mistaken rush disguised as enterprise, or business, or as a demand of life.

The mind can become so absorbed, so engrossed in immediate surroundings, that all there is seems concentrated into what is really but a fraction of being if such phraseology is compatible with this subject; measure time, as we now comprehend it, the span of months, years and life, the whole is but a brief absence from old conditions where the standard of measurement was different—one day a thousand years!

That man is "an eternal being" is easily said, but not so easily comprehended, but surely the restlessness, the worry, the feverish haste, the impatience of human desire, activity, and effort is not a chronic feature of all existence. It must only be "of the earth, earthy." It belongs to a probation both ends of which are an enigma, only as soul is susceptible to knowledge and understanding, which can and must come, from some class of intelligence, who possess the right and exercise the power of opening the susceptible seeking heart?

A very slight glimpse behind the veil, a little comprehensiveness of divine rule, and assurance of an overruling hand, inevitably broaden the thought, expands the vision, affects query and diminishes doubt; the seeker after light learns "to possess his soul in patience." His trust is in the living God, the panorama of life ceases to excite, and things which it appeared desirable to accomplish and to do so at once, things which provoked loss their influence so far as creating ferment and discontent are concerned. Finally it comes to be, "if the Lord will," and while activity, which is a normal attribute of life, is bound to continue, the New Testament or Christ-philosophy enters, bringing peace; "take no thought for tomorrow, what ye shall

eat, or what ye shall drink, or where-withal shall ye be clothed."

There may be wars and rumors of wars, and in high places of nations there may be an uncongenial policy, or minor things may mar the peace of men; even the weather may create comment and be voiced as lately in impatience for rain, fearfulness of drought and forebodings as to the loss of crops and labor, but by and by the rain comes, vegetation is literally full of promise, grumbling becomes rebuked and the old proverb is verified again, that "everything comes to those that wait."

Human nature fails to learn all its lessons at once, or even one lesson—all at once. Time is required for all the processes in which man is interested, yet that man has achieved a triumph over conditions and events, a triumph over the promptings of a perverted human nature, who can heartily echo the words of the ancient Seer, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation." Surely Habakkuk was no victim or subject of either ancient or modern impatience.

## AWFUL LONDON.

London, April 15, 1898.—This morning the writer had occasion to stand for a few brief minutes outside a well known bank situated on a still better known thoroughfare of the modern Babylon—en passant. He had no business to transact at the aforesaid bank, but if a fellow must loaf let him at least keep up appearances—vide the Knutsford rotunda at 8 p.m. any evening. Tophatted and satin faced Prince Alberted humanity was scurrying along on business bent. Presently an object who seemed sadly out of place amidst the atmosphere of stocks and bonds hove in sight—one of those poor creatures who are down at heel, uncollared, unshaved and withal unkempt—poverty personified. He was dining sumptuously from the contents of a greasy piece of newspaper, not the Cuban crisis, but a penny worth of fried fish (cooked in horse oil), and perhaps a ha'penn'oth of potatoes. Apparently he had attained his fill, for he threw the remains of his lunch into the gutter and thoughtfully wiped his ten days' beard with the back of his grimy paw, then faded out of sight. Anon a shorty little fox terrier came along, took one sniff at the fried fish bones, then like the Pharisee of old, passed by on the other side. Then a ponderous 'bus pounded by and smashed one-half of the remains of the epicurean meal. The tasty object caught the eye of the street scavenger and he swooped down upon it with his ever busy pan and brush; but he was too late. A wrinkled claw descended upon the tit bit, and the next instant a bloated, gin sodden hag was devouring the castaway fragments with avidity. Someone laughed. A portly well fed and groomed individual murmured "Poor devil," and the traffic went rumbling along utterly oblivious of the tragedy.

But it is not on the main arteries of this great city that one sees poverty and vice in all its sordid hideousness. Get into the slums just a few hundred yards at the back and one can see such sights that make the dweller amidst the valleys of the mountains shudder and wonder in dazed horror 'can such things be on this fair earth?' The same sights are to be seen to a greater or lesser degree in all large cities, but possibly nowhere are wealth and poverty brought into such vivid