

if that enemy shall escape my vengeance, that he be not brought into judgment before me, then ye shall see to it that ye warn him in my name, that he come no more upon you, neither upon your family, even your children's children, unto the third and fourth generation;

"And then if he shall come upon you, or your children, or your children's children unto the third and fourth generation; I have delivered thine enemy into thine hands.

"And then if thou wilt spare him, thou shalt be rewarded for thy righteousness; and also thy children and thy children's children unto the third and fourth generation;

"Nevertheless thine enemy is in thine hands, and if thou reward him according to his works, thou art justified, if he has sought thy life, and thy life is endangered by him, thine enemy is in thine hands and thou art justified."

This is the law to the Latter-day Saints, and they are quite prepared to wait patiently for results. They are further instructed that, if any nation proclaim war against them, they shall first lift up a standard of peace unto that people. If that nation will not accept the offering, then they are required to bring these testimonies before the Lord, when He declares that He will justify them in going out to battle against that nation, and that He will fight their battles, and their children's battles, and their children's children's, until they have avenged themselves on all their enemies, to the third and fourth generation. This subject closes in this revelation with the sweeping assertion: "Behold this is an example unto all people, saith the Lord your God, for justification before me."

Marvelously does the past history of this peculiar people prove that their God is keeping covenant with them. Their exodus from Kirtland, Ohio, was insignificant compared with that from Missouri. Numbering from fifteen to twenty thousand, when driven from Nauvoo and surrounding country, they rolled westward in the "van of empire." Like a rolling snowball they gathered as they went. They have not only increased in numbers but in that strength begotten of union, and in that energy and self-reliance which is the fruit of adversity, borne with patience and fortitude. With policies dug out of the shallow past, they are not understood. When their enemies think that they are about to solve the "Mormon problem" in their own way, some unlooked-for providence circumscribes their wisdom, and the problem still remains unsolved.

Persecution is rushing them onward and upward to their grand destiny. As proof of this, study their history. Compare their present condition with their circumstances in Missouri and Illinois. With 200,000 people in Utah and adjacent Territories, the result of forty years of exile from their homes east of the Rocky Mountains, with numerous branches of their Church in nearly every civilized nation, from which to concentrate proselytes on any designated portion of this hemisphere, with their colonies already extended over 1500 miles along the back bone of the continent, with such an elastic organization that it can bend to any forced conditions, without breaking, these marvelously self-reliant, ever increasing Saints, bid fair, through unyielding patience and fortitude, to acquire and retain all that their increasing numbers and expanding energies require; and be prepared to participate in the reign of peace that is about to be inaugurated on the earth.

J. A. LITTLE.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

As the days have passed since May 31, when Conneautaugh reservoir burst, the magnitude of the visitation precipitated upon the towns along Conneautaugh river has seemed to increase. In fact some time had to elapse before its vastness could be fully realized by the public.

The principal weight of the calamity fell upon Johnstown and its environs. Here the scenes which followed the flood have baffled the pens of the most graphic writers who have undertaken to portray them. Dead bodies by the hundred have been extricated from the mud and debris, and it is reasonably certain that hundreds of corpses were swept on to the Ohio river.

Six improvised morgues are in Johnstown, and in these bodies are held until decomposition renders it unsafe to keep them longer. These temporary places for the dead are in the churches and schoolhouses, the largest one being in the Fourth Ward schoolhouse, where planks have been laid over the tops of desks and on them the remains are placed. The dead bodies which are dug from the banks are covered with mud, and are taken to the ante-room of the school, where they are placed under a hydrant and the mud and slime washed off. With a slash of a knife the clothes are ripped open, and an attendant searches the pockets for valuables or papers for identification, and four men then lift the corpse upon a rude table and there it is thoroughly washed, embalming fluid injected into the arm and then with other grim bodies the corpse lies in a large room until it is identified or becomes offensive. In the latter case it is hurried off to a large grave that

will hereafter have a monument over it, bearing the inscription, "Unknown."

A dispatch dated June 4 says the number of unknown dead is hourly growing, because the pestilence stalks in Johnstown, and the bloated, disfigured masses of flesh cannot be held much longer. Bodies of stalwart workmen lie beside the remains of dainty ladies, many of whom are still decked with costly earrings and jewels on their fingers. Rich and poor through these quarters and gaze with awe-struck faces at the masses of mutilation, in hope of recognizing missing ones so as to accord the body decent burial.

AFFECTING INCIDENTS.

A wealthy young Philadelphian named Ogle recently became engaged to a Johnstown lady, Miss Carrie Diehl; they were to be wedded in the middle of June, and both parties were preparing for the ceremony. The lover heard of the flood, but knowing the residence of his dear one was up in the hills, he felt little fear. To make sure, however, he started for Johnstown, arriving June 4. Near the Fourth Street morgue he met Mr. Diehl. "Thank God you are safe!" he exclaimed, and then added, "Is Carrie well?" "She was visiting in the valley when the flood came," was the mournful reply. Then he beckoned the young man to enter the chamber of death. A moment later young Ogle was kneeling beside a rough bier, and was kissing a cold, white face. From the lifeless finger he slipped a thin gold ring and placed it on his own. Then he slipped quietly out; one of a thousand made to mourn by the bursting of the South Fork dam.

"Mamma, mamma," cried a child. She had recognized a body that no one else could, and in a moment the corpse was ticketed, boxed and delivered to laborers who bore it away to join the long funeral procession. A mother recognized her baby boy; "keep it a few minutes," she asked the undertaker in charge. In a few moments she returned, carrying in her arms a little white casket; then she hired two men to bear it to the cemetery. No hearses are seen in Johnstown. Relatives recognize their dead, secure coffins, get them carried the best way they can to the morgues, and then to the graveyards. A prayer, some tears and a few more of the dead thousands are buried in mother Earth.

A frequent visitor at these horrible places is David John Lewis. All over Johnstown he rides a powerful gray horse, and of each one he meets whom he knows, he asks, "Have you seen my sister?" Hardly waiting for a reply he gallops away either to seek ingress to the morgue or ride along the river bank. One week ago Lewis was worth \$60,000, his all being invested in a large commission business; today he owns the horse he rides, the clothes on his back, and that is all. In a fierce wave were buried five of his near relatives, his sisters Annie, Lizzie and Maggie. The latter was married and her little boy and a