

EAST TENNESSEE CONFERENCE.

Was held at Baird's Mills, Wilson County, Saturday and Sunday, April 19th and 20th.

The following named Elders were present: B. H. Roberts, of the Presidency of the Southern Mission; Samuel J. Parish, Presidency of the East Tennessee Conference; and Thomas Godfrey, Orson M. Wilson, Jacob F. Miller, Brigham A. Holbrook, James A. Eldredge, George A. Black, John N. Bevan, William A. Hess, and Josiah Richardson, Traveling Elders in the Conference.

President Parish made a few brief remarks; Elder Thomas Godfrey delivered a gospel discourse, speaking of the universal apostasy from the true gospel and its restoration through Joseph Smith.

Elder Wm. A. Hess spoke upon the necessity of men seeking earnestly and in faith for a knowledge of the truth instead of contenting themselves by worshipping God according to the precepts of men.

President Roberts made a comparison between the Roman Empire and the United States in the professed toleration of all religions and the actual persecution of believers in the true Gospel under both governments, showing that in each instance the exception to universal toleration was on account of the eternal conflict between the principles of good and evil. Mentioned the punishment and destruction which had befallen the Roman Empire, and advised the people in the words of the counsel given of old to take heed that they fight not against God.

Elder J. F. Miller spoke of the necessity of the Saints living in such a manner as to keep with them the Spirit of the Gospel.

Elder G. A. Black spoke upon the necessity of the people receiving the comforter promised by the Savior, showing from the scripture in what way that gift is to be obtained. Also spoke upon the organization of the Church.

Elder J. A. Eldredge spoke of the necessity of those who were really seeking for salvation, yielding obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel; and of the necessity of these ordinances being performed by men duly authorized so that their acts might be valid. Said that the gathering of the Latter-day Saints is in accordance with the predictions of the prophets, instead of being, as some supposed for war, was the beginning of a work which is destined to bring a reign of universal peace upon the earth.

Elder J. A. Bevan advised the Saints to be prayerful and keep themselves clear from the sins of the world. He spoke upon the necessity of continuous revelation. We are accused of teaching dangerous doctrines, if so the Bible should be laid aside as containing dangerous doctrines.

Elder O. M. Wilson referred to the doubt and uncertainty existing in the minds of people of different denominations, while the promise of the Savior is given that those who did the will of the Father, should know of the truth of the doctrine he taught. This knowledge is to be obtained by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, given through the laying on of hands.

Elder Josiah Richardson testified to the truth of the Gospel and to the protecting hand of God having been exerted in behalf of his people.

President B. H. Roberts spoke of the evidences we have that God has given other revelations to men aside from those contained in the Bible; also upon the doctrine laid down by the Savior that men would be judged according to their works, showing that there would necessarily be a difference in the glory to be received by different individuals hereafter.

Adjourning to a shady spot near the place of meeting, the Elders and a number of other partook of a bounteous repast provided by the Saints.

In the afternoon the General Authorities of the Church, the Presidency of the Southern States Mission, the President, Elders and Clerk of the East Tennessee Conference, and F. P. Simmons, Presiding Teacher of the Bairds Mills Branch were presented and sustained.

Elder B. A. Holbrook spoke upon the necessity of yielding obedience to all the laws of God. If we have not done this we should repent, which means that we should cease to break any of those laws. Bore testimony to the restoration of the Gospel.

Prest. Parrish spoke of the necessity of our cultivating faith in God in order to obtain his blessings.

Prest. Roberts said it is well known that it is a part of our belief that the people who embrace the Gospel should gather to the valleys of the mountains. I would like to explain the reasons for the gathering. One reason that might be mentioned is that owing to the prosecution endured from our so-called Christian friends we are almost compelled to emigrate. But that is a comparatively trifling reason. I wish to discuss the question from a Scriptural standpoint. "Gather my Saints together those that have made covenant with Me by sacrifice." I have known those who have embraced the Gospel to be turned from their situations, robbed of their good names and driven as outcasts from their homes, simply because they acted according to their convictions of duty. Truly they have made covenants with God by sacrifice. It is no sacrifice to join any other

church. Where were they to be gathered? To the tops of the mountains. And why? That they might be taught of the ways of the Lord and walk in his paths, that they might not partake of the sins of the world nor receive of its plagues. Mark the path of the cyclones which have devastated the land and you will find them to be traveling in that region where the Elders have labored and their testimony has been rejected. God had declared that he would gather his people and take them to the wilderness and there purge out the rebels from amongst them. In Colorado some of this purging has taken place. Colorado is a place where, by hard work and plenty of it, a man can live. None of our people have starved there yet and we don't expect they will. If any of you go there for the love of the Gospel, and if that is not sufficient reason, by all means stay where you are. Now, what about other affairs? Is not Congress about to wipe "Mormonism" out of existence? The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth and will reign and the command will soon be given, "Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm." As for our enemies we do not wonder at their conduct, as they must necessarily obey him whose servant they have listed to be and we wish to forgive them their trespasses, even as we wish to be forgiven.

Priesthood meetings were held in the morning and evening of each day of Conference.

A good spirit prevailed both with Elders and Saints.

JACOB F. MILLER, Clerk of Conference. Baird's Mills, March 21, 1884.

TOOELE STAKE CONFERENCE.

TOOELE CITY, April 28, 1884.

Editor Deseret News:

Herewith please find a brief synopsis of a Quarterly Conference of the Tooele Stake, held in Tooele City on Saturday and Sunday, the 26th and 27th of April, 1884.

Saturday, 10.30 a.m.

After the opening exercises, Prest. Cowans informed the congregation assembled that in all probability we would have a home-made Conference, as our brethren from the city could not make it convenient to meet with us. Reported the condition of the people financially and spiritually, making suggestions and giving good instructions looking to our future interests.

Bishops Thomas Atkin, Jr., M. Martin, W. H. Moss and Francis D. Stgeor gave encouraging reports of the condition of their wards.

2 p.m.

Brothers O. P. Bates, W. C. Rydall, D. H. Caldwell, R. Meiklejohn, L. Gee, J. R. Clark, P. Nelson, B. Barrus and B. Bowen made reports of the wards, branches and Quorums over which they preside, showing a marked improvement in obedience to the requirements of the Gospel.

B. Bowen, of the Indian mission, from Deep Creek, reported them to be industrious and spirited in raising grain and other produce; the farms assigned them to cultivate was all in and the grain looking first-class. They also had a Sunday school established, which was largely patronized by Indian children, who were learning the alphabet and to connect letters into words with wonderful success, and the result of their mission was having its effect for good.

7 p.m.

The Y. M. M. I. Associations of the Stake held their quarterly conference. After the business of the associations was attended to the time was occupied by a number of speakers, tending to the culture and improvement of its members.

Sunday, April 28th, 10 a.m.

Presidents Gowans, T. W. Lee, W. G. Young and C. L. Anderson made remarks, spirited and suitable to the circumstances and wants of the people, embracing a variety of topics of vital importance.

2 p.m.

President Gowans presented the general authorities of the Church and the local authorities of the Stake and Wards of the Tooele Stake, all of which were unanimously sustained.

R. Meiklejohn was appointed to preside over the High Priests of this Stake to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Brother John Rowberry.

Phillip De La Mare, Jr., and Charles P. Anderson were called as missionaries to Arizona.

P. De La Mare expressed himself willing to respond to the call.

D. E. Harris compared the fallacies taught by Christian divines with the fundamental principles of the Gospel.

President Gowans treated upon the beauty and order of the Gospel, extending salvation in every particular to those that have full faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, with corresponding works.

The meetings of the Conference were well attended considering the inclemency of the weather.

The subjects treated upon by the brethren were of such a character as to awaken renewed determination in the hearts of those present, to live lives of humanity and devotion to God and His requirements.

Great credit is due Brother John Bowen, the leader of our choir, as also Miss L. Roberts, organist, and the

members of the choir for the good music and singing discoursed during our Conference.

GEORGE ATKIN, Clerk of the Tooele Stake of Zion.

BOX ELDER STAKE CONFERENCE.

This Conference was held in the Tabernacle at Brigham City, Saturday and Sunday, April 26th and 27th, 1884. Apostle L. Snow, the Presidency of the Stake, Bishops, leading Elders and many of the Saints from the Wards of the Stake attended the meetings. Visiting Elders were Apostles F. D. Richards and A. Carrington. Elders C. O. Card and F. S. Richards.

The Bishops reports were very gratifying, uniformly showing a steady increase of faith and good works, and the manifestations of the Holy Spirit on the people; by the general abandonment of the use of tea, coffee and tobacco; in the peace and harmony reigning so universally in the wards and settlements of the Saints; and in their ready and intelligent obedience to the laws and will of God.

Elder C. O. Card made some observations on the work and the amount expended in the erection of the Logan Temple. The continuous protection God has so graciously maintained over his peculiar people, and that through the observance of His laws, the obligations He is under to fight their battles.

President O. G. Snow made a few appropriate remarks, and read the donation list to the Logan Temple, the names of brethren who are moving to Arizona, and a telegram from Logan that President Taylor had adjourned Cache Stake Conference to May 16th, 17th and 18th; that the Logan Temple would be dedicated on Saturday the 17th. Authorities of the Church and Stake were presented and sustained.

Elder M. W. Dalton, returning missionary, gave a synopsis of his labors in the missionary field, with a description of national traits of character, the manners and customs of the people whom he had labored among.

Apostle A. Carrington spoke to the great edification of the Saints, on their duty to God and to one another, their entire dependence on God and the care He is constantly bestowing upon them.

Elder F. S. Richards spoke on the object and design of God in revealing such wonderful principles in art and science in this generation.

Apostle F. D. Richards remarked that God, in His infinite wisdom, permits trials and afflictions to come, and also, in His goodness, causes the dark clouds to pass and the sunshine of peace and prosperity to rest upon His people. We should overcome evil with good.

Apostle L. Snow thought we did not take that interest we ought to learn our relationship to God, and of the nature of our faith. Jacob received revelation how to increase his flocks and herds and obtain means to support his numerous family. This privilege belongs also to every Elder. Israel was told at the red sea to stand still, but the Lord said, tell Israel to move on. The Saints need the inspiration of the Holy Spirit to guide them.

Counselor E. A. Box read the amounts he had received and disbursed of Logan Temple funds.

The choir sang the anthem, "Hosannah."

Benediction by Patriarch William Box. JAMES BYWATER, Clerk.

THE CURFEW HEROINE.

The story that is the basis of the well-known poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," told in prose, is as follows:

It lacked half an hour of curfew toll. The old bell-ringer came from under the wattle roof of his cottage stoop and stood with uncovered head in the clear, sweet-scented air. He had grown blind and deaf in the service, but his arm was as muscular as ever, and he who listened this day marked no faltering in the heavy metallic throbs of the cathedral bell. Old Jasper had lived through many changes. He had tolled out his notes of mourning for good Queen Bess, and with tears scarcely dry had rung the glad tidings of the coronation of James. Charles I. had been crowned, reigned and expiated his weakness before all England in Jasper's time, and now he who under the army held all the commonwealth in the hollow of his hand, ruled as more than a monarch, and still the old man, with the habit of a long life upon him, rang his matin and sorrow.

The walls of his memory seemed so written over—so crossed and recrossed by the annals of the years that had gone before—that there seemed little room for anything in the present. Little reckoned he that Cromwell's spearsmen were camped on the moor beyond the village—that Cromwell himself rode with his guardsmen a league away; he only knew that the bell had been rung in the tower when William the Conqueror made Curfew a law, had been spared by Puritan and Roundhead, and that his arm for sixty long years had never failed him at even-tide.

He was moving with a slow step toward the gate, when a woman came hurriedly in from the street and stood beside him; a lovely woman but with a face so blanched that it seemed carved in the whitest of marble, with all of its roundness and dimples. Her great, solemn eyes were raised to the aged face in pitiful appeal, and the lips were

forming words that he could not understand.

"Speak up, lass. I am deaf and cannot hear your clatter."

"For heaven's sake, Jasper, do not ring the curfew bell to-night!"

"What! no ring curfew? Ye must be daft, lassie!"

"Jasper, for sweet heaven's sake—for my sake—for one night in all your long life forget to ring the bell. Fall this once and my lover shall live, whom Cromwell says shall die at curfew toll. Do you hear? My lover, Richard Temple. See, Jasper, here is money to make your old age happy. I sold my jewelry that Lady Maud gave me, and the gold shall all be yours for one curfew."

"Would you bribe me Lily de Vere? Ye're a changeling. Ye're na the blood of the Plantagenets in ye're veins as ye're mother had. What, corrupt the bell ringer under her majesty good Queen Bess? Not for all the gold Lady Maud could bring. Babes have been born and strong men have died before now at the ringing of my bell. Awa! Awa!"

And out on the village green, with the solemn shadows of the larches lengthening over it, a strong man awaited the curfew to toll for his death. He stood handsome, and brave, and tall—taller by an inch than the tallest pikeman who guarded him.

What had he done that he should die? Little it mattered in those days, when the sword wielded by the great Cromwell was so prone to fall, what he or others had done. He had been scribe to the late lord up at the castle, and Lady Maud forgetting that man must woo and woman must wait, had given her heart to him without the king's while the gentle Lily de Vere, distant kinswoman and poor companion to her, had, without the seeking, found the treasures of his true love and had held them fast. Then he had joined the army and made one of the pious soldiers whose evil passions were never stirred but by sign or symbol of poetry. But a scorned woman's hatred had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had compassed him about and conquered him. To-night he was to die.

The beautiful world lay as a vivid picture before him. The dark green wood above the rocky hill where Robin Hood and his merry men had dwelt; the frowning castle with its drawbridge and square towers, the long stretch of moor with the purple shadows upon it, the green, straight walks of the village, the birds overhead, even the daisies at his feet he saw. But, ah! more vividly than all he saw the great red sun with its hazy veil, lingering above the tree tops as though it pitied him with more than human pity.

He was a God-fearing and a God-serving man. He had long made his peace with heaven. Nothing stood between him and death—nothing rose pleading between him and those who were to destroy him but the sweet face of Lily de Vere, whom he loved. She had knelt at Cromwell's feet and pleaded for him. She weaved heaven with her prayers, but all without avail.

Slowly now the great sun went down. Slowly the last rim was hid beneath the greenwood. Thirty minutes more and he would be with God. The color did not forsake his cheek. The dark rings of hair lay upon a warm brow. It was his purpose to die as martyrs and brave men die. What was life that he should cling to it? He almost felt the air pulsate with the first heavy roll of the knell. But no sound came. Still facing the soldiers, with his clear gray eyes upon them, he waited.

All nature had sounded her curfew, but old Jasper was silent.

The bell ringer, with his gray head yet bared had traversed half the distance between his cottage and the ivy-covered tower, when a form went flitting past him, with pale shadowy robes floating around it, and hair that the low western lights touched and tinted as with a halo.

"Ah, Huldah, Huldah!" the old man muttered; "how swift she flies! I will come soon dear. My work is almost done."

Huldah was a good wife who had gone from him in early womanhood, and for whom he had mourned all his long life. But the fleeting form was not Huldah's. It was Lily de Vere, hurried by a sudden and desperate purpose toward the cathedral.

So help me God, curfew shall not ring to-night! Cromwell and his dragoons come this way. Once more will I kneel at his feet and plead!"

She entered the ruined arch and wrenched from its fastenings the carved and worm-eaten door that barred the way to the tower. She ascended with flying and frenzied feet, the steps; her heart lifted up to God for Richard's deliverance from peril. The bats flew out and snook the dust of centuries from the black carving. As she went up she caught glimpses of the interior of the great building, with its groined roof, its chevrons and clustered columns; its pictured saints and carved images of the virgin, which the pillages of ages had spared to be dealt with by time, the most relentless vandal of all.

Up—still up—beyond the rainbow tints thrown by the stained glass across her death-like brow; up—still up—past open arcade arch, with griffin and gargoyles staring at her from under bracket and cornice, with all the hideousness and medieval carving; the stairs flight by flight, growing frailer beneath her young feet; now a slender network between her and this outer world, but still up.

Her breath was coming short and gasping. She saw through an open space old Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh, how far! The

seconds were treasures which Cromwell with all his blood-bought commonwealth could not purchase from her. Up—ah—there, just above her, with its great brazen mouth and wicked tongue, the bell hung. A worm-eaten block for a step and one small, white hand had clasped itself the clapper, the other prepared at the tremble to rise and clasp its mate and the feet to swing off—and thus she waited. Jasper was old and slow, but he was sure and it came at last. A faint quiver and the young feet swung from their rest, and the young hands clasped for more than their precious life the writhing thing.

There was groaning and creaking of rude pulleys above, and then the strokes came heavy and strong. Jasper's hand had not lost its cunning, nor his arm its strength. The tender, soft form was dashed to and fro. But she clung to and caressed the cold, cruel thing. Let one stroke come and a thousand might follow—for its fatal work would be done. She wretched her white arms about it, so that at every pull of the great rope it crushed into the flesh. It tore her and wounded and bruised, but there in the solemn twilight the brave woman swung and fought with the curfew, and God gave her victory.

The old bell-ringer said to himself: "Aye, Huldah, my work is done. The pulleys are getting too heavy for my old arms; my ears, too, have failed me. I dinna hear one stroke of the curfew. Dear old bell! it is my eyes that have gone false, and not thou. Farewell, old friend!"

And just beyond the worn pavement a shadowy form again went flitting past him. There were drops of blood upon the white garments, and the face was like the face of one who walked in her sleep, and her hands hung wounded and powerless at her side.

Cromwell paused with his horsemen under the dismantled Maypole before the village green. He saw the man who was to die at sunset standing up in the dusky air, tall as a king and handsome as Absalom. He gazed with knitted brow and angry eye, but his lips did not give utterance to the quick command that trembled on them, for the girl came flying toward him. Pikemen and archers stood aside to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his horse's feet; she lifted her bleeding and tortured hands to his gaze, and once more poured out her prayer for the life of her lover. With trembling lips she told him why Richard still lived—why the curfew had not sounded.

Lady Maud, looking out of her latticed window at the castle, saw the great Protector dismount, lift the fainting form in his arms and bear her to her lover. She saw the guards release their prisoner, and she heard the shouts of joy at his deliverance. Then she welcomed the night that shut the scene out from her envious eyes and sculptured her in its gloom.

At the next matin bell old Jasper died, and at curfew toll he was laid beside the wife who had died in his youth, but the memory of whom had been with him always.

THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

GLENDALE, Utah, April 22, 1884.

Editor Deseret News:

I notice in your Semi-Weekly News of April 15th, under the heading of "Church Relics," something with regard to the manuscript of the Book of Mormon, etc. I wish to say that I saw the Prophet Joseph Smith deposit the manuscript of the Book of Mormon in the southeast cornerstone of the Nauvoo House, not the Temple. I will quote from my journal.

"Oct. 2d, 1841.—The semi-annual Conference commenced to-day. After meeting was dismissed, a deposit was made in the southeast cornerstone of the Nauvoo House. A square hole had been chiseled in the large cornerstone like a box. An invitation was given for anyone who wished to put in any little memento they desired to. I was standing very near the cornerstone, when Joseph Smith came up with the manuscript of the Book of Mormon, and said he wanted to put that in there, as he had had trouble enough with it. It appeared to be written on foolscap paper, and was about three inches in thickness. There was also deposited a Book of Doctrine and Covenants, five cent, 10 cent, 25 cent, 50 cent and \$1 pieces of American coin, besides other articles. A close fitting stone cover was laid in cement, and the wall built over it."

I was standing within three feet of the Prophet when he handed in the manuscript, and saw it very plainly. He intimated in his remarks, that in after generations the walls might be thrown down, and these things discovered, from which the people could learn the doctrines and principles and faith of the Latter-Saints.

If you think the foregoing worth publishing, you are at liberty to do so. Respectfully your brother in the Gospel,

WARREN FOOTE.

A LIVELY STORM.

SMITHVILLE, Monroe Co., Miss., Friday, April 18th, 1884.

Editor Deseret News:

If you deem the following worthy of a place in the columns of the News, I take pleasure in submitting it.

Last Monday, April 14th, Brother Jas. L. Jolley and myself left Quincy