

CHARITY.

The pilgrim and stranger who through the day
Holds over the desert his trackless way,
Where the terrible sands no shades have
known,
No sound of life save the camel's moan,
Hears at last, through the mercy of Allah
to all,
From his tent door at evening the Bedouin's
call;

"Whoever thou art whose need is
great,
In the name of God, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait."

For gifts in his name of food and rest
The tents of Islam of God are blest.
Thou who hast faith in the Christ above,
Shall the Koran teach thee the law of love?
O Christian! open thy heart and door,
Cry east and west to the wandering poor:

"Whoever thou art whose need is
great,
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Correspondence.

Preaching - Baptizing - Storms,
Wrecks, and Loss of Life - Historical - Inquiry, etc.

8 BYRON ST., Sheffield,
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.,
January 8th, 1877.

Editor Deseret News:

A happy New Year, and many of them. My health is very fair, considering the rough, boisterous weather that we have had for the last two months, and are having in this part of the globe.

Since writing to you last, my time has been occupied in traveling and holding meetings in various parts of this conference, and as a general thing I have had very fair meetings and good attention while speaking, yet there is not that general spirit of enquiry that I would like to see, and have seen. Still we hold our own, in the midst of all the contending elements by which we are surrounded, and add occasionally a few by baptism. During the last six months we have baptized in this conference thirty-six persons, who never were before connected with the Church, and only heard the gospel a few months ago. This number may not appear large for that period. I have in years past baptized as many in one month. But the times have changed, and the spirit of enquiry to a good extent also. I endeavor to keep in view the motto, "Nil desperandum," or in the parlance of the canny Scotchman, "Put a stout heart to a stic brae," and leave the result in the hands of the Lord. I am satisfied of this one fact, that "God will force no man to heaven."

The storms along the Northumberland coast for the last five weeks have been something fearful. Along the coast for miles the fragments of ships washed ashore attest to the fearful storms that have prevailed. Scores of seamen have found a watery grave along the coast, and many within a very short distance of the beach. About five weeks ago, during a heavy gale, a steamer was observed making for the Tyne, followed by a schooner. The steamer entered the mouth of the river, seemingly all right, but a sea seemed to strike her and she went down and all hands perished. The schooner entered all right.

There are many places of historical interest along this coast and the adjoining neighborhood. Tyne-mouth is a place of considerable interest. I believe it was first heard of in the early times of the early Britons, under the name of the Penbult Craig, "the head of the rampart on the rock." It afterwards is supposed to have flourished as the Roman station of Turnocellum, at least some altars have been found amongst the old ruins, and a tablet dedicated to "The God of the Winds." The Priory was built of wood in the early part of the seventh century, and was rebuilt of stone by St. Oswald, the first Christian king of Northumberland, about A. D. 660.

The history of Tyne-mouth is closely connected with its Shipwreck, and the National Lifeboat Institution.

"Swift on the shore a hardy few
The lifeboat man with a gallant crew,
"And dare the dangerous wave,"

Dunstanborough Castle was built by the Lancaster family in the fourteenth century, and was

destroyed by the Yorkists after the battle of Hexham in 1315. Bam-borough Castle, on the same coast, unlike many of the old castles, is not in ruins. It is supposed to retain masonry of the sixteenth century, when it was founded by Ida, King of Northumberland. Close by are the Farne Islands, where the steamer *Forfarshire* was wrecked in Sept., 1838, and it was here that Grace Darling proved what women could "dare and do." There is a very interesting history of Grace Darling and these islands, seventeen in number.

A few months ago I baptized a very fine family and they are anxious to find out their friends or relatives in Utah, who emigrated about 22 years ago; would you please favor me by publishing the enclosed inquiry? [See local in the NEWS of Jan. 30.]

Many thanks for the NEWS, they come regularly and I mail them to various public libraries.

Respectfully,

A. GALLOWAY.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The Beaufort (S. C.) *Tribune* says, "The men who engineered the Combahe riots have organized themselves into a band of burglars and have been preying on the country stores in the same vicinity that was disturbed by their operations last fall."

—An English shipmaster, writing to the London *Times*, expresses the belief that rocks reported to have been seen at sea, but which could not be afterwards found, have been thrown up by volcanic agency and disappeared in the same way. Another gentleman thinks that a cause of shipwreck is vessels driving against floating beams and portions of wreck, covered with barnacles.

—In New York City last year 14,208 children under five years of age died, being 110 in every thousand. In 1867 the mortality of children under five years of age in that city was 53 per cent of the total mortality, in 1875 it was 43 per cent., in 1876 it was 43 per cent. Last year there were 28 cases of severe illness to every death.

—George Francis Train has become an editor, and he says his paper "will be charged with torpedoes, bombshells, and volcanoes." He claims to be "the most sane man in this mad world."

—It is stated that M. Fancher has invented a machine for driving horses by electricity. A child, by this means, can drive and curb the most fractious animal.

—Rose and Blanche, two half sisters of Eugene Sue, are plaintiffs in a million dollar law suit, in New York.

—It appears that Senator Christianity was not so badly robbed as was reported, and Mrs. Christianity is not a mother yet. The Washington *Star* of January 12 says, "The story going the rounds of the press to the effect that Senator Christianity, of Michigan, was robbed on the cars, while recently en route to Washington, of several hundred dollars and his trunk, and that on the following night he was again robbed while at his boarding-house in this city, the sums taken in the two cases aggregating about \$1,000, was greatly exaggerated. Judge Christianity was not robbed on the cars, nor was his trunk stolen. His room was entered on the night of his arrival here, and his pants and vest stolen, in which was the sum of \$608. This is all the loss he sustained. In regard to the widely circulated *on dit* to the effect that his family has lately been increased by an infantile integer, neither the Senator nor Mrs. Christianity, who ought to be posted in the matter, believe the report."

—A Washington paper of the 12th says, "The Senate was opened without prayer again to-day, the chaplain probably not being aware that the body met at 11 a. m. instead of 12 m., as usual. Only two Senators and the pages were present at praying time, however."

—The New York *Herald* says, "Divorce suits for extreme cause may be indications of a high standard of social morality, but no such thing can be said of the large attendance of ladies at a certain suit in progress at Bridgeport."

—They have bitterly cold weather in Missouri. The St. Joseph *Chronicle* claims that it is too cold for kissing, as lips get frozen in the act.

—Nevada is still envious of Utah's prosperity, and still ankers after another slice of her territory.

—There are 43,000 clergymen in the United States; but even this number have not succeeded in working the morals of the community up to a very satisfactory point.

—The New York *Herald* remarks that Ash Wednesday, St. Valentine's Day, and the day for counting the electoral vote fall on the same day, the 14th of February. "Religion, love, and politics all mixed up in one day."

—Mr. Moody, in his Chicago Tabernacle, talked this way in memory of the revival singers, Mr. Bliss and his wife, victims of the Ashtabula horror—"My heart goes out for his mother. He was an only son, and his mother was a widow. Let us just put up a prayer for this mother. And there was dear Mrs. Bliss, who was not one inch behind her husband. She taught him how to pray, and encouraged him with his music. I have often heard him say, 'All I owe to that dear wife.' Now, about that charge of his singing for money. The royalty on this book has amounted to about \$60,000, which has been devoted to charitable purposes. I once asked Mr. Bliss to take \$5,000 for himself, telling him I thought he needed it; but he would not take one farthing. Chicago never had a truer man. He will be appreciated hundreds of years hence. Like Charles Wesley and Dr. Watts, he was raised up to sing in the church of God. God be praised for such a woman; God be praised for such a man."

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"Dr. Holloway has cured my headache that was chronic."

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"Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of noises in the head. I rubbed some of your Ointment behind the ears, and the noise has left."

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"I enclose one dollar; your price is 25 cents, but the medicine to me is worth a dollar."

"Send me five boxes of your Pills."

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For Cutaneous Disorders, and all eruptions of the skin, this Ointment is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil.

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Important Caution.—None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYDOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

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Salt Lake City, 1878.

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