

priesthood of the Son of God is, it is the law by which the worlds are, and will continue for ever and ever. It is that system which brings worlds into existence and peoples them, gives them their revolutions—their days, weeks, months, years, their seasons and times and by which they are rolled up as a scroll, as it were, and go into a higher state of existence; and they who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—the maker, framer, governor, dictator and controller of this earth—they who live according to his law and priesthood will be prepared to dwell on this earth when it is brought into the presence of the Father and the Son. This is the habitation of the Saints; this is the earth that will be given to the Saints, when they and it are sanctified and glorified, and brought back into the presence of the Father and the Son. This is our religion, and I bear testimony to it; and this oneness which the Latter-day Saints possess, which is now so much contended against and hated by the Christian world, in a political, financial, philosophical, and every other respect and capacity, is the power of God unto salvation, and is not produced by the influence or power of man, and this witness cannot be impeached, it is impossible to impeach it. This is our testimony, and this is one witness, one testimony that the gospel which we preach is the gospel that God has revealed for the salvation of the children of men, and it will bring all the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve into a state of glory and happiness that is far beyond their conception, or any ideas that they have ever received while in this wicked world; and this glory the Lord has prepared in his mansion for his children.

"Well," says one, if I am pretty sure to get a state of glory better than this, I guess I will not take the trouble to inherit anything more." Well, run the risk of it, every man on the earth has that privilege. The gospel is preached, sin revives, some die and some contend against it—some receive it and some do not; but this is the sin of the people—truth is told them and they reject it. This is the sin of the world, "Light has come into the world, but men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." So said Jesus in his day. We say, Here is the gospel of life and salvation, and every one that will receive it, glory, honor, immortality and eternal life are theirs; if they reject it, they take their chance. I hope and pray that we may all be wise and receive the good part, that we may have the benefit thereof.

I say to the Latter-day Saints, Will you live your religion? You can see people apostatizing from the church, but what is the result? Ask every apostate who ever received the spirit of this work, "Can you go and enjoy any other religion?" Not one of them. Have you never known persons leave the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and join any other church? Certainly I have, and pretty good people. I recollect one old lady that we left in the States. She said she was too old to gather up with the Saints. Her friends were Baptists, she lived in the midst of them and joined their church. Sit down and talk with her—"Sister, how do you feel?" "Just as I have always felt." "Are you satisfied with this religion you have joined?" "I believe in the work I embraced years ago. 'Mormonism' is true, and I believe it just as I always have. But here are my home and my friends, and I fellowship them as far as they do right—as far as they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. They want I should be a member of their church and I do not know that it hurts me to be so." "Are you satisfied to accept their religion and none else?" Says she, "I care no more about it than I did while in the midst of the Latter-day Saints; but here are my friends and home. By and by I shall sleep in the grave;" and there she is to-day, sleeping with those who have laid their bodies down to rest. This is one instance. But you take men and women with youth and vigor, who apostatize from the truth, and are they satisfied with anything else? No, and they are not satisfied with themselves. They are not beloved by God nor by angels, nor by their families. Are they beloved by the enemy of all righteousness and his fellow associates? No. They say to the apostate, "You are a hypocrite, a traitor, a deceiver, and if you are not a false witness we ask who is, for you have testified hundreds and thousands of times, that, by the power of God and the revelations of Jesus Christ, you knew Joseph Smith was a prophet, and that this latter-day work was true, and now you say it is not true." "When did you tell the truth?" says Mr. Devil, "then or now?" Says he, "I despise you;" and they hate themselves and every body else. They have no fellowship for their neighbors, for the Latter-day Saints nor for any Christian denomination, and I do not know where in the world they can be placed. This is the condition of an apostate. But while this is the condition of those who apostatize from our church, how is it with those who leave any of the sectarian churches, after having been a Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, or Congregationalist? Why they go from church to church and feel just the same as before. Is not this true? Yes, I know it is, not that I have passed from one to another myself, but I have been acquainted with those who have. Did I fellowship them? I fellowshiped them no more than I do now. I fellowship everything that is good and virtuous, everything that is truthful and good; but sin I do not

fellowship in them, nor in in a Latter-day Saint, or one who professes to be so. I fellowship all good, and we have it. It is all right, and if we have error, it is because we do not live according to the gospel that we have embraced. If we have embraced error in our faith, it is because we do not understand our own doctrine, if we have error in our lives, it is because we deviate from the path of rectitude that God has marked out for us to walk in.

May the Lord help us to do right. Amen.

Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Aug. 9, 1872.
Editor Deseret News.

Dear Sir—Soon after writing you from Montrose we fell in company with a gentleman on the banks of the Mississippi, amusing himself in a small boat, playing his flute. We soon joined the stranger, who found that we were elders and missionaries from Salt Lake, who had been exiled from our homes in this part of the country, and were about to visit Nauvoo. He desired to become one of the party.

After waiting some time for the tardy steam ferryboat, we chartered a skiff and started over the waters. The land between Montrose and Nauvoo has grown up with timber so as to obstruct a fair view. We took a farewell look at Montrose, where in 1839 I, with many others of the Latter-day Saints, took refuge in the dilapidated and deserted soldiers' barracks, now removed and replaced by two or three steam mills, a few stores and hotels, and some respectable dwellings. Very few of the old inhabitants remain. We had, however, the pleasure of dining with Scipio Owens, practical pilot over the Keokuk and Nauvoo rapids, son of Doctor Owens, well known to the old Saints. While at dinner we had the pleasure of the company of a St. Louis lady, who said that she were the first live "Mormons" that she had ever placed her eyes upon, and she was surprised to see and hear Scripture quoted so much, and to know of such cultivation and civilization in Utah, being such a contrast to what she had heard and read. We parted with a warm shake of the hand.

Our boatman now rowing us over the river tells us of 21 tons of fish that he caught at one haul on the bar just above us and opposite Nauvoo. Our stranger had many questions to ask while gliding over the river, which is nearly one and a half miles across. A few "Mormon" songs were pleasant, while gazing on the corn-fields and dilapidated houses of the once famed city of Nauvoo. One block north of where the temple stood, in fair view from the river, is a Catholic church 40 by 100 feet and 150 feet high to the top of the spire. We landed near the old stone house, known as the Rigdon House, still standing, re-roofed, but like all the rest of the city, it looks dismal and forlorn. Hyrum Smith's house and office remain. We stepped into Joseph Smith's old store, found a man building a boat down stairs. He said upstairs was used for a place of meeting, and that this dilapidated old store was a fair sample of the present Nauvoo. The brick work of the store, from its outward appearance, looks well. We pass around the corner and to the edge of the river, where, on the north west corner of the Nauvoo House, stands a rather coarse dwelling. We saw the old sign of the Mansion House. After passing to the front and seeing a breach in the Nauvoo House, some of the stone work placed into the fence, and some also with the brick, now 27 years old, in the structure, we entered the dwelling. After passing the time of day, we introduced our stranger to Emma Smith (now Bidaman). Emma had her arm in a sling, having fallen down the cellar quite recently and broken her left arm just above the wrist, which she said was doing well.

The present appearance of the city, not being very inviting, we called at the old mansion, and introduced our stranger to Alexander Smith the present proprietor, and passed up the street. President B. Young's brick house, the Masonic Hall, Bishop E. Hunter's stone house and barn, President H. C. Kimball's, and a few others still stand, old land marks, and traces of old Nauvoo. The Temple block and especially where the Temple stood now grows grape vines, weeds and vegetables. Scarcely any one was to be seen in the streets, which were grown over with grass and the lower part of the city was a vast cornfield.

We hurried up to the old upper landing and in a few moments were en-

scended in one of the state rooms of a beautiful steam packet, the *Muscotine*. Early in the morning we were landed at Burlington, 35 miles, and the last we saw of our stranger, R. E. Bovard, ex-newspaper correspondent and school teacher, was on the steamer, bound for St. Paul. He expressed many thanks for the information he had obtained, and for the agreeable visit to Nauvoo. He sympathized with those who lawlessly had suffered, and said he would not rest satisfied without a visit to Utah. He further expressed surprise to see Emma Smith looking so much like a servant.

From Burlington we passed per rail to Francis city, 168 miles, and found the representative of 58 souls who by letter to Utah desired light, but more particularly emigration. We passed on to Cincinnati via Indianapolis, 256 miles, finding no trouble to talk and answer all the questions so far as we had strength, to merchants, preachers, and the traveling public generally, both gentlemen and ladies.

It is not now a day of baptizing, but a day of enquiry and removing of prejudice and preparing the people for the things that are coming.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

EDITORIALS.

THE present season is one of bountiful grain crops generally throughout the Territory. The grasshoppers have been kept back. Of rain there has been a liberal amount, water for irrigation has not been scanty, and the result is a fair prospect for well filled stackyards and oins. Providence has seconded the efforts of the husbandman, so far as production is concerned, and the harvest is great, though in some localities the laborers are few. It would be a good thing if some of the city loafers and bummers would get up and go into the country and assist the farmers in getting in the harvest, it would be a great deal better than lounging around saloons, restaurants, stores, and disreputable establishments, perhaps appearing before Justice Clinton occasionally, wasting manhood and frittering away precious opportunities of doing good, serving the country, and setting an example of industry to the rising generation, who will be much what the present adult generation make it.

To the farmers we may say, if you need help in getting in your crops, secure it and pay for it promptly and liberally, that all, rich and poor, may share in and rejoice over the bounties of Providence. Liberal pay can be given in produce, so much of the pay as can not be made over in cash or the next most convenient representative of wealth. There is no blessing promised to him who grinds the faces of the poor, or of those who do the labor of the world. If those who do not work should not eat, those who do the work faithfully should enjoy a most generous livelihood. Such a condition is an essential element of the Millennium.

But having produced excellent crops and having harvested them, the next thing is to take good care of them. It is too bad for a farmer, after having secured his crops, and bounteous crops, to find them wasting away at home for want of a little care and exertion in making them safe from certain contingencies. Stackyards should be effectually secured from invasion by hungry animals, and the stacks should be well and substantially built, and made as secure as conveniently practicable from injury by the weather, should be proof against wind storms, and impervious to rain storms. Tons upon tons of hay and hundreds of bushels of grain have been destroyed by storms through the rain and the melted snow leaking into stacks. It is a pity, a great pity, to lose good produce after it has been raised and harvested and kept at home for weeks and months. In Europe stacks are built with the greatest care and neatly thatched to shed the rain. They are made pretty effectually weather proof. It is for the farmers themselves to determine the best methods of building and protecting their stacks, remembering that the unnecessary destruction of grain, by waste or neglect or otherwise, as of other property, is a public as well as a private loss. After it is thrashed, there is frequently much loss through insufficient storage of grain, which every farmer who studies his own interest will do the best he can to remedy, or rather to prevent. Grain will be plentiful this fall and winter, and the market price of it may be low, but

still it will be worth taking every reasonable care of, for it is better to live in a land of plenty than to be in the midst of scarcity, especially when that scarcity was partially avoidable. Let us take the best possible care of the bounties Providence so freely bestows upon us.

In this era of strikes the strike fever has struck more deeply and more widely and more seriously than ever before. It has been pretty general, pervading the United States, Britain, and various portions of Europe to an extraordinary degree, including almost all trades and occupations, from telegraphists, builders, and machinists to servant girls, washerwomen, agricultural laborers, and gravediggers. The latest heavy strike that we have heard of is that of the women in some of the northern counties of England against the knights of the cleaver, on account of the awfully tall prices of the meat, especially for the best joints, which the women all want. So stoutly and extensively do the striking women maintain the contest that many of the meat dealers have been compelled to shut up shop, and whole towns have come to experiment on vegetarianism. One of the greatest lady warriors in this fleshy war is an aptly named Mrs. Warrior. A warrior she is, mentally and physically. Boldly she maintains her doctrines with tongue and muscle. At one of the meetings of the strikers, the redoubtable Mrs. Warrior presiding, a young masculine striker ventured a proposition that the strikers furnish their own meat on the co-operative principle. Mrs. Warrior did not agree to the proposition, and manifested her dissent by taking the surprised gentleman co-operative proposer by the nape of the neck, pitching him from the platform, and landing him among the audience. However, a co-operative society was established, and cattle were procured and killed, but then a new difficulty arose—all the co-operatives spoke for the sirloin stakes and prime joints. As even the best appointed, fleshiest and fattest shorthorn or south-down is not by any possibility divisible into all sirloin and prime joints, the difficulty could not be satisfactorily met, the feminine co-operative butchery business fell to the ground, Billy and Sally Butcher's occupation was gone, and cabbage and potatoes came more extensively into demand to supply the provision deficiency.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN and Frances Rose Mackinley cannot see eye to eye. These distinguished orators met this week in San Francisco. That is, Frances Rose did Geo. Francis the honor to call upon him, at his hotel, having understood that he approved of her principles and therefore that the two would run together like oil, figuratively speaking, but to her astonishment and discomfiture she discovered that oil and water was a more fitting figure, or say alkali and acid. Frances Rose is one of the woman-women, not of the common order, but one of the very first class, high style, remarkably endowed ladies. She thinks marriage more disgraceful than open prostitution, that every woman has a natural right to select the father of her children, and much more of that high sounding sort of thing, and she wanted Geo. Francis to give her honestly his opinion of her opinions. As Geo. Francis is not at all noted for reticence, he honestly gave her his opinion as requested, which was that he considered her free love "circular" a disgrace to woman. Frances Rose heard with dismay and retired a sadder if not a wiser woman, but satisfied that it is her lot to be misunderstood and unappreciated.

RAILROAD.—We are informed, by Bishop W. W. Cluff, that the prospects for the early completion of the Coalville and Echo R. R. are now very promising. The grading is finished, all the ties are ready, and an agent is now in the East purchasing iron for the road. Bishop Cluff is authorized to let the contract to do the necessary bridging on the line, and if everything connected with the construction of the road moves along as prosperously as expected it will be finished and in running order sometime in October. The Coalville end of the line will be in the vicinity of the Crismon coal mine, about a mile and a half above the aforementioned town.

POST OFFICE.—Preparations are making, we are informed, for the removal of the post office to the premises next door to Barratt's furniture store, a short distance north of the Bank of Deseret.