

the exposure submitted to, the hardships encountered? Who can give a description of the mental strain to which all were subjected and the anguish which many of the women and children must have felt?

And the foundation and cause of all this was falsehood! Lies from bottom to top!

There was no more need to send troops to Utah then than there is now. Federal property was as safe then as now.

Federal authority did not respect itself; those who held it made it contemptible in the eyes of every loyal man. But even then in Utah it was neither defied nor dishonored by the people.

The people of Utah were not rebellious. They bore with great patience incompetency, malfeasance in office and indignities which would have driven many communities to riot and acts of turbulence.

These false charges cost the government of the United States many millions of dollars.

So it was not the people of Utah alone who suffered pecuniary loss because of these lies; the nation had to pay heavy bills.

This is not the only case where falsehood has proved costly to the nation. Our history furnishes many instances which might be cited to show how expensive the telling and believing of lies has been to our government; and the Latter-day Saints are having constant illustrations given to them of how much it costs to contend against and repel falsehood. (GEORGE Q. CANNON.)

KEEPING PRIVATE JOURNALS.

As I have traveled through the different States of Zion in the interest of Church history, I have very often, in my public instructions, taken particular pains to point out the necessity of the members of the Church keeping private journals; for among all the people living on the face of the earth at the present time, there certainly is not a community which has had an experience that possesses more general interest than that of the Latter-day Saints. And this is not by any means confined to the experience of the people collectively but embraces that of the individual members of the Church. Take for instance our pioneers, who in the midst of privations, dangers and persecutions have built up one of the most prosperous commonwealths in existence; the wanderings of our missionaries who have traversed the globe and visited nearly all the nations of the earth as messengers of peace and salvation to a fallen world, often traveling without purse and scrip, like the good disciples of old; read of the days of Obio, Missouri and Illinois, where the Saints were forced repeatedly to sacrifice all their earthly possessions to satisfy the demands of wicked and bloodthirsty mobs; then study the experience of the pilgrim, who in the fear of God wended his way from the shores of Europe and from other parts of the world to the gathering place of the Latter-day Saints in the far off land of America, crossing the ocean in dilapidated sailing vessels and the plains and mountains with ox teams and hand carts. Combine all these conditions of

the Saints and study the circumstances attending them all separately and collectively, and we have a greater variety of thrilling events, interesting scenes, and brave ventures than is met with in the history of any other people. Nor are these things confined to the past; for the Latter-day Saints continue to make very interesting history, such as future historians will delight to enlarge upon, and write up in the light and intelligence of other centuries. For this reason, and a great many others, which might be given, every individual member of the Church should keep a journal of some kind; if not a daily one, one that at least will give the most important events of the life of an individual. It is better to write once a week, once a month, or even once a year, than to write nothing at all. By making a few notes and giving a few dates here and there, a person of ordinary intelligence when he gets old, and finds himself possessed of a desire to write a biographical sketch of his life, can, with the assistance of a few dates, supply the rest from memory, and thus be able to make a record of his doings while sojourning on the earth—a record that may be read with the greatest interest by tens of thousands yet unborn.

The following was published in the *London Magazine* about thirty years ago:

"If a man keeps no diary, the path crumbles away behind him as his feet leave it; and days gone by are but little more than a blank broken by a few distorted shadows. His life is all confined within the limits of today. Who does not know how imperfect a thing memory is? It not merely forgets; it misleads. Things in memory do not merely fade away preserving as they fade their own lineaments so long as they can be seen; they change their aspect; they change their place; they turn to something quite different from the fact.

"In the picture of the past, which memory unaided by any written record sets before us, the perspective is entirely wrong. How capriciously some events seem quite recent, which the diary shows are really far away, and how unaccountable some things look far away, which in truth are not left many weeks behind us! A man might almost as well not have lived at all, as entirely to forget that he has lived, and entirely forget what he did on those departed days. But I think that almost every person would feel a great interest in looking back day by day upon what he did or thought that day twelve months, that day three or five years ago.

The trouble of writing the diary is very small. A few lines, or a few words written at the time suffice, when you look at them, to bring all (what the Yankees call the "surroundings" of that season) before you. Many little things come up again which you know quite well you never would have thought of again but for your glance at those words, and still which you feel you would be sorry to have forgotten.

There must be a richness about the life of a person who keeps a diary unknown to other men. And a million more little links and ties must bind him to the members of his family circle and to all among whom

he lives. Life to him looking back, is not a bare line stringing together his personal identity; it is surrounded, interwoven, entangled with thousands and thousands of slight incidents, which give it beauty, kindness, reality.

Some folks' life is like an oak walkingstick, straight and varnished; useful but hard and bare. Other men's lives (and such may yours and mine, kindly reader, ever be) is like that oak when it was not a stick, but a branch, and waved, leaf-enveloped, and with lots of little twigs growing out of it upon the summer tree.

And yet more precious than the power of the diary to call up again a host of little circumstances and facts, is its power to bring back the indelible but keenly felt atmosphere of those departed days. The old time comes over you. It is not merely a collection, and aggregate of facts that comes back; it is something far more excellent than that—it is the soul of days long ago; it is the dear "Auld lang syne itself!" The perfume of Hawthorne hedges is there; the breath of breezes that fanned our gray hair when it made sunny curls, often smoothed down by hands that are gone; the sunshine on the grass where these old fingers made daisy chains; and snatches of music, compared with which anything you hear at the opera is extremely poor. Therefore, keep a diary, my friend."

ANDREW JENSON,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, March 1st, 1893.

FROM BEAR LAKE.

Bear Lake valley is having one of its old-time kinds of winters. Some of our farmers felt during the earlier part of January that the chances for a full supply of irrigation water for the coming summer were very "slim" indeed. Up to that time we had never seen such dusty roads at such a season in our valley. But February brought us down the most liberal snowfall of the past eight years at least.

The boys and girls rejoice because of the facility afforded for much sleigh riding; our good farmers thank heaven for the prospects of good, full mountain streams, with good crops as a result; and the country merchants' hearts grow lighter in anticipation of the people being able—may we not hope?—to relieve themselves of all their liabilities in the coming fall. In short, a copious downfall of snow, especially when it gets well drifted and frozeth in the mountains, means, with the blessings of Providence, prosperity for our people, particularly so in the southern part of our valley.

We were blessed, edified and comforted by the recent visit of Stake Superintendent Hymas and aids, J. A. Bagley and Alfred Budge and Missionaries Fulmer of Logan, and Neilson of Hyrum, in the interest of the Y. M. M. I. A. These visited the settlements of the entire Stake; and, on Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th inst., held district conference with the Randolph and Woodruff associations; likewise with the Lake Town, Meadowville and Garden City Y. M. M. I. A. associations on the 25th, at 1 p. m. and on the 28th at 7 p. m. At the latter, Elders Bagley and Budge ex-