

As with the judicial authority so with the members of the body, though in a lesser degree. When they lift their hands in token of approval of a judgment upon a brother or sister for an offense of which they themselves are guilty, they pronounce upon themselves a humanly invisible decree, but of which the angels make due note.

The philosophy regarding the necessity for the purity of the passer of judgment, so forcibly elucidated by Joseph the Prophet, was also embodied in the challenge of the Savior: "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." This covers the whole ground in its application to the judge, executive and endorser.

LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

On Thursday, the 14th inst., Brothers Curtis and John Galloway, of this place, started on horseback, with one pack animal, for a hunt in the mountains east of this town. They proceeded up Meadow Creek Canyon for some six miles, and then camped for the night. Next morning they started together on foot up the left hand fork. Snow began to fall at this time and continued all day. After a while they agreed to separate, and each took a different course, expecting to meet at their camp before nightfall. John returned to camp as agreed, but Curtis did not arrive. John passed a restless night, and several times went up the mountain for some distance, firing his gun, etc.

On Saturday, about noon, he came to town and reported that his brother was lost in the mountains. Within half an hour eight horsemen were on their way to the mountains. Shortly afterwards nine more started with sleigh and wagon, some bedding, provisions, etc. When the latter party got to the camp in the canyon, six of the first eight had proceeded on foot up the mountains, leaving bedding, overcoats, etc., behind, as they could not travel with them. Snow on the level was waist deep, but quite light. Two of the company returned to town with most of the horses. Two of the six, David and John Duncan, took one ridge of the mountain, but John, who was suffering with rheumatism, could not take his turn in breaking the track, thus making it very hard for David; and they became so exhausted that they had to camp for the night. After some trouble a

fire was started, around which the night was passed without overcoats or bedding, and there was but little to eat. The thermometer in town indicated 10 degrees below zero.

John E. Nield, John T. Rowley, Jr., John Galloway and Henry Smith were able to take turns in breaking the track, each for about one rod, and so reached the top of the mountain and camped for the night. With a good fire, plenty of snow, some bread and a little bacon, they passed the night as best they could. On Sunday morning all continued the search. About noon the two parties met, and the Duncan boys got some bread from the others, which formed their breakfast, and they all got back to the main camp just before night, tired, hungry, wet, weary in body and depressed in spirit. Altogether there were fifteen out all night. Nine searched in the canyon and other places until after dark, and then passed the night in the main camp. Before sunrise on Sunday morning nine more horsemen started out. These were all the young men that were available at home. They divided into four parties at the mouth of the canyon and took different directions, finding the snow very deep and heavily drifted in some places. Many times the horses would sink down almost out of sight. Seeing they could not proceed further, they were obliged to return to the mouth of the canyon, and there learned that the lost one was found.

On Sunday, about 3 p. m., a horseman came in from Fillmore, which is eight miles north of Meadow, bringing the welcome news that the lost man reached John Day's house, on the southeast corner of Fillmore, about an hour previously. About this time two men from the main camp came in for provisions, expecting they would still have to continue the search. They now, however, returned to camp with the news and were all back in town about nine o'clock on Sunday night. Curtis, after separating from his brother John on the Friday, wandered away in the storm much farther than he supposed and tried to get back to camp by a shorter cut, but soon saw that he was lost. It being now nearly sundown, he made for a patch of timber, fortunately found two large fallen dry trees, and soon made a fire, as the branches were all on the trees. About midnight he went out on the log to gather more branches to replenish his fire, and then tipped head foremost into six feet of snow. He now

concluded that he was not a good acrobat, so, after shaking off the snow, indulged in a hearty laugh. He managed to keep warm throughout the night by turning round, something after the fashion of an English roasting joint of beef on a spit.

Sunday morning, when the sun rose bright and pleasant, he started, as he supposed, for Meadow Creek Canyon, but soon found that he was near the head of Pine Creek Canyon. On coming to a sort of precipice he continued along its edge till he found a place where he thought he could safely crawl, but slipped and rolled down into the snow some ten feet, badly bruising his right knee. After wallowing for some three hundred yards through snow about six feet deep, he suddenly heard a noise, and on looking up saw, close by, a snow slide, but happily he was just beyond its reach. He next got on the sunny side of the hill, being wet through and nearly exhausted. But travelling was much easier. He now came across a deer, and shot it. Being very hungry (having had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours but two small cakes) he with difficulty, on account of frozen fingers, cut off a piece of the flesh, cooked, and ate it. Taking a piece with him, he continued down Pine Creek and got to the saw mill cabin about sundown. Here he found some flour, of which he made cakes, and these and the venison made him a good supper. The rude seats and the sleeping bunk furnished fuel for the night; but no sleep came.

He found to his great delight on the Sunday morning that a horseman had been to the cabin, and thereby broken the track previous to the last snowfall. This facilitated his journey to Fillmore, a distance of some five miles, and once arrived at Brother John Day's house he was most hospitably treated. His boots were removed from his feet, while his hands were put into a tub of cold water and kept therein for two hours. This had the effect of drawing out much of the frost. Brother Gabriel Huntsman and wife having heard of the circumstances, they with characteristic generosity and consideration were soon on the spot, having brought restoratives with them. They afterwards removed the wanderer in a sleigh to their own home, and continued their kindly services toward him until the next day, when he was brought to Meadow by his friends.

At the present time he is doing well, and is not likely to suffer any permanent injury as the result of his trying adventure.

JOHN NEIL.

MEADOW, Millard County, Utah, Jan. 23rd.