

of us we have a claim on our heavenly Father for His guidance. Then the question can be consistently asked: Do the sects of our day worship the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob? Before I answer in the negative I will write some of my observations, then all can judge for themselves. I am laboring at present at Brighton with churches in every direction that one would suppose would at least have a semblance of unity; but no, they are ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth; they have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof; the blind leading the blind, accepting just so much of the doctrines that our Lord and Savior taught as seemeth them good, utterly rejecting what to them is now essential. In tracting from house to house and speaking on the street, we meet with people of this class, they say, the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sins, He has done it all for them, they even say they can't do anything for themselves, for they would be robbing Jesus.

Woe, woe, unto this perverse generation! Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, and make the servants of the true and living God an offender for a misplaced word, and then contend that Apostles or Prophets are not necessary in our day. Woe unto them that teach men to pervert the ways of the Lord, and walk not in the ways of righteousness themselves. Jesus said if ye were Abraham's children ye would do the works of Abraham. This man of God showed his faith by his works; the Bible says that God did tell Abraham to take his only son Isaac and offer him for a burnt offering. Faith alone would not have shown Abraham's confidence in God, he knew if he obeyed all would be well.

The apparent zeal and religious enthusiasm, of some of the sects here, is commendable if they were inspired by the spirit of truth, the spirit of truth prompts us to worship the God of Israel, a God that can speak to His children, as he did to all the prophets that have preceded our generation, that acknowledged the baptism of our Saviour, introducing the great latter-day work, to his boy Prophet Joseph; the dispensation of the fulness of times was of such vast importance that the Father introduced the Son.

The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth, and we are all the creation of His hands, he is a jealous God, and is displeased with those that do not acknowledge Him; they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth, or their worship is vain. One will say, I have been baptized; then you followed the example of our Master. O yes, I have been baptized; then I venture to ask, did the gentleman that officiated at this baptism have authority from God to administer that ordinance. Quoting to them "Let no man take this honor unto himself but he that is called of God as was Aaron; he was called by direct revelation through Moses. Where is the Priesthood of God, in the religions of the world to confer the Holy Ghost as the Apostles of old. This same Priesthood is restored for the benefit of all of our Father's children, who will accept of His Gospel. History is repeating itself in language that is unmistakable.

I thank our heavenly Father, as I view this confusion, for Utah peaceful vales. The words of our Master are so forcible running through my mind, "Woe

unto you scribes and pharisees, hypocrites; for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves," then I ponder and marvel, who do the nations and people of the earth worship?

BRICE W. SAINSBURY.
BRIGHTON, England, June, 1897.

IN OLD VIRGINIA.

WOODS CROSS ROAD, Gloucester, Co.,
Virginia, May 31st, 1897.

Since I left my home in the beautiful town of Providence, Cache county, Utah, November 5th, 1895. I have been engaged as a traveling Elder in the Old Dominion state, during which time my experience has been of a varied character. For the first nine months my labors were confined to the Countess of Brunswick and Nelson, making a house to house canvas with Elder Ezra Bingham of Ogden, meeting with many friends and assisting in allaying much prejudice that seemed to be poisoning the minds of the people. Immediately after conference, which was held at Hardn, Reonoke county, July 11 and 12, where we received many valuable instructions from our worthy President F. S. Kimball, I was assigned to continue my labors in Nelson county in connection with Elder Joseph Osguthorpe of Mill Creek, Salt Lake county, we left for our field of labor July 27th, 1896, light hearted and determined to fulfil the commandments of God, by traveling without purse or scrip. Notwithstanding the scorching sun and rugged roads we reached our field of labor after a five days walk on the first of August, when we commenced our pleasant labors among the Saints, holding a few days meeting. We continued to canvas the remaining portion of Nelson county, which was among the mountain people, meeting with much success and holding a great many meetings. The people as a rule were kind and hospitable, although at times their accommodations were poor, fleas and ticks were plentiful, but we were welcome to what they had. During our stay in Nelson we had the pleasure of baptizing five honest souls into the fold of Christ; one of which I would mention in particular was grandma Fitzgerald of eighty-one summers, who being old and feeble, we carried her, on a chair laced to two sticks with hickory bark, down the mountain to a little creek on the head waters of the Tie River, where we performed the holy ordinance and enjoyed a spiritual feast.

Our labors in Nelson were short but pleasantly spent; I was then notified by our worthy president, J. DeGray Dixon, to meet Elder H. B. Crouch of Morgan county at Louisa court house and travel as a meteoric Elder in the county of Culpeper. Bidding Saints and friends good bye we made our way to Louisa court house. Meeting my companion on the appointed day, we at once set out for our field of labor. Arriving in Culpeper October 14th, we began our labors by visiting the trustees and succeeded in gaining access to the school houses in the Salem district; we at once began our series of lectures. Our friends were few at first, but soon our tame spread abroad and people come from far and near to hear the Mormon boys, and thus by the aid of God we marched on with success from village to village holding

eight to ten lectures in each school house, which were crowded with attentive listeners each night, and during the beautiful moonlight nights of October our audience increased, so we were compelled to throw wide the doors so the eager listeners who stood on the outside could hear the Gospel sound.

Our labors were crowned with success and God was with us; our stammering tongues were loosened and we were enabled by His power to unfold to large congregations the doctrine of Jesus Christ. During our sojourn of four months we held 113 meetings, all of which were public, and on leaving the county we were presented with a pair of shoes and escorted ten miles on our journey in a fine top buggy. From thence we were assigned to labor in Gloucester county. In passing through King and Queen counties we were compelled to preach the funeral of Sister Phillips, the only Saint we have in the county, who died true to her covenant, leaving a husband to mourn her loss. Arriving in Gloucester county on the 11th of March we visited the Saints and began our labors; we met with marked success, notwithstanding the slander from the pulpit by the supposed ministers of Christ. We have succeeded in gaining many friends and earnest investigators, one of which is Captain W. W. Thompson, who deserves a great deal of credit for the efforts he has made in behalf of the Elders, for they found a home when other doors were closed. My labors have been most pleasant yet not always strewn with roses.

My testimony is that all those who will travel without purse or scrip shall not want for the necessities of life for I can say as did the Apostles of old "I lack for nothing."

Your valuable paper is a welcome visitor and its pages are perused with much interest.

WALLACE FIFE.

SCENES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 14—Who would ask for more than a window, when "tout-le-mond" goes gaily by? A housekeeper early learns to make excellent use of that vantage point.

When from force of circumstance the four walls of home become the outskirts of her kingdom for a time, the window where her darning basket, the account book, the baby's cradle, the daily paper or the magazine may bear her company, while yet the outer world comes close enough to bring its message of a broader horizon and wider activities, becomes a blessing not to be underestimated. In crowded city, in the trim village around which gardens cluster and orchards twine, or in the real country close to nature's heart, there is always much of interest. The sky, the bending trees, even the lights and shadows on the opposite walls, and the people—always the people—have each their own especial story to tell. But here! Was there ever such a window, with such infinite possibilities? It is high, to be sure; but so much more comprehensive the view. Just before me curves the Golden Horn, which Procopius describes as "always calm, and never crested with waves, as though a barrier were placed there to the billows, and all storms were shut out from thence, through reverence for the city." Various are the traditions as to the