

tials. The new birth is a reality, not a phantom. We become "new creatures" in Christ Jesus. Mormonism is a vital system; it embraces a perfect code of laws. It teaches the restraint of appetite, the dominion over passion. Step by step we advance though the heights remain in the distance.

In the line of eternal progress no side of man's nature is neglected. All true science is embraced within it; it is the curriculum of knowledge; it reaches the past and unerringly untolds the future. Would you ponder the starry heavens and include in your scrutiny those vast distances which lie between the orbs of space and gauge the orbits of vastly distant revolving worlds and systems and know their set times, laws and occupants? The infallible guide to this treasure-house of truth is the Gospel.

I know it is stated by many scientists that Gospel influence hampers the mind in its researches after truth, but this is a mistake—the opposite of this is true. Abraham, the "father of the faithful" was further advanced in this sublime science than the entire Egyptian nation. He taught astronomy in the King's Court at Egypt. He had a telescope which far exceeded those of the Ross and Lick observatories, an infallible instrument, known as the Urim and Thummim; by it he read the round of the starry worlds, through distances far beyond the scope of the telescope, upward to that imponderable orb known as Kolob in the Book of Abraham, in the vicinity of the residence of the eternal God. No media intercepted his view of those mighty orbs, or produced by the laws of refraction, the slightest exception of the visual organs. Distance was practically annihilated so far as the sense of seeing was concerned. The minutest speck was as visible at vast distances, as though it were near. The Lord says, "All things are present before mine eyes." Moses saw the particles composing the earth; "there was not a particle that he could not descry by the Spirit of God." What are the microscopic investigations of nineteenth century universities compared to this? With all the attainments of our age, with its improvements in astronomical instruments, no telescope has been adequate to showing us whether there is a man on any of our nearest planets, to say nothing of the more distant ones. It is our privilege as a Church to anticipate the fulfillment of those wonderful promises set forth by the Prophet Joseph in these words: "God shall give unto you (the Saints,) knowledge by his Holy Spirit, yea, by the unspeakable gift of the Holy Ghost, that has not been revealed since the world was until now; which our forefathers have waited with anxious expectation to be revealed in the last times, which their minds were pointed to by the angels, as held in reserve for the fulness of their glory, a time to come in which nothing shall be withheld, etc." (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 121.) The forefathers were deprived of this great knowledge as well as we. It has for wise reasons been reserved to crown the apex of the dispensation of the fulness of times.

CHARLES D. EVANS.

The winter is here, and it is unusually cold. K. Johanson-Forsberg, Forshed, was found frozen to death near Jonkeping the other day.

SECLUDED SHETLAND.

It is just possible to get beyond the reach of the telegraphic wire, and the desire of doing so may, perhaps, lend an additional attraction to the most interesting excursion to be made in Shetland, writes H. D. Traill in the London Telegraph. A mile or so out at sea, beyond the most northerly promontory of this most northerly island of the archipelago, a "stack" of rock as precipitous as the cone of the Matterhorn lifts its frowning head above the waters of the North sea. Viewing it from a few miles' distance, you would say that it scarce supplied foothold for a seagull; but, looking at it more intently, you will see a thin white streak—as thin and white as a peeled willow wand—planted on its summit. It is the lighthouse of the Muckle Flugga—the furthest outpost of that great army of beacons which wage their silent warfare night by night with the seas that besiege our coasts. Nowhere have we carried the war so far into the enemy's country or affronted him with more daring challenge. Here on this jagged lang of rock, and rising sixty feet above the apex of the sheer precipice on which it has been so miraculously erected, the Unst light keeps watch and ward amid a world of the stormiest waters that rage anywhere around our tempest-beaten isles. It was a comparatively calm day when we put out from the lighthouse station at the head of Burra Frith to visit the Muckle Flugga, but positive assurance of a landing on the rock was not, nor is it ever, to be had. In what to a landsman would seem "halcyon weather," and on a day when the caves and cliffs of the mainland are being washed by only "such a tide as, moving, seems asleep, too full for sound or foam," it is many a time found impossible for would-be visitors to land. That softly-lapping sea, whose waves have hardly strength to curl and break upon the shingle, may be surging in a heavily-mounded swell over the dripping boulders of the rock, and breaking in surf against its iron walls. Still there was good hope for us today, so far as all expert forecasts went; and better hope still in that we had the medical officer of the island with us in the boat. The time was near at hand for one of his periodical visits of inspection to the lighthouse, and he had seized the opportunity of joining our expedition and taking advantage of the favorable weather which had tempted us to embark upon it. It takes a pretty bad day, of course, to keep the ordinary relief parties ashore. They habitually come and go in states of the sea in which hired boatmen would decline the responsibility of attempting to land the casual tourist. But the doctor, who had doubtless discharged his inspecting duty on many a day of dirty weather, would assuredly be "delivered" on the rock this afternoon, if delivery were at all practicable, and there seemed a fair chance that a point might be strained in our favor as his companions. So that we started on our enterprise with exceptionally fair promise of bringing it to a successful issue.

It is a tough four-mile row to the Flugga from the lighthouse station at the head of the frith, and our three oarsmen have to bend their backs to it with a will. The shores on either side of us grow higher and bolder as the waterway widens, and at last, after some forty

minutes steady pulling, we find ourselves on the open sea. To the right lies the headland of Saxaford, honeycombed with booming caves. On the left hand frowns the tremendous bluff of Hermaness—twin heights, which figure in Norse legend as the respective abodes of two warring giants, whose missiles, flung at each other, are supposed to be lying to this day at the foot of either cliff, in the form of gigantic sea-washed boulders—even as the rocks with which Polyphemus pelted Elysses still lie off Aci Reale on the Sicilian coast. But we are now clear of land, and the pyramid of the Flugga, surmounted by its slender spire of stone, is in full view at last. We bear to the northwestward, and our boats begin to dance upon the waves with a briskness that warns us how delusive is the calm of all those deeply indented friths, that open out upon this ever unquiet sea. As the water slaps and buffets our advancing bows, the discouraging thought that we may be destined to have our journey for nothing irresistibly recurs. But it seems that we are in luck. For many years past, as we learned afterward, it had been found impossible for any visiting parties from the shore to effect a landing; but when we reached the northeastern face of the rock, and had turned into the natural harbor which it forms with its lesser sister, the variest landlubber could have seen that all was right. Just for the moment, however, the mere sight of this,

EXTRAORDINARY LITTLE HAVEN,

—surely the wildest and strangest ever constructed from the masonry of nature—leaves no room for thought of anything else. On our right, to the altitude of 200 feet, towers the black precipice on which the lighthouse stands, its sheer face terraced from base to summit with flights of steep stone steps, clamped and morticed into the solid rock and protected everywhere with a single iron hand-rail. Over against it to our left, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards from its companion, and about half its stature, rises the little Flugga; and about midway between the two projects a long and jagged blade of rock, to the side of which is fixed the iron landing ladder. The deep blue-black water is heaving in surfling mounds into the grim, little haven, and "feeling round" its waveworn walls unbroken; so that it is an easy scramble up the rungs of the landing ladder on to the rock jetty, where two of the three light-keepers receive us with that broad smile of greeting with which these sea-bound prisoners always welcome new faces from the shore.

"All well, boys?" inquires the doctor.

"All well, sir."

"That's right. So are your wives and bairns."

A hearty handshake ratifies the exchange of good news, and almost before we have had time to turn around, the two men have slid down the ladder into our boat, and are off for an hour's fishing, while we explore the lighthouse under the guidance of their comrade. It is a "pumping" camp up that two hundred feet of rocky stairway—at any rate, for unaccustomed lungs—but in a few minutes we reach the little stone courtyard of the lighthouse, and stand on the most northerly point of inhabited land in her majesty's European dominions. Small as it is, the courtyard, with the tower which rises from it, covers the