

great men have declined to be members of any organization whatever, as well as that there are hosts who give full and steadfast allegiance to the party of their choice. Either course is honorable if it is honest, and no one has a right to censure another for being or not being one or the other. It is well for us all to remember that everybody can't see through our eyes; and we must not be so arrogant, so egotistical, so insolent we may say, as to demand that they accept our *ipse dixit* in the premises without questioning. The pettifogger or quack in politics is as contemptible as the former in law or the latter in medicine, and sensible men will steer clear of him at all times and everywhere.

A REBEL BLAST HELPED OMAHA.

How many readers know that it is largely due to the noisy insult of an unreconstructed rebel that Omaha was chosen as the terminus of the Union Pacific railroad and has in consequence been able to leap far ahead of all its competitors in the mid-continent? Whether or not the story is true in all its details, it is very certain that while there are many people in St. Joseph who revere the memory of "Fighting Jeff Thompson," there are a great many others who do not, as they believe he did their city irreparable harm. The latter recall that in 1873 or '74, Gen. Grant went to St. Joseph with a congressional committee to consider that city as a site for the terminus of the Union Pacific. It was unquestionably the most promising site in the Missouri valley, and President Grant was impressed accordingly. Surrounded by a vast concourse of people, the President stood on the rear platform of a train and began an address to the populace, when Jeff Thompson and half a dozen comrades suddenly began blowing clarion blasts on enormous fish-horns. Each time the President essayed to speak the horns would toot. Finally, in great disgust, General Grant re-entered his car and ordered the train to proceed to Omaha. It was not long afterward that Omaha was selected as the site of the Union Pacific terminus, and in consequence it has become a great city of the West.

It would be interesting in this same connection to know just what it was that caused both the Union Pacific and Central Pacific roads to leave Salt Lake City forty miles to the south of their main line, when every consideration of business, both freight and passenger, besides directness of route and ease of engineering demanded that this should be the point of junction. It certainly was not through any lack in cordiality of welcome on the part of Salt Lake's people.

READY FOR BUSINESS AGAIN.

The new board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce last evening took early occasion to do one good thing, and that was to re-elect without dissent Secretary S. W. Sears. During the past year he has made an enviable record, rendering close and undivided attention to the duties of his office,

and in the position of transportation commissioner giving signal evidence of a thorough mastery of the subject and the skill and courage necessary to its effective treatment. His re-election is therefore no less an endorsement of his policy than a recognition of the success of his endeavors. He deserved this compliment, and it is a pleasure to see that it was accorded with promptness and unanimity.

ELDER THOMAS DAY.

CIRCLEVILLE, Plute county, Utah, Jan. 1893. It is with a sense of loss and loneliness that we hereby inform the readers of your periodical of the death of Elder Thomas Day, whose wide circle of friends are doubtless numbered among your most faithful readers. He has been so faithful and zealous in laboring for the Church and spread of the Gospel that we cannot feel it a usurpation to beg for a little space in which to record a brief sketch of his career.

Thomas Day was born near Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, England, Sep. 2nd 1814 and his demise occurred Jan. 6th 1893. When quite young, his father took him out for a walk one Sabbath day, on the green hillside near their home and in the old church yard. Pointing to the church, the father remarked, "My son, I shall never enter that building before I am carried thither; I do not believe in the creed taught there, nor, indeed, in that of any other church. I believe however, that the true Gospel of Jesus will be given to the world in the future."

The young man became somewhat given to convivial companionship and contracted the usual habits, though to no excess. But low wages in the factory in which he worked, the strike of his fellow laborers in which he became unwillingly involved, the care of a widowed mother and three sisters, the anxiety of government officials to enlist him in the army, (for he was unusually tall and straight,) the final bankruptcy of his employers and at length a serious illness, all smoothed down the rough diamond to gentle and sober thought. His wild companions, in a fit of extraordinary jollity, took down a fence and laid it in the way of the stage. The daring revellers were apprehended, tried and sent to prison. Thomas Day had escaped the fun and its consequences through a spell of illness, but a sense of the evil that "might have been," became a medicine; he forsook tobacco, whisky and his chums, and turned away from every wayward habit of which he had been guilty. He began to search among the various sects for the truth—dear, bright, beautiful Truth, whom many have loved and sought,

—and lavished life's best oil,
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guardian of their toll,
With the cast mantle she had left behind her.

Our subject at first believed that he had found her among the American Methodists and became at first exhorter, then local preacher in that church. He met, loved and married a young widow of quiet, loving, lovable ways, named Ann Andrus Danks. Having heard the new doctrine restored

through Joseph Smith, which had, at its first sound, penetrated their hearts, the husband desired to embrace the new faith, but the gentle, shrinking wife became alarmed at the persecution and proscription that she saw would follow. Her persuasions disarmed him and he faltered. But one evening the Spirit's voice became too strong for resistance; he quietly slipped through the back door lest "wee wife" should take notice, and lest her gentle persuasions and sad tears should again unman him, he was baptized (Sept. 4, 1842) without her knowledge. After long conversations and prayerful forethought she followed his example ten days later. The happy zeal that kindled in their hearts brought forth fruits of salvation to others of their friends.

Now followed the fruits of obedience to Christ: persecution borne with meekness; healing by administration from sickness that almost threatened death; and that peace that flows from God to the forgiven soul that honestly and zealously strives and hopes to remain faithful. He was soon ordained to the priesthood and then followed a call to preach the Gospel. Few have responded to a similar call with greater alacrity. During this mission he labored in Leamington, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire and Leicestershire. He raised up numerous branches and was frequently very successful in making converts. Sometimes challenged to discussions, he came off with flying colors and with added followers; sometimes shunned as a Mormon and suffering all the evils of persecution; now befriended by some kind soul (for he traveled without purse or scrip) and again turned away in a stormy night, hungry, cold and weary. Distress reached him in the death of his wife and only child. But he labored on and brought many to the fold and performed miracles of healing in His name.

When released, he had spent seven years as a missionary—from the year 1842 until December, 1849. Of these, four years were spent in and around Rugby, where he was presiding Elder, and he left there a branch of seventy-six members.

On boarding the Josiah Bradlee on Feb. 1st, 1850, he was ordained by Orson Pratt to preside over the saints that were to emigrate on that vessel. The landing was made in safety at New Orleans, April 18, 1851. When he came to the states, he made his home in Iowa. Having married again, he settled in Springfield branch where he was ordained counselor to the president. He also filled there the office of home missionary in five branches. He enjoyed the smiles of fortune and was becoming comfortably situated when Ezra F. Benson called him to remove, with a number of other Saints, to Utah. He responded promptly and on September 9, 1852, waved his hat and shouted, "Hurray for Salt Lake!" as he entered the valley. His wife queried, "where is the city?" He replied, "don't you see that little white house on the hill?" He was present on the 14th of Feb., 1853 at the ceremony of breaking the ground for the laying of the foundation of the Temple, and afterwards worked a great deal on the preparation and foundation of that glorious edifice. The next chapter in his life was the Salmon river Indian mission of which