

the condemnation that will follow, I believe that among other questions, these will be put to you, "Where are those choice spirits that were given to you? Where are my sons and daughters that were held back in my providence until the day of the great dispensation of the fulness of times, and then were sent forth with all the powers and elements of leadership and mastership within them? What have you done with them? Have you guarded and attended them until they became fit to walk alone, or have you exposed them to all the temptations of a false civilization? Have you permitted them to be led astray by these glittering attractions that have been spread for them, every one of which was a trap for their feet and a pitfall in their path?" Among all the great possessions God has given to His people the greatest of all is the children with which he has blessed them; and of all things for which they will be called to give an account in the strictest terms for their stewardship, is the account of these same children that are with you, sons and daughters of God. Guard them, protect them, shelter them, cast the influence of your counsel and your precept about them. These forbidden things are offered in this attractive and alluring manner and they are being cheapened every year so that with but a few cents one may procure enough of them to ruin his soul. All the more need is there of this care and this jealous guardianship on the part of parents who call themselves Latter-day Saints, and all others. May the blessings of God be with you in your labors, and may this practical lesson that is set before us by the authorities whom we have this day raised our hands in promise to sustain and to follow, be heeded in its full significance, that we may be able to give an account in good terms of the stewardship of those whom God has committed unto our care. This I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Written for this Paper.

CHARLES F. BRUSH.

(Copyrighted by Frank G. Carpenter, 1895.)



THAT, man, is the light of the future!

"That is electricity!"

"I am going to light the world with it!"

These were the words of a big,

broad-shouldered young fellow of twenty-eight. They were uttered about eighteen years ago to an old man who stood in front of a shop on one of the side streets of the city of Cleveland, and looked with wonder on a glass globe in which blazed a ball of fire, upheld, as it were, between two black carbons the size of your little finger. This old man was A. C. Baldwin of Tiffin, generally known as Uncle Baldwin, and noted for his great common sense and shrewd business ability. He made a fortune out of manufacturing churns, and he was now passing through Cleveland on his way to visit one of his relatives there. He had left the depot and was walking through the streets. It was in the early evening, and the gas lamps

cast their flickering rays upon the pavement. In one spot, however, there was a glare of light which came from the ball of fire in the glass globe. It was before the days of electric lighting, and old Uncle Baldwin stopped and gazed at it in open-mouth wonder. As he did so this big, broad-shouldered young man came to the door. His brawny arms were bare to the elbow. A leathern apron covered his chest and fell to his knees. His hands were blackened and his face was smudged with dirt. But his eyes were bright, and his athletic form was the personification of vigor and force. As Uncle Baldwin saw him he said:

"That is a wonderful light. I don't understand it. What is it? There is no pipe for gas! Where is the wick and where is the oil? Say, what is it, anyhow?"

Then came the reply:

"That is the light of the future. That is electricity! I am going to light the world with it!"

The old man, for a very sharp old man he was, became interested at once. He inquired how the light was produced. He asked many questions as to its cost, and before he left he had told the young man that he would take \$500 worth of stock in the company, which had been organized to push the invention. He rather hugged himself over his investment, as he left the young man and his ball of fire, and when a half hour later he found himself in the home of his friends surrounded by some of the most prominent people of Cleveland, he could not rest until he had told of the wonder he had seen and of the stock which he had secured. As he spoke the crowd burst into laughter, and Uncle Baldwin's relative, then and now one of the most influential men of Cleveland, said:

"Well! well! well! And so you have been taken in by that young fellow Brush and his crazy ideas about electricity. I have had dozens of chances to buy his stock, but I wouldn't give a cent for a thousand shares. Why, uncle, the man is crazy. His ideas are impracticable and impossible of execution, and you might as well put your \$500 into Lake Erie as to give it to him." And so the Cleveland man went on. He cited the noted capitalists of Cleveland who would have nothing to do with the Brush invention, and he finally persuaded Uncle Baldwin that he had made a mistake.

The result was that he withdrew his offer. As he came to the door the young man looked up from his bench and said:

"I suppose you have come to back out of your proposition as to that stock. That is the way they all do. But I tell you you are making a great mistake and are losing a fortune."

THE MILLIONS IN ELECTRICITY.

It was not many years before Uncle Baldwin realized how great a fortune he had lost. Within twelve months after his refusal the name of Charles F. Brush, the great Cleveland electrician, was on every tongue. His light had been shown at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. It had surprised the scientists of the world in the great electrical exposition at Paris and the French government had decorated him a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his achievement. A greater company had been organized to operate his inven-

tions. The Brush stock had doubled and quadrupled over and over again until Uncle Baldwin's \$500 worth was of more value than all the savings and speculations of his life time. The prophecy of the young man had been fulfilled. His light of the future had become the light of the present and to-day he has lighted the world with it. The streets of the biggest cities of every continent blaze at midnight through the genius of Charles F. Brush. I have stood under his arc lights in Tokio and Osaka, Japan. I have seen them cast their shadows over the pig-tailed Chinamen of Shanghai and Hong Kong, and I have threaded my way through some of the streets of Calcutta, Cairo and Constantinople by the Brush light of electricity. The same light illuminates the big cities of South America and Australia, and Europe and the United States have turned night into day through the genius of this man. His invention in electric lighting alone are held by many companies the world over, are now represented by an aggregate capital of \$500,000,000, and his inventions in other electrical lines have created a capital of many millions more. There are today more than \$600,000,000 invested in electrical industries outside of the telegraph and telephone and the electric railways of the world have assets amounting to more than \$600,000,000. Mr. Brush is the inventor of the storage battery, and all electric roads which are run in this way pay him a royalty. He received half a million dollars in a single sale of some patents in London, and the rubbing of his electric lamp has caused the geni of electricity to bring him a greater fortune than that represented by the wildest dreams of Aladdin. The poor young man is poor no more. The capitalists of Cleveland no longer talk about his crazy ideas of electricity. He lives among them all. His genius has made his city not only the great electric light company which he founded, gives employment to hundreds of families and its influence reaches to the ends of the earth.

MR BRUSH'S EUCLID AVENUE PALACE.

Still, with all this the world knows but little about Charles F. Brush. With all his genius he is modest in the extreme. He early adopted the policy of keeping out of print. I do now know of a single interview which he has hitherto given to the public. He has contributed little to the scientific journals, and the world knows him only through his work. It has no idea of the man, and there are few who appreciate his wonderful character and the wide extent of his achievements. I spent an evening with him not long since at the big mansion on Euclid avenue. He has one of the finest houses in the United States, and one of the most comfortable homes. It is located in the best part of Euclid avenue, which is, you know, one of the finest streets in the world, and it is surrounded by seven acres of magnificent lawn, where the land is so valuable you have to carpet it with greenbacks to buy it. Looking into the grounds from the street makes you think of one of the old English estates. Immense forest trees shade the velvety green and a winding walk leads through these up to the house. This is a massive structure of Berea sandstone, the whole front of which is covered with carving, save where, here and there, magnificent win-