

WHO ARE THE IDIOTS?

Among the strange sights which the shifting kaleidoscope of our modern civilization presents, what can be more ludicrous than to see a man perhaps beyond middle age, his steps descending rather than ascending the hill of life, using all the influence of his tongue and pen in trying to rob the aged, the afflicted and way-worn ones of earth of the hope of immortality, weaken their faith in God and cast humanity adrift on the wide tossing sea of unbelief. With not enough education to quote a text of Scripture correctly, and not enough intellect to comprehend the grandeur of the sentence he misquotes, he tries to make up for these deficiencies by sorry attempts at wit with now and then a few hobbler and squinting gestures. Every second or two, pulling down his head to read a sentence which he has copied from the works of some other man, he very much resembles a crow in a cornfield; that is he puts his head down for a pick and then looks up to see if any one is coming at him.

The antics of this religious mountebank would not be worth noticing were his influence confined to that class who, not careful to read and investigate for themselves, take his garbled, misquoted texts and second hand reasoning for the truth, pure and simple. The trouble is that many young persons who have not had time to investigate, or whose characters are yet in the formative period, may be led to listen to his flippant nonsense. The younger are ever loth to enter on the sober realities of life. There is a period in the life of most young people when they stand "flushed on Hope's enchanted ground."

While in youth by Eden's gate we linger;
In green bowers we vainly would make
abode,
Till the stern Angel-Warden, with calm
finger
Points the feet outward to the desert
road."

It is at this period that the faith of young people is liable to be swept away through a misconception of the real teachings of science and the example of those who seek to excuse their wicked lives under the specious plea of unbelief. "A little or superficial knowledge may incline a man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy brings him back to religion." So said Francis Bacon, one of the world's greatest philosophers, and history has proved his saying to be true. The great lights of the scientific world, such as Columbus, Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Herschel, Agassiz, Rosse or Proctor, all have cherished a reverence for religion. On the other hand, it is generally third or fourth rate men of learning, or those whose impetuosity is greater than their judgment, who ever attempt to achieve distinction as infidel lecturers. Men who have failed in their business for want of capacity, frequently turn misanthropes and denounce truths and men that they have not brains enough to comprehend.

The stars of scientific theories shine very beautifully indeed in their own spheres, but their lights at best are only reflected ones, and their beams so pale and sometimes vanish before Truth's riser sun.

It was so with astronomy. When the old Ptolemaic system was exploded by Copernicus, the vaunted wisdom of men proclaimed that the Bible also was exploded. But the Star-Maker triumphed over the star gazers.

Geology tried it. She came forth boasting her discoveries, and declaring that she had been among the rocks and deep down in the caves of the earth, and that she had found the teachings of the Bible contradicted by the strata of pre-Adamic ages, and had read its epiphany deeply chiseled by nature herself in everlasting stone. But now the

geologists admit that we have no rule for the measurement of geologic time. The most eminent scientists declare that the total age of our race is not of necessity greater than indicated by the Mosaic history of primeval times.

And so with all the other sciences. Many a wild hurricane has spent its force, but all in vain. The day has come when men of science are the very first to recognize the authority of God. What infidel name can be placed over against Raphael, Reynolds, Rubens, Trumbull, West and Cole as painters, or what against Canova or Thorvaldsen in sculpture, or Christopher Wren in architecture, Michel Angelo in all three? In poetry, Milton, Young, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Montgomery, Cowper, Watts, Wesley, Scott, Beattie, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, the Careys, and hundreds of others who were all believers in inspiration. As if religion only is entitled to slug, infidelity has never produced a Handel, a Haydn, a Mozart, a Beethoven or a Spohr. Where can infidelity find such a galaxy of peerless judges as Grotius, Seiden, Blackstone, Hale, Mansfield, Wirt, Story, Kent, Marshall and Prentiss. Among physicians none can outrank Harvey, Sydenham, Boerhave, Gregory, Goode, Simpson, Syme, Cooper and Rush, yet these all revered the name of God. Infidel philosophy can boast no names like Bacon, Newton, Locke, Stewart, Davy, Herschel, Guvier, Whately, Hamilton, Dawson, Whitchell or Le Conte. Jesus was in His appropriate place when sitting in the temple among the doctors.

If the Being who made man has not had consideration enough for him to reveal to him His will then he is not of the slightest consequence. These hor-

rible wars which drown nations in sorrow, are the mere squabbles of a crowd of insects too insignificant for the divine notice. These dreams of moral purity, these hopes of immortality, these out-reachings toward the Everlasting Father, the assumption that we have a nature higher than the horse we drive or the dog we caress, are all miserable mistakes.

When Christ, as a Divine Being, or as a man divinely commissioned, dies out of the popular faith, what then? Who shall comfort the hearts that mourn? Who shall assure us that virtue has a reward, or that there is any such thing as virtue? Who shall stimulate the love of brotherhood, and move men to works of benevolence?

We frequently hear men boast of Paganism, its civilization, refinement and morals. They seem to forget that cruelty was a marked feature in all ancient Pagan governments. There were no hospitals for the afflicted, no asylums for the blind, the aged or the insane. Even in Greece, the code of Draco declared all crime worthy of death, even if it was merely stealing food to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

The laws of the best-regulated heathen states commended or approved of vice. The student of the classics need not be reminded that the songs of Ovid, Horace and Virgil would not be tolerated in the vilest theatre of New York or Chicago. The laws of Carthage required human sacrifices, and in ancient Babylon prostitution was compulsory on every female.

Plato, dissatisfied with the laws of his country, framed a code of laws and morals for his ideal republic. In this heathen Utopia the ideas of home and family were ignored. Marriage was to be unknown; women's rights were to be maintained by having the women trained to war. Children were still to be murdered if convenience called for it. Little boys and girls were to be led to battle at a safe distance, "that the young whelps might early scent carnage and be inured to slaughter." Such were the loftiest ideas of the greatest Pagan philosopher of antiquity.

And yet we are told by infidels in the most complacent language that the Gospel is a myth, that the Old Testament which holds a relation to the New Testament and all other divine records, such as the blade holds to the ear, the bud to the flower, is a huge batch of absurdities, with no valid claim to our respectful faith. We are told in effect that out of an ingenious lie, out of a cunning delusion, out of a baseless myth, out of a systematized falsehood, has sprung all that there is in this life worth living for. We are, in effect, told that by means of a stupendous cheat humanity has reached its noblest thrift, its loftiest flight of excellence, and been built up into a civilization immeasurably superior to all that man, assisted merely by reason, ever dreamed of. We are, in effect, told all this; and we now ask reasonable men what they think of it. Who are the credulous men—those who believe in a divine power and personage, out of whose life has flown into humanity those pure principles and elevating and purifying motives—or those who believe that a falsehood has wrought the marvels?

Of all the credulous idiots that the age has produced, we know of none so pitiable as those who, in the full blaze of such a civilization as ours, soberly talk of the Gospel as a myth and its author as a cheat. J. H. W.

THE PRESENT YEAR SO FAR.

It is Pregnant with Events of Great Moment.

Editor Deseret News:

The opening months of 1888 are, in some respects, most remarkable. The year 1887 was one that left many important "footprints on the sands of time," but the present year, so far as it has progressed, gives unmistakable promise of more sensational developments than that which preceded it. Those who have delved deeply into astrological lore profess to see a mystical significance in the numbers designating the year. They claim that the numeral figures of each year are to a certain extent indicative of its events; that the figure 4 signifies the square, and the added 3, forming a triangle above it, completes the symbol, making the sacred 7, which signifies the changes of the moon, indicates the Sabbath day of rest, etc., and that the figure 8 is the initial number of a new cycle. When it is considered that the present year contains three of these figures side by side the importance of the circumstance in the estimation of the astrologer may be imagined.

One Bonner, who has for some years professed to look deeply into the events of the future, has recently published in the east a statement to the effect that the year 1888 is pre-eminent in the period in the cycle of time best fitted for the beginning of business—the tide in the affairs of men to be taken at the flood, and that "enterprises of great pitch and moment" can now be inaugurated with positive conviction of assured success.

From present appearances, up to date, the year will be distinguished for its booms and blizzards, besides which it contains five eclipses, a comet and a Presidential election, to say nothing of the effort for Utah's statehood, of the local political excitement and land-jumping unparalleled in the history of the Territory.

Looking across the Atlantic we be-

hold the black warcloud extending ominously over the political horizon of Europe; we see heavy battalions of soldiers being massed upon the national borders, fleets of the iron clad navies of the world gathering for the inevitable conflict; we hear the imperative demand for more of Krupp's engines of destruction, which seems to bode

Strife on the ocean and blood on the plain. For the hoarse cry of war is rebounding again.

And amid the turmoil of preparation for the prospective conflict, we see one of the mightiest nations of the old world, one having the greatest military prestige, in imminent peril for lack of competent leaders to guide the ship of state safely through the angry breakers of the coming storm.

Kaiser Wilhelm, Bismarck, Von Moltke—giants in their day—have passed the allotted age of man and are now feebly tottering upon the verge of the grave, while the life of the crown prince, apparently the sole remaining hope of Germany, hangs trembling in the balance, and may at any moment be consumed by the cancer which, like a vulture, is feeding upon his vitals.

It will be interesting to watch the course of events during the succeeding months of the present year and if they shall surpass in sensational development the days that are gone, 1888 will indeed prove to be one of the most memorable eras in the world's history. WARSAW.

SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 16th, 1888.

WASATCH STAKE CONFERENCE.

The Wasatch Stake Conference convened in the Heber Hall, Heber City, Feb. 11th, 1888, at 11 a. m. There were present on the stand, President Hatch and counselors, Bishops and their counselors, presidents of quorums and Elder Halliday from Utah County.

Opening exercises. President Hatch explained the reason why he had not brought more visitors with him, but felt glad he had with him Elder Halliday and believed we would have a good conference. Thought our Stake was in as good condition as any other stake, but that ought not to prevent us from becoming still better.

In the afternoon Bishops N. C. Murdoch, B. Cluff, H. Clegg and R. S. Duke reported their respective wards, which were in a very satisfactory condition. The Saints generally were alive to their duties, and health and prosperity abounded.

Elder Wm. Daybell, lately returned from a mission to the Southern States, addressed the congregation, and was followed by Elder E. Clyde, returned missionary from Europe.

President Hatch felt pleased with what he had heard, and told several interesting anecdotes. He related his going to a Salvation Army meeting, when he asked one of the chief officers why they had ladies laboring so earnestly amongst them? The answer was: "Women help to bring sin into the world, and they ought to help to get it out."

Singing. Benediction by Elder Geo. Cluff.

Sunday 10 am.—After a few remarks from President Hatch, Bishops D. Van Wagener and Franklin Fraughton gave interesting and encouraging reports of their wards.

Bishop John Moor reported Woodland Ward as in good condition, and made some good remarks on a variety of subjects.

President Alexander referred to the Bishops' reports and desired to be found faithful to the end.

Patriarch Hicken felt pleased to see so many bright and intelligent faces in the congregation; hoped we had been profited by meeting together. He made some excellent remarks on the subjects of continued progression in this work, the building up of Zion, the necessity of the Saints being what they professed to be, and living up to the requirements of the Gospel.

The statistical reports of the Stake were read by the clerk.

Choir sang an anthem. Benediction by Elder H. Cummings.

2 p. m.—After the opening exercises, the Sacrament was administered, after which Elders Cluff, Terry, Haber, and President J. M. Murdoch spoke about ten minutes each on a variety of subjects of criticism, the Word of Wisdom and the Sacrament.

President Hatch referred to what had been said, and gave some excellent counsel to the Saints.

The choir sang "The Lord will comfort Zion."

Benediction by Patriarch Thomas Hicken.

The meetings were crowded, numbers not being able to get inside the hall. We had a good time and one that will long be remembered by the Saints. We intend to have the Stake House finished so that we can convene there at our next conference.

HENRY CLEGG, Clerk.

A PHILANTHROPIC JOKE.

A CHICAGO MAN MAKES A FRUIT WOMAN HAPPY BY A LITTLE DECEPTION.

"How easy it is to make some people happy by deceiving them a little!" was the philosophic remark of Mr. Jacques Haskins, as he turned from his desk to relate a bit of his recent experience. "There is an Italian woman—who

comes up here every day with fruit to sell. One day I was walking on Adams Street, I think it was, and I saw her walking in front of me with her basket on her arm. Two men were standing in a store door, and I heard one of them say: 'Don't you remember that woman? She used to have a fruit stand in front of my store in Memphis in war times. Her name is Conio.'

"That afternoon when she came into my office I looked a little sharply at her and said: 'Haven't I seen you somewhere before—somewhere besides here in Chicago?' 'I don't know,' said she dubiously; 'your face seems sort of natural to me.' 'Let me see,' said I, assuming a meditative posture; 'didn't you used to have a fruit stand in Memphis?' Her eyes brightened as she said she did. 'Right in front of Lowenstein's store?' I said. This was a venture, for I had merely taken it for granted that the gentleman who had spoken of her was Mr. Lowenstein, because that was the name on the sign of the store where he was standing, and he looked sort of like the proprietor. But it hit the mark. 'Yes,' said the woman, setting down her basket and looking as tickled as could be, 'that was me.' 'That was about—let me see—about twenty-three or four years ago,' I said. She moved her lips as if she was making some calculation, and then, all smiles, said: 'Yes, I was there then. Your name is Conio, is it not?' I added. This was the last feather. That I should remember so much about her and even be able to call her by name gave her the greatest joy. Tears even came into her eyes, and we shook hands heartily.

"Then I proceeded to make her remember me. 'Don't you remember,' I said, 'I used to go to lunch at that little restaurant just down beyond Lowenstein's, and I used to buy fruit of you, and stand and talk to you almost every day?' She looked at me a long time and finally imagination did its work, as it always will, and she remembered me perfectly. You never saw anybody more pleased. If I had been a long lost brother she could not have been happier at meeting me. She told me all about her family, every member of which I, of course, remembered more or less distinctly, and all about her life since then, which would make an interesting story to write. Then she made up a big bag of fruit which I let her give to me, because it seemed to please her so much to do so. Since that I have, however, been a pretty regular customer of hers, and I mean to be as long as she keeps coming. What if it is true that I never was in Memphis in my life? She has told me so much about it that I could go all over the city in the dark now, and I am sure I have given that poor hard working woman as much pleasure as if I had brought to her in fact an old friend."—Chicago News.

FIGHTING A PRAIRIE FIRE.

A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN IN CANADA TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE FLAMES.

On Sunday week, Oct. 30, we had a great fight with a prairie fire. I had driven into Calgary the day before. On Sunday morning I saw the fire, and made out that it was about seventeen miles off and not far from home. I started at once, and driving back as fast as I could, got here at 12:30. D—and H—were just setting off. We changed horses, had something to eat, and started. The fire was then about a mile away, and we reached the place at 1:15. About twenty men were already there. We set to work beating with wet sacks, and kept this up till 10 p. m., when a wagon came along with a supply of food and a raw hide. The food was very welcome—we had had nothing, you will remember, since mid-day—the hide we hitched with long ropes to two saddle-horses, and started one horse on each side of the line of fire, the ropes being about twenty yards long, so that the animals were out of the reach of the flames. We had put a sack of earth on the hide to weigh it down, and three long ropes at the side with men holding them. This was to guide it. The rest of the fellows at work went behind with their sacks to put out any spots of fire left by the hide. D—and I were among these, and very fast we had to run most of the time, for the horses were terribly scared by the flames, and went at a great pace. We had to keep up with them as well as we could, for a spot of fire, if left, for a minute, would have spread and spoiled all the work of the hide. This we kept up till 4 a. m., with not more than five minutes' rest now and then, when we had to stop and wet the hide. Altogether we went rather over thirty miles, going round the fire, and leaving off about five miles from home. By that time every one was dead beat, the horses as much as the men. There were two teams and thirteen saddle-horses at work; and those that had dragged the hide in one little coulee (or valley), where the flames were ten or twelve feet high, were tired all over. When we got across, after the hottest three minutes I ever had or wish to have, every one's clothes were on fire. D—and had four large holes burned in his breeches, and one side of my shirt was burned off. The fire destroyed a few stacks, but did no serious damage. What would have happened had it been left no one can tell. Such a job I hope never to see again. In the little coulee I spoke of it was like a furnace. Every now and then the wind would come in

a gust, and then the fire would travel faster than a horse could go. We got it out just in time for when we had just finished the wind began to blow very strongly, and a small stream which we had not put out got up steam and rushed away east at a fearful pace. It reached Bow River (which was sixteen miles off) in less than twenty minutes, and burned a streak as clear as if a road had made. —London Spectator.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

GUILLED FROM LATEST WESTERN EXCHANGES.

—A dispatch dated Santa Rosa, Feb. 14th, says: Lewis Jacob Hawkins, an old resident of this county, well and favorably known, met his death this evening, between the hours of 6 and 7, by a pistol fired by himself, accidentally or with suicidal intent. He was stopping at the residence of L. A. Murdoch, where his daughter is convalescing from a severe illness. The shot was fired in a bedroom adjoining the one occupied by his daughter. When the family arrived, the body was lying on the floor in front of the bureau with a large bullet-hole in the center of his forehead and the weapon between his legs. It was well known that he was an enthusiastic spiritualist, and also that he was financially embarrassed, either of which causes might have led to the act. He was 89 years of age and leaves three children.

—At Santa Ana, Cal., on the night of the 13th inst., a horse-thief stole a very elegant black mare from the stable of Henry Owen, a prominent resident, and rode south, passing the residence of J. B. Owen, a brother, five miles south, at an early hour of the morning. The horse was recognized by the brother, who, being suspicious, drove to Santa Ana and reported the fact. The horse was valued at \$250, the saddle and bridle \$30 or more. Through the efficiency of the Western Union Telegraph Company's service at this place, both horse and rider were captured by R. Egan at San Juan Capistrano, at noon, and brought back to Santa Ana. A curious feature of the case was that the animal and thief were followed by Owen's faithful dog, who refused to turn back from his master's horse.

—A dispatch dated Portland, Oregon, Feb. 10th, says: Later details of the tragedy at Newman's Lake, Spokane county, Wash., show that the combat was more sanguinary than first anticipated. It seems that the man Herbert Mills had lived on the claim for some years, and recently the Clark boys jumped it. Mills, accompanied by his brother-in-law, both of them armed, proceeded to the ranch with a determination to oust the intruders. They found the Clark boys armed and ready to receive them. Mills opened hostilities, and on his first shot killed Andrew Clark. He then shot at Henry Clark, who fell over on the ground. The latter, while lying on the ground, shot at Mills and killed him. Muzzy started for help, and when the relief party reached the scene they found Henry Clark dead. There were marks of gunpowder on his temple, and he had died from a shot which penetrated his brain. His hands were fractured and his pistol lay by his side. It is supposed that he suffered such agony from the wounds caused by Mills' shot that he committed suicide. Both Mills and Andrew Clark appeared to have fallen dead as they were shot, the former being found 144 feet from the spot from which his antagonist fired, a remarkable feat of marksmanship, as Henry Clark, who was only 21 years old, shot with a .45-caliber Remington revolver. Mills seemed to have honestly performed a settlement of the land, and the only reason alleged for jumping the claim was the fact that the cabin erected was not up to the requirements of the law. From all accounts the piece of land over which these men lost their lives was not worth the powder wasted in the tragedy. Both Mills and Andrew Clark were married men. The Clarks lived on Pleasant Prairie, and Mills divided his time between this ranch and Spokane Falls, where his wife teaches school.

Brown nutmegs from Penang, West Indies, are the best. They are in their natural state, and are so full of oil that it will ooze out if an incision be made. The nutmegs kept by most grocers are the lower grades that are put through a sweating process to remove the oil, and are rolled in lime to cover up all the defects. The best cloves come from Penang and are sun-dried. Cheaper grades come from Zanzibar, and are kiln-dried, with much of the oil extracted. Ground cloves are adulterated by leaving in the stems. Pimento, or allspice, comes from Jamaica. The best ginger comes from the same place, and is bleached white. Borneo ginger is often chalked to make it look like the bleached article. African ginger is dark in color and poor in quality, but as it is very much cheaper than the other kind it is most used. Ceylon cinnamon is worth \$1 a pound, and is very little used. Cassia, the outside bark of the tree, is the substance in general use and costs about one-tenth of the genuine article.

Queen Victoria dislikes the electric light, and refuses to have it in her palaces. She has at length permitted one of the royal yachts to be fitted with electric lamps except her sleeping cabin and salon.