

When the machinery of business ceases to revolve, bread may be in abundance and really cheap, granaries may be bursting with bountiful harvests and all around them people may suffer with hunger; wool and cotton may be in excess, and yet these toilers may dread a coming winter, and children may shiver for the want of adequate clothing; gold may move by the millions from land to land, silver may be piled up in the treasure-vaults of the nation, and tens of thousands may neither see the one nor be able to handle the other.

Men can readily comprehend distress caused by a true famine. But we have distress in the midst of plethoric abundance; there is supply—what of demand? There is use everywhere, what of increase? What is surely selling below the cost of production, lower, probably, than at any previous time, spite of the fact that the supply is but a little over a year's necessities! Now, shall production cease or fall off until the demand forces the price up to a rational level, or should not cheap bread produce industrial activity?

What is wanted, apparently, is confidence in ourselves, in the return to trade, in the assurance of demand, in our country which overflows with all the necessities of life, and which manufactures nearly everything it needs, a country essentially rich, but now afraid of poverty or that times will never again be good. Prosperity is, after all, simply an interchange of commodities among men. A fear to exchange, that is, to buy what you want lest bankruptcy stares you in the face, is stagnation, and the reverse of prosperity. Some assert that the exhortation to economy, to retrenchment, to restrict and cut down everything is the sure way to prolong the depression, and that the true way is to spend what you can spare for what you desire to have, because prices will never be as low again as they are now. Can we not believe that there are good times ahead, and that the world will yet have many sunny days? Can it be possible that there is no elasticity in human effort? That even when in debt a man's energies are so called into play that he removes mountains, and, figuratively speaking, makes "even the winds and waves obey him."

Many years ago President J. M. Grant told the writer that President Young advised him to go to work and build himself a home. He said he had but ten dollars, but he built what was a palatial house for those days. It stood somewhere about on the site of Z. C. M. I. The sequel, however, was that when it was completed Brother Grant "had more money in his pocket than when he began;" he got in debt, which roused all his energies. Having "begun to build," he wanted no man to say "he was not able to finish!" Now that the people of Utah are in debt, shall they lie down and whine because of this? Verily, no! Those who wrested from the desert by the genius of labor and enterprise these homes and farms, who made the ditches and canals, who built school houses and churches and temples, are not to be dismayed because they owe a few dollars here and there, not even if they have to learn wisdom and self-reliance by a little monetary perplexity or suffering perchance.

Now, this "confidence is wealth; it is prosperity; its presence sets the wheels of industry to humming, loads the railroads with traffic and creates all the activity there ever was in commerce. It gives bread to the starving millions, and fills the land with happiness and plenty, while its absence casts gloom over the country, and spreads disaster and distress among all classes." Without it the farmer would plow and plant in vain; the builder of a home would not invest; the keeper of a store would buy no goods; enterprise languishes where it is not, and even the buying of a pair of shoes or stockings for the "dimpled dottles" of our household depends upon this confidence in the future and in ourselves. If you want to see a dead man or a dead community, find one where nobody is in debt, where no man works only for spot cash, or where no man improves until he has the money in his stocking. "Owe no man anything," is good advice. Yet sometimes the world moves on lines of credit. Debt compels man to go in debt to Him; to Him man looks for "the early and the latter rain." "Thy bread shall be given thee and thy water shall be sure," has nerved many a man and woman in the battlefields of life; and these "promises to pay" issued by the great Banker of the Universe have never failed all at once. A man's promise to pay should pattern after the Divine ideal; his word should be his bond; or if, by reason of some things which none may foresee, he is righteously but unwittingly in debt, let no man subject to the same infirmity take his debtor by the throat and say, "Pay me that thou owest," or, giving him in charge of an officer, that "officer cast him into prison, from which he cannot emerge until he has paid the uttermost farthing!"

Shall this encourage a man then to go in debt to his fellow? Not at all—only as it may seem desirable to both the interested parties. Then debt is not dishonorable. It may be every thing but that, but confidence between men is born by keeping word to each other. In other words this is legitimate debt. But the man who is in debt for the purpose of fraud, to take advantage of his neighbor, to enrich himself at another's expense, is a thief, and every honest soul would say "Let no such man be trusted."

No need to underrate the circumstances which surround us as individuals or as a community. They have brought their lesson. Let this be profitably used. No need, either, to overrate that which is universal, or think that the disease is chronic. Black Fridays—dark days—come into all the departments of life. But there is sunshine behind every cloud; to make the rainbow calls for both sun and shower, and the rainbow already spans the world of trade. Hopeful men here and there are launching out and in the spirit of imitation and daring a few more grope their way. "Watchman, what of the night?" asked one of the Prophets. "The day dawneth," was the response; "already the shadows flee away!" A demand comes from Europe for our surplus wheat; cotton and corn find a ready market; gold, like molten lava, seeks the plain; emigration hiesing to

this wonderful treasure house of material resources and certain bread comes to us like an inundation of the Nile. Mills again hum with the whirl of spindles; furnaces are red; and the foundries and mines of this land are writing in lines of fire, by the finger of toil, peace and prosperity upon the dense but fleeing clouds of trade.

Seventy millions to be fed; seventy millions to be clad; seventy millions to be housed; these millions, earnest, active, enthusiastic in the main, and the croakers that never felt the pulse of labor, that know nothing of its elastic tread, that see not the glance of its eye, or comprehend the fiery force of its restless brain, are shouting themselves hoarse with the cry of "hard times," "what a panic," "hard times!" If the people were like the serfs of Russia, were but a duplicate of Kru, this might be. But freemen go from conquering to conquer, and they can only be deceived for a little while with the claptrap of political parties, the interested bugaboo of banking interests, or the shuttlecock and battledore game of schemers and pirates and land sharks, who all hunger for and fatten on the greatest harvest field of labor that ever exhibited its untold and unexampled wealth in the midday sun!

#### EARLY CHURCH SCENES.

LEXINGTON JUNCTION, Ray County, Mo., Sept. 4, 1893.—Before leaving Independence, Jackson county, Mo., this morning, I visited the city cemetery lying south-east of the city center in the outskirts of the town. It is one of the finest graveyards that I have seen in Missouri. It covers fifty-five acres, is kept in fine repair, and contains some of the most handsome and costly monuments met with outside of Greenwood cemetery at Brooklyn, N. Y. Through the courtesy of Mr. H. M. Monahan, the city sexton, I was shown a number of graves containing the earthly remains of some of those who were connected with the persecutions in 1833. On one tombstone I read the following: "General Samuel D. Lucas, born July 19, 1799; died February 23, 1868." It will be remembered that General Lucas was the man who took Joseph the Prophet and other leading men of the Church prisoners in Far West, Caldwell county, in 1838, and who would have murdered the Prophet and others on that occasion had it not been for Alexander W. Doniphan's interference. Also Samuel Weston, who acted as justice of the peace during the time of the difficulties in 1833, and who died in 1846, lies buried in the Independence cemetery. His son, Robert Weston, now a resident of Independence and one of the oldest settlers living there at this time, gave me some interesting information about early days in Jackson county.

From the tower of the court house in Independence, I obtained this morning a fine view of the surrounding country. Jackson county certainly is a desirable land. As far as the eye can reach east and south extensive farms occupy the openings between the timbered tracts of the country skirting the rivers and rivulets; these wind their way through the uplands toward the mighty Missouri. Still the land is not productive like it was years ago; large