

ing several original portraits of the Father of His Country, dating from 1772 to 1796. There was also the equestrian statue, by Trumbull; the William's crayon, from actual sittings; three originals, by Stuart; the bust, a masterpiece, from which so many copies have been made; the full-length portrait, made by order from the marquis of Lansdowne, and another painted expressly for Martha Washington, the widow. There were many miscellaneous pictures, too, some of them of great value, which had been presented to Washington by eminent people at one time or another; and the quaint high-posted bedstead upon which he died. These are all gone now, with the scattered remnant of his descendants, and only a shadow of departed glory mantles the edifice.

Behind the house runs the well-worn path beneath the oaks which Robert E. Lee paced all night long—so it is said—while which way duty lay—whether to cast his fortunes with his kindred of the South, or to remain loyal to the government to which he owed his education as a soldier. He was a prayerful, upright man, who doubtless acted upon his honest convictions of right, unbiased by self-interest. At any rate, he snatched from that niggard, Time, an immortal fame, though he died in an immortal fame, though he died in poverty, self-exiled from his once beautiful home. His descendants mourn for their beloved Arlington, and like Rachel mourning for her children, refuse to be comforted; but it is to be hoped that when they come here to visit the graves of their ancestors and to bewail the grandeur which was once theirs, they will also remember the more than 15,000 homes, and the many times 15,000 hearts, made desolate by the death of the men who now occupy the estate.

General Robert E. Lee's oldest son is at present one of the substantial farmers of Fairfax county, Va. The other day I read an item in a local paper which spoke of him as having "just passed our office, setting behind a fine pair of mules, which seemed to know that a master-hand held the reins." Mrs. Smith Lee, mother of General Fitzhugh Lee and sister-in-law of Robert E., still lives at Cameron, the old homestead near Alexandria. She is as proud and exclusive a grand dame of the old regime as one may find in a week's journey—even in Virginia. Before the war, from which unhappy epoch dates the winter of their discontent for all these people, she was a familiar figure in Washington society as one of its most conspicuous leaders. Of late years she has lived in strict retirement, devoted to the memories of better days. Another member of the family, Charles R. Lee, is a Washington attorney, and one of the local managers of an agricultural insurance company, of Watertown, N. Y.

Interesting as Arlington House is, and crowded with historic reminiscences, the view from its portico commands longer and more pleased attention. On the Sunday of my visit, with the trees showering their autumn tribute of crimson and gold upon the graves, heaven and earth seemed to have conspired to add charms to the domain of the dead. Ink and paper cannot do faintest justice to the scene. Directly in front, the great green lawn, set with handsome shrubbery, slopes to the old turnpike, over which our armies marched to battle; far below, the historic Potomac stretches like a silver ribbon; on its other shore the city of Washington spreads out like a panorama, all its magnificent public buildings in full array, the Washington monument piercing the blue with heaven-pointing finger and the bronze Goddess of Liberty keeping

guard over all from her perch on the Capitol dome.

On the north lies the beautiful Soldiers' Home; on the south, the gloomy red brick towers of that abode of tragedy, St. Elizabeth's insane asylum. Near by, splitting the lordly river in twain, is Annapolis Island, still cumbered with its ancient Revolutionary farm house and out-buildings; and beyond all, across the "Eastern Branch," are the blue hills of "Maryland, my Maryland."

In the National Cemetery only beauty and silence reign. There is a hush in the air and a hush in the heart, as you retrace your steps between columns of immortal dead when the short afternoon draws near its close, leaving the strangely-populated place to be guarded in the coming darkness by unseen sentinels from great Beyond.

Sleep, oh sleep!

The Shepherd loveth His sheep.

Fast speedeth the night away;

Soon cometh the glorious day;

Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—

Sleep, oh sleep!

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

ST. GEORGE STAKE CONFERENCE.

The regular quarterly gathering of representative men and women for conference purposes commenced on the morning of Saturday, the 11th inst., by the opening of the Relief Society conference.

Elder Abraham O. Woodruff, of the Apostles' quorum, and wife, were present in addition to Elders D. D. McArthur and D. H. Cannon and some members of the High Council, Bishops and other visitors.

After opening remarks by the Stake president, Ann C. Woodbury, the assembly was addressed by Brothers Abraham O. Woodruff, D. D. McArthur, D. H. Cannon, James Andrus and James G. Bleak, also by Sister Helen M. W. Woodruff. The Relief Society continued its conference in the afternoon.

The Stake Priesthood meeting was held also in the afternoon and was addressed by Elder A. O. Woodruff and others, on Stake matters and upon the duties and responsibilities of the Priesthood. At this meeting, St. George Stake Industrial Bureau was organized, by electing Elder Daniel D. McArthur as chairman, and his counselors, David H. Cannon and Erastus B. Snow, as his aides, and the Bishop of each ward of the Stake as members of the bureau, with Brother Edward H. Snow, the Bishops' clerk of the Stake as secretary.

On Sunday morning, the 12th inst., following a short session of St. George Sunday school, the Stake quarterly conference began under the presidency of Daniel D. McArthur. Its sessions occupied Sunday afternoon, and the morning and afternoon of Monday, the 13th inst., Sunday evening having been devoted to the Stake quarterly conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Improvement associations.

At each and every one of the sessions Elder Woodruff ministered the word under the free flow of the Spirit of the Lord.

President McArthur and his counselor, David H. Cannon, returned missionaries Isaac H. Langton and John R. Crawford, also Daniel Seegmiller of the presidency of Kanab Stake, addressed the conference.

The Bishops who verbally reported their wards were: James Andrus, St. George; Wm. A. Bringhurst, Toquerville; John G. Hafen, Santa Clara; Jeter Snow Pine Valley; William A. Redd, Harmony; Edward Bunker Jr., Bunkerville; Robert C. Knell, Pinto; Andrew Sproul, Washington; and Leroy W. Beebe, Virgin City.

The general authorities of the Church and the Stake authorities were presented to, and sustained by, the people, who voted without dissent.

The following are among the topics laid before the conference: Establishment and growth of the Church of Christ in this generation; the Word of Wisdom; encouragement of home industries and providing remunerative labor for the unemployed; our duty to patronize Church schools; the value of the revelation establishing the personality of the Father and the Son, as set forth in the Scriptures, instead of our worshipping an unknown God, without body, parts, or passions; and the necessity of living in strict obedience to the commandments of God, as set forth in the Scriptures and by the living oracles existing in the Church.

Counselor Erastus B. Snow was out of town and unavoidably detained, so that he was with us but on Monday afternoon.

Seventeen wards of the Stake were represented; Hebron ward was not represented.

JAMES G. BLEAK,
Stake Clerk.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Elder Angus M. Cannon, president of the Salt Lake Stake, presided over the services at the Tabernacle Sunday afternoon, Dec. 19, 1897.

The choir sang the hymn:

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing.

Prayer was offered by Bishop W. B. Preston.

The choir further sang:

Lo, the mighty God appearing,
From on high Jehovah speaks.

Elder James E. Talmage was the first speaker. He began by referring to the promise made by the Father that where two or three had met together in His name, there He would be and that to bless them. This being so, the speaker felt that the Saints assembled had a right to expect a blessing in having met together. The Gospel embraced all truth and in its utterance, the Latter-day Saints had much joy and satisfaction. The speaker could not remember the date upon which he had received a testimony of the Gospel; in fact no such date could be stated in his case. He had received a testimony, however, but it had grown upon him gradually and had become so firmly implanted within him as to form a perfect part of the being. God had revealed the truth of His Gospel unto the inhabitants of the earth; it was His own word to humankind, and shone so brilliantly in the orbit of religions as to attract attention from all parts of the earth, because of its brilliancy. Unlike the diamond and the precious stones, however, it impressed its admirers with its perfection, its greatness, but with its extreme simplicity. It had depth to it and became the greater and more wondrous to the anxious inquirer the more it was investigated.

The Saints, as expressed in their articles of faith, said the speaker, believed in the revealed word. They believed all that God had revealed, all that He does now reveal and they believed that He would yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God. They were not as the ancient astronomers and scientists, who, each in his own little sphere, believed that he had discovered all there was to be discovered—all that went to make up a complete earth, a perfect diadem. Such a spirit was too prevalent in the earth, however. It had been prophesied by holy men of old and had certainly come to pass and was existing at the present day. As