

No prisoners groan in solitary cells.

There freedom dwells; no superstitious
eread
Enslaves the mind of man; no Christian
mobs

To drive him from his home or shed his
blood.

All these, though dear to me, are worth-
less toys—

Mere baubles, compared to that precious
gem

Which yet remains to beautify my verse,
And swell the music of my joyous theme.

There dwell my family—my bosom
friends—

The precious lambs of my Redeemer—my
Best of heaven's gifts to man—my genius of
Life and Immortality—my hope of heaven—
My principality on earth began—
My kingdom in embryo, big with thrones
Of endless power and wide dominion."

The writer of these lines was one
of the expelled, one of the so-called
friends whom citizens of Illinois
drove from his home, his lands and
his church. Can any man who is a
father, a brother, or a son read
these lines and classify their author
with the vile, the wicked and the
licentious? Can any woman who
is a mother, a wife, a sister
or a daughter read these
lines and not give way to
the heaven-born instincts which
beget the clasp of affection, the joy
of motherhood, the smile of grati-
tude, and the sob of sympathy? In
all the roll of song from Homer to
Tennyson there are not to be found
words of such profound pathos, of
such intense fondness, of such earn-
est paternal solicitude. Some affect-
ing passages will be found in Homer
of a family nature. Andromache
meets her husband Hector, and
pleads with him, holding her boy
in her arms, that he (Hector) might
not go into the battle field. She
says the result will be of the impend-
ing battle:

A widow I, a helpless orphan he,

But Hector in reply says:

No hostile hand can antedate my doom
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.

But Apostle Pratt says after all
that he and family have suffered at
the vile hands of murderous mobs,
at the conniving chicanery of rascal-
ly officials, and at the incompetency
and disloyalty of governments. He
says:

One only sacrifice remained for us
To make, to further test our depth of love
For God and truth—'twas all that heaven
could ask,

Will you, my lambs, be left alone to
spend

Another winter in this dreary wild,
While him you love shall wander far away
Beyond the sea, for truth and Zion's sake?

Your pulse beat quick; your bosom heav'd
a sigh;

Your heart swelled with emotion; a big
tear

Gushed forth, and stole in silence down
your cheek;

While your spirit said: If I must, I will.

Is there in literature a finer
illustration of fortitude, devotion
and faith, blended with the sublime,
the divine, the infinite than this?
Compare the mother and wife of
modern Israel with the mother and
wife of the Homeric Hector, or with
those of ancient Judea, of Sparta,

of Athens, of Lacedemon, and ask
which stands out most prominently,
most heroically, most sincerely, and
the answer is obvious. It is she of
Council Bluffs.

The word painting given by Mr.
Pratt of these Nauvoo troubles is
well worthy of reproduction. It
says:—

"When slander, rage, and lies, and pity
failed,

Then came the deadly strife! The fire con-
sumed;

The sword devoured; widows and orphans
mournd;

Hell's artillery bellowed; martyrs bled;

The world exulted; devils hugely grinned;
Heaven wept; Saints prayed; Justice stood

aghast;
Mercy retiring dropped a tear of blood;

Angels, starting, half drew their glittering
swords;

And the gods, in solemn council, decreed
A just vengeance!

This poet, patriot, and Apostle
still further describes the situation,
vividly painting in becoming colors
how his people braved the winter
storm, the scorching sun, the
parched plain and the trackless for-
est. How they pushed forward in
the teeth of poverty, against the
claws of savagery, and in face of
the talons of the human vul-
tures which surrounded them. Theirs
was not the vitality
of despair, the abandonment of
the forlorn, but it was faith
in their God, it was the energy, the
irrepressible progressiveness, and ir-
resistible valor and courage of
man's majesty, conscious of his
own honor, honesty and rectitude.

As their poet says, they:

"Stood, amid the awful storms, and hailed
the

Tempest welcome. The solitary wilds
Reverberated with freedom's joyful songs,
While there you fondly pressed your infant

to
Your bosom, smiled on your Lord, re-
ceived His

Smile in turn, and realized your freedom.

Yes, they were joyous, cheerful,
confident. When they looked be-
hind it was not to sigh for the flesh-
pots of Egypt, but to take one last
farewell of their towering temple
and its beauteous spire, to cast, as
Goldsmith's pilgrim did—

One longing, lingering look behind.

We have the evidence of Mr.
Thomas L. Kane, brother of the
great Arctic explorer, that they
were cheerful. He was among
them. This is what he says:

"There was something joyous for
me in my rambles about that vast
body of pilgrims. I could range the
wild country wherever I listed,
under safeguard of their moving
host. Wherever I was compelled to
tarry I was certain to find shelter
and hospitality, scant, indeed, but
never stinted, and always honest
and kind. After a recent unavoid-
able association with the border in-
habitants of western Missouri and
Iowa, the vile scum which our own
society, to apply the words of an
admirable gentleman and eminent
divine (the Rev. Dr. Morton) 'like
the great ocean, washes upon its
frontier shores,' I can scarcely de-

scribe the gratification I felt
in associating again with persons
who were almost all of Eastern
American origin—persons of re-
fined and cleanly habits and decent
language, and observing their inter-
esting and peculiar mode of life;
while every day seemed to bring
with it its own special incident
fruitful in the illustration of habits
and character."

Yes, my dear pilgrim, tread softly
on these mounds, speak respectfully.
Beneath you lies mouldering, per-
haps:

"Some village Hampden who with daunt-
less breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may
rest;

Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
blood.

Well, we must cease communing
with the shades of departed worth
and fidelity. The sonorous tones of
a U. P. brakeman is singing out
"All aboard for the Overland Flyer,
to the Pacific, to Oregon, Salt Lake
and Denver." And aboard we get,
and are soon gliding over the Mis-
souri—the muddy, sandy, shifting,
turbulent Missouri. What mysteries
are hidden in its sands! The bones
of pilgrims, the wagons of other ex-
iles, and the hopes, yearnings and
anticipations of many a fevered
gold-seeker and land grabber.

Adieu to the Bluffs and to Kane-
ville for the present. We are away
to the boundless west, the home of
the bison, the lair of the buffalo and
the playground of the antelope.

JUNIAS.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, May 16, 1889.

BEAR LAKE VALLEY.

A few days ago, in travel-
ling from and to my home to attend
Bear Lake Stake Conference, held
at Paris. I noticed that the people
are fairly prospering in the Stake.
At Paris the Tabernacle is the chief
object of interest. Considering that,
during the time of the construction,
times have been a little hard, from a
money standpoint, the Saints in the
Stake have done very well in assist-
ing to get it so near completion as it
is. The ceiling is finished and is
very pretty and durable. The plaster-
ing of the walls is now in progress
and there remains, I think, about
\$10,000 of funds to be collected to
finish the work, the total cost of
which will be about \$50,000, or up-
wards. At the conference the peo-
ple were kindly urged to try to have
it completed and paid for before the
August conference, so that we may
have some of our highly esteemed
friends from headquarters come and
visit and dedicate it to the worship
of God.

Paris also possesses a very neat
little church "round the corner,"
where the Rev. Mr. Boyd, in his
Presbyterian way, dispenses his
spiritual bill of fare to all who hung-
er and thirst therefor.

The county courthouse is also a
good, commodious, creditable public
building. Quite a large number of
well appearing private dwellings
abound, and a spirit of building up