

Wm. Green, travelling Elder in the Nottingham conference, has been honorably released to return home February 10, 1898, on account of deaths in his family.

The following named Elders have been honorably released to return home March 10, 1898: George Shorten, president of the London conference; William Crane, president of the Welsh conference; Thomas Bailey, president of the Nottingham conference; G. W. McCune, president of the Norwich conference; John H. Taylor, George Humpbries, John A. Hunt Jr., Chas. W. Hatch, travelling Elders in the Nottingham conference; Alvin B. Kempton, Wm. M. Purrington, Thomas England, travelling Elders in the Cheltenham conference; D. D. E. Jones, George Shearn, John P. Wright, travelling Elders in the Welsh conference; George C. Wood, William Campbell, travelling Elders in the Scottish conference; Francis C. Sells, travelling Elder in the London conference; B. R. Brough, travelling Elder in the Birmingham conference; Walter E. Maddison, travelling Elder in the Sheffield conference; John H. Moss, travelling Elder in the Manchester conference; Joseph G. Schofield, travelling Elder in the Leeds conference.

Elder T. H. Cartwright has been appointed to preside over the Nottingham conference.

Elder William E. Clark has been appointed to preside over the London conference.

Elder John H. Porter has been appointed to preside over the Norwich conference.

Elder Evan R. Owen has been appointed to preside over the Welsh conference.

[Millennial Star, Feb. 24, 1898.]

Releases and Appointments.—Elder William McMillan, president of the Scottish conference, has been honorably released to return home March 10, 1898. Elder McMillan has been ailing for some time, and for the past six weeks has been under the doctor's care. He has made no complaint, and has been very desirous of continuing his labors here.

William J. Holt has been honorably released from laboring as travelling Elder in the Liverpool conference to return home February 24, 1898. Elder Holt has been here since October 28, 1896, and has been released at the request of the First Presidency of the Church.

J. W. James has been released from laboring in the Irish conference and appointed as a travelling Elder in the Birmingham conference.

Elder Malcom McKinnon has been appointed to preside over the Scottish conference.

Arrivals.—The following named missionaries from Zion arrived in Liverpool per American line steamer Waesland, on February 23, 1898:

For the Scandinavian Mission—Albert John Johnson, Ogden; Charles J. E. Bohman, Monroe; John Alfred Christensen, Salt Lake City; John Hannibal Carlen, Buysville.

For the Swiss Mission—John Albert Hirsche, Inverury; Simon Hugentobler, Salina.

HEBER AND THE PARK.

Heber City, March 9, 1898.

Spring is here; the snow is nearly all gone from the fields and the roads are drying fast, but it is still in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" how at this same date two feet of solid snow on the level used to adorn the valley in the years past and gone. Once upon a time the early settlers traveled over four feet of snow on their way to attend the April Conference in Salt Lake City.

On Sunday morning last over 400 persons, young and old, were present at the Sunday school held in the large tabernacle of Heber, and in the afternoon and evening the people thronged the tabernacle fasting and praying; their prayers being more directly appeals to the Almighty for the restoration of John Ohwiler, who was so seriously injured on the 10th of February last, by an accident which crushed him to the earth. When extricated from the fearful position, and examined by Dr. Aird, who pressed the bones of his spine back into position, he gave his relatives to understand that the injured man could not live forty-eight hours, but Brother Ohwiler still lives and is mending rapidly. His lower limbs were paralyzed at first. Now although he suffers great pain when they are moved, he can move his feet, and is in full hope that the fasting and prayers of the Saints will avail for his full and complete recovery.

Although Heber feels to some extent the depression that effects the Park on account of the closing of the Marsac and Ontario mills still the comfortable homes and desirable residences together with their surroundings, bear witness of the thrift and industry of its citizens.

In my call at Park City I found your enterprising agents, the Woodruff brothers, working up a lively business for your evening issue. The war fever is raging there, and the Messrs. Woodruff have opened up a "recruiting office" and a notice hung in this window reads, "Wanted, 250 men to enlist for the war with Cuba." Some thirty men have signed their names as ready to go to the front; and some of these same men's wives have given the Messrs. Woodruff to understand in very strong and decisive language that their husbands will not go on any such an errand, while other ladies, approach the store window in fear and trembling lest their lords have enrolled their names on the list since their last visit.

A. T.

THE HOME OF EMERSON.

On the Lexington road over which the British soldiers fled just after the battle of Concord in April, 1776, is the house which was once tenanted and owned by Ralph Waldo Emerson. It is a square, wooden building, somewhat toned down in its color to blend with the surroundings. Pretty chestnut trees and evergreens cast changing shadows over the lawns and gardens, and an exquisite odor comes from the fields beyond.

The orchard, which Emerson planted and used to watch so carefully, still furnishes apples, peaches, and pears. The great essayist came to live here in 1835, just after he had married Miss Lydia Jackson at Plymouth. Emerson had been a visitor to Concord before this, having lived for a while in the celebrated Old Manse, which was built by his grandfather, and which afterwards became famous as the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne. From the first, Mr. Emerson seemed to love Concord, and well he might, for no place could surpass it for its quiet beauty and peaceful atmosphere. It seems as if every singing bird, every playful squirrel, every stream of water finds its way to the place to help nature in preserving quietude and peace. In a letter to his wife, Emerson once said: "I am born a poet, of a low class without doubt, yet a poet. That is my nature and vocation."

A sunset, a snowstorm, a forest, a certain river, are more to me than many friends, and do ordinarily divide my day with my books."

In this same letter, Emerson speaks of Concord as an ideal home for a poet, and says that "He sees the river, like God's love, journeying out of the gray

past into the green future." In this old home Emerson spent his most delightful days. He had many friends, and happy were the hours when Henry Thoreau, Louisa M. Alcott, or Nathaniel Hawthorne would run in and while away the time in conversation. On a Saturday afternoon the little study would become a sort of meeting place, and in the twilight, when the day was giving way to night, and all things had become silent, these friends often wandered far into the unknown world to receive that inspiration which comes only from above, and then after the little party had broken up and each gone to his home, in the quiet hours, a poem or an essay, or a chapter would be the result.

Louisa M. Alcott in speaking of Emerson's home, once said, "The marble walk which leads to his hospitable door has been trodden by the feet of many pilgrims from all parts of the world, drawn thither by their love and reverence for him. Here in his pleasant room, with the green hills opposite, and the pines murmuring musically before his windows, Emerson wrote essays more helpful than most sermons; lectures which created the lyceum; poems full of power and sweetness; and, better than any song or sermon, has lived a life so noble, true and beautiful, that its wide spreading influence is felt on both sides of the sea."

Many a gay revel has been held under the pines, whole schools taken possession of the poet's premises; and many a child will recall hereafter the paternal face that smiled on them, full of interest in their gambols, and of welcome for the poorest. As he lay dying, children stopped to ask if he were better; and all the sunshine faded out of the little faces when the sad answer came. Very willing feet roamed the woods for green garlands to decorate the old church where he would come for the last time; busy hands worked till midnight that every house should bear some token of mourning; spring gave him her few early flowers and budding boughs from the haunts that will know him no more; and old and young forgot for a little while, their pride in their illustrious man, to sorrow for the beloved friend and neighbor.

Then bright beautiful children came to bless the home. And how he loved those children! In his every day work he stopped now and then to plant the kiss of a father's love upon their lips. One can almost see him now, as he would take the childish hands in his and leading them down through the green lanes and up over the hills, and telling the little listening ears of how God made the big earth and the sun and the moon, and of how the flowers and rocks are the words with which the Creator talks to us, and then at the fireside these sweet little autocrats would sit and have their childish minds taken far away into the world of the fairies, by the story of their father.

I have always enjoyed the works of Emerson, especially his Essays, and although fully realizing how critics have inferred that his thought and even many of his expressions were borrowed, yet the simple, humble life that he passed, so pure, so good, so true is an inspiration in itself, and we find him rendering to man his many services as a teacher, and a friend in gratitude to God. Who would not become a better worker by reading Self Reliance? Who would not feel more pure in spirit if Love had been carefully read?

Although Emerson was not a great philosopher, in that he deduced a system by which we could solve the questions as to what God is; what man is; and what relations exist between the two, yet his works embody much truth, and his principles and teachings, highly religious. Emerson's life was noble