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## IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT.

If I should die tonight

My friends would look upon my quiet face,  
Be ore they laid it in its resting place,  
And deem that death had left it almost fair;  
And laying snow white flowers against my  
hair,  
Would smooeth it down with tearful tender-  
ness,  
And fold my hands with lingering caress—  
Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight!

If I should die tonight

My friends would call to mind with loving  
thought  
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;  
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;  
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.  
The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
My hasty words, would all be put aside,  
And so I should be loved and mourned  
tonight.

If I should die tonight

Even hearts estranged would turn once  
more to me.  
Recalling other days remorsefully.  
The eyes that chill me with averted glance  
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance  
Would soften in the old familiar way;  
For who would war with dumb, unconscious  
clay?  
So I might rest, forgiven of all to night.

Oh, friends, I pray tonight

Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold  
brow;  
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.  
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;  
My faltering feet are pierced with many  
a thorn.  
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I  
plead!  
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not  
need  
The tenderness for which I long tonight.

ROBERT O. V. MYERS.

## LECTURE.

ON TUESDAY evening, the 11th inst., Bishop O. F. Whitney lectured in the Social Hall, Salt Lake City, under the auspices of the Students' Society of the Salt Lake Stake Academy. Subject, "God in the Affairs of Men and Governments." There was a crowded audience, every available seat being occupied, and the lecture was listened to from beginning to end with the closest attention by all present.

After a few prefatory observations, Bishop Whitney proceeded to say: The idea of this lecture, if I may call it a lecture, was suggested to me by a conversation that took place between two of the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the gist of which was this: One of them contended that God, while He might be, and undoubtedly was, in the great things which happened in the midst of mankind, in important events, such as the rise and fall of nations, in great political changes and vicissitudes which are taking place, and have taken place from the beginning until now; while He might, perhaps, inspire a religious reformer, an inventor, or the discoverer of some great truth which is born to bless humanity, He was not in the small things, and that many incidents occurred in the history of man of which God took no cognizance whatever; that He was above noticing little things, but was behind as the propelling power of what men call great things. The other Elder opposed him in this view, and used among other expressions in reply, these forcible words: "Brother So-and-So, if you have not yet learned that God is in all things, great and small, it is my humble opinion that you have a great deal to learn."

Now, suppose we analyze the position of the former speaker for a moment. Suppose we ask ourselves the question: Whence come the great things of history—whence come those mighty happenings that shake the earth with their thunder—that attract the attention of millions and will not be ignored? Whence comes the mighty avalanche that sweeps from the hill-top, crushing and grinding and carrying all before it, filling the gorges and the canyons and valleys below? Does it not come from the massing of

flake upon flake? Does it not come from the tiny snowball, started as by merest accident from the mountain tops, but gathering its congenial element as it goes, until in the all-powerful avalanche it thunders down the mountain side, and carries away all opposition in its path? Can we say that God is in the avalanche and not in the snowflake? Can we say that God is in the ocean and not in the dewdrop? Can we say that He is in the globe, the continents and islands of the earth, and not in the tiny grain of sand which, many times multiplied, goes to make up the solid earth on which we dwell? Can we say He is in the thunderbolt and the storm and not in the ripple of the stream, and the twitter of the birds? Small things, it appears, are the seeds of great things. The acorn may be tiny, but it holds within its little shell the germ of the great and spreading oak, under whose boughs the beasts, and man himself, may seek shelter; while the fowls of heaven lodge and make their home amidst its branches. Is God in the oak and not in the acorn? We may take all the great events of history, all the mighty happenings in the midst of mankind, and we can trace them back to small beginnings which, though they be despised and overlooked by man, are great and important in the eyes of God.

We are living in an age which is promised to eclipse in importance, in grandeur and magnificence, in civilization, in learning, in power, and in glory, all ages that have preceded it; the dispensation of the fulness of times, which has been compared to the ocean, into which all the rivers and rills of past ages will run. But what was the beginning of this dispensation? How did God commence this great work? It has now assumed what might be termed respectable dimen-