

of more than 200,000, was, forty-two years ago, a wilderness, a desert beyond the borders of the United States, belonging to our neighboring government Mexico. Its parched soil, its vacant valleys told its early visitors of its worthlessness. With the exception of a few explorers, the Indians were the only human beings that had seen the barren waste since the extinction of the Nephite nation, fourteen hundred and forty-seven years prior, and possibly, since the days of Noah. A wilderness, a desert? Yes, and so complete it was thought a civilized people could not subsist here. To substantiate this I refer you to the offer of Col. Bridger of \$1000 for the first bushel of corn raised here. The rich silver mines of Utah were not then discovered; no roads connected the canyons and valleys; no bridges spanned the rivers; no workshops nor factories were erected, and the whistle of the steam engine had not been heard in our secluded spot, nor even within the United States but for a period of twenty years. Could one leave a land of plenty; the shades of the walnut, the chestnut and the orange; the springs, bubbling up in the shade of the pine, and the pleasant association of friends to come to such a forsaken country as this? The effort required to do this was founded in love of freedom. Nothing but a deep love for independence, the virtue of the sacred family ties, and a desire to worship God unmolested, could have induced a people to settle the dreary wild. By contrasting the past with the present, the picture is more highly illuminated. Imagine one having toiled in the burning sun, having lived in the dugout and eaten roots and rawhide, transported in an instant from the past to the present. I fancy he would be overcome by joy, and weep through the ecstasy caused by the contrast.

It has been truthfully said, "There is no standstill." A person, a community, a nation must either progress or retrograde. The history of our Territory shows that Utah has been and is still progressing. Who is to be honored for our prosperity? My desire is to bestow honor where honor is due. Did the government of Mexico lend a helping hand? Did our own parent institution hover over the little band of exiles, to warm and protect it, or is our present condition to be credited under God to the gallant, heroic and undaunted pioneers of 1847 and following years? I need not answer this. History and our worn-out veterans show where the honor is due. There is not, perhaps, an instance in the history of the world of a people so small who have in so short a time and under such adverse circumstances achieved so much. The dug-outs have given place to brick palaces, warmed and lighted by electricity; the cradle and the reaphook are nearly forgotten; the handmill, surpassed by steam mills, is a memento of bygone days; the ox-team and the cart have given place to fast horses and fine carriages and the never-tiring iron horse; the telegraphic and the telephonic instru-

ments bring our people in close communion, contributing largely to the wealth and comfort of our community. Outside of our borders, where is there a country upon the wide earth with fewer paupers? Nine tenths of our commonwealth own the houses they occupy, besides cattle and lands. The soil, when properly cultivated yields abundantly. In regard to education in our society, we compare favorably with other Territories in the Union. Yet we are progressing!

Utah has a destiny bright and glorious. Though things, to some, look gloomy at the present, the true Saints are cheerful, knowing that the clouds of darkness will soon be dispersed. One hundred and fifty thousand people armed in the holy cause of truth, whose prayers ascend to the throne of mercy, cannot fail to be heard. The future, no one unless inspired by Him who sees all things, can read. But the purposes of God never fail and His promises to us are that the more we are wretched and knocked about the stronger we will become. Oh, that the inhabitants of the earth would study the Bible and become acquainted with the prophecies contained therein, for thereby they can avoid much distress and calamity which otherwise will cause their destruction!

Keeping in mind that small beginnings make great endings, let us continue our labors, and knowing that the Constitution of our land was framed for the good of all the members of our great republic, let us press onward in the cause we have espoused. Surrender no virtue. Honor and obey the immortal Constitution of our dearly beloved country, for we have the truth though there be hundreds of reports to the contrary; and although deemed heretics now we will be the heroes of the future to be praised, to be adored, for Utah will then not be "The Queen of the West" alone, but of the East, the North and the South.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Noon Lunch.

Perhaps the doctor is right who says that a great portion of the sickness in this country is caused by the unpleasant habit of eating too rapidly. It is interesting to watch the average citizen when he goes into a restaurant for his dinner. He doesn't seem to regard the meal with any degree of fondness, but acts as though the eating of it is one of those disagreeable duties which confront a man at every step on the highway of life. He attacks the meal savagely, and you can hear his knife and fork rattling a furlong away. He shovels the food into his mouth as a hired man shovels corn into a shelling machine, and swallows it without chewing it. He pours down a lot of ice water when the meat is consumed, with a fanatic endeavor to make it as indigestible as possible, and when the last sad rites are over he rushes to the cashier's desk and settles with an expression of relief mantling his

radiant countenance like a rainbow after a storm. The stern physician says that people should eat very slowly, and while away the time between bites by conversation about the weather, the crops or any other cheerful subject. In this way the days of their years of their pilgrimage may be many. — *Writer Unknown.*

Puzzle in Geography.

From the days of Solon, the Greek, to Columbus, twenty-one hundred years, America was the puzzle of the world in geography. The Egyptians priests gave the puzzle to Solon; and for how many years or centuries they had been studying it, history does not inform us. When prehistoric America has been written up, from our mounds and cliff-houses and *casas grandes*, all the way from Ohio Valley and Colorado to the ancient Peru, we may know, without going to the Nile, when the Egyptians began to study the enigma which they gave to Solon. It would be, and it may yet be, an amusing end in archaeological studies, if American antiquaries should exhaust the Old World and then return to find an older world and the oldest antiquities, and the most inscrutable and obstinately silent ones, in their own lands. The traveler smiles at the ignorance of the *fellahs* of Egypt, whose garden soil is mixed with the dust of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs, while they know only that their melons and cucumbers and leeks are good. In that regard we know no better whose dust enriches the grazing for our New Mexico beef and Arizona wool. Solon told the story of Egyptian priests to Plato, who records it for substance, that west of Spain there was once an island larger than Asia Minor and Libya. From it travelers could easily pass on westward to other islands, and from them to a continent. This continent was so large as to sweep around and embrace an inland sea, in comparison with which the Mediterranean was only a harbor. On this continent there were populous nations, ruled by strong kings. In some great convulsion of nature this large island lying off Spain, called Atlantis, was sunk, and many smaller ones about it. Thus travel was cut off from Europe and the continent west of Atlantis. Only mountain tops remained above water, that we now call the Canaries and Azores and West Indies. Legends of these sunken islands and a cut-off continent crept into Grecian and Roman literature, and the half mystic history of primitive Europe. But the America of the future played shy and concealed herself. — *Wm. Barrows, in the Magazine of History.*

A Romance of China.

Upon the accession of the present Manchu dynasty, the heir of empire, Ch'ungchen, who committed suicide on the coal hill in the imperial city, was made a marquis and known as the Ming Marquis. During the reign of Hsien Feng the then holder of the title died without sons, and with no direct heir to succeed to the