

and see the planets and only compute their distance from the earth and their relation to the planet on which we live. Is not this thought subservient to that greater and higher thought that there is a mighty hand and an omnipotent power in the creation of the universe? Cannot the imagination under the influence of these speculations carry us onward and upward until we feel the greatness of the human mind and the ennobling influence of the imagination? When one reads an epic he does not want to confine himself to the analytical art of the critic. He should do more than to discover the feet and investigate the rhetorical finish. If the idea is great he should give himself up to it and let his soul seek pastures where it may find joy and satisfaction and conceive images independently and for itself.

The very best part of man's organism is his imagination. It is that which marks man as a creative being; it is that which lifts him up and brings him almost to the gates of heaven; it is that from which he draws all the inspiration of life; it is the fountain which keeps us all young—that elixir which preserves the mind fresh and the body buoyant. The mental nature is fed by this quality. It is a fact that the man whose mind is refreshed by a healthy sentimentality will last longer than the one from whose life it is scrupulously banished. The sentimental man will keep young long after the other has become parched and has withered away. I have particularly noticed this fact: that the bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked maturity is not very far removed from a sentimental disposition. Not that the one is the cause and the other the effect. But for some reason nature, which works incomprehensibly, yet intelligently, generally directs that the two characteristics shall go together.

This is the relation between sentiment and the intellect. The connection between sentiment and the emotions is more direct and close. No man lives, the possessor of an emotional nature, who has not sentiment as well. The two are as nearly allied as the fountain of laughter and the source of tears. It is the custom of practical people to laugh at sentimentality as if it were not worthy of praise or possession, and as if the sentimental man were a helpless and a hopeless being. But there is really no sense in this ridiculous view of the subject. I have already alluded to the fact that healthy sentiment keeps the mind fresh. It oils the springs of our mental machinery, and as for its effect upon the physical nature, it is the difference between the troglodyte and the lark, or, to draw a plainer comparison, between the bat and the mole and the eagle and the ibis. No man can soar into the empyrean of the imagination with strong wings unless he is the man of sentiment; for sentiment is the beloved child of fancy. If he has not sentiment he cannot fly into the realms of thought, that is, fanciful thought,

at all; but he must grope among the more material things of life as the mole burrows through the earth. Too much sentiment is not good for the body or the soul, but a proper amount is a help to the body and a tonic to the spirit.

But alas! Nature, with its marked compensations, does not give all the best gifts of life to any one person. With love it mixes jealousy, so that even in our joy we sometimes feel a poignant anguish. Grace is often accompanied by indolence, strength with cruelty, brilliancy of intellect with selfishness; and so we find that the sentimental man and woman have highly wrought and refined natures. They suffer more as they enjoy more.

Schiller, the greatest of German poets, in an excellent arabesque of versification, has emphasized the same idea:

Oh! life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment  
adorns;  
And the heart that is soonest awake to the  
flowers  
Is always the first to be touched by the  
thorns.

But who would sacrifice the sweets of sentiment, even if they are accompanied by extremesensitiveness, to the dull, prosaic, owl-like life of the man who has it not? For what purpose does the sun shine to the owl? For what purpose are the beautiful things in life to the man without sentiment?

DR. ED. ISAACSON.  
AMERICAN FORK, Jan. 13, 1890.

### GOOD WORDS.

En route to Ogden this morning the following clipping was read with interest, and as newspaper correspondents have seldom a good word for the Latter-day Saints, this may be worth reproducing for the benefit of your many readers. "Alpha," a correspondent of the *Denver Republican*, accompanying Engineer Stanton's exploring expedition through the Grand Canyon in Arizona, writes as follows from Lee's Ferry, Arizona, December 25, 1890:

"We were nine days on the road, and with heavy wheeling, poor teams and lazy teamsters, and a drizzling rain nearly all the time, it was anything but an enjoyable part of our journey. The only bright spot in it was the little Mormon settlement of Graves' Valley on the Dirty Devil River, about thirty-five miles above its mouth, where there are some twelve or fifteen Mormon families, seemingly prosperous and happy, upon 1000 to 1500 acres of rich tillable land. Here we replenished our supplies with beef, mutton, onions, etc., and were treated most kindly by the settlers.

"Just here let me say that nowhere can you find a more kindly and perfect gentleman than Mr. Warren M. Johnson, the postmaster at Lee's Ferry, a devout Mormon, and a man who is honestly sincere and sincerely honest, and Mrs. Johnson a most kindly and courteous lady. It has been my fortune to meet some of the most perfect gentlemen and kind-hearted men and women among the Mormons of northern Arizona and southern

Utah, and especially is our whole party indebted to the many kindnesses of Bishop L. C. Mariger of Kanab."

Yours truly,

"PHENIX."

OGDEN, Utah, January 22, 1890.

### WHAT IS A KISS.

Ah, who can tell? Surely if anything in the world "goes without saying" it is a kiss, and the more one says the farther one seems removed from the true comprehension of the idea.

Viewed in the calm light of reason, a kiss is rather an absurd, rather a disagreeable, certainly a very extraordinary proceeding. Two people set their mouths against each other, contract and press the lips together, and emit a sound varying from the explosion of a toy pistol to a faint sibilant or a gentle concussion.

Why, now, should any one have hit upon this strange performance as an expression of affection? Was it an inborn instinct of humanity, like eating or looking at one's reflection in "mirrored pools?" Did Adam kiss Eve, and did she understand what he was attempting, or did she fancy he was about to eat her?

A very strange, a decidedly uncouth proceeding, and yet how very natural and how very common!

What divers manners of kiss have been invented since that Adam and Eve inauguration. Theirs would be the kiss of tender and assured devotion; well, that is very nice and satisfying to the feeling, but then there is the timid experimental kiss of the newly-declared lover and the faint responsive kiss of the gentle beloved, and there is the mad, burning kiss of passion, and the quivering kiss of separation, when loving hearts are rent asunder, and there is the cold kiss of despair, pressed by bloodless lips upon an icy brow—the kiss of death that all of us have at some time felt through our heart's core.

Then there is the tender and emotionless kiss of friendship and loving kinship, and the light touch of ceremony, as in the French fashion, we faintly brush the cheeks of our dear 500 acquaintances, and there is the enforced kiss of relationship, that is not loving, or of husband and wife, who still keep up the form from which the life had fled; and there is the kiss of loving reverence for the hand of the monarch, or the priest, or the holy relic or tomb, and there are grades and shades of all these almost innumerable, and yet, after all, there is but one kiss worth the talking about, and that is the kiss of love, pure and simple and mutual; the kiss which clings and trembles and throbs with delight, and yet is too near heaven to know the stain of earth; the kiss in which the soul swoons and yet resembles God; the kiss that one would die in giving, and can give to only one; the kiss that once freely given binds two souls forever in one—no matter what "chances and changes" time may bring.

The indescribable and yet the universal delight of love is as sweet today as it ever was in Eden.—*Ez.*