

## Our Father's at the Helm.

BY EMILY HILL.

The tempest was raging, the surging foam  
Dashed over the vessel's prow,  
And the storm king rode on the ocean's breast,  
With ruffled and furious brow.  
In anguish of soul, as the fierce waves rolled,  
Were the crew of that mighty ship,  
Yet one trod the deck with a step erect,  
And a smile upon his lip,  
"Dost feel no alarm in this terrible storm?"  
"Can nothing thy peace overwhelm?"  
But the boy replied, with a tranquil pride,  
"My Father's at the helm."  
Now rife are the tempests on solid land,  
Aye many and furious too;  
The prince of the air hath a mission there,  
And a mighty work he'll do;  
Destruction is spread on his withering tread,  
And anarchy, plague, and woe  
Will bolder reign in his dark domain,  
And lay the nations low.  
And his subjects feel the direful ills  
Which on their paths are hurled,  
And with troubles vex'd how sore perplex'd,  
Are once the boasting world.  
Yet how are the Saints of latter days  
Exempt from the general strife!  
Secure they rest in the beauteous west,  
Enjoying peace and life;  
And they feel composed, though many woes,  
And war on earth do reign,  
For God's Prophets know how far they'll go,  
And the limits of their chain.  
And though storms may lie in our onward way,  
We can see through the misty film,  
And feel secure for a pilot sure—  
Our Father's at the helm.—[Mill. Star.

[From the Western Standard.]

SAN FRANCISCO, April 28th, 1856.

EDITOR OF THE STANDARD—DEAR SIR: In compliance with a solicitation made to me by a special friend, I now with pleasure devote a few moments to communicate a sketch of my travels for the last four years, for the perusal of the readers of your highly esteemed and worthy periodical.

On the 21st of October 1852, myself, in company with some thirty-six Elders, left our mountain homes for the purpose of performing missions to the different nations of the earth, ten of us (myself included) destined to South Australia. We proceeded as soon as practicable to our field of labor, being liberally assisted by the brethren on our way; Elder John M. Horner and his brother of San Jose, taking a very active part in assisting us, as also many others, whose names I can never hear without feeling a sense of gratitude towards them.

Sailing from this port on the 2nd of Feb., 1853, we arrived in Sydney on the 9th of April, 1853, in which place we found quite a number of brethren and sisters who had received the gospel under Elders J. Murdoch and C. W. Wandell's administration. In this place I received my appointment to travel in company with Elder James Graham, in the districts of Camden and Penrith, in the colony of New South Wales, in which places and in many other parts of the colony we have endeavored to labor faithfully.

Many have received our testimony, notwithstanding the many false and evil reports, both printed and verbally asserted and circulated by those who make themselves our enemies and that without a cause; and they know not why, for if such men had one spark of feeling of honesty left, that could be aroused to action, and then, with an unprejudiced mind, would investigate the principles of the doctrine of Jesus Christ, as believed in, practiced and promulgated by His properly authorized servants, called of God as was Aaron; and would Saul-like forsake their former evil ways, (the blind traditions of men) be baptized for the remission of their own sins, that they might receive the promised gift of the Holy Spirit, and by this be taught of the things pertaining to His organized Kingdom set up upon the earth—the coming of which was one of the most prominent things that Christ instructed His disciples to pray for, and that for which almost all precessors have been traditionated to pray in the following language: Father let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven, &c.—they would obtain knowledge for themselves that would cause them to lay aside their feelings of enmity, and like Paul of old, turn around and be its most active supporters.

Reader, have we ever thought of the ideas contained in this prayer in their proper light? We have been taught by our parents and teachers, or clergy, if you please, to ask our Heavenly Father to bring to pass a principle, (on earth, too, not in our hearts alone) that if it should come even in the day when we are still permitted to stand upon the earth, and we are not ready nor willing to acknowledge and receive the same, but turn from it with impunity, and not give it a hearing, that we might as the apostle says, prove all things, &c., we would be found fighting against it and rejecting it, the very thing for which we had been always taught to pray.

But pardon me, Mr. Editor, for I must acknowledge that I have digressed somewhat from my subject, and for fear of intruding upon your time and space, will return.

I continued my labors in connection with my brethren, as far as possible, baptizing in all the settlements I visited, and endeavoring to build up and instruct the Saints, and frequently attending also our quarterly Conferences held in Sydney, at one of which, held in the month of July, 1855, I was appointed, in company with Elder James Graham, to return home in a company of Saints from that colony.

We embarked on the American barque Julia Ann, and set sail from Sydney harbor on the 7th of Sept., with a small company of some thirty souls, Elder John Pennfold sen. having charge of the same by appointment from President A. Farnham. We had rather rough weather for some days after, with strong winds from the E. N. E., which caused considerable sea sickness, other than this we had nothing to impede our progress, but our barque rode bravely over the mighty deep until our fatal accident on the night of the 3d of October, the account of which I am told you have and the incidents of which are too painful for me to unnecessarily rehearse.

We were delivered from our exiled and desolate situation by the untiring perseverance of Captain B. F. Pond, master of the barque Julia Ann, connected with the charitable good feeling of Captain Latham, master of the schooner Emma Packer, that came to our relief. We were taken off the Scilly Isles, where we were wrecked, on the 3d of December, making it two months that we were left in this lonely situation on an uninhabited island. I need not attempt to describe our feelings of gratitude and praise which we felt to give to the God of Israel for His goodness and mercy in thus working a deliverance for us; for I have not language to express my own feelings, much less the feelings of those around me, suffice it to say, I am thankful to know that His mercy endureth forever, as the prophets said, to those that are willing to obey him.

We were taken first to Huahine, one of the Society Islands, thence to Tahiti, where we found as it were, an asylum for the destitute, through the kindness and charitable feeling manifested towards the distressed passengers by the citizens of Tahiti: the united board or Masonic Lodge took immediate measures to relieve our wants, by providing or finding shelter and food for all; this act of humanity and kindness was deeply felt and appreciated in our feelings, if not publicly expressed, and I now feel as I have ever felt, to implore the blessings of heaven upon all such as have put forth their hand to assist those who were so unfortunate as to lose their all of this world's goods.

As the Consuls of this place said they were not authorized to make any provisions whatever for passengers under such circumstances, myself and Elder Graham continued with the schooner, and returned to Huahine; and, after tarrying there one month, met with opportunities, each in different whale ships, to go to Honolulu, myself on board the Montezuma, D. Tinker, Captain, whose favor and kindness in numerous ways, will ever be remembered by me with emotion.

After remaining in Honolulu some two weeks, we were enabled, by the assistance of Elder Evans and others who reside there, to engage our passage to this place, on board the Frances Palmer, Captain Stolt. We had rather an unpleasant passage of twenty-three days, the vessel being very much crowded, and fare none the best; yet I think the vessel a good one, and with a gentleman in deed as well as word, for commander, persons might make it a pleasant passage; but I must say the treatment my friend and myself received, was not at all commendable.

I must now bring this communication to a close, praying God our Heavenly Father to continue to pour his blessings upon you, and all connected with you in this great work, also that He may inspire the hearts of the Saints and all lovers of truth, to lay hold and encourage so glorious an undertaking, as that you have engaged in, that is the publication of the noble Standard.

I remain your brother in the Gospel Covenant,  
JOHN S. ELDREDGE.

[From the Western Standard.]

SAN FRANCISCO, April 25th, 1856.

DEAR BROTHER CANNON:—

It is with feelings of thanks to the author of all good that I communicate to you, and my friends at large, through the medium of your Standard, a short account of the privations and trials endured by the passengers and crew of the American bark Julia Ann, Captain B. F. Pond, master, bound from Sydney, N. S. Wales, to San Francisco, Upper California, with fifty-six souls on board, the chief part of whom were Mormons, on their way to Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.

We left the Sydney Heads at 2 o'clock p.m. on the 7th of September, 1855, with the wind blowing from the N. E., and uninterruptedly pursued our course without anything of any consequence occurring until the 4th of October, when Captain Pond, expecting to pass between Mopea and the Scilly Isles, set the watch in the fore-top. The log was hove about 8 o'clock, p.m., and the bark was found to be making 11½ knots per hour; shortly afterwards the sea became broken, and in about an hour the vessel, with a tremendous crash, dashed head on to a coral reef. She immediately swung round with her broadside to the reef, and the sea made a complete breach over her at every swell.

Directly after she struck Captain Pond ordered all the passengers into the after-cabin, and upon the females inquiring of him and his officers what they should do, they were told to cling to what they could until some plan could be devised to convey them from the vessel to the reef. In a short time one of the crew succeeded in carrying a line and making it fast high upon the reef, by means of which many succeeded in making their escape in comparative safety from the vessel. I have seen mothers nursing their babes in the midst of falling masts and broken spars, while the breakers were rolling twenty feet high over the wreck. One lady—sister Harris—preparatory to leaving the ship with her two children, the oldest of which was two years old, tied the

youngest, a babe of six weeks old, to her breast; the vessel immediately afterwards broke in two across the main hatch, and the waters rushing in, engulfed herself and child amid the struggling waves and timbers of the wreck.

There was another lady—sister Humphrey—who had three children; when the vessel struck she told her children to protect her children and convey them safely to Great Salt Lake City, for her earthly career was run. Shortly after, she, with one of her children, was swept by a sea into the foaming surf, and they were seen no more. There was also a young mother of seventeen, who manifested true courage during the dreadful scene; her husband took their child and lashed it to his back, and struggled to the reef on a rope, with his wife close behind him, and the three were saved unhurt. I must here remark, that amidst all these awful and appalling scenes, not a shriek of despair was heard from one of these mothers and children.

By about midnight the principal part of the passengers had reached the reef, with the exception of Elder James Graham, and some of the brethren. Soon afterwards the vessel broke to pieces, and the part they were on was providentially carried high upon the rocks, and they were landed in safety.

All hands had reached the reef, excepting two women and three children who were drowned.

With our bodies much lacerated by the sharp coral reef, and with a dreary waste of water without land in sight, our situation was pitiable; but when the light burst forth from the eastern horizon, we discovered at the distance of about twelve miles, the outline of the Scilly Isles. It was then ascertained that the vessel had struck on the S. W. reef of these Isles; and by a subsequent observation it was ascertained, that the true position of the Scilly Isles was sixteen miles from the place indicated by the chart.

At sunrise all hands commenced to make a raft with the fragments of the wreck, to convey us to the Islands. By about noon the remains of a quarter boat was also fixed up with canvas and copper, to convey the women and children to the land; still the men were compelled to remain on the reef two days and two nights, without anything to eat or drink, and this under a burning tropical sun. The third day we succeeded in reaching the island upon the raft, and found that its only inhabitants were rats and sea-fowl; there was no fresh water to be seen in any direction. By scraping holes, however, in the sand, near the water's edge, with a pearl shell, we were enabled to obtain water, which, by filtration through the sand, was rendered comparatively fresh and palatable. We kindled a fire by the aid of a sun glass, and roasted some shell-fish, and made a very light repast.

After we were all landed on the island, Captain Pond called all hands to order, and delivered a short address, stating that as we were cast away upon a desolate island, that a common brotherhood should be maintained, and that every man should hunt birds and fish for our common sustenance, to which proposition all assented. The next morning we found a turtle upon the beach that weighed about three hundred pounds, this gave us strength and confidence, to exert ourselves with energy; and we placed sentinels around the island to watch for turtle and wild fowl.

Too much cannot be said in commendation of the Saints in this trying situation. I have seen an old lady upwards of sixty years of age out at night hunting turtle. In this situation we remained seven weeks; by that time the ship's carpenter had repaired the quarter boat so that it was thought that she might possibly live to perform a voyage to some inhabited land. This after great difficulty was launched over the reef, and the Captain and nine men, including myself, embarked. Our provisions were a little salt pork and jerked turtle, with two casks of water; there was great danger of being swamped in crossing the reef, with our small boat, but we providentially succeeded in getting safely outside, and were heartily cheered by those on shore; we returned their cheers and took our departure.

Our boat was almost level with the water; but after four days hard pulling through squalls and calms, we succeeded in reaching Borabora, one of the Society Islands, a distance of about two hundred miles. The inhabitants treated us with much kindness, and fed us upon poi and breadfruit.

From thence I went with the mate and one of the crew to the island of Mopiti, and petitioned King Tapoa for relief. We were received with kindness, and obtained two small schooners with which to return and rescue the passengers. In these we returned to the Scilly Isles.

In the meantime Captain Pond had chartered the Emma Packer at Huahine, and had sailed for the Scilly Isles and reached there twelve hours before us. She took the passengers from the Island and went to Tahiti, consequently when I found they had been taken off, I returned in the schooner to Mopiti. I would here state that while on this uninhabited island we held our regular meetings, dividing the time between worship and labor, as we would have done had we been at our ordinary occupations.

Being now separated from the ship's company, and alone as it were, I turned my attention to the dissemination of our principles. The Lord gave me favor in the eyes of King Tapoa, and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing his interpreter, Captain Delano, a Maltese by birth, and who speaks seven languages, obey the commands of God, and enter by baptism into the new and everlasting covenant. I ordained him an elder, and through him I was

enabled to preach to the natives, who received my testimony with much favor.

After remaining here about three weeks, I left Mopiti and sailed for the island of Riatea, where I soon became acquainted with a Mr. Shaw, a native of Spain. To him I unfolded the principles of truth, and had the satisfaction of introducing him and a Mr. Showers into the waters of baptism. After remaining here two weeks, and ordaining Mr. Shaw an elder, I obtained a passage for Tahiti in a French sloop, and from thence I obtained a passage to this port.

With sentiments of esteem, I remain

Your brother in the light of the covenant,  
J. MC CARTHY.

SEA MEDUSÆ.—In the heated waters of the tropics no voyager but must have been struck with the midnight track of the ploughing ship through whole fields of floating stars; the vessel, like some erratic comet, broke loose from the reins of its governing seraph, fairly shattering whole systems, and the voyager gazes on the destruction, from the taffrail or high stern of the vessel, like an angel from high heaven, down into the deep, deep blue, vast below, awed with the thoughts which crowd upon him. Above, around, and below, one vast globe of blue intensity.

Above, nothing but God and the stars; around and below the deep, deep waters down into which you gaze as if the round world were glass, following with your eye the glowing light of the startled and sinking Medusæ, down, down till you hold on from going overboard.

When fished up by means of a hand net, and placed in a large basin of sea-water, they appear in the daylight mere round bubbles, of the size of a glass paper weight; their shape, that of a parachute, with long twining streamers from the point of each whalebone, and around all a fringe of a changing color, like that pendant from a dainty lady's parasol.

When in motion, they steam round the basin just like a parasol, fluttering against the wind, point first, opening and shutting as they urge themselves along, the slender neck towing behind in the shape and position of the handle.

This neck is a proboscis, by means of which they can suck up crumbs of bread thrown into the basin, and you see it pass down the tender neck, like a cork down an eau-de-cologne bottle; their colors vary—in some the parasol part is blue, the fringe pink, the neck pale azure; others are pink, with the fringe varying in depth of tone; almost all having the fringe of a different shade or color to the body.

When one falls within the suction of another, getting, as it were, within the parasol, the fortunate grasper draws all the color in a few minutes out of his passive victim; but when parted, and the victim, pale as blanc-manger, is allowed to settle upon the deep colored gourmand, the colors, with the tables, rapidly change places, the pale, emaciated victim, now dominant, swelling out and deepening in color, and his bloated prisoner dwindling in his turn to the wane image of distress.

When taken into a dark place, and moved with a stick, spinning them round and turning them over, they immediately fill the whole basin with light sufficient to view distinctly its pattern.

When taken out of the basin by the hand, and bowled along the deck of the ship at night, they glow like round balls of molten metal, but they justly retaliate by stinging smartly the hand which throws them.—[Ex.]

A CURIOSITY.—We saw on Wednesday, with a great deal of wonder, at the store of Mr. W. T. Cannon, a couple of bottles, each of which would hold over a quart, and in one of which was a saw mill in operation, and in the other a flour mill, also in operation. Both mills were moved by a crank in the neck of each bottle.

The bottles and machinery are in the possession of Mr. A. H. Parkingham, who is in the employ of Mr. Cannon.

Mr. C. says the machinery was built within their covering 35 years ago, by a person then a resident of New York, but now deceased. He did it on a wager of \$5,000, which he won in less than three years, which was the time allowed for the work.

It has been suggested that the glass must have been blown over the machinery; but it is also said that such a thing would be impossible, with such kind of bottles.

They are filled full with the machinery, which is braced and pinned, and otherwise made strong. The neck of each bottle is filled with a plug, which is keyed close up to the neck.

The mystery of getting in the key, when there is hardly room between the plug and the neck of the bottle to get in a tool as big as a shingle nail, is as great as any other mystery about the ingenious affair.—[New Haven Palladium.]

WETTING BRICK.—Very few people, or even builders, are aware of the advantage of wetting bricks before laying them, or if aware of it, they do not practice it; for of the many houses now in progress in this city, there are very few in which wet bricks are used. A wall twelve inches thick, built of good mortar with bricks well soaked, is stronger in every respect than one sixteen inches thick built dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are well saturated with water, they will not abstract from the mortar the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization; and on the contrary, they will unite chemically with the mortar, and become as solid as a rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put up dry, they immediately take all the moisture from the mortar, leaving it to dry and harden, and the consequence is, that when a building of this description is taken down or tumbles down of its own accord, the mortar from it is like so much sand.—[Scientific American.]