

disposed of a number of disagreeable questions as to the difference between the One Church of the first century with its healings and prophecies, its visions and gifts, its faith and divine manifestations, and the multitude of churches in the nineteenth century, destitute of all the signs which Christ said should follow "them that believe."

By reading the whole epistle it is easy to understand the meaning and drift of the Apostle's language. He is giving instructions, not to the Saints "in a certain region," as Dr. Bacon asserts, but to "the twelve tribes scattered abroad greeting," as announced in the first verse of the epistle. The teachings were general, not local, and in either case were practical rules for the guidance of the Saints. He says:

"Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms."

Then follow the rules for the treatment of the sick. They are equally simple, literal and comprehensible as the foregoing. The Elders of the Church were to be called, they were to pray over him, they were to anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord. There is nothing in the text about sending for anyone else, physicians or druggists, or pill-bearers or prescription-makers. Dr. Bacon's doubling up of the text is "adding to the scriptures," and he knows what penalty orthodox attaches to that offense.

The Elders of the Church were ordained in every city where there were Saluts, to minister unto them. (Acts xiv, 23, Titus i, 5.) The Apostles were Elders, and they ordained others for "the work of the ministry." When Jesus sent them out to preach, He also instructed them to heal the sick and cast out devils. We are told (Mark vi, 13) "And they cast out many devils and anointed with oil many that were sick and healed them." One of the promises made by the Savior, of signs which were to follow them that believe was, "they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." (Mark xvi, 18.) The anointing with oil, the laying on of hands, and the prayer of faith were the regular means of administering to the sick in the primitive Christian Church, and were as distinct from the methods of the professional physicians with their drugs, potions and phlebotomy, as the Christian religion was from Greek or Roman paganism.

The potent force in the healing of the sick under the Christian treatment was "the prayer of faith." Whoever attempts to belittle that or to put in its place the medical treatment of the doctors and the schools, antagonizes Christ and tries to reason away an essential of his teachings. Faith is a spiritual force. So Jesus taught and demonstrated. "All things are possible to them that believe," was a tenet of his creed. "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole," was his declaration when the sick were healed under his touch. Where the people did not believe he worked no "miracle," for "signs" were not the cause but the effects of faith.

Dr. Bacon endeavors to draw a distinction with a difference between the gift of healing and the working of miracles, in order to bolster up his attempt to make it appear that the Elders who healed by faith, were practicing physicians and used oil with other medicines as a curative. He cites I Cor. xii, 8-10 which is almost unfortunate for his argument, for the gifts mentioned there include "the gifts of healing" as given by the same Spirit as prophecy, tongues and other manifestations that are called supernatural. "The working of miracles" is explained to be by the same Spirit as the healing of the sick. All are in the same category. They all "come from the same cause." If one is supernatural so are the others.

If by miracles is meant something contrary to and in violation of the laws and operations of nature, there are no such things as miracles. But that things can be done out of the ordinary course of natural events is certain. By what is called "the law of gravitation" everything on this globe has a tendency towards its centre. But force may be used to overcome, temporarily, the force of gravitation and project articles into space. Objects may be suspended in the air. Weights may be lifted from the ground. One force is just as natural as the other; no one disputes this. Jesus taught that such things might be done by faith, and he demonstrated this in his own works. Walking on the water and stilling the winds by faith are examples. If these were miracles, then healing the sick was also miraculous. But strictly speaking, in every case one natural force was overcome by another more potent, and it was no more supernatural than the motion of a needle to a magnet, or the equipping of the earth in its travels around the sun, or even the lifting of a log from the ground by rope and pulley or by the union of effort by strong men. "When two or three are agreed" in faith, and pray in the name of Jesus, there is an augmentation of spiritual force and greater results follow than from the faith of one ordinary individual. The effects of great faith are called miraculous because they are not of the common line of phenomena, but they are all in accord with and are the operations of natural laws, many of which are not generally understood. This is a subject of importance because faith is the very root of the Christian religion. Any person who

attempts to weaken or destroy it does the work of Antichrist, whatever may be his title, profession or intention. Well might Jesus ask, "When the Son of Man cometh will he find faith on the earth?" when his professed ministers attempt to destroy the ordinances placed in His Church to keep faith alive and active, and make sport of those who hold them in veneration. The instructions of the Apostle James as to the proper thing to do in sickness, are as much inspired and are as plain and practical as anything in his epistle. Thousands of the Latter-day Saints know by experience that they are good and that the promise in them is literally true. The prayer of faith does "save the sick" and the Lord does "raise them up," and this is as certain to them as that the sun shines in the morning after the darkness of night.

Dr. Bacon and other religious skeptics will ask, "does not the faith cure sometimes fail?" We answer, no, it never fails. People are not always healed when prayed for and anointed. But that is because the curative principle—faith, is not exercised in sufficient force. There are many reasons for its absence, but suffice it to say, faith does not flow by "the will of man" and is something more than hope, desire, expectation or determination. It is the gift of God and, like prophecy, comes by the Holy Ghost. Does physic always cure? Do the most skillful physicians always succeed? It would be just as reasonable to denounce and reject all doctors because they often fail, as to despise or make sport of healing by faith because sometimes faith is not present and the sick are not healed.

We do not stand as the champion of the new "Faith Cure" movement. We do not know whether its advocates repudiate all medical treatment or not, as Dr. Brown intimates. But we maintain the truth of the doctrine and the promise of James the Apostle and of Jesus of Nazareth who sent him, as against the religious infidelity of modern divines. We know that faith is a power that heals the sick and works wonders. We also know that all people have not faith and that it can be exercised at some times and not at others. Physicians and surgeons are then necessary, and the most skillful and trustworthy are among the most valuable persons in the community. Often, however, faith prevails when they utterly fail, and the instructions of the Apostle James hold good under all circumstances in sickness. They mean just what they say. They have no reference to physicians, skilled or otherwise. They neither recommend nor forbid them. But they sustain and inculcate the first and most essential principle of the Christian religion, if one can be held greater than another, for faith abides in time and eternity as the vital force of the Church, and runs through all its principles, ordinances, ceremonies and observances.

Without faith it is impossible to please God. It heals the sick, it works marvels, it brings man near to God, it is the life of prayer, it is stronger than muscular effort, it is more mighty than gravitation, it is the very power of God by which the worlds were made and by which when He speaks all things are so, in the heavens above or the earth beneath. It is perfect in Deity, imperfect in man and needs the breath of divine inspiration to start it into action. It is fading from the world and is cherished only by a few, and they should strive to keep it alive in their hearts, and in the midst of the religious and irreligious skepticism of the age," contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints."

## OVER THE SANTA FE.

Hotel Tactics—Afraid of the "Mormons"—The Tipping System—New Mexican Mud Huts—The Land Grant Incubus—Apache Murderers.

Editor Deseret News:

An episode long to be remembered of my visit to Colorado, was the run down the line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe into New Mexico. Through the courtesy of Mr. P. J. Flynn, that prince of passenger agents, and his no less genial associate, Mr. Otto Faas, with the uniform good treatment experienced all along the line, this excursion was made one of the delightful recollections of my trip. The "Santa Fe," as it is dubbed for short, is one of the best equipped standard gauge roads in America. From Pueblo, in central Colorado, where junction is made with the lines of the D. & R. G., it runs in a south-easterly direction some fifty or sixty miles to La Junta, where its main lines diverge, one going east through the State of Kansas and the other southward through New Mexico. Near Albuquerque, in central New Mexico, the Santa Fe effects a junction with the Atlantic and Pacific Railway from the west, and at Deming, farther down, with the Southern Pacific. At Rincon, above Deming, the lines of the Santa Fe again diverge, one running to Deming, the southwestern terminus, and the other down the charming Mesilla Valley to El Paso, Texas. The importance of the road will thus be recognized at a glance, while its general excellence is only appreciable from the luxury of a ride over its rails.

"There's no accounting for difference in tastes," has long been a proverb; there's no accounting for difference in time-tables, bids fair to become one, through the efforts of some of the hotels one new and then stops at. We have arrived at Pueblo in the afternoon of a hot and dusty day, on our way to La Junta, two hours' ride farther on, where we change cars for the south. The ticket agent at the station courteously informs us that nothing is to be gained by going on that night, and advises us to put up at a hotel and take the 4 o'clock train next morning. Accepting this as the "law and the Gospel" of railway guidance—which indeed it proved to be—we seek out the best hotel in the neighborhood, some distance from the depot, and are there told, after registering and settling for the night, that there is no 4 a. m. train.

"No 4 a. m. train?" we ask in amazement.

"No 4 a. m. train," repeats the clerk, with a side wink at the porter, who of course agrees with him with all the unctious imaginable, his tone implying that he never heard of such a thing as a 4 a. m. train in all his life.

"Well, what is the next train to La Junta, then?" we ask, with an inward malediction on the head of the ticket-seller who, we begin to think, has led us astray.

"Tomorrow afternoon," says the urbane clerk, with another wink at the porter, who takes his cue and echoes the words accordingly.

We become thoughtful and muse on this wise: "Now of what possible interest is it to that ticket agent to have a couple of strangers take the 4 a. m. train tomorrow, in lieu of the evening train today?" "None whatever," we answer for him, and the next moment the light breaks in and the mystery is dispelled: "Of what interest is it to these hotel people to delay our departure until after break-fast and dinner-time, tomorrow?" "Why, dash it, I see it all," (Aloud.) "Look here, young fellow, none of your funny business. I want to catch that 4 o'clock train tomorrow morning, without fail, and I can't afford to lose it, either. I was told at the station that there was a train at 4 a. m., and that's the train I want to take, do you understand?" He understands, and so does the porter, his sabbie accomplice, for, quickly changing his manner, he says: "Oh, I see, you mean the through train?"

"I don't care what you call it; it leaves here at 4 a. m., and that's the hour I bid adieu to Pueblo."

Having thus cut the Gordian knot of hotel avarice, I have nothing further to complain of, and after a good supper and a comfortable night's rest, I catch my train, and am whirling on to meet the rising sun.

On the opposite side of the car, two or three seats in the rear, sits a woman of middle age, conversing with one of her own sex across the aisle, on the prospects of a journey to California, which it seems she has just begun. Were it not ungalant, I would say she was one of the ugliest women I ever met in the "harmless" life. A complexion like a withered orange, or ancient piece of parchment, squint-eyed, wrinkled and red-haired; altogether a most uncanny creature. I merely refer to this for the sake of what followed. Hearing the words "Utah" and "Mormons" from her lips, I turn partly around to learn what she is saying of my home and people.

"You see, my husband has gone on to California and I'm going to join him. He went over the D. & R. G."

"Well, why didn't you go over the same route?" asks her friend. "You're going out of your way, now, over the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific."

"Oh, I couldn't bear the thought of going through Utah," she replies with a real shudder. "I'm afraid of the Mormons." And this in solemn earnest.

We could not but laugh at the poor creature's simplicity, and my wife, with another look at her "fearfully and wonderfully made" countenance, remarked that she thought Utah was to be congratulated; for the chances were that the Mormons would have been worse scared than the poor woman, had she concluded to come that way.

At La Junta, after a sumptuous breakfast and plenty of time to do it justice, we change cars and are soon speeding on our way southward. One of the fine features of this popular route is the superior line of eating houses fostered, though not owned, by the A. T. & S. F. Company. They have long been known as among the best, if not the very best in America. Seventy-five cents is the price per meal, but the meal is worth it, and you do not feel as in some places after paying the same sum, that you have been the victim of highway robbery. The railway, as said, does not own the eating houses; that is, it does not conduct them. It owns the buildings, which are rented to Mr. Fred. Harvey, a noted hotel man of Kansas City, who caters most admirably to the public taste and necessity. His name is on every plate, knife, fork and spoon from Colorado to Mexico. He pays rent to the railway, I am told, by furnishing meals to its employees at twenty-five cents. A further condition of his tenure is that the tables set for the traveling public be supplied, as they undoubtedly are, with the best the market affords.

The officers and employees of this road are exceptionally courteous and fair-spoken. From General Passenger Agent Flynn, down to the colored porter on the Pullman, who "brushes

you down ash" or "anything else ash" that you happen to need, "ash," your correspondent met with nothing but kind and amiable treatment, one of the prime luxuries of railway travel, for which no substitute has yet been or ever will be found. Of course you are expected to "tip" the porter for his extra little services, and it is both refreshing and amusing to see the exhilarating, sparkling champagne effect it has upon him. A cannon shot off in the immediate proximity of his tympanum, would not rouse him more effectually from lethargy to life and action, than the argentiferous gleam of a "four bit" piece smothered in the tunnel-like recesses of his sable and capacious palm. I was much surprised, however, to hear a porter on one of the sleepers say that it would be better for him and his class generally if the "tipping" custom were abolished. He explained that as it is now, the company in fixing their wages, reduces them in anticipation of the fees received from travelers, and consequently, when tourists are inclined to be close-fisted, or travel is dull, the porters very often "get left." He therefore was an advocate of higher and regular wages from the company, and the total abolition of the tipping custom.

As we speed along over the hot arid plains, the home of the prairie dog and the lizard, at which some of our passengers amuse themselves by firing with a derringer from the platform, with most unerring lack of execution, the weather grows perceptibly warmer. By the time we reach Trinidad, and before leaving Colorado, sombre-robed Mexicans begin to appear, and low, squat mud huts, (which, if in Utah, would be pointed out as unmistakable evidences of the degrading effects of Mormonism and polygamy) are seen on every hand. These multiply as we move south-ward, and all down through New Mexico they are the common style of residence in use. No matter how smiling the field, or luxuriant the orchard—for the land becomes very fertile and productive as we proceed—there is almost sure to be, right in the midst of it, like a huge adobe dropped accidentally from the clouds, one of these unsightly structures, a simple cube of mud, sans gable, sans chimney, sans everything of an inviting or pleasing aspect, a mere kennel, in fact, with a hole to crawl in at, and a cool ground floor—the only redeeming quality—to lie down upon.

O Kate Field! Thou paragon of fairness and impartiality! Why didn't you visit this region before bestirring your "Mormon Monster" to let fly your lance at the fair fame of Deseret, and tell us, as only Kate Field can, what monogamy in mud huts has done for New Mexico! But only Kate Field, the Rev. Jos. Cook, or some one of the coterie of philosophers they represent, could recognize any possible relation between mud huts and marriage, polygamy, monogamy or otherwise. Polygamy in a palace is a sight which history has seen perhaps quite as often as monogamy in a mud hut. Nor is there anything necessarily peculiar in either relation, except to one who with a beam in her own eye is blind to all but the mote in her neighbor's; a mote which she magnifies and misnames a monster.

I will here state that the "land grants," not monogamy, are responsible for the backward condition of affairs in New Mexico. No settler would build substantially on land belonging to another, from which he was liable to be ousted at any time. Hence the unsightly mud hut; a product of Old Mexico. With the advent of the railway and the straightening out of the land grants at Washington, a better state of things already begins to prevail.

"Five cents for a cup of milk; a whole cup full." "Three beautiful pears for a dime; five peaches and four plums for a nickel." Such are the flowery (and fruitful) phrases we now hear at the stations, as we continue to move southward towards the land of Montezuma. We are now ascending the mountains, but with no intention, as at Marshall Pass, of crossing their summits. The Santa Fe bores through its mountains; they are not worth climbing.

Through the tunnel, ten minutes more or less in the transit, and on the farther side our train stops to replace a linch-pin lost. Here we meet a train from the south. Among its passengers are nine Apache murderers in charge of a U. S. marshal, on their way to the Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio. They were concerned in the killing of a U. S. officer at Phoenix, Arizona, some time ago. A number of the murderers were hung, and the remainder have been sentenced to penal servitude for life.

At San Marcial we stop for dinner and then speed on to Rincon, where cars are changed for Deming and El Paso.

At the former place our excursion ends, and we set out on the return northward. Washouts to right of us, washouts to left of us, washouts in front of us and behind us, and yet, such is our good fortune, that we lose neither time nor train, and in due season, having "done" Colorado and New Mexico to our hearts' content, we are again at our hotel in Denver making ready for the return trip home.

Q. L. DRIVER.

Denver, August 3, 1888.

Visitor—Do you love the piano?

Lady—No, I prefer death by electricity.

## EARLY REMINISCENCES.

A Quaint Description of Pioneer Days in Utah.

SPRINGVILLE, Utah,

August 10, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

Reminiscences of early days and pioneer times in this Territory are of interest now, and will be more interesting in the future. It may not be easily determined whether the pioneer events in the settling of these valleys are more engaging to the attention of those who relate them, or those who listen to the recital of events that transpired before they were born. Be that as it may, I am free to confess that I recount from experience events of 1848 and 1849, and history further down the stream of time in this Territory, with a great deal of satisfaction.

If you are willing, I will give to the children who enjoy the very advanced privileges of the schoolhouse and school facilities in this Territory now, an idea, and perhaps an amusing idea, of

### THE FIRST SCHOOLROOM

in this Territory. It was located in the north string, near the northwest corner of the "Old Fort" in the site of Salt Lake City. The houses were all built as a part of the fort wall, with portholes for defense in case of an attack by Indians, and generally with a six-light window, opening to the inside of the fort. The roofs consisted of poles or split logs laid close together and covered with cedar bark or rushes that grew about the matches. Such was the general make-up of "the first schoolroom," with an immense quantity of dirt piled on the flat roof as a probable protection from the rain. For a floor we had a similar, but more solid material than that of the roof—hardened clay. The one window was just large enough for six panes of 8x10 glass; but we lacked the glass; it was not to be had for there was not a store in all this Territory.

And while I think of that matter we did not need any glass, for we had no sash; and there was

### NO SAW MILL

to be found anywhere west of the Missouri river. So we were wont to take some thin cotton cloth and oiling it, or rather greasing, we would then tack it to waat primitive window frames we had. Where the cloth or grease came from I can't remember. But our main dependence for light was on fair weather when we could have the door open.

For writing tables some man's wagon box was torn to pieces and laid on trestles. Seats or benches were made in the same way. Our stove was a fireplace, a real spacious, liberal fireplace, in which we burned cedar or sage brush. But we were so healthy and warm blooded then that we needed but little outside fire to keep us warm.

Books then as now were the main objects of interest in the sitting out of a schoolroom. Could students in the B. Y. Academy see our stock or

### SUPPLY OF BOOKS

In that first school, it would afford them unlimited amusement. School books were about as useless then as one could imagine, when preparing to leave the civilized world and plunge from persecution into the unexplored regions of the Rocky Mountains, there to find a stopping place where we could be at peace. Then, instead of books, the first great problem to be solved was: "Can we obtain a living there from the products of the ground?" The first interest was to prepare themselves with materials for the solution first of that problem, in providing a necessary outfit to move from Illinois to the Rocky Mountains.

So the Book of Mormon, Bible, Doctrine and Covenants, Voice of Warning, Towne's Reader and Speller, Cobb's Speller, The English Reader, Rager's and three other kinds of arithmetics, Kirkham's and Murray's grammars, and in fact any kind of book that escaped the fire to keep from overloading the teams, or the perils of that long journey were used. The room I was to teach in, in size about 30x40, was furnished and fitted up by my brother Dimick, and in the agreement was mentioned the allowance of his board for the privilege of sending his children, together with the benefit he might prove to others. I commenced the school in November, 1848, closed in Feb. 1849; and had between 30 and 40 scholars.

Judge W. W. Phelps commenced a school in the North Fort in Dec., 1848. In my school room Curtis E. Bolton taught of evenings the French language and for the use of my room I had the liberty of the school and the benefits of his instruction.

Respectfully yours,  
OLIVER B. HUNTINGTON.

After the convention had taken a recess yesterday afternoon and the delegates in the Louisiana delegation were resting, they eschewed politics for the nonce and fell to talking about palmistry. The peculiarities of the human hand were discussed in detail. At last a colored brother said: "You talk about the most beautiful hand and all of that, but you ask the pooh man which is the most beautiful hand he will tell you—he will say to you—that the most beautiful hand is the hand that gives."

There was a second's silence, enough for the remark to germinate, and then a little cheer went up from two or three of the brethren near by: "Raw for Alger!"