

followed the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." A group of pretty little children gave recitations of an interesting character, and pithy and humorous speeches were made by the visitors. Prizes were given to the most aged. Two hours and a half of mirth, music and good cheer quickly passed away. The Rev. Mr. Day, a Presbyterian minister of this place, offered some happy remarks, which were received with applause by the audience.

American Fork can boast of the presence of Mr. Robinson, the oldest railroad conductor now living. He carries with great pride a watch given to him by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester railroad in 1842. This was a recognition of his efficiency as such. The old gentleman is quite feeble but, proud of his trophy, and today exhibited it with much satisfaction.

The proceedings were cosmopolitan in the truest sense. All were welcome; and all classes contributed to make the generous treat a success, and all seemed to enjoy the privilege of being present. After the old folks had been returned to their homes, the widows, bachelors, and younger folk who had been helping, continued the fun with dancing, speeches and singing until a late hour.

The following lines, composed by Brother James Crystal, were read to the audience in the afternoon:

Ye worthy dames and honored sires we bring you out today  
To share God's common bounties in our good old-fashioned way;  
And since you here have met to share our mood of mirth and cheer,  
We shake your hands, and warmly say, "A happy, glad New Year."

Since last we met, as now we meet, no doubt you've had your share  
Of cramps and coughs and stiffened joints you scarcely well could bear;  
But, bless your dear old hearts and souls it seems when you are here  
Your tickling coughs and stiffened joints all strangely disappear.

Sure there must be some magic on the shelves of Brother Grant,  
Or other hidden powers at work the old folks to enchant;  
All seem so young in heart and tongue and brightness of the eye,  
That truly 'tis a puzzle rare to tell the reason why.

While thus we scan our aged guests a lesson it we learn—  
That wrinkled cheeks and silvered hair will teach us all in turn;  
That time whose faithful finger paints the lily and the rose,  
Is faithful also to his trust to see their petals close.

Yet all is well that God ordains to age or blossoming youth,  
When man's ambition centers right on wisdom, love and truth;  
The cheeks may lose their rosy tints, the locks their raven hue,  
But youth or age can always find some pleasant work to do.

As years roll by we sadly miss some dear familiar face  
Which used to grace a certain chair that filled a certain place;  
But "Death, the Reaper," stalks abroad, his sickle sharp to wield,  
And eulls the heavens that suit him best upon the harvest field.

Old Time is drilling fresh recruits the vacant ranks to fill  
From those who've crossed life's sunset and are sliding down the bill;  
And e'en though death our dear ones take we know that all is well—  
They only go to labor still where love and kindness dwell.

Take courage, then ye aged ones, though brief your labors here,  
The future, as the present, shall your honored names revere;  
You've raised your sons and daughters in the Lord's appointed way,  
And cheerfully have borne the heat and burdens of the day.  
Therefore rejoice and comfort take, for your reward is sure;  
Still make the Lord your hope and trust, and to the end endure;  
And praise His name that you have lived to see the latter-days,  
And gathered home from every land to sing His love and praise.

Again we bid you welcome, and we hope you'll all feel free  
To eat and drink with relish of the very best you see;  
We wish this day to make a spot which you, in after days,  
May look back to and cherish as a thing of worth and praise.

Now should you wish to sing some song that made your bosom glow  
When you were young and blithe some, in the days of long ago,  
We wish you strength of lungs and voice to sing it soft and clear,  
That it may reach and touch the hearts of all assembled here.  
Or should you mind some story good that you would rather tell,  
Concerning feats of love or strength when you were young and well,  
'Twill make us glad, and sweeter prove, if told with faltering voice;  
For here we meet to honor age and see you all rejoice.

'Tis nature's noble patter that we copy here to-day;  
The glorious sun of spring leaps forth to drive life's chill away—  
To smite the ice-bound brooks and streams and frosty fettered snow,  
That all may gather plenty in the smiling vale below.

The pebble that is cast upon the still and placid lake,  
Though scarcely seen or felt awhile, its mark will surely make;  
We see it ripple, faint at first, then quicken more and more,  
Till circles widen thick and fast, and spread from shore to shore.

May this event we celebrate be like the pebble small,  
Or like the glorious sun of spring that smiles to gladden all;  
And soon may every heart and home in Utah's vales, so free,  
Look forth with joy and pride to hold their "Old Folks' Jubilee."

#### CURRENT TOPICS IN EUROPE.

The history of the house of Wallace has just been published, and is alike creditable to Dr. Rogers, the compiler, and the patriotism of Scotland. Wallace, above all others, is the hero of Scotland. Even Bruce only occupies a secondary place compared with the valiant knight, who, after driving the forces of Edward out of the North, fell under the power of England, and died the death of a traitor. In no other land, unless, perhaps, in Hungary, is there an instance of equal popular fidelity to a public benefactor. The memory of William Tell, or Arnold von Winkelried, does not awaken such enthusiasm among their countrymen as does William Wallace throughout the length and breadth of Scotland.

Around such heroes as King Arthur, William Tell or Winkelried there seems to gather a cloud of mystery; but in the memory of Scotchmen William Wallace is almost as much a living man as he was five hundred years ago. Places associated with his deeds are still pointed out, monuments erected to

his honor and volumes written in his praise. From Blind Harry to Robert Burns the literature of Scotland is rich in songs of which Wallace and his companions are the ever-popular themes. The name of Wallace seems to have had its origin in Wales. Wallis was the ancient name of the principality, and it is still so called upon the Continent. The place of Wallace in Scottish history is well defined. His conduct aroused the patriotism which rendered any future conquest of Scotland impossible, and in time enabled Scotland to unite with England on terms equally honorable to both.

In this history of a great Scottish family is only one among the many great historical works that have lately issued from the English press. Patient compilers are at work and in many cases the archives of ruling families have been carefully examined and the records of them given to the world. So much is this the case that these family histories mark an epoch in English literature. Thirty years ago scarcely one of this class of works had then been published. By this means much new light has been thrown upon the past, and in many cases will necessitate a re-writing of general history. In the dark and foggy days and long evenings of winter it seems to be a favorite recreation of many of the British people to sit by their fireside and make themselves acquainted with the history of their ancestors.

The Irish question also is being discussed as it never was before. There are now many who see a force in the words of Disraeli that they never did hitherto. "Where is the man that can tell me what the Irish question is?" At one time it is said to be a political question; at another, a religious one. One man declares it to be the absence of manufactures, another asserts it is the influence of the Pope. And yet there are many reasons why Ireland should be restless. She possesses a teeming population, which with reference to the cultivated soil is denser to the square mile than even that of China. This population is supported entirely by agriculture. There are few capitalists who will or can establish manufactures, and fewer still who give encouragement to the liberal arts. The consequence is, the people are compelled to subsist upon the lowest possible diet, and in case the harvest fails, which sometimes happens, the people have no other means of subsistence upon which they can fall back. This dense and often nearly starving people are obliged to support an established church which is not the one of their choice. To add to their miseries, the landowners reside mostly outside of Ireland, and the entire profits of the soil are spent to embellish English homes. A starving people, an absentee aristocracy, an alien church establishment—these combined with a national prejudice of seven hundred years growth make up the Irish Question. When the British government consents to give Ireland religious equality, and the profits of her soil are expended among her people, there may come a change in