

people of the privilege of supporting those who are spending their time and energy in giving them the Gospel. By going forth, too, entirely dependent on the Lord, the Elders grow more faithful and capable of doing good. Some time ago two Elders entered Birmingham, Alabama, and began tracting the place. They were soon arrested and banished and the work in that city stopped. Two of the youngest Elders in the mission recently went into the same city without purse or scrip. The hotels and boarding houses were opened to them and the officials made them welcome. Night after night people crowded to hear them and invited them to their homes. The same experience has been met in Richmond, Va., Nashville, Tenn., Austin, Texas, and other large cities.

Elder Musser felt well in the work, and realized that he has been in a school directly presided over by the Lord. The calling of saving souls is the greatest on earth. He prayed that the Lord would let his blessings rest on all.

Elder Benjamin Cluff Jr., of Provo, was the next speaker. He asked for the faith and prayers of his hearers. He was interested in Elder Musser's speaking, and while listening wondered what impulse it was that directed the young men to go forth from family and home and live in poverty while they preach something that the people do not always want to hear.

This is the Gospel of Jesus Christ and it has been revealed to one of the chosen sons of the Lord. If it is lived up to it will bring us into the presence of God. We have embraced the Gospel and experienced its joy. Our first impulse is to give it others, to carry it to our brothers and sisters in other lands. It is our duty also to tell them to repent and be baptized for the forgiveness of sins and then learn their duty to God and to mankind, live up to it and be saved. The Lord is no respecter of persons and He will give the knowledge to the proselytes that those who preach have if the new members live up to the Gospel. The impulse that drives our young men forth, then, is a strong love in their heart for mankind.

The Gospel is the plan that was formed before the world was framed as a law, obedience to which brings salvation. We were in communion with God then and came voluntarily to take upon us earthly flesh. Our conditions now are to some extent caused by what we were then, just as our conditions in the future depend on what we do now. He who gains true knowledge here will arrive in eternity ahead of the ignorant. We are here to generate strength, to overcome what is evil within us, and thus to cultivate faith.

The Gospel is not a Sunday doctrine alone, but must be kept in mind always. We are conscious that the eye of God is ever upon us. It is glorious to think we can work out our destiny by our own efforts. Our free agency makes it possible to gain salvation or destruction. Passion cannot overcome a sane man without his willingness. There is no predestination to evil—it all remains with us.

Young people sometimes say that they have an excuse for indifference because they see the weaknesses of prominent men, sometimes even of our leaders. They should attempt to root out those evils from their own character, live as near God as they can and remember that no man is perfect. They should not believe in fate or destiny, but should believe in the power of the Spirit of God to help us surmount all obstacles.

The Lord expects us to be strong in facing evil and permits us to be tempted in order to increase our

strength. The plant that is grown in the house protected from the roughness of the storm is frail and weak. The mighty pine grows only where the tempest rages. The book of nature is open to us. We should search its leaves for the true and the beautiful. We are here not to gain pleasure but to prepare ourselves for a future life.

Elder Cluff prayed that we might seek the principles of truth and follow them.

The choir sang the anthem, Song of the Redeemed, and Elder Joseph E. Taylor offered the closing prayer.

MORMON SERVICE PRAISED.

Antonito (Col.) Ledger: On Thursday night last the people of Antonito were treated to two real sermons and some fine music, when several members of the Colorado Mormon mission held service in Bardsley's hall.

John W Taylor president of the state mission, accompanied by Elders Ensign, White, Mann, Graham, Grant and Clive, were present, as was also Prof. Brimhall of Provo academy, who delivered the best discourse that the people of Antonito have been privileged to listen to in many years. His subject was the existence of God, and though a man were an infidel he would have been compelled to admit that a God must have been in existence long enough at least to endow the orator with his gift of eloquence. Elder Taylor followed with remarks upon the subject of baptism. The object of the meeting was to give the outside world a correct idea of the Mormon doctrine. Elders Ensign, Mann, White and Graham are members of the famous Salt Lake choir and interspersed the services with perhaps the best quartet singing ever furnished in Antonito.

The house was filled to its utmost and not less than 150 persons were compelled to stand.

ON THE WAY TO TETON BASIN.

In the hills, ten miles from nowhere, State of Idaho, with superstructures covered with dust an inch thick, Aug. 18, 1897, 5:30 p.m.

Ye crags and peaks

I'm with you once again;

I hold to you the arms

You once beheld

To show they still are free.

And this is Canyon creek! Well, 'tis a good thing, for I wouldn't have known it had I not been told—so ignorant am I. And then again who would have thought that such a cool, inviting, sequestered spot could so suddenly have been found in the wilds of Idaho? But it is here, and no mistake.

We have just finished an 18-mile jerk by wagon from Rexburg on our way to the Teton Basin—a valley that is said to be delightful, with creeks full of fish and hills invaded with big game. The latter declaration is no doubt true, as not a few of Salt Lake's best people are up that way, whiling away the moments which make dog-days, and catching fish from six inches to two feet long, actual measurement. With such a record, no wonder Salt Lake is able to boast of its hordes of brainy people, and no wonder either that fishing and hunting are so good in this section at this particular season of the year.

Our horses have just been unhitched and tied to cedar posts; my pals have scattered in quest of fish and game, while I, poor thing, have been assigned the duty of watching camp, seeing that those other fellows don't "swipe" anything, and incidentally

getting things prepared for the evening spread. Did I say spread? Yes, and that is right, for while we have no walnut table, upholstered chairs and all that sort of thing, we expect to have something more substantial than that; something by which we will be able to prove the corpus delicti, if you will allow the expression, and something that warrants us, yea forces us to the truthful saying that ours is indeed destined to be a spread.

Let me see, I'm not much of a hand at preparing meals, so you will excuse me if it bothers me a little. The first thing to be done, I believe, is to peel the spuds. What next, I wonder? O yes, I know, build a fire. Then prepare the coffee or tea, whichever you like. Now, while these are cooking, put some bacon in the frying pan and prepare for the arrival of your companions with a mess of trout. Will he catch any? Why, of course he will. Did you ever meet a Salt Laker who never caught while out fishing? Now get the dishes, tin ones, of course, and when your potatoes, your coffee and your fish are cooked, dive in, there's plenty for everybody, and to spare.

I tell you, camp life in the mountains is all right. You not only get the full benefit of the invigorating ozone that is wafted on the breezes, but you also get the benefit of good, big meals, plenty of fresh water, fish stories galore, the songs of the rippling streams, and a dozen other tasty delicacies, too numerous to mention, and at minimum cost to the buyer. Here in Canyon Creek we are having a good rest after that terrible rocky journey of 18 miles, newspaper measurement, from the thriving, prosperous, inviting and altogether pleasant town of Rexburg—a town where pretty girls are found in abundance, and where meals, and square ones at that, can be had for less than the arking.

While writing this, my lines are interspersed with snatches of conversation with Peter Wilbur, a well known trapper and guide of Ishawood, Big Horn county, Wyoming. Mr. Wilbur is on his way north from Yellowstone Park where he has been in charge of a party of Eastern tourists. The gentleman has done considerable traveling in his day and has visited the Park a great number of times. He denounces in most emphatic terms the military rule now prevailing in the Park, and says it is autocracy in its most flagrant form. Poor men, comparatively speaking, who go there to gaze on the beauties of its grassy lanes, turbulent geysers, snow-capped peaks and natural store house of wonders, are treated, he says, with the courtesy generally accorded the lower brutes of creation, while those in a higher station, who are fully able to pay from \$1 to \$2 a meal at the big hotels there, have every attention shown them and are allowed privileges which a strict enforcement of the park's regulations does not warrant to any individual. Dogs are shot down on sight if they are not fastened to their masters' coats-tails or wagon, and Mr. Wilbur cites a case where a gentleman's horse was shot down because, perchance, it had happened to break loose and was making its way through the Park alone and unguided. The Seventh cavalry under command of Captain Young is now stationed there and these are the officers to whom Mr. Wilbur directs his censure. My informant says that from two to three hundred people go into the Park every day, a goodly number of which are from Utah points, especially Salt Lake City.

Since writing the above I have enjoyed a good meal of speckled beauties—our first catch—and have also had a fair night's rest, snoring on the old camp ground. My companions are calling me to breakfast, so I must hasten