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### Sunset.

Author of "The Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."

What of me suspended  
 Low over a molten sea,  
 Infinite glory blended  
 Lost in eternity.  
 A vivid crimson pulsing  
 With pencilings of gold,  
 A white cloud outward sailing,  
 Foam billows fold on fold,  
 A quivering radiant rapture  
 Red torches flaming high,  
 A thousand waves that capture  
 Pale rose tints from the sky,  
 A lesser glory blending  
 With blue, more faintly blue,  
 A rose light a scintling  
 To pierce a light distance through.  
 Commingling tints grow fainter,  
 A dim fire burning low,  
 Ah, never skill of painter  
 Can mix the colors so,  
 A beloved beauty, angelic,  
 A curtain, pearls grey,  
 Is drawn by unseen finger  
 Across the face of day,  
 Gone the resplendent wonder,  
 God's glory passed away,  
 We stand the grey sky under  
 Beside a sea of grey,  
 And sigh because life's story  
 Like sunset's fleeting fire,  
 Tells tales of transient glory,  
 Lost rapture, a vanished love.  
 —Rosa Hawthorne Endicott.

### Henry Clay's Greatness.

"Henry Clay," said Dr. Marstall, an old Washingtonian, to an interviewer, "was not only a great statesman, but he was a great man. If Webster was a law expounder, Clay was a law giver. He was a man of action. He was a creator, a builder, a pioneer. He was more like Chatham than any other statesman and he was greater than Chatham. Had he been Prime Minister of England in 1804, Austria would have been Waterloo, as he would have made Marengo, Leipzig. He was the beam ideal of a party leader. His motto was, 'Never strike flag to a foe. Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas.'"

He was a grand man, a king of men. I see him now as he appeared in the Senate. His form was tall, slender, and willowy. His arms long and graceful, his head small, and his flashing eye dark blue, could gaze an eagle blind. His hands were long, slender, and almost transparent with the blue veins on the back. The chisel of Praxiteles has preserved none such. But his voice. In that was the magic of the wizard. Its flute-like tones cannot be described in words. One must have heard it to imagine

how the hup of Cupid's arrows, fired in the breast of Rhodantheus, moved Pluto to surrender a soul and gave to hell itself a moment of joy. He dominated the Senate from the day he entered the body. He towered above Webster and Calhoun, Benton and Wright, Hugh L. White and Thomas F. Wing, Buchanan and Charles Crittenden and Mangum, as Saul among the Jews. He was a man of magnetism. His friends not only loved him; they idolized him. Greeley, the Puritan, Lincoln, the Westerner, Wise, the Cavalier, Stephens, the Southerner, and the Creoles of New Orleans were ready to follow his fortunes wherever they might lead. For forty years, beginning with 1816, he was the greatest personage on our continent. He was the man who declared war against Great Britain in 1812. He enacted the tariff of 1816. He compromised the Missouri matter in 1820. He compromised the tariff trouble in 1832. He created the United States Bank, after the model of Hamilton. It is true, but he enacted it. He saved the Union in 1850, for if secession had prevailed then the South would have attained independence. He had the spirit of Cincinnatus and the heart of Brutus. No man had so many friends among the ladies. He was the most courtly gentleman I ever saw. Proud, haughty, and imperious toward men; to women he was deferential, personified, courteous Antony.

### Beecher as a Student.

Henry Ward Beecher was not an exact man, that is, his utterances had not the accuracy and finish that are acquired by careful writings; but he was a full man, for he read much, and "a ready man," for he often conferred with other men. If the great preacher desired information on any subject he went, not to a book, but to the man who knew it thoroughly.

Mr. Beecher found sermons in men, because, like his Master, he was their friend, and sought out their thoughts that he might do them good. He went into the shops and stores, that he might converse with mechanics and clerks. He walked the streets with his eyes open, that he might see the sights of a busy city and in the ferry boat he kept his ears alert to catch the conversation of dray men and hucksters. Mr. Beecher never made a speech or

preached a sermon unless he had something to say. He usually had something to say, and something worth listening to, even when he spoke with but a few minutes to prepare himself. He was a student though he studied in his own way, which was wholly unlike that of ordinary preachers.

One Sunday evening he preached a sermon on a text from the eighth chapter of Romans. The congregation was electrified and Mr. Halliday, the preacher's assistant, not knowing whether he was in the body or out of it, sought Professor Stow, who was standing in his brother-in-law's pew.

"The first half of that sermon," said the professor, "is the most wonderful thing I ever listened to, but the thing that is the most wonderful to me is how he prepared it. After dinner this noon I was walking in the library and when he came in I said, 'Henry, I would like to have you preach from those words sometime, to which he immediately answered, 'I may, I will preach from them to-night as my text. He went to his afternoon sleep, rose at about six o'clock, took a cup of tea, went into his study, and made the preparation from which he preached this sermon.'"

In answering a question put to him by the present writer as to his method of preparing for the pulpit, he said:

"I read a book for information and inspiration. If while reading, a thought comes to me which is worth expounding, I write down the title of the book, the passage, which suggested the thought, the hour of the day or the night, the local surroundings, in fact, everything which will enable me to reproduce my exact mood."

"Then I write until I have nothing more to say on that topic. I fold my manuscript, write the name of the topic on its back, and lay it away."

"On Sunday morning I begin my sermon. I know what my congregation is thinking about, and my subject is generally in the line of their thought. It flashes into my mind that I have written on that topic. I hunt among my manuscripts, find the one I want, and have a sermon at my hand which, with a little alteration and addition, serves my purpose."

"I try, by reading and re-reading the title of the book, the quoted passage and the narrative of the surrounding circumstance, to get back into the mood in which I was when I wrote the manuscript. Then I go into the pulpit and let my words flow."