

## CAMPAIGN QUESTIONS.

I have heard considerable on the above topics, and read some, and I have been trying quite a time to get it through my not over receptive cranium, so that I might be able, not only to understand the matter myself, but explain it to others.

This free water business is somewhat of a mystery, save it be in "ould England" or in the eastern States, where Jupiter Pluvius dispenses it at times, in quantities "without money and without price."

But even there, according to the best authorities and some experience, much of the water supply is anything but free; there are water taxes and bonds almost beyond calculation, or what of the Croton and Schuylkill of the east, and Bala Lake, Rivington Pike and Father Thames of England?

Now our "Liberal" friends may have favor enough above to give us Manchester weather (where it rains three hundred days in the year), but on consideration I doubt much whether they have influence save it be with "the Prince of the power of the air."

Now having lived in Utah for long over thirty years, can I discern any signs of free water from the first to date? To be sure it was free in a sense, once, but in its freedom, it hurried itself without ceremony toward the Jordan and "Nirvana" in the lake; and it cost me (with others) many a weary day and many a dollar besides, to coax it onto our barren lots, where now the vine flourishes and the peach ripens to the sun! What a pity, my aching bones, that the genii of free water, had not then drifted into our hard yet hopeful lives, and to the music of its ripples, or showers, sang "Water, yes water shall be free."

But it is possible the "Liberals" may have their eyes set upon some of our southern mountain streams, for this promised full and cheap supply. Then again comes the thought that these sources of desired and desirable fluid are all appropriated; and surely to give us, even in this growing city, free water, no "American gentleman" though he be—and "Liberal," would condescend to steal. The retort sounds strangely, "Oh, we should have to huy, or bring from more distant points for use." Now, just here is where philanthropy and wealth might do their beneficent work, but these bleating members of the "Liberal" party are as poor as "Job's turkey," and it scarcely had a feather!

After all, we come to think if water is to be had, bought, brought, piped and placed in the door yards or domiciles of this city, the people will have to get it, *they will have to pay for it*, and no "Liberal" promise or sophistry can get around the sympathies of the common people, on the cry of "Free water" which their whilom friends can neither beg, borrow nor steal!"

Now the promise of free schools is a little less problematical, although the people have hardly realized it

yet, for in most school districts of this Territory, provisions have been made from the beginning for those too poor to help themselves. These could on proper application, send every child to school; but somebody had to pay for them. The school-houses were mainly built and furnished by donation, but even then teachers were not going round "without purse or scrip," boarding out their remuneration, much or little.

If it is possible to inaugurate free schools, the sectarian churches of this city might do it, for misrepresentation, as it has already done, would bring in the ducats from Maine to California, as the duped with "crocodile tears" for Utah's ignorance might be moved or bled.

These pretensions of the enemy are specious, they are false; used as a battle cry, they can only delude the ignorant or the fanatical. They are promises made to be broken; bubbles, light as air, needing only to be touched by the point of common sense to vanish like the night vision, and pass away for ever.

No, gentlemen, independence revolts at charity, and the wilful falsification of intent and purpose in the cry of "Free Water and Free Schools" is no more transparent to the people, than it is to the howling dervishes of the "Liberal" Party!

H. W. N.

## THE PICTURE OF CHRIST.

One face appears in all the centuries of Christian history, and in the art of every European nation, as the picture of the world's Beloved.

On the damp and gloomy walls of the catacombs of sepulture and worship, in the monuments of the primitive Christian church, on the portals and in the apses of ancient Byzantine basilics, in stately cathedrals of the middle ages, in the proud galleries of the world's art, and even on the humble walls of the lowliest homes, or in the cherished books of the poor, that strange and wonderful face arrests the mind with a celestial thought, and charms the imagination with the hope that we may hereafter "see Him as He is."

Whether depicted in the coarse, rude lines of the earliest sketches, or in the finished touches of the master's skill; whether sad and painful with divine and human sorrow, or glorious in heavenly triumph, the same face is always presented. The whole of Christendom is enriched by these memorials of a divine visitation. With endless variations of lineaments and expression, there has always been preserved a faithful adherence to the general type of some ancient ideal. In the midst of classic art, though about the period of its decline, there suddenly appeared the image of a strange but complete personality, differing from all pagan ideals. It was the Christ! He had come into the world, and lived and labored among men who cherished His memory; and they desired to leave to the ages to come some pictured reminder of His human semblance.

The Jews were averse to portraiture.

They would not even have their own "image or likeness" for fear of violating the second commandment. We cannot expect, therefore, to find any picture of the Savior from the hands of any of His personal followers of the Hebrew race.

The story that Luke was a painter as well as a physician was an invention of the Middle Ages, when Luke was the artists' guild-saint, and when many painters were christened with his name.

The gnostics, a sect of philosophers in the first ages of Christianity, claimed that they knew everything about religion. They were thus the opposites of the agnostics of our day. There are very early traditions that those gnostics produced the first pictures and images of our Lord, and not as ideal fancies, like the mythology and poetry of their day, but giving the likeness of a man who was peculiarly individual and striking in appearance. The earliest of which we have knowledge were in the form of gems—jewels for personal wear, or amulets of secret charms, and metal images. Gems and amulets are still preserved, but the images (which were said to have been ordered by Pontius Pilate) are known only by tradition. The glass sacramental vessels of the catacombs are the earliest objects of the kind mentioned in authentic history which yet remains intact. Some of these are still to be found in their niches in the sepulchres where they were deposited with the bodies of the primitive Roman Christians. They were known before the time of Tertullian, who was born A. D. 160, for he speaks of them as having been superseded by vessels of metal in his day. He describes some of the "Good Shepherd" symbols which appeared on the chalices or cups for the eucharistic wine, and on the pateræ or plates for the bread. In one case he criticises a picture of Christ which he had seen as "incorrect and wanting in resemblance, though rightly showing the book of truth in His hand." This implies that a true type was well known at least to intelligent Christians, and that the symbolical book was an established idea.

The oldest legend connected with the most ancient portrait-like picture of which we have any knowledge relates to one Abgar Uchamo, or Abgarus, King of Edessa in Mesopotamia. He was fatally ill, and having heard of the fame of Jesus as a healer, he sent a messenger from his rock-fortress city in the desert of Jerusalem, imploring the mighty One to come and heal him. Anan, the king's messenger, was his secretary, and a painter as well, and was instructed to bring a picture of the wonder-worker if he could not induce Him to come in person to Edessa. Arriving at Jerusalem, Anan meets the Savior, who tells him He cannot leave His work to go on such an errand.

Anan then resorts to his art, tries to paint a portrait of the face of Christ, and fails. But Jesus in pity gives him a napkin upon which He, in wiping His face, has imprinted