

## THE FAMILY RECORD.

"Ay, write it down in black and white—  
The date, the age, the name;  
For home has never seemed so dear  
As since our baby came.  
No child before was half so sweet,  
And never babe so wise;  
And, John, the neighbors say, indeed,  
It has its father's eyes."  
"Nay, wife, I'm sure they're like your  
own;  
The rogue's his mother's boy.  
How strange that such a tiny form  
Can cause such boundless joy!  
And you will have him named for me?  
Come, think it o'er again;  
For 'John' is but a homely name—"  
"Nay, do not drop your pen.  
"For 'John' shall be his name, my dear,  
It is his father's own;  
And though a hundred more were given,  
I'll call him that alone.  
His father's eyes, his father's face,  
His father's form, I'm sure;  
God grant he have his father's heart,  
Life's hardship to endure!  
Well, there 'tis written down at last;  
The record is complete.  
Henceforth we'll lay our loving hearts  
Beneath our baby's feet.  
Ah, wife, our home's a humble place—  
We're humble folks—that's true;  
But I'm a king of boundless wealth  
In that young rogue and you."  
"So, baby, wink and blink, my boy,  
Your mother's eyes—" "Nay, John,  
They are his father's eyes indeed;  
That I insist upon!"  
"Well, be that as it may, his mouth  
Is waiting for a kiss.  
He's like you there, at least, my dear,  
Say, do I judge amiss?"  
—Harper's Bazar.

## VISIT TO SALT LAKE.

OGDEN, Utah,  
July 13th, 1875.

Whoever comes to Salt Lake City, expecting to find the Mormons sinners above all others, will be happily disappointed, and very likely will go to the other extreme of apologizing for evils that really exist. \* \* \* There is no doubt a good deal of jealousy and friction inseparable from this peculiar institution of the saints; but then it is to be remembered that everything does not go smoothly at all times in monogamous families. Even in the land of steady habits, divorces are cheap, which are the outcome of years of heart-burning, petty strife and wedded misery. And yet there is a fair share of domestic happiness, high social cultivation, good morals and religion in communities that have not yet been able to realize a perfect state of society. Human nature here is just what it is elsewhere, a mingled web of good and evil. Many forms of evil are restrained quite as effectually as they are in the East. There is less idleness and intemperance than in the average Eastern city, and crimes against the person and property are not as common. \* \* \* Parents love their children tenderly and covet the best things for their present and future. Children love and honor their parents—society has its funny side and its gala days. This is one of them, and the occasion is a mass of picnic on Salt Lake for the entertainment of our party. We have a level grade, plenty of cars and a steamer, this time, so that we shall see the elite of the city in holiday costume to-day. As we have to be back at noon, in order to take the P. M. cars for Ogden and the Pacific coast, we started at an early hour. A soft violet haze hangs over the Oquirrh range of mountains, and we have every indication of a fair day. We load into the omnibuses with no incumbrance of sack or satchel. Heart and baggage are light, and we meet our Mormon friends in the cars. We were introduced all around, and Mormon Apostles shake hands with doctors of divinity, venerable bishops and elders much married, with "the husband of one wife" style of parsons and deacons; our wives and daughters with the wives and daughters of the Latter-day Saints. New England and Salt Lake City are tete a tete this morning. Among the party are his Honor, Mayor Daniel H. Wells and his three daughters, Misses Abby, Deseret, and Emeline, Bishop Musser, his first wife and daughters, Apostle Orson Pratt, the theologian, Mr. Woodruff, the President of the Deseret Agricultural Society, Mrs. John W. Young, Mrs. Thatcher, a daughter of Brigham Young, and many others.

The Western Utah Railroad company, to whose courtesy we are in-

debted for the pleasure of this trip, was organized only last year, with a capital of \$900,000. The president is John W. Young. It extends from Salt Lake City to Stockton, in Tooele county, a distance of 45 miles. It is a very great convenience to the newer counties in the western part of the Territory. Our point of destination is Clinton, a station at the south end of the lake, and directly upon the shore.

We were agreeably surprised at the great extent and beauty of this great inland sea. It is over a hundred miles long and in places thirty miles wide, covering an area of 1900 square miles, nearly half as large as the State of Connecticut. It was first explored by Col. Fremont, in 1843, and was surveyed by Capt. Stansbury, in 1849. Prof. Hayden's report, made in 1871, contains an analysis of the water, which shows that about one-fifth of it is common salt, in a very pure state. It is so pure that the crystals shoveled up from the shores by the cart load, preserve meats admirably, and are in general use by the people for all purposes for which salt is needed. It is said to contain the largest per cent. of salt of any water now known. Its saline properties differ materially from those of the ocean, in the absence of bromides and iodides of the metals. We looked for salt upon the pebbly shores of the lake, but learned that it is only in the shallow bays where the salt is manufactured in the natural way. There is a difference in the height of the water in winter and summer. Evaporation goes on quite rapidly under the bright skies of summer. The shallow bays become ponds, and the salt crystallizes in very large quantities. These salt deposits cover a great many acres, and salt is so cheap that it is free to all comers. The railroad will furnish facilities for getting the salt to market and may change all this.

The origin of the lake is a question about which our learned men differ, and no records have been kept until quite recently to show the change in the level. There is an old record, however, made in an old beach on all the mountains about the lake, showing distinctly enough that its shores were once several hundred feet above the present level, and that the water once covered many times the present surface of the lake. Then the waters were probably fresh, and had communication with the sea by the Colorado river or some other channel. In the geological changes through which this country has passed, the communication has been broken, and a salt sea has been formed by the evaporation of the sun. Early settlers agree that there has been a rise of ten feet or more in the water since 1850. Since 1868 there has been a slight fluctuation in the level, from which it is argued that the highest point was reached at that time. The changes of level, however, have only been noted by the difference in the depth of water upon the submerged lands. A pillar has been erected near the shore at Black Rock to indicate correctly any changes in the rise or fall. Dr. Park of the Deseret University is to supervise these records, and to forward them to the Smithsonian institute at Washington. Now that the Utah Western railroad is opened, Salt Lake City is virtually moved to the shore, and the lake is brought into close connection with the rest of the world. It will become a place of summer resort, not only to the citizens of Utah, but to the people of the east and the west, as well. A charming breeze sweeps over the water, and the summer temperature, even at mid-day, is delightful. It has the natural advantages of a great watering place, a cool climate, magnificent scenery, close proximity to snow clad mountains, and what inland places so often lack, splendid facilities for boating. A yacht race could be got up here on as grand a scale as at New York or Newport. It is not improbable that Clinton's, where we stop to take the steamer, may yet have the fame of Saratoga, or of the White Sulphur, and that politicians from beyond the Sierra may need the politicians from the Mississippi Valley and beyond to fix up the State for future presidential elections.

There is a good hotel at Clinton's, with large piazzas looking out upon the lake and its islands. The General Garfield, a freight steamer, running between this point and Corinne, the extreme north end of the lake, advertises to take excursion parties two days in the week.

\* \* \* Fine bathing houses and dresses have been prepared upon the shore, and many of our party made an intimate and personal acquaintance with the waves of the lake. The waters are as transparent as Northern lakes, and so buoyant that one can hardly sink in them. Others wander upon the shore to pick up pebbles, to gather flowers, and carry away some remembrances of the visit. We have a delightful sail of an hour out towards Church Island, which seems within hailing distance of the wharf, but lies eighteen miles away. Agreeable interviews with new friends and old, a sumptuous picnic of fruits, cake, ice cream, nuts and other good things, served in the saloon, complimentary speeches in which full credit was given to the material greatness of Utah and the genial hospitality of Salt Lake City and its founders, we gathered much useful information in regard to Utah and its industries.

The common impression that nothing can live in the waters of Salt Lake is erroneous. Fish, we believe are never taken in it, but it swarms with insect life. A dark looking gnat covers every object near the water and blackens the shores. The eggs are laid in the water and develop there. Immense shoals of these creatures are seen floating upon the water. The bite is not troublesome that we learned, but their presence, like house flies, is far from agreeable. Fortunately they cling to the shore and are not likely to visit dwellings.

The mountains upon the south and west shores of the lake and upon its islands, add much to the grandeur of the scenery. They are also rich in ores of silver and lead and other metals. The Oquirrh range has one of its high spurs abutting upon the south shore of the lake. There are scores of mines in its canyons, successfully worked, and sending down their daily loads of ore to the smelting works below. We are surprised to find so large a production of ore and bullion in this Territory. It is estimated by those best informed upon the subject that the production of the mines for the last year was \$7,000,000. This shows a much larger mining population than we supposed. As the ores are rich in silver, and are found in inexhaustible quantity, a steady increase may be looked for in the future.

As we leave the lake behind us, there is a rapid increase of temperature and the thermometer goes up to a hundred. Jordan valley glows like a furnace under the withering heat. The new laid rails are not adjusted to the extreme heat and the track is thrown out of line in several places, but we reach the Townsend House in good season and make our final preparations for leaving.

Our three days' visit here in this city of flowing brooks, cultivated gardens, luscious fruits and fragrant flowers, with its surroundings of luxuriant meadows, burdened with farm crops, are a most agreeable contrast to the dust and weariness of the desert through which we passed. We met many as strangers and parted as friends. We shall always have pleasant memories of our cordial reception at Salt Lake City, and of the many courtesies of its citizens.

On our way up from the cars, a few of us made an informal call at the grounds of Mr. Jennings, whom you will remember as one of the guns of the city. They have lost none of their beauty in the two years of absence. We had the advantage of seeing them several weeks earlier in the season and the cherries and currants are now in their glory, as the apples and apricots were then. We never saw so fine a display of cherries, fair to the sight, and as pleasing to the palate as they were beautiful. It was good to be there.—W.C. in New England Farmer.

A lady who has heard Mr. Moody twenty times in England has heard the same discourse every time. He tells the same stories, gets up the same amount of pathos in the same spot, and then Sankey bursts forth in his tremendous lungs with the song called "Hold the Fort." It's the music that draws. That Philip Phillips, who styled himself "the sweet singer of Israel," used to draw immense houses, but Sankey is a rearer, with new tunes and a pair of leather lungs, and when he gets at his stronghold, which is "Hold the Fort," it's better than if he held four acres.—St. Louis Republican.

## Healed by the Prayer of Faith.

The prolonged camp meeting in Ocean Grove, which will close on Friday next, (Aug. 24,) has had an extraordinary experience in the cure of the Rev. S. H. Platt, who had been apparently incurably lame for a quarter of a century. Mr. Platt, who is the pastor of the De Kalb Avenue M. E. church, is by no means likely to be deceived either by his own imagination or by the representations of others. He is the author of several standard philosophical works, among which are "The Christian Law of Giving," "Elijah the Tishbite," "Princely Manhood," "To Every Man His Work," and "Queenly Womanhood." He is inclined to be skeptical as to the power of prayer to avert or remove temporal ills. He is a native of Connecticut, and in 1850 was completing his studies for the ministry in the Methodist University. Mr. Platt is forty-five years of age, but looks somewhat younger. His hair and his full beard, whiskers, and moustache are iron gray, and his face indicates self-reliance and energy.

Shortly before he preached his first sermon as an ordained Methodist minister, he was kicked by a vicious horse, and his right leg was disabled. A "floating cartilage" formed in the knee, and some of the most eminent surgeons in America declared it a case beyond their skill. Four years ago, while limping slowly along the sidewalk near his house, he struck his left knee against the corner of a dry goods box. Precisely the same result followed as when the horse kicked him, and within a few days he was wholly disabled, and could move only with the aid of two canes or crutches. He could no longer stand in his pulpit even on one leg, but was obliged to sit while preaching. This double affliction was a terrible one, and he again exhausted all the sources of possible surgical relief, but nothing could be done for him, and after the useless expenditure of much time and money, he became assured that he was hopelessly crippled.

Besides his house adjoining the DeKalb Avenue church, Mr. Platt owns a cottage at Ocean Grove, in which, with his family, he usually passes a part of the summer. Toward the end of the last month he was there, and one evening after having preached sitting to about four thousand persons, while he was in his cottage suffering considerable pain, and trying to recruit his strength, two ladies were announced. One of them introduced herself as Miss Moseman, and said the Lord had sent her to see him. Mr. Platt, as has been intimated, had little or no confidence in divine help for mere physical ills.

He received his visitors courteously. Miss Moseman told him that if he had faith in the Lord's power to relieve him, his crippled limbs could be cured, and the minister answered that he had no doubt of his power, but he questioned his willingness. After some further conversation, the lady proposed prayer, but Mr. Platt demurred, on the ground that Christians should not ask divine help for physical ills, unless assured that God would give them the faith necessary to believe that He was willing to assist them. She tried to convince him by argument, but the clergyman, a trained logician, easily refuted everything she said. Willing, however, to test her theory, if he could consistently do so, he asked her whether, after experiencing the divine revelation that the Lord would enable her to effect a cure, she had ever failed? After a little hesitation she replied that she had not, but when persons had come to her and asked her to pray for them, her petition had not been answered. "This," said Mr. Platt, speaking of the occurrence, "took hold of my faith at once, for it was in accordance with my own belief that it was not part of a Christian's privilege to pray for the removal of temporal ills, unless with the direct assurance that the petition would be granted. The lady professed to have received such assurance, and I told her I was willing she should pray for me." He told Miss Moseman he "would believe as best he could," and she knelt before him and began to pray. Her petition was very simple, evidently unstudied, and seeming to be addressed rather to a near personal protector than to the throne of the Most High. It lasted about two minutes, and towards the close the supplicant placed her hands upon

Mr. Platt's knees. "Rather," said he, "because there was no other place to rest them on than with any purpose of effecting a cure by manipulation. So little vitality for magnetic force did she seem to possess that I was unconscious of any warmth from her hands as they lay on my knees." Having finished the prayer, Miss Moseman arose, and the conversation was resumed.

Mr. Platt had not experienced any unusual sensation in his injured limbs, but as he was speaking a very singular feeling was perceptible in the joints. "I never," he said, "felt anything like it before or since. It seemed as though a sort of condensation or toning up of the fibres around the knees was in progress, the sensation apparently spreading upward." Very soon he was able to put his feet on the ground and walk with a somewhat uncertain step. Miss Moseman expressed no surprise when she learned the result of her simple petition. She went away unassuming. The clergyman's limbs grew stronger every hour, and he threw aside one of his canes immediately. "I continued to use the other," he said; "not because I required it, but I had carried it for twenty-five years, and I did not wish to seem presumptuous; but a week ago to-day (Saturday) I went out without any support, and walked two miles; and I could have walked ten, for I did not feel in the least fatigued."

Mr. Platt says that about three years ago he spoke to Dr. Cullis, of the Consumptives' Home, in Boston, about miraculous cures, and the doctor induced the clergyman to allow him to pray for him. For two days afterward he felt as though his limbs were a little better, but there was no material result.

Miss Moseman is a quiet, subdued person, about forty years of age. She has a house, consisting of a single room, at Ocean Grove, which it is supposed was given her by some charitable person. She has no visible means of livelihood, and Mr. Platt says he thinks she "lives by faith," that is, when she feels that she really requires any of the necessities of life she prays for them with the assurance that in some way they will be sent to her. She lives at Ocean Grove a great part of the summer, and is known to everybody there. Mr. Platt, too, is very popular, and his miraculous cure has astonished the residents. In his own neighborhood in De Kalb Avenue people who have seen him for years a cripple look at him with unbounded amazement as he walks rapidly along, erect and without support. He is still conscious of a little stiffness in his knee joints, but this, too, is disappearing. On Sunday, the 8th inst., he stood upright in the pulpit without any assistance for the first time in twenty-five years, and a week later he told the story of his injuries and their cure to an immense audience at the Merrick camp meeting. He will relate it again in the De Kalb Avenue M. E. Church on Sunday next.—New York Sun, Aug. 23.

## ANOTHER FALSE SENSATIONAL PETITION.

The following has been printed and published by a contemporary—

BEAVER, Sept. 1, 1875.

To General Grover, U. S. A., and His Excellency G. W. Emery, Governor of Utah Territory:

GENTLEMEN.—We the undersigned citizens of the United States in this Territory, claim that the exigencies of the times and surrounding circumstances fully justify and warrant us in setting forth the following state of facts. And in view of your respective positions, we most respectfully solicit your assistance in the furtherance of the following objects, thoroughly essential, we sincerely believe, to the well-being and safety of the loyal citizens in Southern Utah. We are not hostile to any party, creed or sect, so long as such institutions do not array in hostility against the laws of the land and are not disposed to question the fair exercise of American citizenship and the rights of those who condemn their criminal acts and unbridled licentiousness in the name and under the sanction of the so-called Mormon religion.

First. The present political status in Southern Utah is peculiar. There are two strong hostile ele-