

revealed. We are here to build up the Church of God, the Zion of God, and the Kingdom of God, and to be on hand to do whatever God requires—first to purge ourselves from all iniquity, from covetousness and evil of every kind; to forsake sin of every sort, cultivate the Spirit of God, and help to build up His kingdom; to beautify Zion and have pleasant habitations, and pleasant gardens and orchards, until Zion shall be the most beautiful place there is on the earth. Already Zion is attracting the attention of the people of the world. I have all kinds of people calling on me—Lords, Admirals, Senators, Members of the House of Representatives, Members of the Parliament of England, of the Reichstag of Germany, and the Chamber of Deputies of France—all classes come and they say, "You have a most beautiful place here!" Why, yes. And by and by the kings of the earth will come to gaze upon the glory of Zion, and we are here to build it up under the instruction of God our Heavenly Father. Zion shall yet become the praise and the glory of the whole earth, and, as I have said, kings and princes shall come to gaze upon her glory, and we shall be able to teach their senators wisdom, and their philosophers intelligence; for we shall be all taught of God. God has called upon us to do this work, and He expects us to do it. We must preach the Gospel, and we will preach it; and if we have to meet with opposition and with death staring us in the face, all right. We are for God and His Kingdom, and for the principles of truth and righteousness. We need not trouble ourselves about the outside, for God will take care of them and of us. He will say to the nations of the earth—to this nation and to other nations—as was said to the waves of the mighty ocean: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

I will tell you a feeling I had some years ago. I was over at Fillmore. From there you can see right on to this desert. And I thought—as I looked across this immense valley—if there was only water there, what a magnificent country that would make! I remember I thought thousands and tens of thousands could inhabit that land if it only had water. I did not then know the position of things. I have now had an opportunity of visiting Deseret and looking at the river, and am pleased to find you have such an abundant supply of water. An immense population could be sustained with the amount you have. I suppose the river shows its best now; the water is high; but if that water could be properly manipulated, it does seem to me—provided you can conquer the mineral in the soil—that a vast amount of land can be put under cultivation and an immense population sustained. I am told that you are troubled with saleratus in the land, but I am also informed that you are learning to conquer that by flooding the land instead of making furrows for irrigation. Already, in some places, where they have been troubled with saleratus they have the richest and most productive soils. Those lands where not too much saturated with the mineral are in many instances the most fertile that we have in the Territory. You certainly have a fair opportunity for development; having a large area of land, which I am told is productive, and with the proper application of the water, and a concentration of effort I can see no reason why this can not be made a very flourishing, beautiful and populous place.

President Taylor next proceeded to counsel the Saints in regard to sundry local affairs. He appreciated the difficulties they had had to encounter in that region owing to the nature of the soil and the giving way of the dam on one or two occasions. He complimented them, however, on what they had been able to accomplish in spite of all difficulties, and counseled them to persevere, promising that their efforts to subdue and conquer the land would be blessed of the Lord. He also counseled them to come closer together. At present, it appeared to him, they were scattered over too much ground. It would be better to get together and begin building a nice little town on each side of the river, (if that suited them), than to be scattered as they are now. In this way the place could be made attractive. Good buildings of all kinds could be erected. Trees could be planted in the streets. Gardens and orchards could also be planted in the various lots. And in this

manner Deseret might be made a very desirable place.

He concluded as follows:—

God bless you. God bless your lands, that they may be fruitful, and that the labors of your hands may be blessed; and God bless the waters, that they may be nourishing and strengthening to your lands and be pleasant to use for drinking and for culinary purposes; and God bless your gardens and your orchards—that is, when you get them—that fruitfulness may rest upon them; and God bless the President of your Stake and his counselors, and Brother Lyman and his brethren of the Twelve who labor among you from time to time; and God bless your Bishop here, and all the Bishops of this Stake and their counselors, that the Spirit of God may rest upon them, the spirit of truth and intelligence, to enable them to carry out all things they desire in righteousness, that this land may be blessed of the Lord; and God bless your wives and your children and all the people, that salvation may flow unto them, and that they may walk in the paths of life; I ask my Heavenly Father to seal upon you these blessings, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

IS TALMAGE AMONG THE PROPHETS?

The Rev. Dr. T. Dewitt Talmage, after attitudinizing before the public in various postures or impostures, has now startled the nation by essaying the roll of a Prophet before this untoward generation. Only this new "agitant" flavors strongly of plagiarism. He must have been perusing P. P. Pratt's "Voice of Warning," published in the year of grace 1835, or possibly some of the predictions of the great American Prophet and martyr Joseph Smith, uttered half a century ago, and now having a literal fulfillment, creating consternation in the hearts of many, and a general feeling of insecurity, causing men's hearts to fail, while fearfully looking upon those things which are coming upon the earth. In one of the Rev. Talmage's "Tabernacle Sermons," published in the *Fire-side Companion* of August 20th, 1883, entitled, "In Ambush," is the following culminating peroration of the discourse:

I believe that the next twelve months will be the most stupendous year that heaven ever saw. The nations are quaking now with the coming of God. It will be a year of successes for the men of Joshua, but of doom to the men of Achan. You put your ear to the rail track and you can hear the train coming miles away. So I put my ear to the ground and I hear the thundering on of the lightning train of God's mercies and judgments. The mercy of God is first to be tried upon this nation. It will be preached everywhere. People will be invited to accept the mercy of the Gospel, and the story, and the song and the prayer will be "mercy." But suppose they do not accept the offer of mercy—what then? Then God will come with his judgments, and the grasshoppers will eat the crops, and the fleas will devour the valleys, and the defalcations will swallow the money markets, the fires will burn cities into ashes, and the earth will quake from pole to pole.

The notable religious teachers of modern times especially those of the sensational school in order to cater to the popular taste would fain as a general thing, endeavor to lull their victims into carnal security, cannot wholly ignore passing events as they are speaking in thunder tones to this generation. The astounding signs of the times are forcibly arresting the attention of reflecting minds and they demand of their religious teachers and guides whether as preachers or journalists, the meaning of these various wide spread calamities and what they portend?

The Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as commissioned servants of God, have been sent forth clothed with authority as in ancient times to publish to the world of mankind the restoration of the Gospel, and bear the message of life and salvation both temporal and spiritual to those who will obey its mandates, while to the disobedient and scorner they announce a warning voice of impending judgments which are now beginning to be poured out in fulfillment of the Apocalypse of St. John. But who has believed their report? Not many great, not many wise according to worldly wisdom. But a few of the meek and lowly, having the scorn and contumely that is heaped upon them, misrepresented and misunderstood, have rallied around the gospel standard and by divine command organized the nucleus of that kingdom portrayed by Daniel, which should, as a stone cut out of the mountain without hands, break in pieces all other kingdoms and become a great kingdom which should fill the whole earth.

For never a truth has been restored; They may curse it and call it a crime; Pervert and betray, and slander and slay Its teachers for a time. But truth shall conquer at the last, As round the world seasons run, And ever shall right come uppermost, And over shall justice be done.

While the Talmages deny and oppose direct communication or a message from heaven in these latter times they endeavor to reconcile events to suit their own vain systems and as blind leaders of the blind, wilfully close their eyes and grope farther and farther from the beacon light of truth, and so eventually all fall into the ditch together. Let them beware lest the just sentence be pronounced against them: "Out of their mouth will I condemn them."

So shall the wise in calmly watching the precursors of, and patiently waiting for the coming of the "King of kings" to sway His righteous sceptre, lift up their heads and rejoice, knowing that their redemption draweth nigh. G. H.

INTERESTING FROM BEAR LAKE.

PARIS, Bear Lake Co., Idaho, August 12, 1883.

Editor Deseret News:

The News has a very large circulation in Bear Lake Valley, and very few correspondents, so I hope you will kindly grant me the privilege to ventilate a few of our advantages through your columns.

In my remembrance Bear Lake Valley was never so beautiful as it is to-day. The present season has been most propitious for growing crops, consequently our fields are literally laden with the bounties of nature, and not a trace is to be seen on our rich and luxuriant vegetation of our usual common enemy, frost. Our stock ranges continue green and fertile at this late season of the year, a thing unprecedented in our past history. Our mountain streams continue to run just as clear and limpid as usual and the water is more plentiful.

Since the disappearance of small-pox at Montpelier the health of the people is excellent. And upon the whole I think we are as much prospered as any of our sister valleys—if not more so—at any rate if any of them enjoy better health, and more prosperous circumstances than we do, we do not envy them, for surely we have an abundance for which we feel truly thankful to our Heavenly Father.

While we are thus prospered, our citizens are not forgetful of the text "beautify Zion and build up her waste places" for on every hand we see genuine signs of improvement. Paris 2nd Ward leads off, with a good substantial frame meeting House 30x50 feet, and a vestry 18x20 feet, both of which are progressing favorably, and with good prospects of their early completion. Lake Town, is erecting a building to be used for a high school; which will fill a want long felt by this community; as our sons and daughters who have previously desired an education, have been under the necessity of travelling to Salt Lake City, or Provo, each fall, in order to obtain it, this not only costing them large sums of money, but also depriving them of home and its associations for a season.

Those public improvements, are insignificant, in comparison with the great amount of private enterprise that is to be witnessed in every settlement throughout the valley, and almost on every street. The sound of the mechanic's hammer is heard everywhere; and every man who can handle a tool is pressed into service; still the supply of skilled labor is inadequate to meet the increasing demand. Good, substantial dwelling houses are being built in various styles of architecture. The old style of plain front, with a door in the centre and a window on each side, and a lean-to on the back, is almost entirely disappearing, and modern styles—artistic and ornamental in design and finish—begin to take their places. The old log-cabin, with dirt roof, has become a thing of the past; and when we occasionally see one, it reminds us of "the days when we were hard up, a long time ago." Commodious and substantial barns are being built in which our cows can chew their cud and laugh at the driving storms without; and if cows can remember anything, they no doubt think of the time when they inhabited the open shed with the cracks between the logs sufficiently large to keep out the coarsest of the

Although these and many other advantages exist here, yet there are some amongst us who are not satisfied, and are about to emigrate to the arid regions of Arizona; but I am unable thus far to learn their object. Surely it is not in quest of a hotter place than Bear Lake is in summer; 90 degrees in the shade is surely warm enough for anyone. If we have long winters, we have the more time to serve the Lord, and acquire knowledge. But no use moralizing; if paradise existed here with all its primitive beauty and loveliness, and was inhabited with our present race of humanity, some would be found desirous of leaving it simply for a change, and start for "fields and pastures new." It is a wise provision the Almighty has instilled into our minds, that our tastes differ in geographical location as well as in everything else. If it was otherwise, many places on this fair foot-stool would be uninhabited.

While those temporal blessings are so abundantly enjoyed by the Saints here; our spiritual blessings fully keep pace with them. At no time in the history of this valley have the people had more confidence in their leaders, nor felt more desirous of doing their duty, than at present. True, a few High Council trials have lately taken place, but the decisions have been rendered with such justice and impartiality, that almost invariably, all parties have been fully satisfied. The policy of the Presidency of the Stake is of that kind that is gradually and surely winning the hearts of the people. That policy is one that is strict without harshness; decisions when rendered, are carried out, but followed by kindness and encouragement. Correction or reproof is made when necessary, but it is invariably followed up with love and affection. By such a course, we realize that our leaders have the welfare of the whole people at heart, and they are becoming more endeared to us. And thus the work of God progresses, and the unity of the Saints is becoming more apparent every day.

On account of the small-pox in Montpelier, our May Conference was not held. The Presidency of the Stake wisely concluding that it was better to have no conference, than run the risk of spreading that direful scourge.

Elder Erastus Snow holds meeting with us to-morrow, at Paris, at 10 a. m., and Montpelier 4 p. m. Next Saturday and Sunday President Taylor and company are expected to attend our Conference, to which time we look forward with joyful anticipations for rich instructions. Yours respectfully,

TILLICUM.

Correspondence.

OVERTON, LINCOLN Co., Nevada, July 31, 1883.

Editor Deseret News:

In my communication to the DESERET NEWS (a voice from the Muddy). Overton was said to be 90 miles from the Colorado River. It is scarcely 30. I was at the river the other day and was surprised at its magnitude. Mr. Bonnell, who keeps a ferry at the mouth of the Virgin, (formerly Stone's Ferry), assured me the Colorado at his place was 610 yards wide, 63 feet deep in the channel with a rapid current at full stage of water which happens generally about the 20th of June, it will then compare favorably with the Missouri. The steamer made two trips to this point this season. Her principal business is to take salt to the Eldorado mines, some 75 miles below. She can only come at full tide and then it is hard work, but the going down is easily done in two and a half hours. This is a country of salt, not a mountain of salt only, but a range of salt mountains and much of it is as clear and pure as glass. Silver Reef is partly supplied from here; it is furnished at the mines for \$2.50 per ton and is mostly quarried by blasting.

Grain crops are not extra this year; hay and vegetables are good; barley is now selling at 3 cents, lucern hay at \$12 per ton. This stream called the Muddy is remarkable for its uniformity, remaining nearly the same all the year round. If the labor could be had to drain the tule swamps, this valley would be the granary of the south.

There is talk of a railroad, we wish it would come and so connect the Utah Southern with the A. and P. road beyond the Colorado. This

valley would be a great feeder and would develop into something worth seeing.

We celebrated the Nation's Birthday with spirit, and for the first time since the Saints vacated the place twelve years ago, outsiders were invited and most of the families were represented and some of them took part in the exercises. The bees of Deseret must of necessity swarm, and I see no reason why the young swarms could not just as well locate near the old hive, as to go a thousand miles away, here is land and water unoccupied. The best recommend I need give the Muddy Valley is that there are three men here that have traveled through most of Arizona in search of a home and have returned and bought at Overton. The sweet potato seems at home here, and grapes and fruit will do excellently. I know of no place on the continent that can beat this for grapes. The grapes are called Children of the Sun and here they get plenty of it. Timber is easily raised here. I have about 700 cottonwood trees growing, 500 of which I put out last March, mere sticks stuck in the ground, I put them out by plowing a ditch or ditches about 30 feet apart and put my cuttings six or eight feet apart in the drill by running a steel bar for some four feet deep in the bottom of the drills and then thrusting my slips down the hole thus made with the bar. I put out my grapevines the same way, though not so far apart. An acre of land is sufficient for 1,000 vines. I have just measured off my cottonwood trees grown from a mere stick not much larger than my thumb, put out in March last, the offshoot from which now measures 9 feet in length and a fraction less than two inches in diameter. For fish ponds this is a most excellent place on account of the steady flow of water.

J. W. CROSBY.

Mail Matters in American Fork.

It appears that we citizens of American Fork are to be continually in trouble relative to mail matters. Some eighteen months ago we had our postoffice robbed of something like one hundred and seventy dollars, and it was thought advisable by the postmaster-general, that the postoffice here should change hands; eventually it did so. A prominent merchant in this city was selected to hold the position of postmaster, and I have great pleasure in stating that the short time he held this position he fulfilled it much to the satisfaction of all persons concerned. But alas, for some reason unknown to the writer of this article, and I might say to the majority of the citizens here, he was thrown out of office to make room for a person that is, I am sorry to say, no more qualified for postmaster of American Fork than a child is to be President of the United States. Education must have been greatly neglected in his youth, as the following illustration will show. A person going to the office and inquiring for mail for James Jones would receive Adolphus Smith's, and vice versa. So you can plainly see where the deficiency is, and these are the mistakes we are daily subject to since this person has held the position of postmaster.

I would ask the people of American Fork, Mormon and Gentile, to investigate this matter and to refer the same to the postmaster-general at Washington, asking him to place some person better qualified for the position in our postoffice at American Fork.

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