

We are born into society, and we cannot escape from it. It is God's ordination, and the human soul is fitted and adapted for society, which is necessary for it. The law, then, upon which society rests and is organized, is a Divine law, and this fact should never be lost sight of. While the eye is directed heavenward, divine inspiration may possess his soul and develop to perfection the Father's attributes that are within him, and thereby add glory and majesty to Him who is the great designer and organizer of all created things.

TABERNACLE CONCERT.

The appearance presented by the interior of the Tabernacle Feb. 27, was sublime. The vast sea of human faces which overspread the lower part of the great auditorium was an inspiring spectacle. The great choir with its 320 or more members, arranged with perfect regularity, was something to gladden the heart of the music lover. It is estimated that nearly 5000 people were present at the concert. Electric lights in profusion gave the place a midday brightness. In addition to this, the bright paint and fresh Kalsomining gave the scene a gala aspect.

The concert opened with the march from "Norma". Evan Stephens held the baton, and Professor Daynes was at the organ. The march was rendered in magnificent style. How these great volumes of song rolled out, filling the immense building, and impressing the listeners with religious awe. There was hardly anything to equal it in the world. Even the choirs of the vast cathedrals of Rome and Paris could not surpass last night's performance in grandeur of melody and sublimity of song.

The second piece was a waltz, entitled "On the Waves," given by the Salt Lake Mandolin and Guitar Club. The members presented a handsome appearance. Their costume is both tasteful and picturesque. It would be difficult to find a finer looking body of young gentlemen composing a musical club, in any city in the United States. All this the vast audience appreciated, and when the waltz was rendered with perfect smoothness, it is little wonder that the club received a hearty and enthusiastic encore.

The duet "Youthful Hearts" was rendered by Mrs. Julia Silverwood and Miss Viola Pratt. It was received with enthusiasm. The author is Evan Stephens.

"Mother's Lullaby," another production of Evan Stephens, was rendered by the Cecelia Club. This was a leading treat of the occasion. The club consists of fifteen young ladies, all well-trained, musical, accomplished, and blessed with a profusion of good looks. Their performance created applause of the most earnest description.

The fifth piece on the programme was given by the string quintette, first violin, W. E. Weihe; second, A. Pederson; viola, A. Rordam; cello, J. Olsen; piano, H. S. Krouse. This performance rightfully earned an encore and got it.

The "Vales of Deseret," a glee by Evan Stephens, was rendered by the choir, quartette and organ. This was sublime. The words are full of poetry, and full of significance in a local way.

"The wife to the husband," another piece by Evan Stephens was given by Mrs. Maggie Hull. She sung it very charmingly. Her voice is clear, sweet and pleasant. This was followed by the "Ecstasy March" from the Mandolin Club.

Mrs. Lizzie Thomas-Edwards sung "Thy Name" with splendid effect. The violin solo by W. E. Weihe, was something in the line of music that sent the audience into raptures of delight. He was accompanied by Prof. Krouse. He responded to the encore, and added to his laurels.

Mrs. Agnes Olsen-Thomas gave a solo "Separation" with marked success.

The performance closed with "God of Israel" by Evan Stephens, when the vast audience filed its way out, to talk about the great musical treat it had, and to wish for a repetition of it in the near future.

"THE HAND OF GOD."

A few days ago a man was found dead here in the gutter, writes the Birmingham (Ala.) correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Even in death there was a mute look of terror in the bloodshot eyes, and the bloated face had grown pale and haggard at the coming of the grim destroyer. "Drink!" said the coroner's jury, but an old man who came and looked for a long time on the pale, dead face said, with a shudder, as he turned away: "It was the hand of God." This man who had died in the gutter was the last of a fated thirteen, and in the death of each and all of them the Christian will read the vengeance of an insulted Deity.

At the leading hotel in a southern city in the summer of 1855 thirteen men, wearing the uniform of Confederate officers, sat down to a dinner. Every man in the party belonged to a grand old southern family, and many of the names are illustrious in the history of the country. Every man was a cavalier. They were flowers of the old south, representatives of the chivalry of the sunny land, then enveloped in the gloom of defeat and despair. Every man there had been a gallant soldier in the confederate army. They had returned from the field of defeat to find their homes destroyed, their slaves free, their wealth gone and many of their nearest and dearest relatives and friends dead. The meeting at this hotel was a chance one, but talking over the situation in which they found themselves they resolved to forget the horrors of it and for awhile to drown their sorrows in drink. They sat down to dinner, and round after round of drinks was ordered. Soon the bloody scenes of war, the visions of ruined homes, were all forgotten. First they became merry, then reckless.

"Let us call this the last supper," suddenly exclaimed one of the party, and the suggestion met with instant approval. They might never meet again, so "the last supper" would be a fitting name for the feast where reason had fled. More drinks were ordered, every man filled his glass, the lights were turned low and the thirteen men declared themselves Christ and his

twelve apostles. A young man who had commanded a regiment acted the role of Christ and, for the occasion, each man assumed the name of one of the apostles. There was a wrangle as to who should impersonate Judas, but more drinks were ordered, and then a young lieutenant agreed to act the character of the betrayer of his Savior.

It was midnight, but peals of drunken laughter awoke the echoes in every nook and corner of the old house. Again and again the decanters were passed around, and the blasphemous mockery of the last supper went on. A Bible was called for, and the young officer who was impersonating the Savior turned to the New Testament and read aloud the solemn words of Christ. The reading was interrupted now and then by some coarse jest or ribald laughter, while expressions like "Judas, pass the bottle," would excite the mirth of the drunken men to a point that completely drowned the voice of the reader. At the proper point in the reading, bread was passed around, and the wine was represented by glasses filled to the brim with brandy.

"He that drinketh from the bottle with me shall betray me!" exclaimed the mock Christ in a tragic manner, and placing a decanter to his lips he swallowed a quantity of brandy, then passed it to Judas across the table. This was greeted with peals of laughter, and again the other mock apostles yelled: "Judas, pass the bottle!"

All night long this mockery went on, and when morning came the thirteen men were in a drunken stupor. It was several days before they all recovered from the effects of that night's debauchery. Then they separated. That supper had indeed been their last; they never met again.

From that night the vengeance of God followed those thirteen men. Everything they undertook failed. Apples of gold turned to Dead Sea fruit in their hands. One by one they went to the dogs, and every man of them met a horrible and disgraceful death. Repeated failure in business drove some of them to desperation and crime. One of them was lynched in Texas for murder. The young man who had impersonated Christ was drowned in the Brazos river while fleeing from a vigilance committee on a stolen horse and his body was never recovered. Another, while in a drunken stupor, was caught in a burning building and perished in the flames. One was stabbed to the heart by a woman he had betrayed, and still another was murdered in a low brothel in a Western city. So far as can be learned, not one of them ever received Christian burial, and their graves are unmarked and unknown. The man who died in the gutter and was buried in the potter's field was the last of the thirteen.

TOPEKA, March 2 — The house passed the senate Alien Land Ownership bill. It provides that non-resident aliens shall not be allowed to acquire or hold lands. Lands not disposed of within seven years will revert to the State. The conference report on the Graub Seed bill, providing a State loan of \$60,000 worth of seed to the destitute farmers, was adopted.