

January 22  
1920

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

# MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

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*"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it"* (PROVERBS 22: 6).

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No. 4, Vol. LXXXII.

Thursday, January 22, 1920.

Price One Penny.

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## IN THE WAKE OF THE CHURCH.

THE HILL CUMORAH.

NEW YORK is a great city, with its down-town streets filled with stages, elevated railways, drays, mail wagons, hospital vans and elegant equipages, nervously striving to thread a way through those throbbing veins of commerce; and its down-town sidewalks, packed with a jostling, hurrying multitude of men from every clime of the world, and from every walk of life. A thousand phases of existence crowd and push you as you seek your way along the lower streets of New York. Up town, where commerce has not made extensive inroads, we find the brown-stone and marble palaces of the wealthy; here the elegant carriage replaces the ponderous dray, and instead of the greasy clothes and broad hand of the porter, we see the tall hat and the broadcloth suit, the patent leather shoes and the black kids of the social men of leisure.

Taking a New York Central train at the Grand Central depot, you are sped along through the tunnels that lead under the streets for several miles, and finally emerge into the open country in the vicinity of Harlem. The Dutch names, that cling to the towns, rivers and mountains of the Hudson Valley, recall the old days of Knickerbockers, and the pleasant old Dutch traditions of this region, which Washington Irving has invested with so much interest.

There is Spuyten Duyvil, recently the scene of a heartrending railway accident, and Sleepy Hollow, and the Palisades, and the pretty mountains of the Highlands, some of which, as the Don-derberg, Crow Nest, Anthony's Nose and Storm King, are familiar in name to every boy in the land. Then there is Sing Sing, with its suggested thoughts of a very different nature, and Tarrytown, King's Ferry and West Point, associated in memory with the black conspiracy of Benedict Arnold—and Stony Point, the scene of General Anthony Wayne's brilliant achievement at a

time when the days of the Patriots were darkest—and Sunnyside, the home of Irving, and Idlewild, farther up, the picturesque residence of the poet Willis. Then, as the flying train speeds us along towards Albany, we see dimly outlined against the evening sky, the blue crests of the Catskills. As the evening shadows gather, and the mountains become wrapped in a purple and obscuring haze, it is no difficult matter to people anew these twilight hills and dales with the shadowy forms of Rip Van Winkle's days. Leaning back upon the seat, with your eyes buried in the blue, shadowy depths of these mountains, rising up abruptly from the general level of the country across the river, Rip and his warlike sponse, Dame Van Winkle, and Nicholas Vedder and the demons of the mountains live again.

Nor is the interest, which one finds in this beautiful river and its historic banks, due alone to the fascinations of the past—to-day we see its broad surface dotted with every kind of craft known to commerce. The heavy, towing steamer, or the nervous tug, ploughs its way laboriously along, pulling a peopled village of canal boats—the palace steamboat, plying between New York and Albany, with streamers and flags flying, and crowded decks, skims along at the rate of twenty-three miles an hour—and then the sailing craft, depending upon the wind and tide for their progress, either creep lazily along the placid river if the wind be gentle, or plough their way speedily through the white-capped waves if a strong breeze blows down the valley.

Albany reached, you are at the head of navigation, and the Hudson has become a much smaller and less imposing stream than when it cut its broad way through the Highlands, or widened out to two miles at Tappan Zee. It is difficult to leave the beautiful Hudson, its verdure-covered banks and nestling towns; you know it has often been called the Rhine of America, but of late years the Rhine has been awarded the second place in beauty, and is itself called the Hudson of Europe. Taking the train at Albany, about nine a.m. for the West, my friend and myself found ourselves at Palmyra at three in the afternoon. The town, which is about the size of Logan, is situated south of the station, just across a small stream; the Erie canal runs near by. Near the station house, and a little to the north and east of it, are an inn and livery stable, both often patronized by members of our Church who have visited the Hill Cumorah. The proprietor's name is Quaife, and in him you will find a gentleman willing to accommodate you and desirous of imparting whatever information he has regarding the object of your visit. His charges are very moderate, indeed they seem ridiculously small to a Western person. Upon asking him what our bill was, after using one of his bnggies for several hours, and taking supper at his table, he remarked: "Well, I don't suppose two-and-a-half would be too much."

To find the Hill Cumorah we were directed to cross the stream

and canal, turn to the right, or west, continue down the main street until a street-crossing was reached, each of whose four corners contained a church; then by turning to the south we would be on the Canandaigua road, which, leads to the "Mormon" or "Golden Bible" hill.

Before taking this road, however, we visited the home of Major John H. Gilbert, a former printer in the establishment of Mr. Grandin, the first publisher of the Book of Mormon. Major Gilbert, who is now some eighty-five years old, claims to have set up by far the greater portion of type for the Book of Mormon. It was very interesting to listen to the conversation of this old gentleman, who had met, in the first days of the Church, those who were called to bring it forth. He describes how the manuscript was brought down to the office in the morning, and taken away at night each day, just enough for the day's work. An unbound copy of the book still in his possession draws you closer to those now distant events. Glad to have met the old gentleman, we bade him goodbye, with a wish that his older years might prove the best, and sought the Canandaigua road.

We were informed that the object of our visit lay about three miles down this road—that it was on the left side, and was by far the most commanding hill in the vicinity. However, after traveling a couple of miles, we were in doubt as to several hills which rose in more or less prominence on our left. It is a geological feature of this country that long ridges gradually rise from the general level, becoming higher as you go from south to north, until they end abruptly in an elevated hill; this feature is seen in the Hill Cumorah, and is repeated in every other ridge in the vicinity. But since there was doubt in our minds as to several of these abrupt points, we concluded to go on until we found a hill which would impress us as the one we sought. And so, upon reaching the summit of a swell, we saw lying before us a commanding eminence, which struck us at once as the station of Moroni in the great slaughter of the fifth century. Upon inquiry it proved to be so. It is at its north extremity without any verdure larger than the natural weeds, flowers, and grasses, except a solitary tree on the left declivity, about a third of the distance down. It impresses you at once with its baldness and sharpness—indeed, it is so sharp you are astonished that its ridge has not been worn away by the incessant action of the elements.

Just before reaching the hill a gate opens in the fence, to a road cut partly from the face of the hill, which leads to a house at the eastern foot—a wire fence cuts across the west slope near the foot. When you have made the ascent, there is stretched before you a view which is unsurpassed in loveliness and interest. Its beauty consists of level plains crossed by wooded ridges, and growing crops freshened by a shower just over, and seen in all the varied hues with which nature in her prolixity is capable of dressing her

favored spots. Never was there a fresher or more sparkling green, and never such a mellow, golden sea of ripening grain—and the sky was filled with patches of white clouds that chased each other across the blue background, throwing deep shadows in the fields below, which, following their principals above, were romping over the fields and up and down the ridges. We were indeed favored with a delightful day—it was, moreover, a June day, and June is Queen Nature's month.

The hill is so situated that a greater stretch of country can be seen from its crest than from any point for miles around. There seem to be a combination of openings between the ridges, which give the vision a wider sweep. My companion, a person of considerable military training and instinct, exclaimed: "In my view, this location is a strong evidence of the truth of the Book of Mormon—I have never seen a more natural battlefield!" And so it impresses you. Look to the west, there is a broad plain, surrounded by slopes and ridges—natural positions of strength, from which an army could either make or receive an attack. Of course, there are no evidences at present of where the plates came from. As described, they were buried near the top on the west side, and not far from the point; so, farther than an approximate location, you know nothing. A look at the hill discloses the facts that it gradually lessens in altitude, becomes timbered as you go south, and finally, at a half mile from the point, loses itself in the general but somewhat elevated level of that vicinity.

I presume no Latter-day Saint has ever visited the Hill Cumorah but that he felt impressed to thank God for the principles which came forth from it.

In returning to Palmyra, we turned off to visit the house occupied by the Smith family in the days of the first revelations to the Prophet Joseph. The place is a half mile west of the Canandaigua road and two miles south of the town; I have forgotten the names of the present owners. Upon knocking at the door, a young lady, evidently of better education than the majority of her rustic neighbors, appeared, and in answer to an inquiry stated that the rear two rooms of the house were a portion of the Smith residence, and asked if we wished to view them. We found them well preserved, the wood-work and floor being the same that were there in the first quarter of the century. The ceilings were not high. In the vicinity were several extensive patches of woods, one of which was doubtless the scene of the supplications of the boy Joseph. We asked if there were any relics of the Smiths around the premises, and the young lady said so far as she knew there was nothing except a couple of cannon balls, found some years ago when digging the foundation for the new part of the house; one of these they had given to Judge Richards, of Ogden. She could offer no suggestion as to their former use. To many of our "exposers" these revolutionary relics

would furnish unanswerable proof that the Smith family were incorrigible "sheep stealers."

While passing through the town on our return, the old building occupied by Mr. Grandin, where he published the Book of Mormon, was pointed out to us. Having paid the landlord, we took the express train for the west—Kirtland being our next destination.

RICHARD W. YOUNG.

### BEDFORD AND BUNYAN.

I HAD long desired to visit Bedford and Elstow—the scenes of the remarkable life and wondrous labor of John Bunyan—author of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The opportunity came upon the return journey from attending a conference at Norwich. I had stopped on the way between trains, at Cambridge, having two or three hours there. While hastily viewing the colleges and other places of interest in that famous university town, I found myself in the little church of the Holy Sepulchre, and was spoken to by a gentleman, whom I supposed was the custodian, but was soon corrected; as his wife came up to us, and he had just made the remark that I appeared interested in old churches. I told him that I was, and always visited them when traveling abroad, as, of course, we had no very old ones in America. He warmed up when he learned that I was an American, and listened, as the lady did also, with apparent interest as I discoursed upon some of the things all Americans love to boast about. Presently he said, in so unctuous a manner as to disclose his own religious connection: "I take you, dear sir, to be a Methodist." "Oh, no," I replied, "I'm a Mormon." "God bless us! You don't mean it." And they both fell back startled, gazing with round eyes of incredulity upon me for a full minute or more. Then he recovered speech, and, with his better half clinging to his arm, ventured the assertion that "the Mormons have six wives." "Oh, yes," I said, "many more than that. I suppose, in the population of half a million, there might be at least a hundred and twenty thousand married men, each having a wife." "But Brigham Young had more than one wife. They say he had forty. I'm sure mine would not let me have that many, or even six. Would you, dear?" She looked rather simple, I thought, if not alarmed, and to ease her apprehension I said: "Of course not. But you see you are not so great a man as Brigham Young was, and while he hadn't forty wives, those he did have felt very great confidence in him, and they were very congenial and sociable among themselves. I knew them all, and they were very fine women, as your lady is; and he was a very lovable man, not only to women, but to children, and men who knew him also loved him. He was greatly admired and loved in life, and deeply mourned when he died, more than forty years ago. You know times have changed since then, and for the past

thirty years the Mormons have forbidden polygamy among them; so that it is becoming a tradition to be read about, as you read about Abraham and the Bible patriarchs, who had many wives, and into whose bosoms you Methodists and other religious people hope to go when you die." He turned to his wife and said: "Did you think we should ever hear anything like that? Where are you going, sir, from here?" I said that I was returning to Liverpool, but should like to go to Bedford. He told me that was his native town, and urged me to do so, and how to get about and what to see, and we parted quite friendly. And so I took the train on to Bedford and spent half a day there, and at Elstow village.

The county town is very pretty, located in a broad meadow, on the Ouse, which is wide and navigable, and fronted now with a fine esplanade; and many small pleasure boats, both power and sculling, ply its waters. The splendid stone bridge, which spans the river in five arches replaced the old one upon which stood the town jail, in which Bunyan was imprisoned and wrote a part of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The streets are clean and well-paved, many beautiful trees are grown along them, and in the large park. It is one of the very ancient towns of Britain. A battle between the Saxons and Britons was fought there A. D. 571. The Danes burnt it down A. D. 1010. And its old castle, of which nothing now remains, was mentioned frequently as an object of attack and defense in the various wars. But the chief celebrity of Bedford comes from its connection with the name of Bunyan.

John Bunyan was born in the village of Elstow, four miles from Bedford, in November, 1628, descended from a well-known lineage of brewers and bakers, and small tradesmen that had lived there since the twelfth century. In his sixteenth year, his mother and sister died, and he was impressed into the army and served a few months, until the battle of Naseby, A. D. 1645, ended the civil war. In 1649, he married a lady of no fortune, upon which he has written saying, "This woman and I came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both." She, however, brought him two books, which her father gave her, "Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "Practice of Piety." These they read together and with good effect on Bunyan, who was considerable of a roysterer, given to much profanity in his youth. But while living in the cottage at Elstow, and from the birth of his child, born blind, he began to study and give himself to the deep religious reflections, and to pass through the spiritual experiences he describes so vividly in *Grace Abounding*, his most personal work and second only in merit to *Pilgrim's Progress*. The little cottage, which stands in the one street of the village, has this inscription over the door, "John Bunyan was born in this parish, 1628, not far from this spot, and lived in this cottage after his marriage, 1649." I was shown over the premises

by Mrs. Cherry, who has lived there for fifty years, as its caretaker. It is owned by Squire Whitbred, of Houthill Park. There are but two rooms and two bedchambers overhead. Passing down the street, we soon came to the famous Moot Hall, shown us by Mrs. Bawler, the holder of the keys, which was the scene of many a revelry in his youthful life, for it was the social center, and of his earlier preaching. He rose so rapidly as a preacher, however, that he was soon called to the nonconformist pulpits of Elstow and the neighboring village churches, and by 1660 had an established reputation. He had begun his pamphleteering campaign in opposition to the Quakers, and became so conspicuous in his independent religious notions that he brought down upon him the powers of the regular church establishment, was apprehended, tried, and sent to jail; from which he only emerged upon the passing of the Declaration of Indulgence, after twelve long years. When released, he was at once installed as pastor of the church at Bedford, and preached there for three years, when the Act of Indulgence was repealed and he was again imprisoned, this time for six months, in the town jail on Bedford bridge, where he began to write *Pilgrim's Progress*. The most of his other works were composed during his long confinement in the other jail.

The barred door of the bridge jail is one of the interesting relics preserved in the modern memorial church. There is another of these doors in existence, and I met its owner, a nephew of the chief town stationer, who introduced me. He says that he has proofs of its genuineness, and is willing to sell it to an American museum if he can get a moderate price for it. It looks enough like the one in the church to be its fellow. Near the Memorial Church, and under the same charge, that of a family named Rogers, is the Bunyan Institute. In it are many relics of the illustrious author; among them the chair in which he sat; a cabinet of various instruments of use and amusement; many manuscripts and early editions of his works, his will and other autographic papers. There are also several of the works published against him, the curious title page of one I took pains to copy: "Dirt Wipt Off: or a manifest discovery of the gross ignorance, erroneous and most unchristian and wicked spirit of one John Bunyan, lay preacher in Bedford, which he hath shown in a vile pamphlet publisht by him against the design of Christianity. Written for the disabusing of those poor deluded people that are followers of him, etc., II. Peter 2: 12, Prov. 18: 6, 7, London, MDCLXXII."

The artistic glory of Bedford is the splendid bronze statue of Bunyan, of which one famous description says: "It had eyes that lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand. The law of truth was written upon his lips. It stood as if it pleaded with men."

DE VALVO,

THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1920.

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**EDITORIAL:**

**GENERAL RICHARD W. YOUNG.**

THE Salt Lake papers of December 28th, 1919, bring us the sad intelligence of the death of Brigadier-General Richard W. Young, who succumbed to peritonitis after an operation for appendicitis, on the 27th of December. He was sixty-one years of age, and had made a brilliant record throughout his life. He was born in Salt Lake City, the son of Joseph A. Young and Margaret Whitehead, being his mother's only child, and she idolized him. In boyhood he was the most intimate companion of President Heber J. Grant, who was his mother's only son also; and these two mothers were devotion itself to these two boys, and implanted in them, from babyhood, the great fundamental principles upon which their fine characters were built; and a love and confidence in each other, that held them bound in the finest intimacy of thought and feeling, faith and effort, through all the years of childhood, youth, and mature manhood.

General Young was educated under the tuition of Professors Maeser, Riggs, and Dr. Park, until he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, when twenty years old. He graduated high in the class of 1882, and was assigned to the artillery service. He rose in rank and reputation from the start, and had the confidence and respect of his superior officers. While at duty on the staff of General Hancock, in New York, he studied law at the Columbia University, and was admitted to practice in all the United States courts. He left the regular army after seven years' service, returning to his native city, where he made his home, with his wife—the daughter of Elder Henry P. Richards—and family of nine children, all of whom survive him.

He was active in civil life, serving in the city council, in the board of education, and was a prominent member of the democratic party, receiving its nomination for the office of justice of the Supreme Court. He was chairman of the Code Commission which prepared and published the Revised Statutes of Utah, and he was the author of an important work, still highly regarded by the United States army, upon the use of the military in the suppression of mobs.

For a time he was manager of the *Salt Lake Herald*, a daily newspaper, and was connected with the publication of *The Contributor*, for whose pages he contributed many articles of real value and interest.

Upon the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, he was at once enlisted and given command of the Utah Light Artillery, which attained the highest distinction in the Philippines. He was given the Congressional medal of honor for this service. He remained there after the war, as chief judge of the criminal branch of the Supreme Court at Manila, for some time, and codified the new laws of that territory. Resigning this office, he returned home to his law practice and to places of high honor in the community. He was regent of the University of Utah, a trustee of the Brigham Young University, president of the National Irrigation Congress, and held other offices of trust and responsibility.

He was chosen in 1904 to be the president of the Ensign Stake of Zion, and held this high office in the Church until he died. He was a handsome man in face and figure; a most competent executive, and forceful, lucid speaker; exemplary in his habits and manners, winning the love, admiration and confidence of the saints, over whom he presided with strict fidelity and earnest zeal.

When America entered the great world war, he was at once commissioned Colonel of the 1st Utah Field Artillery, and given command of the regiment. While in training in California, he was promoted to the Brigadier-generalship and appointed to command the 65th Field Artillery Brigade, with which he went to France in 1918, serving there until the end of the war, November 11th, 1918. Upon returning home, he was finally mustered out of the military service, in March 1919.

In religious, social, civil and military life he was a square, straight man, admired by all, greatly loved by his intimates, adored by his family. He will be missed and mourned, but he has gone to that glorious labor beyond the veil of mortal life, for which he qualified in this, and was commissioned by the divine authority of the holy priesthood of God. We think we can ill afford to lose such men in the virility of their earthly lives. We can only be reconciled to the separation from them by the conviction that our Supreme Head needs them, in other and more important fields of labor, where their services are required.

As a memento and slight tribute of respect to the memory of our beloved brother, and in appreciation of his valued service, at the time he prepared the matter for *The Contributor*, which we were then editing in 1883, we begin in this number of the *Millennial Star*, the republication of a series of five articles under the title, "In the Wake of the Church." These are descriptive of an interesting journey he made from New York to Salt Lake City, during a furlough from military duty; and in which he visited the Hill Cumorah, Kirtland, Nauvoo, Carthage and Independence, to each of which places he devotes a chapter. We feel confident that the readers of the *Star* will enjoy these beautifully written articles, which are characteristic of his keen, intelligent observa-

tion of places, men and things, upon which he brightly comments, with the keen wit and good-natured satire that all who knew him will forever remember.

J. F. W.

## UPON TRAINING CHILDREN.

BY ELDER ORSON PRATT.

LET that man who intends to become a husband, seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and learn to govern himself, according to the law of God; for he that cannot govern himself cannot govern others. Let him dedicate his property, his talents, his time, and even his life to the service of God, holding all things at His disposal, to do with the same, according as He shall direct through the counsel that He has ordained. In selecting a companion, let him look not wholly at the beauty of the countenance, or the splendor of the apparel, or the great fortune, or the artful smiles, or the affected modesty of females; for all these, without the genuine virtues, are like the dew-drops which glitter for a moment in the sun and dazzle the eye, but soon vanish away. But let him look for a kind, amiable disposition; for unaffected modesty; for industrious habits; for sterling virtue; for honesty, integrity, and truthfulness; for cleanliness in person, in apparel, in cooking, and in every kind of domestic labor; for cheerfulness, patience, and stability of character; and above all, for genuine religion to control and govern her every thought and deed.

You should remember that harsh expressions against your wife, used in the hearing of others, will more deeply wound her feelings than if she alone heard them. Reproofs that are timely and otherwise good, may lose their good effect by being administered in the wrong spirit; indeed, they will most probably increase the evils which they are intended to remedy. Do not find fault with every trifling error that you may see, for this will discourage your family, and they will begin to think that it is impossible to please you; and, after a while, they will become indifferent as to whether they please you or not. How unhappy and extremely wretched is that family where nothing pleases—where scolding has become almost as natural as breathing.

Let each mother commence with her children when young, not only to teach and instruct them, but to chasten and bring them into the most perfect subjection; for then is the time that they are the most easily conquered, and their tender minds are the most susceptible of influences and government. Many mothers from carelessness, neglect their children, and only attempt to govern them at long intervals, when they most generally find their efforts of no lasting benefit; for the children having been

accustomed to having their own way, do not easily yield; and if peradventure they do yield, it is only for the time being, until the mother relaxes again into carelessness when they return again to their accustomed habits; and thus by habit they become more and more confirmed in disobedience, waxing worse and worse, until the mother becomes discouraged and relinquishes all discipline, and complains that she cannot make her children mind. The fault is not so much in the children, as in the carelessness and neglect of the mother when the children were young. It is she that must answer, in a degree, for the evil habits and disobedience of the children. She is more directly responsible than the father; for it cannot be expected that the father can always find time, apart from the laborious duties required of him, to correct and manage his little children who are at home with their mother.

\* \* \* Children between one and two years of age are capable of being made to understand many things; then is the time to begin with them. How often we see children of that age manifest much anger. Frequently by crying through anger, they that are otherwise healthy, injure themselves. It is far better in such instances, for a mother to correct her child in a gentle manner, though with decision and firmness, until she conquers it, and causes it to cease crying, than to suffer that habit to increase. When the child by gentle punishment has learned this one lesson from its mother, it is much more easily conquered and brought into subjection in other things, until finally, by a little perseverance on the part of the mother, it learns to be obedient to her voice in all things; and obedience becomes confirmed into a permanent habit. \* \* \*

Do not correct children in anger. An angry parent is not as well prepared to judge of the amount of punishment which should be inflicted upon a child, as one that is more cool and exercised with reflection, reason and judgment. Let your children see that you punish them, not to gratify an angry disposition, but to reform them for their good, and it will have a salutary influence. They will not look upon you as a tyrant, swayed to and fro by turbulent and furious passions; but they will regard you as one that seeks their welfare, and that you only chasten them because you love them, and wish them to do well. Be deliberate and calm in your counsels and reproofs, but at the same time, use earnestness and decision. Let your children know that your words must be respected and obeyed.

Never deceive your children by threatenings or promises. Be careful not to threaten them with a punishment which you have no intention of inflicting, for this will cause them to lose confidence in your word; besides, it will cause them to contract the habit of lying. When they perceive that their parents do not fulfil their threatenings or promises, they will consider that there is no harm in forfeiting their word. Think not that your precepts

concerning truthfulness will have much weight upon the minds of your children, when they are contradicted, by your examples. Be careful to fulfil your word in all things in righteousness and your children will not only learn to be truthful from your example, but they will fear to disobey your word, knowing that you never fail to punish or reward according to your threatenings and promises. Let your laws, penalties and rewards be founded upon the principles of justice and mercy, and adapted to the capacities of your children; for this is the way that our heavenly Father governs His children, giving to some a Celestial, to others a Terrestrial, and to others still a Telestial law, with penalties and promises annexed according to the conditions, circumstances and capacities of the individuals to be governed. Seek for wisdom, and pattern after the heavenly order of government.

Do not be so stern and rigid in your family government as to render yourself an object of fear and dread. There are parents who only render themselves conspicuous in the attribute of justice, while mercy and love are scarcely known in their families. Justice should be tempered with mercy, and love should be the great moving principle, interweaving itself in all your family administrations. When justice alone sits upon the throne, your children approach you with dread, or peradventure hide themselves from your presence and long for your absence that they may be relieved from their fear. At the sound of your approaching footsteps they flee as from an enemy, and tremble at your voice, and shrink from the gaze of your countenance, as though they expected some terrible punishment to be inflicted upon them. Be familiar with your children that they may delight themselves in your society, and look upon you as a kind and tender parent whom they delight to obey. Obedience inspired by love, and obedience inspired by fear, are entirely different in their nature. The former will be permanent and enduring, while the latter only waits to have the object of fear removed, and it vanishes like a dream. Govern children as parents, and not as tyrants; for they will be parents in their turn and will be very likely to adopt that form of government in which they have been educated. If you have been tyrants, they may be influenced to pattern after your example. If you are fretful and continually scolding, they will be very apt to be scolds too. If you are loving, kind and merciful, these benign influences will be very certain to infuse themselves into their order of family government; and thus good and bad influences frequently extend themselves down for many generations and ages. How great, how fearful the consequences of bad examples! Let love, therefore, predominate and control you, and your children will be sure to discover it, and will love you in return.

Let each mother teach her children to honor their father, and to respect his teachings and counsels. How frequently it is the

case when fathers undertake to correct their children, mothers will interfere in the presence of the children. This has a very evil tendency in many respects. First, it destroys the oneness of feeling which should exist between husband and wife; secondly, it weakens the confidence of the children in the father, and emboldens them to disobedience; thirdly, it creates strife and discord; and lastly, it is rebelling against the order of family government established by divine wisdom. If the mother supposes the father too severe, let her not mention this in the presence of the children, but she can express her feelings to him while alone by themselves, and thus the children will not see any division between them. For husbands and wives to be disagreed, and to contend, and quarrel, is a great evil; and to do these things in the presence of their children is a still greater evil. Therefore, if husband and wife will quarrel and destroy their own happiness, let them have pity upon their children, and not destroy them by their pernicious examples.

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### THE USES OF RÖNTGEN RAYS.

THE exhibition of Prints taken by the Röntgen Rays at the rooms of the Royal Photographic Society, shows wonders that are not familiar, and novel applications of radiography. It is not many years since it became possible to reveal the structure of bones through their mantle of flesh and skin. One print shows the first radiograph of the human hand, taken in London on January 13th, 1896. Since then, the days of "exploratory incisions" and painful manipulations and probings have ceased. The surgeon diagnoses his case and decides on his plan of attack by elaborate photographic studies, made without inconvenience to the patient. The nature of fractures, the presence of gall-stones, of new growths, of bullets or other foreign bodies, can be ascertained with exactness long before the knife is used. But there are many curious and less well known applications of the method. Defects in the welding of metals, invisible to other tests, become apparent in the X-ray prints, and castings that have been passed by the most careful inspectors show bubbles that might have caused disaster. Identification by means of finger-prints has become easier and more certain by a new process. The thumb or finger is cleansed with alcohol, and an opaque paste is rubbed in. The X-ray photograph then shows every marking, so clearly that it can be enlarged without losing definition. Comparative anatomists and botanists are now able to examine the internal structure of specimens so rare that they must not be spoiled by dissection. Perhaps the most astonishing application is that being developed by Dr. Heilbronn, of Amsterdam. By subjecting oil-paintings to the rays, he is able to detect the presence of later additions im-

posed upon the work of the original artist. This suggests that there is a great field for the reinvestigation of palimpsests and of ancient manuscripts, hitherto regarded as carrying only their face value. Under the trivial inscriptions of medieval monks there may be revealed older matter of priceless worth.—*Times*.

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### FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

**Wedding.**—Brother George E. Southgate and Sister Agnes Blyth (lady missionary) were married December 24th, 1919, at Norwich.

**Prize Distribution.**—On Tuesday, January 4th, 1920, the annual prize distribution of the Sunday-school of the Hanley branch of the Manchester conference was held, an appreciative program being rendered by the scholars.

**Reorganization.**—The North London Mutual Improvement Association was reorganized on Tuesday, December 16th, 1919. Arthur R. T. Phillips, president; James H. Bradley and Albert E. Spencer, assistants; Thomas F. Hawkes, secretary and treasurer.

**Baptisms.**—On Sunday, January 4th, 1920, a baptismal service was held at Handsworth, Birmingham. Six souls were baptized. Elder Charles C. Edwards officiated. President John M. Joseph gave an interesting talk on baptism, after which an excellent fast-meeting was held, and the converts confirmed.

**New Meeting Hall.**—The saints in the South Shields branch, Newcastle conference, had been without a meeting-room since the end of August, 1919. They have at last been successful in procuring one: "The Labor Hall," Berrington Street, Market Place, South Shields. We hope now that the saints and strangers will come up in numbers, as they have done before, to worship in spirit and in truth.

**Branch Conference.**—On Sunday, January 4th, 1920, a branch conference was held in Leeds. President Leonard H. Whipple, of the Leeds conference, and Elder Junius F. Wells, of the Liverpool office, were in attendance. Two services were held. At the evening service the branch presidency was reorganized. A vote of thanks was given to the retiring officers, and Brother Harry Greenall was sustained as president of the branch, with Brothers Samuel Mitchell and Ernest Shepherd as counselors. President Whipple and Elder Wells were the speakers. There was a full attendance, and a most pleasant spirit prevailed throughout the day. At 12:45 p.m. a priesthood meeting was held, and some very valuable instructions were given by Elder Wells, which were highly appreciated.

**A Sunday School Convention.**—A convention of the London conference Sunday schools was held at Deseret, Sunday, December 14th, 1919. President James Gunn McKay presiding. Nine schools were well represented. Prayer was offered by Superintendent Norman Smith (Watford). A splendid discussion was had on Sunday-school problems, such as the duty and responsibility of each officer, and every detail of the "order of business," for conducting the school properly. All were impressed with the necessity of attention to detail work, and in being exemplary and true leaders. Sister Anna O. McKay spoke on the "physical, intellectual and spiritual preparation of a successful class teacher." It was voted to hold regular "prayer meetings" and "officers and teachers preparation meetings." Closing prayer, Superintendent William J. Carey (Croydon).

**Socials.**—On Saturday, December 13th, 1919, a tea and concert was given in the Clayton branch, to raise means to give the Sunday-school children a good time on Christmas. Their efforts were crowned with great success, for they realized £6 8s. The hall was filled so that many had to stand, but they mingled together and thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

The annual prize distribution in connection with the Dublin branch Sunday-school was recently held at 15a Wicklow Street, presided over by President Benjamin R. Birchall. A musical program was rendered, in which the scholars took part. Refreshments were served to all during the evening, by the sisters of the Relief Society. An address was given by Elder Fred. Baker, superintendent of the Sunday-school. After the distribution of the prizes various games were indulged in by all present.

On Christmas eve the Airdrie branch of the Scottish conference arranged a splendid social. It was very successful. Tables were spread with delicious refreshments, and the large gathering thoroughly enjoyed themselves, taking part in the different forms of entertainment.

New Year's day brought with it the Glasgow branch's annual social. The afternoon was used for the pleasure of the Sunday-school children. During the time of their amusements and refreshments, Santa Claus appeared before the children and presented prizes of merit to each of them. This afforded the children high glee. The evening's entertainment was well arranged. It was the occasion when the Scotch runs true. Between three and four hundred people enjoyed themselves immensely, with the effort of the branch and Relief Society authorities.

January 3rd, 1920, at five o'clock, a successful entertainment was given the Sunday-school of the Handsworth branch, Birmingham conference. The hall was decorated for the occasion, and tables were spread with dainties. More than one hundred were seated at the tables, for a large number of investigators and

parents were present. The evening was spent in folk-lore games, and in songs and recitations by the children.

January 1st, 1920, the M. I. A., at Norwich, gave a social. During the evening the Sunday-school children were presented with small gifts from the Christmas tree. Refreshments were served. The children played "Dick Whittington."

Thursday, January 4th, 1920, the Sunday-school of the Norwich branch had a very successful party. Games were played, after which refreshments were served.

The saints of the Hanley branch, Manchester conference, held a successful social on New Year's eve, at the home of Branch President Thomas Kirkham. The saints, at the close of a musical evening, sat down to a hot supper, when the usual greetings were exchanged.

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### FRIENDSHIP.

Not in the pomp of circumstance and power,  
 Nor where ambition, vaunting, leads its way;  
 Not in the turmoil of the battle hour  
 Where men, like beasts, their brutal traits display.

Nor yet where adulation, smirking bends,  
 Where fashion leads and parasites abound;  
 But in the quiet circle of our friends,  
 Therein, alone, true pleasure can be found.

For life is brief at best, 'tis here, 'tis gone.  
 And hurtling goes the world unheeding by;  
 But friendship's sacred test ontlives the sun,  
 It laughs Death into shame; it cannot die.

LON J. HADDOCK.

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### DIED.

BEVAN.—December 11th, 1919, Martha Jane Atkinson Bevan; born August 20th, 1866. A memorial service was held at 88 Clarendon Road, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester.

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EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, 295 EDGE LANE

LIVERPOOL:

FOR SALE IN ALL THE CONFERENCES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF  
 LATTER-DAY SAINTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.