

ance in a room where were about eighty pupils and two teachers. Studying aloud was in full fashion, and two large spelling classes were on the floor at once, each endeavoring to outshout the other and so be heard. The three trustees were also on hand that day, and as a conclusion were asked to speak; but they, turning to me, desired that I would first utter myself, which I then proceeded to do modestly and with brevity. The impression made, however, seemed to be profound, for following my attempt, all the elders did was to endorse every word with greatest unction, each in turn urging the children to diligently heed my counsel so sage and pious, and closing with the phrases with which their kind always end their exhortations in the preaching meetings: "And that you may *do* this is *my* prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen." With such ungrudging encomiums from the priesthood, why should I not go on my way with rejoicing?

After the teachers had wrought their invaluable preliminary work, the ministers must follow with such other instrumentalities as belong to their calling. But, indeed, *hæc labor, hoc opus est*. It is more than doubtful if the world contains a field stonier or more desert as touching gatherings for preaching and prayer. The prejudice against Gentiles in general, but clergymen in particular, is deep-seated, and amounts often to mania and hysterics. Hypocrites and villains they are declared to be. And the commonest mode of procedure is to let them alone, give them a wide berth, suffer them to preach to empty walls. One minister of excellent parts and whole-hearted devotion informed me that for three and a half mortal years he had held a service every Sabbath, and never with so many as five auditors, himself included! Somehow, this seemed perilously near to a waste of time and nerve force, or at least an experience to be avoided, if possible. Was there not room here for strategy, for a flank movement upon the enemy at a point where he was unprepared to resist? Searching through my armory for suitable engineering, I hit upon "Fun and its Philosophy," a lecture prepared for the ears of college students. Surely, nostrils so sensitive as to snuff heresy here, and with such a theme what possible mischief could be wrought to Zion! It did appear somewhat remote from the New Testament; but if a room could be filled with Mormons, and indifference or inveterate dislike could be forgotten for an hour in hearty and innocent laughter, it would be a substantial gain. The first trial was made in the most barren and desert corner to be found. Six was the hour for opening, but by five the room was crowded to the aisles and platform, all men and boys, not a female face visible. It was a rough-looking mass, unshorn, unkempt, and clad in homespun. However, it soon became evident that good-nature abounded, for the response to the humorous stories was all that could be desired. Except that several gray-beards maintained a grave and solemn countenance, who were on guard that night, so that for them smiles even would be altogether unbecoming. But alas! the stress was too much for weak human nature.