

catechism, evidently for my benefit, and I was glad he did, for it opened up some of the vital points of Mormonism.

*When may a Mormon child be baptized?*  
At eight years of age.  
*How many of you have been baptized?*  
(About two-thirds of the hands were raised.)

*What is a child baptized for?*  
For the remission of sins.  
Yes, that is right. There are those who sprinkle little babies and call it baptism.  
*Have they ever sinned so as to need it?*  
No, sir.

No, little babies have not sinned but are pure and innocent. But when they get to be eight years old they do some little things that are wrong, and need to be baptized to make them pure again.

*May a child who has been baptized partake of the Sacrament?*  
Yes, sir.

*May a child partake of the Sacrament before he is eight years old, and has been baptized?*

Yes, sir.  
Yes, for then they have no sin.  
*Do you believe in God?*  
Yes, sir.

*Do you believe He has a body, parts and passions?*  
Yes, sir.

Yes, God once lived on the earth. He has body, parts and passions just like us. He went through all our experiences, so He knows how to govern the children of men.

This was the substance of the lesson. At the close of the school the sacrament was administered to all who had been baptized, and the unbaptized under eight years were allowed to partake. I asked one of their teachers if all children were baptized when they reached eight years of age, and he replied: "If they wish to, and they are all very anxious for it." And well they may be for they are taught that no unbaptized child can be saved.

At 2 p.m. the general Tabernacle service is held, at which all the Mormons of the city are supposed to be present. There is generally, too, a general sprinkling of Gentiles there, as it is the place of all others that strangers and tourists visit. The Tabernacle is a large building, capable of seating some eight or ten thousand people, and is entirely covered by one colossal dome. The seats were not more than half filled the Sunday I was present, but there was, nevertheless, quite a respectable congregation as to numbers. There was a graded pulpit with three tiers of seats, at which sat the bishops and priests, and in front of them sat six elders to officiate at the communion table. They have a very large organ, the second in size in the United States, and a very good choir of some forty singers. The sacramental service was first observed, and while the bread was being broken for the vast congregation, the choir sang the familiar hymn:

*Let the people praise Thee, O Lord.*

The other services, prayer and preaching, also went on during the distribution of the elements, there being a break only long enough for the consecrating prayer whenever the officiating priests were ready. The only noticeable peculiarity in the ordinance was that water was used instead of wine, the deacons carrying around pitchers to replenish the drained goblets. The Gentiles were passed by in the distribution. There is no regular preacher at the Tabernacle, but of all those present some one is chosen at the time to edify the people. A Mormon told me that perhaps you would not hear the same man twice in six months, except it be Orson Pratt, who is regarded as their great light in pulpit oratory.

One, Elder Penrose, was at this time selected. He arose with apparently nothing in mind, relying solely on the Holy Spirit to guide him. He spoke of the different revelations that had come to men. Most that call themselves Christians believe that revelation has ceased. We, Latter Day Saints, believe that God is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The old prophets made known His will. We believe also in the revelation by His prophet, Joseph Smith. He spoke of the great mass of so-called Christians as "spoiled through philosophy and vain deceit," quoting often from "noted divines," and intimated his readiness to die if need be for his faith.

After much rambling talk, his subject developed itself as the Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body, which he regarded as one of the fundamental doctrines

of the Christian religion. This point he established by quotations from the Book of Mormon, the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and the Bible, referring to Job, Solomon, Isaiah, Christ, Paul. "Solomon," he said, "was a wise man once. He afterwards became foolish, but not because he had more wives than one. It was because he did not marry them in accordance with the requirements of God." This was the only allusion I heard made to the peculiar institution of the Mormons. The faces of the forlorn looking women in the congregation told the story plainly enough, however. The sermon was more than an hour long, and in some parts quite eloquent. The service closed in the way usual with Protestants.

The evening ward meetings I found to be of the nature of a prayer and conference meeting. No prayer during the day did I hear any petition for the church universal, or for a sinning world.

During the day I also attended a service in the Presbyterian church which is under the care of Rev. R. G. McNell, and could say much about the work that he, Mr. Barrows of the Congregational church, and others, are doing to light up the darkness of Mormonism. It is out side the plan of the present article, however, though that Sunday evening was spent in hearing them tell of their hopeful plans for the future.—C. A. S., in *Congregationalist*.

## WORK AMONG WORKING MEN

Ellice Hopkins is the daughter of a distinguished man of science connected with one of our Universities. Her mission to working men was suggested by remarks made at a Bible-class, held at her house, for girls of her own age. Some of them said that their fathers and brothers did not go to any place of worship. The alternative of the prophet going to the mountain, since the mountain would not come to him, occurred to Miss Hopkins, and was promptly carried out.

Her first meeting was held on a Tuesday evening in a cottage; and, partly owing to the exertions of two or three district visitors, was attended by sixteen men. Her audience, though charmed with their preacher, expressed their dislike to assemble in a private cottage, so she soon migrated to a small school room placed at her disposal by the clergyman, who warmly seconded her efforts. But the congregation increased so rapidly that it again became necessary to change the place of meeting this time in favor of the large school-room. Still, there were many unable to find entrance, not to speak of seats, so finally the folding doors between the two rooms were thrown open, and five or six hundred men "stood packed as close as herrings in a barrel into a space meant for not more than half that number. Some of them had walked ten or twelve miles from the neighboring villages. With the exception of one lady who accompanied Miss Hopkins, the assembly was entirely composed of males. They were a motley collection. The new members generally appeared in their working clothes, but Miss Hopkins soon observed that a conversion was almost always marked by a suit of black. One old drunkard, however, used regularly to pay sixpence to get his clothes out of pawn on Saturday night, and regularly return them to durance vile as soon as the meeting was over.

But however eccentric the men might be in the way of their habiliments, they exhibited still more striking peculiarities of mind and manners. A farmer's criticism of one of the addresses was: "Why, I had no idea a woman could speak like that! it wasn't only what she said, it was the noise she made. It was splendid both ways." Another of her hearers, known as Old Tom, a well-sinker, was left alone by his companions, one hundred and twenty feet below the earth's surface, to finish a dangerous job. Suddenly all the words he had heard and all his sinful life came over him, and he felt he must pray there and then. These were the words he said: "O Lord I'm

the biggest of sinners, but you are a bigger Saviour. O Lord, save poor old Tom from his sins and give him a new heart for Jesus Christ's sake." And at the bottom of that deep well the great Saviour and the great sinner met together, and when poor old Tom was pulled up to the surface he was a new creature in his God. Miss Hopkins says: "He came eleven miles away from his work and waited four hours outside my house, to tell me of his conversion, and I had to take him in at eleven o'clock at night, when I got home, to give thanks to the Father for him. Poor old Tom! he never saw me without asking me if I wanted a well-sunk, that he would be glad to do it 'gracious' for me if I did."

Another man, with a "grotesque, gargoyle sort of face," sorely tried the self-control of the young missionary. He came to one of the meetings, primed with an elaborate composition, which he intended to utter as an extempore prayer. When a fitting opportunity arrived he began, "O Thou that dwellest between the cherubims," but could get no further. Then, turning his queer face over his shoulder, he said, with a piteous bleat to her, "O, Miss, I'm stuck fast. I can't get on." "Miss, immediately came to the rescue, gravely answering, "Never mind, my brother, God will teach you another time;" and after a desperate effort to maintain her composure, concluded the prayer in a less ambitious style.

## AMONG THE CHILDREN IN PALESTINE.

BY REV. DR. JESSE.

HERE come some little Bedawin gipsy children. One is laughing at my hat. He never saw one before, and he calls me "Abu Suttle," the "father of a Pail," and wonders why I carry a pail on my head.

The people love to use the word *Abu*—Father, or *Im*—Mother. They call a mosquito *Abu Fas*, "the Father of an axe." The centipede is *Im Arba wa Arba-in*, "the Mother of forty-four legs."

The Arabic poet Hariri calls a *Tabi*, "the Father of Assembling; *Bread*, "the Father of Pleasantness; a *Pa*, "the Mother of Joyfulness; *Salt*, "the Father of Help; *Soup*, "the Father of Softness; *Truth* is called by the Arab Poets the "Father of the Living," because all the living are subject to him.

You would have been amused to see some girls when they first reached Beirut Female Seminary. They walked barefoot from Safita down to Tripoli, about forty miles, and then Uncle S. took them on to Beirut.

He brought shoes for them, and hired two little donkeys for them to ride, but they preferred to walk a part of the way, and would carry their shoes in their hands, and run along the sandy beach in the surf, far ahead of the animals. I rode out to meet them, and they were a sorry sight to see. Uncle S. rode a forlorn-looking horse, and two ragged men from Safita walked by his side, followed by two ragged fat-faced girls riding on little donkeys.

The girls were almost bewildered at the sights and scenes. Soon we met a carriage, and they were so frightened that they turned pale, and their donkeys were almost paralyzed with fear. One of the little girls, when asked if she knew what it was, said it was a mill walking!

The first few days in school they were so home-sick for Safita that they ran away several times. They could not bear to be washed and combed and sent to the Turkish Bath, but wanted to come here among the goats and calves and donkeys. One night they went to their room and cried aloud. Rufka, the teacher, asked them what they wanted? They said, pointing to the white beds, "We don't like these white things to sleep on. We don't want to stay here. There are no calves and donkeys, and the room is so light and cold!"

The people in Safita think that the cat-tle help to keep the room warm. In the day time they complained of being tired of sitting on seats to study, and wished to stand up and rest.

One of them, Rakool, fell sick after a time, and was much troubled about her sins. Her teacher, Sam, who slept near her, overheard her praying and saying, "Oh, Lord Jesus, do give me a new heart! I am a poor sinner. Do you suppose that because I am from Safita, you cannot give me a new heart? O Lord, I know you can. Do have mercy on me!"

Do you see those boys playing by the stone wall? They are catching scorpions. They put a little wax on a stick and thrust it into the holes in the wall, and the scorpions run their claws into the wax when they are easily drawn on, and the boys like to play with them. The sting of the scorpion is not deadly, but it is very painful, something like being stung by half a dozen hornets.

Here's a true tale which pleases the boys. Abu Selim, in the Meena, told Dr. Jessup about it:—

Once there was a priest who did not know how to count. This was a great trial to him, as the Greeks have so many feasts and feasts that it is necessary to count all the time or get into trouble. They have a long fast called *Soum el Kibir*, and it is some times nearly sixty days long. One year the fast commenced, and the priest had blundered so often that he went to the bishop and asked him to teach him some way to count the days to the Easter feast. The bishop told him it would be forty days, and gave him forty kernels of *lammus* or peas, telling him to put them into his pocket and throw one out every day, and when they were all gone to proclaim the feast!

This was a happy plan for the poor priest, and he went on faithfully throwing away one pea every day, until one day he went to a neighbouring village. In crossing the stream, he fell from his donkey into the mud, and his black robe was grievously soiled.

The good woman of the house where he slept, told him to take off his robe, and she would clean it in the night. So after he was asleep she arose and washed it clean, but found to her sorrow she had destroyed the peas in the priest's pocket. Poor priest, said she, he has lost all his peas which he had for lunch on the road! but I will make it up to him. So she went to her earthen jar and took a big double handful of *lammus* and put them into the priest's pocket, and said no more.

The priest went on his way and threw out a pea every morning for weeks and weeks. At length some of his fellowmen heard that the *fast* had begun in another village, and told the priest, "Impossible!" said he; "my pocket is half full yet!" Others came and said, "will you keep us fasting all the year?" He only replied, "Look at my pocket. Are you wiser than the Bishop?" And then the story leaked out, and the poor woman told how she had filled up the pocket, and the Bishop saw that there was no use trying to teach the man to count.

But who are those clean and well-dressed persons coming out of the church? Our dear brother Yusef, Ahtiyeh the native preacher, and his wife Hadla, and Miriam the teacher of the girl's school. Yusef is one of the most refined and lovely young men in Syria. What a clear eye he has, and what a pleasant face! He too has borne much for his Master. When he left the Greek Church, he was living with his brother in Beirut. His brother turned him out of the house at night, with neither bed nor clothing. He came to my house and stayed with me some time. He said it was hard to be driven out by his brother and mother, but he could bear anything for Christ's sake. Said he, "I can bear cursing and beating and the loss of property. But my mother is weeping and wailing over me. She thinks I am a heretic and lost for ever. Oh, it is hard to bear 'the persecution of tears!'"

The Lord gave him grace to bear it, and he is now the happy spiritual guide of a large Protestant community, and the Nusairy Sheikh look up to him with respect, while that persecuting brother of his is poverty-stricken and sick, and can hardly get bread for his children.

—The Rev. Dr. Hall said every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by clipping his lawn when a parishioner said: "That's right, doctor. Cut your sermons short."