

Furthermore, we believe that every being who has received a spark from the great flame of everlasting intelligence, has a mission to accomplish, and he is in duty bound to perform that mission. Notice the little cloud as it rises above the surface of the mighty ocean. It rises still higher, and, wafted by the gentle breeze, floats as placidly through the heavens, as the vessel upon the fearful bosom of the unruffled deep. Yet nothing is more instructive or significant. Even the little cloud has its mission. And the same Hand, which created the laws causing the circulation of the atmosphere, guides its course, and leads it into its appointed place, that it may refresh the drooping verdure, thereby performing its proper office. As for the cloud of heaven, so for each of us. There is a field of cultivation for our hand. If we will but listen to the voice of conscience, we surely will be wafted into our appointed places, and our missions will be accomplished.

Let us again remark that it is our imperative duty to improve that degree of intelligence which the Creator has seen fit to entrust to our care. If we take into consideration the advantages and facilities of which we are in possession, living in the light and liberty of the nineteenth century, we shall see that this duty is doubly enjoined upon us. Upon the improvement of her individuals depends the improvement of the nation. And we are happy to say that advancement is the watchword of the age.

But are we not perfect? Is there still room for improvement? Yes, still room. Look around. Look at the Mormons in the west. Look at the merciless outrages and fiendish crimes committed in the south. Then the question will be sufficiently answered. As long as the heavens declare the glory of God, and the sea contains her mysteries, as long as contention and discord reign among us, there is room for improvement. The same ship of improvement set in motion by Peter the Hermit is still sailing. And we pre-

dict that she will continue to glide noiselessly, yet triumphantly, and the time shall soon come when her course shall not be stayed.

Sail on thou rover of the deep,
Till round the world you go:
Making lithesome every heart,
Which seeks thy work to know.

J. O. S.

Conformity.

I have lately read some of Emerson's prose, which was a rare intellectual feast; not so much its logic, as the real originality both in style and sentiment. Such originality is seldom met with in these days of conformity. Most of our literature is not much more than a compilation. If a person sits down to write a book, he must have books to write from. It is similar with all the affairs of life.

Our religion, our customs, our manners, and our education, are dictated by conformity and capricious fashion. If we go to church, and if we know what church we are in, we can approximately determine the text before it is announced. We can be sure that we will hear nothing new. The same routine—predestination, faith and repentance, infant baptism, immersion, etc. For this the minister is paid and vowed to preach no other.

How grand, how noble is individuality! It is only by this individuality that we can be ourselves. But conformity and capricious fashion forbids us to stand in our own shoes. We must wear the garb and play the part of some one else. The world would have us to walk, to bow, to converse and to smile according to prescribed rules. Our education and religion do not make us real beings, but imitators or apes.

A few Sundays ago, I witnessed a pleasing example of conformity. A couple of strolling Germans entered one of our churches, thinking it was one of their own creed. After going through a long form of sitting and standing, and bowing