PART 2 | THE DESERET EVENING NEWS. | 9 TO 16

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7. 1901, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. NUMBER 15.

CLUFF EXPEDITION FIRED UPON BY SOLDIERS.

J. B. Fairbanks Writes to His Children in Salt Lake—Leader of the Party Says $10,000 Would Not Induce Him to Take the Trip Down the Isthmus of Panama Again—Without Food for Several Days—Utah Boys Have Some Stirring Adventures in Colombia.

The family of J. B. Fairbanks, who is now in South America, has during the past week received some interesting letters from the well known artist, who is now with the Cluff expedition in Colombia. Some excerpts from his letters which are given below set forth that, taken all in all, the various members of the expedition, which left Provo eighteen months ago, have, individually and collectively, experienced strenuous times since they left Mexico proper.

On Board the Boat Bogota, Sept. 15, 1901.—I learned on Saturday, the 7th, that the boat would leave for up the river Magdalena on the 9th. I concluded to go if I could get a ticket. I had been told at Cartagena that it was a very difficult matter to get up the river and that if I did get a chance I would be crowded in with a lot of soldiers which would be anything but pleasant.

Early Monday morning I went to get my passport. It is necessary almost to have a passport to go to bed. I then went to the ticket office and in a blundering way made them understand me. I asked when the boat would leave. "Manana" (man-yan-a) was the reply. I got everything ready even to ordering a cart to come for my baggage at 7 o'clock. The man did not come at the time apointed so I went to the market where I met him. He said the boat would not leave until 7 p. m. He said he would come at 4 p. m. At 4 p. m. he was not there. A gentleman told me it would leave tomorrow. I went to the office and was informed that it would start at 10 a. m. manana, but the time was hardly certain. Next morning, Wednesday, the cart did not come. I had heard that the boat would not start before tomorrow, manana, so I was not disappointed. I went to the office again and was told, "Manana diez hora" (10 tomorrow). Thursday at 8 o'clock the cart came. I was soon on the dock. I could see very plainly that we would not start very soon because the cargo was not all on. Finally, the whistle blew. I imagined we were ready but was mistaken. After about an hour the whistle blew again. The cargo was on and all was ready to start at 2 p. m. Not until after the third whistle did we start.

DRUNKEN HELMSMAN.

There was another boat ahead of us and it seemed that our boat had forgotten how to run straight or the man at the helm was drunk. After getting into the canal it started for the other boat and struck her a glancing blow. After another effort we got into the center of the canal but made a line for the shore. We narrowly escaped being stranded.

THE MAGDALENA.

The Magdalena river is very large and for about 60 or 70 miles is a regular delta. The land is very low and marshy, the banks are no higher than three feet. At this time of year the banks are hardly visible. There is a constant stream of floating weeds and grass. Sometimes they look like floating islands. You can not see very far from you so that the river looks like a lake. The river is very crooked and the banks covered with trees, bushes and grasses. The water is always muddy and filled with crocodiles. There are beautiful tropical forests along the banks. The houses are usually thatched huts.

SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS.

Towards evening it clouded up. The wind blew and the rain began to fall. There was a great scramble for bedding, baggage, etc. When the rain had nearly discontinued some one discovered that we might have protected ourselves by letting the canvas down. On these river boats cots are given to passengers who take state rooms. They are permitted to put them any place if it does not obstruct the passage. Many use hammocks.

About 9 o'clock the deck had the appearance of a large bedroom with beds in every available place. At 11 o'clock nearly all were asleep. Suddenly a great crash was heard and the boat came to a sudden stop. There was great excitement. All rushed to the side of the boat to see what had happened. We had run into the bank. The boat was considerably damaged but after an hour or two we started again.

We stop every few hours to take wood and when once stopped it takes nearly half an hour to get started again. We stopped once during the night to unload a piano. It was raining but the instrument was set on the bank and covered with a board. This was the only cover it had.

PRIMITIVE BOATMEN.

About 9 or 9:30 a. m. we passed a canoe propelled by five negroes. Their clothing was very scant being only a sack tied around their waists. They progressed by means of long poles which they stuck into the mud. Each man would pole in his turn. They begin at one end of the boat and push so that the boat passes under them. They sing as they walk. When they reach the opposite end they take the pole and walk to the bows where they begin again. The song was very peculiar yet appropriate. They are well developed. Every muscle could be plainly seen as they performed their arduous duty. The boat was quite large, being ten feet wide and the length in proportion. The man at the helm was white. Two passengers were on board.

At 10 a. m. we stopped at Calamar to take on a cargo. Here the "snail" as I called it passed us. At 4 o'clock we had the cargo on board. An American boat would have loaded it in about two hours. We soon passed the snail again. When we were taking wood it passed us.

NO COAL USED.

There is usually wood piled along on the banks by people who sell it to passing boats. At this place our supply was exhausted and none was on the bank so several men had to cut some. It took an hour to get enough to take us across the river. When steam was up we crossed. There was no wood there. Some fences were torn down and used for fuel, this lasted until we could get a good supply.

One place where we got wood a young woman came on board to get the pay. The boat was started just for a joke. The mother grabbed the rope and tried to hold the boat. She screamed and turned white, but had to let go, as she was near the water. When the young woman was let off, her mother was still pale and trembling. The soldiers and boat crew seemed to enjoy the joke. During the night part of the boat was carried off by branches and trees which were forced against the side.

At Tacamocho we stopped to get wood and a beef. They brought the steer with a whoop and a yell. If he would have fought they would have liked it better. He was dragged through the water and then by the horns over the side of the boat where they butchered him.

About 6 p. m. we stopped at Magenge to let off some passengers and take cargo. We remained here all night. At 9 a. m. we started again. After a little while we stopped at another pasture and had an hour's chase of wild steers but could not catch one.

FIRE BREAKS OUT.

In the afternoon fire was discovered near the engine room, but with prompt action it was soon extinguished. It is fortunate that it did not get a good start, for our cargo is principally coal oil.

MAN DROWNED.

About 9 p. m. there was great excitement. A man was overboard. After considerable time the boat was stopped. Twenty minutes more elapsed before a life boat was launched with three men in it. They went back about a quarter or half a mile, but could not find the poor fellow. There are many whirlpools in the river so that if he could swim they might wear him out before reaching shore.

We are now wondering what will be our next adventure. A general says: "Next we will be fired on by the rebels."

September 18 we ran on a sand bar and had to wait until morning before getting off.

At Port Barria the scenery was not good, so the captain said he would take me to Mr. Man's and Mr. Cook's. They are Americans and live on opposite sides of the river.

MEETS CLUFF EXPEDITION.

Barranquilla, Colombia, Oct. 27, 1901.—I do not expect to go any farther on the expedition. You know the country in a state of war. The Liberals will take a man's animals or arms, saying "We have more need of them than you." They may give you a receipt for them, but that is as much pay as you will get. If I go farther I would have to buy a new outfit and might have it taken from me next day.

I am making good use of my time. I have just finished a sunset picture and a sea and sky in oils. I am delighted with both. They are out of the usual line of sunsets, but are excellent things. I have made some of the best pictures I ever produced while here and in Cartagena.

Pres. Cluff and party arrived on Friday night. Saturday I heard some one calling, "Fairbanks." By using spy glasses I discovered three men and a lady with Pres. Cluff across the river. They sent a canoe for me and we had a hearty handshaking, followed by accounts of our travels.

QUARANTINED.

Brother Magleby took sick two days after they left San Jose and he and Brother Tolton stayed there two weeks, then came to Lemon. At that time Lemon was full of yellow fever. No one was allowed to leave the place. They made arrangements with two negroes, however, to take them to Boca del Toro in a canoe. The negroes told them to be ready at dark. "Let us wait until morning," said Magleby. "No," the negroes said, "we must go tonight.' At dark they went to the place appointed, but some officer came and prevented them going. The negroes went to sea, but returned at midnight and lugged their things to the coast, where they were placed carefully and quietly into the boat. The bank is about eight feet high, so that they had to jump into the boat. The officers arrived just as the canoe was pushed from shore, but they were too far to be hindered this time. Their experience on the ocean was similar to mine, only I had the lazy men.

When they arrived at Boca del Toro it was midnight. They landed at the house of a Chinaman. Part of it was over the water, the other end faced the street. The negroes evaded the officers, otherwise they could not have landed.

HAZARDOUS JOURNEY.

President Cluff and Bro. Kienke are the only ones that came along the isthmus of Panama. Sometimes they were without food and wet for several days at a time. At other times their animals were without food. Once they were fired on by soldiers; 22 shots were fired but none took effect. Surely it was a divine interposition. They were afterwards treated to every respect by the captain. While on the trip both took the fever but fortunately one at a time. President Cluff says $10,000 would not induce him to make the trip again.

TAKEN FOR A TURK.

When we heard a steamer coming down the river, I got my things together and started for the port half a mile away. When the boat neared shore the general on board said I was a Turk and would not have taken me but a friend of mine, Mr. Tuhrohop, who went up the river with me said: "It is Mr. Fairbanks, an American." I had not come in sight but my friend recognized my box. Mr. Tuhrohop asked the captain if he could not take me. He said, "No, I can take nobody." He then went to Gen. Castro and told him who I was and what my business was. The general consented. When I was introduced to him he said: "You can not only go but it will not cost you a cent."

I thought of going to Banco only, but the general said he would arrange for me to go to Santa Marta, a place I wanted very much to visit.

GOING TO BUY BATTLESHIP.

The passengers were mostly government officers. Gen. C. is going to the United States to purchase a battleship. He brings with him from Bogota $4,000,000 to defray the expenses of the war and pay the soldiers of four departments. He was born at Barranguilla in 1853, received most of his education in his native town but afterwards took a two years' course in mechanical engineering in Jersey City. After four years he became chief engineer of the Republic of Colombia. In the rebellion of 1885 he became the chief gunner of the department of Santandar and was made a general after the war. He has been in congress for ten years.

A HOT BATTLE.

In the late rebellion Gen. Castro heard of hostilities on October 20, 1899, and that the rebels were coming down the river to take Barrenguilla. Some boats had been taken already and one was sunk in the river so that they could not be pursued. Gen. Castro started with two boats and about 150 men and two guns, the Hostile and Maxim. The latter was a 1½ inch gun and fired 40 shots per minute. The sunken boat detained them a whole day. On the 24th they started in pursuit. As they came around a curve in the river they saw a fleet of seven ships loaded with 700 troops. It was too late to flee, they must fight. He determined to give them as warm a reception as possible. At 11.30 p. m. the battle began in a drenching rain and the darkness was intense. In half an hour 300 of the enemy had been killed, one boat sunk and the whole fleet captured. Three men of the other side were killed and the general had received a piece of lead in his eye which caused him to loose his sight. He afterwards commanded ten boats. When we passed the place of the battle he pointed it out to me.

Very recently when the old president of the national party was made a prisoner, Castro made a very able protest but to no avail. It seems the conservatives are now in power and that the liberals are seeking power. There are three political parties, Nationalists, Conservatives and Liberals.

REVOLUTION WILL NOT LAST.

The general thinks that in about two months the revolution will be at an end. He says the only trouble now is on the coast near the Venezuela line and that a good warship will settle that.

Well, this is the man I am traveling with. I eat at the same table as he does. Thursday he sent me a bottle of beer by a waiter. That night he inquired of a colonel where I was. The colonel said: "He is a very good friend to you. Everything he has is at your disposal; his bed, his clothes and everything, and I am just like him."

I am now at the hotel Central according to the recommendation of Gen. Diago del Castro.

MAKING SKETCHES.

Santa Marta, Nov. 2.—Today I shall write you a few lines. I am well and getting my work in O. K. Santa Marta is not a very large place but I like it better than any other place I have been.

ANCIENT GRAVES.

Mr. Trout, the American consul, and I went out to where there are some graves. A hole is dug seven feet deep. Then a hole is cut into the solid rock, making a sort of room. Mr. Trout told me that these rooms were once filled with bones and that the opening was sealed with flat rocks. A Mr. Smith was here a few years ago and took the bones out. Gold ornaments were also found. Nothing remains now but the holes and a few beads made of stone. I saw one gold ornament. It was a nose ring about as large as an ordinary finger ring but open and on each end was a small knob.

RUINED CITY.

A negro living near says there is a plan of a city at the top of a high hill. We understand by plan a ruin. It is certain that the burial ground was used by the people of some city near by. Had it not rained we would have gone to the ruins.

Mr. Tout is an electrician and has charge of a new electric plant.

We are only five hours drive from eternal snow. There is any amount of splendid land around here that can be had for the asking.

READY TO COME HOME.

I am now ready to go home. From the way President Cluff spoke the other day I understand that they intend to travel constantly. I have had enough of that. I will go home by way of New York, stopping off in Cuba, possibly. I intend staying in New York and Boston for two weeks to visit artists and relatives.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE.

Santa Marta, Colombia, Nov. 16, 1901.—Since I came here I have been very much interested and have made good use of my time. I had quite an adventure the other day in going up the mountain to a coffee plantation which I never reached. In the directions I received I was to keep the right hand road until I crossed the road three times. In many places I crossed the old paved roads of the Indians. These roads are paved with large flat stones. Well I kept going until I had crossed the stream six times. It was beginning to cloud up so I began retracing my steps, knowing that I would have to spend the night in the mountains if the river should rise. I had to take my clothes off in crossing the river so as to keep them dry. Just as I reached the village Messinga it was raining very hard. With difficulty I got a place to sleep. Half a biscuit and two eggs furnished my supper. For breakfast and dinner next day I had about the same amount. When it stopped raining I started out again. The brush was wet and I became drenched. After crossing the river the third time I came to Mr. Tout's place. He asked me in and gave me an excellent supper. I changed my clothes and went to bed. For several days I have been very stiff.

The most interesting part of my trip was the old roads. This country has been very thickly populated. There are roads such as I have described all over the hills.

WALLED CITY.

I understand that on the other side of the mountain is an ancient walled city and that still farther on the Indians are savage and will not allow the Colombians to come into their country. They are as white as the Caucasians. This I learned only a few days ago. I feel like going to see for myself. I would go but the distance is too far. I was told that when the Spaniards attacked Santa Marta first in 1625 the Indians came in from all directions. The hills were literally covered. The Spaniards were repulsed. When re-inforcements arrived they found only a very few remaining.

Santa Marta is the oldest city in Colombia and is very much the same as when built by the Spaniards. There is nothing either picturesque or beautiful about it. But the hills and ocean would keep an artist in material for a life time. This morning the steamer came from New York. Mr. Tout introduced me to the captain, mate, purser, and steward. They treated me well.

OUR BUSIEST MEN.

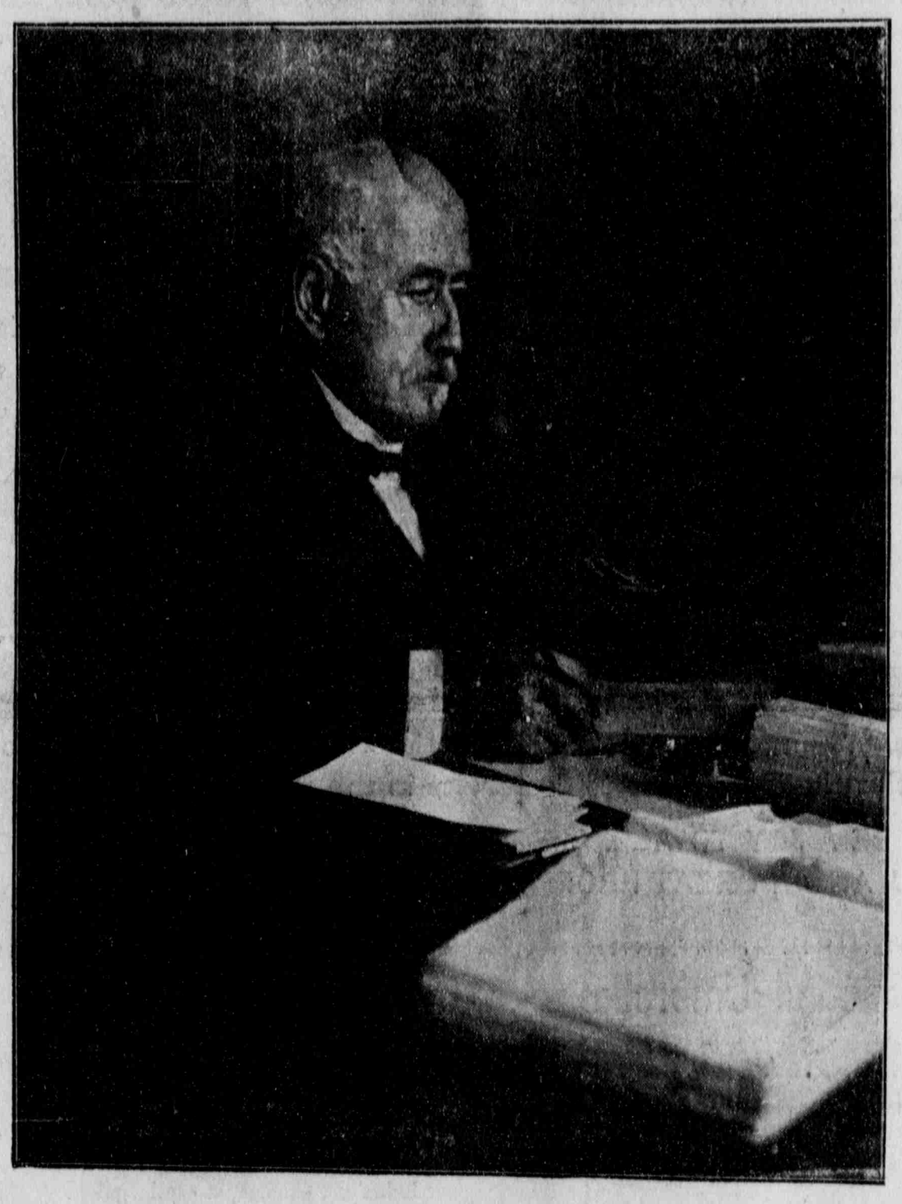

Photo. by Johnson.

T. R. JONES.

T. R. Jones, whose portrait is reproduced above, is a well known banker of Salt Lake City who has been identified with the business for many years and whose operations in that line have had much to do with the mining industry of this and neighboring states. Besides being the head of the banking house of T. R. Jones & Co., he is the Utah representative of the American Smelting and Refining company, the smelters at Murray which he controlled having been some time ago included among the concerns going into the combine. Mr. Jones is also a director in the Oregon Short Line railway and is always prominent in all the important financial movements put on foot in the state. The picture shows him in his comfortable private office at the bank.

A New Dispensation Of The Gospel.

Discourse Delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday, November 24th, 1901, by

ELDER CHAS. W. PENROSE.

Freedom of Worship — Doctrine of Present Revelation Disbelieved — Bible an Incomplete Record—God the Father of All—An Unchangeable God of Revelation—Power of the Gospel as Preached Formerly —The Ordinance of Baptism—Gift and Operation of the Holy Ghost —Need of New Revelation — Restoration of the Gospel—Confirmed by Characteristic Gospel Gifts— Follow Believers Today—Religion of Latter-day Saints — Testimony of the Truth.

I am thankful for the privilege of assembling with you this afternoon, my brethren and sisters and friends, to worship the Lord and to spend a little time in reflecting upon those things that pertain to our present and eternal welfare. I have just been called upon to speak, and I arise to do so, believing that I shall have the assistance of your faith and your attention, and earnestly desiring that I may be led by the Spirit of truth to say something which will be interesting to the congregation and for our mutual profit.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

We are blessed greatly in dwelling in a land of liberty, where we can assemble and worship God according to the dictates of our consciences, without fear of molestation. We have the privilege in this country of thinking without being restrained, and of expressing our thoughts to others, if they will listen, without fear of punishment for being heterodox. In some countries this privilege is not enjoyed; but we dwell in this Republic, which the fathers of our country were inspired of God to set up, and which the Lord has blessed their descendants and all who have come here in maintaining. I, for one, appreciate the freedom that we enjoy and the opportunities that are afforded us of coming together and expressing our views and sentiments, and also of declaring freely that which we believe the Lord has revealed and commanded us to deliver to others.

We are living in a very momentous age. Sometimes it is called a fast age. It is an age in which the thoughts of men can be transmitted on the wings of lightning, as it were, to all nations of the earth—to all civilized nations, at least; a day when we can quickly communicate with each other, and when nations are brought together by rapid means of locomotion and by the developments and discoveries of science. There has been great advancement in human knowledge in many departments; but it appears to me that there has not been the same degree of progress in regard to religious principles and actions.

UNBELIEF IN NEW REVELATION.

One reason for this is because the people of the present age depend almost entirely upon that which was revealed in past ages. The doctrine of present revelation is not entertained by a very great many people. Those who have been trained in the doctrines of modern Christianity, and who are paid to teach the people religious doctrines, believe that God did reveal himself in former times, but that He does not do so in these latter times. They believe that God spake to the ancients by the prophets, and that Jesus of Nazareth, whom they believe is the Christ, came to reveal the will of His Father to mankind, and that the Apostles whom He chose went out with divine authority to proclaim His Gospel to the world; but for many centuries they have entertained the notion that the last book which is placed in the volume called the Bible contains the final revelation of God to mankind. Therefore, they do not accept any revelation from God today. They do not ask for it. To use their own expression, "The canon of scripture is closed; the awful voice of prophecy is silent forever; God will no more speak to mankind Himself; what we have in the scriptures is all that is necessary for salvation." All the Protestant sects and denominations take this view; and even the great mother church—the Roman Catholic—also denies the doctrine of continued revelation, while believing that the church is the proper interpreter of the holy scriptures. That church places its dependence upon the things that are written in the books contained in the Old and New Testaments, and the church is but the interpreter of the things contained in those books. The head of the Roman Catholic church is claimed to be infallible in the declaration of doctrine, but they do not claim he is infallible as a man, as some people suppose. While, however, they proclaim him infallible in regard to doctrine, they do not believe that he receives new communications from the Most High. They are with the Protestant world in this doctrine, that the books of the Bible contain all that has been written that is essential for salvation; that these books, when properly understood and interpreted by the ministers of the church, contain all that is needful for people now. So that the whole Christian world today depends upon the things that were written hundreds of years ago.

The Latter-day Saints, belonging to the Church of which I have the honor to be a member, take different ground from this. Not but that we believe in the scriptures. We believe that the books of the Old and New Testaments are profitable for us; that they are invaluable; that the things written by the prophets were inspired of God; that holy men of old wrote and spoke as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost, and that their words were the words of the Lord to the people to whom these revelations were given, and that they are profitable for us today. So we believe in the Bible. At the same time we think there are some mistakes in it, through mistranslation, and because the original manuscripts have not been handed down in all their purity. But, taking the Bible as a whole, although it was not revealed as a book, it is a splendid work; it is a priceless book; it is a guide to our feet and a lamp to our path; for in it we learn what God revealed in ancient times, and we get today some of His word that was delivered to the people in former days.

BIBLE AN INCOMPLETE RECORD.

The Bible does not contain all that God revealed in former times, because we can read in it of a great many things that were written by prophets, which are not contained in that volume. All the epistles of the Apostles are not contained in the New Testament. It speaks of a number of epistles written by the Apostles, which are not to be found in that book, but which, no doubt, were just as valuable as those which we have. Some of them were not in existence when the book called the Bible was compiled. The Bible is a collection of books, containing words that were given at different periods by different persons, in different ages, under different circumstances; and these books were not compiled by divine commandment. The convocation or council which compiled them, did not pretend that God had commanded it, neither did they pretend that God gave them any word in the selection of the books which should compose the volume. They put in what they thought was right, and they threw under the table what they thought did not comport with the others. But what we have in the Bible is a splendid collection of works written by men who were inspired of God in olden times; and from this book we can learn many great and precious things, which are, as I have said, invaluable. The Latter-day Saints believe, however, just as the Bible teaches, that God is the same yesterday, today, and forever. We also believe, according to the teachings of that book, that He is our Father, and that we are His children; that all races of men, of every nation, tongue and people, are the offspring of God; that the spiritual part of man, the inward being, which receives intelligence, which retains its identity while the body changes, and which remains intact, no matter what may take place with the outside covering—that that being is a son or daughter of the Great Eternal God, who made the heavens and the earth, the seas and the fountains of waters. Therefore, no matter what may be our complexion, or the difference between us in stature, in feature and in color, we are brethren and sisters, the offspring of Deity. The spirit of man is a son of God.

GOD THE FATHER OF ALL.

This is what we believe; and, mark you, this is what the ancients believed, as we learn by reading the Bible. This is what Jesus Christ emphatically proclaimed when He tabernacled on earth among men. He was born into the world as we have been. He was a son of God—THE Son of God. As the New Testament says, He was the beginning of the creation of God, "the firstborn of every creature." He certainly was not the firstborn among the sons of men on earth, as pertains to the body. But we understand, by the revelations of God in our time, that we are all the sons and the daughters of God, that we existed before we came here in the flesh, and that Jesus is our Elder Brother in very deed, as He tried to make the people understand when He lived here. God is His Father and our Father, His God and our God. He was in the beginning with God; and by Him and through Him all things were made that were made. All things, as the Apostle says, are of God, but they are by and through Jesus, who is the Christ. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," as the Apostle John has written. Jesus Christ declared to those who were with Him that they were His brethren, and He was their Elder Brother. He came from God to earth, to mingle among them, and to perform His work; and then He returned to the Father. He tried to make it clear to the people among whom He moved, that God is the Father of the human race. Said He: "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. * * After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven."

This great truth should be ununderstood by all mankind. It seems to me that if people really understood and believed this, they would be a little kinder than they are to each other. There would be a stronger feeling of brotherhood between men and women and between nations, if all people understood that the sons and daughters of men who swarm upon the face of this globe which our Father has made for us, are brothers and sisters in spirit, and that we all came from that Eternal Father, no matter what may be our color or condition. We dwell here on the earth for a little time, and we shall have to go back and give an account to our Father of the manner in which we have spent that time here.

UNCHANGEABLENESS OF DEITY.

Now, if this be true—if God is our Father—He is just as much the Father of the people who dwell in the twentieth century as He is of those who lived on the earth in the first century, or of those who lived in the centuries preceding the coming of Christ. How many centuries there were we do not know. We have formed many notions and ideas about it, but it does not matter; whenever and wherever the earth was peopled, it was inhabited by the sons and daughters of God, whose spirits came from heaven, and whose bodies were formed out of the earth and the elements surrounding it. The immortal spirit is placed in the human tabernacle prepared for it by the laws of generation, and the body is quickened by that spirit. As we read in the book of Job, "There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." The wise man Solomon, in describing the dissolution of the body, as we read in Ecclesiastes, 12th chapter, 7th verse, finishes the description with these words: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." The spirit goes back to God, the earthly part goes back to the elements out of which it was organized, when that dissolution which we call death takes place. We, therefore, we who live in the twentieth century, are really and truly, so far as our spiritual nature goes, the offspring of God, and He is our Father, do you not think that He will be just as much concerned in our happiness and welfare, progress, enlightenment and eternal salvation, as He was of those who lived upon the earth in former times? It appears to me that is a reasonable conclusion to arrive at. God is the same now as He was then, and we are His children as much as the ancients were. Therefore, we can approach God, we can ask and receive, we can seek and find, we can knock and have the door opened to us. If not, why not?

THE LIVING WORD OF GOD.

But religious teachers tell us there is no need for this now. Why not? "Because we have so much Gospel light"; we are living in an age of Gospel blaze, they say. It seems to me, in reflecting upon this, that the people who had among them inspired apostles and prophets ordained of God to speak for Him and authorized to administer in His name, and who received communications from Him, certainly had greater light than we have in these last times. I take up the New Testament and read therein of the constitution and nature of the Church which our Savior established, of the blessings enjoyed by the people who embraced the Gospel which His servants preached; of the power, influence and unity that were in the Church; and I find that the people then did not depend upon books for