

CHICAGO LETTER.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20, 1893.

We left Salt Lake City on the evening of 15th. The night was very dark. At Green River station we waited one hour for some other train. A stroll over the place showed me how much it has grown since 1879, when I last visited the place. The next day I was astonished to see what large places Rawlins, Laramie and especially Cheyenne have become in these few years. In 1879 Rawlins was a railroad tank and a lonesome section house, Cheyenne a cluster of small buildings, one or two saloons, and a few cowboys had their fun with bronchos. Today it is a large city with substantial buildings and fine streets.

It was night when we arrived in Denver. Half an hour later we left for Kansas City. Eastern Colorado and western Kansas have no snow. In eastern Kansas are several inches of it. People in that state were somewhat excited over the affairs in Topeka between Republicans and Populists. Some rather rejoiced over the deplorable proceedings, but I had to ask myself if such riots were the beginnings of the fulfillments of some of Joseph Smith's prophecies about a time to come when those who will not take up sword against their neighbors will flee to the mountains.

After one hour's stay in Kansas city we left for Chicago. In the train the news agent offered us (Brother Watson and me) a book called the "Danites," and he told us how these Mormon "danites" committed horrible deeds in the west. We told him that we had lived in the west for many years and there neither are nor have been any danites. "I believe so," he said; still he sells the book.

A gentleman who boarded the train at Independence, Mo., remarked that in earlier days there were "danites," and that the Mormons have been persecuting and were trying to murder some of the missionaries of the Josephite saints, who went there to convince the Brighamites of their sad mistake and sins. Brother Watson defended our people very earnestly; he stated also that he positively knew that young Joseph was offered the Salt Lake City Tabernacle to preach in, and that no Josephite elder was ever molested in Utah. I kept quiet for a long while, but finally asked the gentleman (who by the way treated us very kindly) how long he had belonged to the church of Young Joseph. From his answer I was convinced that he knew nothing of Leonard Toby's sworn affidavit, and I did see no use of entering into any controversy, but stated simply that it was already a gain to believe in the divinity of the Book of Mormon, and that keeping the moral law keeps a man pretty busy all day, and for his bitter assaults upon that "terrible crime polygamy" which brought so much persecution also over the innocent Josephites," I answered that this obstacle was now removed.

"And have you Utah Mormons given up polygamy in good faith?" asked the preacher.

"Certainly we have; a breach of faith would not only bring persecution again, but would make our own consciences our accusers."

The gentleman thinks that Joseph Smith is a fallen prophet because he gave the revelation on celestial marriage. I did not tell him that the Josephites only a few years ago positively declared this revelation was never from Joseph, but from Brigham Young; but I remarked:

"God said in a revelation that he would not let His work go to naught, and that He would not forsake the upright in heart; if He anyhow suffered His people to be led astray by the Prophets, then He has not kept His word, and I had little use for such a God."

I might have told him that Joseph Smith gave a key by which we always and surely can know who is the right authority; and I might have added that Joseph Smith has showed himself more than once to Utah missionaries in foreign lands; but there were too many listeners in the car, and I thought it wisdom not to speak of these things so hard to explain to those who are but little interested in religious matters. He invited us to his church, after having cordially shown us a good and respectable hotel.

Looking around Chicago in the forenoon, although it was stormy and chilly, I heard music, singing, shouting, and saw flags and a crowd. It was the Salvation Army. In Liverpool I have seen them once, but only a few; I have read some of their writings, and in 1887 defended them in Switzerland against heavy accusations, which I knew were falsely heaped upon them. The Mormon religion fills a man's soul with true, genuine love towards all and everybody.

I looked at the doings of this branch of the army. Some ladies went around selling papers and collecting gifts. Some people laughed at them; some one remarked: "These girls deserve rather praise for their devotion and earnestness, than scorn; they show courage and determination." One came up to me: "Sir, will you please take one of these papers?"

"Yes, ma'am; here's your nickel!"

"Take two; come in our meeting and have your soul saved!"

"What must I do to be saved?"

"Come to Jesus, love Him and forsake your sins, and He will save you and be good to you, oh, so good!"

She looked up into my eyes, her face was so pale, her eyes so dark, her features bore the traces, not of sin and repentance, but of a terrible mental strain. The men and boys near by gathered around; she blushed but held her ground. I believe that women have more real courage, moral courage, than the average man.

The crowd of the Salvationists offered a splendid opportunity for study of faces. There were young men and young girls having every mark of honesty and uprightness; others had more fun at the noisy proceedings than real earnestness, and some looked like pronounced scoundrels. The meeting took place in W. Madison 558. They invited me from my isolated seat to a place in the front; the sharp eyed captain (a woman) having sent the same girl to invite me, that spoke to me on the street parade.

"I thank you, ma'am, I am a stranger and this place will do for me."

The music was varying. Sometimes the captain would say:

"Shut your eyes and sing sweetly," and I wonder that by such music not more people have joined the army. Good music is a prayer in itself. Then again they would sing some melodies that we, of course with other words, used to sing on the railroad, and the noise was almost stunning. One soldier after another arose to give testimony of their change of mind; some old men, some young girls, would kneel down and under tears implore God's mercy over Chicago and this fair land. Some one struck up a thanksgiving song, and the whole immense chorus joined with trumpets, etc. Then came one of those wild, melancholy, almost demonic German waltzes, not unlike that unique waltze in Gounod's opera Faust, as I heard it once in Constantinople. And to make the picture complete, there was also a penitente Margaret—not kneeling upon prison straw, crying out in the agony of a torn soul, when from afar a few strains of that wonderful walse came through her dungeon window, like songs of the innocent childhood days—but a Margaretha, a Chicago woman; there she had been sitting in the last row, about ten feet in front of me and a little to the left; she took no active part in shouting and praising; some deep sorrow spread over her pale face, a face like that which Nephi must have seen in his vision when he prophesied about the exceeding fair daughters of America. Two or three times she cast half a look back to see whether anybody was watching her. Then she was down on her knees, turning away from the others, her beautiful head and her fine hands, and crying bitterly. She was no fast woman; she evidently was one of that loving, unhappy sort that gave love and heart and all to some unprincipled egotist, and got in return a burning conscience, and a soul that cries out in agony to an Almighty Father whom she thinks offended. I wonder if there would ever be another woman insulted if men could see the tears they cause by their teaching!

The Salvationists, how much humbug there may be in their noisy services, do a good work of arousing people to a sense of their responsibility and duty, lifting them upon a higher moral platform; and since physiology teaches us that with higher moral qualities the intelligence grows and with the capacity of better understanding of the true philosophy of religion, the heights, the mountain tops of the Gospel, where neither noise nor shouting, nor any more bitter tears will disturb the tranquility of the soul, but the peace of God rests over the mind like the morning sun on the mountain tops when the night still keeps veiled up the valleys and plains!

It was now time to go and see the brethren—reorganized Latter-day Saints. Never mind dinner; eat when there is time. I felt half at home by hearing the old songs; hearing testimony about the Book of Mormon, and seeing the lines so sharply drawn between the revealed religion of the nineteenth century and those that deny the power thereof. I could readily