

inspired of God. The leaders are led by revelation and that is the source of their greatness and power with the people.

Patriarch Elias H. Blackburn was the first speaker at the afternoon meeting. For 56 years he had observed the power of God made manifest among the Latter-day Saints. He spoke upon the virtues of the late President Brigham Young, with whom he had been personally acquainted, and under whose direction he had labored for years. He related many anecdotes in the life of the Prophet showing him to be a man that was inspired continually by God. He referred to the great work that is before the Saints in preaching the Gospel to all the world.

Sacrament was administered under the direction of Bishop George Coleman. Elder Joseph Eckersley presented the general and local authorities, all of whom were sustained by unanimous vote. Elder Hans M. Hansen congratulated the people of Junction upon the privilege afforded them of having Stake conference held in their midst and was pleased that they had manifested such interest as to attend all the meetings of conference. He was pleased to note that misrepresentation and abuse is giving way to light and information, and the Lord is removing prejudice from the hearts of the people to investigate the word of God and thoroughly equip themselves for missionary work, and predicted that the purposes of our Father will continue to develop until all kingdoms shall be subject to the rule and law of the kingdom of God.

Elder Willis E. Robison, in the closing remarks of conference, spoke upon the necessity of the people sustaining the Temple workers.

Elder Jorgen Smith pronounced the benediction.

JOSEPH ECKERSLEY,  
Stake Clerk.

#### IN THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

Moscow, the City of Churches,  
August 15, 1898.

Churches to the right of me, churches to the left of me, churches in front of me, and churches behind me. In whatever part of the city you are in, churches loom up on all sides of you. I arrived in Moscow about 11 p.m., and as street lamps are not found in Russian cities, I had to wait until morning for my first impression of Moscow. It happened to be Sunday. I had just dozed off, it seemed, when I was awakened with a thousand bells ringing in my ears. I thought it must be a fire at first. But remembering that the Russian church service commenced at four in the morning, I dozed off again after using all the savory language I could think of. If ever Satan had a spot in a church it is in the bells. They cause more swearing than any other instrument of torture in existence, especially at four in the morning. Such was my first awakening in Moscow. The city is situated on the banks of the river Moskva. It is said to have more crooked streets than any other city in the world. There is very little of the old city left since the fire in 1812, when its flames exerted so fatal an influence over the destinies of the first Napoleon. But like a Phoenix, Moscow has risen from her ashes, larger and more beautiful than before. In the heart of the city stands the Kremlin, celebrated the world over, and the main part of interest in the old city. It suffered more from the mines the French sprung under its walls than it did from the fire. It has been completely repaired since, and now stands an immense fort-like spot crowned with churches and palaces of the old Tartar style. There are towers of every style, round, square, and with pointed roofs; bellfries, don-

jons, turrets, spires, sentry boxes, watch towers, walls pierced with loop holes, ramparts, fortifications of all kinds. And every imaginable steeple, of every height, color and shape; the whole forming a most agreeable picture to look on from a distance. Within the walls of the Kremlin on a pedestal sits the king of bells, weighing 400,000 pounds, 21 feet high and 67 in circumference. It once hung in a large tower, but the tower burned down, burying the bell in the earth, also breaking it. The palaces and churches here are very costly in their fixtures, one Bible in St. Michaels costing \$1,000,000. The covers are a solid mass of precious stones. In churches where a saint is interred they generally leave a portion of the casket open, covering it with a robe, leaving a small hole over the forehead, so that worshipers may kiss him. They look pretty greasy, and you wonder how people can kiss them, spreading all manner of diseases from the contact of so many lips. There is one gate leading into the Kremlin where every one has to raise his hat to walk through. Over it hangs a picture of Christ, in which the Russians put a great deal of faith. There is a tradition attached to it. The French tried to move the picture, thinking the frame of solid gold. But every ladder they placed against the wall fell, broke in two. One of the powder trains was placed beneath this gate. It split the wall up to the picture of the Savior, but neither the glass nor the lamp that hung before it were injured, while buildings were demolished. They tried to batter it down with a cannon, but the cannon exploded, killing several. If a foreigner does not raise his hat he will have some one after him to raise it for him.

There are many interesting things in the Kremlin which would fill a volume to explain. The people of Moscow are a mixed sort. Here you see a Tartar and there a Russian. They are all very fond of amusements. A drive in the suburbs was one of the most interesting features of my visit, and one I will remember. We got a rig with three good horses hitched up Russian fashion, one in the middle and one on each side, with their heads pulled out as far as they would go. And drive, well we flew. First we visited the field or park where the great crush was some few years back. Very little remains to remind you of the horrible calamity. People here say there were more killed than the government gave out. Leaving here we went to Sparrow Hills, where a view of the city could be obtained, and where Napoleon first viewed Moscow, with her glittering domes sparkling in the sunlight. Little did he think of the suffering his army would have to pass through in a few days. We are all aware of the facts of how only 1,200 men returned to Paris out of a half million. The Russian winter did what the whole nation could not accomplish. A guide will show you the spot where the great general stood. And truly it is a grand view. It must be seen to be appreciated. Arriving in the city we went to a restaurant to dine. A very curious thing about all public buildings such as shops, stores, restaurants and every dwelling all have a religious picture hanging up on the wall with a light burning before it. It does not stop the Russian shop-keeper from robbing you, for he will always ask about three times as much as he will take. This is so in the very best stores. A burglar in robbing a house will always cover the picture before he gets to work. A traveler will go to the little box in each railroad station and crave a blessing before starting on his journey. There are two every fine gardens in Moscow with variety theaters in them. Here the people spend their evenings sipping a glass of beer or eat-

ing supper, while in front of them the performance is going on. The out-door life in cafes and beer gardens is very fascinating. And one can enjoy his supper in the open air with a band playing much more than in the house or hotel. It is one feature of European life I am very fond of. The shows continue till three or four in the morning in Russia. I got to be a regular night bird while there. One great bother is that there is very little English spoken. So a foreigner has a time of it in a restaurant ordering meals. I generally carry a small pad with me. So when I want a certain dish I draw it. Say I want an omelet, I first draw a hen, then an egg, then I go through the motion of beating it then frying it. The waiter will leave me with a big grin on his face. I am thinking of entering some of my drawings of beef steaks in the Paris salon. As I have some talent in that line. The only thing I am afraid of is that it may cause jealous feelings among other Utah artists. I stayed one week in Moscow and then moved on to Warsaw, leaving behind me one of my most enjoyable weeks in the sight-seeing line.

RAYMOND McCUNE.

#### ITEMS FROM GOSHEN.

Goshen, Utah, Sept. 19, 1898.

A fine meeting house of brick with stone basement, 37x55, well proportioned and well finished adorns this fast-growing town; also a commodious school house, containing three large class rooms, with wide spreading porched entrance and cloak room.

The enterprising merchant, W. W. Ercanbrack, of the Goshen Mercantile Co., is erecting a fine brick business house, 25x80, two stories and basement containing commodious cellars.

Walker Rouse has started to build, and from the style of the foundation, is will no doubt be an attractive addition to the town, that the citizens may well be proud of and will compare favorably with the other recently erected fine residences of David Morgan and A. H. Pettis.

The new land (so-called) west of the town under the ditch fed from the large reservoir recently constructed in the south end of Juab county, is contributing to increase the yield of grain at this place, which will no doubt reach thirty thousand bushels. From the town can be seen the symmetrical rows of the large orchard planted on the newly reclaimed land to the west. The cattle, fields, homes and people, all seem to be in fine condition. One family at whose place I called were busily engaged storing away in their granary about eight hundred bushels of wheat. Their minds were exercised over the capability of their granary to sustain the pressure of the grain, although they have taken the precaution to brace its sides.

The postoffice even has a new box front for the accommodation of the public. Goshen is surrounded with peace and plenty, and its people are smiling, contented and happy. The only cause for regret is the prolonged illness of your old agent, John B. Johnson, and the anxiety in some family circles there, for their boys who have not yet returned from the war.

ALBERT JONES.

Leslie and May Jarvis, sisters, the former about 21 and the latter 18 years of age, are wanted by the San Francisco police on a charge of burglary. They are thought to have left the city Monday on the steamer, Umatilla, for Vancouver. Their description has been sent to the Vancouver police, who have been requested to arrest them on arrival. They are accused of entering the house of Mrs. J. C. Barrows and stealing various articles and also of robbing a Miss McGee.