

freedom, and the exercise of the tenets of their belief towards Divinity in their own unostentatious and impressive way. In the early times of the church the Moravians taught and practised an almost severe simplicity in dress and manners; but of late years the influence of Babylonish ideas and modern fashions has made itself felt with them as with all others, and today but little remains of the original impressive and simple ways.

But all of this has naught to do, except by way of introduction, with our proposed description of a Moravian New Year's festival. The last day of the expiring year on this particular occasion was Sunday, and in the early evening the usual Sabbath service was conducted in the quiet style of Moravian worship. The Watch service, to celebrate the ending of one cycle and the beginning of another in the long course of time, was to commence at eleven o'clock; yet soon after nine the main body of the spacious church was fairly filled; and long before the time of beginning the house was crowded in every part. I was fortunate in securing a convenient position; and during the waiting interval was able to survey the arrangement and decoration of the building, and to note with interest the way in which the artistic taste of man may be used to lend additional solemnity and impressiveness to the rites of sacred worship. Many of the embellishments had been prepared for the preceding Christmas festival, and others had been added for the present occasion only. Behind the pulpit, extending from wall to wall, was an elegant painting, representing in natural size the stable in Bethlehem of Judea, with the Christ-child wrapped in swaddling clothes, sleeping in the manger; the Virgin mother watching with tender and inspired devotion her God-like babe; and the wise men offering their symbollic gifts of frankincense and myrrh, enclosed in golden caskets. Above the humble roof shone in rich effulgence the herald star, as the celestial token of earth-born deity. This truly beautiful picture was illuminated from behind after the manner of a transparency; the richness of color and brilliancy of tint producing the most striking of scenic effects.

At prominent places in the room were placed mammoth evergreens, with numerous jets of colored flame, and laden with gifts for old and young, expressing in a strong and pleasing manner the sentiment so

appropriate to the occasion, "LIGHT, LIFE AND LOVE." Spanning the pulpit was a magnificent arch, radiant in light and color, and bearing upon its keystone in letters of actual flame the number of the dying year. White doves, each with expanded wings, and holding in its mouth the symbollic olive twig, were suspended by invisible threads over the heads of the audience, waving and fluttering with every movement of the air, and apparently just about to alight. Richly ornamented devices and spangled emblems of worship and of praise were distributed about the chancel with pleasing taste.

I was still deeply interested in a quiet survey of this hall of worship when the service began. The orchestra, as is characteristic of Moravian churches, was large and efficient. Besides a magnificent organ, fine toned violins and clarionets, there were the typical trombones. The instruments last named are never absent from worship service. The choristers numbered upward of a hundred choice voices, and lent their choral aid to the musicians' efforts, till the listener felt that he was suffused in a sea of the sweetest sound.

The pastor then took his place beneath the emblazoned arch, and soon exercised the charm of his quiet but penetrating eloquence over the minds of the worshipping throng. His oratory was not of the impassioned kind—the sort that lashes the feelings into a state of tumultuous enthusiasm, as the hurricane furrows the placid face of the ocean; but rather was it like an evening breeze, cooling the heated brow of care and strife, and leading to soothing thoughts of better things. The speaker's influence was almost magical; the vast congregation seemed as if beneath a spell of power. I sat with watch in hand during the last few minutes of the year, noting with eager sense the circumstances of the occasion. At the precise moment the finger indicated the midnight hour, and while the pastor and his flock were still wrapt as one in the interest of the discourse, the whole orchestra and the full choir, in a tremendous crash and a joyous shout, broke in upon the stillness with a song which is only performed at this solemn moment of the year.

Simultaneously, the beautiful arch beneath which the speaker stood lost the figure from the key-stone, and in its place blazed out brighter than ever the number of the new year; while on the outside the booming of artillery and the ringing of

bells lent further enthusiasm to the advent of a new heir upon the throne of Time. The musical part continued for several minutes; then all again was still; and the minister with a gentle exhortation, and a fervent prayer, bade all "good morning and a happy year."

The monarch of the past was dead; a successor had assumed the crown, and the inaugural services were complete. We dispersed, and on our homeward way encountered bands of music, and groups of carol singers, breathing forth sounds both sweet and joyful. J. E. TALMAGE.

CURING A COLD.

WHILE on a visit to England a few years ago, it fell to my lot to pass through a singular experience, the recollection of which remains riveted on my memory like a fire in an eastern hotel or a runaway in a western cañon.

As usual, the weather, which to the native taste may seem just the thing, was to my naturalized American ideas disgustingly damp and dirty, at least from very early in the autumn to exceedingly late in the spring; for an Englishman generally gets a patented dislike to English fogs with his first papers in America, and this is intensified when he becomes fully naturalized. The British cornucopia is always full of everything to an American except what we call fine weather. One week of our Salt Lake climate, as described by the sanguine but truthful secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, would be such a red letter day in England as to shed a glorious gleam of sunshine over the whole year. A few days like we enjoy even in September or October, sprinkled through an English summer, would raise the value of real estate in London four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the highest tide ever reached by British financial waters. Capitol Hill prices would be as a bottomless boom compared with the sudden rise thus produced across the sea. But a Salt Lake sun never rose or set, a Chamber of Commerce day never dawned or departed, during my visit, and feeling the lack of that genial element as I traveled to and fro seeing the sights, I caught a severe English cold, which, with the harmonious accompaniment of an American vamping cough and a Scotch bagpipe wheeze, kept me awake at night, and brought a smile of satisfaction to the face of an undertaker, who listened with ill-