

Ephraim, at which place there is an academy on the plan of the one at Provo, under the tuition of Brother Greenwood, who is doing a good work.

The great thing needed in this country is a railroad from Chester to Manti in order to complete the connection with Salt Lake. This would develop the material interests of the country and prove a financial benefit to builders and others. Coal has been found in large quantities in this section, and the future for Sanpete in this respect is most promising. President Peterson is identified with the Deseret Coal Company, who have patented their grounds, and have fine specimens of coal in inexhaustible quantity; and although compelled to haul it some thirty miles, the brethren find this far more profitable than to purchase from railway companies. This coal contains, practically, no waste, and burns clearly. The company sell it at the mine for \$1.50 per ton. It is "devoutly to be wished" that the time is near when fuel will be placed within the reach of the poor, as it is impossible for them to purchase it at the present high prices. Experienced hurners say that one ton of Pennsylvania coal will last as long as two tons of that from Pleasant Valley, and the cost of a ton of such coal is only \$2, whereas the Pleasant Valley coal costs \$8 in Utah County.

Permit me now to pass from temporalities. Touching the work of the dead, a remark of the Recorder of Manti Temple has strongly impressed me. Said he: "Few of the rich ever devote themselves to this solemn, this responsible labor, than which there is none greater, perhaps none equal." Joseph said in substance that the greatest responsibility resting upon man is this vicarious work for the dead; and when we reflect that their state of existence is such as to render it impossible for them, in their own proper person, to act for themselves, how eager should we be while the sands of life remain in the hour-glass of time to do this glorious work. We remember how exultant we were on receiving baptism and the laying on of hands for ourselves; how our minds opened to the sublime and glorious truths of revelation; how every line of holy writ reflected new light, opening the sealed treasures of knowledge to view, treasures that for eighteen centuries had lain concealed alike from the learned and the untaught; how every word of Bible truth sprang into life as a

new creation, although we had read them a thousand times with some remote glimmer of intelligence, with some idea that beneath the dead letter there lay hidden manna; and how our joy increased and our feelings intensified on receiving the ordinances of a holy house of the Lord. How well since then have we understood the meaning of that sentence (revealed to Joseph before the first temple was built in this generation) which reads: "There is not a house in all the earth into which I can enter and reveal Mine ordinances." No, not one house constructed after the pattern of a heavenly order; not a house among the costly churches and cathedrals of Christendom wherein the ordinances for the living and the dead could be administered. Doleful picture! Most awful thought! And yet true. Not a living man during these centuries of apostasy could receive ordinances to save himself—the key of knowledge lost—the heavens closed. Not a line, not a syllable of revelation to man from his Maker. Suddenly the mission of Elijah unseals the heavens. The lamented dead no longer mourn, the joyful news of ordinances performed opens prison doors. Millions more, eager and expectant, await their deliverance. Ye men of business cares, shall this work linger? Shall the dead mourn for the privilege of freedom? Let us turn our hearts to the fathers. Let this labor of love increase. Let us lay up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt.

If we wait till "a more convenient season" the work will be neglected, perhaps indefinitely. To connect the unnumbered millions of the dead with the world of flesh by ordinance and covenant is the work of modern Israel. Let not the Divine heirship pass from any of us to others. Secure thy birthright and heritage. "Saviors shall come up upon Mount Zion." Shall we be of the number?

The people of Manti are genial and pleasant to visitors. President Wells' presence and influence, and his gentle and fatherly bearing, endear him to all who come to labor here. Easy of approach and wise in counsel, all seem to confide in him as in a loving father. His assistant, Brother Lund, is a man of broad and generous sympathy, ever ready to lend both hand and ear to the Saints—a safe and wise counselor, affable, and beloved by all. These two are indeed one in this great labor.

C. D. E.

## IN SWITZERLAND.

The most important event in the amusement line in this little Capital of Switzerland was the rendering, yesterday, of Sebastian Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," in the French Church. Sebastian Bach was one of those great spirits, born once in a great while, in whom the abilities of a generation seem to be concentrated. His musical compositions stand, therefore, foremost among the religious productions of Germany, and (if the expression be allowed in human works at all) may be called immortal. The concert was given by "The Cæcilien-Verein," assisted by the city orchestra and solo singers from other cities. In all there must have been about 200 ladies and gentlemen engaged for the performance. The effects were truly grand, particularly in the chorus parts. When the chorus "Ehre Sie Gott in der Höhe" was rendered, accompanied by the various instruments—violins, violincellos, cornets, trombones, drums, organ and piano—it was hard to realize that the singing and the music were those of weak, frail mortals; and yet there was not in the whole company one single voice that was exceptionally charming. The solo singers were all very well trained, but that is about all that can be said in their favor. The whole choir was not, as to ability, better off than many of our choirs in the settlements of Utah. I could not help making this comparison when listening to the singing, and I wondered how much more beautiful old Bach's "Oratorio" would have sounded if rendered in the Salt Lake Tabernacle by that choir, and accompanied by the overwhelming music from the organ there, probably the greatest organ in the world.

It may be worth knowing—at least to our Swiss brethren who contemplate visiting their native country—that the authorities here have suddenly made the discovery that they need not extend any hospitality to United States citizens, if they have nothing but their certificates of citizenship to prove their identity. Be you a citizen of the greatest and "wonderfullest" republic on the earth (and on the moon, too), the Swiss authorities think they can, at their option, arrest you and send you and your certificate of citizenship out of the country. Now, you would imagine that a passport issued in the name of the great government of the United States would secure you the hospitality generally accorded peace-