

and then foaming faces looked like moving snow drifts down the mountain side. As we lounged about, now in our reclining chairs with the evening breeze fanning our brows, and now out on the open deck looking alternately at the strange sight below and the old familiar sky above, the time speed quickly by and soon the darkness was upon the face of the deep. Oh, how lovely! Who wouldn't have a home on the sea? No wonder a sailor boy sings all the day. But wait. This swinging of the ship affects the brain. I am really getting dizzy. Stomachic troubles seem to follow; and suddenly from the door of the kitchen there rolls out in volumes of floating fragrance the mingled perfumes of a hundred hot pots? ? Stronger than ever comes the desire to bend over the railing and look down upon the waves as they rise in gentle majesty to receive your humble tribute. From fore to aft, and from port to star of the gallant ship the winds are bearing the same message of congenial emotion. There is an artificial language being taught today, and I think it advocates are working hard to make it universal. They call it the volapuk. I suggest to them the addition of one more word to their vocabulary and believe that its universality will be sufficient recommendation. It is the "word of the sea," and used on every ship that plows the deep. It is hard to spell and even more painful to pronounce but it expresses the same idea throughout the whole world. It is spelled a-w-h-a-w and pronounced with a gurgling accent on the second syllable. The volapuk is the only language that can consistently adopt it.

Well, as we passed on, the sea sickness passed off. Our "fun," however, was turned to real sadness on the evening of our first day on the water. About 10 o'clock the awful cry of "man overboard" rang out on the deck of the steamer and many were the hearts that beat in anxiety and fear lest a loved one or a dear friend was he who had been so unfortunate.

We had on board with us the crews of two other vessels whose ships had been left in America and they were on their way home to the British Isles. It was one of these men who had fallen from the railing while carelessly sitting there, talking with one of his shipmates. The night was very dark and it was several minutes before the Waesland was brought to a stand-still and the life boat lowered.

The brave sailors rowed this little life boat far back into the night and were tossed about on the mad billows, but they neither heard a cry of distress nor found the man in silent sleep. He had gone to his rest in that dark green undug sepulcher of the sea, and we went to our rest in gloomy sleep to dream of that Great Beyond.

The next day was Sunday. A Rev. Mr. Eveland was on board and held divine services. He invited our crowd to join him and assist in the singing. The next evening we were invited to hold a meeting and explain the principles of our religion to the cabin passengers. There were present a number of prominent doctors and lawyers, and in fact the whole assembly was made up of a wealthy and educated class of people. Elders Jos. W. Smith of Arizona, Henry Catmull of Idaho, Jeppa Monson, F. G. Ralph, John Jones, Joseph Boyce, Clarence M. Cannon, Joseph M. Reades, Geo. C. Wood, J. F. Merrill, Prof. and Mrs. J. A. Widtsoe, Miss Lulu Gater, D. N. White and myself were the number of our company.

It was decided that Brother Widtsoe should preside and make such remarks as he thought most fitting for the occasion and Elder Smith was to explain or rather give an account of the founding

of our Church in this dispensation. Remarks on the restoration of the Gospel from a scriptural standpoint should follow by myself. The spirit of the Lord was with us and it made an impression on the people for good. Many of them have been to us during our voyage to inquire further into our belief. One lady just came to me while writing this letter and gave me her address and a dollar bill to send her some of our literature.

With slight exception our party has been in good health and spirits almost from the day we left our homes in Zion.

Our trip across the continent, I suppose was much the same as that of other groups of missionaries we so often read of, but to us it was very different from the ideas we had gained from reading. We were strongly impressed in leaving our loved ones and home and friends that "parting is such sweet sorrow." The short distance from the door of the depot was harder to travel than a thousand miles on the Atlantic, or across the plains. But I must not weary you with that which interested us alone. Our tears were soon dried by the sunshine of song and we wheeled away like the chariots of morning. In less than 36 hours we had covered the distance which occupied the time of the Pioneers for more than a hundred days. Our flight was so swift that had we wept our worst the live long day and night it still would scarcely count one single tear for every grave they gather round to weep. Within an hour's walk of the very spot where the Saints camped on the west bank of the Missouri river now stands the finest monument to human art the world has ever seen. The name—The Trans-Mississippi Exposition—is all I need to say.

Thanks to those in charge of the Utah exhibit for their courtesy in our behalf.

The stop over in Chicago was but short but the scenery along the shore of Lake Michigan was, to say the least, beautiful. Some of the party went via Niagara Falls and the rest of us through Washington where we spent one day. It would take as many columns as I am writing lines to tell you all we saw and heard that day.

So much has been said of the sights in that great city that it would be useless to reprint the words. One or two features, however, might be mentioned here. We went into a building—the treasury—where is deposited enough gold and silver to load a string of wagons that would reach (15½) fifteen and a half miles and each wagon carrying four thousand pounds. We looked from the Washington monument 555 feet high, etc. We rode from Washington to Philadelphia over the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, one of the fastest trains in the world.

The conductor permitted me to ride through the great tunnel under the city of Baltimore on the rear end of the car so I could see the structure as we passed through. There is no smoke as the trains are pulled through the tunnel with electric motors. It is one and one-eighth miles long and is one of the remarkable pieces of engineering of this century. We were told by the conductor to "time" it while gliding down one of those slopes into Philadelphia. We did. It was wonderful. I "timed" it by "holding my breath" and to my astonishment we passed just two and four-sevenths miles without the least respiration.

We were joined by the rest of our party at the Green hotel in Philadelphia where we visited a few of the old historic spots and then started for this sea-faring life of which we are just now nearing the close

England is in sight on the one hand and Ireland on the other. With writing and talking and sight-seeing and eating, it has now grown dark. We will be in Liverpool in a few hours. August 24th—We came into Liverpool at 1 a. m. Too much noise to sleep. Took breakfast on board and were met by Elder George E. Carpenter, who conducted us to the old mission house on 42 Islington. Farewell to the "Waesland." Just another word about her. On Monday evening last the Elders were allowed the privilege of going through the ship and being conducted by an officer he took us through the machinery halls. That was a revelation. It told what had pushed us against the wind and the wave at the rate of 300 miles per day. As near as we could learn they consumed about 60 or 70 tons of coal every twenty-four hours. There are twelve furnaces. The shaft which turns the propeller, is solid steel 44 inches in circumference and running half the length of the ship which is 432 feet long. This immense bar weighs about 200 tons, and yet the sailors consider it a "small affair" when compared with some of the great ocean steamers of more modern type. Our ship sailed along with about 25 feet under, and 20 above the surface of the water. It would require more than 8,000 tons to sink her to the deck.

Well, this is enough. We are here and all well. Among the great things which have already come under our observation was the broad smiles on the faces of Elder McMurrin and the brethren of the office. They were really American in dimensions—yes both the men and the smiles.

J. W. BOOTH.

HOW AMERICANS DIE.

Scribner's Magazine: Edward Marshall, the correspondent who was wounded at Guasina, has written his "Recollections" for the September Scribner, from which the following extracts are made:

"I saw many men shot. Every one went down in a lump, without cries, without jumping up in the air, without throwing up hands. They just went down like clods in the grass. It seemed to me that the terrible thud with which they struck the earth was more penetrating than the sound of guns. Some were only wounded; some were dead.

"There is much that is awe-inspiring about the death of soldiers on the battlefield. Almost all of us have seen men and women die, but they have died in their carefully arranged beds with doctors daintily hoarding the flickering spark; with loved ones clustered about. But death from disease is less awful than death from bullets. On the battlefield there are no delicate scientific problems of strange microbes to be solved. There is no petting, no cod-dling—nothing, nothing, nothing, but death. The man lives, he is strong, he is vital, every muscle in him is at its fullest tension when, suddenly 'chug!' he is dead. That 'chug' of the bullets striking flesh is nearly always plainly audible. But bullets which are billeted, so far as I know, do not sing on their way. They go silently, grimly to their mark, and the man is lacerated and torn or dead. I did not hear the bullets shriek that killed Hamilton Fish; I did not hear the bullets shriek which struck the many others who were wounded while I was near them; I did not hear the bullet shriek which struck me.

"There is one incident of the day which shines out in my memory above all others now as I lie in a New York hospital writing. It occurred at the field hospital. About a dozen of us