

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Religious services were held in the Tabernacle, Sunday, July 24th, 1887, commencing at 2 p.m., President Angus M. Cannon, presiding.

The choir sang the hymn:

Come, all ye sons of Zion,
And let us praise the Lord.

Prayer was offered by Patriarch Lorenzo D. Young.

The choir sang:

How great the wisdom and the love,
That filled the courts on high.

The Sacrament was administered by the Priesthood of the First Ward.

ELDER JUNIUS F. WELLS

was called and addressed the congregation. He rejoiced in the opportunity of meeting with the Saints to worship God and partake of the Sacrament, and to learn of those principles that bring salvation. It was a glorious thing to understand the plan of salvation, and one of the greatest comforts a man could have was an abiding faith in the great hereafter. A testimony that the trials of mortal existence would be left behind, and a conviction that the course of life men pursued here would secure a better place in eternity induced them to live lives of truth, honor and integrity. The Latter-day Saints had gathered in Utah; had settled its valleys; built dwellings and meeting and schoolhouses; and had erected Temples in which to perform sacred rites. The desire to receive the salvation promised by the Gospel of Christ had been the incentive to cause the Saints to perform so great a work.

In the midst of professed Christianity there were doubts as to the course which men should pursue to be saved, and many were the different sects of professed Christians which had been organized. Joseph Smith, when a boy, had seen this condition, and was deeply impressed to call on the Lord. He followed the injunction of the Apostle James, and went out into the woods and pleaded with God to hear his petition. He was attacked by the powers of darkness, which greatly oppressed him; but he persisted in his prayer and was relieved by the appearance of two heavenly beings, one of whom said, pointing to the other, "This is my beloved Son; hear Him." The personage indicated was the Lord Jesus, who told Joseph that he had been chosen as the instrument in the hands of God to promulgate His Gospel in the latter-days, which Gospel would grow and usher in the reign of the Prince of Peace.

Following this vision came further revelations from the Lord, and the principles of the Gospel were made plain to Joseph's comprehension. He learned to understand the scriptures through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, by which the things of God could be made known. The principles of faith, repentance, baptism; and laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, were revealed to him. Those principles had been taught singly by one or another of the Christian denominations, but never, since the universal apostasy, had they been taught in combination or in strict conformity with the teachings of the Apostles. Angels had come to earth, notwithstanding such an idea was ridiculed by men to-day, and instructed men in the things pertaining to everlasting salvation. Joseph Smith was ordained by an angel, who had lived on the earth, and who himself had the Holy Priesthood, which he conferred on Joseph. This angel was John the Baptist. Peter, James and John had also bestowed on Joseph the higher Priesthood.

This doctrine of immediate revelation, though a startling one to the world, appealed to thinking, honest men as reasonable, and as being in accord with the teachings of the Savior. The Latter-day Saints now give to the world that doctrine, and appeal to their fellow-men to accept the Gospel, promising, as servants of the Most High, that those who obey it will receive a testimony of its truth from heaven. This promise had been realized by those who had believed and obeyed the Gospel. The speaker had himself a testimony that the principles of the Gospel as taught by the Saints would bring salvation; that they constituted the laws of life. This testimony was his hope, and it was his object to secure the blessings that followed obedience to the truth. Those principles comprehended all that eternity could promise. Having faith in the Creator of the universe, as the power that controls the destiny of mankind, the next principle in the order of the Gospel was repentance of sin. It was unreasonable to expect that men could progress except by conforming with laws that brought an increase of intelligence. Repentance, or ceasing to do wrong, was one of these laws. It was a fact that must be accepted that all men were prone to sin, and as no sinful person could enter into the presence of God, it was necessary that sins should be swept away.

The Latter-day Saints had obeyed this doctrine; they had endeavored to put away all sinfulness. They had been called "the offscourings of the earth." The appellation was undeserved. On the contrary, they were gathered from the honest, hard-working, God-fearing people of the earth, and had assembled in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, where they had become comparatively independent. The speaker had once heard a man promi-

nent in financial circles in New York say he felt indebted to the "Mormons" for gathering many of the poor of the old world and making them independent, and for giving to the world a practical morality. It was good to hear honest expressions of this kind. Nowhere in the world was there a community into whose hearts and lives were implanted the principles of morality to the extent that they were among the Latter-day Saints. Sin was not tolerated among them whenever it was known. The body of the Saints in good standing were honest and virtuous in their actions. There were some who managed to elude detection and escape punishment, but the great majority of the people endeavored to be pure and upright. There was no menace to a free government in the growth and advancement of such a people; it was rather a guaranty of the permanency of liberty.

The mission of the Latter-day Saints was to proclaim the Gospel of Christ to all the world. No matter how great the labor involved, that man was not a worthy servant of God if he would not make the sacrifice required by the Almighty. The history of the Latter-day Saints was evidence that they had never shrunk from their duty, though they had come up through great tribulation. It was their duty to continue faithful, and maintain true principles at any cost. There was nothing to seek for in this life alone, but all that was worthy reached forth into eternity. There was nothing praiseworthy that was not included in the Gospel of Christ; there was no truth that was not embraced in it; there was no path of honor outside.

The speaker bore testimony that the principles embraced in "Mormonism" were the truths of heaven; his heart's desire was to see the Church of Christ advance in the earth, and to aid in that advancement. It would benefit all mankind, and his prayer was that the Saints would be preserved in faithfulness in the great work of salvation for all mankind.

Forty years ago this day, the Pioneers entered Great Salt Lake Valley, having crossed the trackless prairies in search of a place where they could worship God in peace. How wonderful has their history been; and how great is the work they have accomplished! They have performed a labor that will never be swept from the earth, and their names will be ever spoken of in reverence and praise. The Pioneers were men of hardihood, integrity and truth; they had devoted their lives for the benefit of their fellowmen. No greater work could any man perform. For this let their names and memories be honored! This day the people would celebrate, and praise God with shouts of joy, but that their hearts are bowed down with pain at more serious and sad reflections. But out of the persecutions of Zion would come a glorious blessing for the good, for God was at the head and His hand would be raised in behalf of His people. Let the Saints give Him their hearts devotion and He will give them life's greatest victory.

The choir sang an anthem and benediction was pronounced by Elder Jas. L. McMurrin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WAKE UP!

MOUNT PLEASANT,

July 25th, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

In passing through the Territory I see sad sights in the shape of stock. In most of the cities and villages they have horses hardly large enough to gather their hay, say nothing about any that should be sold to an eastern market. We have now about 200,000 horses, and 50,000 good ones would do all the labor required. What could the others be sold for by the drover? They have sold from \$15 to \$25, but the market is glutted at that. We have the best climate in the world to produce a good horse, everything being equal, that is to say that you must have the breeds. Our little horses need not be given away, but they can be bred up. Get large sires, horses weighing from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds, and I will promise you that you will soon have something to sell, and something that you can get money for. Go to the large cities east, and see what kind of horses they use, and you will find them large ones, in fact they cannot get them big enough. New York City uses up

FORTY THOUSAND HORSES

every year. It takes sixteen thousand horses harnessed all at once to move the street cars, besides what they have resting and on the sick list. Look at the L. C. Lee horse and others, that will show you what climate will do when you have the blood. Now I imagine that I hear some one saying, "Your plan of breeding to so large horses will not do." To them I will say take a little money, go to Cheyenne and visit Post Ranch and you will see practically what I have contended for these many years.

How is it with cattle? Even worse. A few stockmen have gone east and purchased good stock, and are improving, but how is it with the farmers and city people? Their cows are neither good for milk nor beef. There are now about 6,000 cows called milch cows, and are being kept up for that purpose here in Sanpete, and the hotels in Salt Lake have to

SEND TO CALIFORNIA

for butter, both for quantity and qual-

ity. From all I could gather I do not believe that one hundred barrels of butter is sold out of Utah in a day. Why do the people not form stock companies, and start in each settlement at least one dairy where the milk could be gathered night and morning, and made into butter and cheese fit to eat. Breed these cows to milk breeds of cattle; by so doing in a few years they would have something worth having, but the masses seem asleep, and when they will wake up to their own interests I am unable to guess. There is ground enough in almost any city going to waste where feed enough could be produced to keep one good cow.

In Holland the cows give from six to twelve gallons of milk, here they give from one quart to three gallons, only a very few of the latter. There are plenty of goats in Switzerland that produce more than these poor, starved creatures do. Ask them why they do not improve, they will point to some half-breed calf that some peddler has sold them with a bogus pedigree. I know of one settlement with twelve hundred cows up milking that purchased one yearling Holstein calf. At that rate of improving, they will probably have some fine stock when the

MILLENNIUM COMES.

This ruinous policy is not alone pursued in horses and cattle, but in hogs, turkeys and chickens. Most of the hogs are of the razor breed, back and snout being very sharp, lodged in a muddy pen, fed one day, starved the next, so as to make a streak of lean and a streak of fat, I suppose, instead of putting a ring in the nose and turning them into a lucern patch and feeding them a little besides. Now the farmer is astride my neck; again he tells me that it will not pay to raise pork; nobody will purchase it; it cannot be raised to a profit. Let us see how is it that the eastern farmer can produce hogs at four to five cents a pound? Let us see what you do. You raise wheat and sell it at 40 to 60 cents; but you have never sold enough wheat any single year yet out of the Territory to pay for the pork that has been imported. Five hundred thousand dollars annually are sent out of this Territory for pork alone, and the most wheat the Territory has ever sold was four hundred thousand, lacking one hundred thousand dollars that had to be paid out of other resources for the bacon. "Well, but," says one, "I raised a few hogs, last year and cured to the best of my knowledge, and I could not sell it." Well, if it was cured as some was cured that I have had to eat since I left home, no wonder. I saw a lot that was trimmed and cured that I think a Hindu Indian would have improved on. If you do not know how to trim a ham, get someone that does, or buy a ham from the store and look at it and trim accordingly, caress it and treat it as they do in the east.

What else do we do? Well, we send for

CAR-LOADS OF PICKLES, car-loads of tomatoes, car-loads of canned corn, car-loads of fruit of an inferior quality; we buy all these things because it does not pay, and let our children grow up in idleness, while we employ eastern people to put up all these things for us. It will not pay to raise turkeys, and chickens, but it pays to bring them every winter from the east to supply the market of the big cities in Utah. Were it not for the sheepmen, I do not know what would become of Utah. Now somebody else kicks. Ah! you are in with the sheepmen, are you? Truth is truth. They have improved their wool clip from three pounds to eight and ten; their mutton from 35 pounds to 80 and 90. They will bring into Utah two millions of dollars in wool alone this year, besides several hundred thousands of dollars for wethers sent out—why not stand in with them? It is my opinion that if we had a sheep for every scrub horse, or head of cattle, we would be better off than we are now. But we go on from year to year

WASTING AND WANTING

and complaining of hard times, cursing our hard luck, and sending our money out, instead of sending out our manufactured, shoes and boots, our canned fruits, pickles, corn, bacon and other things. Whose business is it to do these things. Yours. Unite, co-operate, form stock companies. Do the business on a business-like principle. Do not wait for the rich man to come forward, and make himself richer, but raise the means from your resources, and get wealthy yourselves. Let us wake up!

Yours, H. J. FAUST.

LONDON LETTER.

THE JUBILEE AND THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

LONDON, June 25th, 1887.

I suppose it is not necessary for me to tell you that all London went crazy over the Jubilee. The cable has anticipated me and you are already in possession of all the essential points in regard to the ceremony, which certainly was unsurpassed for pomp and splendor in the history of the world. It only remains for me, therefore, to give you a few items of a general nature in regard to the incidents of Jubilee week. On Sunday last I drove over the route of the Royal procession of Tuesday and found that the craze had already begun. The streets were so thronged with people on foot, and in vehicles that it took me over 4 hours to

pass along the route and return. There was a great sameness about the decorations, most of which being in crimson and gold, but there were one or two happy exceptions along Piccadilly, where light blue had been substituted for crimson, and several others where Japanese decorations had been largely employed, thus giving a little variety and change of color to the general fact. To the Americans the disappointing feature of the procession was the absence of military bands and of large numbers of soldiers marching in front and behind, but nothing more impressive could possibly have been conceived than the Royal Guard of Honor on horseback, which consisted entirely of the sons, sons-in-law, and grandsons of Her Majesty. One of the most remarkable incidents of the day was that the only person who was recognized by the Royal party during their progress was Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill), and that this should have been the case needs no further commentary from me to point out to you how the "Wild West" craze has extended, not only to all fashionable London but to Royalty itself. Colonel Cody occupied a prominent place on a scaffolding erected on the side of a new building in Piccadilly, and when the Royal carriages approached, the Princess looked up and saw his long love-locks floating in the breeze, whereupon she called the attention of the Queen, and both bestowed a bow, and smiled on Colonel Cody; and the Prince, who was in charge of the Royal Guard of Honor, just alluded to, wheeled his horse round, took off his hat and saluted Colonel Cody, an example immediately followed by the other members of the suite on horseback.

The day before Jubilee day, Monday, at 11 o'clock in the morning, almost the entire Royal party arrived at the "Wild West," and asked for a special performance. The party consisted of the Prince of Wales, Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince George of Wales, Princesses Victoria, Louise and Maud of Wales, King of Saxony, King of Denmark, the King of Greece, the King of the Belgians, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Prince George of Greece, Duke of Sparta of Greece, Hereditary Prince and Princess Saxe-Meiningen, Princess Victoria of Prussia, Prince Louis of Baden, Princesses Sophy and Margaret of Prussia, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen in attendance belonging to the different suites of royalty. They were all highly delighted with the performance, asked any number of questions, and at the conclusion the Prince of Wales entered the arena, and walking up to Col. Cody, who was on horseback, shook hands with him, and remarked, "I think you are the first man who ever played to four kings," to which Buffalo Bill, with a twinkle in eye, responded quickly, "Sir, I have frequently played to four kings, but I never held a hand of four kings and the Prince of Wales—that's the 'boss hand—a Royal flush.'" The party then visited the Exhibition and the gardens, where they spent half an hour on the Switchback railroad and Toboggan slide, and finally departed in high glee. In fact, during the entire week the Royal box has never once been unoccupied, and to tell you who had seen the Exhibition would simply be to give you a list of all the royalty assembled here for the Queen's Jubilee, and the compliment is more remarkable from the fact that the first place they visited after their arrival was the American Exhibition.

It is proposed to set apart one day in July, to be called Jubilee Day, when the entire receipts will be donated to Guy's Hospital. Director-General John R. Whitley and the Marquis of Lorne have charge of the arrangements, and the date will be fixed very shortly. It was at the suggestion of the latter that Guy's Hospital was one which was particularly dear to the hearts of the English people and of the royal family, and that no more fitting and graceful memorial of the friendly feeling existing between the two countries could be suggested than to have a ward in the hospital to be known as the "American Jubilee Offering Department." I suppose that the amount of work which the reception and entertainment of all the royal guests has entailed upon the Queen's household has been so great that they will all be most heartily rejoiced when they see the backs of the royal visitors. The Duke of Portland, who is Master of the Horse, has had his hands full in providing equipages in which to transport the royal visitors, who all want to go different directions at the same time, and the housekeeping department at Buckingham Palace has been sorely exercised. It is an unwritten law, that when foreign royalty dine with the Queen that the menu shall be in accordance with the known tastes of the royal guests. How to keep this rule on the score of the many hungry crowned heads to be catered for was a conundrum hard of solution. Perhaps a little gossip about the personality of the royal visitors may be interesting. The jolliest pair are Prince George of Wales and his cousin, Prince George of Greece; they are both big, fat, pudding-faced good-natured boys, and as full of mischief as it is possible to conceive. There is a story that they amuse themselves, very much to the disgust of some of the other guests, by shooting at cats with powder rifles out of the back windows at Marlborough House, and they spend all the time which they are allowed to themselves, either in the "Wild West" Camp, or on the Tobogganing Slide at the American Exhibition. As Prince George of Wales is the favorite son, these little tricks are

overlooked or ignored. The Grand Duke Serge of Russia is very tall, being considerably over six feet, and very thin. He has cold blue eyes, thin lips, cruel mouth, and a light brown beard, parted in the middle and brushed both ways. He wears corsets and has a phenomenally small waist, which makes his hips look as large as those of a woman. His wife is a very handsome woman, with more of the air of dignity and royalty about her than any one I have seen in the whole party. One of the things which amused me during the visit of the royalty at the Exhibition on Monday, and which I had noticed for the first time, perhaps because I never thought or expected to see so many of the rulers, actual or presumptive, of Europe together at one time, was the fact of the ladies courtesying whenever spoken to by royalty; while the party were standing in front of the royal box and at the entrance to the arena, the ladies seemed to be in a continual state of bobbing up and down, and it reminded me of the chorus in "Billie Taylor," when the charity girls inform the audience that—

"Our manners we show by our charity bob, Bob, bob, bob; or charity bob, bob, bob."

Every time the Prince spoke to one of the ladies she bobbed up and down, and even the Princesses bobbed up and down when spoken to by her father, the King of Denmark. As for the ladies-in-waiting, I was really sorry for their poor knees; they bobbed up and down every time they caught anyone looking at them. It is a fact that one of the maids-of-honor turned round suddenly, saw me looking at her, and began to bob up and down so that I really thought she would never recover her equilibrium. You can imagine her disgust when she discovered that I was not one of the royal guests, who were thicker than blackberries, but only a "Wild West Journalist." It may be a matter of some interest to the Anglo-manic on your side of the water to know that the Prince has been wearing a "white" high hat most of the time during the Jubilee week. These hats are very little worn in England, or have been up to the present time. It was also remarked that the Prince undoubtedly sets the fashion in England, and that the demand for these hats is so great, that the supply is nothing like equal to fill the orders. One of the recent events has been the Lord Mayor's lunch to the dramatic profession, and I am free to confess that why the Lord Mayor should have lunched the dramatic profession is beyond my comprehension. The fact is, the Lord Mayor (Sir Reginald Hanson) is the backer of two important theatres in London, and this fact will account for his parade last November having been stage-managed by no less a person than Charlie Harris, so well known in America, and brother to "Gus" of that ilk, manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, and for his accepting, probably, the suggestion of the managers of the theatres, giving a lunch, which is generally known here as the "Mummers' Feed." Far be it from me to throw stones at the profession, but I can assure you that a queerer crowd, both of manners and morals, were never before gathered within the classic walls by the Chief Magistrate of the City of London.

Unfortunately most of the ladies forgot that however useful upon the stage, and however customary at little suppers after the performance make up of paint and powder may be, it is highly out of place in the bright light of day; what they would have looked like with their faces washed I can't conceive. In happy contrast to this, the London Daily Telegraph proprietor, Mr. Levy Lawson has given 30,000 children a treat in Hyde Park, and presented them with Jubilee mugs, the dear motherly Lady Queen presiding over the whole function; this, to my mind, was the prettiest and most praiseworthy of all the Jubilee junketings.

Grim perhaps, but not uninteresting, will be found the following summary of the causes of death of the whole of the kings and queens of England. William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions. William Rufus died the death of the poor stag which he hunted. Henry I died of gluttony, having eaten too much of a dish of lampreys. Stephen died in a few days of what was called the iliac passion, which we suppose may be a royal term for prussic acid, or something like it. Henry II died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children. A broken heart is a very odd complaint for a monarch to die of. Perhaps "rat's-bane in his porridge" meant the same thing as a broken heart. Richard Cœur de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named, by an arrow from an archer. John died nobody knows how, but it is said of chagrin, which we suppose is another term for a dose of hellebore. Henry III is said to have died "a natural death," which with kings, and in palaces, means the most unnatural death by which a mortal can shuffle off his "mortal coil."

Edward I is likewise said to have died of a "natural sickness," a sickness which it would puzzle all the college of physicians to nominate. Edward II was most barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother and her paramour. Edward III died of dottage, and Richard II of starvation, the very reverse of George IV. Henry IV is said to have died "of its caused by uncleanliness," and uncleanliness in palaces at those times was a very common