

terest of those who produce the wealth of the world. At the close of the war we owed nearly four billions of dollars, bringing ten per cent per annum. What did it mean to pay interest on it annually? At the price of wheat this year it would require eight hundred millions of bushels of wheat annually to meet the interest alone. You farmers in Utah who have borrowed money on your real estate, have you ever thought that your farm, being valued at twenty thousand dollars when interest is six per cent, shrinks to the value of ten thousand dollars the very moment interest reaches twelve per cent? Did you ever think of it in that light? Take the interest today on the debt of Great Britain and destroy that amount in property, and then compel her to pay one hundred and twenty millions per annum, and it would paralyze the whole nation. Take our condition in Utah. All the products of Cache county put together—one of the fairest counties in the Territory—are not sufficient to pay its interest on the annual indebtedness of this Territory alone. Now, if the tithings of the people there have represented one tenth of all the tithings of the people; if their contributions have represented one-tenth of the contributions of the whole Church, then we have reached a point in financeering where one-tenth of the labor of the people is being expended on interest account alone. Is it wise or prudent? No, it is not. It is not in the line marked out by President Brigham Young. It is not in the line taught by President John Taylor. It is not in the line of the wisdom of President Wilford Woodruff. Bondage is debt; and whoever heard of the rich of any nation meeting together to plan for the good of the whole people? The poor inveigh against the extravagance of the rich and the luxury in which they live; and yet, my brethren and sisters, the very thing against which they inveigh is their only valve of safety. It is a boon to the poor that some of the rich expend their money like water thrown on the ground. It is a boon also that the rich must die as well as the poor; for children rocked in the cradle of luxury—and I may say, too, in the cradle of immorality—will throw to the winds the wealth accumulated by their parents. A few rich men in any community, outside of the influences of the Gospel, by combining under special laws, living the habits of industry and practising usury, can soon reap the wealth accumulated by the labor toiling masses. That is the history of the world. In Belgium they have salutary laws, however, that we may copy after later on in our nation. If a man dies possessed of fifty thousand dollars of property, five per cent, I think, of that property must go to state institutions of learning. If he dies possessed of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property he is taxed ten per cent, and so on up until reaching a certain point, which, as I remember, is half a million dollars; and anything above that goes to the state for the education of the people of the state and for charitable institutions. Whatever we may say in praise of civilization, a nation cannot be Christian that does not have a system of income taxation, thereby placing the burdens of taxation according to their ability to bear it equally upon the poor and the rich; justice, equity and statesmanship put it upon the income of the rich man, because the poor man, when the nation is in danger, is the foremost

man to bear the flag of his country in the front of the battle; he not only offers his sacred honor, but his life. Why then should legislation be in favor of the few as against the many?

The "kingdom of God will rectify all the evils that we speak of. But the world has not been willing to give it place. Let the genius of the Gospel of the Son of God have play in the midst of the nations of the earth, and there will be none of these inequalities that we now complain of. Brighter times are before us. Utah in passing through what she is now passing through will turn her attention to the wealth around her—to the silk in the leaves and the honey in the flowers whose fragrance we breathe; to the wealth that we dig out of the soil, to the gold and silver in our mountains, to the sugar in our ground, to home industry—and we will become a great people; and as we advocate and practice this, we will stand up erect as God made us, not only independent within ourselves, but able to feed the alien that may come to us. They will come, and will bring their gold and silver by the millions; and will lay it, too, at the feet of the servants of God, asking for wisdom to invest it. Up to date none of the institutions of Utah have been pressed to the wall; not a bank, not a single Mormon institution of note. Their credit is still maintained, and the honor of the Church is the pride of its people. That is something for which we ought to feel grateful.

I feel that I have spoken as long as I should. But my heart is not depressed. All things do not seem dark to me. Much light is beyond the clouds that hover over us today; and God will give them not only a silver but a golden lining. Abundance will come upon Zion; for He hath decreed that He will glorify her and He will make the feet of those who bring glad tidings very beautiful upon the mountains. God bless President Wilford Woodruff, and speedily take from his heart and mind the load resting upon him by reason of the financial distress upon the whole people; that he may be free from these things; permitted during his remaining days and by his remaining strength to pour blessings upon the people. And may the Spirit of the Lord make strong all the quorums of the Church, uniting them like a threefold cord that cannot be broken; and in the midst of our trials and tribulations let us see to it that we wound not the hearts of our friends. Let us do nothing in the hour of distress that will alienate our friends from us. And, whatever else we do, let us not forget the worthy poor in the midst of the people; and if we have no labor for them, let us at least divide our crust with them. Let the rich who have abundance dispose of their surplus and give liberally to the worthy poor. And above all things, let no thought enter into the heart of any Latter-day Saint that we shall ever reach a point when it will be honorable not to pay our honest debts, not only to the Gentile, but also to the Jew, and to Latter-day Saints. I believe that the Senate will pass the bill that the House of Representatives passed, and that, too, promptly. I believe also that President Cleveland will sign the bill, restoring to the Church its property, now so much needed. May God grant that this people may continue to advance and prosper until they shall see as they are seen and know as they are known. Amen.

Written for this Paper.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 10, 1894.—I have come to Columbus from Washington to give you a letter about Governor McKinley. He is today one of the most interesting characters in the United States. We are a nation of hero worshipers, and each of our great parties has to have its demigod. McKinley is the demigod of the Republican party. He fills the niche where stood Garfield and Blaine, and his worshippers hope to elevate him to the White House. I have no doubt but that the gray matter under his black hair is permeated with the Presidential itch, but I have looked in vain to find any evidence of the disease in his face or his surroundings. He has the same clear, brunette complexion which he maintained under the malarial influences of Washington. His eyes are just as bright, and there is no austerity or snobbishness in his manner. He leads much the same life that he did while he was in Congress. He lives at a hotel and walks like an ordinary citizen every morning to his office. He spends his day in attending to the duties of his position, and walks back to his hotel at sunset. He remains almost the whole time, while he is not in his office, in his rooms at the hotel, and his manners and tastes are of the simplest character. He goes to bed early and sleeps well. He is in good physical condition, and his mental health seems to be sound.

I went over to the state house this morning to look at his work shop. The Ohio capitol is situated in the middle of the city. It has a big park about it and a wide stone walk leads up to its front entrance. On each side of this walk are now big blocks of granite, from the pedestal of the Ohio statue at the exposition, and above these and by the steps of the state house lie the bronze statues which formed that monument. Giant figures of Gen. Sherman, President Garfield, Gen. Grant and Chief Justice Chase are laid out on their backs on one side of the walk, and on the other the great bronze matron, supposed to be the mother of the state, lies on her stomach, as though she had the nose bleed and wanted to let the fluid trickle off into the gutter over which her bronze nose rests. Passing these you reach the steps of the capitol and go through a long row of stone pillars up the steps into a gloomy rotunda, filled with bad paintings, which you see through a dim light. The whole state house is solemn and funereal. It is built of brown sand stone, and it looks like a prison. It was made by penitentiary convicts, and their sad souls seem to have shrouded this great stone box in gloom, and Ohio taste has come to help in carrying out the illusion. In the rotunda, for instance, one wall is given up to a great glass case filled with the flowers that rested on Garfield's catafalque, and other solemn relics hang here and there. Passing through the rotunda you have to go down a gloomy corridor to get to the governor's office, which lies below this, and the negro messenger who stands at the door would be worth a fortune as a eunuch or a mute. The governor's apartments consist of two large rooms. His private office is finished in mahogany, and he does his work behind a big, flat desk, seated in a