

Who wants to discern the signs of the times? Who is charged with an idea on this important topic? Can the present condition be changed? Will that change come by increasing our obligation to the world at large? Can any plan be devised, is there a section of the people being prepared, as was the case in England for the preaching of President Woodruff?

Time will tell, experiments may have to be multitudinous, but if prophesy is to be fulfilled, that is nearer now than at any period of our history, and while it was said that "the riches of the Gentiles should be converted to the Saints," there is much truth in the oft-used saying, that "the Lord helps those who try to help themselves!"

What the next year may develop of heavenly purpose and far-reaching change, we may not know, but surely the Lord will do nothing but He will reveal it unto His servants the prophets. "Would to God that all Israel were Prophets," said a mighty man of old!

OCASIONAL.

LONDON BY GASLIGHT.

LONDON, December 3rd, 1896.

To the unsophisticated American, (the modern cliff dweller whose habit is among anything from ten to twenty story buildings) London from a cursory superficial introduction seems somewhat of a dire and dismal disappointment, especially at this time of the year, when king fog holds undisputed sway for ninety days, and old Sol is as much of an ocular curiosity as undiluted lacteal fluid, or absolutely fresh hen fruit. The rolling boulevards and stately buildings of our fondest imaginations resolve themselves into tortuous, comparatively narrow, crowded streets, while the buildings seldom attain a height above six stories; and although they are solid, substantial structures, built to last, they lack the architectural details so prevalent in the modern American edifices. Everything is begrimed by soot, smoke, smoke, everywhere; it throws its pall over everything, leaving a deposit behind, that in the course of eighteen months compels a self respecting brand new freestone building or statue, to assume the same disreputable aspect as that worn by its older neighbors. However, London was London, before America was thought of, and consequently from a modern improvement standpoint, labors somewhat under the disadvantage of having been laid out for eight or nine centuries on lines that positively prohibit such sacrilegious innovations as the gay and festive reckless trolley car, the sky scraping buildings, the mammoth palatial stores of the Siegel-Cooper order together with other up to date American institutions.

But London grows on one, and after a week's acquaintance one gets impressed with its wealth, solidity, vastness, an tiquity and wickedness. The time to take in London, so to speak, at this season of the year is between the hours of 4 p. m., and the last bus. Under the gaslight it is truly a stirring sight. The roar of the ever restless traffic, the hurrying pedestrians, besiped and top hatted, all hurrying for home or on pleasure bent, the cries of the street hawkers, bus conductors, cabbies and touts, together with the resplendent shop windows, colored illuminated revolving pictorial advertising signs, and

general, pandemonium, all have a tendency under the artificial glare of the gas and electric light to make the unsophisticated Utahnian pinch himself to see whether he is awake or not.

The Mormon Elder's first natural desire on arriving in London is to get out and see somewhat of his surroundings and do London i. e., if London does not do him ere he gets through. So he leaves historic "36" with its æsthetic and cultured surroundings and hies himself to "the Angel" which is not such a devout proceeding as appears on the face of it, as the aforesaid angel of Islington is nothing more or less than what is vulgarly termed a "pub" (saloon) from whose bibulous pretexts depart the busses for the city and elsewhere. If the Elder should be brand new he is very much conscious of wearing a brand new silk hat and imagines all the world has its eye on him, which fancy is intensified by a street arab audibly informing his bosom friend that there goes Baron Rothschilds (as latest style silk hats on Penton street are somewhat conspicuous;) whereupon he promptly takes the wrong side of the sidewalk and concientiously collides with all pedestrians with charming impartiality meanwhile protusely apologizing. The latter proceeding is absolutely unnecessary, however, as none thinks of apologizing over a trifle like that in London. On arriving at the Angel, busses of every color of the rainbow greet his vision and his ears are saluted with, "Ere ye are, Sir Bank, Oxford Street, Piccadilly Circus, King's Cross, etc., penny all the way."

A ride on the top of a bus into the city proper is very interesting. One gets up a stepway at the back and takes a seat in one of the eight double seats on top, buttons an oilskin lap robe around him and prepares to take in the sights. The lap robe (save the mark) is a very useful institution, serving as it does the double duty of keeping out the wet and cold and further if perchance a wheel should come off saving one from injuring the London pavement with one's cranium. The conductor appears upon the scene and ferociously presents what appears to be a nickel-plated revolver at your head. You are going to throw up your hands, when it dawns on you that the alleged firearm is simply a ticket punch with a bell attachment. Very sheepishly you hand over one of those massive pennies and receive a ticket in exchange.

One of the first points of interest passed en route is the old Sadler's Wells Theater, and already the crowd is forming outside to storm the pit and gallery, from where a gory drama may be seen for the munificent sum of twopence (four cents.) What a change from the days when Mrs. Siddons, McCready, Booth and other old-timers, nightly held its boards!

The bus drivers are great characters and splendid Jehu's. The way they thread their heavy vehicles through the traffic is only surpassed by the voluminous amount of artistic slang with which they salute any luckless truckman or cabby who bars further immediate progress.

At the bank of England you clamber down and proceed to go it on foot, and certainly it is a good point to start from, as it is the biggest and most dangerous crossing in London. Here all the main arteries of the city converge at one com-

mon centre. Right opposite you is the Mansion House the official residence of the Lord Mayor; to the left the Royal Exchange; behind you the bank of England; to the right Cheapside. Queen Victoria Street, opposite which are King William street, Cornhill and Lombard street, all contributing their quota of traffic and pedestrians to swell the confusion and blockade, that would be, but for a dozen policemen who regulate the traffic.

Down Cheapside you go with the surging throng, through Saint Paul's Cathedral Churchyard, with its pigeons and dry goods—I apologize, Draper's shops—down Hudgate Hill with its stationers and clothing shops, into Feet street, accompanied by the endless, restless procession of 'busses, rubber tyred hansom cabs by the hundreds, and street peddlers who sell everything under the sun, and yell in stentorian tones "Ere ye are a gold watch and chain only one penny," "Real ivory collar studs, penny alf dozen," "Extra" "Winner." Oh those newspaper hawkers—they are a tribe in themselves and their name is legion "Extra bloody Editors murder" and other unintelligible cries they utter the livelong day and night.

Fleet street is newspaper town. There are published all those magazines, papers serio comic and daily, that are household words the world over. Alter Printers' Square, New York, with its fifteen story. World, Journal, Sun, and all, offices, the less said the better. Punch's alleged jokes I can forgive after seeing how heavily it is handicapped. A man who would perpetrate a pun in his ancestral sepulcher would stand aghast at the prospect of sacrilegious jocundity in the scantimonious precincts of Punch's dismal corner abode. Daily News, Graphic Illustrated News, Review of Reviews, all are there—old friends that one would imagine occupied palatial abodes. But then that is one little peculiarity of England. There are less frills and gilt paint over here than Uncle Sam indulges in. The bon tons, upper ten, or whatever they may call them, when they want a bonnet or a suit of clothes do not go to the big West End plate glass establishments, so I am informed, but ju t go to a seemingly obscure little establishment in some by street around Bond street, Picadilly, etc., and there get what they want and pay a big price too, and wonder of wonders, these tailors, milliners, bootmokers, etc., never advertise and don't cater to the common herd—in fact it almost appears that they have a prohibited tax on their goods, so that there is not much chance of Tommy the clerk patronizing the same tailor as the Duke of Marlborough, or his grace the etc.

It is striking seven as you pass the Law Courts and the site where Temple Bar stood fifteen years ago and enter. The strand here is the same endless line of brilliantly lighted jewelers shops, restaurants, picture and print shops, and the same crowded sidewalks. After you have passed a double file of well-dressed people standing motionless upon the sidewalk and kept in line by a couple of policemen for one hundred yards or more you wonder why thus? But you soon get used to this. It is the people waiting in turn for the theater doors to open, and you can come any night except Sunday, of course, and it is always the same. Charley's Aunt has