

should employ her in that capacity, after the clergymen of the sects have felt impelled by a sense of justice to refute the scandalous misstatements she has published, they will show that they are not particular about the material used in a position so responsible.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

To the inexperienced tourist a trip to Washington is one of unusual interest and instruction. To visit the scenes of so many historic events and to look upon the monuments commemorating such events, bring a flood of thoughts that few other spots can awaken with such vividness. The Washington monument is a great and wonderful pile of granite over 555 feet high into which one may go and by taking the elevator ascend to the height of 500 feet, placing oneself above the beautiful city and taking in at a glance the view of the whole surrounding country. On the west glides the famous Potomac winding its way to the ocean and on the east rises the nation's capitol with its wonderful dome and massive porticos; here stands the White House which has held the home secrets of all our Presidents, and there across the river is the old home of General Lee. From this point can be seen Ford's Theatre where President Lincoln received his fatal wound, and the house opposite where he died. All the government buildings loom up before your eyes and their quiet, graceful and noble exteriors fail to even hint of the jealousies, storms and charges their secret chambers could tell. Before you in beautiful autumn shades is the park in which is dotted the Smithsonian Institute, National Museum, Agricultural Grounds, and the building of the Fish Commissioner reminiscent of Brother Musser and his carp cars. To the north tower, up the residences of the rich society leaders of Washington—the homes of Stanford, Edmunds, Morton and others, and there are the blackened ruins of ex-Secretary Fracy's home where his wife and daughter met with such terrible deaths—the sombre ruin telling only too vividly the sad story of that awful catastrophe. But how can I enumerate? In a word from this great pile of stone erected to the memory of our first and greatest President, we read the century's history. Now, instead of going down by the elevator, descend by way of the stairs and you soon get to the memorial stones set in the walls of the monument. These have been presented by the different States of the Union and by friendly countries and societies in memory of Washington and the gifts of these and of Sunday schools and temperance societies have all found their way into this nation's obelisk, and I was surprised and gratified to find one simple white stone there upon which was cut a bee hive surrounded by the familiar inscription "Holiness to the Lord—

Deseret"—the gift of our people. Some of the stones are unique and beautiful, and it is worth the trip down stairs, hard as it is, to see these tributes to one whose memory all love so much.

While here we heard the rumor of Grover Cleveland's death, and later heard the denial with the statement that he was expected to talk for an hour before the Supreme Court of the United States. In our "rounds" we arrived at the capitol about 8:30 and going into the court room had the good luck to find Mr. Cleveland in the middle of his address before that great bench. The room was crowded, and the speech was enough to convince the most skeptical that Mr. Cleveland was the liveliest dead man, both physically and mentally, that could possibly be found. He addressed the judges, two of whom—Fuller and Lamar—are of his appointing, in a calm, clear and unwavering voice, and when the hour of adjournment arrived, Chief Justice Fuller apprised him of the fact. Mr. Cleveland started for his seat, when the Justice said if the remarks would be brief he might continue.

Mr. Cleveland then proceeded, detaining the court ten minutes over the usual time for closing—an almost unheard of thing. His speech was telling and strong and was in favor of some person against the City of New Orleans for refusing to pay its drainage bonds. After adjournment of court Mr. Cleveland went into an ante-chamber and was followed by a curious crowd, pushing into his very door. He seemed to take the most retired way of getting out, but all to no purpose. The crowd surged and pushed and would get a look at him and he shaded his face with his hat and hurriedly left, an exhibition of modesty which raised Grover very much in my estimation.

He is petted and entertained at the most exclusive clubs in New York and petted and favored in the capitol and every day shows that Grover Cleveland towers above every other man in the United States. He is not afraid to talk either, and says that the heaven is at work and that with a little more time and understanding, the democratic majorities, with Tariff reform will be overwhelming.

The White House is a place of great interest and in going there we find the east room only, open to the public. Here every Monday at 1 o'clock the President has a public reception and shakes hands indiscriminately with the great unwashed. We go into the east room gaze at its hangings and furnishings. Meeting an usher we ask: "Is this the only room we can see?" He answers: "This is the only room open to the public." We shake the silver in our pockets and he quickly adds, "But ah! If you come quick I'll see what I can do for you." We are taken into the reception hall, the family parlor, and another sitting room and are shown the furnishings and pictures selected by the successive occupants. Here is a screen bought by Mrs. Hayes; there a picture bought by Grant. Here is

a picture selected by the lamented Arthur, there a chair purchased personally by unfortunate Garfield. In the corner is a lamp furnished by Cleveland, the shade a selection of Mrs. Harrison. Relics of the Presidents of long ago are there—the chair last occupied by Lincoln, the vases of others dead and gone. Evidences of the gentleness of some, the goodness of others, the different tastes of them all are shown; the spirits of the dead Presidents seem to pass in panoramic view before us, and we walk out scratching the palm of the usher with the expected dollar, his eagerness in pocketing it bringing us back to the realities of life.

DOLLINGER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 30th, 1890.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

The monthly meeting of the Sabbath School officers of the Salt Lake Stake met in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Hall on Monday evening, Nov. 10.

Supt. J. C. Cutler presided at the meeting. The musical exercises were rendered by the Seventeenth Ward Sabbath School, the choir led by Brother Frank Merrill.

An essay on "Education" was read by Miss Vickie Clayton. True education, she said, was the development of spirit, body and intellect. The foundation of education should be religion, followed by physical, moral and intellectual powers. A training in any one of these requisites would not give a complete education, the object of which is to make mankind more like their Maker. They were created in His likeness, and should be educated to become like Him in intellectual power. Morality and religion are so nearly allied to each other that they cannot be separated.

A song was next given by Misses Angie Smith, Lizzie Smith, May Preston, Hannah Davis and Lottie Davis.

Brother C. B. Felt spoke on the Work of the Sabbath School Teachers. He thought more responsibility was placed upon the teachers than should be. Some parents have an idea that it is not necessary for them to train their children at home in religious matters, lest they get too much religious instruction and it becomes distasteful to them. It was important that children should receive proper instruction while young, as the first impressions of childhood were the more lasting and most difficult to eradicate. Faithfulness, diligence and the gifts of the Gospel, such as discernment and wisdom, should be cultivated and exercised by teachers in order to make a success. Young students should be taught by illustrations, as they cannot understand doctrines explained only in definitions. He was pleased to notice that the old plan of merely reading from the Scriptures without comment was being done away with and superseded by better methods of teaching. He referred to a teacher in the Seventeenth ward school, who in his labor was always prepared to intelligently explain the points in