

mer Philadelphian, which lies 300 feet above the village, on a tributary of Hope river. We drove to the villa up a steep, winding lane, between coffee bushes that perfume the air with their jessamine-like blossoms, and orange trees glowing with golden fruit. Ivy and passion vines cover the verandas, and in the beautiful gardens surrounding the house, roses and geraniums flourish to perfection. From the drawing room windows you can see peak rising behind peak, till the highest is lost in the clouds; and below, the valley of Hope river, with its groves and gardens and scattered villas.

On the other side of the house the tributary stream has carved out a second ravine, deep and dark, comes faintly to the ear.

Gordon Town answers for a half-way house between Kingston and New Castle, where the English troops are garrisoned a mile above the sea. High overhead, through openings in the hills, you catch glimpses of the white barracks, like specks of snow of the rugged slopes of the upper heights. At Gordon Town horses must be substituted for wheels, and wraps and waterproofs provided—for sudden rains are apt to surprise the traveler in this land of the sky, however clear and sunny it may be below. Space forbids a description of the pretty cottages and gardens of her majesty's officers, the and cinchona plantations; you should come and see it all for yourself. As for the prospect from New Castle—words are of no use in conveying an idea of the wide expanse of mountains spread out on every side; some softly rounding and undulating, others rugged with sharp declivities and seamed with deep ravines, all veiled in mists and clothed to their summits with the richest and most varied vegetation.

PANNIE WARD BRIGHAM.

A GRAND AND NOBLE WOMAN.

It is with feelings of sadness and with tender reverence that we pay a loving tribute to the memory of Sister Sarah M. Kimball, whose spirit took its flight from her earthly tabernacle to a higher and more exalted sphere Thursday evening, December 1, 1895, at 5:50 o'clock, at the family residence in the Fifteenth ward of this city, surrounded by her children and other dear friends. Her last moments were peaceful, although she had suffered severely during the last three weeks of her life. Her mental faculties were unimpaired up to the last moment of consciousness.

Sister Kimball was a woman of great faith, and through the exercise of that gift and the administration of the laying on of hands, she had recovered many times when seemingly at death's door, and when her friends doubted her power to recuperate. She was associated with the Church in the days of Kirtland, and intimately acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and leading men and women of the Church in those early days, and she delighted in recounting the remarkable occurrences that transpired when the Temple in Kirtland was built and dedicated. With all those things she was perfectly familiar, and it was her privilege to take an active part in the Latter-day work and in the founding of the Relief Society, associated with Emma Smith, Elizabeth Ann Whitney, Vilate Kimball, Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. H. Young, Bathsheba W. Smith, Leonora Taylor, Phoebe W. Woodruff, and other women whom we designate in this age, heroines of the Church. A familiarity with the subjects treated upon by the Prophet Joseph enriched her store of knowledge, and it was always delightful to listen to her conversation in public, or in private. She has been honored in her life by many positions of trust, and in many ways favored of

the Lord. A woman of great executive ability, she magnified her calling in every place and time; a model housekeeper and home-maker, not excelled in this respect by any of her friends, though she was considered intensely strong-minded, believing in the perfect equality of men and women without the distinction of sex. Mrs. Kimball was a firm friend and an ardent admirer of Susan B. Anthony, whom in many respects she strongly resembled. Volumes might be written of this heroic woman, whose marked individuality was always apparent to all, who had the privilege of meeting her. It was her good fortune to mingle much with highly cultured people, and she made a favorable impression wherever she went. She was well known in several of the eastern cities socially.

Perhaps the work Sister Kimball was proudest of was that of the Relief society in her own ward, where she labored so faithfully for more than forty years, during which time the society prospered beyond, we may safely say I think, any branch in Zion. The society was organized Feb. 9, 1857, and Sister Kimball was then elected its president, and retained the position ever since to the time of her decease. Aside from her own immediate family her loss will be most deeply felt by the sisters in the ward with whom she has labored so long, and who love her as a mother and benefactor to them all. Under her wise and judicious management the society flourished temporarily, as well as spiritually. Sister Kimball has the honor of being the first woman to lay the corner-stone of the first Relief society building erected in this dispensation. She thus describes it.

"November 13, 1868, a silver trowel and mallet were furnished me by a master mason, and surrounded by an assemblage of people I had the honor of laying the corner stone of the first Relief society building in this dispensation."

Sister Kimball was chosen by Sister Eliza R. Snow secretary of the Relief society, when the general board was organized June 19, 1880, and was set apart July 17, 1880, by President John Taylor. When the society was incorporated October 10, 1892, she was elected one of the vice presidents. Her counsel has always been sought by leading women of the Church, and she has ever been considered a wise and judicious adviser. She has labored extensively throughout the Stakes of Zion in connection with Sisters Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. H. Young and others, and accomplished a great work. She has also represented the women of Zion in Washington and in Chicago, in suffrage conventions and in the National Council of Women. Her name and fame are known abroad in distant lands, as well as here at home, and her memory will be ever fresh and green in the hearts of those who loved her so sincerely and who labored so pleasantly with her in many places, and many ways. She has had the privilege of doing work for her dead in all the Temples erected in Zion.

Sarah M. Granger was born in Phelps, Ontario county, New York, December 29, 1818, and was the daughter of Oliver and Lydia Dibble Granger. Her forefathers were New Englanders who settled in the western wilds of the Empire state at an early day; when the town of Phelps celebrated its centennial Mrs. Kimball was sent for to represent the Granger family and requested to deliver an address, which request she complied with and was highly honored while there. She leaves three sons, all of whom have families, and one daughter, to mourn the loss of a fond and tender mother and wise and safe counselor. May they seek to emulate her virtues and walk in the

path she has trod that they may join her in the celestial world and dwell with her eternally. She was a widow more than thirty-five years. Her husband, Elder Hiram Kimball, was drowned in the Pacific ocean by the wreck of the steamer *Ida Hancock* off the coast of San Pedro on his way to the Sandwich Islands to fill a mission, to which he had been appointed the previous conference of the Church. Much more might be written of this distinguished woman, but time and space will not now permit, but it can be truly said, "Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates."

E. B. WELLS.

A BUSY, BUSTLING CITY.

Provo, Nov. 29.—The following newsy letter was written by Harvey H. Dusenberry at Manila, October 23rd, and received by his father, Judge Dusenberry:

As it is Sunday afternoon and we are confined to our barracks, on account of the rain and the expected outbreak of the insurgents on the city, as is reported, my mind runs back to home, and how comfortable things used to be around there on Sunday afternoon; and I concluded to spend the time in writing you and trying to tell of the different things of interest, and the present situation in Manila and surroundings.

As I stated, they are expecting an outbreak of the insurgents any moment and we are confined to our quarters with everything in readiness to move at a moment's notice. It seems they have been making preparations for several days and advancing on our outposts in a warlike manner. It is reported that the insurgents were losing confidence in Aguinaldo, and beginning to think that he is again contemplating treachery, as when he sold out to Spain for \$80,000, and being too smart and shrewd to let his people lose confidence in him, he is running a bluff by letting his men try to capture the city, which he knows they can never do. No matter what their odds are against us they can never enter the city; and the only danger to Uncle Sam's boys would be through going to the trenches again, and there taking their twenty-four hour shifts and being exposed to all kinds of weather, and many of them would fall victims to fever and other diseases. If Uncle Sam keeps these islands he will have the grave question before him of dealing successfully with the insurgents. They had the idea that they were to share in the victory won by us, and loot the city, and they will never be satisfied until Uncle Sam teaches them a lesson and makes them know their place.

I do not remember of ever writing you a description of the city, and it is a hard place to describe in words. The city is situated in one of the most picturesque spots in the Orient, and is surrounded on all sides by vast rice fields and hemp plantations. The population is nearly 400,000, mostly Chinese and a small percentage of French, German and English, besides the Philipinos and Spanish. The city is divided into two parts by the Pasig river. The old city is surrounded by massive walls and overlooking the bay. This part contains about 30,000 people and in it are situated the palaces of the mayor and governor general and many handsome cathedrals; the streets are very narrow, well paved and, with the public buildings, form a pleasing picture. The principal places of interest are the cathedrals, and monasteries, the palaces and arsenals, and old buildings, such as prisons and convents.

The new city lies across Pasig river and here you can find the fine residences and modern mercantile houses, the