

Grand Organ Solo, J. J. Daynes.
Sentiments—1. Snowflake Stake,
"Religion vs. Fanaticism." 2.
Summit Stake, "Criticism vs. Fault-
finding." 3. Bear Lake Stake, "Lat-
ter-day Saint vs. Loyalty."

Hymn, "Nearer, My God, to
Thee."

Benediction:

2 p. m.—Music by Tabernacle
Choir. Conductor, E. Beesley.

Hymn, "Hark! ye Mortals."

Prayer.

Hymn, Congregational.

Secretary's Report and Sustaining
of General Officers.

Discourse, "Personal characteris-
tics of the Savior," R. G. Maeser.

Solo and Chorus, "O, Holy Jesus,"
Bessie Dean and Choir.

Address, Junius F. Wells.

Sentiments—1. St. George Stake,
"Freedom of Obedience." 2. Davis
Stake, "Priesthood vs. Priestcraft."

3. Box Elder Stake, "Liberty vs.
License."

Chorus, "O, Father, whose Al-
mighty Power."

Benediction.

7:30 p. m.—Music by Stephens
Combined Opera and Oratorio
Choruses. (Solos in the Anthem by
Misses Lizzie Thomas and Bessie
Dean, and Messrs. R. C. Easton
and H. S. Goddard.)

Chorus, "Thanks be to God."

Prayer.

Song and chorus, "Utah's Vales."
(Solo, Miss Lizzie Thomas.)

"Y. L. M. I. Associations," Supt.
Elmina S. Taylor.

"Hawaii M. I. A.," Susie Young
Gates.

Male Quartette, Messrs. Easton,
Whitney, Goddard and Spencer.

Remarks, General Superintend-
ency.

Anthem, "God of Israel," (Com-
posed by E. Stephens for the Salt
Lake Tabernacle Choir.)

Benediction.

COMMITTEES.

Programme—Milton H. Hardy,
Chairman; George H. Brimhall,
William S. Burton, Lyman R. Mar-
tincau, Charles Kelly.

Arrangements—Junius F. Wells,
Chairman; Rodney C. Badger, Ed-
ward H. Anderson.

Entertainment—Superintendency
and Ward Officers of Salt Lake
Stake; Jos. H. Felt, Chairman.

The railway companies will issue
round trip tickets from all points at
regular conference rates, good going
May 31 and June 1 and 2, and good
returning until and including
June 5.

LETTERS FROM "JUNIUS."

John Ruskin is generally re-
garded the high priest of fine art in
modern Europe. It was he who
denounced the factory chimney
and the locomotive as the destroy-
ers of the sublime and poetic in
nature; as the annihilators of the
beautiful and exquisite in art; and
as the perverters of taste in all
matters aesthetic. It certainly seems
unpoetic when one is brought face
to face with the volume of soot,
smoke and cinders issuing from the

womb of a Chicago locomotive as it
tears along one of our great high-
ways. It is not soothing to be
awakened at midnight by one of
its ear-piercing whistles; and it is
not by any means a romantic death
to be run over by its tremendous
wheels.

Yet it is difficult to see in what
respect the locomotive is less poetic
than the stage coach. The latter
may be productive of sentiment, but
it was also a fruitful source of vil-
lainous backache. When "held
up" by road agents of course it was
then melo-dramatically heroic; but
is not the "holding up" of a whole
train of bowie-knived Americans a
much more enlivening spectacle?
Is it not the very quintessence of
the sublime in rascality? Surely
Mr. Ruskin has put himself at the
wrong end of the locomotive, as the
Kentucky darkey did with the
mule.

Mr. Ruskin has not examined the
factory or the locomotive from the
artistic standard. He has not pen-
etrated the interior of an immense
freight yard at the witching hour of
midnight. He has not seen the
monstrous steel armored giants at
rest. He has not seen one of these
great mogul engines taking "a
snooze" as it were after hauling a
thousand tons of merchandise over
150 miles of road. He has not seen
dozen different engines resting
quietly, their powerful headlights
shining brilliantly and illuminating
the upper air, little jets of steam
issuing lazily from the sides, and a
little suppressed sizzle almost re-
minding one of a Homeric hero in
repose.

Last Sunday afternoon I strolled
into the Weldon yard of the I. C.
R. R. in this city. I could not help
standing in front of the roundhouse.
To others as well as to me the at-
traction was irresistible. There
were a score or more of locomotives
resting around the grim, smoky
looking building. Some were
"dead," some sleeping and some
awake ready for action.

Engine 186 was standing a little
way from her companions. She
was not sleeping, though at rest.
Occasionally a rumbling would be
heard as if her whole interior were
working in some terrific convulsion.
Then again would issue a stream of
hissing, roaring steam, almost deaf-
ening to the bystander. I got talk-
ing with the engineer, a bluff, cheer-
ful, full-faced, bronzed Bostonian,
named Tansey. He proved a most
communicative as well as an inter-
esting personage. He could tell
about railroading away back before
"de war." He was now waiting to
switch a fruit train expected from
New Orleans; just fancy, bananas
from Guatemala were what was ex-
pected. Was not this alone enough
to invest the steam engine with a
poetic grandeur? Bananas from
Guatemala, cocoa nuts from the
West Indies and pine apples from
Central America.

Yes, a whole train of these succu-
lent fruits were on the way to Chi-
cago, rushing with lightning rapid-
ity to be distributed away up in
Dakota and away west in Wyoming.
Where is Mr. Ruskin now? Is not

this the very poetry of science, the
very sublime of mechanics, the very
religion of art? And yet people tell
us that science is not heaven born,
people tell us that God did not create
the intellect which built the loco-
motive; that it was a mere matter of
chance, a mere development from
nihilism.

The Weldon Yards are situated
at the foot of Sixteenth Street, and
as the train bands were all looking
anxiously southward for the incom-
ing train, they noticed a crowd of
persons on the lake bank at the foot
of Eighteenth Street. The practiced
eye of Engineer Tansey at once
pronounced the gathering a "sig-
ger baptism." Tansey invited me
aboard. He manipulated some little
affairs on his engine, then pulled
his big lever, and we were on to the
baptism. There were a crowd of
unregenerate and unwashed Cau-
casians, laughing, chatting and
joking. A little group of Africans
situated on the water's edge caused
all the excitement. We soon learned
that Bishop Lennox of the African
Baptist Church was about to baptize
three sisters, and in Baptist parlance
was to give them "complete immer-
sion." The bishop preached from
John, fifth verse, third chapter:
"Be born of the water." He pre-
sented a peculiarly picturesque ap-
pearance. His black visage was
surmounted by an unusually tall,
glossy, silk hat. He wore a long
gown of some black material which
glistened in the sun, and he belted
at the waist. He was assisted
by Elder Anderson, also similarly
arrayed.

The three sisters were attired in
light gauzy dresses, the coal-black
faces making a fine contrast. The
Bishop congratulated himself that
he had a bigger multitude than had
Christ by the sea. Mr. Tansey's
engine, covered by this time with
men, was standing on the track in
front of the Bishop, and only a few
yards distant. Certainly this was
an adjunct to his baptism that Christ
had not; yet he (the Bishop) might
have had added that the engine was
but the result of Christ's work.

The colored congregation sang:
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
and cast a wistful eye." During the
singing an old colored gentleman
went around to take up a collection
for the benefit of the church. He
carried a thick felt sombrero as a
contribution box. Pebbles, buttons
and an occasional nickel were
dropped into the hat by the un-
washed whites, and Mr. Tansey de-
clared that Banty Thompson, the
yard foreman, dropped a coupling
pin into the hat, almost shattering
the poor alms-monger of the African
Baptist Church. I hardly believed
this, because Banty is a native of
Boston and of pure Puritan stock,
but then strange things happen now-
a-days.

Finally the three sisters were led
in succession out into the water, and
each completely dipped. This part
of the ceremony gave the audience
a splendid opportunity for laughter
and talk. The Bishop and Elder
took out a sister. One stood at each
side of her, held her hands firmly
and dipped her backwards, com-