

second class, and nicely cushioned seats in small compartments where six or eight persons ride. I was often the only one in the room, I was often the only one in the room, and the passengers are usually shut up between stations and the doors opened again at the depots. These cars with side doors are much more convenient for the large crowds of people who ride on the trains. In England especially are they found to be of great service as time-savers at the stations. In one of the crowded depots in the south of England I took the trouble to witness this advantage over our American style of long cars with end doors. A train pulled in and in just forty seconds two hundred passengers had emerged from the train, and as many more could have entered in the same length of time. Fourth-class tickets cost less than a cent a mile in Germany. I rode from Leipzig to Berlin and return for less than seven marks. (A mark is 20 cents.) The distance between these two cities is about 100 miles. My good fortune was to meet Elder A. J. Stewart, who was just going up to the capital, or I should have missed that grand visit, as Berlin was not on my route. Third-class costs double that of fourth; second as much again as the third, and the first-class still twice that of the second, and the style and convenience are in proportion to the amount paid.

The scenery along the line east of Leipzig is mostly that of fields, broken occasionally by a forest or a green topped hill, but as we neared the city of Dresden the surroundings became romantic. Castles tower above the tree tops on the very summit of those wooded hills along the banks of the Elbe river and near at hand the well-tilled gardens stretching along beneath the verdant elevations, seemed like agriculture bowing in gentle meekness before proud architecture's throne.

During my stay in Dresden I visited the Catholic church services, to hear the famous music of the choir. It was wonderful and grand. With the organ, with string instruments and with loud-sounding horns, the walls seemed to echo with a harmony almost divine. The blending of sweet-toned voices with that concord and chorus of mellifluous strains, would almost make one wonder if all of nature's tones, from the deep rolling cords of the clouds to the thrilling tongue of the canary had not lent their songs of symphony to the throngs of martial singers while they sang their morning anthems in the church.

Der Grosse Garten is another of those fair lands of flowers and fountains. Elders Snow, Taylor and Done are here in Dresden and they made my stay a doubly pleasant one with a right "Mormon welcome." In fact, if the missionaries had not been in all these larger cities, it is doubtful whether I should have taken a single stop off clear across the continent.

Prof. A. C. Lund at Supple gave me the address of our young Usonian musician, Prof. J. A. Anderson, now studying music at Vienna. On arriving at this pretty metropolis of Austria I found the whole city heavily draped in mourning over the recent tragic death of their beautiful and beloved empress. One day in Vienna with Prof. Anderson was a rare treat. The tranquility of Rose-dam park, the peaceful scenes of Hanover's flower beds, the beauty of Berlin and the light of Dresden seemed all gathered here to hold a wondrous fair at the famous Schonbrunn. I shall not attempt a description for fear some one who has seen the place might also read my half told story. I left that city with no more address of Elders to call upon and no one in the world to welcome me into the next great city, but the Lord never forsakes those who put their trust in Him. Before I arrived at

Budapest a gentleman made my acquaintance, and another arrangement was made for a stop over in that Hungarian paradise. I thought the attractive sights were passed for me, but to one more awaits the traveler here in Budapest unsurpassed in any land or clime. After dinner I made my way up to the old fortress on the hill which overlooks the city. My journal of September 27th says: "I am there at this writing in command of one of the most delightful and entrancing views I ever beheld. Beneath me lies the Danube, separating the two cities of Buda and Pest. Steamboats are gliding from bank to bank and from bridge to bridge. The city stretches out into the misty distance in many directions and presents a scene of indescribable grandeur. While I have been sitting here watching the mighty concourse and endless streams of humanity in their course of business, the scene has changed from one of house top shining with daylight to that of countless brilliant torches burning in their mighty splendor throughout the whole city. It has been a transition from misty mid-day to a glorious effulgent nightfall. As I look down upon this nocturnal view it seems as if the universe has been inverted and all the stars are burning from below. Electric lights here and there shine with the brilliancy of the first magnitude stars, while gas jets and feeble flames of oil are duplicating all the varied twinklers of the sky. The spectral lustered Danube stretching through this earthward galaxy of man-made stars present a beautiful counterfelt of the milky way, while the darling boats with their glaring headlights look like slow moving meteoroids on the face of the up looking picture!"

It was an impressive sight indeed, and as I descended that mountain through the darkness and came into the rays of those dark-dispelling fires of human invention and walked over the gigantic highways under which were glimmering the merriest flames of lamps along the river's bank, I felt so much enraptured with my visit to this elevated spot that from my heart there came instinctively a prayer to God to bless the city of Budapest. I know not what are the sins of her people but I do know that she gave to me a stranger in a strange land, a sight, the like of which I did not think was on this bounteous earth of ours.

Two days later I spent a few hours in Bucharest, but the contrast was so great that it had few charms for me. The ride down the Black sea from Constantza to Constantinople was as smooth as sliding over glass, and the sight of this city from a ship deck on the Bosphorus is one more glorious passing, closing scene in the great panorama of "crossing another continent."

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EARLY THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving in the early days of our history was not confined to the New England pioneers alone. Just 15 years after Winthrop's proclamation, that is, in 1645, Governor Kieft of the Dutch colony, then known as Nieuw Amsterdam, but now as New York, ordered, says a California writer, the observance of a day of rejoicing and thanks, "for the rest and peace which God had been pleased to bestow upon His servants." Thus we see that the feast of Thanksgiving is not, as generally supposed, a peculiarly Puritan institution, but is equally derived from the stalwart burghers of Manhattan Island.

The next notable Thanksgiving day in his story fell in 1758. On that date the British and colonial army, number-

ing 80,000 men, and commanded by General Forbes, attacked and captured from the French, after a fierce struggle, Fort Duquesne, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. The name of the place was changed to Fort Pitt, and was the nucleus of the city of Pittsburgh. Thus, in a special sense, the history of the great capital of the coal and iron industries is connected with the celebration of Thanksgiving day.

At the time the British were conquering Fort Duquesne, Whitefield, the famous Methodist preacher, called upon all adherents in London to join a "service of praise and thanksgiving for the victories of the English arms on land and sea." This British Thanksgiving was, we are told, widely observed, and awakened intense enthusiasm, not only among the Methodists, but throughout all the different sects. Whitefield's idea was afterward on several occasions revived in England. For instance, in 1814, the government proclaimed a general thanksgiving for the victory of Waterloo. Again, two years later, in 1816, proclamation was made of a popular thanksgiving for the restoration of peace. After the Crimean war a third jubilation of this nature took place.

But meanwhile, in New England, what had been begun as an occasional day of pious rejoicing, had assumed the proportions of a fixed national holiday. In Massachusetts and New Hampshire it was especially popular. There was at first great latitude in regard to the day selected for the feast. Governors proclaimed, the chosen date arbitrarily, and no effort was made to keep the anniversary of Winthrop's proclamation. Sometimes Thanksgiving occurred in July, sometimes in mid-winter. At length, through the efforts of the president and professors of Harvard college it was practically fixed upon the last Thursday in November.

The college faculty were moved to interest themselves in the question by the fact that the uncertainty regarding the date caused considerable disorder among their pupils. Boys from different states celebrated on different days, many of them returning home to eat the Thanksgiving meal under their own roof-trees. This very undesirable state of affairs could only be put a stop to, said the grave Harvard dons, by the formal establishment of a uniform date for the feast. The last Thursday of the eleventh month suited the colleges, and, influence being brought to bear upon the colonial governors of New England, proclamations were issued making that day the regular Thanksgiving.

In the South Thanksgiving, as an annual festival, remained practically unknown until 1855, when the curious Virginian controversy on the subject was precipitated. This controversy, which is not generally known, deserves a brief notice. The governor of Virginia at the time was one John, a patriotic and broad-minded gentleman, who had always entertained a reverence for the Puritan anniversary, which was by no means common below Mason and Dixon's line. Governor John, in a letter to the state legislature, urgently recommended the recognition of Thanksgiving in Virginia, and offered, in case his recommendation proved satisfactory, to at once issue a proclamation.

But the legislature of Washington's state did not look upon the New England holiday with favor. Governor John was advised not to make the Thanksgiving proclamation; and, as he did not do so, the matter was allowed temporary to drop. But public interest had been awakened, and before long a fierce debate was raging in Virginia between the opponents and supporters of the proposed southern Thanksgiving. At last, in 1857, Governor Wise John's successor—took the metaphorical