

will continue to observe its precepts and be led by the counsels of those whom God has set to preside over them and to regulate the affairs of His Church. They are men in whom the utmost confidence can be reposed; in all the trials and vicissitudes through which the Church has passed, they have remained true and unflinching and their chief desire has been to benefit the people and perform the duties devolving upon them.

The doctrine which has been enunciated by President Snow today is most encouraging and glorious. It cannot fail to stimulate those who understand it to strive after that perfection which Jesus taught His disciples to endeavor to reach. It is comforting to know that we are the children of the Almighty; that He has a purpose in placing us upon the earth in the conditions which surround us; that He watches over us and overrules all things that happen to the children of men, and that by submission to His will, by obedience to His commandments, by following in the path in which our Savior walked, by emulating His example of humility and faithfulness, we may arrive at that perfection which is exhibited in the personality and attributes of our Eternal Father. It is a glorious thought that we may become like Him, dwell in His presence, enjoy His society and be one with Him in all things. This may be a different conception of the character of Deity and of the reward which awaits the righteous, to that commonly held by Christians in modern times, but it is in accordance with the revelations of God not only to His servants in the latter-days but to His Prophets in former times.

I exhort you, my brethren and sisters, to keep this object in view; to emulate the character of Jesus our Elder Brother; to improve yourselves and help to improve others; to labor for the elevation of humanity. Seek to lift up and not to cast down or destroy; to beautify the earth and develop that which is in it and upon it for the common welfare; follow good counsel and sustain the servants of the Lord who are laboring for your good and for the accomplishment of the purpose of the Almighty in the redemption of His children. It is a work worthy of the energies and abilities of every man. It will bring present as well as future rewards. God will be with you in these endeavors; His Spirit will enlighten you and comfort your hearts and you will have the assurance that you are serving Him and will enjoy that satisfaction which the witness of His Spirit alone can give. I rejoice greatly, and more than I can express, that the Lord has been so merciful unto us in preserving and guiding us and giving us such men as He has called to take charge of the affairs of His Church upon the earth. I praise Him for His goodness, and recognize His providences in the various events that have occurred in the history of His people; and I pray the Lord to bless you and to continue to inspire His servants with the Spirit of revelation and give them the wisdom they need to lead us back into His presence. God bless you all, Amen.

BIG FARMS IN CHILE.

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San Rosendo, Chile, Sept. 18, 1898.—The Chilean farmers are perhaps the richest of their kind in the world. They live like feudal lords upon their great estates, and number their retainers by the hundreds. They have flocks of thousands of sheep, vast droves of cattle and horses, and their cowboys are massed like an army at the annual round-ups. They raise every year over 28,000,000 bushels of

wheat, millions of gallons of wine and the finest horses and best cattle on the western coast of this continent. Some of them have the most modern machinery, and men who own a dozen American threshing machines are not uncommon.

Fully one-half of the population of Chile is devoted to agriculture, but only these nabobs are the landowners. In the whole United States, with its 75,000,000 inhabitants, only 31,000 men own farms of 1,000 acres and over. Here a thousand-acre farm is little more than a garden patch. I meet daily men who have ten, twenty and thirty thousand acres of land, and I have visited a number of estates worth more than one million dollars. I have a geography of Chile, just published, which gives the government valuations of the farms of each province. There are hundreds in nearly every state worth over \$100,000, and in the country there are scores valued at more than a million. I am now at the little railroad and farming town of San Rosendo in the central valley of Chile. San Rosendo is about 300 miles from Santiago, and about 1,200 miles south of the Peruvian frontier.

In coming here I rode through one of the chief agricultural sections of the country. This valley is from twenty to one hundred miles wide and about six hundred miles long. It extends from above Santiago to hundreds of miles south of this point. On the east of it are the snowy walls of the Andes, with here and there the great cone of a dead volcano rising above the other peaks, and on the west are the lower mountains and hills of the coast range, their sides covered with green. Between these almost parallel but winding walls lies the rich valley of Chile. Its surface is rolling and it is cut by many creeks and little rivers, which, fed by the Andean snows, carry with them to the sea loads of silt, so rich that it makes fat every inch of soil upon which it drops.

In some streams, such as the Mapo, the amount of silt is so great that it is said to coat the lands by the irrigation canals to a depth of an inch a year. Other streams, such as the Bio-bio and some streams of south Chile, are almost as clear as crystal. The whole of the valley north of this point is irrigated and the country is like a vast garden made up of fields divided by canals along which hedges of Lombardy poplars have grown to the height of sixty feet and more.

Some of the estates are walled with stone and it is only occasionally that you see fences of wire or boards. There are no barns standing out on the landscape, and the only buildings are the great low rambling structures of the owner of the estate and the mean squalid houses of the laborers, which I shall describe more fully further on. Oxen everywhere take the place of horses or mules. Clumsy carts drawn by these beasts with yokes tied to their horns are the farm wagons, and the plows are forced through the furrow by the same motive power. The estates were, as a rule, well kept. I passed vast vineyards, the vines of which now covered with the red leaves of winter, spotted the landscape with fields of blood. The vines were dwarfed as they are in France, and in many cases were trained upon wires. Every vineyard has, I am told, its skilled Frenchman as superintendent. The vines are planted in rows about five feet apart, and oxen are used to plow them. The Chilean wines, both white and red, are excellent, and the amount exported every year is increasing. The climate of Chile is just about the same as that of Cal-

ifornia. The same crops and fruits are raised in both places, and the conditions of successful farming are about the same, save that in California you find most of the farms very small.

What would one of the California women who tells you that forty acres are more than enough for one person to take care of think if she were asked to manage a farm worth a million dollars and comprising more than eleven thousand acres? There is a woman who owns an estate of this size near Santiago. She directs it herself, and this notwithstanding she is now considerably over three score and ten. She keeps her own books, the balances of each page of which run into the thousands of dollars, and at the same time manages all the details connected with her household and its numerous guests. This woman is to me one of the remarkable characters of Chile. Her name is Senora Emilia Herrera de Toro. She belongs to one of the oldest families of Chile, and the estate has been in her family for hundreds of years. It lies within two hours by train of Santiago, and, as is the case with most of the wealthy farmers of this country, the family live upon it only during the summer months, spending their winters in their home at the capital. It was in company with our American minister and his wife that I visited Madame de Toro and had one of the most pleasant and interesting experiences I have had during my stay in Chile.

Leaving Santiago on the train, we rode under the snow walls of the Andes, through hacienda after hacienda, by vast vineyards of blood-red vines, by walled fields filled with herds of cattle and sheep until we came to the station of the "Aguila" estate. Here we were met by a spanking team of bays and driven for a mile or so on the estate before we came to the home. This consisted of many long, low one-story buildings, with roofs of red tiles and wide porches floored with brick, running about patios and gardens. A grove of trees at least 100 feet high looked down upon it, and the long leaves of a great palm a hundred years old rustled a welcome as we stepped upon the porch. There were, I judge, at least one hundred large rooms in the house, and all on the ground floor. The furnishing was with regard to comfort more than to the extravagance of show, which you see in all of the Chilean city homes, and we at once were made to feel that we were in "Liberty Hall," and were free to go and come and do as we pleased. There were about thirty children and grandchildren of Madame de Toro visiting her, as well as several other guests. We were duly introduced, and later in the day drove with Senor Santiago de Toro, who is the chief manager of the estate under his mother, over the great farm in quite royal style.

Our carriage was a three-seated drag which once belonged to King Louis Philippe, and of which the counterpart or mate is now the property of Queen Victoria, and is kept in the Windsor stables. Senor de Toro bought the vehicle in Paris after the deposition of Louis Philippe, and it has been so kept that it looks as well today as when a king was its owner. We had six horses managed by three postillions in livery and outriders, and thus drove for mile after mile through wide avenues of Lombardy poplars, by the two lakes which supply the family with fish, frightening the ducks and swans which were there floating, on to the rose garden, which contains more than a hundred varieties of roses, past meadows upon which grazed great flocks of sheep and by many irrigated fields being made ready for next year's crops. Here was a forest of eucalyptus trees planted for