

alarmed the inhabitants and instead of a placid stream a surging, roaring and death-dealing flood rushed through the city. Low lying districts were submerged, debris from the upper country was carried along and lodged against the pillars of the bridge uniting the two sections of the city, endangering the massive structure. All traffic was suspended across the bridge and passengers crossed the boiling torrent in ferry steamers. About 5 p.m. February 13th the Pearl, a ferry steamer, started with a load of passengers from the north side and in mid-stream suddenly capsized plunging its hapless passengers into the treacherous surging stream. About 40 souls are supposed to be lost. Elder W. F. Armstrong crossed the stream in the ill-fated vessel about an hour before the dreadful calamity occurred.

On January 23rd and February 13th two memorable events were witnessed from the banks of Brisbane river. On the former occasion a number of faithful believers passed from "death unto life," came forth from the placid stream unto "newness of life in Christ Jesus," "born of the water and of the spirit." On the last occasion the hapless victims were plunged beneath the waters and buried suddenly into eternity, a bereaved and sorrowing community mourning over their sad fate. Australia is indeed suffering from many scourges. Drought, intense heat, floods and earthquakes are prevalent in the land. God grant that the hearts of the people may be softened, that they may receive the testimonies of the ambassadors of Christ!

PHOENIX.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 24, 1896.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

GLENWOOD, Sevier Co., Utah,
April 7, 1896.

I see by your valuable paper that there is quite an effort being made just now, both by our State and the national Legislature, to establish a decimal system of weights and measures. I presume it is the French system that is being urged upon the people. No doubt a decimal system would be a grand consummation; but the French system has a great many bad features which could be remedied by establishing a meter of exactly 40 inches instead of 39.37, which gives an endless amount of trouble in converting inches, feet, yards, etc., into the metric system. If 40 inches were adopted we would have a system like the following:

1 meter	40 in
1-10 meter	4 in
1-100 meter	4 in
10 meters (semi-chain nearly)	400 in
100 meters (semi-furlong nearly)	4,000 in

This would be the linear measures, but as we have no superficial nomenclature in this country, or in England, I will pass it by.

The cubic system of decimal numbers is not consistent with mathematical science, as solids vary as the cube of their sides; hence they should run, unite, thousands, hundred thousands, etc.

The cubic system would be as follows:

1 meter cubed	64,000 cubic in
1-10 meter cubed (1 hand)	64 cubic in
1-100 meter cubed	64 cubic in

Now we will have a system of capacity as follows:

1 meter cubed	1 tun
1 hand cubed	1 quart
1-10 hand cubed	1 fluid gram
1-100 hand cubed	1-10 fluid gram
1 cubic meter	1000 quarts
1 cubic hand	1000 fluid grams

Intermediate quantities are objectionable as the sides of a measure of ten or one hundred quarts would not be a decimal quantity, but the cube root of the quantity, hence would involve a deal of trouble in figuring and transposing old measures into the new style.

The cubic hand—64 cubic inches—is a close mean of the several quarts in use in our country:

Wine quart	58 cubic inches.
Beer "	70.50 "
Dry "	67.20 "
French liter	61.03 "

A total of... 256.75, which being divided by four would give an average of 64.19 cubic inches.

The next, and the most difficult part of the business, is to hit upon a weight unit which would be eminently English or American. Sixty-four cubic inches of alcohol will weigh approximately two pounds avoirdupois; or sixty-four cubic inches of distilled water will weigh about 2 pounds 5 oz. The French gramme is very objectionable, as it is too small a unit for common use, and would be difficult to make it supersede the old pound. The Scripture measure Mauch or Mini might be a good one—2 lbs., 3 oz., 6 pwt.

I fear I will weary your patience if I say more, but I will add the following, clipped from some newspaper, now forgotten:

Everybody knows that the French standard of measurement is the "meter," but how many correct answers do you think you could get should you put this question to the first 100 persons you meet: What is the basis of French measurement? What is the "meter" a part of? Should you be fortunate enough to get a single correct answer it would be something like this: The French standard measure of length is founded on the measurement of the earth from the pole to the equator on the meridian of Paris. This total distance is divided into 10,000,000 equal parts, each of which is a "meter." The meter is 1.094 English yards.

Yours truly,

WM. M. COWLEY.

VISIT TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

HODGENSVILLE, Larnie County, Ky.,
April 5, 1896.

A few miles from this pretty little incorporated village of Hodgenville, in what is now known as Larnie county, the noble statesman, Abraham Lincoln, was born. Our president, S. A. Smith, is now visiting the Elders in their fields of labor and encouraging them, and I am traveling with him. Last Tuesday we came to this county to visit Elders Bowen and Naylor. We walked out seven miles into the country, in the mud, where we had an appointment in a Methodist church, and we held two rousing good meetings Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

On Wednesday Elder Naylor and I stopped with John Uptergrove Esq., a nice, jovial man, whose aunt married A. Lincoln's oldest friend of this

county. In the evening, after supper, Mr. Uptergrove took us to church in his carriage, and after meeting was over we spent the night at his home. He treated us royally.

Thursday morning we were out bright and early, and secured a house about three miles farther on for meetings that night and the next. That night after meeting Elder Naylor and I went home with a gentleman in his wagon pulled by an ox team. Quite a difference from our carriage ride of the night before! But we sometimes have some queer experiences out here.

Yesterday Elder Smith and I came to Hodgenville, and this morning we started for Lincoln's birthplace, walking. It was a lovely spring Sunday morning and the walk was about three miles, along a good road over hills and down hollows, and by frame houses and log cabins, and big ponds where the cattle drink—it was along a country lane through country characteristic of "Old Kentucky." The frogs were singing in the ponds and whoever has heard their song after winter, has heard a good song, for they proclaim the approach of spring. The birds, the pigs (I must not leave out the pigs, for they are one of the mainstays of Kentucky and of us Elders) and the chickens all seemed to be having a good time.

We passed Georgetown about half a mile from Hodgenville where there are about one hundred families of darkies living in log cabins. We came to an old darkey named Albert Handley, who had lived by the side of the Lincoln road longer than any other darkey, so he told us. He was talking to another old darkey as we came up.

"How far is it to Lincoln's farm?" we asked.

"Two and a half miles," he replied.

"How far did you tell de gentlemen, Albert?" his wife called to him from a doorway about 100 feet away, wanting to receive half the credit of imparting the information.

Albert said, "I told dem two and a half miles."

His wife replied, "Yessah and its a right smart two and a half miles, too."

We asked the old darkey if they didn't feel grateful to Abraham Lincoln for what he had done for them.

"Albert" said, "Yessah, we do; and I often go down and drink out de spring on de Lincoln farm, and I believe de water tastes better den my spring water, cause Lincoln drank out of it."

We bade them good-bye and went on. Soon we passed two little darkey boys coming down the road, and they were singing at the top of their voices. Some of the darkies were standing at their doors and others were sitting in the sun, and some were slugging, "O Lord, save de sinner! O del O del!" The birds were slugging songs of glee, and even the sad note of the mourning dove sounded less mournful this lovely spring morning. It seemed as if everything was slugging a song of gladness and happiness, all nature had the semblance of joyousness and thankfulness; and it almost appeared as if everything was singing the song of praise the sweet singer of the Bible sang:

"Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps;

"Fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word: