

tutes a righteous relationship between "labor and capital?" What can be done to equalize the question of production and distribution? How shall education be made universal and poverty be exterminated from the earth? What will reduce crime to a minimum, and how can insanity be overcome save by restraining the mental pressure upon human kind? Where is the restriction as to individual wealth, and how can the gulf be narrowed between that and the honest abject poverty, seen in the midst of our civilization? What form of government can best meet the situation and drift of today? Is absolute or constitutional monarchy, is paternalism or mechanical and selfish rule, or shall republicanism prevail?

These are queries for the student in the abstract, or for the one who combines with that the light of faith—the inspiration of the Eternal Spirit—and the answer will reflect the lower or the higher thought! Surely there is already the dawning of a new era, the transfusion of a brighter and loftier spirit, the conception of a more beneficent rule, the creation of better conditions, the evolution of a more God-like life! Surely the manifestations of brotherhood will swell and grow; interest in each other will increase, and a provision will be made for man, which while "not of him but for him" will find a foothold on the earth. To this all discipline tends, all trial works for good; and this community, already blessed beyond degree, will continue under divine direction to pioneer the way; to create, more than to reform; to introduce rather than improve; to be original rather than copyists, and to be susceptible to higher teaching rather than to be the sport of erratic or destructive spirits such as are now moving vast masses of mankind!

Let the Saints be patient, faithful and true; let their allegiance be to Heaven and God; let them withdraw themselves from dependence upon Babylon and her institutions; let "every eye be single and the whole body shall be full of light." So shall it be, as was of old, when thick darkness fell upon Egypt—there was a special illumination in all the dwellings of Israel, favored of the Lord!

ELDER GODDARD'S JOURNEY.

MESA, Maricopa Co., Ariz.,
April 20, 1894.

Since leaving Salt Lake City last Friday at midnight, Elder George Reynolds and myself have traveled eighteen hundred and sixty-nine miles, landing here in Mesa City between 5 and 6 o'clock this morning, and making our home with the hospitable family of Brother George Passey, and very thankful to find one after so long and monotonous a ride on a railroad car.

It was 2 o'clock a.m. on Saturday when we left Ogden. At 6:30 we had traveled 124 miles and, the weather was cold and raining. Every few miles our train would stop at some railway station, and varying in size from a few wooden shanties to a neat and pretty sized village. For several hundred miles across the desert in Nevada not a tree was to be seen, neither cow, horse, sheep or swine, nor even a bird.

About 500 miles across the desert, which abounds with sage and rabbit brush, we came to the sink of the Humboldt river, now about five miles long and three miles wide.

Reaching within about one hundred miles of San Francisco, we cross the Sacramento bay on the largest ferry boat in the world, capable of conveying across 35 freight cars. A short distance further brings us to Oakland, where we alight from our cars and on to a steamer which conveys us across the San Francisco bay, an arm of the Pacific ocean. Though four miles across, it only takes twenty minutes to land us in the great city of the West. On the steamer we were met by two of our brethren who conducted us to the Latter-day Saints' meeting house, it being about 10 o'clock on our arrival (Pacific time.) We attended three meetings on Sunday, and were thankful to greet our old-time friend, Dr. Karl G. Maeser, besides a number of others from Salt Lake City and Kaysville, including our time honored photographer, C. R. Savage. The weather during the day was cold and windy, and an overcoat was indispensable. While crossing the bay I had to go into the cabin, lest the wind should carry us off, my weight being only 102 pounds; consequently my power of resistance was insufficient to cope with a blow which outside the Golden Gate reached 70 miles an hour.

Monday was spent in visiting some old time friends, including Mr. James Linforth, Mr. Gilbert Clements and Mr. Fred Walker, after which we went to a museum, where our particular attention was called towards a mammoth elephant which was found in Siberia many years ago, embedded in ice. This creature is 18 feet high, 26 feet long from tip of his tail to the end of his tusks. He is a monster. Afterwards, in company with seven others, we responded to an invitation of C. R. Savage to enjoy a supper with him, which closed the labors of Monday; tired and weary.

Tuesday we went to the Cliff house to see a host of seals, some plunging in, others crawling out, of the water, and nestling in the sun, which afforded an agreeable change in the weather since Sunday. From the Cliff house we went to the Midwinter Fair, visiting the machinery hall, liberal art gallery, fine art and agricultural building, also Manalou or Sandwich Island, scenic view of a volcano; this latter baffles description and must be seen to be appreciated. It represents the largest active volcano in the world, which covers a space of nine square miles. The visitor finds himself in the midst of its central operation, and it requires but little stretch of the imagination to believe that one has been carried to the home of the Hawaiians and set down in the midst of these raging furnaces. I was much pleased with both the Utah exhibit, presided over by Mrs. Caine, who takes great pleasure in imparting information to the visitors, also with the Church educational department over which Professor Karl G. Maeser presides. While there is much to admire in witnessing the wonderful skill displayed in machinery and art, I was astonished to find such a variety of souvenirs being offered to the visitors, by almost every nationality

in the world, many of them being positively obtrusive. This day was closed by about two hours' profitable chat with Elder Karl G. Maeser, missionaries, etc., in his private lodgings.

Wednesday, April 19, we bid adieu to San Francisco at 9 o'clock a.m., and after traveling through southern California 730 miles we reach the Colorado river; crossing it we find ourselves in Yuma, Arizona. Before reaching here we see one of the oldest Catholic churches on the continent. The Arizona penitentiary is in Yuma, and also a fort. The town is small and has only a few inhabitants, made up of Mexicans, Indians and others, and is 731 miles from San Francisco.

At midnight we reach Maricopa, 392 miles from San Francisco. After waiting more than three hours, sitting in a railway carriage, we proceeded on our journey and arrive at Tempe about 5 o'clock a.m. and found Stake Superintendent Lewis with a carriage to take us eight miles to Mesa.

During a trip of near 2,000 miles we pass over every variety of soil and scenery, from the most fertile to the sandy desert; from an altitude of over 7,000 feet above sea level, to a depression of 263 feet below the sea, and while in this low country it was fortunate the sea did not heave itself over its bounds and drown us. We passed by some lovely orange orchards, and it is not an unusual thing for one tree to contain at the same time blossoms, small, green, and fully ripe yellow oranges. We saw loads of oranges being taken to the warehouse to be assorted and packed for shipment. We paid five cents each for oranges on our route, and twenty-five cents for twenty-six oranges neatly packed, box included.

Friday morning, April 20th, finds us between 5 and 6 a.m. in Mesa City enjoying a hearty breakfast with our friendly host, and his family, after which I will simply mention a few existing facts as we find them in this Stake of Zion. The roads are excellent; we saw a large field of lucerne being raked up after the first cutting, and by being once irrigated, after each cutting, six crops during the season may be harvested; barley and wheat are heading out and will soon be ready to cut. We noticed an orange grove of forty acres and a vineyard of sixty acres. The fig tree, pomegranate and almond grow luxuriantly, also the Texas and China umbrella and pepper trees, palm, orange and lemon. We also had green peas for dinner today. Tomorrow our two days' Sunday school conference begins.

GEORGE GODDARD.

The water of Boise river has risen very fast the past forty-eight hours, says the Idaho *Daily Statesman* of Tuesday. It is now near last year's high mark, and if the warm weather continues Boise valley will doubtless experience the worst floods in years. Yesterday forenoon a log smashed into a row of pilings under what is known as the second railroad bridge, taking them out like so many ten pins. This so weakened the bridge, passengers and baggage were transferred there until evening. Late in the afternoon two or three piles gave way in the main bridge and this necessitated a transfer across both bridges.