

RELIGIOUS.

Sunday Services.

Religious services were held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday, Nov. 23rd, 1890, commencing at 2 p. m., President Joseph E. Taylor presiding.

The choir sang the hymn commencing:

Zion stands with hills surrounded—
Zion kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded;
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine.

Prayer was offered by Bishop Fred Kesler.

The choir and congregation sang the hymn:

Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation,
No longer as strangers on earth need we roam.

The Priesthood of the Sixth Ward officiated in the administration of the Sacrament.

ELDER HENRY W. NAISBITT

was the speaker. He said that some time had elapsed since he last had the privilege of standing before so large a congregation of Saints, and he trusted that the Divine Spirit would be present with them on that occasion, that their assembling might be acceptable unto the Lord.

However much it might be denied or disputed by the uninformed, he certainly thought that the majority present sensed this one great fact—that they came together as followers, or disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. To be a Christian nation or community, however, implied vastly more than the simple taking upon ourselves of His name. The skepticism which years ago was confined to a few prevailed at the present day to a far greater extent, and by reason of divisions and the clashing of religious organizations christianity had been shorn in great part of its inherent power. While lauding the name of Christ and testifying to His position as the Savior of mankind, men had allowed the influence of other names to supersede that of the Great Leader whom they professed to follow. In consequence of the divisions which now existed, myriads of the human family who might otherwise have accepted the Gospel in its purity had found themselves compelled to withdraw altogether from the inconsistencies which surrounded the "school of thought" with which they had been identified, and became aliens, at all events, so far as any church organization was concerned. It was very evident that the ambition had not been to see how closely they could follow in the footsteps of their Lord and Master.

If the Latter-day Saints showed that primitive Christianity had been again restored to the earth with all its gifts, blessings, ordinances, authority and power, surely the christian world might lend a willing ear to the testimony which they bore. If they told the world that, in accordance with the old methods employed by the Deity toward man, angels visited the

earth, that the power of revelation—which was the foundation of all faith—had been again renewed, that the prophecies had been fulfilled, surely the people should heed a message fraught with such interest and so full of promise. But how had that message been received by the world in general? With ribaldry, abuse, persecution, and even death. All the weapons that society could employ had been brought to bear upon the Latter-day Saints. They had been ostracised both socially and politically; in fact, every possible means had been used against them. But, despite all this, "Mormonism," as in the past, would continue to be a standing protest in the face of Christendom against the inconsistencies of the age, which had tended so much toward the spread of infidelity.

By God's help the Latter-day Saints hoped to continue faithful, to enjoy that which they now possessed and to devote their lives to the elucidation of those principles which they had received through the teachings of the Priesthood and the Church of Christ. He prayed they might so live that their testimony would brighten within them "unto the perfect day," to the salvation and exaltation of mankind; that those who now stood aloof would be led to change their opinions concerning the Latter-day Saints and feel that it was well to be identified with them.

The choir sang the anthem, "Praise ye the Father."

Benediction by Bishop Orson F. Whitney.

LANDING IN SAMOA.

"Hundred and seventy-four miles from Tutuila" was the response to information asked at noon in one of the early days of September of the current year, on board a trans-Pacific mail steamer, by the party interested. Such information was the cause of some little unpleasant forebodings of being dumped at midnight in a small boat on a tossing, restless sea some two or three miles from a rock-bound island in the Southern Pacific. While considering what was in store for me, and making up my mind for the worst, having been somewhat similarly placed before, an old and familiar sound, which ocean travelers in time get so accustomed to that they can hardly do without it (viz: the almost ceaseless grinding of the propeller by which the old vessel ploughs her way across the deep), suddenly ceased. In some cases such an event would have caused some consternation in the hearts of the passengers while in mid-ocean; but not so here; only some small item in the boiler had gone wrong, and then there was a movement to the stern to watch "chips" as that functionary is termed, fix a dainty morsel to attract the appetite of our friends, the sharks, which had been seen around for the last few days; but, sorry to say, after many bites no shark could be got. Five hours thus glided by. Old "Sol" had sunk to rest before tired and blackened emerged the engineers from below, telling us that their work was done.

Once more we moved off at thirteen knots an hour to the soothing music of the propeller. It is an old and true saying that "It is an ill wind that

blows no one any good." So thought I in my case; for the five hours thus lost gave me what I so much had desired, viz., to land by daylight under such circumstances and in such a benighted spot. Accordingly, by about 5 o'clock on the following morning loomed up before the outlooker the dark form of the mountainous island known among the Samoan or Navigator Islands as Tutuila. Rockets were sent up to signal our approach. We were at length rewarded by seeing, emerging from the shore, first one, then two, and also a third dark object which we were told were native boats, rowing their hardest to make for the steamer. But there was no sign of the mail schooner, a thirty-ton vessel which plys between this island and Apia every month for mail purposes. This did not look very inviting. However, the boats ultimately reached us, and what a sight to the unaccustomed gaze they presented! Dark red-skinned natives now sprang on board climbing the decks from all quarters—hatless, shoeless, coatless, shirtless; in fact, if it were not for their national costume, known as the "lava lava," they would have been in the condition of our first parents as regards their bodily habiliments. As they knew their time was but limited they made the most of it, running round among the passengers endeavoring to sell their native productions in the way of plaited baskets, fans, fighting clubs, shells, corals, etc.; and as they had learned the sound of the "almighty dollar," that seemed to be the usual price asked. While such an exhibition was progressing, the chief of the natives who could speak a little English explained to the captain that the mail-boat had not yet come from Apia, when, as it afterwards proved, it had been waiting round an adjoining headland. But this was nothing to Mr. Native so long as he could get the mail ashore as well as squeeze a few dollars out of the luckless passenger, who was in the state of the historical Hobson, and had no other choice but to go and pay anything the native might ask, or else go on to Auckland and wait a chance for a trading steamer to take him back to Apia, which would amount to a great deal more, as one might suppose. After some talking with the captain, mail agent and others, it was finally agreed by all parties interested that the mail and other small items to be landed, including one passenger, your humble servant, should be entrusted to the care of the aforesaid Mr. Native Chief and his retinue, and get to their destination as well as they could. Then began an unceremonious bundling over the ship's side of mail bags, packages, etc., and finally the writer found himself changed from being a passenger on a 3000-ton ocean liner to a little cockle-shell boat which it seemed the next wave would stove in. Fortunately at this time the sea could not have been much calmer, which together with the sunlight was much in the writer's favor. It was quite a sight to look around. Towering up above was the side of the great vessel upon whose deck, and gazing at us, were the optics of some one hundred and fifty passengers aroused from their slumbers to see the spectacle.

The excited natives were rushing around in their eagerness to make a dollar or two before the steamer left, talking away in their unknown tongue as fast as their tongues could rattle; and then the whistle gave one or two wild utterances preparatory to starting the propeller one or two turns, and then the ardent trader still lingered, hoping to catch some interested