

Sabbath day, in common with his competitors, he also advertises. Now, while he does it, I want to say to the Latter-day Saints, one and all, keep away from there on the Sabbath day, and keep everybody that you can from there, and from every other place where people go in violation of the Sabbath; keep away yourselves and keep others away from there as far as you possibly can, no matter how much they advertise amusements and entertainments on the Sabbath day. That is their lookout, and they will be responsible for it.

I know I run the risk of incurring the displeasure of many people in talking this way; but I am telling you my convictions, and what I would give to you and to all the world as honest and fervent counsel. Honor the Sabbath day, and keep it holy. Worship the Lord on the Sabbath day. Do not work. Go not out to seek vain pleasures on the Sabbath. Rest, and refresh the mind in prayer, study, and thought upon the principles of life and salvation. These are legitimate labors for the Sabbath day.

Now, I mean what I say. I do not go to Saltair, nor to Garfield, nor to any other pleasure resort on the Sabbath day. I do not allow my children to do it; and not one of my children will ever do it with my knowledge and consent, nor any member of my family. That is where I stand with regard to the Sabbath day. I abhor drunkenness, profanity and villainy in every shape and form; I abhor the violation of the laws of God; I abhor evil; but I adore good. I adore virtue, purity, righteousness and honesty of heart in all men. I want to encourage everything that is good, and to discourage everything that is not good. That is my mission, which I am determined to perform to the best of my ability.

Let the people go from here to their homes and take this with them, and extend it to the absent members of their families. Say to them that the presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are against the violation of the Sabbath day, no matter how much interest they may have in Saltair or any other place. We helped to build Saltair, and it is partially under our control, thank God! and we could shut it down if necessity required it. And if it were true, which I do not admit, nor believe, that our people, because we happen to have an interest in it, were determined to violate the Sabbath day, I think that would be sufficient cause to close it. You are welcome to go there any day you choose, except on the Sabbath day; and if you go as I go, it will result in no evil or harm to you, but in good. You will have relaxation, and rest, and the cool air of the Lake, and every benefit that accrues from visiting a place of that kind, without any evil consequences, because you will not commit evil. You will not go there to get drunk, nor to gamble, nor to violate any principle of truth and righteousness. If you go there at all, you will go to have a social visit with your family or your neighbors and friends, and to have a few hours of relaxation and rest from toil and care and heat, and perhaps a cooling, refreshing bath in the briny waters of the Lake. In doing this you will do nobody any harm, you will do yourselves no harm, but possibly a great deal of good. But not on the Sabbath day! We are against that. That which is lawful may be done, especially when it is right. There are some things which are lawful, but which are wrong. The law does not always prescribe or protect that which is absolutely right. It is often found that laws are passed to regulate unrighteousness, to protect wickedness, and to license corruption. Where such laws exist, it is not right or expedient for men to engage in those things. Let

us do that which is right and pleasing in the sight of the Lord. Wherever we see a man or a woman making a misstep and going into error or darkness, or doing something that will bring sorrow or shame upon them or theirs, let us take them by the hand, as brethren and as sisters, and try to convince them of the error of their way, and if possible bring them into the marvelous light of the Gospel of truth, that they may be saved. This is our mission. May God help us to do this, and be with us by the presence and power of His Holy Spirit, that in all our efforts to do good, we may be seconded by Him, and enabled to accomplish all that we have in our hearts to do, in my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

THE WONDERFUL CITY OF LA PAZ

La Paz, Bolivia, June 15, 1898.—There is no city in the world like La Paz. Away back from the Pacific ocean, across the highest range of mountains on our hemisphere, in the least-known country of South America, it lies in a little basin on one of the highest plateaus of the earth. I have seen the walls of Peking, of Jerusalem, and of Seoul, the capital of Corea. None of them is over fifty feet high. La Paz has wall a thousand feet high, and upon one side of it towers the famed snow-capped peak of Illimani, one of the three highest of the Andes, which kisses the morning and evening suns at an altitude of more than four miles above the sea. Man made the walls of other cities. God made the walls of Paz. The great Bolivian plateau, which stretches away to the north and south almost as level as the waters of Lake Titicaca, abruptly drops at La Paz so as to form here a basin which by actual measurements is about 1,000 feet deep. In this basin the city is built and the green precipitous slopes form its walls except on one side, where the Andes, ragged and torn, rise in rugged grandeur in all the colors of the Colorado canyon. Coming to La Paz on the stage from Lake Titicaca you ride for forty-five miles across a plain, by villages of mud huts, through little farms of barley, quinoa and potatoes. On one side of you is the mountain wall of the great Sorati range, the highest of the Andes, and you gallop on and on over a seemingly endless plain. The team is one of eight mules, changed every three hours. If you sit with the driver, as I did, you grow tired at last and look in vain through the clear air for the city. It is nowhere in sight. At last on the brink of a precipice the mules are pulled back on their haunches, the stage stops and there below you lies La Paz. It is so far down that you can make out only the outlines. You see a plain covered with terra cotta-roofed houses, jumbled together along narrow streets. Here and there is a church, at one end is the big white building which forms the penitentiary, and just under you the walled inclosure made of white pigeon holes in which the dead La Pazites are stowed away at so much rent per year until their descendants forget to pay and the holes are wanted for the generations to come. The stage winds about a road that curves in and out in loops and figures 8's in getting down to the city. You see parallel roads far below you, and at last, having left the heights, gallop over the cobble-stone pavement of La Paz. The town you now find to be one of hills and valleys. Its streets go up and down and the altitude is such that you can walk but a very few steps without stopping to breathe.

The sights of La Paz form a perpetual masquerade of bright colors and curious scenes. The very houses look as though they were intended for the stage rather than real life. The roofs of terra cotta tiles look so clean in the

clear air that you can count every piece of which they are made. The walls of the houses are painted in the most delicate tints of pink, sky blue, lavender, yellow, creams and green. They are of one and two stories, so open to the street that you can see much that goes on within. The colors on the streets are even brighter than those of the houses. There are in the city at least five Indians to every white, and these dress in the brightest reds, yellows, blues and greens that aniline dyes combined with the Indian taste for the gaudy can make. The especially bright garment is the poncho or blanket, with a hole in the center for the neck, which every Indian man and boy wears. These are usually colored in stripes and are worn almost constantly day and night. Every Indian has also a bright-colored knit cap with knit ear flaps hanging down on each side of his face, and he sometimes has in addition a black felt hat. He wears pantaloons which make one think of the days when our girls padded their hips and panniers were in vogue. His pantaloons are cut full at the hips and the tops of the pockets stick wide out at each side. The legs of the trousers are full and from the knee down at the back they are slit wide apart, showing what at first seem to be wide drawers, which flop about the ankles. Investigate them, however, and you find they are drawers made on the dickey shirt order, or merely a half leg of white cotton sewed fast to the inside of the legs of the trousers, in order that he may the easier roll up the latter when in the wet grass or crossing a stream. The Indian women wear hats and their dresses are as gaudy as the blankets of the men, and everywhere there are other queer costumes, as we shall see in the markets further on.

La Paz has about 50,000 people. It is the chief commercial city of Bolivia, but it has not a street car, a cab nor a dray. I doubt if it has a dozen private carriages, and as for one and two-horse wagons these are unknown. In going about town everyone walks, and all of the heavy traffic is carried on by mules, donkeys, llamas or Indians. My trunks are carried from one place to another on the backs of Indians and I pay each man about eight cents a trunk. The bread carrier of La Paz is a donkey with skin boxes, in which the bread is kept, swung across his back. The beer wagon is a mule who has a large case of bottles upon each of its sides, and the furniture movers, whether the thing moved be a table or a piano, are Indians, who carry the articles upon their backs, heads or shoulders, from one house to the other. Freight is brought into the city on mules, llamas, donkeys and Indians. The fuel of the city is, as I have said, llama manure. This all comes in on the backs of llamas in bags. Coco is brought chiefly on donkeys and Peruvian bark and rubber from the hotter lands lower down come the same way. I saw an odd load on a mule yesterday. It was a limp bundle about five and a half feet long and perhaps eighteen inches in diameter thrown over the mule, so that the ends hung down at the same distance from the ground on each side. Beside it on another mule rode a policeman and a crowd of Indian women came wailing behind. It was the dead body of a woman rolled up in a blanket. She had been murdered a few days before for about \$50 which she was known to have saved, and the policeman was bringing the corpse and the criminals to La Paz.

The stores of La Paz are many and some carry large stocks of goods. These are, however, chiefly in the hands of Germans, who, here as elsewhere, seem to have monopolized the trade in all foreign goods. The most of the