

life. Those who accept the divine message find that unspeakable joy which is a foretaste of the heavenly rest. For this precious heritage, which includes every blessing of earth and heaven, eternal praise, and glory, and honor, are due the Most High, whose Saints regard existence on earth, with its trials, sorrows and conflicts, its development and rewards, as a time of blessed thanksgiving for the possession and comprehension of those truths which will gain for them the everlasting victory of peace and love.

### THE GUION COMPANY.

The announcement was made in our telegraphic columns on the 18th inst. that the Guion steamship company, one of the oldest in the trans-Atlantic passenger service, would go out of the passenger business between New York and Liverpool, and that the Alaska and Arizona would be sold. The movement now announced was suggested two years since and so far as the Guion company was concerned, it was decided upon a year ago. The necessity for such a step was first shown in the season of 1891, when the great falling off in freight shipments between Great Britain and the United States, resultant on the passage of the McKinley bill, caused serious loss to all the steamship companies in that business.

At the time the Guion company owned four vessels, the Nevada, Wisconsin, Wyoming and Abyssinia. The latter was burned shortly after. The company decided to run the others another year, and did so, when they were taken off, and the Guion was practically out of the business. The Alaska and Arizona were not owned by the Guion company proper, but were run under a lease, and this caused the operation of those vessels under the Guion management the past season. The retirement of the company, while it was hastened by the falling off of receipts, was primarily due to other causes, chiefly the desire of the owners, who were successors of the original founders of the line, to divert their capital in other directions.

It was under the direction of the Guion company that the new departure in fast steamship service was inaugurated. The first vessel built upon long narrow lines was the Arizona, which in 1878 acquired the title of "the greyhound of the ocean," from the great excess in speed which she exhibited over all other vessels. Then followed the Alaska, which was faster still. Next came the Etruria, which was built for the company, but, owing to the change of policy referred to, was sold to the Cunard company, and in 1885 took the lead of fast vessels, maintaining it for a number of years.

The management of the Guion company will be long and favorably remembered in Utah. Mr. George Ramsden, the capable manager of the company at Liverpool, with his assistants in the office, Frank Ramsden and John Roberts, have done much to earn the gratitude of the tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints who have crossed the Atlantic in the Guion boats during more than a quarter of a century past. In times when prejudice led certain

officials to seek to exclude Mormon immigrants from landing in the United States, it was to a great extent due to Manager Ramsden's prudence, good judgment and unswerving friendship for the people that they were enabled to pass with the little difficulty they did meet. When the government commissioners visited Europe a little over a year ago to inquire into the emigration from that continent to the United States, and in Liverpool took up the question of Mormon emigrants, Mr. Ramsden's thoroughly vigorous and explicit showing on the subject drew from the commissioners the statement: "It is clear to us that the Mormon immigration is the most satisfactory of all that comes from Europe, and we will assure you that the discrimination which heretofore has been made against them shall cease, so far as our official influence is able to effect that end. We shall see that you get your rights, which we now see you have not had."

### "UNCLE JERRY'S" DEATH.

The wire brings us news of the death, at his home in Wisconsin, of General Jeremiah M. Rusk, a rugged, manly figure on the stage of American politics, and the hero of many a victory both of war and peace. Not only upon the tented field furrowed by the bursting shells and leveled by the tramp of steel and serried ranks of men; but also upon another field, torn up by husbandry's great weapon, the plow, and smoothed again preparatory to its carpet of green and later its billows of golden grain, was this bluff, cheery, whole-souled man at home. He was made of that stuff that shrinks not to fight for the right; his love of country was never called in doubt. And he was not the less noble in his struggle with and subjection of the elements, and his love for the soil.

His life has been full of vicissitude and change. An ardent Republican, and at times strongly if not bitterly partisan, he was nevertheless popular with opponents as well as with friends. He was in Congress during the famous Hayes-Tilden controversy, and the writer well remembers his admonition to the Republican side of the House galleries to refrain from noisy applause when the final act in the counting-in of Hayes was about to be consummated—a result, however, which he had not spared any antagonist's feelings to achieve. But his legislative and military career will not long abide comparison with his administration of the agricultural department. Here he gave proof that a man's office is largely what he makes it. He magnified his calling in a most admirable way; he caused his department to assume a prominence and an importance that few had expected at so early a stage of its existence; and it is safe to say that long after many of his cabinet conferees will have been forgotten, the memory of "Uncle Jerry" will still be green. No man has held a higher place in the hearts of the agricultural class—the bone and bulwark of the nation; and he has been many times mentioned as a presidential possibility, if not, indeed,

having actually received votes in a nominating convention.

He was not yet so old as to have expected the inevitable call of death, but he has lived a good long life, and was buoy, energetic and clear-headed to the last. He will be truly missed and, in his own state especially, sincerely mourned.

### THE STORM.

The dispatches bring word that many of the vessels for whose safety serious fears were expressed are coming into port now that the storm on the west coast of Europe has abated. It is a satisfaction to receive this measure of good news, for the heavy loss of life and property that was reported during the progress of the storm is cause enough for sorrow.

A gale of sixty miles per hour, especially on the coast of England, where its force is unbroken by mountains or hills of considerable size, is something terrific. The heavy, damp atmosphere exerts a power sufficiently strong to throw gold-sized children to the ground, and frequently grown up people are served that way in the open street. It is no wonder that under the pressure of such a gale vessels are at the mercy of wind and waves and that such great steamers as the *Lucania* dare not venture along the rockbound coast of Ireland in an attempt to enter port.

The cold wave that accompanied the storm in England is hardly appreciable in a country like ours. The dispatches state that seven degrees of frost was felt, or a temperature of 25 degrees above zero. That would not occasion even a sharp frost here, but in the dense, moist atmosphere of England it means that unless a person is fairly well protected, freezing to death is not a remarkable event. Under such a condition it is not strange that several persons met with just this fate. An instance of the cold spell of three years ago in England may be cited, when the thermometer marked seven degrees of frost. A postman, going his rounds in a small town in Kent, was frozen to death while making his regular morning trip. It was noticed that at several places where his horse stopped the postman did not get down from the cart, and on examination he was found to have perished by cold.

The scenes witnessed on vessels driven ashore along the coast are painful in the extreme. It is a harrowing experience for brave men, accustomed to the rigors of a seafaring life, to be almost within hailing distance of a stranded vessel and be powerless to aid the perishing crew. Yet such was the experience on the east coast of England in the recent storm. Vessels were stranded on a sandy beach, within three hundred yards of shore, while the members of the life-saving crew were unable to do more than watch the sailors clinging to the rigging until they were washed off or dropped from numbness into the raging sea. In such a storm the life-boats are of little more use than a mussel shell. In a similar storm two years ago the life-boat service at Dover made desperate attempts to reach a vessel in such a