

in all things, whether you will abide in my covenant, even unto death, that you may be found worthy."

In this revelation the Lord requires us to be a brave people, a true and faithful people. As one of our hymns says:

"We want no cowards in our band,  
Who will our colors fly;  
We call for vallant-hearted men,  
Who're not afraid to die."

This is the kind of people that are wanted in the Church of Christ; not cowards, or men who will shirk and fly in the hour of danger. Such people are not wanted. At the same time the Lord expects us to be a peace-loving people, willing to do everything in our power for peace, to preserve the lives of the human family, to deliver every person, to the extent of our ability, from all the evils that Satan would bring upon them. Therefore, I hope if there is a disposition not to clamor for war that it will not be attributed to cowardice or to the fear of losing life. God has commanded us to be ready to lay down our lives whenever it shall be necessary. If it should be to defend our religion, we have in days past shown our fearlessness in that direction. Speaking generally, our people have not been afraid to lay down their lives for their religion. We should be equally willing, if it should be necessary, to lay down our lives for our country, for its institutions, for the preservation of its liberty, that these glorious blessings and privileges shall be preserved to all mankind, and especially to those with whom we are immediately connected. A man is of very little value that would not be willing to take the chances in a contest where these important interests were at stake; for these interests are of far more value than life itself. I believe that the day will come, or is here now, that if this people called Latter-day Saints should be required to go to defend their country and its institutions, their homes and their religion, and the rights of their fellow-men, there would be an almost universal response in favor of that. Therefore, that which I say upon these points is not in favor of shrinking from the defense of everything that is right, or of doing anything that would be craven and unworthy of honorable people. I would not like to see our government put itself in a position that it would not stand fair before all the nations of the earth; and every effort that we make for peace will make us stand fair, because there is a feeling throughout the world that the American people are strong enough to be magnanimous, and that when they are magnanimous, it is not prompted by any craven or unworthy feeling.

Brethren and sisters, I have endeavored to lay before you some of the promises that God has made to us. I say "us," because we are inhabitants of this land and possessors in common with our fellow citizens. I have read this to you so that if you need comfort it may be imparted unto you. There need be no trepidation in our hearts concerning the threatening aspect of affairs. If war should come, it will no doubt come because of the determination of Spain to force it upon us. I feel confident that there is no disposition on the part of our own government, whatever may be the feeling of the masses of the people, to create war. The freedom of Cuba has nothing particularly to do with us, only this far: They are on our borders, and the atrocities which have been committed have been of so awful a character that we would be less than human if we did not sympathize with them. Our government is amply justified in demanding that these atrocities shall cease. We would be

less than human if we could sit quietly by and see people massacred and starved to death as they have been and are being on the island of Cuba. It is not the newspaper correspondents alone who have brought these tidings to us; but men of the highest repute have told of the conditions there. I have myself had communications upon the subject from one of the leading men in this nation, who visited Cuba personally. Of course, we all have seen what the newspapers have said. Under these circumstances, men and women who have the least feeling for their fellow creatures must cry out against the continued perpetration of such horrors, and the word should go forth that they must cease. We cannot allow a continuation of these scenes while we have the power as a nation to put an end to them. Then if Spain is determined, because of this position that we have assumed, to make war upon us, let us do the best we can under the circumstances. But I hope that Spain will see the folly of continuing this, and will give those poor, wretched people the liberty they are contending for.

I pray God the Eternal Father to be with us as a people, to fill us with sentiments of justice and mercy, with comprehensive views concerning our relationship to mankind in general, and the duties that devolve upon us because of our position. For I say to you this day that the Latter-day Saints, in some respects, occupy the most influential position of any people upon the face of the earth, according to our numbers. And our influence will be felt more and more, especially if we will only be united. It is our union that gives us power. Take that away from us and we are weak as water. But united, bound together in holiness, in purity, and in the love of liberty and of truth, we are the strongest people upon the face of the earth. God grant that this may continue, and increase, until all shall be fulfilled that has been spoken concerning Zion and this glorious land of ours. I ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen.

#### A WILD RIDE WITH THE BOLIVIAN MAILES.

Oruro, Bolivia, June 30, 1898.—During the past three days I have been riding behind galloping teams of from four to eight mules over the Desaguadero or Bolivian plateau, and I am now in the mining town of Oruro, away up in the mountains, 600 miles by rail from the Pacific ocean. I am in a country which is like no other on the face of the globe. Situated from twelve to fifteen thousand feet above the sea, it has a soil, a vegetation and a climate peculiarly its own. Its skies as viewed from day to day are different from those which hang over any part of the United States. Its people are like none we have on our continent, and I seem to be in another world. It is the world on the heights; the land highest on earth on which numerous cities and villages exist, a very land of the sky.

This region is one of the little-known parts of the earth. What it was in the past is conjecture. There are many evidences that at one time there lay between these ranges of the Andes a vast inland sea, hundreds of miles long and in places sixty and more miles in width. The Desaguadero plateau, which was a part of this sea, extends from here to Lake Titicaca, there at the north it joins to the Puno plains of Peru, and far south of where I now am it unites with the highlands of the Argentine. Where I crossed the plateau in going from Lake Titicaca to La Paz, it was 47 miles wide, and the ground was almost as flat as a floor. I found it almost level in my three days' gallop to Oruro, and it seemed to me that

I could everywhere see signs that the whole plain had once been covered with water. I rode for miles over beds of stones and in other places passed over wide stretches of what seemed like sea sand. Sea shells are often found here, and Prof. Agassiz believed that the water level of this sea was from 300 to 400 feet higher than the present level of the basin. Today the only large bodies of water found in it are Lake Titicaca and Lake Aullagas or Poopo, which are connected by the Desaguadero river. Lake Poopo is only a short distance from here. It is a brackish lake, fifty miles long by about thirty miles wide, and is so deep that it is now proposed to put steamers upon it, and it may be that there will be a line of ships sailing from it through the Desaguadero river to Lake Titicaca. Lake Poopo has no visible outlet, and if its waters get to the sea it is by some waterway under the earth.

There are few good roads in South America. The ways among the mountains are mule trails and in many cases steps have been cut along the sides of precipices so that you crawl along within an inch or so of destruction. Now and then a mule falls 3,000 feet or so, and is usually left to lie where it falls. You often have to dismount to help the mules, and it takes hours to go a few miles. There are in the whole country, which is one-sixth the size of the United States, only 725 miles of stage lines embracing roads to the capital, the city of Sucre, to Potosi, the famous silver mining center, and to Cochabamba, which is a big interior town in what is called the granary of the country. The best road in Bolivia is one over which I have just traveled. I doubt whether there is a finer long stretch of wagon road in the United States. The dried-up sea basin forms a natural roadbed. We galloped for hours over a road better, smoother and harder than any in Central Park, New York, and dashed along at breakneck pace over the plains on a track that would have been accepted as excellent by any American jockey. The only work that seemed to have been done upon the road was the picking off the stones. In some places it was as flat as a floor for miles, and in others there was a gradual rise or fall, but not enough to impede the galloping of the mules.

The distance between La Paz and Oruro is fifty-five leagues, or 165 miles. At least, that is what my coachman estimated the distance. The geographers, who have probably not not gone over it, put it at 150 miles, but after my ride I am willing to swear by the coachman, and to say that they have, if anything, made it too short. The La Paz stage runs twice a week to Oruro. It is one of the worst looking rattle-traps that was ever put upon wheels, and the broken-down carriages which carry passengers from our country towns to the fair grounds would be classed as heavenly chariots beside it. It has six seats inside and one with the driver. It was the driver's seat that I coveted, but I found at the stage office that the whole inside had been taken for his family by a rich Bolivian and that the outside seat was already engaged. There was no better chance for the next stage, three days later, and for a time it seemed that I should have to go on the back of a mule or hire a private conveyance for \$150—Bolivian dollars. At this moment my guide, adviser and friend in ways Bolivian, Mr. Sam Klotz of La Paz, advised me to try to get a seat on the mail coach. This seemed to me just the thing, and when I learned that there was always room for one passenger on it, and that the place had not been taken, I jumped at it,