

Hemans, about the death of the flowers? I have forgotten the exact title and even the words; but after the killing frosts of autumn the 'last rose' accounts for her changed appearance by saying that she has 'looked on death.'"

Surely, if horrible sights and sad experiences leave their impression on the human countenance, these have reason for the alteration. Let me tell you a few unvarnished truths in the fewest possible words.

Surgeon General Sternberg announced in the beginning that he had no use for "women's work and women's tears, and only the other day reiterated that he did not want any female nurses in the army. Therefore he has opposed the Red Cross in every way, refusing to permit it to follow the army. His own plan of caring for sick and wounded soldiers may be well enough in theory, to talk about in Washington, but for practical use on the field of battle it has been woefully demonstrated to be of no use whatever. An army on the march in a strange country, cannot carry along ample facilities for hospital work, to be made available when most needed—during and immediately after an engagement. This is the peaceful province of the Red Cross—to follow closely in the rear, protected by the treaty from the bullets of both armies; and had it been allowed to do so in Cuba, thousands of precious lives might have been saved. The Sternbergian theory is directly responsible for at least half of the 3,000 deaths which have occurred since July 2nd—to say nothing of the hundreds now dying from subsequent unnecessary hardship and exposure.

Although discouraged in every way by the heads of the army, the Red Cross persisted in following as closely as possible; and so—thank heaven!—the supply ship, State of Texas, happened to be near when the first great battle occurred. You have heard how our boys went into the fight hungry, how they lay in the trenches for two days almost without food, and how the wounded were afterwards ordered to make their way to the rear as best they could. Men with desperate wounds had to walk or crawl—perhaps a mile, perhaps five or six miles—in some cases ten or fifteen miles—not over good, smooth roads, but over a wild, rough country, where the trails were rendered almost impassible by daily rains and heavy army wagons. Those who were least injured, assisted their comrades, and hundreds died by the wayside. Had not the Sternbergian theory been inexorable, the Red Cross would have been promptly on hand with ambulances, equipped with every convenience, and the first hospital camp would have been close by the field of battle. Those of the wounded who lived to reach the place designated, were attended to as rapidly and efficiently as possible, by the half dozen army surgeons who had nothing at hand for their awful work. Some of their instruments were in their pockets, but anesthetics, bandages, medicines and food were entirely lacking, and so insufficient was the surgical force that numbers of the wounded lay unattended for days before their turn came. The soldiers' clothes were soaked with rain and stiffened with mud from the trenches, so that they had to be removed before an operation, and could not be put on again. Men were taken from operating tables, perhaps minus a leg or an arm, or with bodies desperately torn by Mauser bullets, and laid on the wet ground, naked as the minute they were born, without shelter, and in the majority of cases without even a blanket.

And there they lay, suffering, dying, unattended, without food or water, and for two long, awful days. To add to the horrors of that Golgotha, it rained incessantly, and the army hospital corps, like the foolish virgins of the Scrip-

tures, had forgotten to provide oil; so there was no light but that of the weeping skies and an occasional flickering candle, by which to saw human bones and to cut into quivering flesh, without the blessed boon of chloroform. When the little band of the Red Cross finally forced its way to the spot, the ladies of the party wading waist deep in the surf to reach the shore and walking miles inland, Miss Barton knew exactly what to do. Asking leave of nobody, she directed fires to be built as quickly as possible with the rain-soaked materials at hand, and over them were put her big granite kettles, filled with water. In some of them good, strong, gruel, was made, and cans of condensed milk stirred into others. Plenty of oil and lanterns were provided, and with her usual wonderful foresight, Miss Barton had brought along a quantity of cotton cloth. This she tore into strips, the length of a sheet, and sent the men of her party ahead with lights to cover the naked sufferings. The women quickly followed, each with a tin cup and a steaming bucket of milk or gruel. They found many of the soldiers unconscious, others delirious or raving, howling and cursing in agony. Kneeling beside each, the little band of workers lifted the poor heads in their arms and put between the parched lips the first taste of food they had had for days.

Gradually, consciousness returned to many who had passed almost beyond the border line of the unknown, and the light of reason returned to eyes filled with frenzy. Thus hundreds of mother's boys were saved, who in a few hours more of Sternbergism would have been beyond mortal aid; and the last moments of others were soothed by the knowledge that they had not been utterly abandoned by God and man. No wonder that bearded men wept like children and blessed the angels of mercy as they passed. All night and all day, and another night and day, the devoted little band worked unceasingly, without a thought of rest or food for themselves; and today many a mother's boy is in the land of the living, who but for the unwelcome Red Cross would be sleeping in the long sleep in that modern Golgotha.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

AN HONEST STATEMENT.

The "News" is in receipt of the following, which it publishes with an endorsement because of the fair-minded, upright, independent trend of thought which it exhibits. If all would be as just the world would be much better off and the cause of Christianity be greatly advanced:

Salt Lake City, Utah,
September 2nd, 1898.

In the morning local papers I read the report of the Presbyterian ministers met in their formal assembly at Manti and speaking in their official capacity; and it grieved me to the heart. I could not help contrasting the gentle dignity and kind spirit of your editorial comment with the feverish anxiety of the critics to repent of their neighbor's sins.

The writer is a clergyman in good standing of one of the leading Protestant churches in America, has done clerical work in different towns of the State and believes he is as close an observer and as intelligent a reasoner as any one in the late Presbyterian meeting; and yet he feels sure he could not endorse their unanimous conclusions in regard to Mormonism. I came to this State surcharged with prejudices and preconceptions against the Mormon Church and its adherents. I am happy to say that I find no difference—certainly no marked difference—between

the Mormons and any other kind of Christian religionists. Of course, I am taking into consideration all the facts in the case—origin, education, intellectuality, intelligence and past and present environments. As I take all these things into consideration; as I watch the fervor, devotion, earnestness, self-sacrifice and the missionary zeal and labors of the Mormons; as I regard the industrious, simple, honest lives of the people; as I consider the "mighty works they have wrought" in conquering the desert, building cities and erecting monumental structures; and as I wonder, the words of the gentle Master—"by their fruits ye shall know them," "I falter where I firmly trod"—I ask myself, Can it be that these are not the children of God also? And "whom art thou that judgest another man's slave? To his own master he standeth or falleth."

I have found among the Mormons the good and the bad, as I have among every other kind of people. I have found the same kind hearts and ready hands, the same human weaknesses and failings that obtain everywhere. Apart from mere matters of belief, I see little difference between Gentile and Mormon.

As to the charge that the Mormon Church dictates the political conduct of its adherents, I do not believe that it is more true than is the case with any other Christian organization similarly situated. It is inevitable under the peculiar circumstances that some member of the Mormon Church should seek counsel and advice from their ecclesiastical leaders in whose integrity they have unbounded confidence, as to his political duties. What more natural than that he should be advised to the best of the ability of his leaders? What Roman priest or Protestant preacher would refuse to inform and advise an inquiring parishoner about his civic duties? The Mormon counselor may be a Republican or Democrat or Populist. Will the Democratic Bishop advise the layman to vote the Republican ticket? Well, hardly!

But the first resolution of my worthy brethren would lead one to believe that this accusation against the Mormon Church was a newly discovered crime, which had never been heard of before. What one of the leading Christian churches has not in the past, and does not now, meddle with politics? Has the Roman church in Spain nothing to do with politics? Did not the Methodist church in 1844 both anticipate and precipitate the civil war, and does it not now keep up the old fight after every one else has abandoned sectionalism? Does not one see today on opposite sides of the street, facing each other, in the same towns, an "M. E. church, north," and an "M. E. church, south"? Did the Presbyterian church of New England never dictate politics to the people, and has it nothing to do with politics in Scotland? I read the manifesto of April 6, 1896, and I understood it then, and understand it now, as explained in your editorial. Surely, a church has a right to discipline and control its clergy. Even the mild Episcopal church has a canon about its clergy bearing arms in defense even of their country.

As to the capture by Mormons of the public schools, I presume the matter of the High School last year is indicated. If so that was defeated for all time, and by Mormon votes. As to the effort to place Mormon teachers in the public schools, there may be here and there some over-zealous official who so seeks to curry favor, as he supposes, or thinks he does God service, but I have entirely failed to find an authoritative propaganda of that kind.

I can only notice one other item: the charge contained in the third resolution