

fully, and carry out the instructions given by the priests and presiding officers.

A great responsibility rests upon the Bishops, for upon them devolves the duty of calling to their aid faithful men and organizing them in such a manner as will bring about the greatest good to the people generally.

The relief societies can do a great deal of good in their calling, by assisting the Bishops in caring for the poor, the sick and the afflicted, and comforting the distressed.

The subject of tithes and offerings was touched upon and the Saints advised to so conform to this law that they may receive all the blessings promised. The home missionaries in this and other Stakes of Zion could talk upon this subject with profit to themselves and the Saints.

Inasmuch as the cry of "give us room" is heard on every hand, it would be very prudent in many cases for new arrivals to go into the country where rents and land are cheap. By doing so they would grow up with the country, and by industry and economy become independent.

Elder Evan Stephens addressed the meeting for a short time on the subject of combining all the choirs belonging to the wards of this city into the Tabernacle Choir. He asked the co-operation of the Bishops and other leading brethren of the wards, particularly the choir leaders, to assist in this work and render what aid they could to the Tabernacle Choir of this city, and to each other.

All choir leaders in the city were requested to meet with the Tabernacle Choir next Friday night, at 7:30, at the Tabernacle.

President Charles W. Penrose endorsed the remarks of the previous speakers. He then deprecated the practice of holding dances in the houses erected for the worship of the Lord. It was right and necessary to provide legitimate amusement for the young, but it was unwise and in many places unnecessary to use the meeting houses for this purpose. Keep in mind that dances or other amusements are not carried to excess, but that moderation characterizes all our acts. There should be wise and fatherly supervision over the recreations of our young people, exercised in kindness, in the interests of order and morality. Brother Penrose closed his remarks by calling the attention of the brethren to the pressing duties of the hour.

Adjourned until the first Saturday in December, at 11 a. m.

Benediction by Bishop Samuel A. Woolley.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Just at the present time the British metropolis is having a harvest of fires, the daylight and darkness dividing them in about equal proportion. Of course a vast amount of property is destroyed, but it is seldom that in one day there are two

conflagrations at which human lives are lost, as was the case yesterday. At one place two persons received fatal injuries, while at another the victims numbered five girls and four men. This latter case was a factory, where was followed the usual custom here of locking the doors of manufacturing establishments, so the employees cannot get out. Thus it was when the flames burst forth in the lower stories that those above had no warning till the fire was well under headway, and when they did learn of it and burst the doors open the stairway was in a blaze, and only a few could make their escape by that means. The others rushed to the windows overlooking a courtyard about sixteen feet wide, where hundreds of people had gathered. But though there was only this narrow span to make to the buildings opposite and thus allow the escape of the unfortunate, no one seemed to have the presence of mind to open the way of deliverance.

Nor did the firemen seem to be in a better way than others for this work. They are promptly on hand at fires, night or day. Every evening ladders and fire apparatus are run out to stations in the streets, and distributed over the entire city; so that when an alarm is given the firemen are near to any given point. In this instance they were ready for fighting the fire as well as it could be done in the limited space, but they were not prepared for rescuing the agonized men and women who were at the windows calling for help. The ladders were mostly too short, in one case a man held a ladder on his hands till it reached near enough for a woman to get on it from a window, and to descend, but those in the next story were beyond any offered help, and already the smoke was surging around them, and the flames darting in unpleasant proximity to their bodies. They could not jump sixteen or eighteen feet to the windows opposite, there was no means to cross, and those who were not in the part where stripes of calico could be had for ropes, had either to spring out of the windows to certain death, or to surrender as victims to the fiery furnace. Some chose the latter course, while others jumped and were crushed to death by contact with the pavement below. In a few cases men on the ground huddled together in bunches, and protecting their heads as best they could with their arms, allowed those in the lower stories to jump on them, thus breaking their fall and escaping with less than mortal injuries. But the failure, and absolute refusal, in practice, of English employers to provide means for escape from such disasters shows how penurious they are and how infinitesimal is the value they place on human life. The love of their fellow beings has but a small place in their hearts, compared to their greed for this world's goods.

This season London has been unusually free from fogs, but the past few days has suggested that darkness at noonday is still within the probabilities. The skies are obscured,

the gas is burning in stores, dwellings and streets, and there is but one distinction between night and day, and that is a closer limit to the vision than is the case on a night when there is no fog. Pedestrians and vehicles move cautiously along, drivers are shouting to warn others of their presence, and policemen are busy at the street crossings, in helping people to pass over the streets without being run down by wagons or busses. Even the railways are in a pickle, for their signal lights are comparatively valueless. But in the neighborhood of stations there is a continuous series of explosions, like the constant firing from small cannons. Every hour a vast number of trains pass—sometimes as many as three a minute—from a given station; and the signal for their approach is heralded by the explosion of torpedoes placed upon the track. So the "boom! boom!" of these combine to make a steady roar from early morn till midnight. But the railway system, operated with double tracks, is so thorough that accidents seldom occur.

One of the events of the week is the funeral of Mrs. Booth, wife of the General of the Salvation Army. The services began yesterday, and the burial took place today. The funeral procession contained about 4000 Salvation Army officers, male and female, and eighteen brass bands. There were also banners bearing such mottoes as "Rest in Peace," "Meet me in Heaven," etc., and as General Booth rode in the carriage which followed the hearse, it was clear that the loss of his partner in life was a severe blow to him. But in connection with the funeral throng as it moved through the densely crowded streets, where the way had to be cleared by mounted policemen, was a peculiar feature that could probably be produced nowhere else but in England. An official programme of the order of march and memorial services had been published, and along the column came hundreds of persons bearing the Salvation Army uniform and shouting, in voices ranging from deep bass to a shrill treble, "Penny a programme! Official programme a penny!" And so the song went on—the music from the bands, some playing mournful dirges, and others lively hymn tunes; some of the marchers chanting solemn lays and others singing a joyful chorus; the shouts of the programme sellers, and the coarse interruptions of a very large number of bystanders who had no respect for such a mournful occasion—all uniting to make a volume of sound that was far from pleasing.

The procession was in two divisions, and between them came quite a space. This was filled with a motley crowd of vehicles, so that the central part of the column consisted, for much of the distance, of busses, carts, wagons, carriages (some of which were filled with drunken men), vegetable vans, dump carts, donkey carts, merchandise wagons, and everything on wheels. It was vain for the police to attempt