

that God has been merciful towards him.

The European population of Port Said, consisting of some 8,000 souls, is a true *mixtum compositum* of nationalities. The French seem to be preponderating. But England, Italy, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Greece, and Sweden all are here represented. Business, and nothing else, has thrown them together. This gathering place is, therefore, altogether different from Utah. The Saints gather because they are of one faith and because they wish to enjoy the fellowship of brethren. Here people gather carrying each his own religion with him, or, perhaps more correctly said, having no religion at all. The only doctrine people here seem to have in common is the Mammon religion. The consequence is that drinking, gambling and swearing are the order of the day. Here is no such thing as Sunday. Stores and places of amusement are more frequented on that day than on any other. And I fear that the civilization which the Europeans here carry to the natives is of a very low kind. It has certainly taught the natives to swear horribly, if nothing else. And they swear in English and in French and in Italian, their own language being almost destitute of any terms fit for that purpose. It seems to me that the "Christians" here ought to blush like crimson when they hear their respective languages used by the natives for that purpose. But they do not. All the more pity!

A traveler, having "taken in" the city, will probably bend his way to the harbor and take a walk along the shore, perhaps also pick up some shells, which are very numerous in the sand. Two massive piers here attract his attention, both erected in order to protect the harbor against the masses of mud which are carried by the river Nile into the sea and by the tide and currents driven towards east. One of these piers is 1600 the other 2250 metres long. They are built of what may be called artificial rock, consisting of hydraulic lime and desert sand; 25,000 blocks, each ten cubic metres in size, were used in these structures.

The temperature here at this time of the year is best termed a very pleasant summer temperature. The days are a little hot and the nights cool. Flies and mosquitoes are as lively as they need to be in a well-regulated community. At the time of writing no less than five mosquito bites have left their rosy flowers on my face and hands! I was never a great admirer of flies or mosquitoes, and I am probably guilty of having killed more mosquitoes in my days than any other insect, flying or otherwise, moving. But these mosquitoes here in Egypt have such an infernal way about them. You do not see them unless you do nothing else than sit and watch for them, a business that is very tiresome even if it were a practicable one. Nor do they announce their presence by that well-known musical concert which our better educated American mosquitoes seem to delight in. Nor do you feel them when they light on you in

order to help themselves to a lunch! You are not aware of the honor before the repast is over, and then you will remember it for days. I think I may say that these mosquitoes, which do not even give you a fair chance to kill them, are abominable. What a plague they must be in the real summer time! And what an awful time old Pharaoh must have had of it when the dust of Egypt was made to yield flies and mosquitoes in superabundance!

I may also note as something very remarkable that oranges, water melons, bananas and other kinds of fruit are sold here at this time of the year, as in the summer time in Salt Lake City. And the oranges are the best I ever tasted. And cheap. You can buy 50 oranges for 25 cents.

It occurs to me that Port Said would be a splendid missionary station, and that a young man who would spend some years here and had some means at his disposal could do a good work. The place is, as already stated, a meeting place for a multitude of nations, who have very much need of some religious influence brought to bear upon their daily life. Besides those who live here permanently, numerous travelers pass by every day. The statistics for 1887 show that 3137 ships passed through the canal. Of these 2331 were English, 185 French, 159 German, 138 Italian, 123 Dutch, 82 Austrian, and the rest of other nationalities. These carried not less than 178,791 passengers. And these passengers always spend some hours on shore, so that a missionary would always have a chance by conversations and by distributing tracts to do a work which would in time yield good fruits. But he would probably have to have some means at his disposal to commence with. He might also erect a school for native children, where education, of course, would have to be given free. Thus much good could be accomplished.

That the native element would prove no barren soil to sow good seed into, I think, is proved by the fact that they all seem to have a wonderful ability for learning languages. It is no uncommon thing to hear little dark skinned, barefooted, dirty urchins in the streets address you in French, English and Italian. Without any schooling, with no knowledge of the complicated rules of grammar, which it takes you years to learn and years to forget before you can speak a foreign tongue properly, they have picked up a word here and a word there in the streets, until they are able to communicate many of their ideas to individuals of three or four different nations. Surely where such abilities exist much good could be done by proper training. And should not the Latter-day Saints hurry with their means and their abilities to hasten on the great work of bringing the world under submission to Christ?

Before leaving Port Said I must state that the press is represented here by one paper—a four column quarto—which is edited in the French language and appears every Sunday and Thursday. Its sub-

scription price is twenty-eight francs a year. Its political color (if it can be so expressed) is hatred towards the Germans in general and Bismarck in particular. How it can live I do not understand, considering its high price and poor appearance. And now—*Au revoir*.

J. M. S.

PORT SAID, Egypt, January 16, 1889.

## ELDERS IN KENTUCKY.

Standing upon the threshold of futurity, with great and mighty events at our doors that will shake the earth from centre to circumference, reflecting upon the memories of the buried past in sad and silent contemplation, unchecked, my mind reverts back to the ushering in of the present dispensation, when the boy Prophet of the nineteenth century, enwrapped in heavenly vision, saw the wonders of unborn time presented in rapid succession to his astonished gaze, and was told that his name should be had for good and evil throughout the world, and his followers would be mobbed, murdered, pillaged, persecuted and driven from city to city.

To what extent the enunciated truths of this glorious vision have been demonstrated is only imperfectly told in the wonderful history of the remarkable people known as "Mormons." But in the archives of heaven a more minute record has been kept. Angels have been and are taking silent notes of every action whether for or against. A day of reckoning is inevitable. Frail and feeble man cannot stay its coming. Then every trial that has been successfully overcome, every scheme of the evil one that has been thwarted, and every injustice that has been suffered will add to the dominion, glory and exaltation of God's people.

But, alas! when the book of accounts is opened and its pages closely scanned for the part played by the wicked, unscrupulous and designing perpetrators of the diabolical deeds of infamy and evil committed against an innocent, unoffending, virtuous and God-fearing people, the record of their blasted lives will be read to them by an Accountant that makes no mistakes. They will be "weighed in the balance and found wanting" and be compelled to suffer the torments of the condemned.

Amidst the clatter and din of the religious and political strike and contention of the day, the "Mormons" receive their due share of attention. Mobocracy legislation and exterminations are suggested as the only satisfactory solution of a problem so deep and difficult of divination.

Such action as this has been advised by despisers of the truth in this section, as in most places where the Gospel is preached with authority from on high. Notwithstanding the fact that the mission of those who preach it is "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," it detracts from rather than enhances their comfort and convenience in dispensing its saving truths. Their own lives are in constant