

cine and to assist me in applying it, preparatory to giving Sylvester a sweat. This was one of the most doleful nights of experience that ever overshadowed my life. He soon began to sweat, then uneasiness set in—first kicking, then throwing off the covers. I just held him down in bed the whole night through, without taking my hand off him. I finally got so badly worn out that I had to tie the cover on him. I never worked harder in all my life. Then when I came to change his clothes after sweating him, it was a task, but I did so with satisfaction.

When morning came all hope had fled, and my feelings can better be imagined than described. Language cannot give the utterance. To think of being in a foreign land, amongst strangers, and left in this wide and dreary world all alone almost sank me in despair.

To get assistance my only alternative was to call a passer by from the window, whom I sent for Mr. Jones to bring the doctor, and to carry a note to a near Church member to come immediately. All this was done, and it was eight a.m. before anybody came. The doctor got there at 9:45 and Brother Perez at 10:30. I then went for medicine, returning at 11:30; prepared things so that Brother Perez might attend him while I slept, and I had one hour's rest. Thus we continued with all possible diligence until 9 a.m., when I went to rest, telling Brother Perez to wake me at 11:30, and if anything went wrong, before.

At 10.5 he woke me saying Sylvester was very low. I could see the end was near. He quietly passed away at 11:15 p.m. May 5th, the two of us by his side. I began preparation for his clothing in order to lay him out. As you can understand, it would be utterly impossible to get a full Temple suit here. I had to do the best I could. Therefore I clothed him with his garments and a new suit of clothes. I went out and got another brother to come in, in order that I might get some rest, for I knew that it would be impossible for me to attend to my duties on the morrow without it. Hence one hour was my rest.

When morning came I sent telegrams to Brother Thatcher saying I would bury him here unless otherwise instructed. I know he did not want to have his body laid down in Mexico; but being nearly prostrated, and knowing it would be difficult to obtain the permit of the government, on account of the disease being contagious, I felt that I could not proceed; but that if you wished, in a few years you might remove him. The custom of burial here is very different from that of the United States. Everything must be registered. Thinking the American cemetery was as good a place for the interment as could be found, I went to the cemetery agency to make arrangements. I was there informed that it would cost \$100 to obtain the necessary permission from the American Consul. Hence, I went to another place, and learned that the matter could be arranged

for \$29.00. This I accepted. Everything being arranged, the hearse and car arrived at 6:05 p.m., and conveyed the remains to San Cosme, or the American cemetery. After the dedication all returned, and I abandoned the house, going to an hotel. I changed locations to-day.

All is well. Everything seems to work satisfactorily, and we are witnessing many manifestations from on high, and laying aside a feeling of sadness, I have nothing to regret. Brother Collett and I have labored together exclusively, and nothing but death could have separated us. On the 17th of November, when the deceased took his first long walk in company with Brother Eying and myself, on passing the cemetery (not knowing it was the American), Sylvester said: "There would be a nice place to rest, under the shade of those trees." Right where he pointed he now sleeps.

May the Lord bless you is the prayer of him who is left alone in this far-off land. Regards to all.

JOHN D. ROGERS.

LETTER FROM EUROPE.

The great strike of the Vienna street-car drivers during the past week has directed attention to that over-worked class of humanity and may lead to reforms in other places besides the Austrian capital. It seems that these employees had asked an amelioration of their terms of labor, and particularly as to the hours during which they were compelled to be on duty. These were not merely hard but positively exhausting. Many, if not most, of the poor men engaged in working the Viennese street-cars had to be on duty from six in the morning till midnight and sometimes later. One man who had a wife and three children declared that for this toil his earnings averaged one florin and twenty kreuzers, equal to 62 and a half cents a day. He took all his meals on the cars and was fined whenever he was two minutes late in completing a journey. He said the constant strain upon the mind, and the fatigue caused to the right arm by having to work the brake, rendered an ordinary man unfit for work of any kind after ten years. Those who survived this kind of labor for ten years, he said, were exceptions. While the street car company thus made slaves of its servants, it likewise had been wronging the public and acquiring large sums of money by the overloading of its cars. Again and again the long-suffering public of Vienna have protested against being packed like herrings. In fact, the cup of the iniquities of Vienna street cars seems to have been about full, when the men unable to obtain fair treatment from their employers went out on strike.

The inconvenience resulting to the public in a city like Vienna was prodigious, and this is all the more apparent when we consider that nearly all the business is in the heart of the city, while the suburbs are scattered and distant. But

worse than inconvenience ensued. The socialistic and anti-Jewish elements took advantage of the occasion and for days together made the city a bear garden. It is said that twenty thousand persons were concerned in the riot and of the police sent to clear the streets more than forty were injured. The military were at length called out. Six squadrons of cavalry and four of infantry bivouacked in the streets, and portions of the city resembled a military camp. Indeed the entire garrison at Vienna is kept in readiness for immediate service if required; meanwhile 460 persons have been arrested and the mob everywhere dispersed.

In these disturbances the street car drivers took no part. In fact, public opinion was with them from the outset, as also the sympathy of the government. The city council of Vienna unanimously decided to fine the street car company \$20,000 for the interruption of traffic caused by the strike, and an additional \$4000 a day so long as traffic should remain interrupted. The directors of the car company saved themselves from paying the latter fine by taking back the men formerly in their employ, with the promise that twelve hours should constitute a legal day's work. Thus the Vienna street car strike came to an end. In relation to the above the *Nord-deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* makes the following sensible observation: "The best work and the biggest dividends are not obtained by screwing the last drop of strength out of the willing or necessitous creatures."

Count Herbert von Bismarck's recent visit to England has again become the subject of discussion, it being now stated that the mission had an important political bearing. It is rumored that Germany fears that in the event of war with France she would run the risk of losing her newly-acquired colonies, and therefore seeks for the co-operation of the British navy.

The truth is, that the Germans see in Africa the makings of another Indian empire. They remember what was done in the East Indies by an English trading company, under the protection of a government which might yet be said to stand aloof from the whole business for many a year. Imagination shows them in the forests and by the lakes of Africa many a pagoda-tree like that from which so rich a shower of gold was shaken by the British in India. And as the English managed to get the French out of one dominion and take it all themselves, so will the Germans strive for a great and unshared empire on the other. That seems to be the intention, at any rate, and they are taking more ways than one to make it a grand reality. We may readily believe it is not for the love of the Portuguese that Germany so strenuously upholds the claims of Portugal—claims so prodigious as to be almost laughable—but because she evidently believes that at the proper time these claims may be quietly transferred to herself.

Signor Crispi's declaration in the Italian parliament with reference