

pletely immersing her. When she came out dripping and working in frightful contortions as if overpowered by some spirit, her appearance was something more serious than laughter to the thoughtful observer. Just as the ceremony was about to be completed the fruit train came dashing along on the "West Main" track, and the engineer noticing the crowd slowed up a little.

Here is a picture for Ruskin. He need not bother himself about the future of the negro, or the education of the colored race, but take this African baptism, on the shore of Lake Michigan, surrounded by a crowd composed of persons from all nationalities in Europe, witnessed by a modern locomotive, and standing in close proximity to bananas from Central America, turpentine from the Carolinas, maize from the Dakotas, iron ore from Michigan, strawberries from Southern Illinois, and what grander theme for modern art or poetry can be found? Surely this ought to be an age of religion; but it is not.

One day in the early part of the week I had occasion to visit the public library. I noticed an immense throng of people in the public corridor of the east wing of the City Hall, wherein is situated the courts. The public library is in the west wing. I learned that the crowd wanted to see Mrs. Carter, the famous woman of the divorce court. I fell in with the throng, and after an hour's hard work succeeded in getting into the court room. I got a glance at Mrs. Carter and that was sufficient. She sat in the court among a hoard of hungry looking lawyers, evidently enjoying the notoriety she was creating. Mr. Carter was also there. He is a dandish looking person. He wears dude eyeglasses, and dude burnisides, and is in general make up a miniature Berry Wall.

I went next to the Chicago Avenue Church to hear Mr. Moody, the evangelist. I like to hear him. He is a plain, practical man, full of good sense, good humor, and possessed of a certain instinct in religion which commands the respect of the masses. As usual he delivered a nice, sensible discourse. He said that the spirit of religion and goodness was not fostered by contention and strife; that nothing could be accomplished by the man who calls the Pope a pirate, or by the man who tries to despoil a Mormon, or blackmail a Methodist. In this strain he proceeded for 20 minutes, and was assiduously listened to. Mr. Moody never makes long discourses, and he has a most felicitous method of bringing long-winded preachers to a stop. He is about to bring the Bible Institute to a close. In a measure it proved a success. He will re-open it in the autumn, and endeavor to interest the various sects in its work. Mr. Moody was interviewed by a local reporter, and here is what he says of his "Bible Institute," and of the condition of religion in this country. Mr. Moody says:

"One of the great faults of the clergy, I have been led to believe,

is that they have been educated above the mass of the people and out of sympathy with them. When a young man has gone through college and then through a theological seminary he is in a certain sense removed from those he wishes to serve. There is a gap which I have long been speculating how to fill. I believe there should be a body of workers between preachers and the people they seek to reach—men and women well qualified to teach religion, but still not preachers, and willing to go out into the wards of cities and do the preliminary work of redemption. I think they should be business and working men and women, who will perhaps know better how to sympathize with and move the masses than the clergymen now in the pulpit. This body of assistants—lay-clergy if you please—is what I hope to create by the convention just opened. I have great ambitions in the matter, but I do not know what to expect and hence do not care to give expression to my expectations in the matter."

"Will you do work for our local churches of the kind you speak of?"

"I expect to co-operate with the resident pastors, and the men and women who attend the morning sessions will be sent out into the different wards on missionary work. In one sense, however, our missionary and revival work will be secondary. We will feel that a great good is being accomplished if we can but equip several hundred men and women to take up the Lord's work and assume the humble position of clergymen's assistants. If I had 1,000 such persons today I could find fields of work for them all without delay. The men who are about to assist me in the duties of the convention are all men of earnestness and ability, who will for love of the work continue the lessons of the morning sessions by going out with those who attend our instructions into the homes of the people who need us. The plan is unique and its novelty alone makes me unwilling to predict about the result."

Can any man in Utah read this and not say "Why Mr. Moody is copying from Joseph Smith?"

JUNIOR.

CHICAGO, May 13th, 1889.

In the city of Chicago during the past week everybody was talking of Dr. Cronin and his mysterious disappearance. I, too, began to think I would disappear for a short time, but not in any sensational way. In fact, I thought I would take a holiday and leave Chicago to take care of itself for a few weeks. Our great city got along without Carter Harrison, and I am sure it can get along without me, and I really believe it could get along without Frank Collier, though it was Frank that crushed John A. Roche and his machine. Independent of all this, I thought it would be a fine thing to rank as a pilgrim, a tourist, or an emigrant if you will, for a time; so I concluded to be one or the other, or all, if necessary.

Four hundred years ago the tourist was denominated a pilgrim. The word pilgrim is not unknown even in our day. Recent arrivals in western mining camps are usually called pilgrims, though the epithet carries with it a flavor of deprecation. It is true Erasmus did not speak flatteringly or complimentary of the medieval pilgrims. Formerly pilgrims traveled in batches and under the guidance of a personal conductor technically termed *patronus*. From England the favorite objective points were the Holy Land and the shrine of St. James the Compostella. The organization of pilgrimages developed into a regular department of commerce. The *patronus* chartered a ship, provisioned it, and conducted pilgrims at so much a head for the round trip. In the fifteenth century an English traveler counted eighty such vessels in the harbor of Corunna, thirty-two of them English.

Caxton, the printer, issued a book of "Informacion for pylgrymes unto the Holy Londe." The book proved a profitable enterprise and made money for the practical Caxton, while many of the other early printers ruined themselves publishing luxurious editions of the classic authors.

The guide book gave special instructions how to reach Venice from England, Venice being the favorite port for Jerusalem. It also cautioned pilgrims to make solid "covenants" with the *patronus*, who was a person given to sharp practices. It specially cautions against Cyprus: "But be well ware ye make covenant that ye come not at Famagust in Cyprus for no thyng. For many Englyshemen and other also have dyed there, for that ayre is so corrupt there aboute and the water there also." This interesting book also tells the pilgrim to keep the *patronus* to his contract in the matter of food, and to be sure to get meat twice a day and good wine, and good water, "And also the byscute."

Judging from the book, the pilgrim did not always travel as a penitent, with peas in his boots and gunny sacks for shirting; because he is instructed to get "three barrells ech of a quart, which quart holdyth ten gallons." Two of these barrels were for wine and one for water. This was to be taken along by the pilgrim at his own expense to supplement the ship's allowance. He was also instructed to make quick time from the ship at Jaffa so as to procure a good donkey to ride to Jerusalem. Let the sleepy pilgrim have the worst doukey. It further says: "Also when ye ryde to the river Jordane, take brede, wyne, water, hard eggs and cheese for two days, for there is none to sell."

"And if ye goo uppe to the place where our Lord Jhesu Chryste fasted forty days, it is passingely hot and ryght high. And when ye come downe again, for any thyng drink no water, but rest you a lytell. And then eat brede and drynke wine without water, for water gendereth a flux or a fever that many have dyed thereof." Fees were exacted