

swam away from his dying vision—something of the meaning of that cry for help that makes the blood of all the ages curdle with horror: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

Forever with all these scenes of a Savior's suffering will this city be associated. Here is an unjust trial and here is—death * * *
O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!!!

DR. ED. ISAACSON.
AMERICAN FORK, Jan. 9, 1890.

MILLARD STAKE ACADEMY.

The first term of the fifth academic year of the above institution came to a close on December 20th, 1889. Subjoined is an outline of the proceedings on that occasion.

The academy choir first sang, "Thy Will be Done." Prayer was then offered by the chaplain, O. W. Andelin, followed by the singing of "Onward Go," by the choir.

The principal, Brother J. E. Hickman, stated that exercises from the academic, intermediate, preparatory and primary departments would be taken through by the teachers simply in order to show the methods of teaching. No student would know what he was required to do until called upon in the class.

The exercises in class were as follow: Theology C, grammar B, arithmetic D, Utah geography, 1th reader, elocution, geography B, and physiology. These subjects were gone through with credit alike to teachers and students.

Miss Ruby Callister rendered a song entitled, "Just Inside the Gates of Gold." An instrumental selection, "The Battle of Waterloo," was given by Miss Adelia Robison; and a song, "Ever Do My Thoughts Follow Thee," by Miss Libbie Robison.

The teachers next made reports of their respective departments. They spoke highly of the same, and were delighted with the progress of the students.

The principal's report set forth that there had been three regular teachers, viz., Brothers C. E. Hickman and Wm. E. Rydall, and Miss Martha A. Lawisch. Aside from these, four of the normals taught classes. There were forty-one daily recitations, making a total of 4,100 during the term. One hundred and sixteen students had been registered in the same period, giving a larger attendance than ever before. Nearly half of the students were from surrounding counties and settlements, as follow—Kanosh, Holden Meadow, Scipio, Deseret, Oak Creek, Beaver County, Garfield County, Piute County, Salt Lake County, Wyoming and Nevada. Theological quorums were held every Monday evening and Priesthood meetings each Tuesday, in which great interest had been taken by students. Domestic meetings were held bi-weekly, and instructions were given to the students by the principal. Praise was due to the students for their earnest labors, as shown by their examination papers. Brother Hickman said he looked

forward with joy to the near future, when the academies throughout Zion would be regarded as beacon lights, and the evils among the youth of Zion today would be numbered among the past.

J. D. SMITH,
Secretary of the Board.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

Sincere and unaffected love for his monarch, profound religious piety intimately united with the idea of the Czar and the fatherland, attachment to the fatherland, unlimited confidence in his chiefs, very strong *esprit de corps*, and a faculty of enduring gaily and naturally the greatest privations—such are the most marked characteristics of the Russian soldier, says a Russian General writing in *Harper's*. To these traits must be added remarkable bravery and a rare contempt of death, combined with a naive kindheartedness and a gentle and indulgent disposition. The Russian soldier is distinguished by a good humor that never abandons him even in the most difficult moments, by his brotherly understanding with his comrades and by his gay and contented way of facing all the decrees of fate. Obedience is so deeply rooted in the mind of the Russian soldier that during my thirty years' experience of the army I do not remember to have witnessed one single case of insubordination, either in times of peace or in times of war.

The Russian soldier dies at his post. I have seen him in winter on sentry duty on the heights of Shipka die standing, surrounded with snow, and transformed literally into a statue of ice; I have seen him die on the march, striding over the sandy desert, and yielding up his last breath with his last step; I have seen him die of his wounds on the battle-field or in the hospital, at a distance of 8000 miles from his native village—and in these supreme moments I have always found the Russian soldier sublime.

Although a child of the plain, where his eye rarely describes the most modest hill, we see him boldly scale the topmost summits of the Caucasus and climb the rocks and glaciers of the Tian-Shan, fighting all the time. He feels at home everywhere, whether in the steepes of the fatherland, in the tundras of Siberia or the mountains and deserts of Central Asia. He has an exceptional faculty of putting himself at his ease wherever it may be, even in places where others would die of hunger and thirst.

I have seen the Russian soldier at home in time of peace, or during truces in the enemy's country, rocking the peasant's child in the village where he was stationed; I have seen him bivouacking in the desert, with his tongue parched and burning, receive his ration of a quarter of a litre of salt water; I have seen him in heat and in cold, in hunger and in thirst, in peace and in war—and I have always found in him the same desire to oblige, the same abnegation of self for the sake of the

safety and the good of others. These special characteristics of the Russian soldier—his self-denial, his simple and natural self-sacrifice—give him peculiar powers as a warrior.

THE SCARCITY OF FINE VOICE.

One of the most remarkable things relating to song at the present day is the scarcity of really fine voices. It will not, I suppose, be seriously argued that the human voice is degenerating, and never were the inducements to cultivate it more abundant or more powerful. Yet, if we are to believe many competent authorities, never were first-rate voices so rare as at the present time. The complaint is not altogether new, and is, in part at least, nothing more than the inevitable moan of the *laudator temporis acti* over the decadence of things in general. Rossini at the zenith of his fame complained that there were so few good voices, and quite at the beginning of last century we find Tosi speaking of his own period as one of decay. Mancini also (1774) says that vocal art had then fallen very low, a circumstance which he attributes to singers "having forgotten the old systems and the sound practice of the ancient schools." Still modern writers on singing are agreed that there is a dearth of really beautiful voices at the present time, and, as this is one of the very few points on which these contentious persons are agreed, there can be little doubt of the truth of the fact to which they bear witness. Good tenors are especially rare, even among Italians, the chosen people of song. There are no tenors now who can be compared with Mario or Rubini; indeed, one gathers from Mr. Sims Reeves' reminiscences, published not long ago, that the world is at present blessed with only one really first-rate tenor. Mr. Reeves leaves his readers in no doubt as to the identity of this Triton among contemporaneous minnows of song. We have no basso that can stand beside Lablache. Except Madame Patti, whose glorious voice is now too seldom heard, and Madame Christine Nilsson, who, to the regret of all lovers of song, has quitted the lyric stage, Madame Albani and Madame Sembrich are almost the sole inheritors of the renown of the great *prima donna* of old. It is not only in compass and quality that our latter-day voices are inferior to those of preceding generations, but in endurance. Catalani's magnificent voice remained unimpaired up to extreme old age, and Farinelli's only died with him. Matteucci, when past his eightieth year, used to sing in church every Sunday *per mera devozione*, and such was the freshness and flexibility of his voice that those who could not see him took it to be that of a young man in the flower of his age. Indeed, this was not very uncommon in singers trained according to the best traditions of the old Italian school, which seems to have possessed the secret of perpetual youth as far as the voice was concerned.