

God's creatures. If a man has any fault to find with me, let him come to me; or if he has any fault to find with Brother Cannon, let him go to him. Let him pour out his grievances to us, and give us a chance to explain or to make reparation if we have done wrong; and let him not cowardly hide himself behind a nom de plume, or anonymous letters breathing wrath and vengeance toward the servants of the Lord and of the people. We have to reprove sometimes in sharpness; but if by reproving we have wounded them unnecessarily, we will pour out a double portion of the balm of meekness, humility and love toward them, that we may heal the wounds we have made, just as the Prophet has said in the 121st section of the Doctrine and Covenants. Read it for yourselves.

Now, these thoughts have simply come to me on the spur of the moment. They may have been unnecessary altogether. But I feel justified, so far as I am concerned, in making these remarks. If these threatening letters were from backsliders or antagonistic Gentiles, we would not be surprised; but when they come signed "Your brother in the Gospel" we suppose, though of course we do not know, that they come from men who profess to be Latter-day Saints.

The other day I spoke of counsel that was often given to some of our poor brethren who were seeking work; among other things, that they should go out into the new parts of the country and take up land, cultivate the soil, and build themselves up among beginners in new settlements, and thereby establish homes for themselves. I have been told that I had better try the medicine myself. Now, I want to tell those who do not know it that I have tried that very medicine. The first plow that I plowed with in this valley was made from wagon tires. We did not have any plows from the East. It was all we could do to bring ourselves into this valley with sufficient to keep soul and body together when I came here in 1848. We then fed on close rations until the Lord gave us the fruits of our labors from the soil. I know what it is to go out on to the deserts and break up the barren ground, and then go to the creeks and make ditches to convey the water from their natural channels upon the soil. I know what it is to earn my living by the sweat of my brow. I have done it before; and if the Lord wills, and will give me strength to do it, I can do it again. I am not above doing it, if the Lord requires it. I believe there is no labor on earth more essential to the wellbeing of a community or more honorable than the labor which is necessary to produce food from mother earth. It is one of the most noble occupations. And next to it is the tending of the flocks of sheep and cattle. This is another noble occupation, if it is only carried on properly and righteously. These are the foundation of the prosperity of every community in the world. When the farming community is prosperous, when the Lord blesses the earth and makes it fruitful, then the blacksmith, the carpenter, and those who follow other pursuits, will also be prosperous. But when the earth refuses to yield of its strength for the good of mankind, then all other business is stagnant and will languish. Therefore, let us till the earth; let us cultivate the soil; let us produce our own living out of the earth, by the blessing of God, as far as we possibly can, always keeping in mind that we have entered into a solemn covenant with God, which is an eternal covenant, and from which He cannot depart or be moved, and which we can only fall in by ourselves transgressing that new and everlasting covenant and turning away from it.

God help us to be true and faithful to our calling and standing in His Church, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

AMONG THE CHILENOS

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Valparaiso, Chile, Aug. 28, 1898.—Valparaiso is the New York of Pacific South America. It is the chief seaport south of San Francisco, and it is by far the best business point on the west coast of this continent. It has a population of 125,000, but it does a business equal to any American city of twice that size. The greatest part of the one hundred and odd million dollars which constitutes Chile's foreign commerce is controlled here, and the city is made up of business blocks, which are more like those of European port than any other on this coast. Valparaiso is beautifully situated. It has a bay of the shape of a half moon, which is large enough to float the ships of the world. Around this bay there is an amphitheater of great hills, which rises almost straight up from the edge of the water and which forms the site of the city. The business section, in fact, is built upon ground redeemed from the sea, and there are millions of dollars' worth of property now standing where a generation ago there was nothing but water. The wharves of Valparaiso are walled with stone and iron rails to keep back the water, and the reclaimed land is such that there are three or four business streets which run about the bay between the water and the foot of the hills. Coming into the harbor you find yourself surrounded by shipping. More than a thousand sailings are made to and from this port every year, and you look at the city through the smoke stacks of steamers and a thicket of the bare masts of sailing vessels. The hills in front of you are so steep that you wonder how the houses can stand upon them, and you see that they rise in terraces, house above house and street above street, until the buildings at the top hang out and seem about to fall upon those below. Here and there you see a break in the hills of the amphitheater, and at a number of points cable roads are crawling up and down the steep inclines.

Landing at the wharves you are surprised to find that nearly every business man you meet speaks English, and you soon find that the English and Germans monopolize the business. The signs are European, and there are few Chilean names upon them. You pass book stores which keep only English books. There are scores of Englishmen on the streets, and you see many pretty English and German girls shopping in the stores. The improvements are more like those of one of our cities than those of a South American town. The stores have plate glass windows, and the goods are as well displayed as in New York or Chicago. The streets are paved with Belgian blocks, and there are drays, cabs and carriages moving along them. Here and there you see a vegetable peddler or a baker with his stock in panniers on the sides of a mule, but the most of the trading and freighting is done with carts. Valparaiso has cable connection with Europe and the United States. It has telegraphic lines which keep it in touch with all parts of Chile, and its long-distance telephones reach Santiago and other points. The telegraph here is as cheap if not cheaper than in any other country, and at my hotel I am able to telephone to the capital, Santiago, 100 miles away, without extra charge.

Valparaiso has a tramway system operated by horse power, which might be profitably changed to one run by electricity, especially so if some un-

scrupulous party should pursue the policy of a Spaniard who, if the story of his intentions is true, has made a good but rather tricky speculation in the Santiago street car lines. These are now run with horses, with very pretty girls as conductors, and they pay, I am told, a clear profit of more than \$200,000 in gold a year. A short time ago the old charter of the company ran out, and the city wishing to have the system changed to that of electricity, gave the concession to this Spanish gentleman with the proviso that he deposit \$200,000 in Chilean money, or about 70,000 gold, as a forfeit in case he did not furnish and complete the electric system within three years' time. My informant tells me that the Spaniard has no intention of attempting a change. He will run the roads as they are now, and at the end of the three years his profits will amount to 600,000, so that he can easily afford to lose the 70,000 forfeit. The street railroads of Valparaiso are still run with horses, and I should think that electric roads would pay both here and in Santiago. Santiago is a city of 250,000 people, and the cars are well patronized. They are of the kind called double deckers, with seats on the roof as well as below. The rates are very cheap, being 5 cents in this money, or about 1.8 cents American. The pretty conductors wear sailor hats, and over their dark dresses white aprons, in the pockets of which they put their money and tickets. There the similar conductors on the tramways of Iquique. While riding upon the cars there I noticed that men inspectors often came in and counted the passengers, in order to see that the girls were not "knocking down" fares, and I was told that the conductresses had nicknamed these inspectors "Judases."

The foreign commerce of this country annually amounts to from one hundred millions to one hundred and twenty-five millions of gold dollars a year, and of this our exports and imports do not often exceed five million dollars. Within the past few years our trade has been steadily increasing, and today we are spending many different kinds of machinery, cotton goods, lard, kerosene, railroad locomotives and small amounts of hundreds of other things to Chile. Quite a lot of our agricultural machinery has been introduced. The most of the Chilean newspapers are now printed from American type on paper from the United States, and I see from the trade mark that the stamps and postal cards are made by an American bank note company. Nearly all the flour bags of Chile are made from cotton manufactured in New England. I see about here steel wind mills which come from Chicago, and much of the electric machinery is of American make. I found an agent of the Westinghouse company at Iquique, and the General Electric has its agents here. At present an American electric plant is being put in at Punta Arenas, the southernmost city of our hemisphere, and steel plates are being sent from Pittsburgh to Valparaiso. There are now two or three large firms here which devote themselves to the importation and introduction of American goods. One is that of Grace & Co., which has an English branch as well as its New York house, and another is the old firm of Beeche & Co., which has lately united with Flint, Eddy & Co. of New York. Beeche & Co. handle nothing but American goods. They have their agents and traveling salesmen all over Chile, and are anxious to push the sale of American manufactures. Both the Graces and Beeche & Co. do a big business, and the general increase in our trade here is largely due to their efforts. I doubt, however, whether the United States can ever equal Germany