

listen to evil, nor yield to it." This should be the feeling and spirit of every man and woman in this Church.

All this may seem strange to many minds; but let us turn to the world and ask what they have got that will supply the place of this knowledge that we have. You are here. What are you here for? Why have you been sent here? Henry Ward Beecher confessed that he did not know; and thousands of the most enlightened men of the earth can truthfully make the same confession. They do not know why man is here, what his origin is, or what his destiny will be. Ask the most learned preachers, who profess to teach the Gospel to the people, why man is here, and they will confess, if they confess the truth, that they know nothing about it. But the Lord has revealed this to us, and we know it. The revelations of the Lord on these subjects to the Latter-day Saints are philosophical, and will bear investigation. There is something tangible about the views of the Latter-day Saints concerning the future. We do not expect to sit upon a cloud, playing a harp throughout the endless ages of eternity. There will be work for us to do—work of the most glorious and exalted character. Oh! what joy will fill the hearts of those who are faithful when they meet the Lord, and He welcomes them back to His presence, having been true and unswerving in their integrity while they were in the flesh. You welcome your sons home from missions; gladness inexpressible fills your hearts if they have been faithful to the cause of God and have magnified their Priesthood. By this you can have a faint idea of the joy that our Father in heaven will have over us if we are true to Him and go from here pure. And think of our joy! that though we have been separated from our Father, though there has been a veil between Him and us, in order that we might be tested and proved, now the mission is ended, the probation has been performed, and we go back emancipated from the power of Satan. I pray God that we may all be in this happy condition; that this people may realize that this is indeed their second estate, and that they should be faithful to it, that they may be welcomed back by the Father after having been true and faithful to Him all the days we have lived upon the earth; which I humbly ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

FROM NEW YORK TO PANAMA.

Colon, March 3, 1898.—I write this letter on the eastern shore of the Isthmus of Panama. I am in the Washington House, the special quarters of the officials of the Panama railroad. In front of me is the green Caribbean sea, whose waves, coming in on the evening tide, are dashing up a silvery spray almost at my feet. A long row of cocoanut palms runs between me and the beach, and each of these is loaded with great bunches of green coconuts, every one of which is as big as the head of that half-naked Jamaican negro baby who is playing there on the edge of the water. The air from the land is that of a hot July at home, but the sea breeze is soft, cool and delicious. When I left New York a week ago it was in the snow of midwinter. Here I am in the heat of midsummer and all my surroundings are those of the tropics.

For the next year I shall be traveling largely in the tropics. During that time I shall make a trip of 25,000 miles for newspaper letters, covering much of the great continent of South America and including some of the hottest as well as some of the coldest regions of the globe. Among the snows of the Andes I shall be nearer heaven than you can get at any place on this earth

except in some parts of the Himalaya mountains, and in the cold winter of Tierra del Fuego, at the lower end of our hemisphere, I shall be at the southernmost point of the habitable globe. As to the red-hot tropics, it is warm enough here, but a few weeks from now I shall be straddling the equator in Ecuador, and within nine months, if I succeed in eluding the yellow fever, I shall sail right along the line of the equator into the heart of South America on the Amazon river. My trip began ten days ago, when I left New York on the steamer Advance of the Panama Railroad Steamship Line, for a 2,000-mile sail to Colon. This afternoon I shall cross the Isthmus of Panama, and thence later on take ships from port to port down the west coast of South America to the Straits of Magellan. I shall make a number of expeditions into the interior, describing the countries of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile, spending some time in the Andes and traveling quite extensively on the plateau of Bolivia. On Lake Titicaca I shall steam about above the clouds at an altitude more than two miles above the cities of New York and Washington, on the highest big fresh water lake of the world, and in the rainless zone along the coast of Chile I shall be traveling through a desert quite as wonderful as that of Sahara. After a trip over the Trans-Andean road, which is now being built to connect the Atlantic and Pacific, describing the work that is now going on in the Andes, and after having traveled extensively in Chile, I shall make my way up the Atlantic coast of South America with numerous expeditions into the interior. In the Argentine I shall visit the great grain and stock-raising plantations, shall travel over the pampas, where the ostriches run wild, and from Buenos Ayres shall sail up the Rio de la Plata, Parana and Paraguay rivers for more than a thousand miles, stopping some time at Asuncion, the Paraguayan capital. Uruguay will be my next country to describe, and after that I shall visit the cities of Brazil and make several long expeditions into the interior, visiting some of the highest coffee plantations of the world and traveling 2,000 miles or more on the Amazon through some of the least known regions of the earth. After leaving the Amazon my itinerary is not fixed, but I shall probably sail from the mouth of this great river for New York, stopping, perhaps, at some of the West Indian Islands on the way.

The preliminary preparations for a newspaper trip of this kind are important, and it may interest you to know something of my outfit. You cannot take a tour of this kind as one of Cook's tourists does that to Europe, putting all your necessities in a valise. You must have different kinds of clothing for different climates. You cannot buy the books and photographic materials you want on the road, and everything must be carefully packed to withstand the kicking of the obstreperous pack mule and the miasmatic dampness of the tropics. I have five pieces of baggage, and as I already know by the excess baggage charges they weigh just 400 pounds. Only 200 are allowed free from New York to Colon, the excess being charged for at 2 cents a pound, and in crossing the Isthmus on a local ticket only 15 pounds of baggage goes free and all above that pays 3 cents in silver a pound. My photographic outfit is comparatively light. I have two cameras, a 4x5 and a 5x7, each fitted out with good lenses, and shutters. I have a few glass plates, but chiefly cut and roll film. This has been especially prepared for the tropics, being sealed up in tins to keep out the dampness. Then I carry the small typewriter, on which I am now clicking out this letter, and a lot of reference books, which are as heavy as so much

lead. I have, of course, plenty of letters of introduction from Washington, including a special one from the secretary of state, asking our consuls and diplomats to render me every assistance in my travels.

My money I take in the shape of a letter of credit on London, for English gold is best south of the equator, as it will bring more silver in exchange. My signature identifies me, and all I have to do is to present it at any bank in South America and sign a check and the money will be paid me. Here on the Isthmus and in Central America our gold is even better than English gold, and I have ten \$20 gold pieces, which will, I hope, see me through Panama. The expenses of such a trip are heavy. In planning a new expedition for newspaper letters I debated some time whether South America or Africa would be the more interesting field, and I got steamship rates for both continents. I could have gone to the Cape of Good Hope for \$100 less than to the Straits of Magellan. The time is just about the same, but the fare from New York to Valparaiso in Chile is \$255, and you are still about \$55 above the straits. The fare to Cape Town is only \$210. All of the steamer fares here are payable in gold, and on the Isthmus, though silver is used, it seems to me that prices are increased accordingly. I paid \$5 this morning for an umbrella which I could have gotten for a dollar and a half anywhere at home, and the boy who wheeled my baggage from the boat to the station charged me \$2. These sums were in silver, and though I have just gotten \$11.70 for a \$5 gold piece, I find the extra money does not go far after all. I was told at the Philadelphia museum that the expenses of traveling in South America would be about \$15 a day. This seems to me very high. My trip of a year in going round the world cost me just about \$10 a day, and in my other journeys I have found that \$10 a day is just about what it costs to travel in other parts of the world. I will give from time to time the expenses of various tours down here, and will describe just how the traveling is done.

The trip from New York to Colon takes just seven days. There are three steamers every month and the fare is from \$75 to \$80, according to the location of your cabin. The Advance on which I came is a steady little vessel of 2,700 tons, or about one-fifth the size of the largest Atlantic liners. Its best rooms were on the promenade deck and in the corner cabin which I had there were two windows, each about two feet square, which gave me a delicious breeze day and night. The line is now operated in connection with and is owned by the Panama Railroad company. It was until within a short time a part of the Pacific Mail, which ran from New York and after crossing the Isthmus took its passengers up to San Francisco. Now the Pacific Mail company has only the ships on the Pacific side and the Panama Railway and Steamship company have the only regular line from the United States to the Isthmus. Their steamers fly the American flag and all of the officers and sailors are Americans. Our ship was commanded by a Maine man, Captain Sukeworth, who has recently been in charge of some of the Red "D" Line steamers from New York to Venezuela, and our chief mate was also from Maine. We had forty cabin passengers, the most of whom were Americans, and the remainder a mixture of Germans bound for their coffee plantations in Guatemala and some Central and South Americans who were going home in this way from Europe or the United States. One of the Germans was a lady who had a pair of baby twins with her. She had gone from her home in Central America in order that the children might be born in the land of the kaiser and now having accomplished