

given presentations of Wagner's and other great operas, in exceedingly grand style; indeed not to be excelled unless it be in the Wagner Opera house in Bayreuth, a city not very far from Munich. The latter place, however, is only open every two years, and then for a period of but two months, but it is deemed by many music lovers as being worth a trip even from America, to hear an opera presented here. The orchestra consists of 500 picked players, among them being soloists of world-wide reputation. The opera company is also of immense proportions, and of course their artistic capabilities are of the highest character.

The art galleries most worthy of note are the "New Pinakothek," the "Old Pinakothek" and the Maximilianeum, which last place was built by and named after Maximilian the Great. This great monarch died very suddenly, supposed by some through treachery on the part of those whom he considered his friends and was succeeded on the throne by his son Ludwig II, who distinguished himself probably even more as a man of talent, art and brightness than his father. He too met his death very suddenly, having been drowned in a very suspicious manner in the year 1886. And many people are also of the firm belief that his unlucky fate was caused through the intrigues of some of his relations, whose aspirations for royal power were greater than their scruples of justice. Ludwig II, although the fact is not generally known to the world, was even as great a musician as Richard Wagner. He was probably the best executer of the latter's pieces, that has ever lived, and gave Wagner some of his grandest ideas upon which he could build his great musical themes and also acted as his critic. All of the grand music which Wagner composed was handed to this brilliant young monarch for his approval and criticism, and the two are said to have been almost constant companions.

At the present time, however, Munich, although becoming ever more beautiful does not seem to make such rapid strides in art and science as during the reigns of the three kings, Ludwig I, Maximilian the Great and Ludwig II, through whose munificence and judiciousness, Munich has attained her present great position in art, and indeed, in this day she stands in the foreground. Much might be said about these three great monarchs but space will not permit; but any person who comes here and sees the work which they have left behind them can not help being their admirers. Suffice it to add, that they have left their characters so impressed upon the hearts of the people that they are ineffable and will so remain as long as the Bavarian folk endures.

The military here, whose excellence of discipline is well known, should by no means escape notice. The writer has witnessed reviews of the soldiers which were really marvelous. They are so well trained, and perform their manoeuvres with such precision, and everything is manipulated with such exactness, that it is indeed almost equal to clock-work. From what one hears of the bravery of Bavarians in battle, it is very easy to draw the conclusion that in the war of 1870 the French were perfectly justified in naming the Bavarian troops "the Blue Devils."

It would probably not be out of place to mention (although it needs no advertising) the extensive consumption of beer in these parts. There are about 45 big breweries in this town, and a like number of churches, and these are also quite well attended when the breweries are not running. It is said that one of these great factors offsets the evil accomplished by the other, or vice versa, but it is hard to say whether the brewery power controls the church or the church governs the breweries. At any rate the ordinary Bavarian has come to the stand that if you take beer and brass bands away from him his life will be a blank. There is many a person here, who, though remarkable as it may seem, puts himself on the outside of more than ten gallons of this liquid per day, and then justifies himself with the reflection, "O, a little beer is good for man."

We hear much in Utah of the German forests, but one must see them to realize their beauty and to realize how nature has favored this land. The writer in some of his rambles has visited several places of great beauty and historical interest, among them being the birthplace of the famous monarch Charlemagne. It is used at present as a saw mill, and its age is some 1,200 years. In the neighborhood of this place are exceedingly beautiful landscapes, where often can be seen within a very short distance of each other, as many as five or six artists depicting on canvas the scenes around him, one taking as copy a mill of doubtful age, with moss-covered wheel and gushing water, another perhaps, a beautiful rustic bridge of great antiquity. There are also many historic and romantic old castles in the vicinity of Munich whose origins date a long time back. One of great interest is Greenwald Castle built by the Romans in the year 15 B. C., upon the bank of river Isar. This is very, well preserved and retains its solidity; and one can almost imagine seeing an iron-clad knight being pursued as he dashes over the drawbridge on his steed to find protection behind the walls of this stronghold.

The foregoing are a very few of the things which are worth seeing in this city, and which being interesting as well as instructive, make visiting a very agreeable relax from study or work.

The writer will say that since arriving in Germany for the purpose of helping promote the cause of truth he has been greatly comforted and strengthened by the Lord in his efforts and feels the assurance that the He is our best friend in times of despondency and doubt. The experiences through which an Elder must go, though they may often seem unpleasant at the time, redound to his benefit in every instance; and a man who has fulfilled an honorable mission will surely feel thankful to the Lord all the rest of his life for having called him to carry the glorious message of life and salvation to mankind, and to help discharge the obligations which are resting upon His people in warning the nations of His second coming. Would that all our young men could hold themselves in readiness and expectation of being called into activity as preachers of the Gospel and promoters of the Church of Christ.

Ever hoping and praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain your brother in the Gospel,  
BRIGHAM T. CANNON.

## OKLAHOMA TO MEXICO.

MARSHALL, Oklahoma, July 29th, 1895.—Many of the Latter-day Saints, their friends and companions clasped hands the morning of July 24th to say farewell to those who intend leaving their former home to cast their fate and fortune among the covenant children of the Lord, 'neath the genial sky of Mexico. The morn was calm as a dream of fairyland. Not a cloud threatened the serenity of the happy company of Saints. Now and then a well prepared covered wagon, pulled into Brother Hunter's yard, laden with the necessary bedding, cooking utensils, eatables, etc., for the journey of about 600 miles, through Oklahoma, Texas, touching New Mexico, thence landing among their brethren and sisters in Colonia Juarez.

The entire trip is to be made by team. The travel will be in a southwesterly direction throughout, Elder Kimball, President of the Indian Territory Mission, placed Elder Ed. M. McArthur at the head of this colony, and we must say he has worked hard by day and night to arrange everything in good order for the trip. As his father before him, we recognize in Brother McArthur one of sound judgment, a man of great worth—by precept, example, dictation and work, he is as the sturdy oak, mid the tendrils of his company—who greatly respect and appreciate his counsels. Presiding Elder Wallace too, has made every effort to assist the Saints, through instruction from Elder Kimball, by having all the money in the mission fund, donated to the needy. Thus rich and poor alike, among the Saints have all things in common.

Well, night came on in all its beauty. The rain of the 23rd had cooled the atmosphere, and the heavenly rays of a summer's moon shed forth her light, bespeaking to all mankind the handiwork of Providence. Our company, consisting of the following are now engrouped near the dying embers of their camp fires, to participate in the celebration of "Pioneer Day." Elder McArthur, as the father of our departing Saints, is crouched upon the stand (or spring seat) in the center of the company. Supporting him on either side, are Elders Wallace, Newman, Bowring. Then completing the circle are the "Mexican Colonists," Amos P. Ward, wife and three children, W. F. Hulse, wife and three children, J. E. Hunter, wife and seven children and L. O. Ward. Our program was varied. First, singing songs of Zion, Latter-day Saints hymn book; followed by a declamation, in commemoration of the "day of days" for Utonians. We spoke of, and sung the praises of our forefathers for having planted among the everlasting hills that glorious commonwealth which patriotic Utah enjoys today. Long may the memory of those veterans be honored, cherished and revered by the inhabitants of Zion. After some solos, quartettes and hymns, we knelt in humble reverence to our Father, thanking Him for every blessing of past life, imploring Him for a continuation of His guiding hand through our future. Then we retired to sleep, happy, contented, to arise early for our journey southward.

July 25th found all well. Long before sunrise all were on the stir. Sheet-iron stoves roared under the load of fine oak, while potatoes, eggs and other eatables were prepared for cooking.