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### A Glorious Fulfillment

JONATHAN SHIPLEY was a bishop of the Established Church in England, but he was bitterly opposed to the acts of his own government which led up to the Revolutionary war. In 1773 he preached a sermon from the text, "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." In the course of it he said:

"The Colonies in North America have not only taken root and acquired strength, but seem hastening with no accidental progress to such a powerful state as may introduce a new and important change in human affairs.

"The vast continent, over which they are gradually spreading, may be considered a treasure yet untouched of natural productions, that hereafter shall afford ample matter for commerce and contemplation, and if we reflect what a stock of knowledge may be accumulated by the constant progress of industry and observation, it is difficult even to imagine to what height of improvement their discoveries may extend. And perhaps they may make as considerable advances in the arts of civil government and the conduct of life."

That was in 1773, one hundred and thirty-six years ago. This country then consisted of some colonies along the Atlantic, not altogether numbering 3,000,000 of people, then subject to a foreign power, and all distressingly poor. But this English clergyman looked out in thought over the sea and over the forest beyond, and while it was impossible for him, even in fancy to picture what was to be in its fullness, still a prophetic instinct impressed him with a belief that on this new soil there was to be a great advancement, a change of many barbarous methods—a forward march for the human race that would "introduce a new and important change in human affairs.

Certainly the vision of the world today is not at all the same that it was one hundred and thirty-six years ago, and most surely the most potential cause of the change has been the rise and onward sweep of our Republic.

A continent has been gathered in, dedicated to liberty and peace, under the light of the Republic's flag the thrones of the world are disintegrating, and nations that for centuries were but slaves to priests and kings, are chanting now the hymns to freedom and declaring that manhood is the only sovereignty of the earth. The change that has been wrought has no parallel in all the records of the ages. But further on in the same sermon the bishop, still speaking of the Colonies, said:

"May not a method be invented of procuring some tolerable share of the comforts of life to those inferior, useful ranks of men, to whose industry we are indebted for the whole?"

The answer that has been made to that half prophecy, is the very crowning glory of our country, for when the government was framed the supposition that those men were inferior was cast aside, and to them every honor and every opportunity of the new land was opened, and their part

in the full sovereignty of the country was acknowledged and inscribed in the nation's organic law, with the result that from the first they have filled the highest offices, they have been captains of all the useful industries; they have led our armies to victory; they have manned our ships; they have carried to success the conquest of the wilderness; they have supplied the highest examples of scholarship—they are as they have been from the first the bulwark of the state.

But still there are unjust inequalities between the rich and the poor and the work of redemption must go on until they are cured, for no land can be perfectly strong and secure while any injustice remains which the wisdom of man can eradicate. Every man must be absolutely free, every law absolutely just and when this shall be all other nations will be second class compared with ours.

### W. C. HALL

By C. C. G.

Dear friend! If where thou art that higher grace

To know what here we are, is given thee,

Who are the true, the false! If thou canst trace

In that clear light a friend's sincerity.

Then thou dost know, no words of mine can tell

How high my soul, thy high soul, held in thought,

Or how to speak for thee a last farewell,

Is with such bitterness of sorrow wrought.

Where duty led, that was thy path, no lure Could turn from it thy steadfast steps aside,

With honor stainless, with a courage sure, Thou filled life's trust, then uncomplaining died.

O, Mother Earth, clasp to thy loving breast His sacred dust in everlasting rest.

### It Was Great

THE raising of the tremendous sum to straighten out the difficulties of the Y. M. C. A. was altogether splendid. We cannot think of any similar instance on the coast where so many rich men dedicated so much money to a cause; we cannot think of any other place where the moderately rich have done so much; we cannot think of any other place where those who are not rich have contributed what they could spare, with the one thought that the object was to make a place where the youth of the land might congregate, improve their minds and not debase their souls.

We say again it was altogether splendid, and we believe every contributor has his name marked down, and the amount he gave, and that it will draw interest in this world and compound interest to his credit in the world to come.

### That Love Feast

THE love feast of the American party on Tuesday night was a matter of peculiar significance to this city. It showed that the old spirit of justice still prevails, and that the flag of progress for Salt Lake City is still "full high advanced."

The efforts in some quarters to belittle it are but confessions of the fear that possesses some narrow souls who would like to have Salt Lake and Utah relegated back to the apathy and non-progressiveness of five years ago.

It presaged success in the coming campaign; it was a "happy prologue to the swelling act of the imperial theme" which is to culminate in the most splendid city of the west, here on this site, and in a glorified state.

### Translated

IN the Western Monthly Mr. H. L. A. Culmer has a finely written story, the scene laid in the country of the ancient cliff dwellers, in south-eastern Utah. In the story the gifted author portrays, amid weird surroundings, the finding of a tablet, the base of which is evidently copper, though no trace of any metal had ever been found there before. In one of those mysterious homes this has lain through the centuries, how many who shall tell? This tablet has an inscription which Mr. Culmer intimates is entirely untranslatable by modern mortals. The attention of a friend of ours was called to this. This friend spent many years among the priests in a temple in India, and absorbed much of their wisdom. To him we submitted this inscription. After several days he returned it with the information, that the writing was not Scandinavian nor Welsh as we had first believed, but that it was Chinese of the province of Shanse, where there is a strong infusion of Tartars. He says the original reading is, "Ho La Ma-Dni Lal Wa, Put Cow."

And when we asked him the meaning, he smiled and said that it meant a man who from childhood up has suffered through his strained relations with the truth. Think of that in connection with Culmer.

### Our Northwest Coast

WHILE we in Salt Lake are going ahead in a quiet way for the grand encampment, it is good to hear of what they are doing in Seattle. They are tearing down the hills. In one place there is a sky-scraper that goes clear up into the clouds, but the Seattle men tell you quietly that the highest point of it is many feet below where the apex of the hill was that once stood there.

And they are cutting down hills; they are filling up valleys; they are making new land on the water front with the debris from the mountains. It is rush, rush, rush everywhere and a new skyscraper there has no note except in the permit for the building. The papers do not think it worth while to mention the fact that a new high structure is about to be erected.

Seattle has a natural site which ought to make a very lovely city after a while. The hillside is steep; we should say, from memory, about at least twenty-five degrees, and over the crest of that hill and down a little slope beyond is Lake Washington, a fresh water lake which is a natural glory itself.

They are building a canal between the lake and bay, one purpose of which is that when a ship that has been two or three years at sea comes into the harbor, it can be floated into that fresh water and in three days all the barnacles fall off and the ship's hull is as smooth as when it came out of the dry dock.

And then, beside the work on land, there are the steamers plying up and down the coast and especially the Alaskan ships which just at this time of the year are hurrying away, to return three months later loaded down with gold and copper ores and the other rare products which the far north gives up to commerce.

That is a great coast, that northwest coast, filled with enterprise, filled with resources and claiming that it is going to be the greatest city of the west coast before long. We do not believe that, but we do believe it is growing immensely and that Puget Sound is to be the gateway for our northern possessions, one of the gateways to the orient, and there, right at the mouth of the Sound, in generous rivalry, the ships of Great Britain lie side by side, or sail side by side, with our coast fleet.

And their talk is of fish and timber and gold and of rare crops and of the never halting progress which is making that northwest coast a place of delight and the home of millionaires.