

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper

NOISY RELIGION.

LULEA, Sweden, Europe,

Oct. 16, 1894.

Thinking perhaps a few lines from the "land of the midnight sun" would be of interest, I take the pleasure of giving you a brief sketch of my missionary labor travels, etc.

I was called to fill a mission to Scandinavia and left my mountain home and loved ones on April 14th, 1893, in company with twenty-six Elders, all missionaries for the various parts of Europe. Our journey over land and sea was one of pleasure, with the exception of a couple of days on the mighty ocean. The 6th of May we got to the beautiful city of Copenhagen, which has a population of 350,000. Here is the headquarters of the Scandinavian mission. The company of Elders now only numbered half and was further divided, one-half to remain in Denmark; the other half to continue the journey to Sweden. Elder David Holmgren and myself were called to labor in Stockholm's conference, presided over by Aug. Carlsson, of Ogden, Utah. After being there one year I was called by N. R. Lindahl, now president of Stockholm's conference, to Norrland, to take charge of the district of Lulea. In company with Anton Pehrson, of Logan, taking steamer from Stockholm, we arrived in Lulea June 1st, after a rough voyage of seven hundred miles. Here in Lulea is a branch of the Church organized, with a few good and faithful Saints who all long for the day to come when they can gather with the Saints in Zion. The hall we hold meetings in belongs to the Saints. During the month of June I visited the city of Haparanda, located at the mouth of the river Tornea, which serves as a dividing line between Sweden and Finland. In company with Elder Anton Pehrson, I visited the small villages between Lulea and Haparanda, a distance of 100 miles, selling books and holding meetings, whenever an opportunity of so doing was given us. In a place called Jemton we held an open air meeting on a hill close to town. The population of the whole village turned out to hear for the first time Mormonism preached. Several after the meeting expressed themselves to the effect that what they had heard was the best and most correct doctrine they had heard. Further north the people are most all Lutherans and Listadians, a queer sect indeed. They derive their name from a man named Listadius. The headquarters of this sect is at Kalix, half way between Lulea and Haparanda. While I was tracting that city I happened to get into one of their houses of worship. I first came into what I supposed to be a barroom, around a table were sitting persons of both sexes drinking beer and smoking. This room opened into another of larger dimensions, into which I now entered. Here I found the men with their hats on, smoking big pipes, puffing away, filling the room with smoke, which was now strongly fumigated. I handed

out some of my books, but as they claim they are the only ones who have the true church, with all its powers and blessings, such as healing the sick, casting out devils, talking in tongues, the power to forgive sins, etc., of course they did not want any of my books. I was surprised indeed when they told me they were going to have a religious meeting there, and it was time to commence. I asked permission to attend, which was granted me. Being anxious to have Elder Pehrson with me I went to look for him, and when we arrived the service had commenced. The ministers always sit while they preach. The speaker dwelt on the sufferings of the Savior on Calvary, the incidents of which were repeated until the congregation got worked up in their feelings, and all commenced to cry. Now commenced a scene that baffles description. The minister, who calls himself God and claims to have the power and authority to forgive sins, announced to the audience, in the name of Jesus Christ that their sins were forgiven, and that they are now clean and spotless before God. Then the faithful commenced to have alleged manifestations of the Holy Ghost. People not used to such proceedings can easily get frightened, as was the case this time. My companion got frightened and made for the door, but I stayed with it to the end, although not very comfortable in my feelings. One man was preaching, others were singing; some were laughing, while others were crying. Others were barking like dogs. One woman was talking in tongues, going up and down throwing her arms about and making hideous sounds. All this was going on the same time. Confusion reigned supreme. This is the general way of conducting their meetings. Much more could be said of their proceedings, but this is probably enough.

Sweden is a beautiful country in the summer time. I have ascended to the top of a mountain to view the surrounding country. At midnight, June 21st, the sun was in the north. It reached its lowest stage a few minutes before 12 o'clock, and then began to rise. It never went out of sight. It was a most beautiful spectacle. Fourteen miles in the distance could be seen the Kalix church, here and there a small village among the forests, while to the south as far as the eye could reach nothing but the water of the gulf of Bothnia was seen. While thus engaged admiring the landscape with the picturesque surroundings, I was also busy fighting mosquitoes, which infest the forests of Norrland by the millions. There is also the horse fly, which is terrible to the poor animals, especially to the reindeer. I have seen big herds of these poor brutes suffer terribly, set frantic by its stings.

Our missionaries have worked energetically in spreading books and holding meetings. The seed has been sown, and in the Lord's own due time, I hope it will bear fruit. Here as in other lands the people are prejudiced against us as a people.

The 30th of September we had here in this city a so-called Christian minister, R. W. Forsman, direct from Utah, lecture in one of the churches against us. He was deceptive and very abusive in his remarks. I stood up in the church and protested against him. I think the majority of the people are too intelligent to believe what he said. After meeting I had a conversation with him. He told me he had got his information regarding the Mormons from an apostate who had lived in Utah forty years.

Your valuable DESERET WEEKLY has been coming regularly to me, and is always a welcome visitor.

Respectfully,

JOHN F. LUNDQUIST.

TO MAKE BEET MOLASSES.

A Payson correspondent writes through the NEWS for information about the manufacture of beet molasses. I have had a good deal of experience in that business myself, and in reply to his inquiry would say that molasses made from beets raised on high sandy soil free from mineral is not strong—it is the mineral in the soil where the beets are raised that makes the molasses strong. I have made as good molasses and as good rum from beets as ever came from the West Indies, and the process is very simple.

If I were going into the business again I should build the same as I did in the fall of 1850, in the Seventeenth Ward of Salt Lake City. It only requires two boilers for the whole process. The boilers should be made of wood with an iron bottom. The first boiler should be of 2-inch plank, 16 inches wide, and the size of a sheet of iron. The other should be made of 2-inch plank, ten inches wide.

But perhaps it will be better for your Payson correspondent if I tell him just now I did it all. In the first place, I was a master mechanic and capable of doing all the work myself. I took for the drive wheel the hind wheel of a heavy wagon with the tire on. Then I set another heavy tire on it in order to get sufficient weight. Then plugged the arm hole and put a square shaft through it, with the journals turned and a crank on each end (there was no occasion for but one crank, for one man was all the power needed.) I then put a flange on one side, bolted to the fellows of the wheel, and turned a gutter in the flange for a rope or rawhide belt. I then made a frame of 2x4, 16 feet long, and placed this wheel on one end of the frame. For the rasp I put a square shaft through a piece of hard maple that turned 10 inches in diameter. I turned down one end for the pulley or belt to 3 inches in diameter. This cylinder I spaced off in $\frac{3}{4}$ inch spaces while in the lathe, and filled it with cast steel teeth made in chisel forms. These were forged $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long with a sharp tongue at one end, and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch broad at the other end, filed sharp with a shoulder so they could be set into the wood with a punch. This cylinder or rasp I put on the other end of the frame—so that the drive wheel and rasp were fourteen feet apart. The cylinder was boxed in with an apron to feed in the beets on—under this a watertight box to catch the pomace. In these last days screws in the form of cider press would be