

## UTAH TO GERMANY.

DRESDEN, Germany, Oct. 29th, 1896.  
—We are always interested in the letters from the Elders in the various parts of the world, so I thought a few words from this part might be of interest to your readers.

I left my home in Provo city on the 28th of May, 1896, and in company with Elder Menasseh Smith of Granger and Solomon E. Smith of Draper, started for the Old World to preach the Gospel. The other two brethren were bound for England and the writer for Germany.

Our journey across the continent was very interesting, indeed, especially to two of us who had never before been from beneath the shadows of those towering peaks in our own dear mountain home. But I will not harden the reader with a full description, others have done that before me. We spent a few hours in Chicago, two days in New York and one day in Philadelphia, visiting the principal places of interest.

On the 5th of June we boarded the steamship Pennland and the next morning left the Pennsylvania docks and steamed down the Delaware. That evening at 9 o'clock we saw the last of our native shore. After a pleasant passage of eleven days we landed in Liverpool, and were kindly received by the brethren, Brothers Lund, Booth, Parry and Burrows.

I spent one week with relatives in the city of Manchester, visiting, among other places, the place of my mother's birth, and also of my grandparents. By this time, another company of Elders had arrived, and in company with one of them, Brother Schultbees of Salt Lake City, I journey on to the continent, by way of Hull, arriving in Antwerp on the 23rd of June. I find the following in my journal: "At 7 o'clock we landed at Antwerp docks in a crizzling rain. We hired a porter to carry our luggage; he professed to know the whereabouts of a cheap lodging house and a knowledge of the English language at the same time. The latter was very doubtful. What a time we had changing money!—francs, centimes, cents, crowns, dimes, shillings, florins, pennies, etc., till one was fairly bewildered. They could speak a few words in English, but we could not muster a word of Dutch. Finally, however, it was all unraveled.

"O, for the language of a Dickens (not a Dickens of a language, however), to fully describe the many curious sights we beheld during that evening! As we entered we were confronted by the inevitable drinking bar, without which no Dutch, Swiss or German lodging house could possibly exist. They are a necessary part of daily life, patronized alike by old and young, rich and poor, male and female. A Dutch maid would, no sooner think of parting with her jug of beer, than with her rye-head and Flemish cheese. \* \* \* I sit near the window and take observations from the street. Soldiers in their blue uniforms with red stripes, pass by, some shouting in drunken glee. But such a commonplace event is scarcely noticed by the people. Children, too, march along the street, singing Dutch

songs in concert. Then comes a group of young boys, singing lustily, wearing in their hat bands small Belgian flags. Across the street is a group of children playing games unlike anything I have ever seen before, consisting of singing and strange though graceful marching.

"In the evening, after supper, we went for a walk through the town. 'Tis the Sabbath evening. At home, in our own Garden City, there is at least a comparative peace steals into the soul, directing one's thoughts beyond the cares and foibles of mortality, or at least a quiet enjoyment within the sacred precincts of the home; but here one would think it were a holiday instead of a holy day. On every hand are beer tables surrounded by every class, age and sex. Fitful blasts of music from all directions, mingled with shouts and laughter, strike discordantly upon the ear. There is one place which seems to have special attractions, as many people are passing in and out under the bright lights. We pause for a moment and, as the door is opened at the other end of the long hall, we see to our astonishment that a ball is in session. Further on we found a group of young men and women dancing upon the pavement to the time of music within.

"Indeed, they seem to be a people who believe in 'enjoying life—eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.' So it was in the days of Noah, and so will it be when the Son of Man comes in His glory."

The next day at noon we resumed our journey, and reached Bern on the evening of the 30th of June. We were welcomed most royally by President Naegle and wife, together with the brethren in the office, Brothers Rogers and Cloe. The two days we spent in Bern were very busy ones, and even then we were unable to visit all the places of interest. It is a very interesting city, not alone on account of its peculiarly happy location on the river Aar, but, being the capital of one of the oldest republics in the world, it possesses many historical reminiscences dating back several centuries, a veritable paradise for the student of history.

We received our appointments July 2nd, and started for our fields of labor, Brother Schultbees for Winterthur in northern Switzerland, and I for Dresden, the capital of Saxony. It was a day long to be remembered. We went by way of Lakes Thun and Brienz to get a view of the celebrated Alpine scenery.

The morning was lovely. Our route was through some of the most beautiful scenery my eyes ever beheld. A ride of an hour brought us to Thun, where we went on board the small steamboat in waiting, and with the exception of a brief change at Interlaken, we had a most delightful ride of five hours. The smooth water of the lake sparkled in the sunlight, and spread out to the very base of the lofty, snow-capped mountains that towered on either side. With the exception of the glacial peaks, the whole was one mass of green. Dense forests covered the mountain side, dotted here and there with grassy plate, where the Swiss peasant has built his Alpine cottage;

waterfalls, and cascades from far up the heights, rushing and roaring, came tumbling into the lake below.

The mighty peaks of Switzerland they are truly all that poets have ever said of them. Seated in a sequestered spot, I feasted my soul on the passing grandeur, as the boat glided on to the harbor.

At Meiringen I parted company with Bro. Schultbees, and for the rest of my journey traveled alone. For two hours I rode on a cogwheel railroad, far up the mountain side, over great ledges and ravines, through tunnels and dense forests till it seemed we were almost to the clouds. The afternoon had been somewhat stormy, but though great banks of clouds were rolling over the summits, from our lofty position, one saw a vast enchanting picture spread out in the valley below. Words cannot reproduce it, though it remain in memory a lifetime.

A arrived at Lugern about 10 o'clock. Dark and stormy though it was, I started out to find a family of Saute, Tenschler, to whom the brethren at Bern had directed me. It was a long walk through a very crooked road, after trudging about fifteen minutes through the darkness and rain, I concluded I must be somewhere within the neighborhood of my destination. I ascended a hill before me and found myself in the suburbs. It was nearly midnight, there were no lights, and no one was about. I knew not which way to go, and after wandering about almost aimlessly for some time, I asked the Lord to guide me to the place I was seeking, or to a place where I might rest for the night. A few rods further on I met a man who could understand my broken German. He took me directly to the house, and in fifteen minutes I was enjoying a warm supper.

The next morning I parted with this kind family and went on to Zurich, where I met four of the brethren, Brothers Naegle, Buhler, Probst and Bundly, by whom I was kindly entertained and shown the sights of the city. Brother Casper Naegle and I visited the Pestalozzi museum, which would be a veritable paradise for our primary school teachers. It contains material for object lessons on nearly every known subject, all arranged in a very attractive form. We also visited the house where that great teacher is said to have been born. We were entertained by a relative of Brother Naegle's living in Griesbach on the shore of Zurich lake. Though not members of our Church they treated us very kindly.

The next morning I resumed my journey. At Romanshorn I took boat and enjoyed a most delightful ride over Lake Constance to Lindau, where we entered Bavaria. I reached Munich, its capital, at 10 p. m., on the 4th of July, where I was welcomed by Elders Albert S. Erickson and Frank Osen. I spent two most delightful days there. The first was the Sabbath. On account of Catholic influence which predominates in this kingdom, our people are not allowed to hold public meetings, and the actions of the Elders are closely watched. The priests have almost absolute power. They attack especially the principle