

come back again. This morning it is all Brother Roberts can do to use one hand, and both he and Brother John are quite sore from the bruising they received."

Notwithstanding experiences that are sometimes decidedly unpleasant, the Elders laboring in Wales, and those in other parts of the mission as well, are filled with an earnest determination to do their duty. They are diligently calling on the people to repent, and are seeking to thoroughly warn them. The inhabitants of this part of the country will not be able to find an excuse for not receiving the Gospel in any neglect of the few missionaries now in the field to disseminate the truth wherever they have opportunity. The offer is marked with unfailing diligence, and is being as persistently rejected.

The weather is fair today. This subject may be a topic of common conversation, but it is not a common thing to have many successive days of fine weather along the west coast of Britain. However, we hope for sunshine tomorrow, so that none may be unwillingly detained from hearing the word of the Lord preached.

JAMES H. ANDERSON.
CARDIFF, Wales, Sept. 3, 1892.

THE SCANDINAVIAN MISSION.

Perhaps a few words from this part of the Lord's vineyard may be of interest to your readers. Many of our people in Utah are somewhat acquainted with the geographical location of this valley, or canyon, as we would call it at home—among the Norwegians at least. Its greatest width at any place does not exceed probably an American mile. Its entire length we have not yet learned.

From Christiania to Lillehammer, a distance of about 100 American miles, the journey is by rail over Ostbanen to Hamer, where we visited the ruins of the old Catholic cathedral, said to have been built in 1665 and afterwards destroyed by the Swedes. The remainder of the distance to Lillehammer was covered by boat over a long, narrow lake called Moser. While at Lillehammer we lodged at Johansen's Hotel, so fitted as to suit almost any one's pocket. At this place and on its east side is a large stream of slough-stained water, making perhaps a dozen or more very pretty falls over its cliffy bed, in its descent down the mountain side. In the city there are a couple of small pleasure gardens containing seats and walks—one of the latter affording a fine view of the city and lake.

From here to our present headquarters (a distance of about seventy-five miles) we traveled on foot. The people along the way were exceedingly hospitable, a condition undoubtedly due to the constant stream of tourists from other countries as well as the wealthy from various parts of Norway through this valley every summer. The roads are excellent, being built on a light but uniform raise with medium curves and deep cuts much like that of an American railroad.

At Lillehammer is the beginning of Gudbrandsdalen proper, and all along the mountain on either side is dotted with farms or forest—neither elevation nor incline being any consideration—

where some earth yet remains, even in small spots on the outcropping rocks.

About four days' travel up the valley (canyon) we passed the tombstone of the renowned Scotch general, George Sinklair, who was killed August 26th, 1812, by the old farmer-men of Gudbrandsdalen. The slab, nine feet square, has the following inscription on it:

"Her bleo Skollernes Anforer Georg Sinklair, begravet efter at han var falden ved Kringle den 26 August, 1812."

According to history, Sweden and Norway were at war over a matter perhaps not yet settled, and while the young men of the latter country, composing its army, were holding the former at bay on their dividing line at Kouges Vinger, Sweden hired Sinklair to enter Norway from the west and thus hoping to enter unnoticed and take the country by storm; but they were defeated by the staunch "old men."

A walk of a few steps above the "tomb stone" and we reached the spot where stands an old log stable, still used for storing hay, in which it is said five of Sinklair's men who escaped the massacre were caught and imprisoned for some time and afterwards taken out one by one and shot. Next day we reached the spot known as Kringle, where "the deed was done." It is a narrow place with simply the road between the mountain and the river where it has been cut through the cliff. Here, it is said, huge stones and timbers were thundered down upon the army at the signal from an old woman at the top of a prominent peak on the opposite side of the canyon, where a monument to her memory now stands and marks the spot and is also known by the name of "Pilegurie."

Hundreds of tourists visit this valley yearly and admire its rugged mountain s, fresh water streams filled with the finny tribe including the speckled trout and other varieties; yet we understand that the number of tourists is decreasing. Such sights are of but little interest to a Utah boy, as his own "dear country" presents them in a more picturesque form.

The old churches and mode of farming are of more curiosity to us. One church, that we visited, said to have been built in 1114, (in Catholic times) contains many curious old specimens of carving, including Adam and Eve, the Savior on the cross, the twelve Apostles, ect., very nicely wrought in wood, also pictures of a number of Danish kings. Another old church whose spire is so built as to exhibit a bend in it, it mattereth not from which direction the spectator gazes—is also a curiosity.

As the canyon is so extremely narrow, and its bottom covered with the slow-moving waters of the river, the mountain sides are resorted to for farming. According to the extent of the farm, houses are built in size and number.

It would appear, from a local paper, that a few days ago one of these guards some distance north of here, slid from the mountain side, and houses, soil, grain land, grass land, everything went down into the river below. All of the mass that could be recognized was simply one log sticking up from

the heap. Fortunately the family was away from home when the mishap occurred. On Monday a huge rock slipped from the mountain side within sight of our lodgings here, but did no damage. These slides are caused by the recent heavy rains.

Dairying on the mountain tops is resorted to in the summer time, but dairies here compared with those in Denmark or at home are only playthings. Nearly all the horses are of a yellow color and a characteristic of this valley.

Hay making is now finished and the farmer is through. Harvest is in full blast. This work is nearly all done by women, with the common sickle. On one farm there were thirty-five women and four men. The men shock the grain. In this country the women as well as the men are glad to get work; it matters little what kind it is; and it makes us feel bad to see the situation. We wonder how these facts sound by the side of the "fabric" that appeared in the Philadelphia Ledger of July 26th, as was furnished by a Salt Lake lady!

Just on the mount here hardby is a large slate-roofing quarry, having either black or brown stone, the stone is of superior quality, said to contain some iron, and is broken with difficulty.

The day before yesterday, on the invitation of the foreman, we were shown through the quarry, where they had just raised a beautiful slab about three-eighths of an inch thick, measuring twenty-four and a half feet long by ten and one-fourth feet wide, and aggregating two hundred and fifty-one and one-eighth shaft.

A railroad is in course of construction to this place, which is its purposed terminus. It is expected to be finished in 1896.

Politics are laid on the shelf until next February, when the question, "Shall Norway paddle her own canoe?" will undoubtedly be settled.

Yesterday the Lutheran or State church held forth; today the "Salvation army" holds its first meeting here, on Sunday both Lutherans and Baptists will hold services, and we have our turn also. Many are studying our doctrines, and it is not an uncommon thing for families to offer us their small homes for holding meeting. We have loaned out a large number of tracts, for the people are too poor to buy, and the loaning process works better results. We hope the Lord will bless us with means to keep up the work. We have borne our testimonies to upwards of six hundred persons who had not heard the Gospel before. Two "Mormon" missionaries held a meeting here about 30 years ago, and that is all that we can learn our missionaries have done here before; therefore our field is comparatively a new one and will furnish room for all our missionaries now in Norway to labor. At the close of some of our meetings the people seemed that they could hardly leave us; likewise when we visited some families they regretted to part with us.

In conclusion, permit us to say that Sivert Olson, whom Brother J. M. Sjordahl baptized into the Baptist faith at Trondhiem, is the Baptist president here, and desires to be remembered to Brother Sjordahl. The gentleman carries Brother S. in high esteem and