

we find the summer homes of the ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy. The British embassy is a big, square structure, immaculate in white paint and green blinds, but does not fit into the landscape as well as the French palace, with its red buildings and ivy-covered walls. As the French flag is flying, we judge that the family have already arrived. This palace formerly belonged to the Ypsilanti family, but was taken by Selim III. and given by him to France in return for services rendered. The German palace is remarkable for its beautiful park.

Above here comes beautiful Buyukdereh the Great Valley—where are the residences of the Russian ambassador, as well as many other notables. The rides and walks about here are charming, and possess special interest for the readers of Paul Patoff.

A little further and we are at Rumili Karak, where the width of the strait is about 1,100 yards. Here, on either side, have been placed new batteries, where twelve Krupp guns, on both Asiatic and European shores, turn threatening mouths to Russia, should she dare enter without permission. The wind blows fresh and pure from the Black Sea as we turn to retrace our course, this time down the Asiatic side. Great flocks of balconies—said to be the lost souls of the sultan's wives who sleep beneath the waves—skim by us, never resting. Dolphins dash and play, their broad backs slapping up and down in the water; the fishers' watchmen in their towers look closely into the depths, ready to signal the watching boats to pull the seines—and the Giant's Mountain rises grandly before us. Here, according to Moslem tradition, lies the grave of Joshua, which is guarded by dervishes and covered with flowers and shrubs. As the grave is twenty feet long and correspondingly broad, it affords a fine vantage point for rags and strings and patches of garments hung there by devout Turks as a votive offering supposed to ward off fevers and other diseases. In the bay at the foot of the mountain, vessels from the Black Sea are quarantined. From here, wide intervals of vegetation and the sweet waters of Asia separate the villages of Hunkar Iskelesi, where the celebrated treaty was signed in 1833; Reikos, the traditional scene of encounter between Pollux and Amicus, and the present haunt of swordfish, which are much sought after in August and September; Kandili, gruesome now from the recent massacres, and Beylerbey, the most beautiful of all the palaces on the Bosphorus. Then, with the sinking sun, we turn our faces homeward.

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

### OLDEST MAN IN SWITZERLAND.

HOELLSTEIN, Basel-Land, Switzerland.

May 28th, 1897.

Today this little old fashioned Swiss village seems to have forsaken in a great measure its antiquated appearance and to have donned, as it were, its holiday attire. Four arches of evergreen trees and boughs are placed across the street at conspicuous points, and each house vies with its neighbor in the display of decorations; even the manure-piles along the street, in front of the kitchen doors, which at other times these farmers appear to be proud of, are covered with pine boughs.

The occasion of Hoellsteins dressing up is that "Pappa Thommen," one of its citizens, is 102 years old today. This celebration has been got up by some thirteen Singing Clubs, representing nearly all the towns in this Bezirk (district.) A grand concert was given at 2 o'clock in the little church, which however, would only seat a few besides the singers, though seats were arranged outside for many more. It was a very appropriate way of cheering the old man, for he has been a great singer and lover of music in his day.

After a welcome anthem by the Hoellstein choir, opening remarks were made by a citizen in which he encouraged singing and suggested that it had probably contributed much to lengthen out the life of the man they were honoring.

It was then announced that "Pappa Thommen" would sing a song which he had learned ninety years ago; to be accompanied by his nephew who is eighty-four years of age. Strangers were astonished at the clearness of their voices and the harmony in their song; the nephew sang alto.

The remainder of the program was successfully carried out; the songs which were patriotic and peculiar to Switzerland, were beautifully sung. At the close the performers formed a procession headed by a band and marched through town.

Some three weeks ago I visited this Hans Jacob Thommen in his home. He is pleased to have strangers call upon him, and he cheerfully answered my questions. He was born in Gelterkinden, Canton Basel, May 28th, 1795. He is the oldest person in the canton and probably the oldest in all Switzerland. His occupation, since early childhood, has been that of Posamentier—ribbon weaver—at which he labored till he was 100 years old. He always has been a man of steady habits, arising regularly at six o'clock in winter and five in summer. Even now he gets up early and spends the days in the large room where five of his children and grand children are at work at their weaving. He appears to be comfortable only when within sound of the looms. He read well without glasses up to one year ago; since that time, however, his sight has become quite dim. His memory and reasoning faculties are apparently unimpaired. He enjoys good health generally.

The proceedings of today have been of especial interest to me, for the reason that my grandmother, Elizabeth Degen, was born in this place and lived here until her fifteenth year, when, in company with her father she emigrated to America, in 1816. Joining the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints with her husband in early Nauvoo times, she endured many of the hardships connected with the travelings of the Church and the early settlement of Utah. In Lehi, where they lived, she was well known for her great faith in the Gospel and its ordinances, and she often expressed the desire that the Gospel be preached to her relatives in Switzerland, and the genealogy of her forefathers be obtained. For this purpose I secured permission to spend a few weeks, at the close of my mission, in this vicinity. In my genealogical work here I have been greatly blessed of the Lord, having had free access to the church records, from which I have copied quite a complete

record of our progenitors. I have been kindly treated by the relatives who still live here, to whom I have delivered the message of the Gospel, and have given them tracts to read.

Before closing I desire to add that my experience as a missionary in Germany, although not all sunshine, was still in the main very pleasant and agreeable. I was often chagrined at the thought of my own weaknesses and inability, but was comforted in seeing the fulfillment of the promise that, the Lord requires nothing at the hands of His children but what he makes them competent. My testimony has increased very much and I will ever be thankful for this privilege I have had of proving my fidelity to God and the Church which He has established in this last dispensation.

The mission is in a prosperous condition; the noble band of energetic young Elders are accomplishing a great work, although a serious drawback is and has been, that so many have had the language to learn after arriving here.

HOMER B. FUSHMAN.

### THE PIONEERS.

The history of human progress is the biography of the world's pioneers. They are the men who in all ages have been first to press forward impelled by hope of making improvement upon existing conditions. They have been the inspired "kickers" of all time.

The earliest pioneers to North America seem to have been the Norsemen who left their records down in Vineyard Sound. But whether they came by design or were blown out of reckoning and made their discovery by accident may never be known. But they did nothing apparently by way of making themselves a new home in a new world.

Columbus was a true pioneer and one of the most remarkable. He was actuated by faith, based on theory, it is true, but faith so firm that not twenty years of penury, sneers and contumely could shake his conviction that by sailing westward he would find the eastern side of the then known world. Had Spain been worthy of her great pioneer the discovery made by Columbus would have resulted in a grand civilization in the South long before the Mayflower sailed.

The French priests in Canada possessed the true pioneer spirit. They were wonderful men. Nothing in history is more heroic than their long suffering and patient endurance of terrible trials in the wilderness. But they were not nation-builders. Their religion was wholly religious. Their object was only to save the souls of the savages. True, they introduced agriculture in a small way among the more docile tribes, and the Huron Indians showed an encouraging degree of civilization. But their conversion in weakening their savage instincts, only made them easier prey for their old foe, the Iroquois, and, in 1649, they were practically annihilated. French pioneering in North America was a vast amount of energy wasted for lack of practical common sense.

The greatest pioneers of our early history were the English and the Dutch Puritans and Pilgrims who turned their backs forever upon home and sailed into the dark determined to find a place where they might wor-