

of many brave and daring men. Whole ship loads of explorers have disappeared and never been seen again. Still the nations have vied with each other in sending more martyrs to be swallowed up and never heard of more in that land of frost and snow.

The discovery of gold in Alaska, even within the Arctic zone, will call the attention of the nations to this hitherto forbidding country; and colonies will be organized in the very land that was thought but a few months ago no one could live in. And as gold is discovered farther north the march of civilization will proceed still farther on; and there is every reason to believe the time is near when more will be known of the land of ice and snow that so many have lost their lives in trying to discover.

JAMES DUNN.

THE EUROPEAN MISSION.

(Millennial Star, July 15.)

Appointments.—Elder Almon D. Robison who has been laboring in the Newcastle conference has been appointed to labor in the London conference.

Conference Addresser.—Frequently we receive requests for the addresser of the headquarters of different conferences of the mission. For the benefit of those who may desire such information we herewith publish these addressers:

Birmingham conference, 42 Roland Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
 Cheltenham conference, 18 Regent street, Cheltenham.
 Irish conference, 182 Ravenhill Road, Belfast.
 Leeds conference, 33 Thirkill Terrace, Spring Mill street, Bradford.
 Liverpool conference, 31 Muncester Road, Preston.
 London conference, 36 Penton street, Islington, London.
 Manchester conference, 5 Barkstone street, off Corwin avenue, Moston lane, Harpurhey, Manchester.
 Newcastle conference, 6 East Ravensworth terrace, Westoe, South Shields.
 Norwich conference, 114 Old Palace road, Norwich.
 Nottingham conference, 49 Sabina street, Nottingham.
 Netherlands mission, 120 Isaac Hubert street, Rotterdam, Holland.
 Swiss and German mission, 20 Archivalasser, Kirchenfeld, Bern, Switzerland.
 Scandinavian mission, Sankt Pauls Gade 14, Copenhagen, Denmark.
 Sheffield conference, 16 Middlesex street, Park road, Barnsley.
 Scottish conference, 130 Barrack street, Glasgow.
 Welsh conference, 188 Cathays terrace, Cathays, Cardiff.

ZION, CITY OF THE SAINTS.

[Salida (Col.) Mail, July 27.]

Have you been to Zion? Do you know of its mysteries, its legends, its beauties, its antiquities and marks of progress? Like Colorado, it must be seen to be appreciated. True, the traveler having passed across our plains, over our mountains and through our valleys is in a measure

prepared to see Zion, yet her revelations are marvelous and grandeur yet undreamed is to be unfolded. * * *

We glide at last over the summit of the barren ridge that has walled us in and begin a steep descent. We enter a canyon that at intervals widens out and small farms are seen, and now and then a town where miners dig from the precipitous crags surrounding the minerals of commerce.

Here and there branch roads come in from valleys hidden among the apparently inaccessible mountains. Onward we glide until, with a sudden sweep, the train rounds a curve and dashes out upon an expanse of fertile valley too vast for the eye to measure or for the uninformed to comprehend.

Spell-bound by the sudden transformation, speechless with amazement and awe struck by the immensity of it all we gaze in silent admiration upon the demonstration of an awful and Divine Power who holds the world, as it were, in the hollow of His hand and feeds His children from His bounteous store.

We are in the great Utah valley. You have heard of, you have seen Colorado's sunny San Luis; you may have seen the fertile fields of Illinois or the budding orchards of Indiana, you may have wandered through quaint and moss-grown New England villages where nature contends with the arts of man and embellishes his accomplishments with her overgrowth of green.

But to see all these combined—the fertile plain, the sparkling irrigating water, the fruitful orchards, the quaint old towns, all overgrown and dotted with a rank vegetation and all set in a framework of rugged mountains that rise above the valley—seemingly as level as an artificial law—*in a precipitous and mighty wall.*

And this is Zion! Like a revelation of productive beauty it comes upon us and we wonder if the Prophet Joseph Smith in his dreams saw all of this or even dared to hope for so great consummation of his plans.

It is like a country village all the way, so teeming with life is the valley. The very railroad is overgrown with the untamed life of nature.

In the dim distance is Utah Lake, a beautiful body of fresh water teeming with stony life. We speed on through verdant fields until in the distance, nestled near the mountains and all but hidden by a forest of trees is Zion's capital. It is gay in colors of green, yellow and red and the red, white and blue, for it is a time of jubilee and the valley resounds with the voices of enthusiasm and patriotism that has just for fifty years been accumulating in this far western haven of rest.

But we do not linger. On we speed to the north, on the one hand a strip of green with a rugged gray wall rising beyond, on the other a misty line of blue fringed with white lying beyond a stretch of marshy meadow. It is the Great Salt Lake.

More miles of fertile green and then a busy commercial center. The city of Ogden is a city of interest and reveals a story of progress and enterprise wonderful to contemplate. Her twenty thousand people enjoy almost the entire catalogue of usual municipal advantages. Fine schools, churches

and public buildings ornament her streets. In the suburbs is the new plant of the Pioneer Electric company, largest but one in all the world using nature's ready provided water power as a force. * * *

And then we return to Zion's capital, the wonderful city of the once desert, now a fertile plain. Salt Lake City is glorious in her jubilee colors. Her marvelously wide streets are thronged with a vast concourse of people, good natured and friendly, gathered to celebrate in Utah's name the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the first band of pioneers who, with Brigham Young at their head, founded the city and begun the wonderful transformation from desert to fertile plain. And from the seed sown by that struggling but sturdy and determined little band has sprung this vast, rich, happy and enlightened community.

And to what shall we liken Salt Lake City? It is a queer admixture of far west and far east. There is the push and energy of the west and slow plodding of the east. There is the clear, sparkling mountain water flowing on either side of the street and with it is also seen the old moss-grown houses set far back and literally buried in a tangle of luxuriant vegetation. The suburban streets are grass-grown, the are no boulders nor sand, and the soil, a rich loam, does not wait for every spot to be watered, but a sub-irrigation makes it green with rank grass.

From the bustle of city life one drops suddenly into the quiet rural street and may easily imagine that he has in a moment been carried from the heart of a busy western city into some quiet New England village where life is never more active than a sluggish, careless existence requires.

And the temple Equalled by few and surpassed by none in architecture to our nation. * * * Then the Tabernacle with its egg-like dome and its wonderful organ and its choir of more than a thousand voices, and its vast auditorium. The beautiful Assembly hall near by, the lawns and walks, the fountains, and flowers all within the square that is itself enclosed by a sturdy brick wall and when the gates are closed the eyes of the curious Gentile can penetrate no farther.

Antiquity in the far west! Who could imagine such a thing? But here it is. Here, near the Temple, are the old walls that once enclosed the grounds of Brigham Young and others built to protect the colony from the attacks of Indians. Built of boulders and mortar they still stand as monuments of the struggle and the victory of the past. * * *

And the hall of relics. The building, a modern reproduction of ancient Grecian art in "staff," invites the visitor. Within are relics of pioneer days. They tell each their eloquent story of days gone by, of privation and want, of primitive comfort or defense, of the tragedies, the incidents, the loves and joys and sorrows of the men and women who subdued the desert and made it bloom for very joy at their victory.

The jubilee! Now other states must doff their caps to Utah. Her capital with wise open arms received the