

an attempt at description with my poor stock of words.

We remained in Trondheim a week, and during that time had an excellent opportunity to visit the various places of interest for which this city is noted. The greatest attraction is the cathedral. Although this majestic pile has thrice been destroyed, almost razed to the ground, twice by the fires of heaven, and once by the Swedes, it now rears its magnificent spires toward the skies, a monument of former Catholic glory and present Catholic pride. The structure was commenced in the year 1000 A. D., in the days of that staunch reformer, St. Olaf (Olaf Haraldson), who brought the light of Christian hope to these climes, only by wading through the blood of fellow creatures. The cathedral is the prominent object of attraction to the visitor as soon as the city comes within sight, but in order to comprehend the colossal proportions of it the observer must be brought within the shadows of its walls. On every arch and portal are delicate carvings and symbols of the creation, the crucifixion of Christ, etc., cut in such a manner that they became silent teachers, even to this enlightened age. Notwithstanding ten centuries having passed since the originals were carved, these ancient works of art tell us that the Catholics of those days were in possession of far better ideas concerning the hidden mysteries of the Almighty than the so-called Christians of today.

The crumbling statues, carvings and enormous pillars of the exterior, remnants of former glory, are only "outward signs of inward graces." Within these gloomy walls are hidden relics of oldtime Christian worship. A hole in the ceiling above the officiating dignitary's head, from which, upon the summons of the priest, issued a "voice from the heavens" when necessary required, is no longer a mystery, nor an excuse for the superstitious. Under the stone floor, near the pulpit and at the east end of the large central hall, lie entombed Norway's great heroes of earlier times, prominent among them the founder of the cathedral, St. Olaf, Magnus the Good and King Halidan, while at the opposite stand the cold alabaster statues of the Twelve Apostles of the primitive church. Much has been done to make this church a monument of interest. This has proved a success. But an air of gloom and coldness seems to pervade the entire building. As I sat contemplating the colossal proportions and magnificent architecture of this grand pile brought into existence by the wisdom and genius of man, my mind reverted to the time when I had the privilege of entering the House of the Lord in Zion, of the spirit that pervaded the very atmosphere of that structure, and the contrast was pleasing.

Wednesday morning, Nov. 22, we embarked on the large coast steamer Haakon Jarl and again commenced our journey northward, landing us at our destination, Tromso, after a rough voyage of seven days. The distance from Christiania is thirteen hundred miles. A sail along the coast of Norway is full of interest. It is a trip to be remembered with profit and delight as long as life lasts; a nine hundred mile long panorama of all that

is grand, weird and romantic in nature's handiwork, mountains whose heads rise above the clouds, while their feet are lost in the surging deep; cliffs of every tint and hue, chiseled by Omnipotence and constantly sprayed by dashing angry waves, serve as safe foundations for the humble fisherman's cottage or as stations for the thousands of variously colored signal lights, guiding the mariner into safe ports. On we went towards the north, over that dreaded piece of ocean, "Folden;" crossing the Arctic circle, past the famous Lofoten Islands, of world-wide renown, where 40,000,000 fishes are caught within a few month's time; and at last, as stated, we landed at Tromso.

This so-called "Paris of the North" is situated on an island on the north-west coast of Norway, 69 degrees north latitude. It is the headquarters of the northernmost branch of the Church, extending from a short distance above the Arctic circle on the south to as far as the North Cape on the north and eastward to the Russian empire. The vast majority of the people of Northland live by fishing.

Situated so far north, this region is subjected to remarkable and varied changes of nature. While in the summer the sun blesses the country with "eternal" day for about three months duration, feeding vegetation with a double nourishment, in the winter Egyptian gloom covers the earth, the god of day disappears behind the southern horizon, hiding his face for over two long, dreary months. The glorious aurora illuminates the vaulted heavens, shooting living flames of light from every point of the compass, meeting at the zenith where the wildest commotion of boiling, seething flame ensues. We fully appreciate the opportunity that we have.

Although the Gospel has been preached here for thirty years, the branch may be counted among the new fields. It has been almost an impossibility for an Elder to accomplish anything in the past on account of the counter current of opposition. The missionaries have been thrown into prison and persecuted in different ways heretofore and have been unable to rent any kind of a room for holding meetings. However, it seems that the force of opposition is decreasing in vigor and the people are becoming more humane, perhaps more careless with regard to their "duties" in the faith they have accepted. We have been fortunate enough to find a man who was willing to assist us. Our meetings have been well attended. We have born our testimony to hundreds of people. We rejoice at seeing the light of success looming in the distance; light which in hope will soon evolve a more substantial form. Our labors have been rewarded, let the Lord receive the honor.

G. A. IVERSON.

FRUIT RAISING.

MOAB, Grand County, Utah, April 20, 1893.—In reading J. H. Faust's letter where he says for the people to wake up in regard to fruits, I thought of our condition today sending thousands of dollars every year off for fruit when we should export thousands

of dollars' worth yearly. Now who is to blame? There must be a fault somewhere, and the best way is to bring about a change. The most suitable way to accomplish this is to bring it before the people through the newspapers in the Territory. If the papers would take it up, show the people the benefits of raising fruit, let them know that we have the finest country there is for its cultivation, and that there is money in raising it if properly attended to, the people would take the work up and go ahead. A man can make more out of one acre of fruit, with proper attention, than he can from four acres in grain.

I traveling to and from Salt Lake I could not help noticing the orchards, if they could be called such. I took a trip to Bountiful, the garden of the Territory, and there saw people digging up their orchards. Why were they doing this? Because they did not pay! And why did they not pay? Because the orchards were not tended to. They were growing in sods and had not been pruned for years. Such neglect would cause anything to fail.

I traveled considerably about in Bountiful and did not see but two orchards that had been properly cultivated for years. Now if those parties that are digging up their trees neglect the ground after they have disposed of their orchards the same as they did before, their returns will be less than ever. If you put in a garden and let it grow up to weeds and grass, what returns will you receive?

The people could do better if they would get together and organize into societies, to come to an understanding and work harmoniously to fight the enemies of the fruit raiser. There should be a law framed to compel parties who have orchards to destroy the insects so as not to injure their neighbors. If every man who has an orchard would spray his trees with insect poison; then through the summer would take burlap sacks and wrap around his trees, and then take wire door-screening, put it over the outside and fasten it at the top, leaving it loose at the bottom, the moth will in crawling up the tree go into the sack; then go around every second day with a kettle of boiling water and dip the sacks, and would cultivate the ground so there would not be any rubbish about, it would not take long to get the best of the codling moth and make a success of fruit raising. While in your city I inquired at the fruit stores where their fruit was from. I did not find any of Utah fruit. There were apples from away east such as we here in Moab would not think of offering for sale. Of course our fruit is exceptionally fine, and we are going to raise more of it. There have been more fruit trees put out here this season than ever before. In the lot are three thousand prime trees and a great many others. There has never been a failure of fruit since we commenced to raise it.

O. W. WARNER.

A GREAT PUBLISHER.

There arrived in Salt Lake City from the west over the Rio Grande Western last evening a trio of well educated Japanese gentlemen. They spent last night and today in looking about the