

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## LETTER FROM STOCKHOLM.

Elder Anton P. Peterson of Scpio, Millard county, Utah, now on a mission to Scandinavia, and who at present is presiding over the Stockholm conference, Sweden, succeeding Elder C. A. Ahlquist, who just returned to his home in this city, writes an interesting letter to a brother in this city. It might here be mentioned that Brother Anton Peterson has occupied several positions in the Scandinavian mission, among others having assisted in the publishing department in the mission office at Copenhagen, Denmark, under the immediate supervision of President N. C. Lund, where for about seven months he edited Nordstjernan. This is mentioned in explanation. Elder Peterson writes:

I am happy to say that I am in possession of good health and spirits, and feel like going ahead and filling my mission to the best of my ability, and I hope that the few months left of my stay here in Scandinavia will pass as well as the time gone since I arrived here; then, as now, I will be thankful to my Heavenly Father for the assistance He has given me and my loved ones at home. The time I have been here (20 months) has passed quickly, and I can truly say I have had a good mission. I could not have had a better one could I have picked my own place or chosen my own fields of labor. On coming back here to Stockholm to conference in the company of President Lund, he asked me where I wanted to work. I told him I would work wherever he thought I could do any good. "Then I want you to labor in the city of Stockholm." And to Stockholm I was assigned at our conference.

Sunday evening I was left alone to preside over the meeting, the other Utah Elders being out in the conference. They were expected back to the city before Sunday, but did not put in an appearance, and so, while sitting on the stand looking over the intelligent faces of the people that filled our hall, I could not help but reflect of the time at home when I used, in going to meeting, to get into the farthest corner of the house and then hurry out as soon as the meeting was dismissed. Little did I then think that I should ever preside over a meeting in this city; but the ways of the Lord are many.

I have been visiting relatives of father and mother, obtaining many of the genealogies of both, but the records of the churches here are in bad shape, some being lost entirely, by fire and otherwise. I have succeeded in getting as far back as 1714 on father's side, that being our great-great-grandfather.

Since the foregoing was written, my partners have left me again, and by this time have reached their homes in Utah. Brother Ahlquist was an old and good companion of mine. Brother Erikson was a new one, and good, and humble as humble can be, also good-natured and sociable; I only wish I could have had him with me all winter. But both had been here their time and had been honorably released. I had begun to wish that a good and experienced Elder would be appointed to preside over this conference; but I was disappointed in this. If the man picked out will be able to fill the position, I don't know. There were many other Elders in the conference that could have filled this responsible position. However, when the call came, the man selected felt pretty small, and had a good cry for half an hour. Well, dear

brother, if a man ever felt small and humble, and felt his incapability of filling this position, I did when I received the appointment from Brother Lund, and had I dared, I would have refused, but I dared not. But I hope I will be dictated and guided by the Lord through His Spirit in all my doings; by being prayerful, and if my near and dear ones at home remember me in their prayers, I am satisfied the work will go on and progress here and success follow me and my co-laborers.

The Gospel has been making good progress here and all the Elders are working with zeal and energy in all these lands for the spreading of the truth.

A few nights since I baptized a young lady here. She had never been to any of our meetings, but Brother Carl Erikson met her some months since, both being out in mission labor, he distributing tracts for the Mormons, she for the Adventists. He had a conversation with her and gave her some tracts to read, also the Ready References. After that, while she was yet selling tracts for the Adventists, she was preaching Mormon principles. I wanted her to wait a little longer, so as not to get in the Church too quick, and then perhaps get out as quick as she came in; but no, she "knew what she was doing." What is more surprising to us is that her parents are Jews. We talked to her of the principles of the Gospel, and on the next evening, November 9th, we went down to the waters, where I myself nearly fifteen years since was baptized by Elder C. A. Ek of Salt Lake—and she was baptized into the Church. It was a beautiful evening, many of the Saints and our choir were present—rendering several hymns—also a few young people whom we expect will be baptized soon.

A few days ago three of us Utah Elders went up to the National museum to take a look at the many and costly presents given to King Oscar on his jubilee, and now on exhibition there. Only the choicest and mostly costly gifts were on exhibition. Here were things of gold, silver and precious stones. In the front when we entered this particular hall, was a big hanging lamp of silver, and on each side were other costly presents from near and far, and many from America. To the left was a show case, in the center of which was placed the onyx case and the Book of Mormon, presented to the king by Elder J. M. Sjodahl, from the Scandinavians of Utah. On either side of the case was another book of fine workmanship. The Book of Mormon was marked in the catalogue as "The Mormon Bible, gift from the Scandinavians of Utah." The box was considered a fine present by the onlookers, and we overheard expressions like these: "O, what a beautiful case!" "What a lovely receptacle!" "O how beautiful!" etc., and "O, this is the so much talked of Mormon Bible!" Well, our "landsmen" of Utah may well be proud of their gift, as it was among those out of hundreds that had been picked out to be shown. Among all the beautiful things, nothing was equal to the Utah gift in the sight of the Mormon boys.

In glass cases placed in a half circle were "addresses" of all kinds and descriptions, in both print and handwriting. The address from the First Presidency was also there, in the case Brother Sjodahl had made for it here in Stockholm.

## EMPEROR OF GERMANY'S PALACE.

Berlin, November, 24th, 1897.—We were down to Circus Busch's a few evenings ago. He has one of the finest stables in the world, and one of the boys remarked that he would hardly like to choose a horse from among the number we saw because there were so many nice ones. Well, it is about the same with the sights of Berlin with her two millions of people. You see so many beautiful things and there are so many more to be seen that you hardly know which sight to view next. It is a fact, and I am sorry to note it, that thousands of people visit this noble old city and never once think of viewing the kaiser's palace, the most noted building in the place and one of the most noted in Europe. The castle is situated near the center of the town, in fact, one of the main streets, Unter den Linden, and heads from the northwest corner. Its dark massive walls, stained with the marks of ages, cannot fail to catch the gaze of the passer-by. Located on the bank of the river Spree, the emperor and retinue can approach the palace by land or water, and the observer will notice that steps lead down to the river's edge.

In erecting this mansion no regards have been paid to the points of the compass. This to us may appear strange, but it is the custom of the country; you could ask dozens of old men in Berlin to tell you which is east and none would be able to do so. No notice is taken of direction. On either side of the "Schloss" and near the center are massive iron gates built for the entrance and exit of vehicles and soldiers. They are guarded by members of the regular army corps, and such stalwart and majestic fellows one does not see every day.

Approaching the wall a side door was swung open and I found myself in an arched passage way. This led into the main court, a beautiful place about 180 yards long and 125 in width; it was the appearance of being a slightly elongated square.

Standing here I viewed the mighty architecture which has been made famous by the presence of the rulers of Europe, yea, the rulers of the whole civilized world; and over this same pavement have trod the nobility of the Old World for centuries past. Leading from this court and passing a trifle south of east you enter a second passage which opens up into another court somewhat similar to the first. Entering the second I passed a keen-eyed looking fellow in citizen's clothes. He had an excellent physique, and seemed to take me in at a glance. I was told that he was the castle detective and his duty is to see that no suspicious looking characters enter.

You will understand that the palace, by the description given, is formed of two massive rectangular figures whose perimeters consist of the main buildings, and these are connected by a passage and drive way. Guards are everywhere, it seems, and it is no small company who are kept on duty every day. At 1 o'clock precisely a new company marches in and the change is made with full martial music. Perhaps it is only an opinion of mine, but I do believe the Germans are noted for the pride they take in keeping one waiting. It was no exception to the rule here, but while resting ourselves in this large entrance hall we noticed the beautiful paintings, carved figures and elaborate decorations. Soon this becomes a trifle monotonous and as I pace back and forth across the floor I see a door ajar, and inside are the royal servants sipping the best wine in the land. These fellows have a soft snap, as the American would say, and they know it too. If you desire a favor