

are, but if he comes on Seidis Fjord (Seithis Fjorth) he will meet with many from the Westmanna Isles (Vestman Ogi) and they know most of the people who are in Spanish Fork. If he comes to Vestman Oene (the Westmanna Isles) the pilot, Hannes Johnson, has a married sister in Spanish Fork, and is an old playmate of mine and dear to me as a brother.

First and foremost of all on those islands is Dr. Thorsteinn Johnson. He is a highly educated man, of extraordinary intelligence, and broad and liberal views. He has been from the first a staunch and faithful friend to our people, and always in the past stood up for, demanded and protected their rights, and today he is the most respected man in that community and ranks among the foremost men in the whole land. He is a self-made man, a poor but honest man's son. He has at least on one occasion contradicted a villification that appeared in one of the papers about our people. When I was a poor, parentless, homeless and crippled boy, he took me and gave me the instruction in the English tongue that enables me to write this sketch, and the pupil is never above his master. He speaks Danish as well as his native tongue, as also French and German. He has not had much opportunity to talk English, but he is an excellent English scholar.

On those islands, any one can point Brother Jenson out the place called Brimur, where the first persons who embraced the Gospel in Iceland were baptized. They can also show him a ledge of rock, or rather a bluff, on an isle called Ellirey, where when fifteen years old I fell over down into a mass of big boulders over eighty feet below. It does indeed appear impossible that a man who falls into a solid mass of rocks—eighty feet fall—can live and be able to do most all kinds of work, yet that is the case with me, and I can easily prove it, not only by the people in those isles, but by people in Spanish Fork. Most people in the seaport towns of Iceland talk good Danish.

Among other curiosities that Brother Jenson ought to see if he goes to those isles, are Hundradsmanna Hellir (The Hundredmen's Cave) where one hundred people hid themselves when pirates from Algeria came to the islands about the latter part of the seventeenth century, as also a shelf in a rock called Thorlaugargerdís Hilda, where several hundred saved themselves on the same occasion.

The chief wonder of these isles is the isle Sulnasker, which takes its name from the abundance of the Solan geese that have made it their home. It is four square, and stands on four legs as a table. It stands over three hundred feet above the sea, when it is highest, and under the center of it the sea is over ninety feet deep, and its size is about one fourth of an English mile each side, not far from square. I think Brother Erick Hanson and Bjarni B. Sveinsson in Spanish Fork have climbed to the top of it.

If Brother Jenson should come to Beykjavik there are two intimate friends of mine, John Thorsteinson, the son of Dr. Thorstein Johnson and John Arnason, both from the Westmanna Islands. I think also that two brothers from there, old friends of mine, Harold and Axel Muller, are also in Reykjavik. Bjorn Johnson, the editor of *Isafold*, the

government organ, also knows me through Dr. T. Johnson and my correspondence to his paper. I write this to the News so as to be sure that it will reach Brother Jenson. Private letters I know not where to address to.

As undoubtedly he comes to Copenhagen, I would like for him to call at the office of the Icelandic Literary Society and ask for Mr. Valtzr Gudmundson. He is a close relative of Brother Hjalmar Bjarnason in Spanish Fork. Mr. Valtzr Gudmundson was the man appointed by the government of Denmark to accompany the seven hundred years old Vellum Flatezabok to the World's Fair in Chicago, where the account of the discovery of America by Lef Erickson is chronicled. He could show to Brother Jenson not only that Vellum but others over six hundred years old. One is in the Royal Library, and the other in the Arnie Magnean one. They contain the complete laws of the Icelandic Republic and were written about thirty years previous to Iceland losing her independence as a nation, which took place a little after A. D. 1270. The World's Fair year I give a brief description of those Vellums and their contents in the DESERET NEWS.

I have now lying before me a volume printed verbatim et literim after one of these law vellums, and it is really a great book. The famous German Professor Konrad Maurer has written masterly essays on it, in *Encyclopadie der Wissenschaften und Kunsbe Quellenzeugnisse*, and their publications. It has never been translated into English but if circumstances allow, and I do not die for some years yet, I hope it will be.

Elder Jenson should, if he comes to Iceland, not fail to visit Thingvoll, one of the most famous places in the world.

JOHN THORGEIRSON.

### WORDS OF A BROTHER.

Following is a letter written by Elder J. W. Musser to his brothers, Barr W. and Frederick S. Musser, in this city.

CHATTANOOGA, Tennessee,  
July 17th, 1896.

A few spare moments are due me, and I wish to devote them to a good cause, a cause which ever is near my heart, and is my soul's ambition. Seldom ever does a day pass that my thoughts do not wander home in anxiety for your future welfare—your course in life and your devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. You are endowed with the best parents on the earth, and they have taught you and plead your cause as none but faithful parents can do. The seeds of love and obedience have been planted in your hearts, honesty and honor characterize all the teachings of your youths, and God has reflected His blessings upon you. You are clothed with the Priesthood, an honor to be envied by the great men of the nation today. Kings, rulers, presidents none of them can claim the boon given you. You are living in the midst of Zion, environed by influences conducive to good training and intellectual, moral and spiritual development. You have Sunday schools that outstrip those of the world in all particulars; you have your associations that are far superior to any I have yet seen out of Utah; your Priesthood meetings, reading societies and faith promoting exercises are such as only Latter-day Saints enjoy. It is the ambition of

father and mother and those of our brothers and sisters who have already grown up to maturity that you and the rest of the children constantly develop in true man and womanhood, and honor your God and your parents. I feel as though I would willingly give twenty years of my life could I see my brothers and sisters fill the measure of their creation faithfully, and pass from this sphere of existence into the celestial glory. I have no fear of you boys not seeking to be good and true to your callings. But there are so many temptations surrounding you now. What was once a Zion to us has many of the temptations of a Babylon, and greater exertions must be put forth if you would remain faithful.

You are surrounded by many evil influences. Satan will try and tempt you in ways that will require great wisdom and strength on your part to detect. He will murder your innocence if possible—consign you to utter ruin if he can. The key to your deliverance is this: Honor the Priesthood of God, with those who preside over you, and by all means obey and honor and love your parents. If you will do this, Satan will have no power over you, but the angel of light will shape your destiny each day. If you are in doubt or in trouble, do as I have successfully done on many occasions—go to your private closets and ask God for light, wisdom and power. You will get what you ask for in righteousness.

I want to impress the fact upon your minds that soon you will both be called into the foreign missionary field. You are now missionaries, but your labors will be extended. I want you to consider the fact that before you your elder brothers have fulfilled honorable missions, and that our dear father has spent some seven years in the world battling against error, and today, while gray hairs enfeeble his frame, he works hard in the interests of Zion. Our mothers are missionaries, working in the temple for the salvation of the human family who have died and almost become forgotten; and working at home, training the young minds of the children which God has blessed them with. No greater calling can be given a devoted mother than that of modeling the character of her children. But I say our parents have and are performing faithful missions; in their order, our brothers have added their strength to the work, and you will be called upon to carry the banner of truth among those less favored, who are in darkness spiritually, and in many instances intellectually.

For this grand achievement and undertaking I would have you prepare yourselves. Develop faith, seek for wisdom, work for intelligence and at all times honor your callings in the Church of God. Many missionaries who come into the world have never applied themselves at home as you, I hope, are now doing. They are not prepared to perform their duties, and become discouraged, frequently, and go home in dishonor. You should study good books. Take up the Book of Mormon, and learn a little each day. Learn something each day. The successful financier saves something each day, be it only one cent, for you know the vast ocean is made up of tiny streams that play down the mountain side. The successful philosopher learns a little each day, and by the constant storing away of knowledge becomes a mighty power among the children of men.