

PERVERSITY OF MAN.

This little world which we inhabit will ever be known as having had to sustain a race of beings whose chief effort has been to oppose truth, to resist morality, to disperse unity, to contend for division, and to fight against all that might be done for the establishment of a universal brotherhood. The religions and dogmas of men are opposed to Christ and the government of God. Notwithstanding that God has revealed the foundation of eternal life and the power by which the heavens are controlled and sustained, still men refuse to recognize that love is the only incentive to action which will find favor with God and holy beings. This never-ending love will survive the wreck of time; its glory and power will run parallel with eternity; and as the white-winged dove Charity finds a home in the hearts of men, hope and salvation will be its only song. Men may destroy each other; God will save. Men may oppress; God will make men free and equal. And now abideth faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of these three is charity. ABRAHAM.

IN SWITZERLAND.

It was my privilege before leaving Switzerland to be present at a Sunday school gathering in Bern. The children of the Saints, with their teachers and parents, gathered at the office of the mission, where all the meetings are held, to celebrate Christmas. There was a very well arranged feast. Songs were sung by the choir, speeches delivered, recitations given by the children, gifts abundantly distributed. There were two grand features of the event—a large Christmas tree, neatly adorned with ornaments in Swiss style, and the feast, which ended with a grand display of comical views, thrown on a large white screen by the mystical rays from a magic lantern, bought for the occasion by Brother Stucki. The recitations given by the children in their somewhat odd dialect, "Schwitzerdytch," were very good. Particularly noticeable was a little light-haired girl, about four years of age, as she stood on a chair and smilingly recited a dozen lines without the slightest hesitation. The teachers and parents may well be proud of their work among the children. The feast was indeed, to me, a taste of home, where the children have flocked in thousands to celebrate the now past holidays. It was Utah in miniature, doubly appreciated by one who knows not when another similar opportunity may present itself.

From Switzerland my way went to Genoa, in Italy. I left Bern early in the morning the last day of 1888. At the railway station I said "good bye" to that kind and faithful laborer in the vineyard, Brother J. Stucki. It was like parting from a long-known friend, although our acquaintance was only a few days old. In travelling through Switzerland, where nature had everywhere exhibited her most magnificent wonders, and where art has done her

best to make wonders still more wonderful, it is no easy matter to decide what to take particular notice of. From the entrance to Switzerland on the French side at Pontarlier to the exit on the Italian side at Luino, one's admiration is constantly held at its highest by the scenery which meets the eye everywhere, picturesque villages, verdant vineyards, majestic woods, bizarre-shaped mountain forms, broken through by narrow valleys or canyons, rushing rivers and rivulets, splashing cataracts, and, above the whole, the snowy Alp tops, the kings of the mountains, to the luxury of which the Rocky Mountains are by comparison poor as beggars. All this must be blended together in an ever varying panorama in order to give an idea of a railway trip through Switzerland. But in going from Lucerne to Genoa you pass through the St. Gothard tunnel—the longest tunnel on earth, and this will, no doubt, be noted by every traveler as an event of his life. We entered the tunnel at half-past 1 o'clock, and it took the train at its highest speed fully twenty minutes to rush through. Fancy a hole of that length bored by human hands through hard, solid granite rock! Imagine yourself travelling with millions of tons of rock above your head! This tunnel is, indeed, the triumph of engineering skill. The work thereon was commenced at both sides of the mountain simultaneously, and so accurate was every calculation made that on the day predicted the two forces of workmen could hear each other at work in the middle of the mountain.

While rushing through the St. Gothard tunnel, I had the pleasure of meeting on the train an aged gentleman who I subsequently learned was Professor Gustaf Weil, of Hiedelberg, professor in Oriental languages. He is now 81 years old, but still gives lectures to numerous students at the University. The professor has spent 20 years of his life in the Orient, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, is still kept at the University for the simple reason that it is not easy to find anyone to succeed him. When the Persian Shah visited Europe some years ago, Professor Weil was the only man in Germany who was able to converse with the Shah in the Persian tongue, and for this Herr Weil received "the Sun-orden" of the Shah, in addition to numerous European Orders, which he already wears as a sign of the estimation of princes and potentates; for in Europe learning is yet honored by all. And although an Order's sign, be it a star or a ribbon, is in itself nothing or next to nothing, yet inasmuch as it is an expression of honor to those to whom honor is due, the giver at least acquires credit to himself by showing his willingness to appreciate merit wherever found. I was told that Professor Weil had more Order's signs than he could conveniently carry on his breast at one time. The aged gentleman was on the way to Italy.

One of the inconveniences of

traveling is, as everybody knows, the great variety of languages that exists on this sinful earth. With the rapidity of transmission now existing, a poor mortal can be in London one day (where, of course, English is spoken) and the next in Paris, and be supposed to know French. The following day may find him in the heart of Switzerland, and he must know German, and the fourth day he may be in Italy, where, it has been said, everybody, even the children, speaks Italian. Now, all this—a consequence of the unhappy Babylonian tower building—may tax the ability of any person a trifle too much, should he not happen to be somewhat of a mezzophant, acquainted with more languages than common mortals know the names of. I learned, however, on my way what the best language in the world is. A fellow traveler told me confidentially that he never cared to learn any foreign tongue; "for," said he, "the only true language which is understood everywhere, and which will recommend you anywhere, a real Volapuk, is—money. That is the only universal language ever invented." "You may be right," said I; "but that is an expensive language. Not everybody can be a Chrysostomus, a gold-mouth."

It was about twelve o'clock at night when I arrived in Genoa. I rose early next morning to view the city, and it was with peculiar feelings I reflected on the fact that I had actually reached Italy. Land of the classics, of the beautiful arts! Land of papacy and of bigotry, but also of Garibaldi and liberty! Land with the azure blue sky, and with women in whose eyes the beauty of heaven is reflected. Land whose wonderfully varying history is lost in the depths of antiquity! Genoa is the birthplace of Columbus. It is a city of 150,000 inhabitants—Roman Catholics. There are no less than 85 churches, and these are all pretty well attended. The city itself presents a truly beautiful panorama when viewed from the seaside. It is built on the terraces of the Apennines, so that one building rises above another like an amphitheatre. The streets are very narrow, but clean. They are crowded all day with busy throngs of various nationalities. Promiscuous are the fat priests and also monks of various brotherhoods. To a traveler who is not accustomed to see priests in long garments, it is a subject of wonder that both priests and monks here should dress themselves in that cumbersome dress. One must also admire the taste of those people who must see their preachers dressed as women in order to be edified by their sermons. But, "everybody to his own liking," and the Catholics are not alone in this respect. The Protestants are as ridiculous as their Catholic friends. Among the things well worth seeing in Genoa are the monuments raised to Christopher Columbus, *Chiesa Dell Annuncata*, *Chiesa S. M. di Carignano*, the two most important churches, and also *Galleria Mazzini* and *Monumento*