

the announcement of the celestial messenger when he entrusted them to the guardianship of the youthful Prophet. They were not to bring gain, and wealth, and the glory of this world; and they never have done it.

The name of this heavenly messenger was Moroni. He was the last writer and custodian of the compiled treasury of the inspired truths and historic gems. By him they were sealed up and deposited in the earth, in whose faithful bosom they reposed unmolested for fourteen centuries. They were inhaled at a time of cruel and heart-rending distress, and amid scenes of frightful bloodshed and woeful misery. The whole country around was scourged and ravaged by hordes of men, abandoned to ferocious madness, who sought each other's ruin with more savage rage than the wild and hungry beasts of the forest displayed. Moroni, harassed and hunted for his life, fled with his treasure from covert to covert, hiding in caves and dens, with whose brute occupants he was in less peril than with those of his own flesh and blood. It was amid such surroundings that the faithful Prophet crept cautiously from the tumultuous scene and effected the safe sepulchre of his precious charge.

With this thrilling and tragic panorama passing vividly before him, joined with the deep and solemn significance of the matter then present between him and the man whom God had chosen to receive the sacred oracles from his hands, what could be more consistent, what more like an angel's sentiment, than Moroni's serious admonition?

Neither the golden plates nor their translated version has brought wealth or worldly fame to anyone; but multitudes have suffered persecution and contumely from having the book and believing its records. The Prophet never sought to obtain money or renown from the possession of the original, or from the Book of Mormon. He got fame, indeed, but it was of that character which brought ceaseless anxiety and persecution, and finally cost him his life. J. H. KELSON.

[To be continued.]

I am he who said, other sheep have I which are not of this fold, unto my disciples, and many there were that understood me not.

Look unto me in every thought; doubt not, fear not. — *Doc. and Cov.*

DESCRIPTION OF BERN.

I have been roaming about a good deal today in the streets of Bern, the metropolis of the "United States" of Switzerland, and I thought I would finish my day by sending you a few lines. Bern is quite an ancient city, and has now nearly 50,000 inhabitants. The large, substantial looking buildings, and narrow, winding streets with covered sidewalks, would appear very odd to some of our young friends in Utah, but the healthy looking and very polite inhabitants necessarily leave a good impression upon a stranger. I have noticed that the city has a considerable number of places where "bier" and "wein" can be had, and that these places are well patronized. But, strange to say, these drinking places have an air of respectability about them that I never thought a "saloon" could possess, and which certainly the saloons in America have not. I visited three or four of these places during the day, but I did not see one man drunk in any of them. I did not hear one profane word, and no swearing. The men sat in parties of two or more smoking a pipe or a cigarette, talking about the events of the day, occasionally laughing at an innocent joke, while girls with rosy cheeks and curly hair went round with jugs of beer, or a piece of cheese, and bread and sausages.

Among the noteworthy sights to be seen in Bern I would like to mention the Kirchenfeld bridge, which is the highest bridge I ever saw, excepting that at Brooklyn; and it is not a suspension bridge. Then following the south bank of the river, which rushes on more than a hundred feet below the bank, the visitor passes the Munster Church, which, like other ancient ecclesiastical buildings, seems to be one stupendous mass of sculpture, "The day of judgment" being prominently represented at the main entrance. Passing on a little further, and occasionally looking into the abyss below, attention is arrested by an inscription which informs us that a man once fell from a horse and down into the depths below, a distance of at least 100 feet. Yet he was not killed. The inscription reads thus: "Der Allmacht und Wunderbaren Vorsehung Gottes zur Ehr und der Nachwelt zur Gedächtniss stehet diesen stein alhier als von dannen Herr Jeobold Weinzappell den 25 May 1654 von einem Pferd hinunder gesturzt worden und hernach nachdemer 80 jahr

der Kirchen zu Kertzers als Pfarrer vorgestanden ist er den 25 November 1694 in einem hocheu, atter selichlich gestorben." As I perused this inscription I could not help thinking that this miracle must have taken place at a time when the Lord was more pleased with the priest than he is now; for at present I do not believe that a priest could make such a jump without serious injury to his delicate neck. There is also in Bern one of these masterpieces of clockwork which were made at a time when a fortune was paid for a clock. Like the noted clock in Lubeck, this one in Bern shows not only the hours, minutes and seconds, but all the days, months and year; and when it strikes a whole museum of machinery is set in motion. A procession of wild animals and various fantastical figures indicate that the clock is about to strike. A camel figure rings a bell, a rooster crows, another figure turns a sand-glass as the clock strikes its solemn strokes.

But what is of more interest to me than all the grand scenery, or the quaint productions of a bygone art, is the work of God through His people in this beautiful country. There are now about 600 Saints in Switzerland; twenty-three missionaries labor in the various branches under the superintendence of President Stuki, a brother who is well spoken of, and highly esteemed and beloved by all the Saints here. The organ of the Saints, *Der Stern*, is a well edited journal, with about 500 subscribers. It is now edited by Brother Theo. Brandley. From the fact that about 10,000 Swiss people have already taken up their homes in Utah, it may be inferred that the testimony has been very faithfully borne to the inhabitants of these valleys. And yet there are vast districts where the people as yet are ignorant of the Gospel of Christ. But it seems that the work must now be carried on more by the distribution of tracts from house to house and by private conversations than by public discourses. This would suggest the necessity of appointing to this mission those who are particularly fit for this kind of work. Too much bashfulness is decidedly a disadvantage when you are called upon to open everybody's door and distribute tracts.

The authorities in the Canton Bern seem to have now decided to drive our Elders out in a quiet way. The scheme is this: When an Elder comes to Bern in order to stay