

That was Count von Essen again. I had barely time to say: "Never fear, your excellency," and then I was ushered into the august presence of his majesty the king.

We were alone in a rather small room. That is all I know about the room in which the audience took place.

The next moment the king's hand was extended towards me and I reverently grasped it. I said:

"Your Majesty! I have come from Utah, from one of the western states of the North American Union, to express to you, on behalf of the Swedes and Norwegians there, our most respectful homage and congratulations. We, too, in the far west pray the Almighty to grant to your majesty a long life for the benefit of the brother nations."

The king's handsome face beamed as he listened to this little bit of an oratorical effort.

"Have the Norwegians there also sent you?" he said.

"Yes, your majesty."

"Are you a Swede or a Norwegian?" was the next question.

"I am a Swede by birth, your majesty."

"How long have you been in America?"

"A little over eleven years."

"Well, well! Please tell my countrymen, Swedes and Norwegians, in your State, in Utah, that I sincerely thank them for the handsome present they have given me. I wish them success in their far away home."

The audience was over.

Outside the audience chamber I again encountered the kind-hearted, noble Count von Essen.

"Come along," he said, "and listen to the students singing. You never will hear any singing equal to it, wherever you go."

I followed him.

The singing was sweet. I believe the count was right.

Then I found my way through the guards, outside the palace, where I was joined by Brother Ahlquist who had accompanied me to the marshal's office and patiently awaited my return.

My mission was accomplished.

Before closing my letter I will say that the jubilee gift from Utah was accompanied by an address signed by the First Presidency of the Church. The address is as follows:

"To whom these presents may come.
"Greeting.

"Elder J. M. Sjodahl, the bearer of this letter, is a gentleman of education and distinction, a Swede by birth, who has traveled extensively in the Orient as well as in Europe and America. His present residence is Salt Lake City, Utah, where he is well and favorably known and highly esteemed by all who know him.

"Elder Sjodahl has been selected by his fellow countrymen, natives of Sweden and Norway, a large body of whom reside in and are citizens of the State of Utah, to proceed to the court of their majesties King Oscar II and Queen Sophia, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of their ascension to the throne, for the purpose of presenting, in their name and behalf, to their majesties a casket made of Utah onyx containing a copy of the Book of Mormon, as an expression of the high esteem, affection and love which the Scandinavians of this inter-mountain region entertain for their majesties, with the hope and earnest desire that their majesties will live to witness many happy returns of this most auspicious event.

"And we ourselves, though not of the Scandinavian race, do most heartily join our Scandinavian friends and fellow-citizens in desiring long life, peace, prosperity and happiness for their ma-

jesties, King Oscar II and Queen Sophia of Sweden and Norway.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,

GEO. Q. CANNON,

JOSEPH F. SMITH."

The invitation to the grand ball and dinner at the palace is worded as follows:

"The first court marshal of the king hereby by most gracious command has the honor of inviting Elder Sjodahl to a ball to be given at the palace of Stockholm on Wednesday, Sept. 22, 1897, at 8:30 p. m. Dress for ladies, white court dress with train; gentlemen, great uniform, decorations outside.

"All mourning laid aside for the day.

"The carriages drive in through the south entrance to the left. Entrance through the west arch, third floor. Supper at 11:30 in the hall of the realm."

I need not say that I have kept the card as a precious souvenir.

J. M. S.

FROM MAYHEW, MISSISSIPPI.

Mayhew, Miss., Sept. 13, 1897.

When Elder Wm. N. Dye and myself arrived in Meridian, Miss., on Nov. 17, 1896, we were met by President Pomeroy and Elder S. H. Jones, who escorted us to the hotel where we spent the few remaining hours upon the peaceful arm of slumber.

The day following found me sick, not from any ailment of the body, but from a disease commonly called homesickness, and indeed it was homesickness.

I was appointed to labor with Elder R. F. Jardine, and we started out in the hot sun and walked six miles. I began to think we were never going to get to our destination; but we kept pushing on, and a joy unspeakable came to me when my companion told me we were there; but when supper came, or even breakfast, I could hardly devour my meals because the diet consisted of corn bread and bacon, and of course I had never seen any corn bread before.

Of course Elder Jardine had a good laugh, and would smile every meal time, and that just gave me fresh courage, and in two or three weeks I got used to eating cornbread. Now I am a strong advocate for cornbread and in fact can vouch for nearly all the Elders preferring it in place of the flour bread. As soon as my taste was adapted to cornbread my labors became interesting, and have been increasing from time to time, and in our weak way we tried to do our duty.

April 10 Elder Geo. A. Macdonald of Mesa City, Arizona, and myself labored in Noxubel county until May 29, when conference was held, then Elder Wm. N. Eyre and myself labored in the same county until June 24, when Elder Thos. R. Condie arrived from his home, in Morgan county, and we resumed the work and finished the county. We were then appointed to labor in Lowndes county, this we did by entering the same on the 6th of August and dedicating it unto the Lord.

We canvassed two neighborhoods, and met some nice people and made good friends; soon we received word that Elders Cox and Holmes would meet us at Mayhew, where we would separate, Elders Condie and Cox staying in Lowndes county, while Elder Holmes and myself were to go to Clay county; but we failed to be there and when Elders Cox and Holmes came in to Mayhew of course we were not there, so Elder Cox went into Columbus, where we were staying, and Elder Holmes had to go back west, four miles of Mayhew to fill an appointment.

We met Elder Cox in Columbus, and

indeed we were glad to see him; after conversing a short while, I bade them good-bye, as I wanted to get out eighteen miles in the country where Elder Holmes was, to help him with his meetings, and it was a hard parting, and caused me to think. Our parting is done with tears of sorrow, but our meeting with tears of joy.

The thought makes its appearance on such occasions as this, what joy and satisfaction we have in our labors, and it can not be realized except by those who have the actual experience in the missionary field; where you will find a humble band of Elders, united heart and soul, by love and friendship, for the advancement of God's work.

On my way to meet Elder Holmes I rode ten miles in different wagons, and walked the other eight, and got to the school house just as Elder Holmes was having his opening prayer, and when he said "amen," I walked in and he stared at me, which made me think he did not like it—me coming in in the middle of the service, but when he saw who I was, of course he "winked the other eye," and we had a hearty hand shake. When we retired to our room for rest we sat up until an early hour; we had so much to talk about.

So it is, we have the bitter and sweet, but the sweet overbalances the bitter and makes our missionary travels the happiest part of our lives, or at least it is so with us.

LEON B. HAMPTON.

WM. R. HOLMES.

EAST TENNESSEE CONFERENCE.

Jonesboro, Tenn., Sept. 6, 1897.

After a journey of two weeks through some of the most mountain-stained counties of East Tennessee, from Jacksboro, where our conference convened on the 21st and 22nd of August, 1897, to our field of labor in Washington county, we come to a halt long enough to sound our trumpet to your readers, and let them know that the East Tennessee conference is not quite dead yet, nor are we dying. No, we are just beginning to rouse ourselves. True enough we have been taking medicine; not the various wide famed herbal bitters, but that which flows from the inspired lips and pen of our worthy leader, Pres. Elias S. Kimball and his assistants.

When we went forth from our place of conference in 1896, we did it with a determination that we would do more work than we had ever done before. The reports of the Elders at our conference this year show a verification of our desires and intentions. Instead of reporting meetings by the hundreds, they were numbered by the thousands. Instead of numbering baptisms by the units, they are numbered by the score.

Yet we have not reached the height of our ambition. We have not come to a place where there is no more work to do. There are yet cities to capture, villages and settlements to visit, people to baptize, and opposers of the truth to make friendly. As long as there is yet unharvested grain in the field, the harvester must not cease his earnest and energetic labors.

At our late conference our hearts and minds were stored with useful knowledge and new devices by which to reach the most people in the shortest time, with an end in view of accomplishing the most good. Without system the largest and strongest army would be easily routed; while a small army under the strictest discipline in the latest and most improved methods of warfare, would soon devastate a splendid empire. The army of truth is as yet comparatively small, but by our frequent drilling under one inspired fohn heaven, we can wage a successful war against the mighty and confused Babylon. This has been