



Northern Europe, *The Times Atlas* (London, Times, 1895), 13-14

CHAPTER 11

EUROPE, JULY 1896—MAY 1897

Having stopped in Rosendahl overnight, we walked to Øster Damgren, a house which my father built in 1859 and where we lived for several years. Next we visited Damgren, the house of my birth. We were well received by the people in both houses. Next we walked by way of the Ormholt Mill, and the Tyre School, which I attended as a boy and where I now received a kind reception by the present schoolteacher. We then visited the ruins of my grandmother's house (Renden), which was also the birthplace of my elder brother Jens, and then we started for Frederikshavn by way of the Torslev Church, where I called on the parish priest but could receive no information from him in regard to my forefathers. . . . We conversed with these good people all the evening, and I gave them a description of life in America. Knowing of the prejudice that existed in that part of the country against the "Mormons," I avoided telling them that I was a "Mormon" and instead entertained them with descriptions of the mountains and the great cities of Chicago and New York, where so many Danish people resided.

—Andrew Jenson¹

Jenson's Autobiography²

Tuesday, July 14. At 6:30 a.m. a carriage called for me at the hotel door, and a few minutes later I reached the railway station about a mile away. I left Jerusalem at 7:45 a.m. and arrived at Joppa about 11:00 a.m. The ride was interesting, as we passed some historical places which were pointed out to me by two of the Americans from Jerusalem who were starting out on a tour to Abyssinia. Among other spots we passed was Philip's Well, where the eunuch was baptized (Acts 8:38), the Plains of Sharon, where the Jews made their last stand against the Romans, and Lydda, where Peter healed the paralytic man. Upon our arrival at Jaffa (the ancient Joppa) I spent two or three hours taking in the sights of the city, the surroundings of which are beautiful indeed. The office of Clark's Tourist Agency and hotel stands in one of the finest gardens I have seen in Palestine.

I left Clark's Office and went to the landing place not far from the alleged spot where the house of "one Simon a tanner" once stood (Acts 9:43). There is no harbor at Joppa; hence it is often very difficult to embark or disembark, but the weather being extra fine, I got on board easily on paying one franc fare. Sometimes they charge an English pound to take a passenger to the steamer. At 4:00 p.m. I was safely on board the Austrian steamer *Emperatrix*, and at 6:00 p.m. anchor was weighed and we sailed for Port Said.

Wednesday, July 15. At the dawn of day the Port Said lighthouse was visible ahead. Soon afterwards the pilot came on board and at 6:00 a.m. we arrived at Port Said. I lodged at the Allemand Hotel, where I had stopped on my former visit here.

Thursday, July 16. On this and the following four days, which I spent in Port Said, I was busy transcribing notes and writing letters. I also received letters from home and one from my wife Emma, who had arrived in England, where she was patiently awaiting my arrival.

Monday, July 20. In the evening I hastened to the wharf and found that the steamer *Orotava* had just arrived, having come through the Suez Canal, bound for Italy. In haste I returned to the hotel and hired an Arab with a boat to take me out to the ship. It was just 12:00 midnight when I boarded the steamer, and I slept on the upper deck till morning, it being too hot in the stateroom allotted to me to sleep.

Tuesday, July 21. At 4:00 a.m., as a passenger on board the steamer *Orotava*, I sailed from Port Said, and by noon we had traveled one hundred miles on the Mediterranean. I spent the day reading and conversing with passengers with whom I speedily became acquainted. I slept in the dining room during the night.

Wednesday, July 22. I spent most of the time on the deck, reading, as I found it too warm to be below. At 11:00 a.m. the mountainous island of Candia was seen ahead on our starboard side, and we sailed along its southwestern coast the remainder of the day. I learned that there were 79 passengers on board in the 2nd class, 38 in the 1st and 142 in the 3rd class, besides the crew. At noon we had come 752 miles from Port Said and were 349 miles from Naples.

Thursday, July 23. Just before sundown the mountains of the island of Sicily were seen on our left with Mount Etna lifting its head far above everything else. About 10:00 p.m. land was also seen on our right, this being the coast of the Italian peninsula with Mount Alto, 6,480 feet high, standing near its southern extremity. Proceeding on, we entered the Strait of Messina with Sicily on our left and Italy proper on our right. The lights of Reggio on the coast of the peninsula and Messina on Sicily looked very beautiful as we passed them in the

1. *Autobiography of Andrew Jenson* (Salt Lake City: Deseret News Press, 1938), 366–67.

2. Jenson, *Autobiography*, 357–85.



Italy, *The Times Atlas* (1895), 13

distance. I remained up till about midnight watching and enjoying the scenery.

Friday, July 24. In the morning we passed the group of isles called the Lipari Islands, on one of which is an active volcano (Stromboli). When I arose in the morning we were far out in the Tyrrhenian Sea

with the dim outline of the Italian mountains visible on the right. In the course of the forenoon the body of one of the ship's crew, a fireman, who had died during the night, was thrown overboard, I thought like a dog, when they might just as well have taken it to Naples and buried it there. Soon the island of Capri hove in sight and by and by also Mount Vesuvius. We passed through the strait with the mainland on our right and Capri on the left, thence across the beautiful bay of Naples and came to anchor off the city of Naples at 1:00 p.m. We soon landed in the company's launch together with an elderly Englishman with his wife and daughter who kept me company while I remained in Naples. We took a cab and drove around to several hotels, led by a pretended hotel runner who proved to be a sharper and whom I dismissed without ceremony. We finally stopped at the Hotel Victoria. I called at Thomas Cook and Son's office, where I bought a ticket for Pompeii and Mount Vesuvius and also one for London. Then I took a long walk along the waterfront and through several streets of the city and having watched the burning lava on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, 15 miles distant, I returned to the hotel.

Saturday, July 25. In company with my three English companions I left the hotel at 7:00 a.m. for the railway station, about two miles away, going in a cab. We traveled by rail 13 miles past towns lying on the coast of the bay and arrived at the station at Pompeii at 9:30 a.m. We walked to the ruins and spent about three hours examining the different houses, temples, streets, and other objects of interest in the excavated city. At 1:15 p.m. we traveled five miles back to Portici, where a Cook's carriage was waiting for us. We rode through the towns of Portici and Rosina (which occupy the site of the ancient city of Herculaneum) and up the lower slopes of Mount Vesuvius. After traveling about three miles we reached the lava beds, where we found horses waiting for us. Mounting these we rode up a rough winding path through the lava

beds to the lower station of Cook's Funicular Railway. Here we left our horses and entered the car, which in about ten minutes brought us to the upper station (which is 1,308 feet higher in point of elevation than the lower one).

From here, followed by a horde of natives who wanted to render all manner of aid for a high price, we walked about another mile to the top of the mountain. Here we peeped down into the awful crater and then enjoyed the beautiful view of the bay and landscapes. Having descended to the lower station, we turned to the right and rode to the place of a recent eruption where the molten lava was running out and down the mountainside. After riding our horses a short distance, I, assisted by a "young fellow," dismounted and followed the guide on foot over the face of the hot, steaming, black lava until we reached one of the running molten streams, into which one of the guides stuck a light rod and brought out some of the molten stuff. I stuck an English penny into it and then took it away as a souvenir. This experiment was fraught with considerable danger. If the hot lava under our feet should have broken, it would have meant the end of our experience in mortality. From this danger point we continued our ride down to where we left the carriages, in which we rode back to Naples. Bidding my traveling companions goodbye, I proceeded to the railway station, where I boarded the train for Rome at 11:15 p.m. There was no sleep for me that night. My train companions were all Italians, one of them a witty fellow who bothered me by jabbering away in an "unknown tongue" until I got tired and gave him a good scolding in Danish. This was tit for tat, and he remained quiet after that.

Sunday, July 26. After traveling 155 miles from Naples, passing through a number of cities, we arrived at Rome at 6:45 a.m. I stopped at Hotel Torino near the station. Starting out on my round through the historic city without a guide, not knowing where I was going, I soon

found myself at the Forum Romanum. Here I fell in company with an Italian Catholic priest who tried his best to make me understand though he spoke not a word of English. I next visited the Coliseum and other places of interest and then went by streetcar to St. Peter's Cathedral where I made partial observations and rather enjoyed the exercises of the orthodox Catholics as they proceeded from the door the whole length of the Church, offering prayers at the different shrines of the "Way of the Cross." I put in a solid day of sightseeing in the historical city of Rome.

Monday, July 27. I arose early and continued my rambles through Rome. Walking through the Piazza del Popolo, thence across the river Tiber to the Vatican, where I visited the art gallery and the sculptures museum and saw the great interesting collection of art. And then, after another visit to the adjoining St. Peter's, I again walked to Piazza di Spagna in the heart of the city and then to the railway station, where I boarded the train and left Rome at 2:45 p.m. Traveling through a beautiful country, following the seashore part of the way, we arrived at Pisa, a city of about 50,000 inhabitants, at 10:00 p.m. As we stopped a short time at the station I monopolized it to see some of the town and did not wait for the next train, but continued the journey. In passing through the city on the train I had a glimpse of the "Leaning Tower of Pisa," the night being a beautiful moonlit one. The hour of midnight found us approaching the important town of Spezia, the chief naval port of Italy.

Tuesday, July 28. Continuing our journey from Spezia, we traveled through about fifty tunnels bored through the solid rocks on the shore of the Mediterranean. At 2:30 a.m. we arrived at Genoa, the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, one of the chief cities of Italy, containing about 210,000 inhabitants and situated 310 miles from Rome. Stopping about two hours at Genoa, I visited points of interest, among which was the

fine statue erected in honor of the discoverer of America. I found the fruit market most interesting. Continuing the journey about 5:00 p.m., I traveled through the Apennine Mountains, a very long tunnel leading through the main ridge. On the other side we emerged into a most beautiful and fertile country under a high state of cultivation. In traveling through Italy I noticed a number of hills or elevations crowned with strong fortifications. At 7:15 p.m. we arrived at Alexandria, where we changed cars. Leaving Alexandria I had my first glimpse of the snowcapped Alps, and we arrived at Torino (Turin), 103 miles from Genoa. Here again we changed cars and then commenced to ascend a long, fertile valley which led into the heart of the Alps. The day being cloudy, the highest peaks of that grand mountain range were enveloped in mist and consequently were not visible; it also rained part of the day and the weather was quite cold. In ascending the mountain we passed through a large number of tunnels and finally reached Bardonecchia, the last station in Italy, and at 5:15 p.m. we entered the great Mont Cenis Tunnel, cut through the heart of the Alps. The tunnel is eight miles long, and it took us just twenty-five minutes to reach the other end. The descent was quite steep as we traveled down another canyon, following the winding of a mountain stream which was much swollen by the late rains. We arrived at Modane, in France, about 6:00 p.m., passed through the customs and were informed that we had to wait until the next morning before the train carrying third-class passengers would leave for Paris. Through lack of funds I had been obliged to travel third-class after leaving Rome.

Wednesday, July 29. At 4:00 a.m. I left Modane by train for Paris traveling via Culoz, Ambérieu-en-Bugey, Mâcon, Chalon-sur-Saône, Dijon, and other important cities of France.

Thursday, July 30. I arrived at the Gare de Lyon in Paris at 4:30 a.m., having traveled 1,054 miles from Rome. After taking breakfast in an

Italian restaurant, I commenced my explorations in Paris. As I had never visited that city before, I enjoyed my visit greatly. I crossed the River Seine and walked a long distance trying to find the station where I had arrived in the morning, but the Italian restaurant keeper having given me complicated directions, I went to the wrong depot. As it was getting dark and the time was short, as I was to leave Paris for England the same evening, I applied to two policemen who put me on the right track. Immediately I hired a cab, which took me to the Gare Saint-Lazare, where I arrived just in time to board the train which left for Dieppe at 9:30.

Friday, July 31. Arrived at Dieppe on the English Channel at 1:00 a.m. and at once boarded the little paddle steamer *Rouen*, which half an hour later sailed for Newhaven, England. As the night was quite chilly and I was clothed for a warm climate, I suffered somewhat with cold, traveling as I did as a deck passenger. Just as the day was breaking, the shores of England became visible, and at 5:00 a.m. we arrived at Newhaven, which is 72 miles distant from Dieppe. As I stepped on shore I unexpectedly met my wife Emma, who had come from Brighton to meet me. She had left Salt Lake City June 25, arriving in Liverpool per the White Star steamer *Majestic* July 8, and had spent the time at Brighton since July 15. This unexpected meeting caused me to change my traveling program, and, instead of proceeding at once to London, I decided to visit Brighton first. We arrived at that city, 14 miles from Newhaven, about 8:00 a.m. Here I prepared to meet my wife's relatives for the first time. We made our temporary home with George Davey at 76 Beaconsfield, Preston, Brighton, close friends of my wife and her family. These friends received me kindly and made us both welcome at their comfortable home.

Saturday, August 1. At 5:00 p.m., accompanied by my wife, I left Brighton for London, arriving at Victoria Station about 8:00 p.m.

We made our way to 66 Sydney Street, Chelsea, where we were made welcome at the home of George Aldrich, whose wife was my wife's cousin. On my arrival in London I had completed my first circumnavigation of the globe, as I had visited London in the fall of 1881. I now spent several days in London sightseeing, and on August 4 I made my way to 36 Penton Street, Islington, London, where the Latter-day Saint missionaries had their headquarters. Here I met Elder Walter S. Lamereaux and later other elders and local Saints. On August 6, I commenced perusing Church records at 36 Penton Street, which I continued for several days. On Friday, August 7, I accompanied some of the brethren to Seven Sisters Row, where we held a street meeting, on which occasion I had my first experience in addressing an open-air meeting. On August 11, I met Rulon S. Wells, who had recently succeeded Anthon H. Lund as president of the European Mission, and with him I began to arrange plans for my visits to the different conferences in the British Mission in the interest of Church history.

From August 13 to August 24, we visited a number of places in Sussex, England, calling on my wife's relatives. Among other towns we went to Steyning, her birthplace. We returned to London on August 24, where I continued my labors on the Church records until Tuesday, September 1, when we traveled by rail to Liverpool. We at once made our way to 42 Islington, where we met Edwin F. Perry and other elders. I engaged a room at 39 Norton Street, just around the corner from the



Emma Jenson in 1910. Courtesy of Church History Library.

mission office. I spent Sunday, September 6, quite pleasantly in Liverpool attending the meetings in the Saints' hall at No. 15 Bittern Street, where I was one of the speakers.

Monday, September 7. Having decided to visit the Scandinavian Mission before making my round trip in the interest of Church history in the British Isles, my wife and I bade the brethren at 42 Islington goodbye about noon and traveled via London to Harwich, where we boarded the Danish steamer *Koldinghus* and sailed for Denmark at 11:00 p.m. We soon found ourselves on the somewhat troubled water of the North Sea.

Tuesday, September 8. We spent the day on the North Sea, heading for Denmark.

Wednesday, September 9. At 2:00 in the night I arose from my berth to see the coast of Fanø, and at 3:00 a.m. we arrived at Esbjerg, but remained on board after reaching the harbor until 7:00 a.m., when we landed. After taking a walk through the growing city of Esbjerg, my wife and I boarded a little steamer and sailed over to Nordby on the island of Fanø, where we

visited the popular bathing resort and where I called on the relatives of Captain Anderson, whom I had met in Tahiti early in the year. We returned to the mainland from Fanø in a small sailing vessel, arriving at Esbjerg at 11:00 a.m. An hour later we continued our journey by rail from Esbjerg and arrived at Copenhagen at 8:00 p.m.

On our arrival at Denmark's capital, we at once engaged a cab and drove to the mission office at No. 14 Sankt Pauls Gade (formerly



Scandinavia, *The Times Atlas* (1895), 66

Lorentzensgade), where we found everything closed and none of the missionaries on hand to receive us. Concluding that everybody was attending meeting at that hour, we made our way to No. 24 Krystalgade, where the Saints held their meetings in a small hall. Slipping into the hall quietly, my wife and I made a move to take a back seat unobserved, but I was immediately recognized by Christian N. Lund, the president of the mission, who was speaking at the time. He immediately called me to the stand, where he gave me a unique introduction. I spoke for half an hour with considerable freedom. It was just fifteen years since I had last addressed a congregation in Copenhagen. This was when I returned from my second mission to Scandinavia in September 1881.

After the meeting I was introduced to the other elders from Zion and the local Saints present. Among the latter there were several with whom I had associated 15 years before, and the meeting with these brethren and sisters was indeed interesting and impressive. After the meeting we returned to the mission office. Everything seemed familiar to me at No. 14, and pleasant memories of the past flashed through my mind as I beheld the old place again.

Thursday, September 10. Early in the morning Elder Rulon S. Wells arrived in Copenhagen from the Swiss and German Mission to make a tour of the Scandinavian Mission. It was decided that I should accompany him to Norway, and at 2:00 p.m. Elders Wells, Christian N. Lund, and Enoch Jørgensen and my wife and I sailed from Copenhagen on the steamship *M. G. Melchier* bound for Christiania, Norway.

Friday, September 11. We arose at 7:00 a.m. to behold the coast of Norway as we sailed up the Christiania Fjord. We arrived at Christiania at 11:30 a.m. and were met at the wharf by Elder Peter Anderson, president of the Christiania Conference, who took us all in a cab to the conference office at No. 27 Osterhausgade, where we were introduced to a number of elders from Zion and many local Saints. We made a tour of observation through the city and also took a boat to the celebrated little ship *Fram*, on which the noted explorer Fridtjof Nansen had just made his polar expedition.

Saturday, September 12. At 8:00 p.m. conference was commenced in the beautifully decorated Saints' hall with a good attendance, including 24 elders from Zion. The evening was devoted almost exclusively to the giving of reports by branch presidents and others.

Sunday, September 13. The conference in Christiania was continued with a forenoon and afternoon meeting, in which Presidents Rulon S. Wells, Christian N. Lund, Peter Anderson, and I were the principal speakers. After the afternoon meeting a number of us went

down to the seacoast (to a place near the old castle) where tens of thousands of people had gathered to hear the great Norwegian statesman Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, who delivered a patriotic speech honoring Fridtjof Nansen. The explorer briefly responded. In the evening the last meeting of the conference was held.

Monday, September 14. I commenced my historical labors in Christiania and from 10:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. attended a priesthood meeting in the Saints' hall. I spoke on the importance of record keeping. After meeting, we partook of a splendid dinner provided at the palatial residence of a Mr. Ingeberg, a friend of the Saints.

Tuesday, September 15. I repaired to the conference office early and put in a half day's work, leaving my wife to be accompanied to some points of interest in the city. I joined Elders Wells, Lund, and Anderson in taking a carriage ride up the noted height Frogner Sätteren, about six miles from Christiania. From its top we had a most magnificent view of Christiania, the fjord, and much of the surrounding country. Frogner Sätteren is the place where Norway competes with the whole world in ski jumping and other winter sports. The day was clear and beautiful, though a little cold. In the evening a feast and concert were held in the Saints' hall. I took part by singing the Hawaiian "Aloha 'Oe," which was well received. The hall was crowded to capacity, and all present seemed to enjoy the occasion.

Wednesday, September 16. We visited Ladegaardsøen (Bygdø) and took dinner, after which we visited Oscar's Hall, or the Bygdø Kongsgaard, where an ancient church and an old peasant home are preserved. In the evening I delivered a lecture on Palestine and the South Sea Islands. As the lecture had been advertised in the papers, the hall was crowded.

Thursday, September 17. At 9:45 a.m. my wife and I left Christiania, together with Presidents Wells and Lund, by train for Stockholm, Sweden.

Friday, September 18. At 4:45 p.m. we arrived at Stockholm, 355 miles from Christiania, and at once took a cab and drove to Hornsgatan No. 80, where the conference office was located. Here we met Elder Carl A. Ahlquist and other elders from Utah.

Saturday, September 19. I engaged in historical work and made several visits together with the other visiting brethren. At 8:00 in the evening the fall conference of the Stockholm Conference convened in the Saints' hall at Hornsgatan 80, attended by twenty-two elders from Zion, and a hall filled with local Saints and friends. According to the reports given, there were 1,397 Saints in the Stockholm Conference, which consisted of ten branches of the Church.

Sunday, September 20. The conference in Stockholm was continued, and the meetings were addressed by President Wells (Carl A. Ahlquist acting as translator) and President Christian N. Lund. A song of welcome, addressed to Brothers Wells, Lund, and myself, composed for the occasion, was sung. I was one of the speakers in the afternoon session.

Monday, September 21. A priesthood meeting was held from 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. Afterwards I commenced my historical labors in earnest. At 5:00 p.m. the carriages hired by Brother Nils Nilson, a local brother, drove up to the mission house, and Brothers Wells, Lund, Ahlquist, Olson, Emma and I, and a local sister (Hilda Jonsson) started out on a very enjoyable ride in and around the city of Stockholm. We visited most of the prominent places of interest including Djurgården, a beautiful park where fine buildings were being erected for the World's Fair to take place there the following year.

Tuesday, September 22. I worked at my historical labors at the conference office all day. In the evening the local Saints gave an entertainment.

Wednesday, September 23. Presidents Wells and Lund left Stockholm with the morning train for Göteborg on their way to Copenhagen,

while I, assisted by President Ahlquist, worked on the records at the office until a very late hour, as I expected to start for Denmark in a few days in order to see my wife Emma off to America with a company of Saints which would leave Copenhagen on October 8.

Thursday, September 24. Assisted by President Ahlquist and Olof E. Olson, I worked on the records all day. At the evening meeting, held at the hall, I was one of the speakers.

Friday, September 25. I continued my labors at the office, perusing as many of the books as possible and putting other records aside to be forwarded to Copenhagen for me to peruse there.

Saturday, September 26. After finishing my historical labors in the morning, Elders Ahlquist and Olson accompanied my wife and me on our last sightseeing trip in Stockholm; we visited many places of interest and historical importance, including art galleries and museums.

Sunday, September 27. At 7:25 a.m. my wife and I left Stockholm by rail and traveled to Vingåker, 97 miles from Stockholm. The day was bright and fine, and the landscape appeared beautiful as we viewed it from the car window. At the Vingåker Station we were met by Elder Erik P. Erickson and local Saints, and after dinner we rode about four miles into the country, where we held a meeting according to appointment, attended by both Saints and friends. I spoke about an hour, followed by Elder Erickson. We returned to Vingåker and then traveled three miles farther into a wooded district of the country, or to the home of Gustave Wahlström, with whom Elders Erickson and Larson had their missionary home.

Monday, September 28. My wife and I continued our journey by rail toward Göteborg, 180 miles from Vingåker. Arriving at Göteborg about 10:00 in the evening, we were met by Elders Theodore Tobiason and George A. Backman and walked to the residence of August Hanson.

Tuesday, September 29. In company with Elder Tobiason, I visited the meeting hall at Husargatan 46, where I perused the conference and branch records. Later we went to the wharf, where my wife and I boarded the little ship *Blenda*, bound for Frederikshavn, Denmark. The voyage down the Göteborg Fjord was very interesting; the rocky coast and the succession of small islets made a fine landscape. On the voyage I had a long conversation with the first mate, and after telling him that I had just arrived from the islands of the Pacific Ocean, he interjected that he had a brother-in-law who went to those parts several years ago, but of course, I could not possibly have met him in my extensive journey. I replied: "I don't know about that; it may not be impossible. What is his name?" He answered, "Christensen." I was forced to say that Christensen was such a common name and that there were several of them even in the South Sea. Then thinking further he said, "He was employed as a baker in a place which commenced with an A." Then I said, "Was it Apia?" "That's it exactly," he said. I answered, "I got acquainted with a man by the name of Christensen who was a baker and worked for a man named Hellesø." "That's him, that's him," he replied. The officer was so pleased that I had to visit his home and tell his wife (Christensen's sister) the good news.

As we approached the Danish shore, the sight of the well-known hills of Vendsyssel filled me with emotion and brought to my mind sweet memories of my boyhood days. We landed at Frederikshavn at 3:00 p.m. Later we walked 8 miles to Sæby, where we stopped at Hotel Dania.

Wednesday, September 30. We took a walk through the quaint little city of Sæby, which 30 years before had been my home. I recognized the houses in which our family lived in 1865 and 1866. About 10:00 a.m. we left the city and walked inland about ten miles to Torslev, where we first visited the former family home on the Galtrup Estate, then walked a mile to Galtrup, where we took supper with the proprietor

(Mr. Jørgensen, a playmate of my youth), and then walked to Rosendahl. On this little farm we visited with my cousin Trine, whose husband, Christian Graverhus, was once a schoolmate of mine.

Thursday, October 1. Having stopped in Rosendahl overnight, we walked to Øster Damgren, a house which my father built in 1859 and where we lived for several years. Next we visited Damgren, the house of my birth. We were well received by the people in both houses. Next we walked by way of the Ormholt Mill, and the Tyre School, which I attended as a boy and where I now received a kind reception by the present schoolteacher. We then visited the ruins of my grandmother's house (Renden), which was also the birthplace of my elder brother Jens, and then we started for Frederikshavn by way of the Torslev Church, where I called on the parish priest but could receive no information from him in regard to my forefathers. From Torslev we walked on to Gjerum. By this time my wife was very tired, and as we tried in vain to obtain lodging in the village of Gjerum, we proceeded to the estate of Gjerumgaard, a Danish *herregård*, where we were kindly received by the proprietor, Herr Kongsted, and his amiable wife, who insisted that my wife was a girl of her acquaintance who had emigrated to America some years before and believed that we were springing a surprise on her former friend Mrs. Kongsted. We conversed with these good people all the evening, and I gave them a description of life in America. Knowing of the prejudice that existed in that part of the century against the "Mormons," I avoided telling them that I was a "Mormon" and instead entertained them with descriptions of the mountains and the great cities of Chicago and New York, where so many Danish people resided. We conversed until a late hour and were invited to occupy the best room in the house for the night.

Friday, October 2. Herr Kongsted took us to a hill on his estate, where we obtained a view of the surrounding country and the hills in

the distance. Finally Frau Kongsted accompanied us to the main road, where we said goodbye and waved handkerchiefs until we were out of sight as if we had been old acquaintances. We proceeded to the church rectory, where we examined the parish records and visited the graves in the cemetery where some of my relatives were buried. We then walked further by way of Bangsbo to a place called Grønholt and called at the house where my father was born. Three miles further we went via Bangsbostrand to Frederikshavn, where we boarded the little steamer *Baldur* and sailed for Copenhagen at 4:00 p.m. The day was cloudy and the wind blowing briskly. Consequently the voyage did not prove a very pleasant one.

Saturday, October 3. Having spent the night on the Kattegat, we proceeded to Copenhagen, where we arrived at 8:00 a.m. We were glad indeed to receive a hearty welcome again at the mission office in the Danish capital. As President Christian N. Lund was about to start on a visit to Göteborg to attend conference, he desired that I should accompany him, and I concluded to do so; hence in less than two hours after my arrival at the mission office I was off again, leaving my wife to be escorted through the city of Copenhagen by the other brethren. President Lund and I left Copenhagen by rail about 10:00 p.m. and traveled 37 miles to Helsingør (Elsinore). Here we crossed the Øresund to Helsingborg in Sweden and thence traveled to Göteborg, where there was a large branch of the Church. At 8:00 in the evening a conference was commenced at the Saints' hall at Husargatan 36. Fifteen elders and many local Saints and strangers attended the meeting.

Sunday, October 4. The conference was continued at Göteborg and President Christian N. Lund, Theodore Tobiason, and I were the principal speakers in the three sessions of the conference.

Monday, October 5. A priesthood meeting was held in Göteborg from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. at which all the elders from Zion spoke

briefly and President Lund and I gave some timely instructions. I spent the balance of the day perusing the records of the conference and of the different branches.

Tuesday, October 6. President Lund and I returned to Copenhagen from our visit to Göteborg, where I then spent several days perusing records, copying from others, and preparing still other records for shipment to the Historian's Office.

Thursday, October 8. At 11:00 p.m. I saw my wife Emma safely on board the ship *Thorsa* together with 57 other Latter-day Saint passengers including several elders returning to their homes in America after filling missions to the Scandinavian countries. My wife seemed quite pleased with her visit to Denmark.

Saturday, October 10. President Lund and I left Copenhagen for Aalborg, where we arrived in the evening. At the conference office, at Urbansgade No. 26, we were received by President Andrew C. Fjeldsted.

The conference at Aalborg was commenced according to appointment in the evening and was continued the next day (Sunday, October 11). We had a splendid conference. Fourteen elders from Zion were in attendance.

Monday, October 12. I attended a priesthood meeting from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. at Aalborg and also a Young Men's meeting in the evening at which I lectured on Palestine.

Tuesday, October 13. President Lund left Aalborg on his return to Copenhagen while I remained to peruse the records of the Aalborg Conference, which work I also continued the following day. In the evening of the 14th, I gave a lecture on Palestine, Egypt, and other countries, interpolated with gospel doctrines.

Thursday, October 15. I left Aalborg, traveling by train to Hjørring, where I met a number of the elders and held meeting at the missionary headquarters in the evening. Hjørring was one of my first places of labor when I was filling my first mission to Scandinavia. During the day I visited

a Sister Mariane Christensen, whom I had baptized thirty years before and who was still a faithful member of the Church. I then returned to Aalborg.

Saturday, October 17. Bidding farewell to the elders and Saints in Aalborg, President Andrew C. Fjeldsted and I traveled by rail to Aarhus, having visited Randers and Grenå on the way. At Aarhus we were bade welcome by Morten C. Mortensen, president of the Aarhus Conference.



Germany and Switzerland, *The Times Atlas* (1895), 13

Sunday, October 18. I attended the conference in Aarhus, which had been commenced the previous evening; sixteen Utah elders and a good congregation of Saints attended the three meetings during the day.

Monday, October 19. Early in the morning I left Aarhus and traveled 50 miles to Viborg, where I spent the day perusing the parish records to obtain genealogical information about my Danish ancestry. I may explain that the old records kept by the clergy in the different parishes in the province of Jutland had been gathered to Viborg, where genealogical archives had been established in the interest of genealogy and history. The records from other parts of Denmark had been gathered in Copenhagen and Odense.

Tuesday, October 20. I left Viborg in the morning and traveled 132 miles via Skive, Struer (where I saw the first railroad train in 1865), Holstebro, Ringkjøbing, and Varde to Esbjerg. I had never traveled down the west coast of Jutland before; hence I enjoyed the trip. During the day I conversed freely with my fellow passengers on religion and other topics. At Esbjerg I proceeded to the missionaries' quarters on the corner of Torvegade and Sverigesgade, where I visited with the elders from Zion and the local Saints.

Wednesday, October 21. After examining records in Esbjerg, I visited Ribe, 20 miles from Esbjerg, and then traveled via Kolding (where I visited the old castle) and Fredericia to Odense, where I met several elders and held a meeting in the evening.

Thursday, October 22. I worked on the records in Odense, whence I traveled by way of Fredericia to Silkeborg, where I attended to historical labors.

Friday, October 23. I purchased a ticket which was good for 14 days on all the state railways in Denmark. This enabled me to travel extensively throughout the country at very little expense. At Aarhus I gathered up a number of records for shipment to the Historian's Office.

I addressed several meetings during the remainder of the month in different parts of Denmark and spent several days in Aarhus, where I finished my historical labors and returned to Copenhagen November 8.

On September 16 I had written to historian Franklin D. Richards, asking him whether I should remain in Europe longer or leave some historical work to be done at a later day. My letter was referred to the First Presidency and Apostles, and President Richards wrote me under date of October 12 to the effect that I should remain and finish my work, dividing my time between historical and missionary labors, under the direction of President Rulon S. Wells. In Copenhagen I unpacked and sorted the many records that had been sent to mission headquarters. There were several hundreds of them, including those I had brought with me from Aarhus, and it became my duty to ship them to the Historian's Office.

November 11 I had an interesting conversation with Herr Jens. Busk, who had served twenty years continuously in the Danish Rigsdag. He had heard me speak the Sunday before and had been favorably impressed by what I had said. While sojourning in Copenhagen I did considerable preaching and lecturing, visited among the Saints, and obtained information which later enabled me to write a somewhat complete history of the Scandinavian Mission from its beginning. I also visited the Danish Rigsdag, spent some time in the public libraries, and copied extracts from the Danish newspapers in relation to the Latter-day Saints, proving that the Danish press had been opposed to our missionary labors in Denmark from the beginning and was still, as a rule, against us.

Saturday, December 5. I crossed the Øresund to Skåne in Sweden, where I met Elder John D. Hagman, who conducted me to the conference office at Martensgatan No. 4, where I met Alonzo B. Irvine, another elder from Zion. The next day I attended Sunday School and the general meeting, at which I was the principal speaker. I again spoke in

the evening to a large audience of Saints and strangers. I spent two days in Malmö perusing records and returned to Copenhagen December 10.

Friday, December 11. This was the 46th anniversary of my birthday, and I celebrated it by saying goodbye to the Saints and elders in Malmö. I brought a number of books with me from Sweden. I also made arrangements for my trip to Germany and Switzerland. In the evening all the elders from Zion in Copenhagen and two families of Saints arranged a special reception in my honor. The elders gave me a walking cane.

Saturday, December 12. Attended to some packing at the office, being about to take my departure for other lands. I paid 97 kroner for a ticket from Korsør to Rotterdam, in the Netherlands.

Sunday, December 13. I called on several of the Saints to bid them goodbye, and in the regular evening meeting in the Saints' hall I delivered my farewell address.

Monday, December 14. I at once made ready to leave Brother Lund. I left at the office four good-sized boxes filled with records to be sent home the following spring. At 9:00 a.m. I took my departure for Korsør, where I boarded the steamer *Prince Valdemar*, which sailed for Kiel, Holstein. The snow was falling fast when we left the Danish coast. This was the fourth time I had bade my native land farewell. At Kiel I was met at the wharf by Elders Lorenzo Jensen and Alfred C. Meyer, who were laboring as missionaries in Kiel and vicinity. We proceeded at once to the missionaries' comfortable quarters at 72 Friederich Strasse, and later we walked out to visit a family of local Saints, returning to Kiel about midnight.

Tuesday, December 15. In company with Elder Jensen I visited nearly all of the Saints in Kiel, after which we walked four miles out of the city to take dinner with a family of Saints in the village of Elmschenhagen. Kiel was a growing town at this time, containing

85,000 inhabitants, and had a fine harbor. At 6:00 p.m. I left Kiel by train for Hamburg, where I got off at the Closterthor Station. Not finding any of the elders at the depot to meet me (I had arrived about an hour earlier than expected), I walked about a mile to Heidenkompweg, where I met Elder Andrew Thomson Jr., who was laboring as a missionary in Hamburg.

Wednesday, December 16. Early in the morning Elders John Zwallen, Campbell M. Brown, and Anthon Hoffenbach, who labored in the Hamburg Branch, came in and we started to work, culling items for the history of the Hamburg Branch, which at that time had 104 members and may be said to have been in a flourishing condition. A branch meeting was held, at which I spoke with Elder Zwallen as interpreter.

Thursday, December 17. Having finished my historical labors, I left Hamburg at 9:00 a.m. for Hannover, where I met William H. Link and other missionaries, and after some sightseeing I hastened to peruse records as I had done in so many other places. At 7:00 p.m. I boarded the train and started for Berlin.

Friday, December 18. I arrived at the Lehrter Station in Berlin early in the morning, took a droschke to take me to Dresdenerstrasse 107–108, where the LDS missionary headquarters were located, but as I was unable to get in or get the gate to the *hoff* opened, I stopped at an adjoining hotel. In the morning I found Elder Alonzo E. Hyde Jr. and other elders who had arranged to help me with my historical labor.

Saturday, December 19. Accompanied by Elder Hyde, I visited several places of interest in the beautiful city of Berlin. I found the missionary headquarters somewhat dark and dismal, on account of which the elders were contemplating a change in the near future.

Sunday, December 20. I traveled from Berlin to Leipzig, where I again met elders from Zion and attended to the perusal of records. I spoke in the Sunday meeting, Brother Olof W. Andelin translating for me.

Monday, December 21. Accompanied by Elder Andelin I took a long walk out into the country to visit the battlefield where Napoleon in 1813 was defeated by the united forces of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. In the city we visited places of interest and attended to historical labors. In the afternoon I traveled to Dresden, the capital of Saxony, where I met elders from Utah and busied myself with the branch records.

Tuesday, December 22. I traveled from Dresden to Hof, where I stopped overnight.

Wednesday, December 23. I traveled to Nürnberg, where I was met at the station by Elders Charles H. Miles and Andy J. Stewart. Accompanied by Elder Miles, I made a tour of the city, passing through the business part and visiting its ancient castle located on a hill, and visited other places of interest. At the mission headquarters at Norengasse 4 I met Elder Isaac R. Barton, who presided over the branch at Nürnberg. I made a hurried examination of the branch records, gave the elders some instructions in regard to record keeping, and at 4:00 p.m. left Nürnberg for München. This ride would have been interesting in the summer, but as snow covered the ground at this time, everything appeared in its winter garb. The change from the low flatlands to the mountainous country of Bavaria was pleasing. After crossing the river Danube I arrived at München, where I was met by Elders William F. Olsen and LeRoi C. Snow, who took me to the mission headquarters at Nymphenburger-strasse 182, near the outskirts of the town, where we worked with the branch records until past midnight. There was a good branch of the Church at München.

Thursday, December 24. After visiting places of interest in München, I left that city at 11:45 a.m. for Switzerland and arrived at Lindau, a town situated on Lake Constance, or the Bodensee. Here I boarded the little steamer *Santis*, which sailed for the Swiss side of the lake at 5:20 p.m. The short voyage across Bodensee was quite

interesting, although it was dark before we left the Lindau pier. We arrived at Romanshorn, 15 miles from Lindau, at 6:50 p.m., and I immediately landed to put my feet for the first time in my life on the soil of Switzerland. After passing through the customhouse, I walked through the town of Romanshorn, but in trying to converse with the people I soon learned the difficulty in understanding the Swiss dialect of the German language. At 7:15 p.m. I boarded a train and traveled to Winterthur, where I arrived at 8:00 p.m. Not having sent word ahead announcing my arrival that evening, I left my valises at the station and set out to find the brethren, in which I was successful after walking quite a distance. At the missionary headquarters, “bei Frau Keller, Zum Rheinfall, Veltham, Winterthur,” I met Elder George C. Naegle, president of the Swiss and German Mission, and other elders. There was a small branch of the Church at Winterthur.

Friday, December 25. (Christmas Day) Early in the day we repaired to Hotel Lamm, where a conference was held, attended by 22 elders from Zion and a goodly number of Saints and strangers. I was one of the speakers, President Naegle translating my English into German. Between the afternoon and evening meeting, a Christmas tree was brought in, accompanied by a young lady dressed in white and crowned with a golden crown, representing an angel, I believe, according to the conception of the Swiss people. Presents were distributed to all the children of the branch and to all the elders from Zion.

Saturday, December 26. I spent the forenoon perusing branch records and culling items for history at our missionary headquarters, and at 2:00 p.m. started for Dachsen, near the Rhine Falls. After walking two miles to Laufen Castle, I met Elder William C. Clos, an elder from Utah, who on account of sickness was spending a short time with his parents at that place. Brother Clos took me down to the falls, which were grand and interesting. After perusing the Schaffhausen Branch

records, I returned to Dachsen and left at 6:00 p.m. on my return to Winterthur and thence continued the journey to Zürich, where I was met at the station by Elders John U. Bühler and John U. Probst, who conducted me to the branch hall at Zeltweg 23, where I stopped with the brethren.

Sunday, December 27. From 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. a priesthood meeting was held at the Zürich Branch hall; the brethren from Zion who had attended the conference at Winterthur were all present and all spoke briefly. I gave the elders instructions in regard to record keeping. In the afternoon and evening two well-attended meetings were held at Hotel Neuhoff, Wipkingen, a suburb of Zürich. After the evening meeting I accompanied Herr Karl Boshart to Goldbach and stopped there overnight.

Monday, December 28. Accompanied by Elder Naegle, I returned to Zürich and at the branch hall I perused the records and obtained information from the brethren in the interest of Church history. We worked on the records until past midnight.

Tuesday, December 29. Bidding farewell to the elders and local Saints at Zürich, I, accompanying Nicholas Bangerter, left Zürich at 9:40 a.m. and traveled to Rotkreuz, where we were to change cars for St. Gotthard Tunnel, but while taking lunch in the restaurant the train on which we had intended to travel left, leaving us behind. Thus we were compelled to spend 3½ hours more at the little town of Rotkreuz, which time I spent writing up my journal. At 3:37 p.m. we commenced our journey and climbed up a heavy grade, passing through several tunnel lous into the mountains until we reached Göschenen (3,640 feet above sea level), where we entered the great St. Gotthard Tunnel (9¼ English miles long); it took us 21 minutes to pass through, and about 7:30 p.m. we arrived at the little town of Airolo, where we lodged at a hotel for the night. As it was quite dark when we neared the Alps, we

did not see much of the scenery, and besides the sky was cloudy and the mountaintops were invisible to us.

Wednesday, December 30. We arose early in the morning, which was clear and beautiful, to enjoy the grand scenery. Everything was enveloped in snow, and as the sun commenced to shine on the majestic mountaintops, the grandeur was most impressive. I shall never forget it. We left Airolo at 8:38 a.m. on our return trip, entered the tunnel at 8:40, and emerged from it at 9:02 a.m. We then commenced our interesting descent, and, as the morning continued clear and beautiful, we enjoyed the grand scenery immensely—the wild gorges, the numerous tunnels, the mountain villages perched on the steep slopes, the snowcapped mountain peaks, all calculated to make an impression which can never be erased from memory. We also enjoyed the beautiful lakes and mountain scenery as we came farther down the mountain and reached Rotkreuz about noon. From Rotkreuz we continued the journey to Lucerne, where we arrived about 1:00 p.m. We at once walked through the town and ascended the heights of Gaismattthöher, where we visited the only family belonging to the Church at that time in Lucerne. After taking lunch in the hospitable home of Brother William Teuscher, we walked through the principal streets and crossed the beautiful Seebrücke (Lake Bridge). Lucerne was, in 1896, a city of 25,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated at the lower end of Lake Lucerne, or Vierwaldstätter See, at the effluence of the river Reuss. Like all other Swiss towns that I had seen, it was surrounded by mountains. Leaving Elder Bangerter I boarded a train at 5:00 p.m. and traveled to Langnau, where I arrived about 7:00 p.m. and walked to Hinterdorf, where, according to direction, I found Simon Köhler and family, members of the Church. Later in the evening I met Elder Gottlieb Bühler and Emil Köhler, missionaries from Zion, laboring in the Langnau Branch. In conversing with the Saints in Switzerland I endeavored to put my little

knowledge of German to good advantage and was enabled to converse a little and understand much of what was said. Simon Köhler and family were fair samples of Swiss peasantry; their diet was plain—really poor—and they appeared to live very much like the peasants of Scandinavia.

Thursday, December 31. After working with Elders Bühler and Emil Köhler on the records until noon, I took my departure from Langnau, accompanied by Elder Köhler, and traveled to Bern, the capital of Switzerland, arriving there about 3:00 p.m. In Kirchenfeld, a suburb of Bern, where the mission office was located at Archive-strasse 20, I found President George C. Naegle, Peter Lautensock, Charles W. Rogers, and John Nuffer, Sister Naegle, and others. The missionary quarters were nice and comfortable, and I was given a hearty welcome. I spent the evening writing and conversing with the brethren. Toward midnight Elder Nicholas Bangerter, who had arrived from Zürich, walked with me over the bridge to the great church or cathedral (Münster) and there, in the midst of a large concourse of people who had assembled for the same purpose, listened to the ringing of the great bell which announced the ending of the year 1896 and the entry of the year 1897. We returned to the office and retired to enjoy a good night's rest.

Friday, January 1, 1897. We arose bright and early at the mission office at Archive-strasse to enjoy a good view of the Alps in the distance and to commence our labors anew. I spent the following fifteen days in Bern and vicinity engaged in the perusal of records. Together with the brethren at the office I attended a meeting in the hall at Postgasse 36, where a Christmas tree had been prepared and a variety program in which the Sunday School children took a prominent part was carried out. Elders Peter Lautensock, George C. Naegle, and I made brief addresses. I told the children something about Bethlehem, the birthplace of Christ. On Sunday, January 3, and Sunday, January 10, I attended meetings with the Saints in Bern and addressed them through a translator.

Saturday, January 16. I left Bern for the purpose of visiting some of the other branches in the mission and traveled to Biel, or Bienne, where I met Elder Nicholas Bangerter, the president of the Zürich Conference, and others. I went with the brethren to their room on the second story of a building on Wydenauwed 40. On Sunday I spoke at public meetings at Biel.

Monday, January 18. I traveled via Neuchatel to Lausanne, where I met Elders John F. Howard and Oscar C. Barton, and then continued the journey by steamer to Geneva, where we visited places of interest and gathered data for history. There was a small branch of the Church at Geneva numbering 25 members, and two elders were laboring there as missionaries.

Wednesday, January 20. Having finished my historical labors at Geneva, I returned by rail to Lausanne, where I met Elder George H. Graehl. From a height called Montriond we obtained a fine view of the city and lake.

Thursday, January 21. I returned to Bern, where I accompanied Elders Peter Lautensock and Peter Nuffer on a walk to visit a family of Saints who lived high up on a mountain called Gurten, and returned about midnight. In descending the mountain, I slipped on the ice and started down the mountainside in double-quick time but succeeded in stopping myself before being exposed to very great danger. It is difficult to climb mountains in the winter, and I hurt my knee a little. My companion, Brother Lautensock, also had a fall, by which he broke his umbrella.

Friday, January 22. At 9:00 a.m. I took leave of my temporary home at Archive-strasse No. 20 and left Bern by train for Basel, where I found two missionaries at 37 Hockstrasse, namely Friedrich Neuenschwander and George C. Gardner, and spent the evening culling history from the records.



President Rulon S. Wells (*front row, third from left*) and missionaries in the Bern Conference of the Swiss and German Mission, July 1898.
Courtesy of Church History Library.

Saturday, January 23. I left Basel by train for Strasbourg, where I spent a few hours visiting the sights of the old city, the chief and most interesting of which is the old cathedral in which the world-renowned astronomical clock is the most attractive to visitors, though the whole building as to size and finish is an interesting structure. I happened to spend the hour of 12:00 noon at the cathedral when the cock crew and the Twelve Apostles made their appearance and made obeisance to the figure representing the Savior. Strasbourg is the capital of Alsace-Lorraine and had about 135,000 inhabitants at this time.

At 4:00 p.m. I left Strasbourg by train and traveled to Karlsruhe, the capital of Baden, where I spent an hour and then continued the journey to Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Württemberg. Here I was met at the station by Elders Philip S. Maycock and George W. Meldrum, with whom I walked through the heart of the city to the elders' room in Boblinger-strasse, where I met Elder R. Eugene Jones. Five elders from Zion were laboring at the time in Württemberg, with headquarters at Stuttgart. Here I stopped overnight.

Sunday, January 24. There being no LDS meetings held that day by the elders in Stuttgart, I, accompanied by some of the elders, went sightseeing through the city, passing over the Schiller Platz, where stands a fine statue of the great German poet Schiller. We also visited the palace built in 1806–1807, where we were permitted to see some of the articles denoting the pomp and power of the Württemberg court. The castle contains about 350 apartments, some of the rooms being very beautiful indeed. Fine paintings and sculptures were distributed about the building. We also visited the museum of art. In the evening we attended to historical labors.

Monday, January 25. We rose early, and Elder Maycock accompanied me to the Stuttgart railway station, whence I took my departure at 7:30 a.m. and traveled to Heidelberg, one of the chief cities of the duchy

of Baden. Here I visited the renowned Heidelberg Castle ruin, where I was shown through the inner court and from the tower obtained a most magnificent view of Heidelberg, the valley of the Neckar, and the surrounding mountains. Among the sights at Heidelberg is the great “thun,” which holds 49,000 gallons or 300,000 bottles of wine—the largest barrel in the world. The day was stormy, and as we passed through the grand ruins, the wind sang a peculiar tune which caused one to think of ages past. From Heidelberg I traveled to Mannheim, where I found my way without difficulty to Block F5, No. 20, where the missionaries laboring in the Mannheim Branch were located. Here I met Elders John Martin Schwab, Harrison E. Jenkins, and Frank W. Penrose. After taking in the sights of the city of Mannheim, and Ludwigshafen on the Rhine, Elders Schwab and Penrose accompanied me to the historic city of Worms, where we spent several hours visiting the most noted places of interest, such as the Luther monument, the churches, and the public squares. Worms had 30,000 inhabitants in 1897; it is one of the most ancient towns and in the Middle Ages was one of the most important in Germany, situated on the rich plain of the Wonne, on the left bank of the Rhine. It was here that the great German reformer Luther defended himself so nobly before the diet. We returned by train to Ludwigshafen and then walked to Mannheim, across the Rhine.

Tuesday, January 26. I spent the forenoon writing history, assisted by the brethren, and then left Mannheim for Frankfurt am Main. This ride by train was very interesting to me; we had the Odenwald on our right and a great plain on our left. We passed through Darmstadt, the capital of Hessen, and arrived at the Grand Depot at Frankfurt am Main about 3:00 p.m. At Lenaustrasse No. 49, I found Elder William Z. Terry, whom I had formerly met in Hannover. We walked out to see the city and in our rambles met Elder Kasper C. Naegle, who presided

over the Frankfurt am Main Branch, which at that time comprised 37 members. Two of the four elders doing missionary work in this part of Germany labored in Darmstadt.

Wednesday, January 27. Assisted by the elders at Frankfurt am Main, I worked on the records of the branch and also visited some of the local Saints and some friends. In the evening I attended a meeting in the branch hall at Glauburgstrasse No. 75 A, where I spoke half an hour with Elder Terry as translator. The meeting was quite well attended by Saints and friends who met regularly every Wednesday evening as a theological club, but on account of my presence the session was turned into a regular meeting.

Thursday, January 28. At 6:10 a.m. I left Frankfurt am Main bound for Holland, having finished my labors in the Swiss and German Mission. After traveling to Kastel, I left the train and crossed the Rhine on the great Rheinbrücke to Mainz, a city of 80,000 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Rhine. After making a tour of the beautiful city, I returned to Kastel on the steam ferry, and at 9:00 a.m. I continued the journey by train towards Köln (Cologne) going down the right bank of the river Rhine. I arrived at Köln about noon. Here I left the train to visit the great cathedral, and I also took a long walk through the principal streets of the city. I continued my journey at 1:45 p.m., passing through the cities of Düsseldorf and Oberhausen. I crossed the boundary line between Germany and Holland and arrived at Arnhem about 7:00 p.m. Here I was unexpectedly met at the station by Elders Fred Pieper, president of the Netherlands-Belgium Mission, and Dirk J. Nyveld, who gave me a hearty welcome and took me to the branch hall and missionary headquarters at No. 14 Walstraat, where a family Bloem, belonging to the Church, resided. I appreciated the kindness shown me by these elders and local Saints and enjoyed a good night's rest on this my first night in Holland.

Friday, January 29. I spent the forenoon perusing the branch records at Arnhem, a city at that time of about 50,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the Rhine and on account of its beautiful surroundings is sometimes called the "paradise of Holland." The branch of the Church there numbered 78 members in 1897. Accompanied by Elder Pieper, I left Arnhem at 7:00 p.m. and traveled to Rotterdam, where we arrived about 9:00 p.m. Here we met several elders from Zion, and at the mission headquarters at Izaak Hubertstraat No. 120 I soon found myself comfortably located.

Saturday, January 30. I commenced my historical labors to the Netherlands-Belgium Mission, and in the evening Elder Pieper and I visited friends and took supper with Elder Jacob J. DeBry, president of the Rotterdam Branch, who had an intelligent wife and quite a number of strong, robust-looking children. I was much pleased with the Netherlands Saints; they seemed to be so affectionate and polite.

Sunday, January 31. Elder Pieper and I walked to the Beurs Station, where we boarded a train and traveled to Dordrecht, a city with about 40,000 inhabitants, the oldest and in the Middle Ages the most powerful and wealthy city in Holland. Here in 1897 there was a young but flourishing branch of the Church with 28 members, and at the neat little meeting hall, we met William J. DeBry, an elder from Utah, who presided over the branch. We held a meeting with the Saints, at which I spoke, with Elder DeBry as translator. In the afternoon we returned to Rotterdam, where I spoke at a meeting in the evening with President Pieper as translator; the hall was filled with Saints and friends. After the meeting we attended the theological class which met as part of the Sunday School every Sunday evening, there being not enough room for all the classes in the regular session held in the afternoon. In the evening we visited Elder Buytendorp and family, with whom we took supper. A Brother J. Rotstegen, who had formerly been a Baptist minister, and

a Sister De Jong, president of the Rotterdam Branch Relief Society, spent the evening with us. I spent the following two days mostly in Rotterdam, perusing records and writing.

Tuesday, February 2. I traveled to The Hague (government seat of Holland), a beautiful city which in 1897 had 175,000 inhabitants. After taking in the sights of that city, we visited Scheveningen, situated on the coast of the North Sea and protected by heavy dykes and sand dunes against inundation, as the site of the city is below sea level. Though the day was very unpleasant, snow falling all the time, we, nevertheless, enjoyed our walk along the seashore. We noticed that the dykes were being strengthened. In the afternoon we journeyed to Amsterdam (the capital of the Netherlands), a city of nearly half a million inhabitants. We walked to the De Wittenkade No. 35, where the LDS hall and missionary rooms for the Amsterdam Branch were located. Here we met the two elders from Zion laboring in Amsterdam (Gerrit J. Kruitbosch and Frank E. Hansen). In the evening we attended a priesthood meeting in the branch hall, at which we ordained seven of the brethren to different positions in the priesthood. I was introduced to a number of the local brethren, who all seemed kind and affectionate and filled with the love of the gospel. The branch had 218 members in 1897.

Wednesday, February 3. I commenced my historical labors in Amsterdam and attended the funeral of one of the local Saints. I also attended a meeting in the evening, where I occupied most of the time, speaking English, Elder Pieper translating. The hall was crowded with Saints and friends. After the meeting I was introduced to a number of the Saints, who greeted me with that love and cordiality which is characteristic of Latter-day Saints. I entertained them until a late hour with photographs and other articles which I had gathered during my travels.

Thursday, February 4. After finishing my historical labors in Amsterdam and having visited with Brother Ruurd E. Beima, president of the Amsterdam Branch, I left that city and returned to Rotterdam in the evening.

Friday, February 5. I spent the few following days in Rotterdam perusing records and visiting Saints and had an enjoyable time. I attended the Sabbath meetings on February 7 and addressed the different congregations, President Pieper translating for me. In one of these meetings I played an innocent trick on Elder Pieper. I was speaking English, which he translated for me by sentences, and purposely I spoke a few sentences in Danish, but Brother Pieper, being versed in different languages, did not detect the change for some time. I continued my labors in “Nederland” until February 13 and attended a number of meetings and continued to visit the Saints with Brother Pieper and also witnessed several baptisms.

Saturday, February 13. I took leave of the elders and local Saints at the mission office at Izaak Hubertstraat, and, being accompanied by Brother Pieper and others, I proceeded to the steamer *Northender*, which I boarded, and sailed for England at 10:30 p.m. A number of Saints came to the wharf to say goodbye, some of them bringing me cakes and fruit. Their kindness seemed to know no bounds. I had not been the recipient of so much friendship since I had left the Sandwich Islands two years before. The voyage down the river Maas would have been quite interesting in the daytime, but as the evening was stormy and cold I only remained on deck a short time.

Sunday, February 14. When I arose I found quite a fog, but the *Northender* was making good time on the voyage to England. The captain found it necessary to use great caution and anchored off Spurn Head, where we lay about two hours listening to the odd bleating or blowing of the lightship on one side and the noise of the breakers on



British Isles, *The Times Atlas* (1895), 13

the shore of England on the other. The blowing of the horn on the lightship resembled the bellowing of a mad bull. Owing to the fog, we remained at anchor again all night.

Monday, February 15. The ship having arrived at its destination, I left it in the still hours of the morning, having completed the voyage of 192 miles from Rotterdam to Grimsby. I boarded a fast train across

England and arrived at Liverpool about 2:00 p.m. Here I proceeded to 42 Islington, where I was welcomed by Edwin F. Parry, Joseph H. Burrows and wife, Theodore Best, John W. Grace, and others. I was invited to board and lodging at the mission office.

Tuesday, February 16. I commenced my historical labors at the mission office at Liverpool, and in the evening I accompanied Elders Rulon S. Wells and Joseph W. McMurrin (who had arrived from Cheltenham the evening before) to the Picton Hall, where we listened to a lecture on photography. I spent the five following days in Liverpool, busily engaged in culling historical data from numerous Church records which I found hidden away under a stairway at the mission office. I labeled all these records and prepared some of the older ones for shipment to the Historian's Office. In the meantime I attended meetings and visited with some of the local Saints in Liverpool.

Saturday, February 20. Accompanied by Elder Rulon S. Wells and others, I traveled to Oldham, where a conference had been appointed for the following day.

Sunday, February 21. We repaired to the Unity Hall on King's Street, the best and largest hall in Oldham, which had been hired for the occasion. This hall had a seating capacity for 1,500 people. Three well-attended meetings were held, 29 elders from Zion being on the stand. I was glad that I now was among English-speaking people and could preach without the aid of a translator. We had a splendid conference. It was said to be the largest conference held in the British Mission for a long time.

Monday, February 22. We attended a priesthood meeting at the Oldham Branch hall at 127 Union Street. Of elders from Zion there were present 22; they all spoke, and after I had occupied about ten minutes, Elders Wells and McMurrin imparted timely instructions. I also attended to historical labors and in the evening enjoyed a social

in which the local Saints and elders from Zion participated. The program carried out was an impromptu one, and I sang the Norwegian “Studentersang,” and being encored heartily, I gave them “Aloha ‘Oe.”

Tuesday, February 23. Accompanied by two elders, I traveled to Manchester. Here at 35 Union Street, Ardwich (a suburb of Manchester), where the headquarters of the Manchester Conference were located, I met James C. Brown and other elders and at once commenced my historical labors, working till a late hour.

Wednesday, February 24. I accompanied the elders to the Old Carpenters’ Hall, where the Saints held their conferences as early as 1840. In 1897 this hall was used for dancing purposes and was located on the third story of a building situated on the corner of Charles and Princess Streets. I spent two days in Manchester, labeling records and culling material from them for Church history and also boxed up a large number of books for shipping to America. I returned to Liverpool in the evening of February 26.

Sunday, February 28. Together with the other brethren at the mission office I attended Sunday School at 16 Bittern Street, Liverpool, and in the evening at the same place gave a special lecture on the life of President Wilford Woodruff, who would be 90 years old on the morrow. On the evening of March 4, I gave a lecture on Church history in the Saints’ hall.

Saturday, March 6. I finished copying one book of the emigration lists; the other books we expected to send to the Historian’s Office.

Sunday, March 7. I traveled 35 miles to Preston, where I arrived at 10:00 a.m. after crossing the river Ribble. I was met at the station by Elder John W. Grace, president of the Liverpool Conference, and Elder Benjamin McCleery, who conducted me through the heart of the city to the conference headquarters at 31 Moncaster Street, where I met Elders Nephi Daly and Heber K. Parker, who at that time were

laboring in the Liverpool Conference. Soon after my arrival a Sunday School session was commenced, which I addressed, and I also spoke to a Book of Mormon class which met in the same place in the afternoon. In the evening I addressed the general meeting held in the Saints’ hall at No. 2 Liverpool Street. I spent the two following days in Preston, during which I visited the ruins of the Cock Pit, where the first elders who came to England from America preached the gospel. Next we visited the old Vauxhall Chapel on Vauxhall Road, where Heber C. Kimball and his missionary companions held their first meetings in England in 1837. We then walked to the river Ribble and visited the spot where the first converts to the restored gospel in England were baptized July 31, 1837. We crossed the river on a wagon bridge on the London Road and then went about six miles to Longton Bridge, where we visited Sister Margaret Gardner, 77 years old, who was baptized by Elder Heber C. Kimball in 1840 or 1841. She gave us some historical information of interest. We then returned to Preston by train. In 1897 Preston was a city of 175,000 inhabitants. It is beautifully situated on rising ground on the right bank of the Ribble. The first branch of the Church in England was organized in Preston in 1837, and there has been a branch of the Church there ever since. In 1897 it consisted of about 35 members.

Wednesday, March 10. I left Preston at 11:30 a.m., returning to Liverpool, where I found that a company of elders from Utah had just arrived. During the few following days I was busy culling and copying from the records at the mission office. I also crossed the river Mersey to Birkenhead.

Saturday, March 13. I packed two boxes of records to be sent to Utah and prepared to make a round trip to the six British conferences which I had not already visited, and at 4:30 p.m. I accompanied Presidents Wells, McMurrin, and Parry to Nottingham. There we were met at the station by Thomas Bailey, president of the Nottingham



Rulon S. Wells (*second row, center*), president of European Mission, with Joseph W. McMurrin (*second row, second from right*) and other missionaries in the Manchester Conference. Courtesy of Church History Library.

Conference, and conducted to the conference headquarters at 49 Sabina Street, where we met several other elders.

Sunday, March 14. A conference of the Nottingham Conference was held at the Gladstone Hall, Lamartine Street, rented for the day. It was attended by 29 elders from Zion and a goodly number of Saints and friends. Two well-attended meetings were held, and I was one of the speakers in the afternoon session.

Monday, March 15. The elders from Zion held a priesthood meeting at Gladstone Hall at which all the elders spoke, including myself. After this meeting I was busy for several days perusing records and making notes, being assisted by some of the elders. I also visited some of the local Saints, and at the Nottingham Cemetery I visited the grave of John Y. Terry, who died May 20, 1865.

Friday, March 19. I finished my historical labors in Nottingham, and at 10:00 a.m. Elders Wells, McMurrin, Bailey, and I left the missionary headquarters at 49 Sabina Street and traveled to Lincoln, where we were met by a Brother Pinder, one of the few Saints in the city, who conducted us through the place, sightseeing. Among the points visited were the ancient Stone Bow Gate, the Jews' House, and the great cathedral, which is situated on a hill in the center of the city. We also visited the celebrated Newport Arch, a remnant of ancient times, and were shown the places where old Roman pillars are hid under the pavement. Continuing our journey, we traveled from Lincoln to Norwich. Arriving there at 10:00 p.m., we were met by John H. Walker, president of the Norwich Conference.

Saturday, March 20. We walked about a mile to the conference house at No. 1 Julian Street, where I went to work on the records. In the afternoon I accompanied Presidents Wells and McMurrin on a sightseeing trip to the castle standing on a hill, the cattle and sheep market (it being market day), the cathedral, and other points of interest.

Sunday, March 21. A conference was held in the so-called Garden Hall, a temperance lecture hall on Duke Street, Norwich, where three meetings were held. In the evening session I occupied about 25 minutes. Sixteen elders from Zion were present at this conference. I spent the two following days perusing records, labeling others, and packing another lot for shipment to the Historian's Office. On Monday evening I attended a program at the Duke Street Hall, where I sang "Sam Owens" with explanations, "Studentersangen," and the Hawaiian "Aloha 'Oe."

Tuesday, March 23. Having finished my historical labors in Norwich, I accompanied Presidents Wells and McMurrin to Lowestoft, which is situated on the coast in Suffolk. This is the easternmost town in England. We walked out to see the coast and the principal streets accompanied by thirteen elders from Zion, divided into two parties, to hold meetings. Elder Ansel B. Call and I spoke on the square or corner near the meeting hall, while Elders McMurrin and Davey held forth at another place. This was my second attempt at speaking at an open-air meeting in England, and I succeeded in keeping the attention of the people until I was through. I occupied about twenty minutes. We then proceeded to our meeting place on Chapel Street, where about one hundred people were addressed by Elders Wells and McMurrin on the first principles of the gospel. I obtained some historical information from Sister Marie Colbey, who had been a member of the Church since 1850.

Wednesday, March 24. Elders Wells, McMurrin, Bailey, and I took a train at Lowestoft at 7:00 a.m. and returned to Norwich, where we changed cars and then continued the journey to Ely, a cathedral city in Cambridge. Here we met Brother George Minns, who conducted us through the great cathedral, one of the largest and most interesting of its kind in England. From Ely we continued our journey 17 miles

to Cambridge, the beautiful university town, where we hired a guide to take us to places of interest as our time was limited. We visited the great Trinity College, which is supposed to be the largest institution of its kind in the world. We were shown through the immense dining hall, the grand library, containing 90,000 volumes, including some very valuable and interesting manuscripts, and among other things we saw part of Milton's immortal poem, "Paradise Lost," in his own handwriting. Next we passed through the college gardens, then visited the Clare College and the King's College, where the beautiful chapel was especially interesting to us. Last we visited the Fitz William Museum, where there is a large collection of paintings. At 4:43 p.m. we left Cambridge and traveled to London, where we arrived about 6:00 p.m. and went to the conference house at 36 Penton Street.

Thursday, March 25. I spent nearly the whole day in the British Museum, looking up genealogical records in the library. I also perused some valuable documents in the manuscript reading room.

Friday, March 26. I traveled from Victoria Station by train to Steyning, Sussex, the birthplace of my wives Emma and Bertha. Thence I continued to Brighton, where I attended to historical work and visited friends. I returned to London on the 27th.

Sunday, March 28. I attended the semiannual conference of the London Conference. Three sessions were held, the first in the branch hall and the two others in the beautiful Clerkenville Town Hall. It was attended by President Rulon S. Wells and 33 elders from Zion altogether. I was one of the speakers in the afternoon meeting.

Monday, March 29. A priesthood meeting was held in the branch hall at 36 Penton Street, at which I occupied about 15 minutes, giving instructions in regard to record keeping. In the evening a concert was given at which I sang "Aloha 'Oe" as a closing piece. The rest of the week I spent working on the records.

Saturday, April 3. I finished my labors in London and traveled to Bristol, where I met Herbert L. James and William T. Noall, who took me to their quarters at the Fleet House, Lead House Lane, off Eton Road. Here I met other elders from Zion.

Sunday, April 4. We all fasted and took a walk along the river Avon to the celebrated suspension bridge, which is 300 feet above the river. I attended sacrament meeting in the elders' room, where I gave some advice. I then parted with the four elders and traveled 40 miles via the Severn Tunnel, which is about 7 miles long and passes under the river Severn into Monmouthshire. I arrived at Cardiff, Wales, about 6:00 p.m. At the conference house, 188 Carthage Terrace, I met Elder John D. Peters, president of the Welsh Conference, and other elders who gave me a cordial welcome, and in the evening I addressed a well-attended meeting at the branch hall, which was a part of the conference house.

Monday, April 5. More of the elders from Zion arrived in Cardiff to attend the monthly priesthood meeting, which was commenced at the conference house at 10:00 a.m., attended by 13 elders from Zion. I addressed the elders at some length and in the evening commenced my historical labors, continuing until a late hour. I continued this work on the three following days, assisted by the elders, and sorted and listed about 130 record books, which were to be sent home from the Welsh Conference. In the afternoon of April 8, Elder Peters and I visited Llandaff, the smallest city so-called in England. It was called a city because it has a cathedral. We climbed to the top of some old ruins lying adjacent to the cathedral. Llandaff has about 1,000 inhabitants and is situated about two miles west of Cardiff, which has a population of 200,000, it being the largest town in Wales.

Friday, April 9. I completed my labors in Cardiff and at 3:15 p.m. left the conference house in company with Elder John D. Peters and

traveled to the Rhondo Valley, where there were a few Saints. The Rhondo Valley is one of the great coal mining districts of South Wales and from Pontypridd up there is a continuation of towns grouped around the numerous coal pits. We visited the adjoining Velli Pit, where about 500 men were employed, and watched the colliers coming out and going into the pit, which is 380 yards deep. In the evening we returned to the missionary quarters and held a little meeting, where I occupied most of the time.

Saturday, April 10. President Peters and I left Ystrad Station by train at 10:28 a.m. and traveled down the valley to Pontypridd, which is supposed to be the busiest railroad town in Wales. Here we changed cars and traveled to Merthyr Tydfil, a town with 58,000 inhabitants, which had figured most prominently in our missionary operations in Wales. We talked to the house of Brother George D. Adams, an old veteran who was baptized in June 1850. He accompanied us through the town and showed us several places where our elders had held meetings and where conference houses had existed years ago. We also visited Brother William Richards, who presided over the little branch of the Church in Merthyr Tydfil. At 5:00 p.m. I parted with Elders Peters and Adams and traveled to Hereford, where I arrived at 7:45 p.m. This ride was very interesting to me; the country through Monmouthshire and Herefordshire, after leaving the hills of Wales, was beautiful and looked especially fine and fresh in its spring dress. On my arrival at Hereford I took a long walk through the city sight-seeing, and in the evening I traveled to Cheltenham, where I found my way to 18 Regents Street, the headquarters of the Cheltenham Conference. The elders had retired, but upon knocking, I was admitted and made welcome.

Sunday, April 11. I was introduced to the elders at the conference house, including Raguel Barber, the newly appointed president of the

Cheltenham Conference. We spent the forenoon at the conference house and in the afternoon went out with the intention of holding an outdoor meeting, and after walking a mile or more to a corner where there was a large tree, we prepared to hold a street meeting; but as the afternoon was cold, only a few people stopped to listen to us. Returning to the mission headquarters we held a little meeting attended by Saints and strangers.

Monday, April 12. I took up my usual historical work, continuing the same three days. I also visited the museum library. On the 13th I accompanied the elders on a long walk to the beautiful Pittville Park, Prestbury (a village), and Cleve Hill, about 3½ miles from Cheltenham. On the top of the hill, which is 1,100 feet above sea level, we visited the ruins of fortifications dating back to the days of Oliver Cromwell. They consist of double ramparts, 300 yards in length. After our return to Cheltenham, Brother John Shurmer, an old member of the Church, gave me some important historical information in the absence of branch records.

Wednesday, April 14. I finished my historical work in Cheltenham and traveled to Birmingham, where I took the cable car and traveled to Handsworth. Here I walked to 42 Roland Road, where the Birmingham Conference headquarters were located and where I met Thomas Phillips and other elders. I spent the following four days perusing records pertaining to the Birmingham Conference and its branches, assisted by William S. Romney, president of the Birmingham Conference, and other elders. I spent a pleasant Sunday (April 18) in Birmingham, met several of the Saints, and did considerable speaking.

Monday, April 19. In company with Elders Romney and James T. Poulton I visited Stratford-upon-Avon, where we spent a pleasant time visiting places of interest, among which were Shakespeare's birthplace, Church of the Holy Trinity (where Shakespeare's remains are deposited), Shakespeare's Memorial Buildings, the Shakespeare Monument,

Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, the Washington Monument, the American Fountain, the Clopton Chapel, and other places associated with the great poet Shakespeare, and pronounced Stratford-upon-Avon a very beautiful place. It had 10,000 inhabitants; a very large percentage of these were Americans. We returned to Birmingham in the evening. On our journey home we sang hymns and songs to the great delight of some fellow travelers who did not suspect that we were "Mormons" until the last at parting. I spent the rest of the week in Birmingham, continuing my historical labors, visited among the Saints, and also spent a part of the time sightseeing in Birmingham and vicinity, remembering that Birmingham has figured very prominently in the missionary activities of the Latter-day Saints from the very beginning when the restored gospel was first preached to the inhabitants of Great Britain.

Friday, April 23. Having finished my labors in Birmingham I left that historic city about noon and returned to Liverpool.

Saturday, April 24. I left Liverpool bound for Ireland, boarded the steamer *Caledonian*, and spent the night on board.

Sunday, April 25. When I arose in the morning, the steamer *Caledonian* was nearing the Isle of Man. This island is about 30 miles long by 11 broad. It is sometimes regarded as the central point of the British Isles, and during the past 1,500 years it has formed the battleground of the Norwegian, English, Irish, and Scotch, each in turn holding sway and being dispossessed by its different governments, being vested first in kings, subsequently in lords, governors-in-chief, and finally in governors. Soon after leaving the Isle of Man and traveling in a northwesterly direction, the coast of Ireland hove in sight; and as we came nearer, the Scrabo Hill with its tower on top appeared as an attractive object several miles inland.

On landing at Belfast I met Elders Daniel Whipple and John W. James, elders from Zion, and walked with them to the new conference

headquarters at 182 Ravenhill Road, where I met three other elders from Zion. We all walked to the branch hall at No. 17 Cluan Place, where I addressed the meeting for nearly an hour, followed by Elder Charles Peterson, who preached his farewell sermon, being about to return to his home in America.

Monday, April 26. I commenced my historical labors at the conference house in Belfast, which I continued on the 26th and 27th. In the evening of the 27th I assisted the elders in holding an outdoor meeting.

Wednesday, April 28. I finished my historical labors in Belfast by working at the conference house all day. In the evening a meeting was held, where I was one of the speakers.

Thursday, April 29. I left Belfast and traveled by train to Dublin, the capital of Ireland. On the journey we passed through an interesting part of Ireland, which gave me an opportunity of seeing the dwellings of the peasantry, samples of Irish bogs, mountains, and coastland as we skirted the east coast of the island part of the way. There being none of our missionaries in Dublin, I found my way alone to points of interest in that interesting city. Thus I ascended to the top of the great Nelson Monument. Thence I visited the Bank Building, or Old Parliament Building, where, through the courtesy of the Reverend A. E. Bor and others, I obtained access to the old parliament hall, which is kept in its original state as used in days gone by for parliamentary purposes. I was also taken into the room where the bank bills of the Bank of Ireland are printed and into another building where the old redeemed bills are kept for reference. There were bills representing about forty million pounds sterling, the walls of a large room being entirely covered with them. Next I visited the Trinity College and was particularly interested in the great library, one of the largest in Great Britain. Next I visited the celebrated Four Courts, Christ Church, and St. Patrick's Church, and then took the streetcar to Phoenix Park, where I saw the

Wellington Monument, a huge pile of solid masonry. Making my way to the North Wall Pier, I boarded the steamer *Kerry* and sailed for Liverpool at 7:30 p.m. I had enjoyed my visit to Ireland's capital and to Ireland generally.

Friday, April 30. We arrived in Liverpool at 5:45 a.m., and at mission headquarters I received good news from home.

Saturday, May 1. I finished packing my baggage and also arranged matters of transportation. This being May Day, all the horses, carts, and other vehicles seemed to be on parade, the animals being decorated very nicely with flowers. At 3:35 p.m. Presidents Wells, McMurrin, Parry, and I left Liverpool and traveled to Barnsley, in Yorkshire, where the headquarters of the Sheffield Conference were at that time located. At the station we were met by President Ansel B. Call, president of the Sheffield Conference. After supper we went to a hired hall in the Arcade Building, where a social was given. Both Saints and friends attended, and the program consisted of singing, recitations, and dancing. I sang a Norwegian song and danced for the first time since I left home. I stopped at the conference house at 16 Middlesex Street, off Park Road.

Sunday, May 2. The semiannual conference of the Sheffield Conference was held, commencing at 10:30 a.m. at a large hall in the Arcade Building on Market Street. Besides a large congregation of Saints and strangers, 23 elders from Zion were present. Three sessions of the conference were held, and I was one of the speakers in the afternoon meeting.

Monday, May 3. I commenced my historical labors in the conference house at Barnsley. From 10:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. we held a priesthood meeting at the conference house, where all the elders spoke briefly, and I occupied about twenty minutes. I continued my historical labors at the conference house the three following days. Aside from

the onerous historical work I made several visits, and on Wednesday, May 5, we visited the village of Darton, where, in the churchyard or parish cemetery, one of our elders from Zion lies buried. On the plain sandstone shaft we read the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Elder Caleb W. Haws, missionary from Salt Lake City, born October 7, 1838; died November 20, 1871, aged 33 years. He is not dead, but sleepeth."

From Darton we followed a country road through the green fields to Higham, a collier village where there was a flourishing branch of the Church raised up by the elders a year before. According to appointment we held a meeting at the home of Brother Glover, at which I occupied most of the time, giving an account of my travels.

Thursday, May 6. I finished my historical labors at the conference house at Barnsley, working on the records until 3:00 p.m. I then left Barnsley and traveled to Bradford. Here we made our way to Thirkill Terrace No. 33, the conference house, where we met Elder Robinson, president of the Leeds Conference, and a number of other elders from Zion who labored in this conference. I continued my historical labors, assisted by some of the elders during the following two days.

Sunday, May 9. A conference was held in the Mechanics' Hall in the heart of the city of Bradford. Three meetings were held, and I occupied part of the time in the evening meeting.

Monday, May 10. A priesthood meeting was held in the Temperance Hall on Chapel Street, where all the elders from Zion and a couple of local brethren spoke, and at which President Wells and McMurrin and I gave timely instructions. After this meeting Presidents Wells and McMurrin returned to Liverpool, while I proceeded to finish my historical work.

Wednesday, May 12. Taking leave of the brethren at Bradford, accompanied by President Robinson and two other brethren, I traveled

to Leeds, where we spent about two hours sightseeing. With the assistance of an official we went through the magnificent town hall, entering all the rooms, including the Crown Court and Civil Court, both of which were in session. Returning to the railway station, I parted with my companion, Brother Robinson, and traveled to York. Here I again broke my journey and spent a short time taking in the interesting sights. First I took a long walk on the city walls from the Michelgate to Skeldergate Bridge. Thence I walked through the city crossing the river Ouse to the minster, or cathedral, which is one of the largest and most interesting cathedrals in England. I then traveled to South Shields, where I made my way to the conference house at No. 6 Ravensworth Terrace, Westoe. Here I met Elder Hyrum M. Smith, president of the Newcastle Conference, and other elders. In company with Brother Vincent R. Pugmire, I took a five-mile walk out in the evening, on which we went to the east coast, walked out on the south pier to its end at the mouth of the Tyne River, and also passed through two beautiful parks. I stopped at the Newcastle Conference headquarters in South Shields.

Thursday, May 13. I commenced my historical labors at the conference house at South Shields. As all the elders went out to hold the regular Thursday evening meeting, I remained alone at the office to continue my work. After they had gone, I engaged in earnest prayer and asked the Lord to show me if I should return home the next week on the ship *City of Rome* or go to Norway. The answer to my prayer was: "Go home," which caused me a feeling of joy and satisfaction. In the evening I accompanied Elder Smith to an outdoor meeting at the Chichester Arms on Laygate Street, near the conference office, where we both spoke with much freedom, occupying about an hour between us. At times we had about a hundred people around us who listened attentively. The other brethren preached at two other places in the town,

also to good-sized crowds. The following two days I was busy with the records at South Shields.

Saturday, May 15. About 10:00 a.m. Elder Hyrum M. Smith and I left South Shields, and, boarding the steamer *Isabel*, we sailed up the Tyne River to Newcastle-on-Tyne, one of the important cities of northern England. After ascending the ancient rocky stairway we visited the castle, St. Nicholas Church, the Gray Monument, the market, and the railway station (where we saw one of the first locomotives built by George Stephenson). We returned to South Shields in the evening.

Sunday, May 16. The semiannual conference of the Newcastle Conference was held at the Theatre Royal at South Shields, three sessions as usual being held. Nineteen elders from Zion were present. I occupied part of the time in the evening meeting, Presidents Rulon S. Wells and Joseph W. McMurrin being the principal speakers.

Monday, May 17. Elder William N. Davis accompanied me to the High Shields railway station, whence I traveled by rail through Northumberland and Berwick (the last town in England) to Edinburgh, Scotland, where I arrived at 12:30 p.m. From the Edinburgh Station I proceeded to No. 14 Edina Place, off Easter Road, where the elders who were laboring in Edinburgh had their headquarters. Here I met several other elders. With them I visited some of the interesting sights of the city. We ascended the Carlton Hill, on which stands the magnificent Burns Monument, and after passing along Princes Street we visited the Edinburgh Castle, where we saw, among other things, the Regalia of Scotland in the so-called "Crown Room." Also Queen Mary's room, St. Margaret's Chapel, near which is the great cannon Mons Meg. Then we went down High Street, passing the house in which John Knox once lived, to the ancient building known as Holyrood Castle, having gained permission to enter from an official (a Mr. Robertson). Here we enjoyed ourselves very much, being shown all through by the

gentlemanly attendant. We then visited the home of George Robinson, president of the Edinburgh Branch, in order to get access to the Church records. We then went to the railway station to meet Presidents Wells and McMurrin, who had come from South Shields. Here I also met Elder Wilford Williams, president of the Scottish Conference, and other elders, including Charles W. Nibley, who was visiting his native Scotland from Utah. While the rest of the brethren went out to hold a street meeting, I remained at the office working on the records.

Tuesday, May 18. After finishing my labors at Edinburgh, I left that city by train and traveled to Glasgow, where I arrived about 1:00 p.m. I went to Barrock Street, where, at No. 130, the office of the Scottish Conference was located. Here I met Elders Wilford Williams, president of the Scottish Conference, Joshua H. Paul, and other elders. I commenced my labors at once and spent the two following days (May 19 and 20) perusing the records of the Scottish conferences, and packed a box of records to be sent to the Historian's Office.

Friday, May 21. In company with Presidents Rulon S. Wells and Joseph W. McMurrin, and Charles W. Nibley and other elders, I left

Glasgow about 9:30 a.m. and traveled on the Caledonian Railway to Balloch at the lower end of Loch Lomond. Here we boarded the excursion steamer *The Queen* and sailed to Ardlui, where we landed to enjoy the free open country for a few hours. While my companions were taking dinner, I wandered off by myself, making the best use of the time at sightseeing. I walked up the Balloch Glen, crossed the Falloch River, after taking dinner at a farmhouse, and started to walk down on the other side, when an old, sensible farmer, who was well acquainted with the country, advised me to turn back. I did this, when I found that my contemplated walk down the Inversnaid meant about seven miles, and I joined the brethren at the hotel in Ardlui. At 4:00 p.m. we boarded the steamer again and returned to Balloch, whence we returned to Glasgow by train. I returned to the conference house, where I spent my last night in Scotland on this mission. Our visit to Loch Lomond was a pleasant one; the lake and surrounding islands present some of the finest scenery in Scotland.