

taken by a soaking snow while out on a geological tramp. The town is well supplied with schools, and has a Roman Catholic church and an English church. The latter has a "cross" on the top to distinguish it from the modest Presbyterian church on the other side of the street, and indicative, I suppose, of a form of worship which is becoming alarmingly prevalent within the pale of the English Church, and which, while it is undoubtedly acceptable to a large number, is a stumbling-block and a source of trouble to many estimable people who remain in her communion only in the hope that at no distant day the members of that important section of the Church will see eye to eye.

ST. JOHN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

is the principal one here. It was organized about 1840, when a neat little church which still stands was built. The Rev. Mr. Forbes was the first minister. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Murray, who remained seven years. The next minister was the Rev. James Murray, who remained eight years. The present minister, Rev. Mr. Russell, was ordained in February, 1876, and under his pastorate the Church has made steady progress. Although some twenty families have removed from the locality from various causes, still there is a net gain to the communion roll of thirty-nine during the last five years, with a flourishing Sabbath school. The question of increased church accommodation had occupied the attention of the congregation for some time, when last year it was decided to proceed with the erection of a larger and more modern edifice, which now stands with a graceful spire on a commanding site. The outside of the building is finished, and it is expected that by next summer the church will be ready for opening. It is to be hoped that it will long remain as an evidence of the spirit and liberality of the Presbyterians of Dalhousie. Mr. George Haddow, M.P., is a ruling elder in the congregation and superintendent of the Sabbath school. There are many other towns throughout this Province which could easily imitate the example of the brethren of Dalhousie in the matter of church improvement. On all sides our Church is extending in those provinces. She is actively engaged in Home Mission work, the cause of Sabbath schools and temperance, and I think is considerably ahead of the other evangelical denominations in the ratio of giving per family and member to the cause of missions and to the support of the Gospel generally. I refer to this in no unkind spirit, nor would I desire to make the impression "that we have already attained, or were already perfect," in this matter, but it is encouraging, hopeful, indeed cheering, and I trust that our members will "abound more and more in this grace," for the harvest truly is great and the labourers are few.

Dalhousie, N.B., Sept. 28th, 1881.

K.

SCRAPS OF A TOUR OF FOUR MONTHS IN MORMONDOM.

There is probably no place on this continent which presents more varied and special attractions for tourists than this city and territory. This city—Zion, as the Saints call it—"is beautiful for situation," if not the joy of the whole world. It is admitted by all to be the most handsome city in the Union, as to its peerless location at the foot of a spur of the Wahsatch Mountains, in a rich valley encircled by mountains in sight on every side. Its streets are forty-four yards wide, lined with southern trees, honey and black locust, sycamore, etc., and water, clear and swift, running on both sides.

The stores, hotels, and public buildings are only average. But the private residences, for number, ample and highly ornamented grounds, with spouting fountains and flowing streams, the richest flowers and choicest trees and shrubbery, equal those of the few finest in eastern cities, with the one exception, that the houses are not so large or expensive; but this lack is more than counterbalanced by the almost tropical profusion and luxuriance of the flowers, plants, trees, etc., and the large spread of ground—from one to several acres—to each house. The population is about 21,000, which is spread over an area of four by three miles. From a distance, on looking down from the adjacent mountains, it seems like a vast grove or orchard, as in fact it is, as the people raise apples, pears, peaches, apricots, cherries, grapes, and other fruit in their gardens or grounds. There is scarcely an exception to this off the main business streets, of which there are only three occupied so, and that only in part in the old portion. The view from the "bench"—as the

ledge of the mountain is termed here, or "foot-hill" elsewhere—overlooking the umbrageous city, southward stretches the valley of the Jordan, of rich, black, alluvial soil, fertile as any spot on the globe. The mountains visible on all sides, bold, rugged, snow-capped. To the west lies the great Salt Lake—an inland sea, whose specific gravity is exactly the same as the Dead Sea—floating a person like a cork—thirty-five by one hundred miles in extent, this all combined with a more than an Italian sky and sunshine, is simply beyond portrayal. It must be seen to be realized or appreciated, and is worth crossing the Rocky Mountains. Noted foreign tourists say it is rarely approached and never excelled in beauty—sky, water, mountain, river, valley, city, and lovely rural towns all around, modelled after the city, in the main features—trees and water.

The sunsets here transcend in roscate loveliness anything I have ever witnessed in Europe or America, not excepting the Italian, Swiss, or Scotch. Here even mere words mock us. Imagination even fails to picture beforehand so divine a display of magic blending of colours—all shades of the rainbow and more; for as the light touches the mountains at various angles, new and varied effects are produced—fairy scenes of supernal beauty and novelty. One is raised to the "third heaven" of ecstasy as he stands entranced and realizes to some extent the fuller meaning of those stanzas referring to the other side of heaven:

"We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers.
We may not hear the songs that echo here,
Through these enchanted bowers.

"But sometimes when adown the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

"And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story."

Still more, the territory abounds with varied scenery, lakes, mountains, canyons. I have traversed considerable of it. The gem sight of mountain wonders is the American Fork Canyon, where we camped out for ten days. This is a gulch canyon, or rock-walled ravine, penetrating the mountains about fifteen miles from mouth to summit. The walls rise several thousand feet, of every conceivable shape—saw-toothed, jagged, like pillars, castles, domes, etc. There is a creek like where the Rhine rises in the Alps. Indeed it resembles the *Via Mala* very much, but there is less water. But the walls are higher and not so steep as those along the Rhine. Charles Kingsley places this spectacle alongside the Yosemite Yellowstone Park.

Our party encountered a thunder storm and flood, and a truly providential escape. The canyon is about twice the width of a street, and the flood rose in a few moments, bearing all before it, turning the ravine into a river rushing like Niagara current. Logs, mills, houses, and rocks as large as a wagon, were hurled along like chaff, rumbling over other rocks with a sound like distant thunder. There was only time to abandon everything and scramble up the rocky sides of the mountain to a safe retreat. The climate is the most equable, clear, moderate—in fact, in every way agreeable—that I have found anywhere. Tourists, invalids, and others, who have tried Florida, Colorado, California, and other health resorts, give the palm to Utah, as vastly superior to any or all known popular sanitariums.

Some will be curious to hear something about the much-puffed Mormon Tabernacle and Temple. Well, in a word, there is nothing extra about them—indeed they are tame and commonplace beside any of the foreign edifices. The shape of the Tabernacle is odd, being oval, 250 x 150 feet, the roof also oval, seventy-five feet high, upheld by tressle-work resting on the walls without pillars; seats 12,000, floor and gallery. The acoustic power is somewhat remarkable—after the manner of St. Paul's whispering gallery, London. A whisper or pin falling can be heard clearly 220 feet away from the platform, when it is vacant. The organ is large—pipes forty-eight feet long—and was made here. With the choir of 100 male and female voices the effect is thrillingly melodious and inspiring. In front of the organ, the President, John Taylor, and his two counsellors sit. Below them, on graduated levels, descending according to their offices, are the twelve apostles, then the bishops, patriarchs, elders, etc. The President and most of the officials are venerable-looking per-

sons, but the audience of 4,000 or 5,000 is verily a "mixed multitude," literally and actually gathered from all nations out of the lower strata, but chiefly English, Scotch, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Germans, with a sprinkling from every State in the Union, all the Provinces of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Strange to say, while there are thousands of Celts—Highlanders and Welsh—there are no Irish.

On a Saturday, on the streets, owing to the dialect, one would almost imagine that he was strolling along Cheapside, Sauchiehall, or a continental thoroughfare. The Sunday service is similar to other sects, only the communion is observed weekly. The day we dropped in two addresses were given—both by Scotchmen. One was a plain, direct Gospel address, unexceptional as to doctrine, except the part added in reference to the prophet Joe Smith. The other was a narrative of a missionary just returned from Scotland. His story would have been amusingly ludicrous if we had not been unutterably disgusted with the blasphemous system of fraud he was advocating with oily unction, and in the very phrases of the great missionary of the Gentiles. To give a specimen: he said he found portions of Scotland where the Gospel (Mormon) had never reached; nay, more, erudite D.D.'s were found utterly ignorant of it. Then he spoke of his illness, persecution, and how all turned out to the *furtherance of the Gospel*—as with Paul. These were both men of ability and education, and editors of Mormon periodicals. It is noteworthy that President Taylor, George Q. Cannon, delegate to Congress, and the ablest man of all, the editors of their two daily and other papers, and other leading spirits, are English.

It is impossible in a letter to give any adequate idea of the vast system of the Latter Day Saints, as they call themselves—discarding "Mormonism" as a nickname. The books on it are all one-sided, giving only the dark side, written by Gentiles, while their own histories swing to the other extreme. Its organization is the most complete and far-reaching known, throwing Jesuitism into the background entirely. To specify: there are 109,000 Mormons in Utah. Of these, 23,000 are actual officers. These are so interlinked and located over the city, towns, and territory, that an order from the President can be passed around to every house and person in the valley, near or far, in a few hours, and such is the system of surveillance, or rather espionage, that any offence—e.g., if a Christian minister visits a Mormon family—is reported from local ward or section officers up to higher, and so on to the President, in equally brief time, and minute and specific instructions what to do about, sent down from headquarters. Still yet, they have 800 missionaries in every civilized country, and among the heathen, too. These are designated and sent on a few hours' notice by the officials, without any consultation or option. They leave their business and families and go to China or Australia at once, getting no salary in any shape whatever. They often *work* their passage on the ocean or take steerage fare. They have to depend for their daily bread on the strangers or co-religionists happened with in foreign lands. They endure all sorts of hardships, laying out at night, often one meal a day, besides obloquy, persecution, mobbing, etc. Scores of them experience trials not less than what the early or later messengers of the cross or other religions met with. \$1,000,000 is spent in helping proselytes from all lands to Utah every year, which accounts for their arrival by thousands continually. This money advanced to immigrants has to be repaid by them, with ten per cent. interest, when they are able. This gives a self-propagating fund. The people are frugal, sober, prosperous, and contented. There is less intemperance or Sabbath profanation than in any city or state I have been in, covering twenty States. There are towns of 2,000 or 3,000 population without a saloon or bar. The concomitant evils of intemperance are less than elsewhere. Over \$1,000,000 is raised annually in tithes. One-tenth of all property and produce is taken instead of money, which has always been scarce in rural parts. Nearly another one-tenth is raised for special or local objects. The soil is of rare fertility; three crops of hay—Lucerne or Alfalfa—can be raised in one summer. 100 bushels of wheat to the acre have been raised. The chief expense is irrigation, which is effected by mountain streams carried in trenches all over the fields. The farms are usually small—ten, twenty, thirty acres are the average. The owners live in the towns, and go out to work miles around. Mutual safety in early times when the In-