

pital in Salt Lake City, about a year and a half since.

When we are asked to read descriptions of millionaires' daughters, and given their width and breadth and the length of their foot and hand, the shape of their nose, the color of their eyes and the size of their ears, (descriptions reminiscent of the slave market) previous to their transference to a foreign land, and also asked to admire those parlor creations, the boys who "never told a lie," nor fished a watermelon, we turn with admiration to these little thinly-clad braves, who venture into the snowy mountains to fetch the widow's wood, and are amply paid by dancing out the joyous satisfaction of their nature. We want to pat Joda and Jemmy on the back, and ask their more favored neighbors to encourage the boys to come to Sunday school and the future will reveal the good results of their labors.

There are nine missionaries in the field from this little town. None of them objected to going, but some of them thought everything of their would be at a "stundtill" until they returned. I have to mind one friend who was such a worker that he seemed to think the wheels of the universe would stop if he quit working—he must plow and haul manure almost to the last day before starting; when he got his missionary hat and coat on, he appeared lost without a shovel; and when he got to Chattanooga, President Kimball advised him to have his beautiful auburn beard cut off. A group picture came and some of us could hardly find our friend therein. Had he returned with that picture, the disappointed looks upon the faces of that wife and children would have driven him into the woods until his beard had grown to respectable proportions again. Well, the seasons have rolled on the same since he left, as before. The land has been fruitful, the calves have kept coming, the children are well fed and schooled, the boys are becoming responsible and manly, the wife looks thoughtful and happy, especially when she gets a letter from —. The lot that he has owned for sixteen years has a new, neat fence around it, and the house is repainted. This is but a fair sample of the condition of all the married missionaries' families; and the single men are spoken of with reverence by the virgins betrothed, whose prayerful devotion should spur them on to valorous energy in the work of God.

The facts are that men are not so much a necessity for success at home as some of them imagine. Success depends upon devotion to duty in the field assigned them for labor—their families are safe in the councils of the Priesthood. The spartan mother is sometimes offered as an example to the world, but her counsels were often coarse and brutal compared with the prayerful devotion of Mormon missionaries' mothers and wives.

A. BIRD.

GREETINGS FROM MISSISSIPPI.

ACKERMAN, Miss., Sep't., 1895.

My son, Elder W. T. Dotson, and Elder Charles Haight spent nearly two months with us while on a vaca-

tion from their labors in Alabama, and later, Elder William Pardoe, from your city, joined them. They made my house their home. "Billy" as we always called him, and Elder Haight held one meeting and visited around among his kindred and sowed the seed of truth wherever opportunity offered. Several desired baptism and when that fact became known a perfect uproar of opposition sprang up, and mobocracy took possession of nearly all classes. A notice was posted up at the Methodist church warning the Elders to leave. But they did not scare worth a cent. The mobocrats knew very well the Elders had some friends who were fearless men whom it would not be safe to tackle; they changed tactics, and swore out an affidavit to have them arrested for preaching seditious doctrine, etc. The Elders, getting wind of it in time, returned to their fields of labor in Alabama and eluded the officers of the law.

All kinds of gospel has been indulged in, and as usual, the preachers take the lead. The burden of the Baptist preacher's discourse on last Saturday was for an increase in his salary. He wished to have more time from his secular labors at home so he could give more of his time to visit and look after disaffected members; he said that some of the members of his church were imbibing false doctrine. He scouted the idea of angels' visits, or new revelations in these days; at the same time holding out the Bible at arm's length, he said: "This is all the revelation necessary and all that God will ever give!" And he quoted for a proof text what the Savior said while expiring on the cross, "It is finished."

I am now an old man, 72 years of age, and I do not remember of ever hearing a man shoot so wide of the mark. If the reverend gentleman did not know it, not a syllable of the New Testament was at that time written! But the wisest and most learned men in the sectarian world sometimes miss the mark as widely as the veriest ignoramus when dealing with the things of God from a human standpoint.

After the reverend gentleman got through with his discourse we opened up conference for the transaction of such business as might come up for consideration. Among the items of importance was one relating to Mormonism. One of its members, who, by the way, a preacher, arose and delivered himself about as follows: "Brother Moderator, there is some of our members that think they have found a new and better way to heaven where they don't have to repent, etc. They say that Christ went and preached to the spirits in prison, and this is something they don't know any more about than a hog! The Bible does say something about his preaching to some prisoners, and I run the reference, and it means, hell, etc., etc. And they say something about baptizing for the dead, etc. I move that a committee be appointed to go and see them; and you go home with me, Bro. Moderator, and we will go over and see one of them that don't believe there is any arm in dancing, and we can convince her, etc.," and much more of the same import, whereupon the Moderator ap-

pointed this preacher and another one also to see the men, and two sisters to wait on the "Mormon-smitten" sisters. What the outcome will be remains to be seen.

We are few in number here, and surrounded as we are by sectarianism, we crave the faith and prayers of God's people, that our faith fail not when assailed by hostile forces, urged on by satanic influences. We are in want of more literature of the faith promoting series.

If this sketch meets with your approbation and is inserted in your excellent journal, you may hear from me again, after the meeting of the Baptist association, which meets in this community next month. Mormonism will be apt to be aired on that occasion.

W. P. DOTSON.

P. S.—As I failed to send this to you at the proper time, I will send it now, and hope it will not be too late, although it has been written for nearly two months. No action has as yet been taken by the Baptist church. I imagine they thought it too great a task, and perhaps, too, they got a little ashamed of their hasty action.

H. P. D.

Nov. 22, 1895.

A LAMENTABLE ACCIDENT.

A most distressing and lamentable accident occurred at the corner of Third East and Fourth South streets at 12:45 p. m. Wednesday. The victim is Mrs. Dorothy Duffin, an aged lady of about seventy years, who now lies at St. Mark's hospital in a very critical condition, with her left foot cut off about four inches above the ankle.

The particulars of the sad affair, as near as could be gleaned, are as follows: At the time mentioned, car No. 43 of the Salt Lake Rapid Transit company was plying its way eastward on Fourth South, with George Langdon of 540 west, Third South street as its motorman, and Walter Dickert who resides on Sixth South, between Third and Fourth West, as its conductor. When about eight feet from the corner of Third East, Motorman Langdon noticed an aged lady tottering across the track and he at once rang the gong and threw off the current, although at the same time, he knew it would be impossible to stop the car in that short distance. The old lady seemed to become dumfounded and stood on the track motionless, when the motorman, seeing the peril she was in, summoned all his presence of mind and leaning over the front of the car, grasped the unfortunate lady and threw her entirely off the track. Lying prostrate on the ground, the woman stretched out one of her limbs, which went across the rail, and the car passed over it, severing her foot from her body.

At the point in question, there is a double track, where the cars pass each other, and just as the accident happened, car 17, going west, came along. Into this the unfortunate victim was pressed, writhing with the pain, and was quickly conveyed to the corner of State and Second South streets, where medical aid was summoned. Anesthetics were applied and the patient made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The ambulance from St. Mary's Hos-