

parent that we were too much crowded there, and an adjournment was taken to the "Where wharau" (a large booth, over 100 feet in length, made from branches of trees), in which the greater part of our meetings were held.

At each meeting a spirit of peace prevailed; and, in fact, throughout our entire conference, whether in meeting or during intermission, the same spirit was present. Several of the Elders present were heard to remark that it was one of the most peaceful and instructive conferences they had ever attended.

Through the excellent counsels given, and encouraging remarks made by the Elders and others who were called to address the congregation, the Saints were built up in their faith, and enabled to return to their homes with more determination and stronger desires to live their religion than ever before.

Our Elders' meeting, held on the 8th, was one ever to be remembered by those in attendance. Elder Richards, our president, called the assembly to order at 9:30 a. m., and it was 3:45 p. m., when the closing prayer was offered. Each Elder spoke in turn, relating his experience, testifying of the goodness of God unto him while in the performance of his duty, and asking for the faith and prayers of his fellow laborers. At times the Spirit of God was so abundantly manifest that not a dry eye could be found in the room.

Elder Richards spoke to us at length, explaining our duties more fully and showing the responsibility devolving upon us, of warning the inhabitants of these islands of the judgments soon to be poured out upon the nations of the earth, and of calling all to repentance. Many important questions were asked, all of which were fully and ably answered by our worthy president.

Each outgoing train, on the 8th, conveyed Saints to their respective homes. Tuesday, February 9th, found the Elders taking their departure for their fields of labor, each with a determination to perform his duty to the best of his ability, as God should give him strength.

Our annual conference convenes in the Wairapa district, at the south end of this island, on April 4th, and continues three days, for which the president and mission clerk are now en route. WALLACE C. CASTLETON.

WANTS MORMON ELDERS.

DOVER, Tenn., April 18th, 1897.

Perhaps you will be surprised to hear from one so far away, and who is as yet a non-Mormon. I live in Stewart county, Tennessee, and never saw but two Mormons in my life until about one year ago, when a couple of humble Elders, from Utah, called at my house and left a tract. I was not at home at that time; but on reading it, I found that Mormonism was quite different to what I had heard it was. So, a few days later, the Elders were passing again; I had just finished my dinner. They called to me and said they were going to hold meeting at a schoolhouse. I invited them in, and we had a conversation until they had finished dinner. They then left with me a Voice of Warning. These two Elders were E. E. Brown, of Salt Lake City, and Raymond Wentz, of Provo City, Utah—the first two Mormon Elders that I ever saw, I have seen two since and would like to see more. The last

two were Elders Olef C. Olson, of Hooper, and James H. Yardley of Beaver, City, Utah.

All this time I have been investigating Mormonism. I was a Baptist minister, but I now belong to no organization. I was convinced of the apostasy, and withdrew from all; and now I am almost a Mormon. I lack baptism and confirmation. It is no use for me to state that I have but few friends in my neighborhood. I don't know of one that believes in Mormonism right around me. The Elders tell me there are lots of friends to them in the county, and one lives but a few miles away from me.

The Elders have went into another county to labor, and I do not know when I will see any more of them. I hope it will not be long. My latch string is on the outside for them when they do come. I have but little, but they are welcome to share it.

We are now mourning over the loss of our youngest child, a boy nineteen days old, who died March 22nd. We have one child, a little girl, left to cheer our home. C. C. JOHNSON.

MIDDLE TENNESSEE CONFERENCE.

JACKSON, Madison County, Tenn.,

April 19th, 1897.

In our weak way we are trying to keep pace with the rapid strides that are now being made in the work here. The past two weeks we have been canvassing the seventeenth district of this county, in which we met some opposition at first.

There have been no Mormon Elders through this part for a number of years, and many of the people never saw one in their life. So, the old story, that we have from seven to seventy wives, still rings in their ears.

Many people thought that we had come to entice their wives and daughters with us to Utah, they not realizing that polygamy was a thing of the past, and that if it were not, the Mormons never engaged in the enticing business.

With little difficulty we succeeded in obtaining permission to hold meetings in the school building. On arriving to fulfill our first appointment, we were confronted with the following notice, which was tacked on the door:

NOTICE:

We give you Mormon preachers, as you claim to be, fair warning to get out of this part of the country at once, for we do not want such tramp preachers, and we are not going to have them; we have got preachers to preach the Gospel to us. We have got white caps in this part of the country, and if you don't get out at once you will have to take what follows.

COMMUNITY.

Mr. William Allison, the school director, tore the notice from the door and promised us protection. We proceeded with our meeting as though nothing had happened. Our congregation was small, and all men with the exception of one woman. As our series of meetings continued the congregation increased in size, until the house was filled to overflowing with men and women.

At the close of our second meeting an old gentleman came up and gave us a hearty grip and said: "Those are my sentiments, gentlemen. I am a poor man, but I have some meat and bread. Consider yourselves welcome at any time, and I will expect you to call on me before you leave the neighborhood. We

had many invitations to call on the people before we were through.

At the close of our last meeting, two ladies came to us and said: "You have told our belief better than we could ourselves," and insisted that we should visit them at their homes.

We sold, loaned and gave away a great many Voices of Warning, and all received our little tracts.

During the following week, as we were canvassing and making our appointment in another neighborhood of a series of meetings that we expected to hold there, we called at a large farm house, and a lady, of about 50 years, received our message. She was quite surprised to find that we had the audacity to come into that enlightened community with Mormon doctrine. In a very few words she was convinced that she had only heard one side of the story, and had just quieted down as her son came up. As soon as he found that we were Mormons he ordered us off the place, using words of an immoral character, and declaring that we should not hold meetings in that neighborhood. As we were leaving, we met his father, explained to him what had happened, gained his friendship, and he promised us that he would be at our meetings. He also apologized for his son's conduct.

Our meetings were a success, and we eradicated from the minds of the people, much of the prejudiced feelings that existed toward us and the people that we represent.

During our stay in that vicinity we were royally entertained at the farm houses where we were ill treated but a few days before; and our friend did all he could toward us procuring church buildings in the future, and thought we ought to get a hearing in all communities.

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." And, as our worthy president says: "There is no limit to the capacity of a servant of God for doing good, if he will serve Him and keep His commandments."

JOHN L. BENCH, JR.,
RAY V. WENTZ.

MISSIONARIES IN TENNESSEE.

HENDERSON, Tennessee,

April 16th, 1897.

I left my home September 3rd, 1896, for a mission to the Southern States. I was appointed to labor with Elder A. L. Cullimore; I met my companion in Laurence County on the 18th of September. After paying the Saints and friends a visit, we bade them good-bye and started on our journey to Chester County a distance of ninety miles, with a "grip and umbrella pass." We entered Henderson the county seat last night and praying and now we have finished canvassing this county. We being the first Elders in this county we found much prejudice against our people, but it has been lessened and dozens of friends have been made, many of which shed tears at seeing us leave them. There are a number who have expressed themselves as being ready for baptism, only they are afraid of persecution. There are bright prospects for a future harvest here.

We are receiving the best of treatment. At times we are turned away from the doors of some at night, but have learned by experience not to complain, for there is always a kind friend