

Coeur d'Alene, and nine miles by railroad to Past Falls, Kootenai county, Idaho, we were met by Mr. Samuel Young, who once lived at Preston, Oneida county, Idaho. He took us two miles to his home and made us very welcome. Mr. Young has a farm of 160 acres joining on Spokane river. It looks provoking to see a large body of water passing to waste sixty feet below his orchard of 300 trees, which are partially perishing for want of water—running to a washout into the Pacific ocean. Thousands of acres of land are similarly situated. A lot of Mormon boys out here would have this river out over the country. Mr. Young, a member of the Methodist church, was surprised to have their church doors closed to the Latter-day Saints. But we obtained the Grand Army Hall for two meetings, Sunday, at 3 p. m. and 8 p. m., 30th inst.

This country underwent a boom a few years ago, when Past Falls went up at fever heat; but now it is down below zero; many empty houses, and several went up in smoke, but they were heavily insured. This part of the country is in a very sad condition. We have taken a picture of Past Falls where a man working at the saw mill went down never again to be found. Two miles below these falls, at high tide, a woman, a man and his son were drowned. We have promised to visit a man over the river on Saturday and eat fish from this river with him. He is the husband of the woman who met the sad fate of a watery grave. A small boy was left on shore with great remonstrance. The woman said if anything happened to them he could give the alarm, and it was the only alarm given, which brought relief. The boat nearly reached the opposite shore when it tipped all out but the son of the woman, who with the others was struggling in the swift current. One boy caught hold and climbed a tree. The boy in the boat, with one oar and water in the boat, followed with desperate strokes after his mother, and after a long chase was nearly ready to grasp her when the boat sank under him. He barely gained a tree, climbed up and remained until 11 p. m. before he was rescued; but the poor mother was lost. The man and boy, who lived on Mr. Young's farm where we now are, also met a watery grave, hence three out of the five were lost. These are sad tales of Past Falls. The man who was thus bereaved of his wife told us the sad tale with heavy heart. He said he should leave the country. We shall try and console him on our visit with him by enlightening his mind in regard to the Mormon hope of joining our wives, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and friends on the other side; the present parting being only temporary with those who have made their calling and election sure through the laws of a restored Gospel, priesthood and sealing power, which like Peter's sealing on earth is confirmed in heaven.

Peter received a revelation as to who Christ was, and Jesus said He would build His Church upon this rock of revelation. As a Christian minister lately said to me, a "church without revelation is no church at all, but," said he, "Mr. Stevenson, it is death in the pot to preach it in our day of unbelief." The sealing power has been restored to the Prophet Joseph Smith, to seal husband and wife for this life and for the life to come. Now, if we can open the eyes of

this bereaved family and lead them into the door of Christ's Church we shall have conferred upon him more value than all this part of northern Idaho. Let us hope that our meeting here on the banks of this river of sad scenes and events may not be in vain.

Our visits and two very successful meetings were in Past Falls, nine miles only from where Judge Hogan died a little more than a year ago; he was a Utah barrister, who married a Young and soon left her a poor widow.

One man said, "If that is Mormon heaven, for a man to enjoy his privileges, where there are no more tears, or parting, to me it is superior to going beyond the bounds of time and space, to hunt for heaven." One Mr. Ross came for one of our cards with our address and Articles of Faith, and said: "where were you in 1846?"

"With the Mormons, of course." "Then I saw you with the Mormons in exile to the West, for they passed my house in Iowa."

"But sir, did you then see that we should build up cities and Temples, making a salt land not inhabited abound with pools, roses, happy homes Temples and cities from Canada on the North to Mexico on the South?"

One woman came up to the stand saying "I want to shake your hands for I heard this doctrine when a young girl; I loved it then, I love it still." One more said, "I paid my money to build the Methodist Church but not to shut its doors against such Mormonism as you preach." One of the trustees said, "we have in our library a book that speaks hard against the Mormons, and we have read Anna Eliza Young, on Mormonism." "Yes, sir and it was just such lies that murdered our Savior" "well," said he, "it is not to gentlemen like you that we close our church, but Mormonism; but I shall come and hear you at the Grand Army Hall." He did come and many others, and we felt that Utah was better represented by our friends, than by our enemies; for such we feel to thank God, as ambassadors of so good a cause. This is a hard country but doubtless some good sheep are hereabouts.

EDWARD STEVENSON,  
M. F. COWLEY.

#### IN NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

AUGUST, 25th, 1896.

Permit me space in your most valuable paper for a few items from the Nottingham Conference, as I have not seen anything in your paper from this part for some time past and our experience for two months has been of an exciting and interesting nature. During the pleasant summer evenings we have made good use of the market place and the highways in disseminating the Gospel truths. We met with very good success, having large crowds to speak to almost every evening. This seemed to enrage the ministers and preachers of the town so they protested against us leading away their flock and teaching them such "trash" as baptism for the remission of sins when Christ "did it all!" They said our way was a difficult one to travel: it was like going over the tops of the houses when we could walk smoothly along the street. It did not take long to convince them that we had more scripture to sustain our belief than they had, so they left us but only to return again at our next meeting, armed, not

only with the weapons of falsehood (anti Mormon book,) but with a host of their followers to help execute their un-Christian-like plans. However we succeeded in holding our meeting, but were interrupted time and time again, by these preachers wanting to ask questions and the yelling of the crowd. Things kept getting worse so we closed our meeting and started to make our way home, but they began playing football with our hats. This did not seem to satisfy them so they would occasionally strike us. We made our way to some officers and they started us through a narrow alley, while they kept back the crowd. We thought we were now freed from the mob but on reaching the other opening we found a great many awaiting our arrival. Seeing they would not leave us above we sought protection at police headquarters, where we were freed from our pursuers.

The following week I went to Guild hall and asked the officers to give us protection at our meetings. They said we should have the same protection as others, but would advise us not to hold any open air meetings that week. We took this advice and did not hold our regular Thursday night meeting. But there was a large crowd gathered at our old stand. Not finding us there they made their way to our abode, where they pounded on our door and window trying to get us to come out. Things got so bad that Brother McOne and Jaques went for an officer, who soon came and dispersed the crowd. We have held meetings since this, but have had the strong arm of the law to protect us (a policeman).

When our professed Christian teachers found that they could not stop us by mob violence, they tried another way, by inviting Jarman to their assistance. We were notified of their arrangements and asked if we would furnish a man to debate with him. I told them we might do so if Mr. Jarman would meet us on our Articles of Faith. They wrote to find out, and in a few days I received a challenge. [The language of this challenge is unfit for publication.] This not being our Articles of Faith I declined to have anything to do with him.

The opposition engaged the Mechanics' Hall for one week, where Jarman spoke upon the blood curdling topics so familiar to his tongue. Nottingham and district had been billed, tracted and preached in for two weeks previous to the lecture. All worked hard, they seemed to be making the last great struggle to take vengeance on us who were teaching a Gospel that they were afraid was true. One man said: "I have given up my profession as preacher until I find out if you are right. I believe the words of Paul which say, there is but one Lord, one faith, and one baptism." Jarman arrived on Monday the 17th inst., and in the evening displayed his excellence to a well filled house. On Thursday evening there was not so many in attendance, but he did his best to get the sympathy of the people by telling them what he had suffered under the hands of the Mormons. How he lived four months in the mountains with the lions, tigers, bears, etc., living on the bark of trees and such other things as the wild animals would eat, and of his final rescue by General Garfield. At the close of his lecture a young man walked to the platform and asked the privilege of speaking for a