

being upon the water eleven and a half days, the whole trip occupying some eighteen days. There were crowds of people upon the docks awaiting the arrival of the ship. As we neared the platform, I recognized John Burrows in the crowd and whistled to him. He immediately recognized me, and after a short greeting we passed through the custom house and then to this office, where we met President Lund and Bro. Parry, who were very glad to see us. We ate supper and thanked the Lord for preserving our lives and for the blessings we enjoyed during our travels.

Yesterday we held a short meeting, and received some general instructions regarding our labors. We then received our appointment. Brother McKinnon to Scotland, I to Nottingham conference. Well, I have had a good time en route, and now feel like settling down and going to work with a will and a determination to do what I have been called to perform. I expect to leave for Nottingham tomorrow morning and to make the trip alone, but I shall be all right and arrive there safe. Tell W. I am in the soft water country at last.

Nottingham, June 30th.—I arrived here in Nottingham last Saturday afternoon, having received my appointment to labor in this conference several days ago. Saturday morning I bade adieu to the Elders who are to labor on the continent and also to those in the Liverpool office, and in company with Brother Parry I went to the Central depot, where he placed me on the train and attended to my baggage. In a few moments I was off, and the trip through the green fields and past the trees and hedges and flowers were very fine.

I arrived here at 3:15 p. m., and took a cab for headquarters (49 Sabina street) where I now am located for a short time. Of course I was the object of a great deal of curiosity along the road, and have been ever since. Here I met Brothers Hunsaker and McCune of Salt Lake, who have been here for several months, and who are laboring in this town; also Sister Lucy Smithurst, who is cooking for them, and who lives at Old Radford.

Saturday evening we held a Mutual, and I met quite a number of Saints, including Brother Hinson, who knew grandmother Amott and who attended her funeral. He told me how he used to sit with grandmother and hear her tell about the Gospel. We held a good meeting that evening and I spoke a few words.

Sunday morning we went to Sunday school, which is held in Temperance Hall, near the Vaccination station, St. Ann's street. All the more important meetings of the Saints are held here. I met Brother Barber, who invited me to dinner. We went through the cemetery, where we visited the grave of Elder Jesse Yelton Cherry, who died May 20th, 1865, aged 24 years. At Brother Barber's house I met his wife and son. After having a good dinner, we returned to the chapel and had a good meeting. Here I met some more Saints who knew grandmother. After meeting Brother Hinson invited me to tea, and on the road we stopped and visited the house where grandmother lived and died. I will have a picture of it taken.

Arriving at Brother Hinson's, in company with two young ladies, we had tea and returned to chapel, where I preached

my first sermon, taking the fulfillment of prophecy for my subject.

After this meeting we went to the market place and held an open air meeting, and here is where the fun began. Last Thursday the Elders and Saints held a meeting there and were driven off, being followed home by the crowd, and all were covered with flour, and told not to come again, or they would be broken up. Brother Hunsaker and I arrived there rather early, and saw several of the reverend gentlemen awaiting our arrival, pacing up and down the street, as though they could not control any longer their evil desires. We spoke to them and they answered. In a few minutes about twenty Saints arrived in company with Brother McCune, who is only eighteen years of age.

We formed a circle and commenced our meeting. Several of the brethren spoke, but they were mocked, slurred, hissed and laughed at, called liars, frauds, deluders and all the evil names imaginable, until I could hardly hold my temper. Mr. Glubber, our chief antagonist, was directly back of me, calling us liars and trying to crowd through and disturb us. I would not let him pass. They had a dozen on the outside, working up the crowd to a high state of excitement and several were passing little sheets of paper (Mormonism exposed—a notice of Jarman's books) around. They pass hundreds of them every meeting we hold.

We had just closed our meeting when one of our opponents was invited to speak. But he would not come in the ring. He called us awful names, while those on the outside incited the crowd to mob us. The leader must have given the signal, for in a moment they charged down upon us, and we were hemmed in a surging mass of over a thousand people, who were dragging and pushing us all over the street, trying to floor us, so they could trample on us; but we were up to their game, and they did not succeed. They did, however strike some of us and knocked our hats off, and I must say used us for a foot-ball, as we were almost carried in the crowd, until six policemen arrived and quelled the disturbance to some extent. They put the Elders in a narrow passage, so we could escape, but before getting through we found that the crowd had gone around and stood waiting for us at the other end. They followed us for some distance, continuing their abuse. One man struck Brother McCune on the head, so he immediately turned around and caught him full in the face, knocking him down on the pavement, to be trampled on by his pals.

Some of the Saints went direct home, others sought protection at the police station. From later accounts we learn that none were injured. We returned home safe and had a good laugh over it all. We intend to hold another meeting there on Thursday night.

Mother, don't think for a moment that we are in danger, for we are not, and the police promise us protection at our future meetings. I am well and am enjoying my labors immensely, and have not the least fear but what we shall come out victors in the end. Don't consider for a moment that I am complaining, for such is not the case, and the Lord will see that we come out ahead in the end.

Yesterday I strolled around the town and visited some of the old places. In

the evening Brother Bailly returned from the country—he is the president of the conference, and we went to Arnold, about four miles, to administer to a sick sister.

The Saints out here are all right. I do not believe I ever saw a real Saint until I got out in the world, nor a very wicked one either. I never met such good people in my life—good in every way.

I am in the best of health and thoroughly enjoying my mission. Next Sunday I shall be out of Nottingham, preaching in some country town.

Give my regards to all inquiring friends, and tell the boys not to get impatient at me not writing, for there is so much to attend to I cannot find time at present.

July 3rd.—Your welcome letter of June 16th was received last evening. I was glad to hear you were feeling better, and that you are all well. I tell you a word from a loving mother, when one is far away, goes farther than all the money one could carry.

Times in England (at least this part) today are exciting, more so than they have been for some years, some of the older members saying they never saw the people so bitter. It seems as though I was going to receive my medicine during the first part of my mission.

Last night we were to hold a meeting in Sneinton Market, but the police told us not to do so. So Brother McCune and I took a walk down town. We were spotted and followed by two young girls, who are employed by our opponents. Returning home, we found Sabina Street full of people, but, slipping through the crowd unnoticed, we arrived home. The people evidently had been expecting us to hold a meeting in the market, and being disappointed over it and becoming enraged had formed a mob to drive us out of the place. On the outside they were calling and hooting us, kicking the door and pounding upon the window, and telling us to bring those girls out we had concealed inside, (something like the mob around Lot's house in Sodom.) The noise becoming unbearable, Brother McCune and I slipped out the back way, and over to the police station, where we summoned a "bobby" and had the crowd removed, after they had filled the room with dirt and other truck.

The afternoon before, we met our two worst opponents while out tracting, and they told us they were going to break up our meeting that night, and would have laws passed to drive us out of England entirely, one of them saying he would like to hang us all in the market. Of course we laughed; but judging from the manner in which they addressed us one would be led to believe they were in earnest, and no doubt would do us harm if they could. When out tracting, we meet with a few hot receptions, such as having doors slammed in our faces. All we can do is to laugh when thus treated. Our girls at home can thank their stars they are in Utah, and not here, where wickedness is supreme.

Of course we have been promised protection from the police, but as yet we have no definite plan to follow, as we are at the station every day and our case is not yet decided. Next Sunday our enemies are determined, so they say, to drive us from Nottingham, but not one of us has the least fear that they