

MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

147 KIRK ROAD, Wishaw,
September 4, 1896.

We send you a paper with the account of an open-air meeting held at Garrion Bridge, Sunday, August 30, 1896, with the request that you publish the same in your paper. The day was very wet, for it had rained for two or three hours. But in spite of the wet weather some people came for nine miles to attend that meeting. You will see from the account given that Satan sought to use them for his own purpose, for he knew the servants of God were there and that they were preaching His Gospel. We made many friends there who began asking us questions about the Book of Mormon, and the Prophet Joseph Smith, and as a result we think some are investigating the Gospel, for which we thank our Father in heaven.

We are holding an open air meeting every night this weather will permit, and sometimes two. They are advertising us in good shape in front of every news shop. They have it posted on the bulletin board "Mormons at Clydeside." We feel gratified to them for advertising us and the cause of truth so well.

We feel as though this part is a beautiful field and in the near future will bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

ROBERT CAMERON,
HARVEY E. COLTRIN,
THOMAS W. JONES,
GEORGE STEWART.

WISHAW, Lanarkshire, Scotland,
Sept. 1, 1896.

We are holding open-air meetings at Garrion Bridge on the river Clyde, three miles from Wishaw, and are receiving much attention from the newspapers and others. Brother George Stewart of Malad, Idaho, and myself, and Thos. W. Jones of Montpellier, Idaho, have been laboring in said district for the last six months. We have held open-air meetings on the bank of the Clyde almost every Sunday, the people coming from different parts of the surrounding country to hear us preach the word of God. The crowd of people increased every Sunday until they reached upwards of three thousand souls. Different denominations sent their speakers to oppose us. We had nice quiet meetings on our part, we occupying from one hour to an hour and a half. Then others would follow us, trying to show where the Mormons were wrong, which they failed to do.

One preacher, a Campbellite, said he would expose Mormonism the following Sunday. The excitement grew so much that on that Sunday the paper said there were four thousand people there. The following Sunday he commenced to "expose" Mormonism by reading from a book entitled Rocky Mountain Saints, written by F. B. H. Stehhouse, commencing at the Mountain Meadow Massacre, which he threw so much stress on that the people hissed him and told him to "shut up," that they did not wish to hear such trash. If they could not show that the Mormons were wrong to keep quiet. This enraged him and he began to call us imposters, false teachers, and everything but gentlemen. After he finished Brother Stewart replied

saying it was the same old story, as he knew just how the preacher of any one else would expose Mormonism—that they would refer to Stehhouse or some such writings, which were faulty from beginning to end. We read a few remarks from a book published in England by Phil Robinson which gave a very flattering account of the Saints in Utah.

We then proceeded with our own meeting as usual, gave the people a good sermon on the principles of the Gospel, bore our testimonies to the truth of the Gospel and that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God. At this meeting some said there were ten thousand people. We put it at eight thousand. After closing our meeting we stated that we would have another as usual on Sunday at 6 o'clock at that place.

When Sunday arrived we proceeded to the "bric." We did not expect to see any one, for it had rained all day. We arrived there at 5:30 p. m. and to our surprise there were about a thousand people, both men and women, with coats and umbrellas to keep them dry. Before six o'clock arrived, it quit raining. The Campbellite asked us to let him have the first hour and we to take from 7 p. m. on, which we did. He spoke from the sixteenth chapter of Acts, picking up what we had said on it the Sunday previous. He had spoken about 30 minutes when a speaker of a different denomination said that what he was saying was not correct. They began to quarrel between themselves, calling each other liars to and fro for thirty minutes, and was still going on when we stepped forward and said our time had come to commence our meeting. They gave away very reluctantly and we commenced by saying "O my Father;" then prayed. Brother Stewart spoke a short time on the Holy Ghost and I followed, stating that if it was Christianity so-called that had been going on for the last half hour by those who came to expose the Mormons, I did not wish any of it. I stated the Spirit of God was not in such proceedings. They commenced to interrupt me, but the crowd told them to keep quiet and let us finish, which we did. Brother C. Coltrin and Robert Camrow were there—two Elders present beset us ourselves. We all bore our testimony to the work of God and that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God. We had at least two thousand people to listen to us.

If a fine day next Sunday we will have at least two thousand people to hear us. We have a meeting on the street corner every evening that the weather will permit and often two meetings. We asked the president of the Scottish conference to send in two more Elders—which he did, Brothers Camrow and Coltrin, as we had so much to do and so many places to visit, we could not do it alone. We expect considerable good will be done here before long.

GEORGE STEWART,
THOMAS W. JONES.

Boise Mail 18th: Sid Head, aged about fifty years, was run over by an ore wagon near Halley last Sunday and fatally mangled. He formerly lived in Boise and Silver City.

FROM ILLINOIS.

PICKENVILLE, Perry Co.,
August 28, 1896.

Perhaps a short sketch of my travels may be interesting to you and give a little idea of my missionary life. When I left home and friends in Zion to make my home among strangers I had but little idea of missionary work. The Lord has blessed me and raised up friends to me in the time of need.

I was first appointed to labor at Taswell, Crawford county, Indiana, where I remained for ten months, distributing tracts and holding meetings wherever we had opportunity. We held from sixteen to twenty meetings a month, made lots of good friends and allayed considerable prejudice. During my labors at Taswell we had the privilege of baptizing eight honest souls into the Church. We met with considerable opposition among the preachers, but the Lord was with us; we had the truth to give to the people and evil had to give way. One big preacher on one occasion advised his congregation to have nothing to do with them Mormons "for," said he, "if you enter into an argument with them they will beat you."

We went to our conference and had a grand time. Thirty-nine Elders met at Marion, Ill., you can imagine what hand-shaking we had; Oh! such a surfeit of love I never before witnessed. Now comes the hard part of our labors to separate again and go to our new fields. At this time I was appointed to labor at Pickneyville, Perry county, Ill., in connection with Brother Buchanan. We entered our new field by fasting and prayer, and we asked God to raise up friends to us, and He has answered our prayers. At first it looked very dark here, as there were lots of prejudice against us. But we put our trust in God and went on doing our duty the best we could, distributing tracts and holding meetings wherever we could. Finally we found some Saints in this county that had not seen an Elder for eight years. We were very glad to see them, and they were to see us. We held some meetings with them and gave them spiritual food, we then made our headquarters with them and held meeting every Sunday. Our meetings are well attended generally.

We have succeeded in getting some to investigate the Gospel, and last week we had the honor of baptizing four more honest souls into the Church of Christ. One of them, named Christian Schmidgall, after he was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church, said to me, "Brother Empey, I have faith that if you will lay hands on me my eyes will be better." Brother Schmidgall had very bad eyes, almost so bad as to lose his sight. I called on my companion to anoint his eyes with oil, and then we unitedly laid our hands on his head and asked God to restore his sight; we also rebuked the pain. As soon as we took our hands off his head he said the pain all left him, and that he could see better. The next Sunday Brother and Sister Schmidgall came twelve miles to our meeting. So we said to him, "Who cured your eyes?" He bore a faithful testimony to them and said that God through His servants had cured them. He doesn't hardly know how to be