

this part of the state, making our doctrine something new to most of the people.

We have had two applications for baptism—the head of a family and his wife; they have three children who are old enough to be baptized. They are good, honest-hearted people, seemed to be on the watch for us, and when we preached the Gospel to them they were convinced at once that it was what they were in need of if they expected to gain salvation.

We believe that a great deal of good can be accomplished in this city, and that there will be a good harvest some day; for the prejudice that existed when we first came here is fast disappearing—quite a number of people are beginning to wake from their long spiritual sleep. We have met a few men in this city who were acquainted with the Prophet Brigham Young, and who speak of him as being one of the greatest men this nation has ever known. One minister, in preaching on Mormonism, said of President Young that "he stood head and shoulders above any statesman that has ever lived in this country."

We are enjoying very much our labors as followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and although treated with scoffs and scorns by some of the people we always console ourselves in the thought that we are doing that which we have been called to do by the Lord through His Prophets. **ANDREW LARSEN.**

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

ELKMONT, Limestone County, Ala.,
February 8th, 1897.

Having seen but little in your paper of late from North Alabama, and desiring not to be forgotten by our many friends and associates at home, we take pleasure in submitting for publication a few lines, and trust they will be accepted and read with interest by those who have the welfare of the great missionary work at heart.

Although we are down in what is commonly called the "sunny south," we sometimes feel the need of the warm wraps that are of necessity resorted to in the mountains during the cold and blustery winter months. To be convinced of this fact one only needed to be here the last week in January just past, when we had two inches of snow, and the thermometer registered 10° below zero. This, however, is a little unusual for the south, and something that is not very much appreciated by the people, especially the poorer class, whose houses are not in a condition to keep out the cold frosty air.

The Southerner makes good use of his fireplace during the cold weather, not daring to venture out more than is really necessary; and the amount of wood that is burned by one family here would supply two families in the north where heaters are used.

Notwithstanding the cold weather during the past week, we had a spiritual feast which will be long remembered by us.

Saturday evening, January 30th, we were met at Centre Hill by our beloved president, Albert Matheson and companion, Elder Erastus Christianson, whose smiling faces and congenial spirits made our hearts rejoice to that extent that no one but an Elder in like circumstances can realize.

As the Methodist brethren had granted us the privilege of using their church,

we held several spirited meetings with the good people of Centre Hill, being royally entertained by Mr. John Jennings, whose house has been a home for the Mormon Elders for several years past, and whose noble helpmate (Sister Jennings) has been a member of the Church for some twenty years, having been baptized by Elder John Morgan while living in the state of Georgia.

From there we walked ten miles south, where we had meetings appointed in the Bethel church, owned by our Campbellite or Christian brethren. Here we held a half a dozen meetings, which were well attended considering the weather, and much interest was manifest. Among those who administered to our necessities were Parson Pepper, pastor of the church, Mr. Isom and Mr. Bridges, elders in the church, who accorded us every right and privilege they would wish themselves, and upon our leaving them gave us to understand that their church was open to us at any time, and they wanted us to be sure and give them another call.

Thus we see the Lord is going before us and preparing the hearts of the people to receive us. We know by our own wisdom it would be impossible for us to convert one soul to the Gospel of Christ, and unless our Father in heaven will bear witness with His Spirit that we are indeed His servants, teaching His Gospel, our labors will be fruitless.

Our last night together was spent at the home of Mr. Josephus Crafts; and to say that we had an enjoyable time would not be expressing it in loud enough terms. Sister Crafts (who, by the way, is a Utah lady, having been born and reared in Utah county, but having come to this country with her husband who was reared in the east, thinking perhaps they might better their circumstances,) prepared a grand reception for us. In setting down to her table, which was laden with the most delicious viands the south can afford, we could almost imagine ourselves seated at our dear old mother's table in our far away mountain home. Supper being over, we were ushered into the parlor, and to our surprise found it filled to overflowing with the neighbors, who had come to hear us explain our peculiar, yet Bible doctrine.

The Spirit of the Lord was with us and especially rested upon the speakers, who explained very clearly the principles of truth, each bearing a strong testimony to the restoration of the Gospel. Thus the work of the Lord is rolling on. Many people who once were enemies to the truth here are now its strongest advocates.

Your humble servants having been in the field some twenty-two months, have witnessed a great change in the minds of the people. They are searching more earnestly for the truth. The harvest is ripening fast. So prepare, young men, for the work. Buckle on the whole armor of God, and above all seek for the shield of faith, so you will be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one, who is continually striving to gain the mastery.

The News is ever a welcome caller here; and may it continue to prosper.

**ISAAC HANSEN,
C. L. HAIGHT.**

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

BEL AIR, Harford County, Md.,
February 9, 1897.
In looking over the columns of your

most interesting paper I read the report of the Elders with great interest, and thinking that a few lines from old Maryland would be of interest to your many readers, I submit the following:

Leaving Salt Lake City Tuesday evening at seven o'clock August 27, 1895, which was my wife's birthday, I started for the Northern States mission, Elder William Hill from Rexburg, Idaho being my traveling companion. We traveled on the U. P. railroad to Council Bluffs; from there we took the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad to Chicago and then changed to the B. & O. railroad, and landed in Cumberland, Maryland, Saturday morning, August 31.

We were met there by Elders Cornelius Richardson, Heber Bolls, Charles Morris and Reuben A. Perkes. We then walked over on Baltimore street to a hotel and ordered breakfast, but not being used to the colored waiters I did not enjoy my meal; from there we walked out on the street and looked around a little while, and then went to the Miller hotel, where we enjoyed ourselves for a short time in singing a few hymns, and about twelve o'clock three more new Elders arrived. They were like myself—just fresh from the land that blossoms like a rose. We then ordered dinner and at 2:10 p. m. we started for conference, which was to be held at Pratt, Allegany County, Maryland, a distance of twenty miles. I can assure you it was a hot day, and when we had walked about four miles we new Elders were getting a little behind. About this time we came to a pump and we all helped ourselves to a good cool drink. Just then a gentleman drove up with a four horse team. We asked him if there would be any chance to ride. He said "Yes, jump in," and he had hardly got the words out of his mouth till we were all on and ready for moving. After we had traveled a little way we took out our hymn books and Elder William Hill being a first class singer, took lead in the singing, while our teamster held the umbrella over him to keep off the sun, and I tended brake. And such a time we did have, I don't think will ever be forgotten. We rode with our friend about four miles and then we separated. He went one direction and we went the other. We then had to travel on Shank's pony the balance of the way to conference.

We reached Brother J. L. Robinette's place about 8:30 tired and hungry, and after a few moments rest we were invited into the dining room to partake of the staff of life. I thought it was one of the best meals I had ever sat down to. After supper we went into the sitting room and enjoyed ourselves very well until bed time, when we all retired and had a good nights rest.

Sunday morning, September 1, 1895 we arose from our beds all feeling first rate after our long walk the day before; but we still had three miles further to go, so after breakfast we started out in single file on an old turkey trail through the woods, Mr. McCoy being our leader; and in less than one hour we were at Brother George Hynes's place, where we were going to attend conference, which was held under a bowery on Brother Hynes's place. There were eighteen Elders present and everybody enjoyed themselves.

After conference I was assigned to labor with Elder Reuben A. Perkes, in Fulton County, Penn., where we stayed