

acquaintance to bring with it the love and esteem which are due the pure in heart.

At the close of four months pleasurable labor in that county Elder Ashby was called to part with his beloved companion and friends in Tippah to labor with Elder G. T. Wride of Payson, who, for the same length of time, has been in Franklin county, Ala., with Elder W. S. Chipman, of American Fork. They also have met with much success, making many firm, investigating friends of the truth.

We being great lovers of scenery, fleet of foot and having some friends between Franklin and Etowah counties, decided to walk to our new county. Accordingly, on the 2nd of March, with light hearts and bright hopes for our future success, we started for a pleasant trip, determined to make those we came in contact with our friends if possible. Needless to say we were treated royally.

On the 11th of March, after walking all day through rain, we called at the magnificent residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Carlyle, situated two miles west of Gunterville. They received us kindly and treated us as only refined, hospitable, well-to-do people are able to do. Our conversation, in the spacious parlor, after the family were seated around the glowing hickory-wood fire in the grate, was of a religious nature; therefore a good opportunity presented itself for us to lay before them some of our views, which were listened to with interest, yet some little surprise at the Mormons having so sure a foundation. When on the point of leaving, the very amiable lady of the house gave us the cordial invitation of visiting them whenever convenient. Major Carlyle is a wealthy and distinguished gentleman who honorably won his title in the late war between the North and the South. He owns large tracts of land and much railroad stock.

Arriving at Attalla, five miles west of Gadsden, we found the two cities connected by a dining line, the rolling stock of which is constantly in motion, conveying the people to and from a large cotton factory and car works situated between the two cities. Gadsden is the county seat. It is a city of about six thousand inhabitants. About three miles north of this city, on Black creek, are the Noccalula falls. Traveling through a beautiful grove of Alabama pines one comes suddenly upon the verge of a cliff that overlooks a gorge 100 feet deep. Over this cliff leaps an enormous volume of water, roaring, dancing and whirling, making myriads of colors, chanting in mirthful glee and at last dashing headlong into a grave of its own element, causing the spray to shoot outward and under the cliff over which the water falls. Under this a person may with safety pass, by descending an artificial stair from the south side of the gorge, and go directly under the roaring cataract, out of reach of all spray. Then ascending a natural staircase in the rock, on the north side of the gorge, one comes to the level of the stream above, and then for the first time since entering the gorge does he find time and words to express his astonishment at the grand display of nature's work so beautifully shown. While standing on the cliff

above, gazing on the scene, one is apt to wonder why so many pleasure seekers go to foreign climes to gratify their curiosity, when such masterpieces of God's mighty wisdom and workmanship are in easy reach unexplored. While gazing on this wonderful scene one feels, how insignificant is man, and how much in need of divine aid and wisdom is he who is called upon to be a servant of God.

Your valuable paper from far off Utah is read with great interest here.

G. T. WRIDE,
RODNEY B. ASHBY.

PREACHING IN TENNESSEE.

ELGIN, Scott Co., Tenn.,

March 31, 1896.

I left my home September 1st, 1894, and arrived at Chattanooga September 12th; stopped there a few days and on the arrival of Elder Elias S. Kimball I was assigned to labor in East Tennessee. In company with Elder Kimball and others I left for Washington county, where we held a two days' conference. I was assigned to labor in Sevier county with Elder H. W. Christenson. We opened the conference October 2nd and commenced to canvass from house to house; by the help of the Lord we made many very kind friends, among which two accepted baptism. Then I was assigned to labor with Elder W. L. Hayes in Knox county. While laboring there I traveled with many other companions. I was then assigned to labor in Scott county with Elder J. M. Allen. We opened the county May 14th, 1895, were successful in making many good friends and I am happy to say, some converts. After leaving the county for a short time to spend the two summer months of July and August among Saints and friends, I received a letter from one of our friends in Elgin. I will enclose a copy of the same, thinking that it would encourage some of the investigators of the Gospel and perhaps interest some of the Saints. It should encourage the Elders to work with more energy if possible.

G. B. WINTLE.

Mr. G. B. Wintle:

Brother—I sat myself with pleasure in answer to yours received. I was pleased to hear from you also to learn that you were so well satisfied with your labor. My best wishes are with you and companion. *** I must tell you a circumstance that took place with me. I was suffering untold misery with pains in my ankle, could not put it to the floor or walk one step for three days. I became alarmed about my condition; I did not know where you were or what to do; but I thought I would make the best of it I could. I had your books on the bed to read. I gathered all the faith I could, picked up the book, held it up and candidly asked God if this was the plan of salvation to let me know it by stopping the pains, and if it was not to let me know by increasing the pains to a double portion. I became willing for it to be done one way or the other. I was willing to suffer any afflictions to know the truth. In three minutes' time all pains had left. I have not felt a pain in my ankle since, but was weak for several days. Then I had something to study about. I would wonder if God would hear a man in

my circumstances or not. Some would say he would not; some would make fun of me. But I know I am not mistaken, for the Lord did this to show me the way, the truth and the light. Now I am as willing a man to accept the Gospel as ever lived. I want you to come back and see me as soon as you can. I want you to baptize me when you come back, if you are willing to do so. I am determined to stand by the truth, live or die. So I hope you will read this and answer soon. I am not posted much in the Gospel principles for I never have been taught. I am like a child learning its letters.

G. W. RUSSELL.

MRS. LARSEN'S DEATH.

CASTLE DALE, Emery Co., Utah,

April 14, 1896.

President C. G. Larsen of this Stake asked us to write a few facts about the late illness of his wife Annettie. About six years ago she began to have discomfort from what appeared to be a lump growing in her right side low down. The growth increased in size very gradually until about a year ago when it began to enlarge with extreme rapidity. The tumor became so large that she could hardly stand up and the pain caused by the pressure on surrounding parts became almost unendurable. The heart, liver, lungs and stomach were pressed upwards, making breathing very short and at times difficult, while the downward pressure was also great and resulted in serious derangement of the body's functions.

Last winter Dr. Winters of Orangeville was called and diagnosed the trouble as a cystic tumor. A consultation was held and when there were some prospects of relief from her terrible condition, through operating, she was anxious to have done what was possible. She was operated on Monday morning, April 13th, by Drs. S. H. Allen of Provo and Winters of Orangeville, the operation requiring a little over two hours. The tumor was a large cyst which contained many smaller cysts and all were filled with a gelatinous fluid. Its weight was between thirty-five and forty pounds. The operation was successfully completed, the patient came out from the influence of the anesthetic and talked as rationally as ever, rested comfortably all day and fairly well at night, saying she felt thankful to breathe naturally once more. Tuesday forenoon she seemed to be doing well, but towards the close of the day she began to get worse and passed away Tuesday night from exhaustion. She was 55 years of age and was much reduced in flesh, in strength and endurance by having been in bed a year.

SAMUEL H. ALLEN.
WM. F. WINTERS.

George W. Stevens, a blacksmith, was shot and killed at Modesto, Cal., Sunday, by James Farria, during a quarrel. There was an old feud between the men.

Wm. McGuirk was killed near Raymond, Cal., on Sunday, by Richard McGoon, who had been released recently from the asylum under the supposition that he was cured of his insanity. McGuirk gave no cause for the shooting.