

summer has been very changeable. We sometimes experienced all kinds of weather in the same day. As a rule it is altogether too cold for a person who is used to Utah climate. In the extreme north of New Zealand it is warmer; but even there people can stand it to wear good, heavy clothing the year round. I would advise the Elders who are coming to labor here to secure good, heavy clothing. Woolen underwear is much preferable to light wear.

The annual conference of New Zealand is now over, but none of us were present, as we were from six hundred to seven hundred miles from where it was held, and our means are very limited. Our health is fairly good at present, although I have suffered much pain in my back from the effects of exposure to bad weather, etc. Still I have enjoyed my labors so far, and I have seen the blessings pronounced upon my head literally fulfilled. It is my greatest desire to fill an honorable mission and be the means of doing much good while I am here. I feel that more good could be accomplished if we could have some tracts furnished us, which would give us access to many that we cannot get at otherwise.

With kind regards to all I remain,
Your brother in Christ,
THOMAS L. COX.

ON DESERT AND MOUNTAIN.

On the 19th of November, 1846, the Mormon battalion, marched twenty-three miles and camped by a swamp. The water we had to use emitted a bad smell and was very unpleasant to the taste. As we were nearing camp one of my messmates, Jesse B. Martin, slipped out of ranks and shot a fine antelope and brought to camp; it was a treat for our mess, though it was a risky piece of business for Brother Martin, for orders were that not a soldier leave ranks without permission. The whole country seemed to be alive with herds of antelope. It was trying to half starved men not to disobey orders. On the 20th camp did not move the guides had been ahead and they reported there was no water except at one place and after that, it was their opinion, no more water could be had before reaching the Gila river, one hundred miles distant. The guides had never been through this part of the country, but had traveled across the country north and south of our trail and knew if a pass could be found leadlog over the mountains to the Gila it would save a great many marches. This was what the colonel wanted. He at once called the officers of the Battalion together and it was decided to march south through Mexican settlements where the guides said food and fresh teams could be had.

It was said we were then in the province of Chihuahua, and to pass through the country where the enemy was stationed without meeting with an engagement appeared to many improbable. This idea was so strong in the mind of Father Pettigrew and Levi W. Hancock that they visited every mess in camp, requesting the brethren before lying down for the night to ask the Lord to direct our course for the best. These men

had been appointed by President Young to counsel, advise and to act as fathers to the boys of the battalion, and they did it most faithfully. The next morning by 9 o'clock we were on the march, the colonel at the head of the command, on his white mule. We had not proceeded far when he suddenly called a halt, looking first in one direction and then in another. Suddenly he turned square to the right and swore he was not going all around the world to get to California, adding that his orders were for him to go to California and he was going there or "die in the attempt." The course of march was changed, and feelings of relief and thanks to God, I believe, were in every soldier's heart. Their prayers were answered.

That night we camped without water. The next morning the camp was busy watering the animals until 11 o'clock, having to drive them two miles and a half to water that had been found by the guides the previous evening after we had made camp. Filling our canteens we marched eighteen or twenty miles and again camped without water. Before reaching camp I became sick. This was owing to eating fruit that grew on a weed. It had the flavor of dried apples. It also increased thirst. Others who partook of the fruit also complained of a sickly feeling. How disappointed we were when we learned there was no water in camp, and every canteen was empty. The guides were still ahead in search of water.

Near sunset we saw in the distance a smoke, believed to be a signal that water was found. Early next morning we were on the march and by 1 p. m. arrived at where the smoke was, and there was water, but not one-tenth enough for the men. Orders were given to continue our march ten miles to where it was said water was plentiful, but instead of ten miles it was thirteen or more. The ox teams were still behind. Orders were left for them to camp here. Water was so scarce that I failed to get a drop. Only a few of the men got any to moisten their parched lips. I was told there was a nice hole of water, but the colonel and staff rode up and let their mules drink it. It was after night when the front rank reached the water, on the west side of a dry lake.

I remember how provoking it was that day, for there appeared to be a lake of water only a short distance ahead, but we could never gain on it, as it kept the same distance off. It was a mirage. That day's march was a time of suffering. Men and teams gave out, and were all hours of the night coming into camp. The following day we laid by to await the arrival of the ox teams. At this encampment we met a party of Mexicans who had been out trading with Indians. The colonel purchased a few mules and some of the messes bought dried meats. Owing to it being so fat and oily it was believed to be horse flesh, but we ate it with a gusto all the same. The next day we made 18 or 20 miles in a south-westerly direction, over a rough road; much of it we had to make crossing as we believed the back bone of North America.

On the 27th men began to lag, slip out of the ranks and lie down to sleep until overtaken by the rear guard and

brought to camp. Game was plentiful—herds of antelope and black tailed deer in all directions. The meat of the black tailed deer is not so sweet as that of the antelope, though it is good game and more easily approached, I think, than either the antelope or the Virginia deer. On the 28th the colonel sent for an Indian to learn if there was a pass leading through or over the mountain. Late in the evening the guide brought in a chief of the Apache nation who said there was a trail or pass through which pack animals only could go. The next day the colonel ordered the loads taken out of the wagons and placed on pack mules to be sent over the mountains. I was detailed to lead a pack mule, but feeling so unwell, one of my messmates went in my place. At dusk the packers returned, reporting the road bad and the distance about ten miles.

By 9 o'clock next morning the battalion was on the march with pack animals and empty wagons. In descending, the wagons were let down over ledges and steep places by men holding on to long ropes attached to the wagons. One got loose and rolled down the mountain with such force as to completely demolish it.

On the 2nd of December we marched nine miles and camped by the ruins of some old Spanish buildings, where we were visited by Apache Indians, who had baked mescal roots to sell. These were sweet and nutritious, and the boys were very fond of them.

H. W. BIGLER.

St. GEORGE, Utah, May 26, 1894.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES.

SALT LAKE CITY, May 31, 1894.

On Wednesday, May 9th, J. W. Summerhays and T. C. Griggs, by appointment, left Salt Lake City on the U. P. train to attend the above meetings. Arriving at Milford, 221 miles, at 7:15, and finding no conveyance for their further advance, they "put up" at the "Hotel de Shanty" with "mosquito bar walls." Next morning, there being no alternative, they took the stage via Beaver to Cedar City, the latter place being reached on the early morning of Friday, May 11th, much of the journey being on a melancholy buckboard, crowded with five persons and the U. S. mail, enlivened by a halt from midnight to 2 a. m. while the driver engaged in the dance at Parowan. No one at Cedar knowing of any conveyance being provided for us we engaged passage, a la buckboard, for St. George, into which place we rode at 7 p. m. and were most hospitably received by Stake S. S. Superintendent Richard Morris, wife and two daughters, although the Vermillion dust of "Dixie" gave us the appearance of being two noble red men. Soap, water, combs, brushes, towels, etc., helped our host to identify us as belonging to the "pale faced" race. Superintendent Morris soon proved himself to be a man of extended and special experience and not wanting in conversational powers. No arrangements having been made for conference meetings on Saturday, which was a disappointment to us, we spent the day in visiting friends and forming