

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## COLORADO MISSION.

Colorado Mission, 1139 South Evans Street, Denver, Colo., Oct. 21, 1897.

Conference of the Denver branch of the mission was held Saturday and Sunday, October 16 and 17; a general good time was the result. Saturday was spent hearing reports of presidents of conferences and in giving instructions to new Elders. Sunday was regular conference day; it was not so cold and stormy as the day previous, and consequently more Saints and visitors were in attendance. The forenoon was occupied in ordinations and the setting apart of the Elders who had been called to positions. The speakers of the afternoon were various Elders and Elder John W. Taylor of the Council of Apostles, who is president of the mission. In the evening an ideal meeting was held, at which Elder Lewis H. Oviatt spoke upon the necessity of baptism, and Elder J. H. Grant spoke upon the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost and the gifts of the Holy Spirit. This was pleasantly interspersed with "O My Father" and other songs by the quartet and vocal solos by Elders Ensign and Graham and a violin solo by Elder William C. Clive. The listeners one and all pronounced the meeting a grand success; especially was this the case with the visitors.

It has been ten months since the mission was opened by Elder Taylor with ten missionaries and headquarters at Denver. Other Elders came, conferences were organized, and branches formed until at the present time there are thirty Elders in the field, five conferences, two branches and one hundred and seventeen baptisms, with more applications for the same. The Saints here are exceptionally hospitable and kind, having great love and respect for the Elders. They are also very energetic and sincere. The climate is very favorable, making this one of the best of missions.

At our conference Sunday, October 17th, some changes were made in the mission organization. Elder H. S. Ensign, who had been secretary of the mission and president of the Denver conference, was called and set apart in connection with Elder Fred C. Graham as assistants to the president of the mission. Elder John C. Houston was set apart as secretary of the mission.

The following are the appointments:

Denver Conference—Wm. C. Clive, president and traveling Elder; Arthur Crisfield, president Denver branch; John Underwood, first counselor, Arthur M. Swigart, second counselor, Chas. B. Strong, traveling Elder George A. Campbell, traveling Elder.

Greely Conference—Jos. H. Grant, president and traveling Elder; Chas. R. Jones, traveling Elder, Chas. E. McClellan, traveling Elder, Eli B. Crisfield, traveling Elder, Elias Peterson, traveling Elder, William O. Robinson, traveling Elder.

Colorado Springs Conference—Carl A. Badger, president and traveling Elder; Fred J. Pack, traveling Elder, Charles B. Mann, traveling Elder, Lewis H. Oviatt, traveling Elder, John C. Dalton, traveling Elder, Abraham Y. Taylor, traveling Elder.

Southern Conference—John E. Woolley, president and traveling Elder, John I. Hart, president Pueblo branch; Lochlin J. Smith, traveling Elder, John L. Egan, traveling Elder, Walter Cluff, traveling Elder, Zebedee L. Coltrin, traveling Elder, Edward H.

Davis, traveling Elder, Hyrum S. Hyde, traveling Elder, John Jones, traveling Elder, Roy Fairbanks, traveling Elder.

Western Conference—Herbert A. White, president and traveling Elder; David Mann, traveling Elder.

President Taylor and assistants are now visiting conferences throughout the mission, while the Elders have again gone to their respective fields, being filled with the spirit of God and the Spirit of the cause, and enjoying the best of health. The Elders travel solely without purse or scrip, thus are they fulfillers of the Scriptures, and with one or two exceptions they have had plenty to eat and good night's lodgings. We feel that the work is progressing nicely and good openings are being made for the future, and with the help of the Lord a grand harvest can be reaped in the state of Colorado.

The "News" is always a welcome visitor at the mission house and is perused with great pleasure.

JOHN C. HOUSTON,  
Secretary Colorado Mission.

## TOLD IN THE "BUSH"

Coorparoo, Queensland, Sept. 24, 1897.—Compared with Utah, Australia is full of striking contrasts. The seasons, for instance, are quite opposite between the two places, so that while December begins the winter in Utah, June is the first month of that season here. True "winter's snowy pinion" does not "shake its white down in the air," at least not in Brisbane, but last year ice was found upwards of an inch thick on ponds near this city. This degree of cold with the usual cutting westerly wind from the interior, is very searching. It seems to go through muscle and bone, and at times almost makes a person feel as if he had no warmth in him. This much by way of introduction. The reason why I speak of Australian winters in general and of the month of June in particular is that what I am about to tell happened in that month of the present year.

Soldiers, after the battle is over and the war is ended, are allowed to fight their battles over, and I presume a missionary may be allowed the same privilege, even though the war be far from ended. Mine is no blood-curdling tale of horror, though sad enough. It being agreeable to the reader to follow me, we shall in fancy get up about an hour before daylight on one of these June mornings and start for a little spot in the "bush," near the suburb of Rosalie, about four miles from Brisbane.

The morning is not extremely cold, though sufficiently so to incite a brisk walk through the narrow streets of the peculiarly situated village town. About ten minutes' walk brings us to a hill on the outskirts, up which we pick our way in the darkness of early morn. Pushing aside branches of small trees and twigs of underbrush as we meet them, we ascend to the height of perhaps 150 feet above the town, when we come to a large log, the remains of some forest giant, which is just discernable in the darkness. This log marks the end of our journey. It was here that an event occurred last June which will, I trow, remain always fresh in the minds of at least two persons.

The most searching glance around fails at first to reveal anything extraordinary. Darkness everywhere shrouds nature in its sable mantle. The white ashes near the log would have told that a fire had been recently kindled there if the warmth around that part

of the log and the slight smell of smoke had not already done so. No sound breaks the stillness of that "bush" retreat save the occasional mournful cry, repeated at intervals, of "more pork" from one of Australia's peculiar night birds. Now and then the still more mournful cry of a distant curlew is heard from one of the many gulches near by. The fact that not a leaf stirs, makes it possible for us to hear a noise which though faint and irregular is well known. It is a subdued snore. Directed by the sound we go cautiously towards that portion of the log from which the noise proceeds, and peering over the log see the faint outlines apparently of two forms lying on something white. What are they? Let us retire a short distance and await daylight, and their awakening.

Daylight comes rapidly when the first streaks of dawn appear, and with it also come sounds from other forms of animated nature, but "nary" a thing stirs behind the log. The town in the hollow and sidehill below looks picturesque with the river in the background. Frame houses built on piles they call them stumps, three, six and even fifteen feet high on the hillsides, give the town an odd appearance to the stranger. Much the same design is seen in all of them. Many of the cottages are the same distance away from the sidewalk, have the same style of veranda and the same stone-colored paint on the rustic boards. They all have corrugated iron roofs, and at the back of nearly every house is seen the same corrugated iron water tank, capacity 1,000 gallons. No pleasant spring water here. Nothing but warm, flat rain water caught from the iron roofs and stored in tanks for many a day.

Presently the smoke of the wood fires begin to ascend from one or two chimneys, then from many in a way that according to the old story bespeaks a fine day—but no life was visible around the log. The birds move about in the trees overhead and emit their unmusical chirps. At times our ears are saluted by the loud and hearty laugh from the famous Australian "laughing jackass" as he sits on some high perch, but the sleepers slept on.

Just as curiosity and the freshness of the morning make us impatient, the sound of paper being crumpled is heard and a man's head appears above the log. After brushing away the proverbial cob-webs from his eyes and looking at the tower below for a minute or two, he jumps up quickly and throws his arms around as if to circulate his blood; then gathers a few sticks and soon starts a fire. The fire hardly starts to burn when another form appears behind the log and in a deep bass voice exclaims, as he makes his way over the log to the fire, "Well, I'm not sorry its come. That's the longest night I ever spent."

As the fire warms them laughter was indulged in at the sight of their beds, which are nothing more than a sheet of paper without any covering. They inquire of each other's rest, though it was unnecessary. Their eyes tell very plainly of want of rest. They are young men of medium height, but somewhat fleshier than the average Queenslander. Judging by the color of their hands and faces a stranger might pronounce them bushmen. They looked, in that respect, as men do who clear timbered land and burn off scrub. Burnt cork would not have made a better black than some of the marks on their faces as well as their hands. Their dress, however, at once proclaims them other than bushmen. Each wore a stiff black hat and a black suit of clerical cut, and two grips which we had not noticed before guess a hundred times and not guess