

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper.

IN THE SAMOAN MISSION.

FAGALII, Samoa, Jan. 25, 1894.—On the morning of the 5th inst., Elders Low, Beck, Hilton and Sears together with the writer, left the mission home; the first two named on their way across the island southward, going to their fields of labor; Elders Hilton and Sears bound for their field of labor at the western extremity of Upolu, while I had in view a two or three weeks' tour of the same.

On arriving at the municipality of Apia we parted for our respective destinations. Elder Hilton's horse now became our pack animal, and the way we looked as we went marching along reminded one of a party of prospectors—minus picks and shovels. As we passed along the one street of Apia, there being no other way of getting through the town, the eyes of the people were turned upon us and for a few moments we were the observed of all observers. Soon, however, we were beyond their gaze and enjoyed the pleasure of traveling as we pleased, which was not very fast; for when old Sol sends forth his heated rays one is reminded that slow traveling is preferable, especially here in Samoa.

A walk of about thirty miles, the most of which was through rain and mud, brought us to Lalovi. Along the way the people, contrary to the usual custom, failed to show any "alofo" for us by calling us in their houses to "malolo," we being asked to do so but once. The Saints at L. received us very kindly, and the manner in which they entertained us for the next few days was deserving of much praise. It fills one's heart with joy and gratitude to the great Giver of all good, when he feels that his efforts, though feeble they may be, are appreciated by those who have taken upon themselves the name of the Lord.

On Sunday, the 7th, three well attended meetings were held. Sacrament meeting was specially enjoyed. A good spirit prevailed and a number of Saints spoke very touchingly about the necessity of partaking of the Lord's supper with clean hands and pure hearts. Arrangements were completed for holding our next conference at this place. The branch of the Church located at this end of the island is presided over by Elder Thos. H. Hilton.

I had made up my mind to stop at every house where people asked me to come in; so after parting with the Elders and Saints at L., I traveled along very slowly, stopping to talk wherever opportunity afforded. Thus the week passed till Friday, when Simm was reached. Here Elder J. Beck has charge. For the present, he is alone, there being insufficient Elders to supply the demands. In this field of labor, the writer spent about seventeen months, having crossed the island, which at this point is about twenty miles wide, over thirty times. The Saints here were also feeling well in the work of the Lord as was shown by their attendance at the two meetings which were held on the following Sunday. Monday morning the jour-

ney around the island was continued and Sinpapa was reached on the 16th. Elders Wm. Low and T. S. Court are stationed here, the former presiding.

He had just returned from a visit to the east end of the island, for which part he and the writer left about noon of the 17th, arriving at a good, old brother's home shortly before night. Many of the Elders who have been on Samoa will remember Ifopo, for he has been like a real brother to them. He is the same old Ifopo, and as faithful as ever. We held a meeting in his house on the evening of our arrival.

In this district some historic places were visited, among which were the former home of Mataafa, the rebel king, and of his ancestors.

The tide being well in, we borrowed a boat of some natives and visited a small island about half a mile out. The island is called Namua, and about three miles in circumference. It is owned by Peter Laban, a Swede, who has lived here for over twenty-five years. He is a hermit of the first order, preferring to live in solitude rather than keep company with even his own family. His plantation, consisting of about fifty acres, has been cleared and planted by himself, in doing which he has performed much hard labor. While showing the writer around the place the old man became very enthusiastic and said, holding out his bare arms, "These hands have done all this."

Returning, we made for Sinpapa. As we were passing through one of the villages we observed that meeting was being held by some of the followers of Luther, so decided to attend. The preacher gave the privilege for any one to speak. One having spoken, the writer arose to say a few words. Another person arose at the same time, and as he turned to speak, saw that I had come near the pulpit, too. The teacher, for such their ministers are called, told him to proceed, so I sat down again. After he was through the teacher arose, and after passing a few insinuating remarks about us, closed the meeting.

We then asked for the privilege of holding services in the church, but were refused. In the meantime, some of those who had a desire to hear us speak had arranged for meeting to be held in a native house near by. In a very short time more than fifty had come together and the writer spoke to them on the restoration of the Gospel, warning them to repent of their sins that they may escape the impending calamities which are about to come upon those who obey not the Gospel. Meeting over, we went to see Mr. Frazer, a half-caste, who assisted Elder Dean in getting out his Samoan tract. The next day we returned to Sinpapa, where two meetings were held. Monday evening, the 22d, found me at Fagali again, feeling quite tired and foot-sore, having walked about forty-five miles and that, too, over very rough roads.

While going around the island, the young people would often run towards or from the path, crying at the passer-by: "Ose Mamona, se Mamona," or

in their peculiar way of mocking, sing out at the top of their voices: "Mamona e, Mamona e," this being their pet name for a Mormon. Whilst the unthinking youth delights in flinging such expressions of hatred at us, the older people are more considerate; but even they, in many instances, show a very disrespectful spirit towards the humble servants of the Lord. Surely the words of the Master, "And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake," have had a literal fulfillment in this our day. The minds of this people are filled with all manner of false notions regarding us and our labors here. Some of the white missionaries of other denominations have been so kind as to inform the natives that we have been expelled from our own country for crime committed there, and have come to these far-off isles for the purpose of making a living by depending upon the hospitality of the people, pretending to be ministers of the Gospel in order that we might the more easily obtain their sympathy and receive the necessary food and shelter. Such foolish ideas are, however, gradually giving way to the better judgment of the majority of the people, and they are beginning to discover that we are indeed what we profess to be—the humble followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, and that the Gospel which we preach is the power of God unto salvation to every one that will believe and obey the same.

The work of the Lord is going steadily forward in this part of His vineyard, and the seeds of righteousness which are being patiently sown will ere long spring forth and yield an abundant harvest. All is well with us here, and we feel to rejoice in the good work in which we are engaged, believing that we are laying up in store a good foundation against the time to come, that we, with all the faithful in Zion, may lay hold on eternal life.

Respectfully,
SETEFANO.

Written for this Paper.

WHITHER DRIFT WE?

HARRISVILLE, Weber Co., Feb. 17. —I notice in reading the statistics of the United States department of agriculture, that there is a falling off in the land productions throughout the several states of the Union, which is arousing quite an anxiety in the breasts of our national fathers. Especially is this the case with the wheat product.

The total national estimate for 1893 is about 400,000,000 bushels, being 85,000,000 bushels less than the average crop from 1890 to 1893 inclusive. Notwithstanding this remarkable falling off, there has been a fall in the price per bushel; so that the farm value of the crop is estimated at the comparatively low amount of \$218,171,381. The average farm price per bushel is estimated at about 54 cents, which is believed to be the lowest ever recorded, making the average farm price or returns about \$6 per acre, being about half the farm value of the last two decades. The above ratio is applicable to all other farm cereals, thus making it impracticable for the farmer to hire farm help, for the wage-worker would soon be farming the farmer.

Our families will surely have to