

rod which he had in his hand. That was the end of that part of it; but afterward, she dreamed that she was going down to where there was water, with a pan in each hand, and while trying to get some water, she stepped into the pool, which proved to be quite deep, coming up around her neck. She paddled her way around for some time trying to get out, when she came to a few rushes, and she awoke in this condition. The dream impressed her very much; and while thinking of it, these words came to her:

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow.

She stated that she thought that the last part of it meant that she was going to have some trouble.

I hesitated to tell her what I thought the interpretation of the fore part of it was, because I had such great respect for her. She had been so kind to us and had treated us as good as our own mother could, therefore I hesitated, lest I should offend her. But I was strongly impressed that it was my duty to do so, and my companion felt the same way. She had said that she believed the iron rod denoted authority. I told her that I could tell her the interpretation, but I was afraid it would offend her. On being assured that it would not, I told her that the serpent represented the Reorganized church, which she now had a hold of, but through her honest and true Christianlike disposition, she had prevented it from poisoning her mind yet. "Now," I says, "if we can kill that serpent for you, let us do it." Instead of offending her, it had the opposite effect. It undoubtedly was the same interpretation that she had for it, for tears rose in her eyes. She said that dream was given in answer to prayer. Ever since she had seen us, she had prayed to know whether the Church in Utah had authority or not. She had told Mrs. Lay, before she had seen us, after she heard that we had been there, that she wanted to see us the next time we came in. "Because," said she, "I know that the Lord or the devil, one or the other, has sent them." Something had told her, before she heard of us, that two Utah Elders were in town; and when her husband spoke to her of us, she replied that she knew it.

Then followed a conversation on the succession of the Presidency of the Church, which was interrupted by her sister coming in from the country, and also by a Mr. Savage and his wife (Josephites), who were on their way to Burnum (eight miles south of here), to attend their conference. Before we left the next morning, we told Mrs. Tucker that we were going to hold meeting at Christensen's the following day, at two o'clock. And while we were visiting another family in the town, she went out in the country with her sister, Mrs. Phillips.

After getting dinner at Mrs. Lay's, and conversing with "Grandma" McGowen, Mrs. Lay's mother, and getting our mail, we started out in the country. We reached Indian creek about four o'clock, sat down and waited a few minutes, when Brother Christensen came with his team to take us across the creek. When we got to the house I took out our paper, the DESERET NEWS, and began to read the account of the reception of President Woodruff in Salt Lake City, on his 90th birthday. I had

read part of President Woodruff's remarks, when I felt impressed to read aloud. I looked up and asked them if they would like to hear it. Mrs. Christensen was sewing on the machine, but she quit to hear me read. The Spirit of God was poured out upon us; and, after I got a little farther than where I had read to before, my heart was so filled with joy and thanksgiving, that I could hardly finish reading. We feel to join the Saints in praying to God to continue to bless President Woodruff, our dearly beloved Prophet and friend, with the blessings of heaven and earth, and that his life may be prolonged to lead us on in the glorious cause of truth.

March 7th was a very pleasant day. We all fasted and held meeting in the forenoon, and instructed those who were going to be baptized, on some of the duties of Latter-day Saints. The Spirit of God was manifest to all present. We then prepared ourselves and started for Indian creek to perform the sacred ordinance. There was quite a crowd who had come out to witness the ceremony. Some were on one side of the creek and some on the other. We did not attempt to hold meeting, but notified them of the meeting in the afternoon. We sang the song: "Jesus, mighty King of Zion." Brother Mortensen offered up a few words in prayer to God, dedicating the place to Him for the purpose for which we had come there, and then I went down in the water and administered the holy ordinance to Brother Andrew Christensen, his wife Margrethe, and their two sons, David and Lans. We then went back to the house, and there met Mr. Phillips, his wife, and Mrs. Tucker. After confirming those who had been baptized members of the Church, we commenced our meeting. I spoke upon the subjects of apostasy and restoration. The Spirit of God was present and we had a time of rejoicing, long to be remembered. We sang, and Brother Mortensen dismissed us. Mr. Phillips, who has been considered as skeptical, was favorably impressed with our meeting. He said, afterward, that if we could convince him that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet, he would accept it. He said it would be no trouble to find out where the right successors were. "If," said he, "Joseph Smith was a true Prophet, and the Church set up through him is a fulfillment of the prophecy of Daniel (Dan. ii: 44), then the true Church must be in Utah."

March 9th, we went to town again to make a few visits. In the evening we called at Lay's, and "Grandma" McGowen invited us up stairs, where she told us of an unusual circumstance that occurred at their conference at Burnum. One Mr. Sperlock, had been ordained a seventy, and directly afterward he was overcome by some unseen power and thrown unconscious to the floor, and had been sick since. This had caused a great deal of excitement among them, and "Grandma" was greatly concerned over his welfare. Although, in my opinion, this was a plain rebuke from God, they, of course, looked upon it as an evil spirit, and attempted to rebuke it, to no purpose. Mrs. Lay came in and we were engaged in conversation, when their bishop's agent, Mr. Sparling, came in. He stated that Mr. Sperlock was able to get around when he left. He soon departed, and we followed, going to Mrs. Tucker's, where we

stopped over night. Mrs. Tucker is a noble, God-fearing woman, and was growing more favorable to us all the time, while her husband has been growing more distant. She had been led and schooled in a marvelous manner, by a series of manifestations and visions, to the fact that the true Church is in Utah, and the Reorganization holds an incorrect position; and when she becomes convinced of the truth, it matters not how many oppose her, she will be true to her convictions.

The next day we called on a Mr. Hamilton (a Josephite), and had a conversation with him and some other men belonging to the same church. He proposed a debate between us and Mr. Sparling. We objected to a public debate, but offered to meet Mr. Sparling, with all their members, at Mrs. Tucker's in the evening, and have a friendly discussion, providing that we confine ourselves to the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants.

Later in the day, we called again and met Mr. Sparling there. We had a conversation with him, but he refused to meet us in the proposed discussion. His desire was to make it public, and to bring in anything he desired, which we objected to.

We spent the evening pleasantly at Mrs. Tucker's, and the next day returned to the country, where we are at the present writing.

Our next conference was set for Jefferson city, on the 27th and 28th of the present month.

If there are any Saints who have relations or friends near where we are laboring, who would like to have them visited, we would consider it a pleasure to do so, if they will send us their addresses.

CHAS. H. OWEN.
JESSE L. MORTENSON.

IN A MOUND OF EARTH.

BALLYMONEY, Ireland.

March 26, 1896.

Noticing several items in regard to mound builders and their antiquities in your most valuable paper some time ago; and thinking a few items from this land of the shamrock would be of interest to its many readers, I will endeavor to describe some that are found on this side of the Atlantic. Upon hearing of one being newly opened in this locality, on Wednesday, a beautiful morning, I boarded a train bound for Stranocum, a small village some five miles from Ballymoney, where Alexander Fadue and I are laboring in promulgating the Gospel.

The railroad I went on is a line running to Bally castle, a small watering place near the famous Giant Causeway—a great resort for tourists in summer. On arriving at the station and making inquiries I found that I had to walk some two miles to the mound, or as they are called here. My walk was through the town of Stranocum and the beautiful demesne of Mr. W. Ford Hutchinson, who kindly gave me the privilege of going through and investigating the mounds, which was on his land.

Upon arriving at my destination I found the mounds entirely surrounded by trees, and on ascending to the top I discovered that it was flat, and that some fresh dust had been thrown up. It appears that Mrs. Hutchinson had