

Written for this Paper.
MORMONISM IN KENTUCKY

CATLETTSBURG, Ky.,

March 7th, 1898.

We have had a little experience of our own which we thought to present to you for publication, thinking it might interest others as well as ourselves.

Six weeks ago we came to this city to begin our canvass of the cities of Catlettsburg and Ashland, and have been working steadily. We took up quarters at South Catlettsburg, or, as it is called, Hampton city, at the home of Uncle John Keelin's, a member of our Church.

Our appearance in the city seemed to create a great religious feeling among the people, and a desire on the part of the clergy to do their duty to the people in the way of preaching and try and reclaim the "dear lambs" (to use their own language). They seemed to be animated with a great desire to preach and to make amends for past neglect. Their hearts fairly burned for the dear souls of these people. While we could obtain no place to preach, our mere presence was a great incentive to them to strive harder. We were treated to the rare sight of seeing a Methodist, a Baptist and a Presbyterian, all preach from the same pulpit.

A protracted meeting was started in the unused heretofore Baptist church, which lasted for six weeks and about sixty conversions were made, we were told. This was followed by the starting of three revivals in Ashland, which is merely a continuance of this city, or this one of Ashland, and finally at the close of the Baptist revival, one was commenced in the Presbyterian church of this place, and from this came the trouble.

While we were sorry we could not get a house to preach in, we were nevertheless glad to know that our presence here was stirring others up to doing their duty. Everything went smooth in the other revivals, and the great feature of them was the singing of the song, The Old Time Religion is Good Enough for Me. In the meantime we succeeded in getting a vacant house owned by Brother Keelin, and with the aid of an old broom borrowed for the occasion, a hammer and some nails and boards, Uncle John and us constituted ourselves a committee of three to fix up our meeting house. We arranged the seats nicely and made the minister's seat of an old carpenter's trestle, while an old tool box constituted the pulpit. We held five meetings and the weather froze us out so we had to adjourn.

In the meantime the people began to get curious about the Mormons, and wanted to know about Joseph Smith's golden Bible and instead of coming to us about it they went to the Pastor of the Presbyterian church—the Rev. S. D. Boggs. He conferred with others, and arrangements were made to expose the Mormons in a meeting to be held on March 5th, which we attended.

It was commenced when Brother Ramsey stepped to the pulpit and began to apologize for taking up the subject and wanted it understood that if any blame followed, Brother Boggs (Presbyterian) and Brother Gillespie (Methodist) would have to bear it. He

then commenced by saying that the Mormons were a thrifty and well-to-do people and had been wonderfully prospered. He purposed to account for it in this way: First—That we were a labor organization, and had combined muscle with good common sense, and had been led by men who knew how to work and were not college educated theologians. Second—That we had been subject to a great deal of unjust persecution, which instead of hurting us had boomed us, and he didn't know but what his noticing us would have the same effect. Another thing: Our leader had been taken and murdered by a mob, which made us look up to him as a martyr. These things combined had made us what we are, and not the help of God. He said we were sincere, but that was no proof we were right, for he knew of a sect in the city of Paris who worshiped the devil and they were sincere.

Next he took up the subject of the Book of Mormon. He couldn't believe the Book of Mormon because, unlike the Bible, it had been gotten off at one stroke, while the Bible was written as the events transpired. Then he proceeded to examine the witnesses, and declared that their testimony was not good, because they were all unlearned men who didn't know Egyptian characters from hentracker. Next, there were eight others, but they were all members of Smith's family, hence their testimony was no good. He also stated that the three witnesses denied it in after life, when the truth is that on their dying bed, if we are informed right, they still held to it.

He then proceeded to show how the book was translated, after which he departed into a new field and commenced on our God. "Why they actually believe in a God that has legs, and that He is a material being. That He was once like we are, but keeps on growing and that you and I some day will be gods only we can never catch Jesus Christ." He said he had never been able to find out what we do with the women. The men became gods, but the only use he could see we had for the women was to help us to be gods and to obtain a multitude of children to be gods over. We were not satisfied with making slaves of our women on this earth, but we had to have them sealed to us to make slaves of them for eternity. He then asserted that we didn't know what love was and wanted to know how a man could love seventeen wives.

The congregation had a good laugh, and this concluded the harangue, and we were given no chance whatever to reply. The services were closed and all went home. The people discussed the question and some of them decided that the Mormons had been unfairly dealt with, and the murmurings grew so loud they reached the ears of Rev. Boggs, who telephoned to Gillespie to tell us that after the services were over the next afternoon, Friday, anybody who had any questions to ask or any statements to make, would have a few minutes to do so in.

For this purpose we attended their service and listened to an excellent sermon on marriage relation, taking for a text Eph. v, 22 to 33 inclusive, after which Brother Boggs arose and stated

that questions on yesterday's sermon were in order. Elder Cluff arose and said, "There is an old and true saying, It is better to represent yourself than to have some one else represent you, and we would like to know if you would accord us that privilege by opening your house for us after your meetings are over, or at any other time." Brother Boggs answered that he would consider the matter. Brother Ramsey asked if he could get the use of our church if he should go to Utah. We assured him if he wanted to preach the Gospel he could get the largest church in Utah.

This morning (Saturday) we received the answer that his church would not be opened to us, but if we would hire a hall he would pay half and meet us in debate. This we declined to do, as we are not in the field for debate but are here for the purpose of defending the truth, and with God's help and a good meeting place we propose to do it.

Bro. Ramsey's predictions, that he might be booming the cause, has certainly proven true, for our friends have been made more strong, and some disinterested parties are in sympathy with us. We feel to rejoice that we have been counted worthy to come to Kentucky as servants of the true and living God (even if he has got legs) and preach the Gospel of Christ in its purity to the people, and we pray God, in whom we trust, that he will forgive our persecutors for they know not what they do.

Yours truly,
HARVEY CLUFF,
ELIAS S. WOODRUFF.

BEATEN WITH ROPES.

The following is a letter written by young missionary, Alonzo A. Kimball, of Kanab, Utah, to his sisters, from Greenville, Texas, under date of March 12:

I received your more than welcome letters the other day and I can assure you I was more than pleased to hear from you once again and to learn how all were at home. You little know the pleasure I take in reading your letters. When I last wrote home I guess I was telling you about my companion Elder Welfe, and Charles's companion President Dalley, leaving us here at the city of Greenville for a few days. After they had been gone a few days they wrote us a card telling us they would meet us on the 7th of the month at Greenville and for us to get up a big meeting so they could preach to the people. So of course we rustled out to get a meeting. We walked 14 miles, saw the trustee, got the meeting house and convaded 69 families. We kindly invited everybody to turn out, expecting we would have our old companions to do the preaching.

Well, all the people seemed very anxious to hear the Mormon preach. They had heard so much about them; but we were the first that they had ever seen. Well, we got every thing arranged for a big meeting Sunday, so we walked to Greenville Saturday to meet our companions. We walked down to the office first thing, inquired for mail and received a card from President Dalley, telling us they could not meet us until the tenth. If you ever saw two surprised chickens we