

ticket; we could have quadrupled the revenue from that source had we been allowed to push the sale of tickets, but the railroads insisted that the number sold be limited to other members of the choir and immediate relatives or friends. There will, of course, be a deficiency, but I am pleased to say that it will be very much less than we anticipated in the beginning. More than the artistic and financial success, however, is the gratification we all feel that the trip has been productive of such widespread good in dispelling prejudice, correcting false impressions about Utah people, and advertising our city and Territory. I believe the trip has been a tremendous missionary effort throughout, and the First Presidency stated to our committee in Chicago that they felt sure the benefits which would grow from it would be incalculable."

Other members of the party seem state that the whole excursion was from start to finish, one of the most constant and unalloyed delight. All the tremendous work went as smoothly as though it had been oiled; what the choir have been through no money could have purchased for them, and one and all feel more than thankful for the enterprise, zeal and spirit on the part of the committee of arrangements that made the great trip possible.

A GARDEN IN THE PACIFIC.

FAGALI, Upolu, Samoa, Aug. 3, 1893. — Telling that perhaps a letter from this part of the world would prove interesting to the many readers of the NEWS, among whom we have many relatives and friends, I embrace the opportunity of penning you a few lines, and if they are worthy it would be doing a favor to have them appear in the columns of your valuable paper.

A VOICE FROM THE TROPICS.

Another Samoan civil war has just been terminated by the timely intervention of the three great powers which are in treaty with this country, viz, England, Germany and the United States.

About five years ago there was a skirmish indulged in near where our mission house now stands between the Germans and natives, which resulted rather disastrously for the former, several of their seamen having been killed and decapitated, according to the Samoan custom. Since that time Samoa has been in a turmoil and rebellion, politically speaking, and not long since, about three weeks ago, a civil war was indulged in by the natives which resulted in about thirty of their number being killed and several wounded.

To enter into detail regarding this matter is not my purpose in the present writing. Suffice it to say, a war has been had in our very midst—a war that, but for the intervention before referred to, might have proven very detrimental to the little kingdom of Samoa. This disturbance has been a great hindrance to the Elders here in the successful prosecution of their labors.

The war is now over, however, and things are beginning to assume a more favorable aspect. The "boys"—as we Elders on Samoa have been called—are again earnestly engaged in

pursuing their labors of love with a view to raising the people of these far-off isles to a higher degree of civilization, and leading them out from the spiritual darkness into the glorious light of the precious Gospel of the Son of God.

At present there are eleven of us here at Fagali—nine Elders and the two sisters. We have been anxiously waiting all day for the arrival of the Mariposa, which is expected to bring two new brethren and also good news from our loved ones in the far away land of Zion. After the mail comes there will be a general scattering of us again to our various fields of labor on this island, Upolu. The next steamer for America takes two of our number to their homes and dear ones across the deep.

A SURPRISE.

August 1, 1886, twenty-seven years ago, there might have been found in the then little town of Ogden a happy family filled with joyful delight over the birth of a true born son of Zion, who is at present engaged in the work of the ministry on the islands of Samoa.

Our esteemed president, Elder Geo. E. Browning, being the one referred to above, having kindly invited the writer to take a visit with him to Utumapu, a coffee plantation about four miles from here, back on the mountain side, I readily consented, for, although Elder Court and I had only just arrived from our field of labor, coming over a very difficult trail some twenty miles long, I had a desire to see the much-talked-of Utumapu. Besides, the two sisters here had arranged to have a surprise supper for our worthy president, in honor of his birthday. So I thought it a splendid chance to try the merits of the old saying and "kill two birds with one stone," by seeing the place referred to and keeping President B. from witnessing the preparations being made for the surprise "party." At 9 a.m., therefore, President B. and the writer took their umbrellas to shelter us from the heat of the sun and the rain, and started out for an all-day visit to the coffee plantation. Two natives accompanied us to point out the road and visit their relatives living on the plantation. Leaving the level strip of land which borders the sea shore, we were soon ascending the gradual mountain slope leading higher and higher to the point of our destination. "Old Sol's" scorching rays came pouring down, beating upon us with such force that, regardless of our umbrellas, the perspiration seemed to ooze from every pore, running down our cheeks in little streamlets, reminding one of the saying:

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land.

Only those who have traveled beneath the burning rays of a tropical sun can fully realize how the heat affects one when walking up hill on a sunny day, or appreciate how pleasant it is to sit down beneath the spreading leaves of some large palm tree to rest. Our road led us through an extensive coconut plantation belonging to a German firm that has large possessions in Samoa. Their plantations, three in number, are said to be amongst the largest in the world. While passing along we conversed upon various sub-

jects, and also chatted with our native friends, one of whom belongs to the Church. President B. remarked: "What a great benefit it would be to the work here if we owned a large tract of land like this of which to gather the native Saints," and I was not in the least contrary in my opinion of the matter; for I have often thought it would be a splendid thing to have our people here gathered into one place. Thus we conversed together as we walked along the green, shady road. I was reminded of the forest roads of our own sunny South, except that here coconut palms, bread-fruit, and orange trees grow along the roadside instead of stately pines.

Coming to where a cluster of young coconuts had fallen down, we soon assuaged our thirst by drinking a "niu" or two each, after which we continued to ascend the gradual mountain slope until we had reached our destination—Utumapu. The latter part of this word, which is a union of two Samoan words, means "to rest," and we were not long putting its meaning into practical use, for we did rest. The young man—a Swede by birth—who has charge of the plantation, and his native wife, received us very kindly, and after enjoying a few moments' social chat, we were invited to take dinner. Our host and hostess would that we should have a cup of tea, but we declined "male faafetai," and a cup of milk was given us instead. Of this we drank with a relish, for it's not every day that we get a drink of milk here in Samoa—this being my second one since coming here something over one year ago. I was purposely not very hungry, however, at this particular time, because I knew what was coming later on. Dinner over, we spent some time in conversation and looking through the telescope down on the "Father of Waters" which lay stretched out before us as far as the eye can see. If Bathoa had as fine a view of the wide expanse of the Pacific ocean, which he first beheld from the summit of the Andes in 1513, as we now enjoy, I don't wonder at his being filled with awe at the grandeur of the scene and the tranquility of the mighty waters that lay spread out before him.

The altitude of Utumapu is said to be about one thousand feet above sea level, and from this commanding position we gazed down over the tops of about four miles of thickly growing coconut trees and out over the vast expanse of water till sea and sky seemed to melt into one. After gazing and wondering upon the beauties of mother earth and the many blessings which she has in store for and doth bestow upon her children, the just and the unjust alike, the proprietor of the plantation invited us to go out and look at the various things growing thereon. We had the privilege of seeing for the first time coffee, tea, clove and cocoa growing. Our guide informed us that the coffee crop for last year was 35,000 lbs. This yield alone, at 25 cents per lb, would bring the German firm about \$8750. But that is a very insignificant amount when compared with the thousands of dollars which their coconut plantations are bringing them in every year. I am informed that the Germans have lost considerable money in getting their plantations started