

him at Russellville, and travel among the several pairs of Elders with him, which I did until our conference, in August, 1896. Then I was appointed to labor with Elder John Christenson, in Tippah county, and met with Elder Moses P. Jorgenson, with whom I labored eight months in the same county, in which time we held many meetings and baptized four honest souls into the fold of Christ.

On the 11th of April word came from Elder Matheson, that Elder Jorgenson and myself were to be parted. Needless to say our heart-strings were torn at thought of separation. Yet we felt to be obedient to proper authority, and took joyfully our new companions, mine being Elder George Hill. On the 2nd of May when I had the pleasure of leading seven honest souls down into the waters of baptism, then Elder Hill was called to a new district, while Elder Reuben Alvord was assigned to labor with me, still in Tippah county. In the months of May and June we baptized ten more persons and organized three Sunday schools.

On June 24th, Elder Alvord was called to another part, and Elder Sidney S. Reynolds, of Salt Lake City (son of Elder George Reynolds), who left home June 17th, 1897, joined me June 25th. Our first night out a mob threatened to hang us; and this expression: "If we die, it will be in a good cause," (from Elder George Reynolds), may not be a surprise to those who know his faith and courage in this great work. We have been together almost a month; have held nearly threescore meetings, the results of which are plainly seen in what occurred Sunday, July 4th, when we had the pleasure of baptizing nine more souls into Christ's fold.

You should have seen our large company assemble in a beautiful hickory grove, on the 7th. The occasion of assembling was to celebrate the Fourth, which came on Sunday. We did our best to show our patriotism to our loved country, in orations, reading of the Declaration of Independence, recitations, readings, dialogues, songs, music, etc.; eighteen of our devoted Saints and scores of friends taking part. A fine young roast pig, from the pen of Mr. Shepard, took a prominent part on a table well filled with all the desirable viands of this land of almost perpetual summer.

The following Sunday, July 11th, found us again, not in the river Jordan, but in the Wheeler pond, where we initiated six more members into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, making in that neighborhood, twenty-four members.

After holding an overflow week's meeting in the Norton neighborhood (the Nortons have relatives in Nephi, Utah), we now find ourselves in the Whitebrush district. We are working joyfully for the spread of Christ's Gospel. We just have enough opposition to make it interesting and to stimulate to activity.

The News has a hearty welcome among us, and comes regularly. It is like an old friend, and would be hard to do without. **RODNEY ASHBV.**

A DAY AT OLD PLYMOUTH.

In mid-summer there can be no more interesting outing than a trip to Plymouth, which is thirty-seven miles south of Boston. The traveler can go either

by rail or by boat, the latter being preferable during the warm weather. We steamed out of Boston Harbor at nine in the morning. Going down the Bay, one gets a fine view of Boston Harbor, of which James Freeman Clarke said "Why go to the Bay of Maples, when we have not yet seen Boston Harbor?"

The ride down the Atlantic Coast is most delightful. On the deck of the steamer we see sails stretching out in an endless vision. The wind blows a heavy gale, and one feels comfortable with a large overcoat on.

We came in sight of Plymouth about 12:30 and as we approached nearer and nearer the harbor, the sun peeped through the clouds that had hung so heavily all the day and cast beautiful shadows on the same scene in all its essential particulars, as that which greeted the Pilgrims nearly three centuries ago. We passed near Clark's Island, where their first Sabbath was spent, but the steamer, as it goes rapidly on, does not partake of the traveler's sentimental feelings, and we were soon at the wharf.

In a few minutes, we stood face to face with the most interesting historical relic on this continent "The corner stone of the nation," Plymouth Rock. It is not very large, only three, or four people being able to stand on it at once. In 1774, an attempt to remove the rock resulted in its separation, and the upper leaf was taken away, but in 1880 the severed portion was restored to its old resting place, and it now lies under the stone canopy reunited to its fellow rock.

Proceeding up the hill from here, one comes to the spot where the old forefathers buried those that died during the first winter. The graves were leveled in the ensuing spring, and corn planted above them so that the Indians might not be able to count mounds and learn the terrible story of the first winter. The cause of the rapid mortality among the Pilgrims was scurvy and other diseases, induced by exposure to the weather, and poor and insufficient food. This first burying ground overlooks the harbor, and one imagines, as he picks a little flower from the spot, that the spirits of those long since dead are keeping vigil over the people of this nation.

A few minutes' walk from here brought us to a rough granite building, whose Doric columns and portico gives it almost the look of a Greek Temple. It is Pilgrim Hall, within whose walls are many relics of Pilgrim and colonial days. Here is the chair of Elder Brewster and Governor Carver was brought over in the Mayflower; the cradle in which was rocked Peregrine White, the first child born in the colony; the sword of Miles Standish, with the Arabia inscriptions upon the blades and to which Longfellow alludes in his "Courtship:"

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,

Spoke in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.

'Look at these arms, he said, the warlike weapons that hang here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders.

The inscriptions upon this old sword were never translated until one, Professor Rosedale an accomplished linguist did so in 1871. One of them reads:

With peace God rules his slaves and with the

judgment of His arm He troubled the mighty of the wicked.

The word slave here means creatures, and by "the mighty of the wicked" is meant the most powerful and wicked of the wicked. The professor further said that this sword is undoubtedly one of the most ancient in existence and is of great value.

In the hall is also shown the Indian Bible of John Eliot, which has for its preface "work with faith in Jesus Christ will accomplish anything." An original letter of King Philip, chief of the Wampanoags, is also seen here.

On the spot where was built the first church, now stands the "Congregationalist church of the Pilgrimage." This is on the Town Square. From here an eminence rises which is Burial Hill. The epitaphs in old graveyards possess much interest to the lovers of the quaint and curious and this first cemetery of New England is not without its attractions of this kind.

The first monument of any importance is that of Governor William Bradford. The epitaph on it is very suggestive, and one that appeals to the American boy and girl. It reads "What your fathers have attained" with difficulty do not throw away." The oldest head stone to be found here bears the date of 1681 and it marks the resting place of Edward Gray, a merchant and one of the wealthiest men in the colony. Another old one (1697) is that of Robert Clark, the reputed mate of the Mayflower. The epitaphs on some of the old slabs are extremely interesting, and though one stands on the graves while he reads them, a smile is sure to creep over his face.

Near the Bradford monument are the graves of his family. The face of the stone of his son William reads:

Here lies ye body of ye honorable Mayor William Bradford, who expired Feb'y ye 20th 1703-4, aged 79 years.

He lived long but still was doing good, And in his country's service lost much blood. After a life well spent, he's now at rest, His very name and memory is blest.

Another stone near this one of Bradford's has the inscription:

This stone is erected to the memory of that unbiased judge, faithful officer, sincere friend and honest man Colonel Isaac Lathrop who resigned this life on the 26th day of April, 1750, in the forty third year of his age.

Had virtue's charms the power to save Its faithful votaries from the grave, This stone had ne'er possessed the fame Of being marked with Lathrop's name.

On a little marble stone over the grave of a child are the words:

He glanced into our world to see A sample of our miserie.

To a Revolutionary soldier who died in 1788:

Through life he braved her foe if great or small And marched out foremost to his country's call

Farther on is the grave of Joseph Bartlett who died in 1703:

Thousands of years after Abel's fall, 'Twas said of him, being dead he speaketh yet, From silent grave methinks I hear a call:— Pray, fellow mortals, dont your death forget, You that your eyes cast on this grave, Know you a dying time must have.

Near the same place is a curious stone to the memory of John Cotton.

Here lyes interred three children, viz., three sons of Rev. Mr. John Cotton, who died in the