

other tropical vegetation. In going out I watched a gang of natives bringing in their canoe and fishing net from the sea, and in conversing with them I learned a few more Tahitian words in addition to the very limited supply I already had at my command. In returning I called at a native house to get a drink of water, but was given cocoanut milk to drink instead, which I thoroughly enjoyed.

On Wednesday March 25th, I made a trip up in the mountains all alone, some native friends who were to have accompanied me as guides not putting in their appearance at the appointed hour. I started at 7 o'clock in the morning. After walking about four miles, which brought me high up in a romantic canyon with very steep mountain sides, it commenced to rain in regular tropical style, and soon my umbrella proved altogether inadequate as a means of protection. Presently I reached an unoccupied native hut near the forks of the canyon, where I left all the clothing which I considered surplus for the occasion, and started off even barefooted; but I had only gone a few yards when I was admonished to return for my shoes. It was fortunate I did so, for I found the distance to go much farther and the path much rougher than I had expected, and my bare feet, not having a natural tough sole under them like the natives' feet, could not have held out against the rocks. Continuing my walk, I soon had to ford the river, a stream of considerable size; and a short distance above the ford I came to the forks of the canyon, where the river and the road also forked. I took the left hand road, but had proceeded only a short distance when I was prompted to go back and take the other one. In doing so, I had to cross the one fork of the river where the bottom was very rough and rocky. By this time my scanty clothing did not have a dry thread in it; and the rain still descended in torrents; but I was determined to go as far as old Fort Faa Rahi where the natives of Tahiti withstood the French forces for several years during the long war in the 40's and 50's, and which consequently is a point of historical importance. After crossing the fork I found myself climbing the side of the mountain very fast by following the winding path, which in many places was overgrown with the tropical foliage and running vines that abound here on nearly all the mountain slopes. At last, after having walked about one and a half miles from the fork or six miles from Papeete, I reached the outer wall of the fort already named. It stands on the top of a precipice nearly 500 feet high, over the face of which leaps the river, thus making one of the most beautiful waterfalls I have ever seen. Being unable to reach the bottom of the fall, I descended from the fort wall to the top of the cataract, where I among other things enjoyed a natural shower bath by getting under a little side fall which fell into the river immediately above the big one. After gazing upon the wonders of nature, and the old fortifications, to my hearts content, and after picking ferns to send home, I retraced my steps down the mountain; but having been exposed to the pitiless storm so long, I at length began to feel cold, though the day was warm. Putting on my shoes, which however immediately filled with water, I was enabled to walk faster, and soon reached the forks of the canyon, but then I found that the rain had swollen the

stream to such an extent that instead of the water being only knee deep when I crossed it before, it was now a raging river, which came near washing me away as I crossed it; and had I not clung firmly to a friendly rock which arose from the bottom of the stream to rest myself, I might not have reached the other bank at the point I did. My next effort was to cross the main river, but in venturing out at first I was unable to stand in the current, and in order to escape being washed over the rapids below I quickly retraced my steps; but soon tried again, and at length succeeded by the aid of a pole on the limb of a tree to cross, though not without danger. When I reached the hut where I had left part of my clothing, I discovered that the ants had seized my lunch, and thousands of the little insects were busily engaged in devouring it. Being hungry myself I endeavored to capture from them what they had left; but in doing so, I soon felt myself covered and bitten again and again by the little pests, and I had to jump in the river to get rid of them. While doing so I placed the lunch on the top of an adjacent rock, and when I came back I found that a colt which was grazing near by had eaten all my cake, so I had to return to Papeete hungry after all, which I did about 2 p. m.

On Wednesday, April 1st, I boarded the steamer "Richmond" and sailed from Papeete, Tahiti, bound for Auckland, New Zealand, where I arrived on the 13th, having only called at one island (Rarotonga) on the way. The weather being good, we had a pleasant voyage. I gave one lecture on board, which was listened to by nearly all my fellow-passengers and the ship's crew with wrapt attention. Among the passengers was the Hon. M. Papinana, governor of the Society Islands and adjacent groups. He is returning to France (not having given satisfaction to his government at home,) accompanied by other French colonial officials.

My next field of labor is Australia, and I expect to sail for Sydney on the 20th inst.
ANDREW JENSON.
Auckland, New Zealand, April 16, 1896.

NEWS FROM KENTUCKY.

SANDY HOOK, Kentucky,
July 18th, 1896.

The work of the Lord is progressing in this part of His vineyard, and we beg leave to inform our many friends through your valuable paper of the success we are meeting with in the East Kentucky Hills.

On December 1st, 1895, myself and companion, Elder Isaac Langston, entered the county of Elliott. The day was cold, as was likewise the reception we received on making our first call, being met at the door by the gentleman of the house, who gave the command, "To the rear march." Without any ceremony more than thanking the gentleman, the command was executed. This was not very encouraging, but I remarked to my companion that a poor beginning sometimes proved a good ending, so we went on our way, hoping for the best.

On arriving at the county seat, the first man we met advised us to leave the county at once and not attempt to hold any meetings, for in so doing we would be endangering our lives. Still we did not give up, but trusting in an all-wise

Providence, finally succeeded in procuring the court house to hold meetings in. We held several and made a few friends, who were only the beginning of the hundreds we have met with since then.

We then started our house to house canvass through the country, visiting each family and holding meetings wherever we could, either in church, school or private houses. The Lord was with us and opened up the way whereby we have been enabled to present the principles of the Gospel to nearly every one in the county. Many manifestations of the great power of God have been given as evidence of the truthfulness of the message we bear. I will mention a few cases of miraculous healing, which was the result of faith and the power of the Priesthood. On the 27th of December we administered to a young man, by the name of Lackey Branham, who had been afflicted with fits for several years, and had been doctored by some of the leading physicians of the county, but to no effect. He was immediately restored, and has had no symptoms of the dreadful disease since. On the 4th of January we administered to Mrs. Jesse Waddle, who had been an invalid for years, and had not walked any for five years. In about three hours she rose from her bed and walked across the room and back. She was soon about doing her house work, and is now able to attend our meetings held three or four miles from her house. Another case is that of Mrs. William Ison, who was afflicted for thirty-six years, and for twenty years could not turn in bed without assistance, though able to move around a little when helped to her feet. She is now doing her work and says she is stronger than she has been for many a year.

Two of the above mentioned have been baptized and bear a strong testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel. The other one would gladly follow their example were it not for her unbelieving husband who will not consent after the great evidence God condescended to give him.

By early spring there was a marked change in affairs, and we could begin to see bright prospects before us. On March 6th we were met by President Wm. E. Rydall and companion, Elder Matthew Speirs; also Elders Joseph S. Campbell and Charles A. Streper. We held a series of meetings at several of the most prominent places in the county and awoke much interest among many of the leading citizens. While our worthy president was yet with us we baptized our first member, Brother Lackey Branham. On March 16th the president and I changed companions; he taking Elder Langston with him to visit through some of the other counties and Elder Speirs remaining with me to continue the work here.

By this time Mormonism was the topic of discussion on all sides, and the leaders of the different denominations who had hitherto been tearing and hauling at each other came to the conclusion that something would have to be done, for their craft was in danger of being upset. Therefore they united hands to down the Mormons; but what a failure they made! The scandals they told, not only on our people but on us individually, only made more friends for us and strengthened those we already had. One prominent citizen was so anxious to get us out of the way that he actually