

IN THE TURKISH MISSION

Elder Anthon H. Lund of the Council of Apostles, writes as follows to the Millennial Star from Hama, Syria, under date of April 19, 1898:

We arrived here last Sunday evening, after having had a very pleasant journey from Aleppo overland to Damascus, and from there by railroad to Beyrout. I believe I wrote to you from Aintab last. We organized the Church there, and it is now in good running order.

I think it will be well for President Maycock to make Aintab the headquarters of the mission, as there is now a branch in that city of some sixty adult members. A Sunday School has been organized there, and, perhaps, we will have a day school established there also. The children are attending the protestant schools, but they are exposed to persecution from the other children; and what is worse, these schools are sectarian, and the children are taught doctrines that are not in accord with the scriptures. It will, therefore, be a necessity for us to get a school of our own. We have a brother in the branch who is a qualified school teacher. On account of becoming a Latter-day Saint he was discharged from his position. He will be able to take our children and teach them, if we can obtain permission of the government to start a school.

We had a nice visit with the Saints at Aleppo, and ordained several of the brethren to the priesthood.

After our morning meeting last fast-day I was requested to baptize three ladies. Four carriages were hired and we went some three miles out of the city to a beautiful spring, where the sacred ordinance was performed. Several persons not of our Church witnessed the proceedings. In the afternoon the new members were confirmed and we had an enjoyable time.

On our way from Aleppo to Damascus we stopped at a place called Hamath, which was once the northernmost point of the kingdom of Solomon. We felt we were now entering upon historical ground, sacred to us and all Bible students from the many memories which each name calls to mind.

We learned that there was a protestant church in the place, and Brother Hintze and one of the brethren tried to find the pastor, but he had left the city for a few days. A young doctor called on us and seemed quite pleased to hear that we were preachers. He invited us to attend their meeting in the evening and proffered to interpret for us into Arabic. He invited the brethren to go out with him to see the city, and was very kind to them.

"What religion do you belong to?" he asked.

"We are Latter-day Saints," was the reply.

"Oh, Mormons!" said he.

After this he did not seem so hearty. We met with his congregation in the evening. He led in singing and prayer, and read one of the Psalms of David, then he asked Brother Hintze if he would take that for his text. Brother Hintze did not understand his request, but said he was willing to preach the gospel to them. This he did, setting forth our belief in great plainness. The doctor, I believe, translated his sermon correctly, only once I noticed he took some time to give his own opinion. It was when Brother Hintze spoke on infant baptism and showed that it was not a Biblical doctrine. The congregation was very much interested and thanked us for visiting them.

President Maycock, Elders Larson and Nishan are traveling with us. This makes us a party of five. It does not cost much more, and it is, of course, much safer to have a number in the party. Traveling among the Bedouin tribes is not entirely safe. The govern-

ment is willing to furnish us a soldier from one place to another; and in one case, going through a district which our guide-book said as subject to raids by the Bedouins, the commander in the place where we had stayed over night sent a soldier without our making the request.

Tomorrow we are going south of Carmel to examine several places which it is thought we would make nice homes for our Saints. The great drawback to the richest portions of the land is the climate; but He who placed this curse on the land on account of the disobedience of the people is able to lift it when His time comes.

GATHERED ON THE WAY.

Malad, Ida., May 20, 1898.

I made one of the most successful business trips through the northwestern part of Boxelder county and Malad valley during the past two weeks that my experience has known. I left Collinston for Sunset, some five miles walk through one vast field of grain and lucern, that old settlers say never looked better since their settlement many years ago. The ranchers meet you with a bright smile and say in a very cheerful voice, "Good morning, sir," and supplement saying, "Yes, our country never looked better. Take the 'Deseret News?' Certainly."

And as I pass from farm to farm, the some cheerful and happy greeting meets me these beautiful May days with their copious showers and merry sunshine. Then a walk of three miles brings one to Garland, where I rest for the night at the hospitable home of Brother Gleason. This is a part of Bear River City ward and W. L. Grover is the presiding Elder. Then a walk among the beautiful homes and farms of Garland for some four miles, after which I return over the same ground.

The Bear river canal has done and is doing wonders for this part of the county. It is 50 feet wide and two branches thereof fork in two directions and irrigate many thousands of acres that was once desert. As you travel on the Oregon Short Line through Bear river canyon, it looks a small affair; but when you follow in its meanderings you will come to the same conclusion that I did—that it is a gigantic as well as a very useful work. The price of the water is one dollar per acre. To us Cache Valley people who own our own water this seems very high, but our friends under this canal say they find no fault. Then a three-mile walk to Riverside, a small cluster of houses where Bishop Myron Richards presides. Then the same day a seven-mile walk to the lovely hamlet of Elding. Bishop James H. Hess presides over this garden spot. They moved here a few years ago, built a \$2,750 brick school house, modern in all its appointments. These people are baling hay to ship to California, and here is an idea that will benefit all of northern Utah. So look out for the California hay trade. Plymouth is the next place, eight miles, and the odd trips to the farms would make it some more. As I had walked about half way, the stage came along and I thought it was time to ride. Here is a small group of houses with a neat school house, presided over by Bishop Archibald. Vulgar people call this place Squarstown.

The next town is West Portage, a distance of about fourteen miles into the Malad valley. Here I found a resting place, but little water. But, oh my; the dry farms! No pen or Faber can do them justice. Here prosperity is surely coming to the farmer. A beautiful two-story school house costing \$2,000 has been built. Here is

an opening for a good country blacksmith, as there is none here.

Fourteen miles through a rich farming district brings us to Samaria, a town well built with good and substantial brick residences, stores and public buildings. The next was eight miles to Malad, which is an incorporated village of about 1,500 souls, and is nicely situated.

This is the county seat of Oneida county, has many very neat business houses and private residences. A fine tabernacle has been course of construction for some time; about \$7,000 has been spent upon it; between two and three thousand more will complete it. Malad does a large trade with ranchers.

Wales has given Malad her population, and one young man said to me there is between twenty-five and thirty families of the name of Jones in and around Malad, and should a letter come here addressed to Mr. Jones, the postmaster would need a dispensation of Providence to know to whom to deliver it.

Mr. F. E. Jones, our agent and deputy assessor of Oneida county, says there is not one delinquent taxpayer in the Malad valley for the year 1897.

And once more let me state that as I return over these vast miles of grain and lucern fields now drenched with a steady forty hours' rain should nothing further happen, our farmers will say, "Where, oh where shall we husband what the Lord has given us?" And the same is said through northern Utah and Idaho.

Peace and good will are found in all places and none have time or disposition to complain.

SALOP.

MOUNT PLEASANT ITEMS.

Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete Co.,

May 17th, 1898.

Rain and snow have been falling alternately for the past two days here. Beautiful for situation is Mt. Pleasant—its eminence above the valley, its gentle slope to the west, its magnificent school house, electric lights and pushing business air make it, indeed, the queen city of Utah.

W. O. Ash and Lewis Larsen left here last Sunday to join the Rough Riders and now William Watson received a telegram from Lieut. W. R. Dashiell at Fort Douglas last night, requesting him to come and bring with him as many experienced aparejo packers as he can find in the town, and it is expected that William Watson, Albert Cliff, Arnold Johnson, Lewis Frandsen, John Knudsen, Parley Coats, George Merrick, James La Mont and Cliff Draper will respond to the call, leaving here for Fort Douglas by today's train. The most of the men are married and all are first-class packers.

While war is the theme on every tongue, there is one man at Mt. Pleasant, James Wilson, who is working in the peaceful avocation of blacksmith, his mind and skillful hand engaged in perfecting a sulky attachment to the common plow. A V shaped platform, upon which the seat is securely fastened, is strapped on to the rear side of the plow supported by a wheel. Another wheel adjusted to the point of the beam, with levers to raise or lower them, makes the common plow into a sulky, which Mr. Wilson claims will run steady and true. The draft is not increased, but rather lessened by the steadiness which the attachment gives to the plow.

The Wasatch store, owned by Messrs. Kofford and Johnson, has been improved by an addition of 25 feet in the rear of the store, and is doing a good