

the tragic scenes that have made Arizona, like Kentucky, a "dark and bloody ground," and the name Apache synonymous with terror, torture and death in years not long since, but now, we hope, forever past; and although we cannot hope to change the nature of an Indian in a day or a year, we trust the time is not so very distant when they will again become a "white and a delightful people."

SANTIAGO.

A SHARP ANSWER.

SENECA, S. C., Feb. 11, 1896.

Crops were as a rule good here last year throughout the entire state; the low prices of cotton for the last three years caused farmers to plant more corn and raise more meat than usual, so the people were in much better fix in the fall than had been the case for some years past.

The Elders are pushing the work of the Lord as fast as possible. There is a large body of Elders at work here canvassing each county and going from house to house in a systematic manner. Being in this business last winter myself, I will relate a circumstance which occurred, while myself and a visiting Elder were canvassing this county. It was in February of last year and the weather was very bad, the snow being on the ground at the time. We remained at my house the most of the week thinking the weather would get better before we would go out to canvass. Finally the last of the week was drawing nigh and I said to Elder —, "Our report will not look well this week" (you probably know we send in a weekly report of our work.) He agreed with me, so we at once concluded to go out and canvass just enough to get a report. We soon were off in the snow tramping; we gave out tracts in the usual way at each house until night began to close down on us and then we began to ask to get to stay all night. "No" was the reply every time. Finally it got dark, but still the snow made it so we could see to travel. On we went, asking at each house if we could get to stay all night; "No," was the answer every time; "we are not fixed to keep you, you can get to stay at my neighbor's—he lives just half a mile further"—etc. On we went until I found one house where I had friends living and I thought surely we would get to stop there. But "we can't keep you tonight," was the reply to the usual question. About 9 o'clock in the night I sent a message to the Lord; I asked Him why all this had happened; I told Him we had left a good, warm fire and had gone out on business for Him, and why should not He raise up a friend who would allow us to stay all night? Well, I sent quite a little message to Him in a very positive manner; and as quick as if He had been sitting at the other end of the wire, an answer came, and it was this: "I understood that you two Elders went to get a report—now you have one. If you wish to act the hypocrite and go out just to get a report of something to show up on the record, I will give you just what you went out to get. Now turn and go home; and when you start out again don't start out just to get a report or it will be worse with you the next time."

We turned and went all the way to my house before we slept that night.

I wish to say that there was a wonderfully sharp rebuke with the answer to my prayer when it came, which makes me feel bad yet when I think of it. The message came as quickly in answer to my prayer as if it had been sent by telegraph. I shall never forget it, nor that report.

Some of my brethren may profit by my experience and not start out just to get a report. This is why I send this experience to you for publication.

Your brother,

JAMES A. SMITH.

DEATH OF A FAITHFUL ELDER

By letter from Mesa City, Arizona, I am informed by Elder J. M. Crosby, of that place, of the death of a faithful Elder, who has passed through some more than ordinary scenes of human life. Only a few years ago he was a Christian (Campbellite) preacher. He was sent by the Christian board to the charge of the missionary work in Arizona and New Mexico, making his headquarters at Phoenix, the capital of Arizona, where he had a church. This was on January 31, 1890. Soon after he joined Elder J. M. Crosby, of the same faith, in a protracted meeting at Tempe, Arizona, where his fellow-laborer had a little flock and resided. The Elders tried to convert a superintendent and school teacher who told them that it there was any true religion in our day it was with the Mormons. They were very evil spoken of, and he had found it very unpopular, he said, to speak in their favor. He had, however, made himself acquainted with the Mormons, and their doctrines, and found them to be much better than represented. He said further that as a general rule, the Mormon women were virtuous and intelligent. He confessed that religion did not trouble him very much, but he had found that the Mormons had the Bible on their side, thus in trying to convert the superintendent, they became investigators and soon became convinced and on the 14th of June, 1890, he, together with J. M. Crosby, his fellow-minister and his son Paul Crosby were baptized in Salt river, near Tempe by Elder B. F. Johnson, who had done much to convince them that a church with Apostles and Seventies, with an authorized Priesthood, was much better than man-made systems. Both the Christian preachers were soon ordained Elders.

Elder George William Ingram was set apart by Presidents Cannon and Smith at the Pine Top conference, July 4th, 1892, as a missionary to his father's house and to attend school at Valparaiso, Indiana, where he graduated and received a call to the Latter-day Saints' College at Salt Lake City to teach Latin, English elocution and physical culture, but before he could start for Salt Lake his health failed him. This young man left a salary of \$1,000 a year to become a Mormon Elder and preach the true Gospel without purse or scrip. He was ordained a Seventy by Elder Edward Stevenson on the 8th of January, 1896, and departed this life on the 12th of February, 1896. He was born May 17th, 1867 at Whakfield, Jasper county, Indiana. He was a noble

young man, and prided himself with a royal Priesthood to go beyond the veil on a mission to his father's household. Just before his demise, he desired to have President C. R. Hakes, to appoint him for his departure in peace. He could only speak in a low whisper, but after he was administered to, he revived, and his voice was distinct, and he detailed his wishes regarding his "flocks," and temple work for his dead. He passed away very much satisfied, and peacefully, with his fellow laborer by his side.

Almond trees, peach, apricot and cherry trees were in bloom at Mesa, Salt River valley, fifteen days ago.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

OLD FOLK'S DAY IN ARIZONA.

LAYTON, Graham Co., Arizona, Feb. 23, 1896.

The second annual meeting of the Old Folks in this place was held at the Layton ward meeting house yesterday, Feb. 22, at one o'clock p. m., where a large table the entire length of the house was filled to its utmost capacity with the good things of this earth, when all present over the age of fifty-five years were seated to as nice a dinner as ever used be set before a king; and there were more than seven baskets full left which were distributed to the widows and worthy poor. A nice program was given of songs, speeches and recitations, and all present had a very happy time. Bishop David Stoker, of East Bountiful, Utah, gave a few encouraging words to the old and young people on this occasion. The names of all the old folks that met at this place one year ago will be kept on record; the first name on the list is P. C. Merrill, of Mormon Battalion fame, of which organization but few are now living that crossed this country when Arizona was Mexican soil. As the Twenty-second of February is selected as old folks day at this ward, it is to be hoped the good people of this place may never tire in their endeavors to make it a happy and enjoyable occasion. The committee of arrangement was W. J. Packer, B. F. Peel, J. Morris.

Yours truly, A. H. PACKER.

FESTIVITIES AT PAROWAN.

PAROWAN, Feb. 24, 1896.

On the 22nd inst. the Parowan people celebrated the 165th anniversary of the birth of the good and great George Washington, commencing at 10:30 a. m., an excellent speech was delivered by Rev. Mr. Leverett, minister of the Presbyterian church at this place; he argued that doubtless in those days, many had military skill equal to Washington, but in him was combined goodness with greatness, so much so that the whole nation could trust him implicitly, and their trust was not in vain. It should be the desire of all to follow such a grand example. A song by Miss Ada Orton, Our Last Grand Camping Ground, gave much satisfaction, also one by Donald Alpine McGregor, assisted in the chorus by the choir entitled "Washington and Lincoln," was finely and feelingly rendered. A sentiment "Our Flag," was fittingly and eloquently answered to by L. D.