

S. Browning and T. J. Obrian; these also had filled honorable missions and were about to leave for home. The day being Sunday when I arrived at the above named place, I enjoyed myself listening to the returning Elders discourse upon the glorious Gospel principles. I also took delight in hearing testimony to what had been said. There was a general shaking of the hand, in being made acquainted with new Saints and friends. The following day (Monday May 10th) four Elders with fifteen Saints took their departure from Sydney for Zion.

I was taken around by Elders Alma C. Lambert and John M. Ritchie to visit the Saints and friends; and in my conversation with all, I find that the untiring energy of Elder Jedediah Goff of West Jordan, is appreciated by all, and he is held in high esteem.

We have received an epistle from the president of the mission, E. F. Richards, which if carried out by all, will make us better men, and we will be able to do a great amount of good. As far as I can learn, all the Elders heartily endorse the instructions given; they are very timely.

There are fifty-one Saints in this branch, and prospects for others. We have a Sunday school partly organized, and in good working order; also a Mutual Improvement association, which convenes once a week, and services every Sunday evening, with Sacrament meetings every other Sunday afternoon.

Ever praying for the onward, upward progress of the work of God, and the prosperity of His people.

ANDREW SMITH, JR.,

ON THE GULF COAST.

President N. S. W. Conference.

CAMERON, Cameron County, La.,

May 28th, 1897.

Since our last letter we have finished another parish, one of the most swampy parishes in the state, but not at all the poorest.

After closing Acadia we started for Cameron, Parish, distance of about fifty miles; we landed at Live Oak plantation. This is a rice plantation consisting of about 7,500 acres; it is owned by a gentleman from the North. This is a beautiful plantation situated on the bank of Mermentau River; as there but were but a few families on this plantation we soon finished it and then crossed the river over to Lake Side, there being a few families there. This being a swampy parish the boat had to be used if we succeeded in canvassing it as it should be. The hand of the Lord was manifested and were soon landed on the opposite side. A gentleman furnished the boat and a hand to row us across. We soon finished, as there were only a few families on this side; we returned to the river and there found a couple of Frenchmen who seemed quite grateful for the privilege of carrying two of the Lord's servants across the river. We found ourselves once more in safety and bade our friends good-bye; in broken tones of English one of them said "pray God for me." This little corner being finished, we started on another long walk to reach another corner. After a few days' walk we landed at Grand Lake, which is situated right on the lake from which it gets its name. There is a little ridge with about seventy families on it. We reached there Sunday even-

ing and attended the Methodist church. They treated us very kindly and gave us a chance to speak. I accepted the invitation and made a few remarks on faith; this seemed to enliven them for more, so we succeeded in holding a great many meetings, the church being at our disposal, which we kindly thanked them for. The people treated us fine and offered to take us across the lake in the boat.

When the time came for us to leave money was given us and a couple of letters with money enough to take us a few miles in the boat. We knew we had to go but how we were to go without any money was a puzzle to us. We came to the conclusion that if we will but trust in the Lord He will open up the way before us and bless those that put their trust in Him. We took the mailboat Ontario and after a few hours landed in Lusburg, the county seat. The people in this little town are not very numerous, there being only two stores and about one half dozen houses. This is also a small ridge, extending for some distance. We succeeded in getting the court house and held two meetings, with them and canvassed a few families. The sheriff we found to be a gentleman in every way, and one that believed in hearing everybody before condemning them.

From Lusburg we were rowed across the river by a kind friend. We canvassed a few families and the next morning we started for Johnson's bayou, a distance of about twenty miles. There being no houses we followed the Gulf of Mexico, it being on one side and a big swamp on the other. We found it to be a pleasant walk along the beach; we gathered a few beans and some pretty shells. We succeeded in reaching our field of labor and spent a pleasant evening with a Methodist preacher, the first one I had ever seen that hadn't heard of the Latter-day Saints or Mormons. In 1886 the people here were swept into eternity by a tidal wave there were seventy-three drowned on this ridge and about six miles to the west no were drowned. Most of the people left but the land being so rich they soon came back and now it is a prosperous little community. The people are mostly stock raisers; they raise some cotton and a great many melons.

We held a few meetings and had a very good time; we found some very good people who were and kind and hospitable.

We returned the same way as we went and this time tested our ability in rowing a boat. We found that we were very poor hands at the business but succeeded in reaching the other side in safety. We now had a short time to labor among the French; we found them to be a very fine people, considering the opportunities they have had. We found them kind and hospitable but they could not read our literature; one man said he would give 25 cents for a tract in French. It is really a language of itself; a native of France cannot talk it, but it doesn't take him long to learn. We have learned a few words, but not enough to do any good. After visiting one Creole settlement we left for Grand Chenier. On our way we found some fine people. On Sunday we spent the day with County Superintendent Welch; we found him to be a good-natured old gentleman. Monday we were rowed across the river and found it to be a beautiful spot; the land

was very rich and fertile. This island the Gulf never reaches, so the people feel perfectly safe, but a little discouraged, on account of the orange trees being destroyed by frost and insects. The orange trees, after a two years' growth, look beautiful, and if Providence continues to smile on them for a few years, the Louisiana oranges will once more appear in the market.

The land here is very rich and they grow a great deal of cotton. There being so much swamp, the people are mostly stock owners; thousands of hogs run wild in the marshes. There are three stores on this island, and the owners seem to be liberal-minded, as they gave us a place to preach, closed their houses of business, and came to hear us.

On this little island may be heard the bellowing of the alligator, the hiss of the snake, the sweet songs of the mocking bird and the buzzing of the mosquitoes; they are so numerous that they often kill cattle. We found them to be plentiful, but the people said they were scarce. We had bars to sleep under, and they sounded to us like a swarm of bees. At the close of our meeting we started for Hackberry, it being our last settlement to canvass. We took the Ontario a few days after and landed in Hackberry after a short ride. We were kindly treated, and soon finished the island, there being mostly French in it.

We closed the county and started for conference, a distance of about 200 miles. We were thankful to our heavenly Father for His protecting care over us and for the kind friends He raised up unto us to administer unto our wants. This was a grand experience for two Utah boys, as one of us had never seen the Gulf of Mexico, or had the privilege of riding in a steamboat. We are now with our friends, taking a short rest. Tomorrow we will start for conference, where we expect to meet our beloved president, and receive some good spiritual food, and once more behold the faces of our dear co-laborers in the cause of truth.

The NEWS is one of our sources of information, and is eagerly sought after by our friends.

B. W. DANCIE,

WILLIAM A. KERR.

IN NORTH ALABAMA.

RIPLEY, Miss., June 1897.

Time rolling so pleasantly and swiftly along with us in the North Alabama conference and we being so quiet through your columns, perhaps our friends and co-laborers are of the impression that we are unable to stir, this warm weather, so as to see or do anything worthy of note. Although very warm weather has come, yet we are not without interest in our labor that is of so great moment.

Since leaving my dear mountain home in Willard county, Utah, September 27th, 1895, I have learned much of the ways, customs and views of the people of the "Sunny South," have traversed Alabama soil from side to side four times, during which time I have been over the battle ground of 1861 to 1864; sat under the sycamore tree and listened to lengthy tales from experienced veterans, whose scars told how bravely they fought for what, their eyes brightening up seemed to say, they then believed to be right. The battle at Corinth was one which drew a line of distinction between the brave and cowardly. Corinth is but