

DISTRESS IN ENGLAND.

The Coal Crisis is Coming Great Stride—but the P.T. Posts Refer the Case.

14. A. HARRISON GLOVER, Parliament, near Manchester, England, Sept. 26, 1895—On account of the coal strike progress in the Gospel cause has been retarded in different parts of the British dominions. The Manchester conference has had to share, in consequence of which there has been, necessarily very little tracting or visiting preaching in some of the districts here. We are finding some good openings with the Sabbath in the several branches.

Brother Walter W. Williams, of the Twenty-first ward, Salt Lake City, writes me concerning an amazing incident which occurred at a place called Holt, in the Nantwich conference. The Wesleyans were holding an open-air meeting on one of the main streets in that town. During the meeting the minister inquisitor of Brother Williams (who happened to be present) he manifested an entire nonchalance. He rested in the affirmative. The minister then announced to the large audience that they would be addressed by a speaker. All the members of the church, Williams' remarks to the members of the above religious body manifested signs of appreciation, but when he produced proof in favor of the principle of baptism by immersion, the audience burst into a shout of disapproval. Twenty minutes were occupied by the Methodist minister when the Wesleyans were holding a service. When my arrival in Salt Lake City I have seen the same thing more manifest than ever in practice, for His children. My heart has ached many times in witnessing the destruction and poverty among the citizens and their families, who have been compelled to leave their homes and get along from day to day. Talk about hard times in Utah! Take a glimpse now, and see the hundreds of thousands with no food, no fuel, and not even place clothing, who have been stampeded since the Pitts shot down. Whether we go to town or village, in streets or highways, in lakes or foot-paths, we meet filth and filthiness and women and children, many begging from door to door. Now I am in Hood's Sanatorium, Mrs. M. F. Hood, Owner, Dr. H. C. Hood's.

**"I Was a Wreck"**

With scarcely a home and property beyond the clothes on their backs, the Hood's have given a full home to Mrs. F. E. Hood's.

Hood's Sanatorium. Mrs. M. F. Hood, Owner, Dr. H. C. Hood's.

Hood's

Hood's