

Sjodahl, William W. Riter, Richard K. Thomas.

HOME MISSIONARIES.

Ahlquist, Carl A
Adams, Thomas
Anderson, Olof J
Brinton, Samuel
Bennion, Ira
Buttle, Joseph A
Bowles, George
Burrows, John H
Burton, Willard C
Bailey, John H Jr
Brown, James E
Burton, Theodore T
Christenson, Joseph
Caine, John T
Canuon, Eugene M
Cutler, Frank
Cutler, John O Jr
Chipman, Washburn
Christopherson, Mar-
tin E
Cannon, Brigham T
Campbell, William
Coulam, Joseph
Cannon, Mark Y
Davis, David L
Done, Willard
Duckworth, James
Derrick, Zachariah T
Davis, James H
Eldredge, Ben R
Flashman, James T
Goddard, Benjamin
Goff, Jedediah
Green, Cornelius S
Galscher, John J
Gill, David R
Garbutt, Samuel G
Hilton, George
Hopfenback, Anthony
Iverson, Heber C
Iversen, James F
Jacobson, Joseph A
Knight, John M
Livingston, Daniel H
Link, William H
Liddle, Edward M
Lambert, James N
Langton, Fredrick
McKenzie, David

Relief Society—Mary Elizabeth Horne, president; Annie T. Hyde and Clara C. Cannon, counselors.

Sabbath Schools—Thomas C. Griggs, superintendent; Richard S. Horne and Willard C. Burton, assistants.

Young Men's M. I. Associations—Richard R. Lyman, superintendent; Joseph F. Merrill and Heber C. Iverson, assistants.

Young Ladies' M. I. Associations—Mary A. Freeze, superintendent; Mary Pratt Young and Nellie C. Taylor, assistants.

Primary Associations—Camilla C. Cobb, superintendent; Lydia Ann Wells and Mary L. Morris, assistants.

Kindergarten Associations—Georgiana Fox Young, superintendent.

Tabernacle Choir—Evan Stephens, leader; Joseph J. Daynes, organist, and all the members of the choir.

Scandinavian Meetings of Salt Lake City—J. M. Sjodahl, president; Martin Christopherson and Jens S. Jensen, counselors.

German Meetings—Arnold H. Schulthess, president; Henry Reiser and Herman Grether, counselors.

Scandinavian Meetings at South Cottonwood—Charles Holm.

Elder George B. Margetts as chief usher at the Tabernacle and aids.

Elder Abraham O. Woodruff of the Council of Apostles was the next speaker. Referring to the death of his father Elder Woodruff felt to acknowledge the hand of God in what had caused him great grief. Such feeling was but natural, though it was greatly relieved by the reflection that in the departure of the faithful, there was cause for rejoicing as well as sorrow. The work of the ministry to the spirits of the departed was spoken of and the necessity that faithful ones should be taken into the spirit world, to perform this labor. Just before his death, President Woodruff had expressed himself as being prepared to depart, and to give a report of his

ministry and the people of God, to his former associates. His love for all men was spoken of, as also his unwillingness to condemn those who were sinful, while condemning the sin itself.

All men should follow him in his willingness to sacrifice all personal ambitions for the cause of truth. In this respect and others Elder Woodruff paid a son's strong tribute to the worth of the late President. His trusting, unsuspecting nature led him to judge others to be as self-sacrificing as himself. The only cause of grief was in the fact that those who were left behind might fall by the wayside; though even under such conditions the work would continue. Unity still prevailed in the quorums of the Priesthood, and in such circumstances all difficulties could be overcome. Such would not be the case if this were not the work of the Lord, but of man. Trials and difficulties under such conditions could be borne with patience because of their beneficial effect upon the Saints. All should be servants of God indeed, faithful in all respects, and working hard for the advancement of the great labor, preparatory to the Saints standing in the presence of Christ at His coming.

The speaker bore a strong testimony to the truth of the Gospel, the reality of the resurrection, and the presence of the gifts of the Spirit among the people.

Elder Karl G. Maeser announced the opening of the Latter-day Saints' College on September 12th, and commended it to the attention of the people.

The choir and congregation sang:

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

And benediction was pronounced by Elder Brigham Young.

The Conference adjourned to meet on Saturday, December 10th, at 10 a.m.

MAJOR YOUNG ON MANILA.

Captain Richard Young, now Major Young of Battery A, Utah Volunteers, stationed at Manila, has written an interesting letter to his wife. The letter was written under date of July 23rd and 24th, and is as follows:

Since last writing to you, a few more things have happened. The battery, except fourteen men, left behind to load stores, was loaded on the queerest looking craft you can imagine, called a casco—large, long and capable of holding a vast quantity of stores and men. The two companies of the Eighteenth were placed on another, and off we started, in tow of a tug, for the shore, about four miles south of Manila, and distant four miles from the ship. The tug had to stop a quarter of a mile from the shore and the natives pushed the boat along with rods up to a point about twenty or forty feet from the shore. Then the men either took off or turned up their clothes and waded ashore. Then came the task of carrying large quantities of tents, boxes, etc., to the shore, and afterwards from the shore to the camping ground. The map herewith will cover the several points of interest I have visited. Fortunately, we landed early in the day, and so got out tents in good shape long before dark. Soon after we were settled Captain Grant arrived with half of his battery. I asked such of the boys as were willing to go down and help Captain Grant's men up with his baggage, etc., and nearly to a man the whole battery went. Today the favor has been returned, and Captain Grant's battery went down and helped us up with our guns. Now we have our camp in about

the same shape as at Camp Merritt.

I left Lieutenant Webb and fourteen men to remove our property that we were compelled to leave on the steamer. This evening they came over with our guns and a whole lot more property—everything in fact, that we are to take with us. Three men, however, are to remain at Cavite, to care for the guard stores there.

Yesterday morning General Greene sent for Captain Grant and myself, and told us he desired us to go up on the insurgent lines and reconnoiter. That suited us both. We started out yesterday evening, and went to a point near the shore of the bay, where the insurgents have two big, but old-fashioned guns, mounted on their entrenchments.

The whole country is full of trees, and small, clear spaces, which are fields of rice. The natives make a small bank around a small patch of ground and let the water cover the field, so it is absolutely impossible to travel outside of the two or three very poor roads that run to this section. It is extremely hard to see anything, on account of the trees, that spring up nearly close enough to obscure a distant vision.

Well, we went to the guns, and found a large number of insurgents in their trenches, armed to the teeth, mostly with Mauser rifles which Dewey had captured from the Spanish and furnished them. You know a trench is a long ditch and embankment. These natives put a thatch roof over it, and some have bamboo beds or grass, or whatever they may be on the bottom, where there is water.

There was a church about 150 paces in front of the insurgent lines, which we desired to sneak into. A tenete (Spanish for lieutenant) went with us and cautioned us to be very quiet. We sneaked in all right, and got up into one of the upper stories, where, with our glasses, we got a good view of the Spanish fort, near the bench. We could see Spaniards moving around inside of their works. There was considerable firing going on around us, but no bullets struck near us at the time. The church, however, is a complete wreck. It is absolutely riddled with shot and shell, and has thousands of holes in it. The trees are shot down all around. We saw what we came after, and then returned down to the beach. From our position on the beach we were in full view of the Spanish fort, but they showed no disposition to shoot.

This morning we went out on a camara, a little two-wheeled cart, with one of the native ponies harnessed to it. The driver sets in front and the passengers in the covered part behind. We went up one road to Pasal, a distance from our camp of about two and a half miles. Here we found more insurgents. They had the same kind of trenches as before. There were numbers of them playing cards, etc., and shooting once in a while, the Spaniards returning the compliment with alacrity. We sneaked up through some cane brake, behind a house, until we reached the house itself, which, like all native houses, is built up on stilts, the floor being about five feet above the ground. Under the edges of the house, the insurgents had thrown up earthworks, behind which they were hiding, and from which they kept up quite a lively fusillade at the Spanish lines, not more than 250 yards away—a Spanish blockhouse securing special attention.

They say that the enemy has blockhouses every few hundred yards along their lines. These are tall, square houses, built, apparently, of heavy timbers. The one in question has a cannon that shoots about a three-inch shell, and also a mortar.

While we were under the house talking to the natives (by the way, I am