

Yes, the hour of God's judgment is come. The Lord raised up Joseph Smith through the loins of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and Joseph and Ephraim, and He gave unto him this work; He put into his hands the Book of Mormon, which was hid up in the Hill Cumorah by ancient Moroni. All the powers of earth and hell apparently sought to destroy him while he held that, so that it should not be translated; but God delivered him, and he lived to translate the work into the English language, and since then it has been translated into a great many languages and published to the world. The Lord also gave unto him this Book of Doctrine and Covenants, containing the grandest revelations that God ever gave to man. He lived to reveal that to the Church of God and to the world as well as to translate the Book of Mormon. He accomplished this great work in a short time, and then laid down his life for the word of God and testimony of Jesus Christ. He has gone home with the rest of the martyrs, awaiting the coming of the Son of Man and beholding the judgments of God laying waste the inhabitants of the earth, in fulfillment of revelation and prophecy.

Brethren and sisters, my feelings are that we ought to improve our time, and do what we can, no matter what the world says of us or what is reported about us. We have our duties to perform, and we have got to build up the kingdom of God. This is our duty while we dwell in the flesh, and when we get through we will lie down and sleep in death, and go into the spirit world and, if we are righteous, mingle with those faithful ones who have gone before us and prepare for the coming of the Son of Man. My prayer to God is that we may have power to magnify our calling, as Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ and Elders of Israel, and to do our duty. We have but one life here. Some of us may live longer than others; but it matters not whether this life be long or short, we will be held responsible for what we do while we dwell in the flesh. I pray God to inspire the hearts of our sons and daughters, that they may comprehend the importance and the worth of the salvation of the souls of men, and of attending these Sabbath schools and these improvement meetings, and that we all may make a right use of these gifts and graces while they are in our hands. I feel to ask God for His blessings to rest upon us as the Presidency of the Church, the Twelve Apostles, and all the quorums of the Priesthood. I feel to ask God to bless our sisters who are laboring in the Primary Associations, the Improvement Associations and the Relief Societies, and in all the capacities in which they are called to labor, as well as the brethren, in the building up of the kingdom of God. Amen

Written for this Paper.

JENSON'S TRAVELS.

LETTER NO. L.

Saturday, February 15th 1896. Elder Frank Cutler and I, intent upon a missionary and historical tour to the Tuamotu islands, boarded the fine schooner Teavaroa, Henry Mervin, supercargo, at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 12 o'clock noon we set sail and left the Papeeti wharf island of Tauti. The wind being contrary and a very little of

it at that, it took us two hours to get out of the harbor, having to tack a number of times. The American mail vessel, Tropic Bird, had most of her sails set as we passed her ready to go to sea, but could not get out against the wind. The island of Tahiti and also the neighboring island Moorea, with their grand lofty mountains look grand and imposing from the sea. Having cleared the reef at 2 o'clock p. m., we soon struck the trade wind, which filled our sails nicely, and enabled us to take a northeasterly course. There was quite a heavy swell on the ocean which caused everybody on board, who were not sailors, to reel and stagger; and contrary to my fond expectations I got seasick, and fed the fishes several times during my first night on the Teavaroa. In fact Elder Cutler and I spent a miserable night lying on the cabin deck and trying in vain to sleep; it was too warm and sickly in the cabin below.

Sunday, February 16th. We had kept a northeasterly course all night, and at 10 a. m. we sighted the island of Makatea straight ahead. Failing to make the windward side we passed its extreme northwest point within a distance of 300 yards at 2 p. m., which gave us an excellent opportunity of studying the formation and vegetation of the island. Makatea is an uplifted coral island situated in latitude 15° 52' south; longitude 148° 20' west of Greenwich, or about 125 miles northeast of Tahiti; it is about five miles long by four wide, and produces copra, beans, sweet potatoes, etc., which latter products the natives have commenced to import to other islands. Makatea, unlike all the other Tuamotu islands is elevated in the centre, its highest point being 250 feet above sea level and is covered with a brush called tamanu. The only village on the island is situated on the northeast coast; the inhabitants numbering about 150, are now nearly all Josephites. The island has recently been visited by Elders Eugene M. Cannon and Alonzo F. Smith, but with what success I do not know at present.

The west coast of Makatea was very interesting to look at, as we sailed by; its nearly perpendicular walls rise to a height of about one hundred feet (perhaps more) and they abound with caves and numerous strange formations—the work of corals and the actions of water during the past centuries. After leaving Makatea, we continued our voyage in the direction of Ragihoa.

Monday, February 17th. The early morning hour found us beating off the south coast of Ragihoa, which is the largest of all the Tuamotu islands extending as it does from northwest to southeast about forty-two miles and is twenty miles wide on an average. Its centre is situated in latitude 15° 9' south and longitude 147° 40' west of Greenwich. This island like most of its sister islands consists merely of a coral reef, which here and there is covered with trees. Some of these patches are several miles long and from a few yards to half a mile or more in width; but others contain only a few acres, some of them as seen from a distance puts one in mind of a huge bouquet of flowers. The lagoon inside the reef abound with pearl shells for which the natives dive whenever the lagoon is open for that purpose. Cocoa-nut trees are plentiful on this island, and the export of cobra amounts to something like 400 tons a

year. Ragihoa, which translated means "long heaven" was one of the islands of the Tuamotu group where Elder Benjamin F. Grouard and other Elders at an early day, preached the Gospel with success, and branch organizations were kept up till about 1885, when the Josephites interfered and caused the natives to identify themselves with their organization.

During the day Tenira, the Hawaiian captain of the Teavaroa, related the following incident in his life. Some time in 1882 he sailed from Tubnai bound for Tahiti as master of the schooner Alura Toeran, having twelve souls on board, including himself, all natives. There were eight men, three women and one child. The schooner was a vessel of seventeen tons register. After proceeding about 135 miles from the port of embarkation, a terrific whirlwind struck the vessel and capsized her, spilling most of the passengers in the ocean. The captain, not being on duty on time, but asleep in the cabin, was not aware of what had happened till he felt his feet and soon his whole body in the water. He made a spring for the cabin door and soon found himself together with nine others sitting on the keel of the vessel, which by this time had turned completely upside down. But two of the women were missing, one of whom was the captain's own wife. Though they were supposed to be drowned already Tenira who like most natives of the Pacific islands is a good diver and swimmer, dove under the vessel and tried to force his way into the cabin, but as one or more heavy boxes had rolled against the door from the inside he was at first unable to effect an entrance; but succeeded, after diving several times in pushing the door open, when he found the two women standing in water to the neck, being just able to breathe. Bidding one of them to follow him at a time by diving for the door, he succeeded in pulling them out from the interior of the vessel, and then helped them to a position on the keel. Thus all hands were saved so far, but how to proceed next was a question of vital importance. Most of the others seemed to have lost their presence of mind and could think of no means of escape from the doomed vessel, but the captain unaided by the others, set to work to unfasten the little boat which was secured to the deck or rigging of the vessel deep under the water. This he did by diving down repeatedly and stopping under the water as long as possible working at the ropes. At length his toil was rewarded, and to the great joy of all the little craft, scarcely ten feet long, was floating on top of the water. To bail it out was an easy task; but after eight persons had got into it, it commenced to sink, thus showing that it was altogether inadequate to carry away any more than half of the shipwrecked people, and even that number would by no means be safe in case of stormy weather and a rough sea. Something else must yet be done in order to save all. Though considerably exhausted from his previous diving the captain renewed his labors under water, and succeeded after going down many times in unfastening the booms of the ship, and bringing them together with some of the sails to the service. All hands now went to work assisting the captain in constructing a sort of a craft, by tying the two booms together with three ropes in such a way that the boat