

orphans' home or asylum, at which 150 orphans are now being taught, not only how to read, write, etc., but the boys to farm and the girls to do general housework. The school is nearly self-supporting.

We next crossed the Grand river and passed on to the northwest. In passing through Pryor Creek, which is a railroad town, we were invited into the hotel, where we did some talking on the plan of salvation, wrote some letters, were given dinner and sent on our way rejoicing. In passing through the neighborhood of Foyil we learned of the death of Sister Sarah J. Follen; held one meeting, made an appointment for another and passed on to Chelsea, to the home of an old and true friend, M. W. Couch. Mr. Couch has been to Utah and lived among our people, so that he understands and preaches the Gospel nearly as well, or possibly better, than some of us new Elders do.

We left the home of Mr. Couch Dec. 17 to fill our appointment for a meeting. About 4 p. m. it started to rain and we were obliged to seek shelter with a family who kept us two nights and treated us well. We were then obliged to go, to make good our word, though it had not ceased to rain during this time. As we traveled on through the falling rain, the mud and water, we were suddenly brought to a halt by a running stream over which we must pass to reach the place for which we had set out. Bridges are a thing of the future in this part of the country. So we were left to build one, swim or go back, and as "onward" is our motto, we decided to build one. Accordingly we borrowed an axe, cut the tallest tree we could see on the bank of the stream, which fell across, making a bridge that answered our purpose nicely.

Traveling on we were taken over streams less deep and swift on horseback by natives of the country, reaching our destination at night, safe and sound, though wet and cold. The next morning we found the ground covered with snow, but the clouds had exhausted their strength and soon sped away to get a fresh supply with which they soon returned.

We were now tired of mud and water and decided to take the train for Fort Gibson, which is forty-two miles distant, then go eight miles on foot to Manard. We took the southbound freight train at Claremore, rode to Wagoner, and were informed that it was not safe to go any further on account of the high water in the Grand river district or bottom. The next morning the regular passenger train took us up and started for Fort Gibson; but on nearing the river we found houses, trees, corn fields, fences, etc., standing or floating in the waters, that stood nearly to the top of a high railroad grade. We also found that about two-thirds of the iron railroad bridge across Grand river had gone down, so we were obliged to go back to Wagoner and wait for we knew not what.

During our second night in Wagoner it began to pour down again making things look gloomy for us and many others who were anxious to get across the now roaring bridgeless river. During the afternoon or evening of

our third day's layover some men came in through the rain from Gibson, who had crossed the river in a skiff for which they had had to pay \$1 each. We thought if others could cross in a skiff we could, and as we only had enough money to pay our fare, decided to walk down the next morning and cross if possible. After walking about thirteen miles we came to the river, which was now about one-half mile wide and looking anything but inviting. There we found a man with a skiff who was anxious to get our dollars and we were anxious to get across, so we stepped into the skiff and were soon taking our first voyage across the "mighty deep."

Our sailor or oarsman pulled with a will and soon landed us safe on the Fort Gibson side of the river; not, however, until he had told us how dangerous it was to cross and how long he had been at it and how well he understood his business.

We then started for Manard with lighter hearts but heavier feet, for we took a part of the Grand River shores with us. This we got rid of before reaching Manard, as we had to cross creeks on the way which necessitated our taking a bath before leaving them.

We reached Manard in the evening, tired, wet and hungry, but thankful for a place to rest in peace and safety.

W. H. GREEN,
H. W. NOBLE,

FROM THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

The following is taken from a letter written at Fagali, Upolu, Samoa, November 29, 1895, to Elder L. M. Grant, Bishop of West Bountiful, Davis county, by a member of the West Bountiful ward now on a mission:

I have been here less than a year, and am pleased to say that I am blessed with the best of health and strength, and am trying in my weak way to serve the Lord the best I know how, so that at all times He will be pleased to shower His choicest blessings down upon me. I feel a week instrument in His hands, and realize that without His blessing I will be able to accomplish but very little good while here or at home.

I take great comfort from the words written in 1 Cor. 1, 2 v. I feel that this is truly the case as far as I am concerned; and therefore put my whole trust in Him, and believe if I strive at all times to serve and keep His commandments that He will make me an instrument in accomplishing a good work among this dark and benighted people, in bringing them to a knowledge of the true and everlasting Gospel as it has been revealed to us in the latter days through the Prophet Joseph Smith. I feel thankful that I have been called to represent such a noble cause, and I hope that I will be able to prove worthy of the high and holy calling.

God's cause is steadily growing in this land. There have been about twenty-five added to the fold since the first of October. Among this number was a man by the name of Folau. He is a native high chief, judge, second to none in influence among the natives, not excepting the king himself; he is also one of the richest among this people.

About five years ago Brothers J.

H. Dean and O. W. Lee visited this man. There were also present teachers from three other denominations. Brother Dean was asked to explain his belief. After he did this the chief gave the other teachers a chance, but none accepted the invitation.

Since that time the Elders have called on him off and on until two weeks ago. About two weeks ago Bro. Sears and I called on him. There were two teachers at his house at the time. He asked us some questions, which were answered to his satisfaction. He also gave the teachers a chance, but as they have poor ground to stand on, they made a very weak argument, which more than ever convinced the judge that ours was the true Church. We left him feeling good, and a few days later he drove down to Fagali in his cart, his son coming with him. They requested baptism. We asked them some questions, among other things if they understood thoroughly the obligations they were taking upon themselves. They said they did. They also said they did not care for the scoffs of their fellowmen. They ate dinner with us, then we walked up to the creek and, for the first time in my life, I had the happy privilege of performing the sacred ordinance of baptism. I first baptized Folau, then his son. So this is the way the work prospers; some sow, some water and prepare for the gathering, while others come along and reap. Brother Lee will be pleased to hear of this baptism. He has many friends here who inquire about him often.

I am laboring at the mission headquarters. This has been my home ever since I came here, excepting two weeks that I was at Siupapa. My companions are President J. B. Beck (one of the best men in the world), and Brother Sears, who is also a fine young man. In fact they are all good men. There are thirty-five Elders on this mission and there is work for that many more here. Ten of this number are at Tonga, 600 miles south of here, seven on Tutuila, seven on Savali, and eleven of us on this island. Brother William Winegar is on this island, and I went part of the way with him on his journey to his new field of labor, as it about twenty-five miles, and I went to show him the way and do the talking, as it is very difficult to understand them or talk to them until learning their language. I walked twenty-five miles with him, and got a place for him to stay all night. I started back the same night in a boat with six natives; we hadn't got far when the wind began to blow, and the rain began to fall in torrents. This caused the sea to be very rough, and the night was dark. We were afraid that we would run on the reef, so pulled for shore, and waited an hour or so for the rising of the moon; the moon came up and we continued our voyage. I arrived home the next day at 10 o'clock, after being out on the sea all night with wet clothes on. I must say I didn't enjoy my boat ride very well.

Elder Beck has been away from here for a month. He has gone to Maua, an island 100 miles from here. The object he had in view was to establish a new branch at that island. We are looking for him back every day.