

PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

ANACONDA, Montana,
Aug. 10th, 1896.

Elder Cowley and I have concluded our work in this part of Montana, and in the morning we take the 9 a. m. Montana Northern train for Helena, Montana. Allow us through the NEWS to offer many thanks to those who have so kindly ministered to our wants. Thanks be also to God who has heard the humble prayers, and beheld the tears of a once most grievously misrepresented people, so little understood in their true light.

I for one, speak feelingly and knowingly on the above subject and have the documents to show the facts. But O, how changed! The happy change has changed.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His purpose to fulfill.

Again we thank the press of Butte and Anaconda for their liberality, and for the fairness with which they have represented us as a people, and the liberal notices of our meetings in the Butte City Auditorium, and churches and the Lyceum hall in Anaconda. We also owe thanks to the Hon. Mayor William Thompson of Butte, for favors bestowed. He opened the beautiful city auditorium for the first Mormon sermons ever held in this city. We do not forget Pastor C. W. Pool of the Christian church for courtesies bestowed and for the invitation to his pulpit, and the fairness with which he represented our cause and us. Elder Pool feels his foundation is not very shaky, neither easily overturned. The Baptists also were very liberal and kind to us, and have our thanks, and so many strangers, too numerous to mention, who have so kindly entertained us.

On leaving Lima, Butte and Anaconda, in our hearts we thank each and all who were kind to us, and also thank God and ask His blessings upon all. Our health is pretty good considering the amount of sulphur smoke and arsenic inhaled and bad water consumed.

Now a few words regarding our closing work since last week we wrote the NEWS. After our successful meetings at the Butte Auditorium, our quartet and President Ricks of Bannock Stake accompanied us to fill an appointment previously made at Anaconda, where we were announced by the Standard of that place and by 300 hand bills. The meeting was suddenly changed from the Scandinavian church to the Lyceum hall of Anaconda, and by the way it proved more than favorable for on the short notice we had nearly enough people at our large hall to fill the church three times. The large crowd were very much interested and the press spoke favorably of the meetings as well as Elder Ricks and the quartet from Idaho. After the departure of the singers we continued our meetings in the hall and held a private meeting and organized a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Anaconda with Elder Augustus Short as presiding Elder, and Alexander McFarland and James Thorp as his counselors. Elitha Cail was made superintendent of the Sunday school with Edward A. Ward and Ellen Matilda McNeal as assistants.

We ordained two Elders, baptized four and rebaptized two others; blessed four children and instructed the presiding Elder to enroll all members—about forty—and report to Elder T. E. Ricks of Bannock Stake, Idaho. We learned from Elder Ricks that through the advice of the presidency the Bannock Stake were to send three or four missionaries to look after the Saints of Lima and Anaconda and to preach the Gospel to the people on the ranches and in the country small towns.

There is plenty of work to do for several Elders who are prepared to have patience and perseverance and are willing to go in way places on foot from house to house to teach, preach and distribute tracts, for now is the accepted time to sow and trust to the Lord for the reaping time.

On fast day we held a fast and a confirmation meeting down the valley among Morrisites, Josephites and others who opened a small church and invited us to preach in it. There we found friends who entertained us. From there we went down the valley to Racetrack and Deer Lodge. There are Utah people, some of whom belong to the Josephites and some who do not know to what they belong. No doubt there are some of the house of Ephraim, who are longing for to hear the voice of the Shepherd and who, when they do hear it, know the voice.

Now we leave these parts for other fields of labor.

EDWARD STEVENSON,
M. H. COWLEY.

FOR PIONEER HISTORY.

FARMINGTON, Aug. 17, 1896.

Indian wars will soon be past history owing to causes so apparent that they need no explaining. We who are and have been making and writing history for those who come after us to read, owe it to them and ourselves to make said history as truthful and interesting as possible.

I was pleased to read in yesterday's SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS, in a notice to comrades in regard to the reunion of the Sanpete Indian War veterans to be held on the 19th to 21st inst, the following: "On this occasion it is the intention to form a State society of all the Indian war veterans of Utah."

I hope that this proposition will be carried out as energetically and successfully as its importance deserves. On this subject I will venture the following five suggestions:

1. That the DESERET NEWS invite correspondents in Utah, or elsewhere in cases where participants of our Indian wars have moved away, to write articles on the subject. Two interesting letters on this subject have appeared recently in your paper.

2. That a sketch be included of the Indian difficulties of the portions of Utah that were afterwards attached to neighboring territories.

3. That some one or more persons be appointed as a committee at the coming reunion to compile and publish in pamphlet or book form, such correspondence and other attainable statistics.

4. That a subscription be started at said reunion to aid in compiling and publishing said work, with the understanding that money so subscribed be refunded from proceeds of book sales.

5. That said committee and its successors be permanent, and that the work be the property of the State society, said society of course to recollect the benefits of all sales after expenses are deducted.

In regard to getting accounts of Pioneer days, I will mention that a few years ago I wrote to one of our former and earliest settlers of Farmington for some information, etc. In my letter I mentioned the importance of older people, while they are yet with us, leaving a record of their lives for the benefit of those who were preparing to take their places. The next time I met him he very good naturedly took hold of me and joked about "booting" me for writing as though I thought he was going to leave; and he expressed a strong faith and belief that he was going to live a great number of more years. But we know not when the grim reaper will come for us; the aged veteran soon passed away.

T. B. CLARKE.

EPHRAIM K. HANKS.

CAINEVILLE, Wayne County, July 31, 1896.—Although it has been announced in the columns of your worthy paper, the death of the well-known and esteemed Utah veteran Ephraim K. Hanks, a few lines more, I trust, will be acceptable to his numerous friends and relatives.

Another Battalion boy has gone home to enjoy the reward of the righteous, and what a joyous hand-shaking there was when "Brother Eph" (as he was commonly called) was ushered into the presence of Joseph, Brigham, Heber, and those he so dearly loved and respected; for he loved the Saints and the Gospel with a pure heart, always lifting a warning voice in the defense of truth, and imparting that sweet influence that characterizes a man of God.

Like the Prophet Joseph and others, he had remarkable faith and power in healing the sick. He would rebuke sickness and disease without ever touching the afflicted; a silent prayer to Father, and he could accomplish almost anything he desired for the benefit of others. The sick all over the country had so much faith in him that if he could only administer to them, they were healed; even the Indians would bring their sick for a hundred miles for Brother Hanks to administer to them and they were invariably made whole.

On one occasion about thirty came to be healed. It was fast day in February, 1893. He had them all fast and come to meeting. Quite a number of them spoke, desiring him to be their father, as they didn't have any now but Brother Thurber was dead. He told them that he would, and then he and his sons administered to them and they were healed.

Brother Ephraim K. Hanks was born the 21st of March, 1826, at Madison, Lake county, Ohio. He left home at the age of sixteen and became a sailor on a man-of-war, where he was compelled to stay for three years. After being released he returned home, only visiting a short time, and then started off again.

After going a short distance on his journey about he came to where the road forked, and where he was stopped