

they had ever had the opportunity of meeting. We gave them some tracts and a book to read. When they had perused them they asked a number of questions about various principles of the Gospel, thus giving us a good chance to explain the Gospel to them. After conversing for some time on the first principles of the Gospel, they said they had always had a wrong impression in their minds regarding the doctrines which we teach, and that they were pleased to learn the truth about us. Our conversation was the means of allaying much prejudice in their minds, which had arisen from false reports that they had read and heard respecting us as a people. Before we left Suva they said that they had a much higher opinion of the Mormons than before, and asked us to send them some more tracts when we arrived at Tonga. When the time drew near for the steamer to arrive, we called on the agent of the Union Steamship company, and then asked him what the fare was from Suva to Tonga. He informed us that it would be twenty five dollars each. We apprised him of our financial condition, and why we were there, then asked him if he would be so kind as to let us have two tickets to Tonga and we would pay for them on arriving at that point. He said, "You gentlemen say you are Mormon Elders, but you are strangers in the city, and how am I to know?" We told him there was no one in the city with whom we were acquainted except the captain and the crew of the boat which we came on. He said "I believe your people to be all right, you may call in when the steamer comes and get your tickets." When we called to get them he gave us a discount of ten per cent.

Thursday, the 24th, we bade our friends on the Fleetwing good bye; and also Mr. Nicholson who had been so kind to us during our stay in Suva. At 1 a. m. we boarded the Tavinni, which in a few minutes began to sever herself from the wharf, and was soon steaming off in the mighty deep towards Samoa which lies 665 miles northwest of Suva, Fiji.

Monday, the 28th, (which was Sunday in Samoa, as there is a change of time between Fiji and that place) upon arising from our cots we could see the island Upolu in the distance, and at 8 p. m., cast anchor in Apia harbor. Elder Smith and I were soon on a small boat going ashore. We then made our way along the beach to Fagalii, a distance of three miles, where we were kindly received by thirteen Elders who were very much surprised to meet us at that time, as they were not thinking of any thing of that kind. We had the pleasure of meeting Brother Wood and two other Elders who had just arrived from Zion a few days previously. In the evening we held a meeting, where all the Elders bore their testimonies. I never before met a more noble band of Elders; all had the spirit of their mission resting upon them, and bore faithful testimonies of the truth of the Gospel. During our short stay there we received many good instructions from Brother Wood respecting the Tonga branch of the Samoan mission.

Tuesday the 29th, at 12 o'clock, we took leave of the brethren and went to Apia and boarded the steamer which began to sail at 5 p. m., for Vavau. After a run of thirty-eight hours over a very rough sea, we arrived at Neiafu, Vavau.

The steamer only stayed at this point one hour and a half, thus giving us a very short visit with Elders Charles E. Jensen and Alfred A. Koloe who are laboring there. However, we held a short conversation with them, and informed them why we had been so much longer than we expected on our trip. We here received our mail from Zion, and if there is any one thing that causes an Elder's heart to rejoice more than another it is to receive good news from his dear ones at home; especially when it has been two or three months since he has heard from them. At 9 a. m., the steamer again started on her way for Haapai, and arrived at that point at 5 p. m. Elder Smith and I got the permission from the purser to go ashore in the ship's boat. As the little boat drew near the shore we saw Elders George W. Shill and Archie B. Bernum coming up to the beach where we were going to land. We had a good hearty hand shake, and conversed with them about twenty minutes when the whistle began to blow, and we had to bid them good bye and return to the steamer, which was soon plowing the waves for Tongatabu. January the 1st, at 8 a. m., the steamer made connection with the wharf at Nukualofa Tongatabu. Soon after we got ashore we were met by Elders George M. Leonard and George W. Home who came in to get their mail and take us back across the lagoon to the mission house. There are many things connected with our trip that would be worthy of note, but for want of space I have tried to be brief.

JAMES R. WELKER.  
ROBERT A. SMITH.

### BAPTISMS IN BAVARIA.

MUNICH, Bavaria, Germany,  
February 7th, 1897.

President Lorenzo Snow:

My Dear Father—As time rolls on, so does the "little stone cut out of the mountain without hands," which is destined to fill the entire earth. Last week we did a great deal of work, though the Lord alone can say how much good was accomplished. I made ten visits and Elder Olson about the same. We are delighted with our new method of procedure; the people are becoming much more strengthened; old roots are being watered and fed until they are beginning to sprout and will soon appear in the healthy portion of the tree.

Last night, between the hours of nine and ten, a little band of God-fearing, humble children of our Heavenly Father, could be seen tramping through mud and water toward the suburbs of the city. The evening was beautiful. Heaven (the firmament being completely beset with brilliant, twinkling stars) smiled sweetly upon this little band of about ten souls. After a full hour's walk they halted upon the banks of a little stream, whose crystal waters sparkling in the moonlight, and on whose smooth, clear surface could be seen a perfect reflection of nature's loveliness in the sky above. Far away from the tumult and twinkling lights of the distant city a deep, solemn silence prevailed. A humble prayer now ascended, of gratitude and praise to God; and preparations began for the performance of a sacred ordinance, necessary for the fulfilment of "all righteousness." A spirit of love and peace reigned; all were

filled with the Spirit from on High, to such a degree that one called out: "This is a happy time." One of the members, a man called of God, and holding the Holy Priesthood, entered the water, reached out his hand and led one of the children of God to the door of heaven. The Elder then raised his right hand and uttered a holy prayer to heaven. What a happy moment! Then by immersion for the remission of sins, the portals of heaven were opened, the ceremony was performed,—one of the most sacred ordinances revealed to man. This was repeated three times and the little band were seen on their homeward journey as happy and thankful as the heart of man can experience. In the evening we held an interesting little meeting and the three were confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Today is Fast day. We have a fine place for meeting; we expect to hear about twenty-five strong testimonies and see the faces of at least ten strangers. The work is rolling on. I never enjoyed a few hours more in my life than last Wednesday. I began conversing with a family, upon the principles of the Gospel, at 5:30, and continued until 11 o'clock. A young man not in the Church was so interested that notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, he walked all the way home with me. I bore to him my testimony and told him of the blessings of the righteous; he was so overcome that tears filled his eyes. He kissed me good night and said he was ready for baptism. We expect to baptize him with two others, next week.

Father, my entire heart and soul is in the work, and if you were but younger I should desire to remain on my mission several years beyond my time. But your age fills me with impatience. I know that every day that passes cuts the delightful time shorter that I shall spend with you on returning. This is the only thing that troubles me. Dear mother is young and well, which fills me with joy. Take good care of yourself. Love to all. God bless you, dear father. Your humble and obedient son,

LE ROI C. SNOW.

The people of Port Blakeley, the big mill town of the state of Washington, were roused to a great pitch of excitement Monday by a cruel murder. The murderer is Charles F. Miller, a sailor, and the victim was his wife, Caroline Miller. After killing the woman, Miller shot himself twice, but he will not die. When the news of the killing spread the millmen of Blakeley were wild. Miller was in the hands of a constable. When the managers of the mill saw that there would be a hanging bee unless something were quickly done, they started the machinery and put the men to work. When the 5 o'clock whistle blew, however, and the workmen were released, they gathered again determined to hang the murderer. The constable saw the danger and made his way down to the wharf with the prisoner, closely followed by the mob, some of them with a rope ready. The officer got his man on board a steamer and came across the bay to Seattle. Miller had frequently beaten his wife. Five months ago Miller went away on the Laura Madden and returned only five days ago.