

and after satisfying the inner man, we spent the remainder of the day conversing with the Saints. A number of them have moved to Manono and desired one of us to come over in the morning and hold meeting. We had made an appointment to hold meeting at Sagafli; but Brother Sears said to me, "You may take your choice, go to Manono or remain and hold meetings here and at Sagafli." I chose the former, and in a short time Piti, a native Saint, came to take me over in a canoe, but the wind was blowing so hard and the sea was so rough we concluded it would not be safe for us to start till morning, as the distance to Manono is three miles of deep sea. We had retired when suddenly a knock was heard at the door, and on inquiring who was there, it proved to be Piti, who said the wind had now ceased and the sea was calm so we had better start on our journey. I arose from my bed, packed my books and Sunday attire, and after bidding Brother Sears a hearty good-bye, we got into our little craft and started out.

The stars sparkled and the tropical moon sent forth its silvery rays, as the song says, "To guide the traveler on his way." I enjoyed the first half-mile very much, as the sea was calm as a lake and my Samoan brother was a true friend and a skillful sailor. But all of a sudden we found ourselves on the deep sea battling with the angry waves. Now and then a large fish would make a splash. In the distance I could see the large waves dashing against the coral reefs. Several times the waves swept over our little craft. In the great stillness of the night the moan of the huge waves could be heard as they dashed against the rocks that had stood firm for ages. Many thoughts flashed through my mind with the speed of lightning, but among them all was a still, small voice that whispered "All is well, all is well; you are laboring in God's cause."

My friend managed the little craft with perfect skill and she glided swiftly over the bounding billows. In a short time we landed on the verdant shores of the little island Manono, where I sought a secret spot, and, under the tall trees, with tears in my eyes, I thanked God for my safe arrival. Brother Piti took me to his house and called his wife, who had retired. She arose, lit the lamp, welcomed me to her home, prepared a nice bed for me, which I immediately occupied, and in a few more moments I was in dream-land.

After a sweet sleep and pleasant dreams I once more beheld the light of another beautiful day. The golden sun was just emerging from below the horizon. It seemed like a ball of fire coming out of the great Pacific. It was a clear day; in the distance toward the east stood the island of Upolu, and in its fertile soil grew a dense forest of beautiful trees, with here and there large cocoa nut plantations, cultivated by the "servants of servants;" grass upon which cattle feed grows luxuriantly among the trees. The sea beach was dotted with old huts, where the dusky chiefs were wont to assemble in war council, and the mothers inspired their children with a love to follow the footsteps of their brave ancestors. Out in the sea near

Manono stood a large rock upon which grew three palm trees laden with fruit. I remember passing it in the dead of night, when the angry waves dashed against it, but they were broken and their spray was forced back into the air. Through all hardships it has stood firm and today the sea is calm.

Here let me liken the Latter-day Saints unto that rock. Through the angry waves of persecution and hardships they stood firm and today upon the rock of their purity, integrity and faithfulness to God grows the Gospel tree deeply rooted, and heavily laden with precious fruit. The words of the great latter day Prophet crowded to my mind: "As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the Missouri river in the decreed course, or turn it upstream, as to hinder the Almighty from pouring down knowledge from heaven upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints." My eyes rested upon this grand scenery, and a voice low and sweet seemed to say: "All these things were created by a kind and loving Father." The tropical birds sang their Sabbath morning hymns in the loftiest branches of the tall trees under which I stood. The waves moaned along the shore, the fresh sea-breeze blew gently and caused a rustling among the leaves—"Welcome! Welcome! messenger of God to our verdant shores" was sounded in them all.

While standing in the midst of that earthly paradise, pondering over the goodness and grandness of God, Bro. Piti reminded me that it was time for prayer; and in a Samoan hut upon our knees we thanked the Giver of all for His goodness and mercy. During the day we held three meetings, one a Sacrament meeting, in which the Saints bore testimony to the truth of the Gospel; and never before have I seen them speak with so much feeling; tears of joy came to the eyes of many. In short we were all blessed with that sweet spirit that gives light to the eye, music to the ear, joy to the heart, and life to the whole being. When meeting was out all seemed gladness; the old people spoke of our spiritual feast; the little children jumped and played, and I could hear them say how happy they were.

These were the first meetings held by the Latter-day Saints on Manono, and thus passed a day I will long remember.

Monday morning we returned. The sea was as smooth as glass, and we were soon landed at Salovi, where Brother Sears was waiting to welcome us. It was like meeting a brother of the same kin. After having a good missionary handshake we hastened to tell our experiences. He, too, had been highly blessed of the Lord, holding three meetings and Sunday school. Everything being considered, the work of the Lord is prospering in this land.

Hoping you will find room in your valued paper for this note, and wishing the News prosperity, that it may long live to bless its patrons,

I am very kindly,  
CHRISTIAN JENSEN JR.

The Willapa valley, Wash., has sent a car containing 40,000 pounds of potatoes and flour to western Nebraska as a donation to the drought sufferers.

## WHAT PLUCK MAY DO.

We have noticed that the DESERET NEWS during the winter has counseled the non-employed to leave the city and use their energies upon the land lying idle in the country around. Some are doing this with good prospects for the future. About a month since there arrived in this town a conveyance rudely constructed after the manner of a sheep wagon. It contained four persons who had wallowed through the mud from North Ogden. Their destination was indefinite; they had seen Millard county advertised and wanted to get a look at it, with a view to settling it suited. The jaded condition of their team necessitated a lay-over. One of our citizens told of some good land in the vicinity, and took them to the ground, which was good enough for them. These men came armed with the homestead law, a pocket compass and their muscle. Next day they moved on to the ground, took the box off the wagon to live in, and had the running gear to haul water down, etc., etc.; got a corner stake of a surveyed field a mile or so above, and with the aid of their compass found the surveyed corners of a section of land which they filed upon. A fish man has been down and filed upon another quarter. The leading spirit is a Mr. Wharton, with his two sons, a Mr. Burgeside, and Mr. Barr. Mr. Wharton and sons are renters of land in North Ogden, brick-makers, and practical gardeners, of only a few years' residence in Utah. Mr. Barr is only two years in the United States, formerly a musician of Queen Victoria's army, who came on from Canada. All of these men are workers and evidently mean business. They go to town, borrow an unused windlass, procure an iron bucket formerly used for sheep dip, a pick, shovel and rope, with which they commence going down into the ground at the rate of seven feet a day, until they reached forty-two feet, where, as Mr. W. describes it, they find a little river of excellent water.

The land is unquestionably amongst the best that can be found anywhere. The adjacent field (Pioneer) has been farmed for over thirty years and unmanured today produces very heavy crops of wheat. Some of the land now entered was also used at that early day. As I rode down there a few days since, a lady in the wagon told of her girlhood experience in pioneer life, when she with others of the family had to walk down there mornings, and were lucky when two of them could get the old mare to ride upon to work in the field. This same lady has a bright, intelligent son with a family, who lives here and does not own an acre of farm.

Our object in writing is to call attention of scores of young men who have been born and raised in this county, who are practically without homes, to the rapidly changing conditions of their surroundings, and to try to induce them to lay hold of their privileges and birthright ere it is too late. They have better opportunities than Mr. Wharton and his party have. That gentleman told me that he could not be induced to vacate his claim for five hundred dollars, a pretty good investment of a few weeks' toil. They are