

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper
FROM FAR OFF SAMOA.

PAGOPAGO HARBOR, Samoa, Jan. 29, 1894.—Supposing that a few words from this part of the Lord's vineyard, located in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, would be of interest to the readers of the NEWS, especially to our friends and relatives at home, we submit the following:

The above named harbor is one of the finest in the world, being a continual haven of peace, regardless of the fierce storms that may be raging without. It is here that the man-of-war, and various schooners that float in these waters, haften for safety in times of storm. Had the ill-fated German and American war vessels that went to the bottom in the terrible hurricane that raged here a few years ago been in this harbor, they would have suffered no loss whatever.

We are now enjoying, or rather enduring, the hot season in Samoa, while you are no doubt listening to the jingle of sleigh bells there. There is very little difference here, however, between summer and winter, except that in summer we have more rain, as the moisture pours down in streams almost daily.

The Lord is ever mindful of His people in this part of His domain, and even the evil one has by no means forgotten us, for he has induced some of the chiefs of the island to forbid us holding meetings in their villages, and even threatened with banishment some of those who have embraced the truth. One notable incident of this kind took place at Seetaga, a village on the west end of this island. Upon the death of a chief belonging to our Church, the remaining chiefs met in council and decided that no Latter-day Saint should hold meetings in that place hereafter, and that the one member remaining should leave their district or the Church. Being possessed of little faith he chose the latter, declaring he could not endure the former. Elder VanCott, who was laboring in the district at the time, left with the same feeling burning within him that Paul expressed when he turned unto the Gentiles. Acts, xviii, 6.

This extra effort of the evil one has been turned for good, in that it has excited the honest in heart to investigate the principles of the Gospel. Since then they come almost daily to our quarters to converse with us upon our doctrines, and we have recently had the privilege of leading into the waters of baptism Te'o and Suega, two of the principal chiefs of Pagopago and Tufaga, one of the principal talking men. These two events have excited the adversary in this village, and some have threatened to drive the Elders out of the district. But half of those in authority are in sympathy with our cause, and we feel quite secure.

We have endeavored to explain to our people in these parts that this oppression is a characteristic feature of the true Church of Christ, and should there be no persecution, no scoffs and scorns, etc., we should certainly think

that something was wrong, and should fear that we were not living as we ought; for he that liveth a godly life in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.

At present writing Elder Harding is laboring on Aunuu. It was here that our Elders first landed, the Gospel spreading from this point to all the main islands of the group. Elders VanCott and Barton are laboring at Safata, on the east end of this island.

The Lord is continually blessing us with the spirit of our missions and giving us joy in our labors. If it were not so it would be a most difficult task for us to become accustomed to Samoan life, food, etc.

Ever praying for the spread of truth and the welfare of Zion, we are yours respectfully,

R. E. DIMOND and
O. BARRUS.

HENRY W. BIGLER.

ST. GEORGE, Utah,
March 14th, 1894.

I read with interest Brother Z. Cheney's brief sketch of his life as published in the semi-weekly of the second instant, when it occurred to me to write a short account of my own day and time, and perhaps you would give it a place in your valuable paper. My father's name was Jacob; he was the son of Jacob and Hannah Bigler, both were Pennsylvania Dutch. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Harvey. She was of English parentage. I was born on the 28th of August, 1815, near the village of Shinnston, Harrison county, New Virginia, as it was then called; now West Virginia. The county was new and, as it were, I was born and brought up in the woods. Game abounded and at proper seasons of the year my father's table was supplied with fat venison, turkey and wild honey. I grew fond of a gun and when about 16 or 17 was made the owner of a rifle and like young Boone spent much of my time in hunting when I should have been in school. My parents were poor but honest and religiously inclined.

Schools in those days were poorly provided for. There were no blackboards and nice benches with backs; and to learn to spell, read, write and to cipher as far as the rule of three was a finished education. I do not remember that grammar and geography were ever taught in any of the schools to which my father sent me.

In 1836 two Mormon Elders came into the neighborhood and commenced preaching and baptizing. Soon afterwards others came, among the latter our esteemed brother the late George A. Smith, then a mere youth. I well remember the first time I heard him preach. It was in Shinnston. He had a good congregation. He read the third chapter of the second Epistle of Peter, and dwelt largely on the first four verses. In a little while a large branch was built up and if I remember right it was called the Jones Run branch, and was presided over by Elder John Lyons.

My father's family joined the Church together with many of the

relatives and neighbors. I was reported that I was baptized in a horse track filled with water. This was because I was small of my age and somebody wanted to say something funny. In the fall of 1838 my father, together with others of the branch, moved up to Far West, Missouri, where they arrived in time to be driven out of the state in common with the whole Church. I had gone up in advance early in the spring of that year. I was at Diahman, in Davies' county, in company with the Prophet and others and visited Adam's altar. Joseph sat on his horse and told things about it which I am sorry to say have left me. That same afternoon we went to Lyman Wight's. He lived in a little unhomed log cabin near the banks of Grand river. There I heard David Patten tell a vision he had. He said he saw Cain standing in a tent door and he was black as the ace of spades.

I was at Diahman when an army came there. They were in camp there for several days, the officers giving passes or permits to the Saints to leave the state. They gave me a paper to leave without being molested. I wish I had been smart and taken care of it to this day. The soldiers took delight in shooting chickens belonging to our people. By early spring nearly all the Saints had left the state, and had fled to Illinois, where they were kindly received.

HENRY W. BIGLER.

UP IN RICH COUNTY.

GARDEN CITY, Rich Co., Utah, March 14, 1894.—As this part of the country is very seldom heard from through the columns of the NEWS, a few items from here may be read with interest by some of the readers of your valuable journal.

The measles have broken out in our little burg and seem to be raging to quite an alarming extent. Children of half of the families in town are down with this disease, and it looks as if every child, who has not already had them, would get them before they leave us. One case has already changed into a pretty severe case of pneumonia, which now exists in the family of Chauncey L. Dustin. Day school has been discontinued for the present and perhaps our Sabbath gatherings may have to be stopped for a season. We hope, however, that the disease will soon leave our peaceful burg which this winter has been entirely free from sickness.

A male visitor, Republican in politics, came to town on Wednesday last and immediately proceeded to partake of the hospitality of our esteemed townsman James Hansen, and as the visitor seems entirely satisfied with his accommodations, has concluded to remain until called away. Mother and child doing well, and father happy.

A reward of \$25 will be given to any man, woman or child, who can successfully predict the exact ushering in of spring. Here in this valley we usually have nine months hard winter and the balance three months pretty cold weather. This season caps anything that has been seen for many a year back, in the quantity of snow that adorns our streets. In many places one can walk right over the tops of fences of ordinary heights. The Bear Lake is still frozen over.