

Newton Woodruff and confirmed by Elder O. S. Walsh.

A few days after the baptism, in accord with previous instructions, I called upon Rev. Meek at his office, for the catalogue just issued by his school and was not much surprised at the rather warm reception accorded me. The gentleman not very politely informed me that a Mormon could pollute the threshold of Barboursville college under no circumstances. He broke forth in a tirade against the Prophet Joseph and the early Apostles. He wished to have nothing to do with the people who repudiated "his mother's holy Bible" by offering the Book of Mormon, a novel written by a cracked-brained school teacher, as a substitute for it. He then began to ridicule the Mormons for believing in new revelation "when John himself plainly says, 'That if any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book,' etc." The writer ventured to inquire meekly if this passage referred to the Bible, the book compiled, as we now have it, several hundred years after the death of that Apostle; and he was gravely assured that such was the fact.

Seeing that nothing could be gained by prolonging the interview further, I brought it to a close by thanking the gentleman for the kind efforts which he had previously put forth in my behalf, and expressing deep regret for the radical change in his sentiments toward me. He, in turn, soberly recounted the kind things which he had told the Barboursville school board concerning me and assured me he would be performing an unpleasant task when taking them (the kind things) all back and informing them that I had proved unworthy, betrayed his confidence, etc., ending with the following rather personal thrust: When we see a young man frequenting the saloon, we know what that young man will come to; and, in the same way, when a young man joins the Mormon Church, we can easily see what will be his end. Thanking him for his compliments, the writer took his leave, rejoicing that he was counted worthy of making sacrifices and undergoing persecution for His Name's sake.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the only arguments or logic (if these may be called by this name) which this learned divine could produce to convince a poor, benighted youth of the errors of his belief were: (1) a torrent of invective against our revered prophet; (2) the absurd claim, that the Mormons repudiate the Bible by substituting for it the Book of Mormon; (3) the theory, that John forever sealed the lips of an omnipotent God by his simple declaration at the close of his vision on the Isle of Patmos. In my humble opinion all three of these are too shallow to engage for a moment the consideration of any well-informed person.

But, even if the reverend gentleman had grown much more eloquent and had used far more powerful logic, he would have failed utterly to make any impression upon my clouded understanding, because he himself had afforded me the most convincing proof of the divinity of the Latter-day work. Some two years ago, while I was still treading in the trodden paths of Southern Methodism, Rev Meek took great care to impress upon the minds of his Sunday school class of which I was a member, the fact, that he considered the parable an indisputable evidence of the divinity of the Bible. Regarded in this light, the parable becomes an unanswerable argument which forever settles the question of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. Verily, "out

of their own mouths shall they be condemned."

"THE YOUNG LAWYER," Cattlettsburg, Ky.

Decoration Day in the South.

This is a short sketch of a pleasant day, spent at the Millsprings National Military cemetery, on Decoration Day, May 30, 1898, at Nancy, situated in the west central part of Pulaski county, Kentucky.

Something over a score and a half years have passed since we were engaged in a desperate struggle, testing whether the Great Republic should be divided, which our forefathers, over six score years ago, brought forth upon this continent, a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

We met near a great battle field where some of the noble sons of said nation lost their life's blood, to maintain the honor of the Stars and Stripes. Yea, on the ground of their final resting place, to pay our respects to them as all are aware that this day, May 30th, has been set apart for that purpose.

The people of the South who live close to the hallowed spots, look with anxiety for the day to arrive, when they can show their esteem for their noble dead. We, as representatives of Utah, were no less loyal in showing our patriotism on this occasion. We enjoyed meeting with our friends and fellow citizens, and partaking of the spirit of the occasion with them.

We had just closed a series of meetings about eight miles from the cemetery, and our friends enjoined upon us to accompany them, and we were pleased at the opportunity. The morning arrived, and we became somewhat discouraged, as it looked so much like rain, but we were pleased finally to observe that it was only a threat, for as the day proceeded the weather was beautiful, not extra warm, as there was a cool refreshing breeze all day, and the heat of the sun being shut off by the clouds as they floated through the air.

A few moments quickly passed away, when we heard the welcome words: "This way brethren, we have room for you."

We were soon seated in a three-inch springless, "old hickory wagon" on "two oaksplit bottom chairs" and the long-eared quadrupeds (mules) were soon steered up and we sped along about three miles per hour, over the hills and through the beautiful woods toward the cemetery. Different points of interest were explained to us by the driver, one of which was the battle of Millsprings. As we passed over the battle-ground, the tree by which Gen. Bollicofel fell, was pointed out to us.

As soon as the rebels saw their leader was killed, they fell back to their entrenchments, but soon vacated them and fled, the Union boys being victorious.

After a pleasant journey we arrived at the long-looked-for place, and immediately began to view the beauties of the cemetery, which has an admirable situation because of its elevation. Everything is nicely arranged. The yard is laid out in six sections, covered with a beautiful carpet of blue grass, decorated with various trees and flowers, giving out their perfume, making it pleasant and grand. A rock wall surrounds the yard in an oval shape making an inclosure of about two acres. A row of shade trees is inside of the wall, and a nice promenade on the inside of them, with the Stars and Stripes floating at half-mast in the center, which makes a sight very grand to behold.

There are 718 bodies in all, 714 of which are soldiers (both white and colored), 861 of which are unknown.

As nature has its charms, so also has the pen when guided by a thoughtful mind, as can be observed from the following beautiful verses, which can be found in the midst of this sacred spot:

On farm's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

Rest our embaimed and sacred dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread,
The herbage of your grave.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.

We became acquainted with the superintendent, who lived just outside of the wall, in a very neat little home, with beautiful surroundings, and he seemed to manifest great interest in us, and gave us a great deal of valuable information, invited us into his office, had us register, etc.; and when he learned that we were from Utah, he told us he had been there, and never enjoyed himself in his life better than while he was floating on the water of the Great Salt Lake.

We spent the afternoon in taking in the sights and in observing the different classes and characteristics of the people, and went down to the stand and listened to the speaking. The principal speech was made by a young Christian minister. He showed the unity of the people now under the present conditions. The people, headed by the old soldiers, then marched into the cemetery, and decorated the graves, by placing a flag and a rose at each tombstone.

The afternoon was almost a repetition of the forenoon.

A collection was taken up to clothe and feed the volunteers of Pulaski, who had not yet enlisted in the general army and who were at a barn at Lexington and could not get out on parade on account of their condition.

We are very grateful for the "News," which comes regularly, and its columns are scanned with great pleasure.

Respectfully,

WM. KING,
PHILIP T. BATEMAN,
Shelbyville, Kentucky.

In Springfield, Ill.

"As waters to a thirsty soul," so a receipt of the welcome "News" is, to a humble "Mormon" missionary laboring for the cause of truth among the nations of the earth, and it seems to us that we Elders ought, as an acknowledgment of our appreciation of the kindness of the management thereof, in arranging, as they do, to send the "News" with their compliments to us, occasionally endeavor to send a few items of our experience in return, as part pay, perhaps, for the trouble and expense attached in preparing and mailing this interesting periodical.

Since our appointment last conference, which, by the way, was held at Chicago last March, Elder Jensen and I have enjoyed a variety of experiences, which in their nature, have not only contributed spice to our work, but tended largely to strengthen our faith and broaden our testimony in the divinity of the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. We have at times suffered deprivations; we have also been "egged" many times, but the latter in a most agreeable manner, having had them served to us, in connection with other good things, by kind friends whom the Lord, in the hour of need, had raised up to us to administer to our necessities. We have labored alternately in the country and the cities, meeting with some success, principally in allaying prejudice. The people in the central part of Illinois (the locality to