

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

SWEET GUM, Tenn., Oct. 15, 1895.

Feeling somewhat inclined by the spirit of truth which I have received, I desire to write a letter for publication that the world may know, and more especially the Elders who may read it, that the good seed is being sown, and that some at least has fallen in good ground and is bringing forth fruit unto righteousness. And now the main topic which I will write about is "from darkness unto light," or my experience from or out of Sectarianism into the glorious light of the true Gospel of Jesus Christ, as taught anciently.

I have from my youth been religiously inclined, and have for a number of years stood identified with the Christian church, commonly called the Campbellite church, and I fully believed them to be right. I believed them to be apostolic in origin, in teaching, and in practice; and how I lived so long in that church and did not discover my mistake I know not unless it was that no one had been sent with a message of divine truth to me. I was perfectly contented and happy, although I felt that there was yet something lacking; but I could compare our doctrine with the Bible and there find that we taught faith, repentance and baptism by immersion, just like the Apostles did, and that was as far as we went. But I thank my heavenly Father that the glorious Gospel light has shown into my heart, and I thank Him for and praise the day I saw a Mormon Elder.

I have heard of the Mormons nearly all my life; have heard of them being killed, and of being tarred and feathered, and driven about and thought that was all right. But I am now ready to admit that they were the true messengers of truth.

About two years ago two Mormon Elders came to our county, and they stayed all night with one of my neighbors. The next morning my neighbor came over and stated that there was a couple of preachers at his house and that they wanted to preach in our church house. I asked what kind of preachers. Said he, "Mormons." I objected at first, but afterwards consented; so that night they preached, and right then and there I received a mere spark of light that showed me just where I stood. I afterward invited them to my home. They gave me some tracts to read, after which I read the Voice of Warning, then Orson Pratt's works, which fully convinced me that they were indeed and in truth men of God with a message of life and salvation.

On the 2nd day of June, 1895, myself and wife, with three others, went down into the water and were baptized by one having authority, and today I feel happy. The mere spark of light which first dawned upon my vision has grown brighter and brighter, and my knowledge of divine truth grows stronger and stronger, and I trust will continue to grow more bright until the perfect day. Before I became a Latter-day Saint, I investigated the doctrine taught by them and compared it with the Bible, and I found everything in complete harmony with the Bible; and I say boldly now that there is not a man in this wide world that can attack

Mormonism (so called) and come out successfully. When they overthrow the teachings of the Latter-day Saints, they will have to do it with some other book besides the Bible; for when Jesus Christ said these signs should follow them that believe, He did not place any limit whatever upon this promise. Sectarianism says these signs shall only follow them that believed under those ancient Apostles. And when Paul says "And God hath set some in the Church, first Apostles, secondarily Prophets, thirdly Teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues;" and again, Ephesians iv, 11, "And He gave some Apostles, and some Prophets, and some Evangelists, and some pastors and teachers;" and then tells us plainly for what purpose they were placed there, and how long they should last—when man comes along and tells us these things are all done away, that there is no further need of them; and when an humble Elder comes along and teaches the Gospel as taught anciently, they cry out "false teachers, delusion." But I thank God that some of the people are beginning to see the beauties of the true Gospel, and ere long will obey it.

I believe the Gospel of Jesus Christ will accomplish that for which it was sent, and none can prevent it. I see plenty of persecutions, friends forsaking me, but all this only strengthen my faith, and I feel that the more I am persecuted, the stronger I grow, and I feel to sympathize with those who speak against us for I know they are fighting against God. May God's blessings attend all the honest in heart is my prayer.

W. J. ROGERS.

HORACE B. OWEN'S EXPERIENCES.

WOODRUFF, Navajo County, Arizona.

I seat myself to write you a few lines to give a short story of myself. I was born in Mercer county, Pennsylvania, on the 23rd day of June, 1819. At that time the Gospel came to us. My father's family were living in Portage county, Ohio. It was brought by Lyman Wight and John Whitmer. I was prepared for the Gospel and encouraged it at once—Sylvester Hulett says it was on the 2nd day of March, 1831. I was baptized at the same time that his mother was. The snow under me was about a foot deep. I was the first of my father's family to embrace the Gospel. In the spring the whole Whitmer family came from the state of New York—amongst the rest Joseph came, and they stopped in our settlement. Joseph stayed there awhile and then in the spring moved over into the next township was. The name of the township where we lived was Nelson; the name of the township that Joseph went to was Hyrum. He moved into the house of Father Johnson and it was while he was living at Father Johnson's that he took a trip west and located Jackson county. This was in 1831. Early in 1832 our branch moved to Missouri. My father located his family about twelve miles west but eventually moved into Independence where we were living at the time that the brethren gave up their arms. I was a boy at the time so I was not with them—it was about one

and a half miles west of Independence where the incident occurred and they agreed to leave the county. The mob passed right by our house and I saw L. W. Boggs in the ranks with his gun on his shoulder—he was lieutenant-governor at the time. The brethren then moved over the river into Clay county and from there we moved to Far West, Caldwell county. We stayed there until the mob rose as a state, and L. W. Boggs as governor ordered us to leave. Then we went over into Illinois. I was married in Nauvoo in the fall of 1845 to a young woman by the name of Sally Ann Layne. I worked for a man by the name of J. D. Lee. He agreed to take me to California—that was the place we expected to go to; but when he got me as far as Piquan he set me down there. From there I went down into Missouri and stayed there until I got an outfit of my own. This was in 1852, and then I came to the Valley. I have worked more or less on four different Temples, and now I have got down into Arizona and I am so poor that I expect I will have to remain here—I cannot go any farther.

HORACE BURR OWENS.

IN THE SNOWFLAKE STAKE.

TAYLOR, Navajo Co., Ariz.,
October, 18, 1895.

On September 14 a small company started from their respective homes and met at St. Joseph on the Sabbath and attended Sunday school and meeting. There were of the presidency of the stake L. H. Hatch and Joseph H. Richards. Also Emma B. Smith of the Relief Society, and Smith D. Rogers who represented the Sunday schools and Young Men's Mutual. Good instructions were given to the people of St. Joseph, who treated us just as well as they could. September 16 we started on the journey to Tuba, a distance of two hundred miles. Our company consisted of five men, four women and baby Roy. We were provided with eight horses and two wagons, plenty of provisions and plenty of watermelons, to last the entire trip, thanks to the good folks of St. Joseph.

The first morning Elder Richards was injured so badly by a horse kicking him that he was compelled to go back home, which we all regretted very much. Our company was organized with captain, chaplain and chorister. We sang hymns every evening and offered prayer morning and evening.

We arrived in Tuba the evening of September 2nd, Saturday, and on Sunday Elder Hatch and company held seven meetings and had a pleasant time with the people of Tuba ward. They are blessed with a beautiful harvest of fruit and grain; Bishop Brickerhoff, with the aid of his boys, raised 1,275 bushels of wheat.

September 13rd we went as far as Mowabby and held an evening meeting; were greeted with good treatment during our entire stay in this isolated region. It really seemed like an oasis in the desert.

September 24th—Started toward home, when between ten and eleven o'clock a wheel of Bro. Rogers' wagon broke completely down. Brothers Hatch and Rogers took the broken wheel and went back to Mowabby, a