

capacity was put to the test as the good sisters waited on the army of hungry ones with good things of all kinds. Tea over, everything was packed up and the children assembled in marching order; and when the parents had all come near, every one united in singing the Doxology—"Praise God," etc., after which thanks were returned to God for all blessings and His watchcare invoked upon the little ones, that they might not wander from the narrow way. Three cheers were then given for the Elders, also those who had so generously helped to make the occasion such a happy one. The procession then started in the direction of two boxes, in which were candy and apples, a package of candy and an apple being given each one as they passed by on the way home. Arriving at the mission rooms a pleasant good-night was wished to every one and the crowd vanished slowly, leaving most of us thoroughly tired, but feeling that a very profitable day had been spent.

Later in the evening some of the brethren and sisters assembled in the mission rooms and spent a pleasant hour or two talking, singing and reciting, after which we all wished each other pleasant dreams; thus ending an eventful day, which is one of the many bright spots of the Queensland branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

### IN THE LONE STAR STATE.

LOCKHART, Texas,  
July 15th, 1896

In compliance with the request for Elders occasionally to send some of their missionary experience, we submit the following:

The latter part of April and the first of May, Elder D. C. Hess and your humble servant were visiting Saints and friends in Fannin and Hunt counties, who seemingly could not do enough for us, as we were unable to travel much because of illness. After receiving increased faith and renewed energies, with encouragement from Saints and friends, we went to Greenville to take train for Hopkins county to work the city of Sulphur Springs, but received word not to come until a week later. To employ ourselves until the appointed time, next morning we started for the county line, eleven miles away, where we had been granted the privilege of holding meeting.

We had gone only about seven miles, when my companion was taken with a severe headache. We sought a shady spot under a giant oak tree. Upon a carpet of green grass we lay our aching heads, trying to protect ourselves from the suffocating heat, and waiting till the king of day should hide his burning rays behind the western horizon. We appealed to the Lord to give us health and strength and His Holy Spirit to guard and protect us through the night, then taking up our line of march, we arrived at a friend's, who greeted us with a kindly welcome. After partaking of their hospitality and having a conversation on the Gospel, we retired to rest.

We left our host next morning with an invitation to call again. Our destination was soon reached, and we were informing the people we would hold a series of six meetings. On entering the house of one D. D. Horless, we intro-

duced ourselves and were invited to stay until after dinner, it then being early in the forenoon. The heat having such an effect on my partner, he stayed with our friend while I finished canvassing the neighborhood. We had a nice crowd out to hear us, with the exception of some few who wanted to make us a present of a mess of eggs and run us out.

Meeting was soon opened and all fear vanished, counting that God was able to protect us while performing our labors. Just as we were interested in explaining the principles of the Gospel, three or four shots were fired from the outside, but the Spirit of God wafted a peaceful influence over the audience and order reigned supreme. Although Satan was raging, he had not power to disturb our meeting.

We returned home with Mr. Horless, where we stayed most of the time while in the vicinity. Our meetings were well attended and went off in peace, though threatenings came daily. Sunday we had two meetings appointed, one at 4 and the other at 8 p. m. Friends called in to talk with us in the morning, but shortly I was confined to my bed with chills and fever. Time came to fill our appointment; I in bed with a raging fever, and my companion a new, inexperienced Elder; the responsibility was too great for him. What could we do? Not to be there would disappoint the people, some of whom had come seven or eight miles.

We asked our heavenly Father to give us strength to perform our duties, that we might rid our skirts of this blood of this generation. Our prayers were answered, and rising from my bed, we went and preached to an audience of interested listeners. We asked if there was anything to interfere with our meeting that night, and no opposition was raised, so we appointed another meeting.

After partaking of the necessities of life with a friend hard by, we returned, finding the people gathering. As we approached the house a large crowd was standing in front of the door and the house was partly filled. The stand was occupied by three or four men. On seeing this my companion asked who the baldheaded gentleman was sitting up there. We were informed he was "Parson Day," a Methodist preacher. We thought he had come out to hear us before we left; he had been stirring the people up against us. On entering, we were followed by the crowd. Taking seats by the reverend gentleman, we bade him good evening, but received no reply. We now suspected something, and being desirous to have it come to a point, we took our books out, showing we meant business. The parson urged one of his subjects, who arose and said, "Brothers and sisters, we as a church have the first right to this house, and we are going to have prayer meeting here tonight, and if these Mormons want to preach they will have to wait till we get through." Elder Hess arose and said, "We beg your pardon, we did not know we were intruding, as we asked it there was anything to interfere with our meeting tonight, and the trustees gave us the right to use the house; but if you have a standing appointment, as you claim, we do not wish to interfere, for we did not come out here to tear down systems and doctrines of religions. We don't do business in that way."

At this point our friend Horless arose from the audience, and in the presence of the preacher said, "Brothers and sisters, most of these people have come out to hear these Mormon Elders. Now, if this schoolhouse is turned into a Methodist church to prevent these men from preaching, I have got a house and my doors are always open to those who preach the Gospel of Christ," and with a wave of his hand he said, "All you who want to hear them preach, follow me."

The crowd was soon found seated on chairs, beds, spring seats and boards under the roof of our friend's dwelling. The prayer meeting dwindled to seven or eight, while our room was filled to overflowing and many were compelled to stay out and listen through the windows and doors. An hour and a quarter soon passed away, and we parted with friendly hand shaking and success and good luck to us from our friends. Thus it seems when we are nearing the point of defeat we are reaching the place of triumph.

Next morning our friends bade us good bye with tears in their eyes, and we gave a promise to correspond with them in the future. We had not gone far when we retired to the woods for prayer. Satan once more rallied his forces to defeat us, and as we commenced to dedicate the people to the Lord, having done all that we could for them, the powers of darkness seized me and my speech was shut off, my breath being nearly stopped; I tried to look at my companion, but could see nothing but a pillar of darkness blacker than anything I had ever before experienced. I was then hurled helpless to the ground. My companion rebuked the power of the destroyer, and I arose feeling as well as ever. We then went on our way rejoicing.

M. O. MINER.

### LETTER FROM A KENTUCKIAN.

BEAVER DAM, Kentucky,  
July 20th, 1896.

If not imposing on your good nature too much, I will give the many readers of the News a dip from my pen, relating to the divine word which has been so freely and liberally expounded in our midst for the past two weeks by Elders Richardson and Inson. They have held thirteen meetings, and last evening baptized ten persons. Three, of which number, were the oldest inhabitants of our community.

On the 21st of June, with my family, I attended the Latter-day Saints' Conference which was held one and a half miles east of Beeford, Kentucky. It was my first experience among the Mormons; but I can assure you I never in all my travels met a more congenial and highly polished set of gentlemen; yes, in every sense of the word. As I looked upon the faces of these sons of God, my memory was carried back to Sir Philip Sidney—miser of England's Knight-hood—as when upon the field of Jupton, he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was brought to quench his immortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier.

St. Paul describes a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippians—  
"Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, \* \* \* lovely, \* \* \* of good report, if there be