

American cities, gives annual dividends of 10 per cent. The capital of the telephone company is \$100,000. One of the insurance companies here pays 15 per cent. A flouring milling company pays 8 per cent and a wheat warehouse company a like amount. Some of the stock companies which do the best are those that deal with or through the government. There is the Society for the Collection of Taxes, which buys the right of the government to collect the taxes on alcohol and tobacco. It pays, I believe, a lump sum, and has in place of it the revenue receipts. This company has a capital of a million silver dollars, and its stock is 100 per cent above par. It pays a dividend of almost 100 per cent last quarter, and is one of the best things in Peru. Then there is the San Lorenzo company, which has vaults out in the island of San Lorenzo, in which all importers of dynamite and other explosives are compelled by law to store their goods. The shares in this company have a face value of \$50 (silver), and the dividends of the past two months were \$20 a share. Another company which owns the sole concession for manufacturing tobacco, has a capital of \$200,000 and pays a 12 per cent dividend, while the Lima Benevolent Society, which manages the lottery, and with the proceeds of the weekly drawings keeps up certain schools and hospitals, pays 8 per cent a year.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

ASK AND HE SHALL RECEIVE.

Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England,
April 29, 1898.

It is very gratifying to the missionaries, when the Lord manifests His approval of their work in teaching the people that the true Gospel of our Master is on the earth in its ancient purity, with signs following believers. Many thousands of the Latter-day Saints can bear testimony how the Lord revealed unto them that the message was true; God bearing witness unto them in such unmistakable ways as left no doubts in their minds. God's servants, in their own strength, would utterly fail, but when sincere investigators ask in faith, nothing wavering, God will answer their earnest appeals for the wisdom they lack.

Being convinced by the whispering of the still small voice that Brighton had turned a deaf ear long enough to our pleadings, I determined to leave and go where the promptings of the Spirit would lead me. After a series of adventures too long and almost too romantic to mention here, I arrived in Tunbridge Wells, Kent. The first Sunday on their common found me lifting up my voice, calling on the people to repent for the kingdom of heaven was at hand. There I found the first fruits of my labors of twelve months; in visiting some of the Saints in that vicinity, I felt by the kindly spirit that was manifested that there must be some of the blood of Israel there, and that if only the truth were expounded to them, they would receive the glad message.

Acting on these convictions, I got Sisters Rosena and Lilly Brunson to distribute tracts for me in the village and surroundings of Crowborough, about eight miles from Tunbridge Wells, I laboring in the Wells and visiting the Saints in the district as occasion would permit.

Circumstances kept me from visiting Crowborough for about a month, when I received a letter from Sister Brunson, informing me that a family by the name of Tucker wished to see me about being baptized.

Not being able to go directly, I sent them Church works, etc., till I could come, which I did near the end of March, they receiving me very kindly. This family, I could

see, the Lord had been preparing for years, so that when the true Gospel was presented to them, they were in a measure prepared to receive it. As they had been waiting so long, the first love of the truth had in a measure grown cold; but He who knows all things, we acknowledge His hand in directing matters as they presented themselves, which we could see afterwards was to give additional testimony to our sincere investigators. As the family believed in inspiration, Brother Tucker said they would have to wait till they were inspired again before they could be baptized. The Lord, he said, had always answered his prayers as to what he was to do by his turning to the Bible. The first passage on opening the book would be his guide. The Lord had educated him that way, and always answered his prayers from His own book, the Bible.

I taught him that it was his privilege to know if I was a true messenger in the service of God or not. So he said: "Let us have prayer," asking me to pray.

If ever my tongue was tied, it was on that occasion. There was an influence that prevented me from scarcely asking the Lord to bless them. So I concluded and was about to arise from my knees, when Brother Tucker commenced to pour out his soul to the Lord for His blessing, to know the truth for himself, and give him an evidence "whether this our dear brother that has come to us is Thy servant." We concluded by all saying the Lord's Prayer; we arose to our feet, he opening his Bible to get the answer to his prayer.

I was about to hand him some tracts, telling him if he would read them carefully in faith, the Lord would make known to him if he and family were to be baptized. When before I had got the words out of my mouth, he grasped me by the hand with tears in his eyes and said: "Dear brother, I am ready to be baptized when you are ready to attend to our baptism; God has answered our prayers;" and he read from the last of Ephesians 21-24:

"But that ye also may know my affairs, and how I do, Tychicus, a beloved brother and faithful minister in the Lord, shall make known to you all things; whom I have sent unto you for the same purpose, that ye might know our affairs, and that he might comfort your hearts," etc. Joy filled every heart and soul present; if it had been wisdom and the pond deep enough which they tried with a stick, asking if we baptized at night they no doubt would have been baptized that night, for it was a beautiful moonlight night, and the stars lent their twinkling lights, softening the landscape before us.

Thus goes on the work of God, our Father sustaining His servants. I taught them till past midnight, leaving them in the care of Him who provides for all, till after conference, when their baptism was attended to.

As our little narrative would not be complete if one more circumstance was left out and as the enemy of all righteousness is ever ready to cast gloom or doubt in the minds of those that are accepting additional light to what they have.

I will relate the matter.

Brother Tucker had another evidence; in thinking over what had occurred the spirit of doubt came next day in a marked degree. He must try the Lord once more; so on opening his Bible he got a rebuke found in Matt. 12: 30-34, that was sufficient; asking Father to forgive him for his unbelief.

When Brother David W. Horsley and myself arrived there after conference, Brother H. Cornwell, our Tunbridge Wells convert, following by the next train, they were overjoyed at our com-

ing; Sister Tucker was scarcely able to restrain herself, wanting to be baptized that night. As the next day was Easter Sunday, April 10th, Brother Cornwell satisfied her thus: "It would be an honor to be baptized on the day of Christ's resurrection to rise with Him on that day to a newness of life." So she contented herself, we assuring her she would live to see the light of another day. Next day, at the public baptism, the Spirit of the Lord was truly manifest. Under the shadow of some large trees stood our little party, near the dam that Brother Tucker had made to stop the water. After prayer by Brother Horsley we entered the water. On lifting Sister Tucker from the watery grave as soon as she recovered her breath she exclaimed: "Thank God, that is done!"

A few days ago we visited them. We found the villagers had been well notified of their baptism. Brother Tucker had been cited to appear before his former pastor and give a reason for leaving his church. There must have been quite a stormy interview. The clergyman advised Brother Tucker to return and continue his Sunday school class, when Brother Tucker told him the circumstances and said he held God responsible for what he had done. The minister threw up his hands in holy horror at what he called blasphemy, not showing him once, where he was wrong, but continued to abuse our once social system, which the Lord has placed for some people to stumble against.

A letter was sent to the lady who is Brother Tucker's employer; the Christian-like spirit speaks for itself: Madam:

We, a number of working men in your neighborhood, feeling that it is right, inform you how disgusted we are at your allowing your place to be a hot bed for Mormons, and if you do not out with the lot, something serious will happen, as we don't intend to allow our wives and daughters to be polluted by such filth. You and your house are the talk of all around. Every honest man will kick them out."

Under such distressing circumstances could they help but feel despondent? They were young in the faith, and had the same spirit with them that characterized the Saints of God in every age, wanting to tell the good news to friend and stranger at every opportunity. They felt almost crushed; our Father knows how to develop His chosen children. It is the heritage of the Saints; the servant is not greater than His Master. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you, persecuted, but not forsaken, cast down, but not destroyed."

Your brother in the truth,
B. W. SAINSBURY.

IN KENTUCKY.

Eadston, Ky., May 20, 1898.

I left Salt Lake in company with six other Elders on the 26th of July, 1897, immediately after the Jubilee. Our trip to Chattanooga was a very pleasant one, and after a two days stay we were assigned our various fields of labor. My field was a portion of the East Kentucky conference, in which I have been laboring ever since.

I came with the determination to content myself with the surroundings, no matter what they were, and as a result succeeded better probably than those who think that they can change the people to their notion. The first two months of my missionary life were spent with Elder Spiers in Wolfe county. While there I was instructed in the art of eating corn bread, which was the first that I had ever tasted, but was assured that corn bread and