

we should meet again on the heights of Zion, and rejoice, even more than we had this day done, as the sons and daughters of God.

Elder Spencer retired to the country, to recruit and invigorate his health, and a constitution not strong at the best, but at present much drawn upon by the arduous duties of the presidency in these lands. We feel to say, God bless and strengthen him, and let all the faithful say amen.

I remained in Shrewsbury over the following Sunday, and assisted Elder Thomas, who having laboured with his own hands making forms, &c., was much fatigued; we had three good meetings, and I rejoiced because of the testimony of these young Saints; they have received the gifts and blessings of God by the "same spirit who divideth to each severally as he will." Priest Charles Evans having removed to Leeds, we called and ordained Brothers John Rumford and James Bishop to the office of priest, and Brother Henry Mulleneux to the office of a deacon. Two were confirmed by the laying on of hands, and Elder Spencer had confirmed a third before he went into the country. We also took up Brother Thomas's little Eliza, and blessed her.

That God our Father may bless and establish not only the Saints in Shrewsbury and that region, but in Zion, and throughout the world, is the fervent prayer of

THOMAS D. BROWN.

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From Miramichi, Elder Russell thus writes—

"Elder Ross is well, and has laboured here very incessantly, but it is here, as it is everywhere else, the doors are shut in his face, yet I am thankful that my garments will be clear of the blood of my neighbours."

And Brother Thomas Russell, his son, says—

"There has been a great *dust* in Chatham (*Miramichi*) with the Mormons. My father with great difficulty managed to engage a room in that town for two nights only. The first night we were molested very much, the bells ringing, and several panes of glass broken by the mob, and we had a hearty pelting of snow-balls, this did not injure us much; but, on the second night, it appeared as if all hell were loose, the mob smashed in the windows entirely, my father went out to see if he could pacify them, he was struck twice with a large stick, of which he felt the worse for a number of days; we could not preach that night, and had the assembly not conducted us a piece on the road, there would have been fearful work."

Miramichi, is one of the strongholds of papal dominion and error, and it is evident from the above, the powers of darkness are unwilling to yield any portion of their usurped dominion without a struggle. Let the Saints put on the whole armour of God, and stand valiantly forward, and in mighty faith, and they will overcome in the evil day. Amen.

T. D. B.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

*Opposite St. George's Church, Norwich, May 3rd, 1848.*

Dear Brother Spencer,—I now write another line to let you know how we are getting on, and to say, although you are a true prophet, your predictions are not so long in fulfilling as some of Isaiah's: I mean the first letter you sent me, which I still set much store by because it was truth, and is fulfilling daily before my eyes, so that I know it was dictated by nothing less than the Spirit of the living God. As said one of old, "tell us what shall be that we may know that ye are prophets." The import of your letter was that the Lord had a great work to be done in this region; and when I read it I believed it, for I perceived you did not judge after the sight of your eyes, nor yet the hearing of your ears, having never seen the country nor the people. Now for a short sketch of our progress. The number of Saints in this region is about 130, and it is about twelve months since I baptized the first six that embraced the fulness of the gospel within near 100 miles of this place. We have baptized some in this branch every week, I think, for the last eight or nine weeks; and at Wymandom (not Winnandon as in the STAR) there are now 21 members. We have a commodious room there, and get very crowded congregations. I attended a public baptism there on Sunday morning, between six and



seven o'clock, and as near as we could judge there was about 2000 persons present. Brother Richard Smith and myself preached to them. Good order prevailed, and a deep solemnity seemed to rest upon many. Our meeting was very much crowded during the day, and there are many more in that town pricked in their heart and will soon obey. These things cause a wonderful *fuss* among the holy people as they think themselves. In this city we have gathered many from the different churches, and they say they would not blame us if we would but go into the highways and hedges, and gather up poor sinners. And in Wyndham those are nearly all from what they term the wicked world. Now these have embraced the gospel. These good people, both priest and members, have a wonderful task to perform in running from house to house to tell them how sorry they are for them, and to beg them not to follow the delusion any farther; but the Saints tell them they are curious christians, for when they were following the multitudes to do evil they never said a word at all, but now they begin to serve the true and living God they are sorry for them.

One of the reverends gave a lecture against the Mormons on Sunday last, as the poor things begin to be more alarmed since our chapel has been building. They had been fondly hoping that Mormonism would have given up the ghost long since, as they thought it had nothing but a plough boy to sustain it. They being in the habit of worshiping a God without body, parts, or passions, they did not think that the Father of the spirits of all flesh was at the helm; but as the walls of our chapel go up, it seems to rather alarm them a little, and causes them to think something must be done, and so they begin to stir a little which has done some good, for we have baptized one since that went to hear the lecture. We are still much hindered in this city for want of room, but our chapel is progressing since the weather has got settled, and we expect to be able to get into it in about four or five weeks; then, dear brother, we shall be in hopes of seeing your face, as the Saints, as well as myself, want to see you and hear your voice. Elder Banks has showed us Elder John Buckingham. He has gone to Yarmouth, a seaport with about 2200 inhabitants, to try and get an opening there; he has been gone little more than a week. I cannot tell how he is getting on as yet. Richard Smith is going to Cromer this week, another seaport 20 miles away. He (Brother Richard) labours with very much zeal, courage, and success. Elder F. D. Richards truly sent him here by the spirit of prophecy and revelation. This, dear brother, is a very brief sketch of our proceedings. I must tell you more when you come, and may heaven's blessings rest upon you and yours is the prayer of your brother in the new and everlasting covenant,

THOMAS SMITH.

P.S.—I might have named the Lord's goodness to us in the gift of healing, as well as all other ways. Many miraculous cures we have witnessed since I came to this part of the Lord's vineyard. I will name one case which took place last Sunday week. A young lady, grand-daughter of the gentleman who is causing our chapel to be built, was seized with such a violent fit of sickness in the week, that she thought she must die. I was informed that she was so ill, it was scarcely possible for her to move one finger; but she summed up courage, and sent a horse and gig for me. I went, and at her request, according to the holy order of God, I anointed her with oil, laid my hands upon her, and prayed the Lord to heal her body, which he did. From that moment I left her cheerful and well, with the exception of a weakness, and she has been gathering up her strength since. She is coming to be baptized on Sunday morning next.

T. S.

*Leamington Spa, May 6, 1848.*

Dear Brother Spencer,—As the cold season is now past, we have begun to quit our winter quarters, and are mustering our forces to make such an attack on the kingdom of Satan, as shall make his stoutest warriors tremble with fear and rage.

The emissaries of the Prince of Darkness have harrassed us long and sore, and it is now our turn, and in the name of the Lord we will make such a use of our advantage, and thunder such peals of truth and light into the ears of the people as will cause the honest in heart to join our forces, while the wicked fear and fly. An example or two will show to what despicable means the enemies of God are



forced to resort unto when they find their craft in danger. In one village an esquire headed a mob with tin-kettles, whistles, horns, and drums (cement casks), to disturb us while preaching. But lo! the word of the Lord reaches the heart of the *head* drummer, who came and said, please, sir, will you baptize me, I was the worst to drum you, will you forgive me; he is now a good Saint. Out of that village, containing about three hundred souls, we have baptized thirty, and more are believing. In another place a certain EARL was the means of two shillings and sixpence being taken off a poor widow and her child, and he acknowledged to me in writing that it was taken off her because she allowed preaching in her house. There we have now a branch and eighty members, and what is more, the poor widow has not wanted, to the honour of the Saints be it said.

From the enclosed minutes of our conference you will find that, our increase for this last quarter was fifty, and ten added since, and we now look forward to better things. If honest poverty is a requisition for the celestial kingdom of God, then the Saints in this conference are poor indeed. In order to get some Invitations, &c., I have called a day of fasting and prayer, and the money thus contributed to be spent on circulating the truth—thus filling the country with Mormonism and leave all without excuse. The Brethren in this conference appear to be actuated with one desire, that is, to roll on the work of God, and extend the kingdom of God's dear Son. And may Israel's God bless our efforts and crown our labours with success. We long for the time to come when there shall be an end of sin, and everlasting righteousness come in—the devil bound—the earth purified from the effects of the fall, and Jesus crowned as King of kings and Lord of lords, that there may be one King and his name one.

Then we shall reign, and shout, and sing, and make the upper regions ring when all the Saints get home.

I am, your Brother,

THOMAS SMITH.

Leeds, May 10, 1841.

Dear President,—I have ordered the council at Bradford to audit my books once a month according to your suggestion.

I think I shall be able to get most of the outstanding debts in, but it will take some time. The Saints are very poor. I have directed that all books be sold for ready cash only. Of course this will be the general rule. There will be a few exceptions. The STARS are paid for when a second number is delivered, beyond this we are determined not to go. I am astonished to hear of so many books being sold in this conference on credit.

My heart rejoices in the work of the Lord, every thing wrong is all but dead. Love and union reigns among the Saints in every place. We turn out into the open air, and hundreds of people stand for hours with almost breathless attention to hear the truth. On Sunday last I held a discussion with a Quaker, it was at Bradford, on the Chartist meeting ground; there was not less than three thousand people present. The subject was Water Baptism. From the course he pursued, it was evident he thought he had some of the apostate priests of the day to deal with. It was not exactly so. After spending about two hours in reading, in some instances whole chapters at a time from the *good old bible*, as they say in Yorkshire, he was through his *weft*. He trembled, and his knees were well nigh smiting against each other, his voice faltered, and he withdrew from the scene of action, manifestly conscious of his discomfiture. When I had a splendid opportunity of telling the whole story of the first principles of the gospel to the people, showing that it was "the power of God,"—that the religionists of the age deny "the power of God"—that it is the Gospel—that the bible is not the Gospel—they might burn the bible but not the power of God—that God had taken his power from the earth to himself, because man would not love it—man denies it—and that John declared an angel should come from heaven to earth and bring the power of God, that is the Gospel, back again.

In the evening I preached in the chapel which was crowded to excess. The work here is onward in all places.

Yours as ever,

JAMES MARSDEN.



*Merthyr, May 3, 1848.*

Beloved President Spencer,—I am sorry to say that my weather-beaten lungs are lagging behind and threaten to give up the race. I have had to coax them along much lately by change of air and every lawful means, but still I am determined “not to give up the ship while I have a shot left in the locker.” I have but just returned since I wrote to you before. The lively, thriving, yes, flourishing condition of the branches generally, cheer my heart, and the good news which I continually receive of the rapid march of Mormonism in every part of Wales, like the spicy breezes of Ceylon, help to invigorate my lungs. Last week I was benefited by a sea voyage to Bristol, and still more pleased to see the reformed condition of the Saints there. Brother George Halliday has put new life in that old tree, it now blossoms like the rose, and bids fair to be a resting place for the great birds of heaven. They have an elegant little chapel there, and everything in proportion; some twenty-three or more have been baptized since brother Halliday came there, which proves that the Lord blesses the labour of those who go where they are counselled. Such is the case all through Wales, so long as we toe the prescribed line and no further.

According to reports already received our increase in Wales averages over 100 per month since Christmas, notwithstanding that the slackness in the coal and iron works have retarded our progress much. Many of the sectarian stewards turn the Saints out of employment on account of their religion only, and threaten to serve all others in the same manner who embrace it. The holy and very pious persecutors pronounce their anathemas publicly on any of their goslings, if they even dare for once to hear the “Latter-day Devils.” They have, in a grand council, decided and published abroad, that that is an unpardonable sin! Poor creatures! I publish a statement of facts in my *Welsh Stars*, with names, dates, &c., &c., that the public may be able to judge men by their works; and could you but read Welsh, you would shudder at the cruelties that the Saints have to endure in this “land of bibles,” this “nursery of christianity,” and by the scattered “followers of the Lamb of God. O, the day, the awful day, that will reveal the secrets of men’s hearts!

My children have been very sick in my absence, and the youngest darling is but barely alive now. Dear brother, remember me and mine before our Father’s throne.

I will be necessitated to remove from here again in search of fresh air in a few days, perhaps on a tour through the northern counties of Wales. I should be obliged for the earliest information, as to when the General Conference will be anticipated? Our General Conference will be held here about the middle of July, as usual. Can you pay us another visit with your good lady and baby?

The other day I saw a ship-load of Welsh families landing, having been driven by force from France; according to their tales, our prospects of performing our mission is gloomy, but I am not alarmed at it. I will act Paul-like, and be all things, or all sorts of nations, rather than be frustrated, if other things favour. That is, I will take with me my naturalization-papers, and call myself a true-hearted “Yankee.” Brother Howell is as busy as a bee, and makes a mighty havoc in the sectarian churches, where he lives, having baptized 19 since Conference, and is preparing all he can to go, although his affairs just now oblige him to depend somewhat on others beyond his control, but he is hot for going.—I have lately found out that a regular line of packets sail from Cardiff to California with coal, and bring copper ore back from the coast. How would the project meet your mind, or do you see any inconsistency in moving the Welsh Saints that way, to land in the Gulf of California or San Francisco? *Passage-money* might be had much cheaper, I presume, if no offsets otherwise. Quite a number of Welsh Saints are getting ready to sail in the spring, but none more so than your obedient servant. You see, sir, I have of course taken you at your word, and will have “my colours flying” over the Welsh fleet, ere the “one year” has elapsed; but should contrary orders come, I know no law but obey, if it breaks owners. Direct as heretofore.

Your obedient servant in the gospel,

D. JONES.



Aberdare, May 11, 1848.

My dear Brother,—The above address contains familiarity, not exactly in accordance with a first letter; and I should not have gone so far had it not been for the great respect I have for you as a man of God, to be loved, honoured, and obeyed with sincerity, in all things pertaining to the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. My earnest prayer to God our Heavenly Father, for your welfare and prosperity, contains that high opinion of the great importance of your exalted office, as President of the Church of God in the isles of Britain, that induces me to remember you at the throne of grace continually.

I greatly rejoice in the honour of being sent as an ambassador of the gospel to France and Brittany, and I can assure you that it is the first, the principal, the highest object of my ambition, and I long to see the day for commencing the honourable journey, in proportion as the wonderful events, overruled by the hand of God, prepare the ninety millions on the continent to be privileged with the blessings of the gospel. The field of labour being so extensive, the work being so great, and the workmen being few, makes me long for the hour of emancipation.

My respected brother, our dear Captain Jones, has, with our dear sister Mrs. Jones and daughter, been spending a few days as my honourable guests, and I know you will believe my testimony, that we are and have been for the last few days the happiest of the happy. Having our dear President Spencer with us, would have made it the very element of the rest and pleasure in the land of Zion. But we have one sour leaf here, which my faith says will be done away with, viz., the bodily weakness of our dear Captain Jones. His exertions, day and night, has worn at last his iron constitution, in a great degree; but through all he is at it continually. We are going (I had almost said to *transport* him, for a few months) to send him down to the healthy atmosphere of Carmarthen, but I fear that nothing short of your command, or our handcuffs will keep him quiet there, so as to enable him to recruit. He is a regular Welshman; having waged war once, nothing but a thorough victory will do for him. And you know of the war he has waged with the kingdom of darkness in Wales. No one, as yet, can describe to you the wonderful success of his courage and wisdom. The gates of hell, throughout Wales, have made him the object of their arrows, but the little champion of the cross of Christ, with the armour of the gospel, clothed with the salvation of God, returns heaven's ammunition to meet the arrows of hell with such power that the very gates of darkness begin to shake; many a breach has been made in the bulwarks that surround the camp of the enemy, and some thousands of the enemy have already flocked to the Saviour, and the day of the hireling priestcraft's prosperity has just reached the last moment of its black existence.

I shall just conclude my first to you with my testimony. Having spent twenty years nearly with the Baptist denomination seeking truth, but still in darkness, until the reply of dear brother Jones to the false accusations of a neighbouring Baptist minister, vindicating the principles of the Saints, came to my hand, which in a few hours proved the religion I professed to be no other than a sandy foundation—all my false hopes fled,—all human traditions that I had cleaved to appeared folly. I was convinced that the Saints were the only true church of God. The first few hours I spent after having been baptized for the remission of my sins, by a servant who knew that he was sent by God to administer the ordinance, gave me more pleasure and knowledge of spiritual things, than during the twenty years with the Baptist connexion. The blessing I have received since will fill another letter.

Dear brother Captain Jones, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Howells join with me in kind love to you and Mrs. Spencer.—Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM HOWELLS.

P.S.—Brother and Sister Jones buried their youngest daughter last Tuesday. The multitude of Saints that showed their respect to our dear brother and sister, was from 1000 to 1500. Their order in the procession, and respectability, made a general sensation at Merthyr. Brother William Howells, of Aberdare, preached in the Welsh language; subject—"The only true and sufficient ground of glorying."—Jer. ix, 23, 24.