

light, and kept on till within a quarter of a mile of shore, when the best bower anchor was let go, but finding the ship sinking, and no one to relieve them, the chain was slipped, with the intention of running her on shore, but she had become completely waterlogged, and would not steer. Guns were fired, and signals of distress made, but no one came to their assistance. The ship ultimately struck, and the crew succeeded in getting on shore.

CHELTENHAM LAWSUIT.

We think it necessary from time to time to remind the Saints of the debt still existing, and that in March the time will expire for the payment of the same. Any subscriptions, therefore, that may be in hand, can be forwarded with out delay.

Since our last announcement, we have received the following:—

	£	s.	d.
December 17th, 1844.—To Cash from George Eyre.....	0	10	0
December 19th, 1844.—To Cash ꝑ W. Woodruff, from Burslem and Hanley.....	0	3	6
February 3rd, 1846.—To Cash from Kennerton Branch, ꝑ Charles Phelps	0	5	0
	<hr/>		
	£0	18	6

NEWS FROM THE ELDERS.

Rhyd-y-bont, February 7th, 1846.

Dear brother Hedlock,—I have now the last form of my pamphlet in press, and am busily engaged working them off myself. I have also a reply ready, to a pamphlet published lately; printed in Welsh, at Merthyr, against my first pamphlet, by a clan of priests, misrepresenting us, and our good Mormon creed, most foully. This I can publish within a month, if I stay here to do it.

I have more places to preach in, round here, than I can possibly attend to. I have one elder in this circuit besides. In fact, the prospect is good everywhere for a plentiful crop of good souls ere long. The people tell such lies about us as to stir up the curiosity of many to hear us. I have two chapels now in the neighbourhood to preach in when I can.

I will put your cards in some shape to tell the news; have them inserted in some of the papers (my brother's for one) as soon as possible, and anything and everything that I can do to roll on the car of truth.

I intend publishing a Welsh magazine, monthly, price threepence, to proclaim the everlasting truths of Mormonism through Wales, as I hinted at Manchester, and I have greater encouragements continually; then I will also insert your communications with pleasure.

You asked me to give you some items of the voyage round the Horn, which I would do with pleasure, were it in my power; but my charts, journals, and epitome are a hundred miles away from me. I might say much from memory, but not with such certainty. As to the time of starting, it must be governed by the trade winds off the Cape. When I get my journals, I will tell you more. I remain, dear brother, yours as ever,

D. JONES.

Bradford, Yorkshire, February 5th 1846.

Dear brethren,—It is with much pleasure that I write to you at present. I am rejoicing in the Lord, and in the glorious work we are engaged in, even the salvation of a fallen world.

The work in this part is going on well, many are believing, and the Saints are united and attend the means well, and especially, the officers are determined to forward the work by proclaiming the gospel in its fulness and glory.

The Saints in Leeds are doing well, elder Paul has been made very useful. Several baptisms there.

Last Sunday week we had a fast day in Bradford, and a glorious day it was. Four were confirmed, and one baptized at night. Throughout the whole of the conference the work is going on well.

I am at your service at all times, to go as you shall direct, for I know the blessing of adhering to counsel.

Yours, in the love of the kingdom of God,

CHARLES MILLER.

Mars Hill Conference.

Dear brother,—Peace and union prevail here. We profited much under the superintendence of our beloved brother Sheets, and now he is gone, we intend to be good people, and do all we can for the promotion of the Saviour's kingdom.

My love to the brethren in the office, and may the Spirit of Israel's God rest upon you, is the prayer of your brother in Christ,

HENRY ARNOLD.

MY FATHER IN HEAVEN.

BY MISS ELIZA R. SNOW.

O, my Father, thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place;
When shall I regain thy presence,
And again behold thy face?

In thy holy habitation
Did my spirit once reside?
In my *first* primeval childhood
Was I nurtur'd near thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose,
Thou hast plac'd me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth:
Yet oft times a secret something
Whispered "you're a stranger here;"
And I felt that I had wander'd
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learn'd to call thee Father,
Through thy spirit from on high,
But until the key of knowledge
Was restor'd, I knew not why.
In the heav'n's are parents single?
No, the thought makes reason stare;
Truth is reason—truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence—
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, mother, may I meet you
In your royal court on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do.
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

City of Joseph, October, 1845.

NOTICE.—We wish to impress upon the minds of our friends that funds for the complete registration of the Joint Stock Company are at present much needed.

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LIVERPOOL :

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY T. WARD, STANLEY BUILDINGS, BATH STREET.

JAMES AND WOODBURN, PRINTERS, 39, SOUTH CASTLE-STREET.