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“Obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion.”

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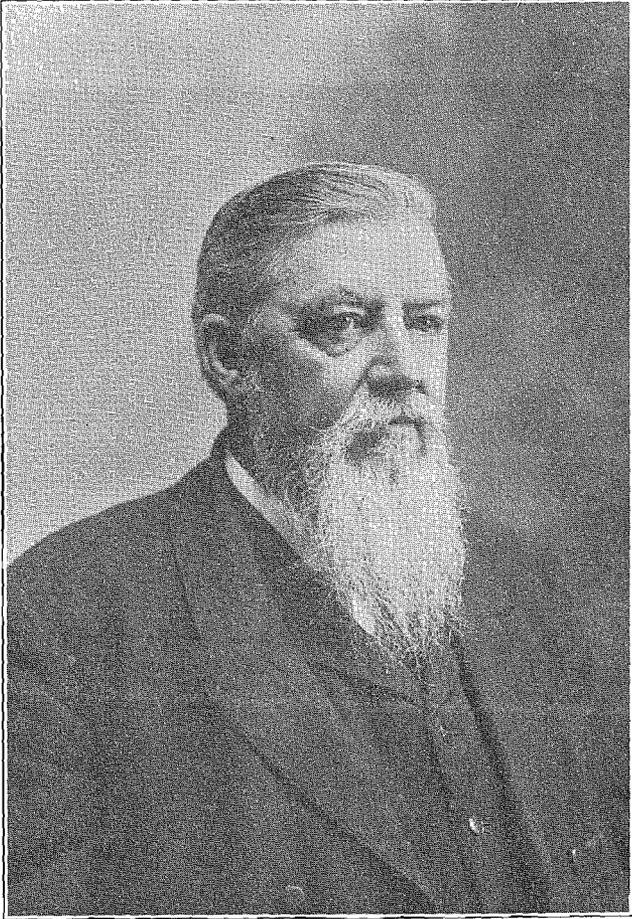
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PATRIARCH ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BIOGRAPHY OF PATRIARCH ALEXANDER
HALE SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

I have just returned from a little pilgrimage into Missouri. A pilgrimage to the birthplace of my father, where once a city sprang up as by magic and wore the name of Far West; yesterday I found the quiet of an agricultural district. Where stood the tavern, where Joseph Smith, sr., and his dauntless wife Lucy lived, now stands a field of ripened corn. Serene and silent the landscape lay under the autumn sun.

Down in the softly rolling pasture land I found numerous depressions; grassy and brick strewn, that marked the site of homes long since gone. One of these was pointed out to me as the place where stood Joseph Smith's home. Seating myself on the warm green earth I looked away over the beautiful, rolling hills to the north and northwest. To the northeast the temple lot, and to the north of it the public square where Joseph Smith, Lyman Wight and others were ordered to be shot, and from which fate they were saved by the interposition of one humane act, bright as an oasis, on the barren desert of inhumanity, marking the history of Far West, for ever immortalizing the name of Alexander W. Doniphan in the hearts of Latter Day Saints. I looked to the southeast, from whence came marching the militia on that memorable morning in the history.

Turning my thoughts again to the place near me, I pondered that here, some place close by, Emma Hale Smith, wife of the young prophet, gave birth to a son. It was the second day of June in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. These same hills lay green and inviting under the spring sunshine. The winter had been long and hard. With her adopted daughter Julia,

and two brown-eyed little sons, Joseph and Frederick, Emma Smith had made the journey from Kirtland, Ohio, by team. All the longer hills on that wearisome way, she had climbed; walking in rain and mud and wind and storm. But the suffering and weariness of that journey were almost lost sight of in the hurried and harrowing scenes that followed. Truly the "Mormon" people "made history" with swift and startling



FAR WEST.

"Where once a city sprang up as by magic, and bore the name of Far West."

strokes. In June this boy child came to the little home, standing here on this hillside. In Joseph Smith's history of the church as found in *Millennial Star*, volume 16, pp. 152, 153, we find this small item. "Pres. Hyrum Smith returned to Far West on the 30th, and I returned on the first of June on account of my family for I had a son born unto me." This was the boy Alexander. The first child in the little family to

inherit the father's blue eyes and ruddy complexion. And those old time Saints who had known *his* father, the Martyr, and afterwards knew and heard Alexander, testified he inherited a striking resemblance to his father in voice, gesture, and manner of presentation in the pulpit. And small wonder when we consider the anxiety that attended all those months crowded into the years of thirty-seven and thirty-eight. How every word that fell from the lips of Joseph Smith was weighed for or against him and his people, both by enemy and friend. If hereditary influences *ever* counted, it should be easily traced in this instance. Who more anxiously interested in every word and action of the young leader than the wife of his heart and the mother of his children? And from the gloom of his prison comes this letter to show the yearnings of the husband and father for the little group warm and waiting in the glow of the fire here at home in Far West.

RICHMOND, MISSOURI, November 12, 1838.

My Dear Emma: We are prisoners in chains and under strong guards for Christ's sake and for no other causes; although there have been things that were unbeknown to us and altogether beyond our control that might seem to the mob to be a pretext for them to persecute us; but on examination I think that the authorities will discover our innocence and set us free; but if this blessing can not be obtained I have this consolation, that I am an innocent man, let what will befall me.

I received your letter, which I read over and over again; it was a sweet morsel to me. O God, grant that I may have the privilege of seeing once more my lovely family in the enjoyment of the sweets of liberty and sociable life; to press them to my bosom and kiss their lovely cheeks would fill my heart with unspeakable gratitude. Tell the children that I am alive, and trust I shall come and see them before long. Comfort their hearts all you can, and try to be comforted yourself all you can. There is no possible danger but what we shall be set at liberty if justice can be done, and that you know as well as myself. The trial will begin to-day for some of us. Lawyer Reese, and we expect Doniphan, will plead our cause. We could get no others in time for the trial. They are able men and will do well, no doubt.

Brother Robinson is chained next to me, he has a true heart and a firm mind; Brother Wight is next, Brother Rigdon next, Hyrum next, Parley next, Amasa next; and thus we are bound together in chains, as well as the cords of everlasting love. We are in good spirits and rejoice

that we are counted worthy to be persecuted for Christ's sake. Tell little Joseph he must be a good boy. Father loves him with a perfect love; he is the eldest—must not hurt those that are smaller than he, but care for them. Tell little Frederick father loves him with all his heart; he is a lovely boy. Julia is a lovely little girl; I love her also. She is a promising child; tell her father wants her to remember him and be a good girl. Tell all the rest that I think of them and pray for them all.

Brother Babbitt is waiting to carry our letters for us. Colonel Price is inspecting them; therefore my time is short. Little Alexander is on my mind continually. O, my affectionate Emma, I want you to remember that I am a true and faithful friend to you and the children for ever. My heart is entwined around yours for ever and ever. O, may God bless you all. Amen. I am your husband, and am in bonds and tribulation, etc.

JOSEPH SMITH, JR.

To Emma Smith.

P. S.—Write as often as you can, and if possible come and see me, and bring the children if possible. Act according to your own feelings and best judgment, and endeavor to be comforted, if possible, and I trust that all will turn out for the best.

Yours, J. S.

Twice in the month of December, the jail at Liberty was graced by the presence of this noble lady, to visit her prisoner husband, and again in January her name appears among visitors there. Then we turn with her from this city of lost hopes and persecution. Keeping the babe warm by her own sad heart beats, she made the others comfortable as possible and crossed the wintry land and frozen streams by carriage. Reaching the Mississippi she gathered her two youngest into her arms and with the hands of the two older ones clinging to her skirts, she walked across the freshly frozen waters to the freedom and shelter offered by the State of Illinois; crowded to this hard and wearisome journey by the exterminating order of Governor Boggs.

Heartbroken and sad, she found shelter in the city of Quincy, at the home of a man named Cleveland. Faithfully she waited; fearing, hoping, alternately, for tidings from the prison-bound husband. And how glad was their meeting and how blessed the freedom from Missouri's bitter oppressors!

It is not possible to separate, even in story, the life of any one of the Smith boys from their mother. In sequence and

effect the life of mother and sons are woven together for ever. Her fidelity and care and companionship are like strong and shining threads woven into the warp and woof of their destinies. Robbed, most cruelly robbed of a father's love and



"I don't want my picture taken." Alexander H. Smith in childhood.

care, the burden of rearing and providing for them fell upon the mother; and with it, unconsciously maybe, the future of the church purified and reorganized.

And following the course of life as it flowed, we find Alexander celebrating his first birth anniversary in the log house bought of Hugh White by Joseph Smith, near the little town of Commerce, Illinois. Here I take up the life story of Alexander Hale Smith with feelings of deep and tender love.

And I wish that I could vitalize the scenes of my father's life and make them to throb with life, and glow with light; in fact become immortal in the hearts of those who shall come after him, as they vibrate in the memory of those who knew him. Ah! if I could: but my hands fall down! But considering his desires I must try, and if I fail it shall not be because I have not a noble and worthy subject. I found my simple structure on the facts of his life and those prenatal influences going before them. Besides, honest parenthood and sturdy ancestral stock, I remember the softening and tender influences that accompany scenes of pain and suffering to our fellow-beings, when viewed by great and noble souls, as was his mother's. He was but a child of six years and three weeks, when the awful and bewildering scenes connected with the tragedy at Carthage whirled about him. Vague and terrifying was their effect on his youthful mind. He knew that a great calamity had fallen upon his world and his mother's. When the little, blue-eyed brother, David, came into the home circle, a few months later, the horizon of his happiness widened marvelously. His loving, sympathetic nature found joy in the very dependence of the baby. And this feeling of strong and protective affection never lessened; being succeeded in later manhood by a strong and deep love for David's only son, Elbert A.

Warm hearted, impulsive, easily moved to quick and decisive action or tears of pity and repentance, he moved through the years of infancy and early childhood; a childhood spent in Nauvoo and its vicinity, save for a short sojourn in the fall of eighteen hundred and forty-six, when Emma Smith sought more peaceful surroundings in Fulton City, Illinois, a town about one hundred and forty miles up the river. The stay here was but a few months. In the spring, the family moved back to the hotel home in the Mansion House at Nauvoo. Athletic sports were favorites with my father. An active, out-of-door life made him a swimmer, wrestler, and skater of some skill.

Jumping, running, and rowing received attention. Sometimes the mother, with the boys, lived on the family farm. Sometimes the mother stayed in the hotel and had help at the farm. My father received common schooling in the public schools of Nauvoo, although the things that *educated* him were not infrequently far from the desk in the old hall, for he was a lover and a student of nature in all her moods. The signals of wind and tide, bird and animal, were known to him, in wonderful measure. He laid his hand to the rudder and the simple river craft answered to his will like a thing of life; he placed his finger on the trigger and the firearm responded with unerring result; he placed a caressing shoulder close to her nose and immediately the high-spirited little filly yielded to his guiding, soothing voice, and there were confidential relations established. Singing and whistling, he tramped with his brothers and fellows through the Old Mansion. Sometime in each year the town held a shooting match "free for all," but Alex. Smith and another young man of Nauvoo, because of the skill of these two they were barred.

Here again, we find the possible consequence of hereditary influences. During the troublous times in Far West, previous to the birth of my father, the only recourse for protection was the gun—arms. Prowess in their use was considered desirable. Women, clad in men's clothing, stood guard, gun in hand, where other women slept. Couple these influences with the native proclivities, due to ancestral necessities, for his was a family of pioneers, and we account for this seeming love for a gun.

In contradistinction to this very marked characteristic in Alexander, we produce the disposition of his brother David on the same point. Back of the sorrowful scene in the dining room of the Old Mansion, following that twenty-seventh day of June, eighteen hundred and forty-four, when Emma Smith bent over the silent, bleeding form of the father of her unborn

child, now called David, back of that scene, I say, lay the militia, the glitter of military trappings and the death dealing gun. Fear of its awful work had lain close to her heart as the embryo child, and from his earliest childhood the boy David had an abhorrence for all manner of firearms. Though Alexander loved also the peaceable things of life, the dauntless spirit of Far West seemed to be with him, and fearlessness was part of his strongly emotional nature. His mother's word was law; her decision, the end of all controversy. She was the center of the universe to him. His tendency to cry when angered or irritated, won for him a disagreeable little nickname from his older brothers and sister. On the other hand, his insistent and determined pursuit of any fixed object or purpose made him a desirable ally in game or work. The unselfishness of boyhood rendered him poorer in worldly goods but secure in the love of friends. This very element in later life developed into a hospitality luxurious by reason of its very simplicity.

He found delight in the use of tools, and in their manipulation developed a certain amount of genius. With his pocket-knife and a small piece of glass, he produced from half a shingle or a bit of pine, really artistic little articles. Often have I seen him the center of a group of interested little people, they eagerly watching the growth of some article, wonderful to them. It was not alone the Yankee knack of making shavings, but an inborn creative faculty that guided his hand. In our childhood his clever hand often supplied our playthings; cupboards and the wooden plates and daintily finished sets of "jack straws"; while the woman of the household thanked him in her heart many times for the trifles that he provided to make her lot easier. We children considered his creative ability as bounded only by economic conditions. I remember watching with appreciative concern the building of a rowboat by him. To us children the growth of that boat was nothing

less than marvelous, from the first curling white shaving, to the putting on of the creamy white paint and then the green trimmings. The launching of the boat was an event of interest, but it faded into the glory of a lesser type when one day I found it christened with my own name. I fairly went dizzy



ALEXANDER HALE SMITH.

(In late boyhood.)

with the honor of it. A boat made by father, named by himself and mother—for me! What this power and love for making things might have become in the hands of our manual training people of to-day, I can only conjecture, but it counted to *him* for good without any training.

There was not a spot in or about Nauvoo with which my

father was not familiar. The islands, the river, the prairies, the timber, the hills, and the old houses in the romantic, beautiful place; he loved them all, in a way. He knew the shifting scenes that drifted over Nauvoo, although their deeper significance was not so plain to him in boyhood as in later years. Then, it lost nothing in retrospect. The discovery of gold that presaged the wild rush for Pikes Peak, caught his youthful spirit in its adventurous meshes, and he joined a party starting for that promising field. He was then strong limbed, swift and free of action, merry hearted and chivalrous, in the nineteenth year of his life. He did not get far, however, on this gold hunt. The party turned back from the plains of western Kansas. The disappointment was great, but subsequent events bear out the thought that the hand of destiny overruled. The crossing of the western plains, with all its dangers, and with other than fields of gold in view, lay yet before him.

In the year when his brother Joseph took his place in the church, the home circle was much agitated. A mighty force tugged at the bonds of peace. Alexander was not religiously inclined. His experience with religion had not been of a character to induce him to give it much thought. The fundamental principles of the gospel must first awaken him to a love of God. His mind was in a tumult. His adored younger brother, David, joined himself to the church, while the mother stood stoutly by him. It was a serious outlook. Already friends were turned against them. A warning had come to his brother Joseph from the citizens, that he must neither preach nor pray in public, nor in any way attempt to promulgate his doctrine in the county in which he lived. This threat did what nothing else had done for Alexander. He began to search such books as were at his command, and began to believe the principles therein. Their beauty and power appealed to his mind as true and desirable. Still he lingered.

There had come often to the home of Emma Smith, a widow named Elizabeth Kendall. Sometimes from the home in one room of the Brick Row she brought her little family of three small children. To Emma Smith she told her story, of the death of her husband, an elder in England, and these women may have found comfort in each other's society.

The years went by. Elizabeth Kendall, my maternal grandmother, slept deep and unawaking, and her children were scattered. In time, the little English babe, Elizabeth, came into the household at the Mansion. She was now a small girl of fourteen and needed the love and tender care that Emma Smith gave to her. Henceforth she knew a mother's watchfulness and kindly interest in her health, morals, and eternal welfare. She was like some shy little plant transplanted into a strange garden. She grew into womanhood in the Mansion, and in the old parlor there, she was married to Alexander, in the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-one. The young couple went onto the family farm and began their new life.

Among their many privations they yet found much to recall with pleasure. That first year taxed the young husband's inventive skill. There seemed an endless array of "necessities," and small means to procure them. It was his pocket-knife that whittled from a piece of hard board their first wash-board. Even and straight and true to line, he notched the board, until there was a square of little hills pronounced and rough enough to "rub" the most soiled of linens clean, when the light-hearted little wife got it in hand. That following winter they carried the little wife and her baby boy, on a sled, to town; lifting her on her bed into the shelter of the good old Mansion again. Here the mother of Alexander nursed his wife back to health and rosiness. The mother's hands were tireless now, for her second son, Frederick G. W., lay in his death sickness. In April they carried him over to

the family burying ground at the Homestead and laid him down to sleep; and the brother David wrote feelingly:

“They have laid him to sleep, in the warm hillside,
’Neath the shade of the green locust tree;
Where the birds will sing and the wild flowers spring
And the long grasses wave mournfully.”

But my father found cause for deep perplexity. His brother had died without baptism, and he knew days and nights of sorrow, as he contemplated the possibilities. The cheerful, generous nature of Frederick endeared him to all who knew him. His was a peculiarly happy and sunny temperament that has won for him to the third generation a reputation for his many lovable qualities. His was the merriest heart of all the merry household. His soft brown eyes held no accusation nor severity in their gentle depths. Tearfully, the grandmother gathered the little son of Alexander into her arms, and thanked the fates that had prompted them to name him Frederick Alexander.

But the separation of death still had the bitterness of a nameless fear added to it for my father. That his beloved brother was lost was a horror such as has filled many hearts; but to his there came a balm, the testimony of the Spirit, the first communication direct from that Comforter, saying, “Grieve not; Frederick’s condition is pleasant; and the time shall come when baptism can be secured to him,” admonishing him to do his duty and all would be well. Satisfied of the necessity of baptism for the living, and comforted by the evidence of its possibility for the dead, on May the 25th of the same year, his brother Joseph baptized him in the grand old Mississippi, confirmation following under the hands of the same, assisted by Elder Nathan Foster. In July of the same year his wife followed him, receiving baptism by Joseph Smith and confirmation by his administration the same day.

My father was now in his twenty-fourth year; tall, straight,

and lithe. The brown hair of earlier years had grown black. The stern realities of life were before him. His delight in mechanism led him to partnership in a photograph gallery. This venture did not hold him long. He found employment at carpenter work, and gave it attention and enjoyed it. He had not overcome his love for the hunt and the spirit of Nimrod led him forth through many a wild hunt for ducks or long tramp after quails or prairie chickens. To such scenes his mind often recurred in later years. I recall one wintry day a few years ago; he had been confined to his chair for days with rheumatism in his back. The clouds flew in little, scudding groups, low over the sodden prairies. I found him at the table writing. There was a dreamy look in his eyes. "What you writing?" I queried, leaning over his shoulder. He laughed softly and handed the manuscript to me. "It's the river-lust in me, daughter; the river-lust; why I can see the white caps riding in, and the fret-line on the shore, and I'm hungry for it; sick for the sound of the river. I want to go to Nauvoo!"

I glanced down the page he had given me. "Can I have it, father?" indicating the paper.

"Yes; I just wrote it to ease my homesickness. Keep it or use it or burn it as you like. I want the river and Nauvoo and mother!" and through the big windows to the south and east of his warm sitting room he looked away to the Iowa hills but saw a scene dear to his boyhood; now changed, and changed sadly. I laid the little roll of paper by, not guessing *how* I should finally use it.

The little sketch will serve to show the strong love of the man for the hunt, and also his freedom of spirit, and perhaps give us an idea of the youthful proclivities that in later life turned and tuned to "greater love" made him a fearless and faithful "*hunter of men*" even unto that *last* sunset over the waters he so dearly loved, flowing past Nauvoo.

One evening, when a young man, I arose from my seat beside the fire,

for the cool weather made a fire necessary to comfort, and passed to the door, and looked out; my wife noticed that I was restless and uneasy and remarked, "What *is* the matter with you?"

Now, that the reader may the better catch the thread of this little story, I will say I was then a young man of about twenty-four. Was married and lived in the Old Mansion, situated on the brow of the hill on the east bank of the broad Mississippi, whose beautiful waters shone in the light of the afternoon sun with enticings strong for me, for I



Elizabeth Kendall Smith and oldest son Frederick Alexander.

dearly loved the old river. My wife saw the spirit of unrest was upon me, and was uneasy, because she and our baby boy had ere this been left alone for days, while I was off on the river, or in the woods, no one knowing exactly where nor at what time I would return.

Our brown eyed, dark haired baby boy was a joy to her, and a comfort when I was gone, but her heart was always filled with fear when she knew I was on the waters, or when I was gone and she knew *not* where. I was a good enough sort, had few bad habits, but unfortunately for my

wife's peace of mind, I was descended from a great hunter, only two removes, and in my blood was the taint;—a love for my gun and rod—and as the seasons for hunting or fishing came round, my blood became fevered with a longing for the woods, or river and lakes, and I could seldom resist the "call of the wild"; and so my wife many times found herself alone with our baby for days. With this explanation, the reader can understand with what uneasiness she asked the question, "Now what is the matter with you?" She had heard the call of the quail that afternoon, and knew that I also had heard it. Three separate times I left my seat and went to the door and listened. At last I sprang to my feet, caught down my gun, and saying, "I'm going to see if I can find those quail; I'll not be gone long," I passed out, crossed the road, and was soon out of sight in the neighboring fields.

Now when I started out with my gun, I really had no thought of going beyond that neighboring field; but the spell was on me, and I could no more be content to abide in the four walls of a house than could the little martins stay when the time to go had come. In the first field I did not find the quail, so in the next I must *needs* go. I knew that the evening meal would soon be ready, but little cared I, while the impulse to roam was upon me. My footsteps soon led me past the dwelling of a neighbor, one Sam Chambers, whose love for a gun and the fields was as great as my own. As I approached the dwelling, I shouted and Sam came out, and as soon as he saw that I had my gun, he said, "Wait a minute and I'll go with you." Now Sam was a married man, too, and had a family, but the hunting nature was strong in him also; so, when he joined me, his blood was fired by the same fever and unrest that made me reckless of time.

When he came, he said, "Where to now?" I replied, "Oh, anywhere; let us go up the river." So up the river we went. Field after field was passed through, until just before the sun reached the horizon, we found ourselves some three miles and a half away from home and near the river bank. Then I remembered I had a canoe which had been left, still a half mile above where we were. The proposition was made to go and get the canoe and ride home. It suited both, and we were soon in the frail vessel speeding towards home.

The canoe was a small one, barely able to bear up two full grown men, and when we were seated and had pushed off from the shore it appeared that but two or three inches of the gunwale was above water; but both of us were expert boatmen, and used to that kind of vessel, so we felt no fear. The weather had been cold several nights before, and ice had formed in the river north of us, and was now floating quite thickly in midstream. As we pulled out into the stream, some wild ducks flew past and settled in the water near the opposite shore. The river here was nearly a mile wide, and to reach the opposite side we hunters had to pass through the floating ice. But as it seemed very little out of our way, we at once proposed to run across and try for some ducks. True, by this time the sun was disappearing, but we did not mind that, as the evenings were light, as a rule, long after sunset; but unfortunately

for us, as we neared the farther shore, a fierce squall, or gale of wind suddenly arose, and swept over the river, and our frail craft would not live ten minutes, in such weather, so we hastily sought shelter on shore. With the wind, came clouds and rain. The wind blew so fiercely it would catch up the water from the top of the waves and blow it in great sheets through the air. The night settled down in earnest and it became very dark. We were in for a night's stay on an island. So long as the wind raged, there was no escape. To add to our discomfort, we began to get very hungry, but there was no show for supper on that bleak island; no human habitation within miles and miles of us.

Through the island, which was large, some miles in extent, ran deep but narrow sloughs; the landing had been made near one of these.

I remembered a deserted woodchopper's cabin, a mile or such a matter across the island, on the banks of this water way, and I proposed to take to the boat and keep close under the bank, and if possible reach the old hut for shelter for the night; and now began a voyage of danger, under the best of conditions; with the wind blowing as it was, it was a hazardous undertaking; but in the dark, it was doubly so. The banks were abrupt, the wind from the west, and by keeping in touch of the shore with our paddles, we slowly coasted across the island, till the shapes of tall trees overhead told us we were near the shanty.

How often since that, I have wondered how we ever made that trip and found the hut; but we did it. We built a fire in the hut, and by its light we found, carefully laid up, a loaf of dry bread some woodchopper had left, and having killed a duck, we roasted it over the fire and feasted on roast duck and bread, and chatted and talked till sleepy, then stretched ourselves on the wooden bunks in the shanty and went to sleep. It must not be thought there was much comfort in the woodman's shanty, but it was a shelter from the fierce west wind. There were no blankets, nor even straw in the bunks. We were glad to be even sheltered from the cold wind, however. It was a long, weary night, but daylight came at last.

As soon as it was light enough to see to shoot, Sam went out to see the river and if possible get a duck or two, while I roasted what remained of yesterday's catch, which was scant enough for two hungry hunters. Sam returned and reported the main river too rough yet to venture on with our light canoe. Here we were, two men on an island, one of many miles long, with main river on the east, and several wide waterways or sloughs on the west between us and the mainland. Thus we were obliged to wait till the wind ceased blowing, ere we could leave the island.

After breakfast, we both went to the bank on the main river, to wait for the going down of the wind. It was cold; neither one had overcoat or gloves, and we were forced to keep moving to keep warm. Noon came, and still the gale swept the waves aloft. Toward evening, to add to our misery, there came a fierce shower of rain and sleet, and wet us through. After the rain, the wind increased in force. We feared to leave the river, being anxious, if the wind ceased blowing as the sun went down, to

hasten across the cold water. We gathered a huge pile of driftwood and succeeded, after many trials, in lighting a fire. Everything was wet and it was very difficult to get the wet wood to burn. The sun went down, angry and red. We watched the wind-tossed waves from beside the huge fire we had built. The ground was too wet and cold to lie down on, and weariness began to overcome us, to say nothing of hunger, which had become intense by this time, for we had been unsuccessful in killing any more game. However, we gathered brush and piled it near the fire, and lay down on that to catch, if possible, a little sleep. But the cold was so severe, we had to keep turning to keep warm; one side freezing, the other roasting.

The long, wretched night passed at last, and day came, but no cessation of the wind. Storm bound and miserable, wet, cold, and hungry, stiff and sore, we roused ourselves and sought for something to eat. One poor little duck was all we could find that day, and that seemed only to aggravate our hunger. It did seem strange, but the very ducks were hid away, or refused to venture to face the storm. We wandered up and down the bleak river shore, and at last resolved to seek the old shanty and spend another night within its walls; but on further thought, we resolved to risk a move, one in the canoe, and one on shore, and coast along down the river. On reaching the sloughs, or waterways, we both entered the canoe and crossed them. Several times the water splashed into the little boat, and as many times we were in danger of sinking. We could not have lived twenty minutes in the cold water, if we had been plunged into it, even if we could have kept on the surface so long, but by great care and skill, keeping close under the bank as much as possible, we finally reached the mainland and thus the town, some four miles below where we were held upon the island. It was evening, just before dark, when we came ashore there, and recognized the boat of a friend who was looking for us. We soon found him, and I got into his boat while Sam paddled the canoe, keeping close to the larger boat; thus we crossed the wide river. It was late at night when I carefully let myself into my own home, and found my way to my wife's room. I found her wide awake, a bright light in her room, and as I opened the door and walked in, she turned pale and for a moment was silent, then she said, "You're a pretty fellow, aren't you? Where have you been?" A little shamefacedly, I answered, "Aren't you glad to see me? I'm hungry! Can you give me something to eat?"

And the baby looked up from the bed and laughed, "Papa, papa!"

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 400, volume 3.)

From New York, the *Alpha* was chartered for another outward bound voyage that occupied the months until September. Captain Burton learned that he had made a misake in accepting a master's position in an old, worn-out vessel, that was constantly needing repairs, and resolved to leave her on his return trip, and wait for something better. This proposition was hailed with delight by his wife, who was still boarding with her parents; for thereby he would have a visit at home. His visit lasted part of the winter, in the which they went to housekeeping again. But their happy holiday soon came to an end. He sailed again on the first day of January, as mate of the barque *Wild Horse*, for Matamoras, leaving a very lonely wife behind him. This berth he accepted because of the promise of having the vessel in charge the next voyage.

One instance of that voyage is worthy of note. It was a day while lying at anchor in Matamoras. The wind was blowing strongly, and the sea was too heavy on the "bar" for lighters to pass over, so there was no work being done on board. The captain, Edward Davison, not wishing to lose a day, thought it a good chance to get the water casks filled while the mate was not busy, so told him to lower the long-boat, and take two casks, and as many men as he wanted, and go ashore for water. Mr. Burton made answer that the "bar" was not safe to cross. But the captain did not countermand his order, and to refuse to obey would be mutiny; so he prepared to go, taking with him the best swimmers, though he accounted himself to be a poor one. They were being watched from the deck of many a vessel, as they neared the breakers, to see the success or non-success of their daring undertaking. While going over the first

roller, a long, even, high sea, the long, heavy oar that is thrust out at the stern of the boat to serve as a rudder, and by which the mate was steering, bent beneath the heavy pressure of the sea, and broke like a pipestem, and the boat breached to, and capsized with the mate beneath her. He was wearing, at the time, a pair of long-topped rubber boots, and quickly became aware that they would soon take him to the bottom, and his first thought was to get rid of them. Then and there, under the boat, and under water, too, he nimbly performed a feat that perhaps was never done before, or since; which was to double up and pull off his boots without sinking, and in so doing got out from under the boat.

Not losing his presence of mind for one moment, nor forgetting that the men were in his care, he called for all hands to get hold of, and climb upon the boat, which was floating near them, but bottom upwards. And while they were busy obeying orders they were not so sensible of their danger. Fortunately all had gotten on the boat before another roller reached them; and thus astride of the keel, holding on for dear life, they went over it, or more properly speaking, the roller went over them.

When that had passed, the mate said, "Now, all hands drop into the water, and let's right the boat;" telling two to hold to the gunwales on one side, and two on the other, and he would hold to the stern and steer her over the next roller, after which he thought they would be in shallow water where they could walk her ashore.

The men were true to their officer, and with his help had accomplished the order and taken their places when the next breaker struck them. All held fast to the boat till it passed over. But they were still in deep water, and fortunately for them, they were being drawn out by the receding waters, faster than borne inward; and ere long were outside the "bar" again. They had not long to remain there though, for strong,

willing hands impelled by kind hearts were bending to their oars "to the rescue" and all got safely on board of the stranger boat, after which they got their own boat alongside, and bailed her out; for, though floating, she was full of water. She was taken in tow while they picked up their oars, that were floating about on the sea. Then they boarded their own boat again, and went in quest of, and picked up their empty water-casks, and returned to the *Wild Horse* with no further loss than that of the mate's rubber boots and the broken oar.

Upon Mr. Burton's return home, in the latter part of July, he found a tiny little three weeks' old daughter. When the cargo was discharged, he went across the bay to load with deals for Glasgow, intending to touch at Hantsport again before sailing for Glasgow. On his return to Hantsport, he found his little one smitten with diphtheria, and she only lasted a few days. Then they sadly laid the precious little form in her earthly resting place. Little two year old Frank and the captain's wife accompanied him on his voyage to Scotland. This was her first voyage at sea, but after the first twenty-four hours of rough weather, she experienced no further discomfort from the sea, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip. She missed her cherished little babe, but with the companionship of her dear, loving husband, sorrow forgot its mission, and loneliness was not thought of. The *Wild Horse* plowed the waters of the broad Atlantic; sometimes in a gentle, even furrow; and at others it was uphill, and down dale; but all was enjoyed.

While sailing up the River Clyde, the custom-house officer pointed out many interesting landmarks, the chief of which was Dunbarton Castle. Both the captain and wife promised themselves the pleasure of taking a run down to it while the ship was at Glasgow, to view the sword of William Wallace; and other interesting relics stored in the castle. But the time was so entirely occupied that there was no opportunity. The

captain took one trip to Edinburgh and joined the Free Masons. He got his certificate as Master Mason, of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, on September 30, 1863. And one trip to Greenock, where he "passed the board" and was given a certificate of competency as shipmaster, by the Board of Trade of Scotland, on the 5th of October, 1863. He also "passed the board" in New York in 1866, and received an American certificate.

Captain Burton never took any further degrees in Free Masonry, and soon let it drop, not taking interest enough in it to even attend lodge, except a few times, though he always affirmed that the principles taught were good so far as he knew.

The ship's business occupied the balance of the time in Glasgow, so the anticipated trip to Dunbarton Castle had to be given up. The return voyage was to Halifax, thence to Windsor, and New York, where he chartered again for Matamoras. This voyage, though much longer than was anticipated, was nevertheless a profitable one to both captain and owners. The assorted cargo sold at a fabulous price, on account of there being several man-of-war ships at anchor on the grounds.

On their arrival at Hantsport, the captain's wife, who had been sailing with him for a year, remained ashore and went to housekeeping in rented rooms; while the captain sailed again for Glasgow.

The outward bound voyage was successful, and with ordinary dispatch the barque left port on her homeward bound trip. It was then November; the winter set in early and was a very severe one, both on land and sea; and many a good ship went down beneath the waters of the Atlantic that winter of 1865. Gale succeeded gale, but almost always from an adverse point of the compass. Many times the ropes and rigging were so iced over as to render the ship almost unmanageable. Some-

times they would have to run before a gale of wind long distances out of the proper course; and ultimately the ship was disabled to some degree, so that sailing was much slower. They ran short of provisions, and some of the sailors scarcely had sufficient clothes to keep from freezing. Those who had, shared with the needy. It was during this terrible three month's voyage on the stormy Atlantic that Captain Burton first felt the need of a Savior and humbled himself in prayer to God. He felt a comforting influence that heretofore was unknown to him, though he scarcely expected to reach home again. The owners of the barque, as well as many friends and relatives had given up hope of ever hearing from her again, but she arrived at Yarmouth, where she was chartered for, in March, though in a disabled condition. What repairs were absolutely necessary were made while the cargo was being discharged, then she was taken home to Hantsport.

Upon the captain's arrival in Hantsport, he was interviewed by a ship building company relative to building him a new vessel, a brigantine in which he was to own a share. He accepted the proposition, and remained at home through the summer to superintend the rigging of the vessel.

Upon his arrival from Matamoras the previous summer, he had bought a building lot; and now he had a pretty little gothic cottage built on the lot, which gave himself and family of wife and two children a home of their own.

The brigantine was finished and launched in October of 1865. And named by the captain, *H. J. Burton*, in honor of his little daughter, Hannah Josephine.

When this new craft was loaded and ready for sea, the wife locked up her pretty home, and with her two children started with her husband on another sea voyage. The afternoon they sailed was not at all promising; the sky was gloomy and storm-threatening. The storm burst upon them the first night out; a real winter, northeast gale, accompanied with a thick

snowstorm; and that while in the Bay of Fundy, where shoals, sand banks, and rocks abound. Here the swiftly running tide, when adverse to the wind, causes a high, short sea, in which a vessel rolls and knocks about heavily, altogether, making a most undesirable place for such a storm. The ship was heavily loaded with plaster. The wire rigging—that can never be properly adjusted at the first setting up—became slack with the heavy rolling and plunging of the ship, and she carried away her fore and main topmasts, with which went the fore topsail, topgallant and royal yards. She had been rolling so deep, and staying so long before starting to roll the other way, that it seemed often as if she was on her beam ends, and would never right again. The spars came down with such a terrible crash, and shock to the ship that it struck terror to the heart. The wife, who was trying to comfort her little boy, and hold the other little one in the berth, felt sure the ship had struck a rock, or been driven on a shoal; but there was no screaming or fainting. She held more closely to the children and waited in an agony of suspense for some one to come below. The spars fell overboard, but were held by the wire rigging; and the bumping and grating against the side of the ship, together with the extra commotion on deck, and the captain's commanding voice ringing out distinctly above all other noises, confirmed for a time her uncomfortable apprehensions.

All was done that could be done to cut away the wreckage, yet much remained. The danger in the darkness and blinding storm, where the ropes, blocks, and other destructive missiles were swinging and beating about, was too great to risk.

After the spars were carried away the ship did not roll so badly; but the sea made a clean breech over her, sweeping the decks of every movable thing, and much that was considered immovable; such as the boat and cask of water, both of which were lashed firmly to ringbolts. Even the tarpaulin, that was fastened down with irons, was torn off from the main hatch,

causing a heavy leakage, so that the pumps had to be kept going all night; and it was feared that even that would not keep her afloat.

As soon as the captain had opportunity, he went to the cabin to see how it fared with the wife and the little ones, let them know what the trouble was, and see if they wanted help. Indeed they did; the wife was crouched on the floor in front of the low berth, with her elbows pressed down into the bed on the inside of the front board as a grip to hold herself from being thrown, or sliding away from it. With her hands she held the sleeping babe in her place in the bed, while cheering and comforting three-year-old Frank, who was in the next room, and very much frightened. His mamma could not leave the little one long enough to get to him. When papa had fixed him securely in the berth where mamma was, he had no more fear, and was soon asleep. But the wife must still keep up her vigil. She was cheered from time to time during that dreadful night, by a few minutes' visit from the captain.

During one of those brief visits his brother Ebenezer, who was second mate, came in and said, "It is no use, Joe," speaking as brother would to brother, "the men are worn out at the pumps; the water in the hold is above the plaster; we can not expect to keep her afloat, and may as well let her go first as last." But the captain soon vetoed such a proposition as that, saying the water that was above the plaster was what leaked in through the main hatch. He gave orders to change hands often, give the men something to eat, if he could get at anything, and keep the pumps going. He soon followed his brother to the deck. The captain spoke kindly and cheerfully to the men, expressed the belief that they would be *men* and do their duty; that it was only cowards who forsook their posts in time of need or danger; that they were working for the safety of their own lives, as well as that of the ship; to hold on till daylight, then there would be a change.

“Aye, aye, sir! We will do our duty,” was the hearty response. About an hour afterward, as the captain was passing through the cabin he heard a faint call from the passenger room, where his brother John was, who was taking passage to New York. John was too seasick to lift his head, but pointed to the trunk where he had a dozen or more pairs of woolen socks and mittens that he was taking to New York as a speculation, and said in a feeble voice, “Take them, and give them to the men.” The second mate had spoken of their feet and hands being wet and nearly frozen. “And here,” said he, pointing to a basket well tucked down in the far corner of his berth, “take these, too.” His good wife had provided this basket, generously supplied with substantials and dainties. The captain tried to get up a laugh with him, and offered him some of the food; but he did not feel like laughing, or eating either. That lunch dispelled the gloom in the cabin, for all there, as well as the men, were cold and hungry.

What a blessed thing it is that the longest and darkest nights only last a certain number of hours; then the day is sure to dawn. But oh, what a distressing sight that particular dawning revealed! Discouraging indeed to a young sea captain. But no oath or complaint, no word of fault-finding was heard. The weather was moderating, and the sea going down fast. As much of the spars and rigging as remained, and could be made serviceable, were hauled in, and the rest cut adrift. Some jury masts were rigged up, and all the sail put on that could be carried under the circumstances.

It was food for merriment for the two well brothers,—the captain and second mate—when John got over his seasickness enough to want something to eat, and found his lunch basket nearly empty. But he had his turn when a little later he got out on deck and saw the distressed appearance of the ship. He was not of a serious turn, and to him it was simply ludicrous; and his wit and humor kept the rest in a laughing mood.

The captain essayed to put in to Portland, Maine, but could not fetch, so drifted on to Boston. Disabled as he was, the plucky young captain would not accept any help to get there. When off Boston, though not in sight of it, one of the pilot boats that sail about outside, came alongside, evidently expecting a paying job, and after making some remarks about the disabled condition of the ship, called out, "Do you want a pilot?"

"No." With a look of surprise and incredulity they sailed away.

Presently a steam tug came puffing along, hunting for wrecks after the storm; when close enough, her captain hailing that of the *H. J. Burton*, said, "Well, you are in rather a bad fix."

"Rather."

"Just throw us a line and we will soon have you in port."

"Not at all."

"Are you not going to Boston?"

"Yes."

"How are you going to get there?"

"I am going to sail there."

"I wish you a good time of it."

"Thank you, sir."

So she puffed off again, with another disappointed captain.

When he was gone, Captain Burton's wife, who was standing by his side said, "Oh, Joseph, why did you not let him tow us in? What if we should be blown off again?"

"I may have missed it, but if the weather holds good we will get in all right. In our condition they would have charged an outrageous price, and I do not want to discourage the owners altogether."

In Boston he obtained sufficient repairs to go to New York, where all necessary repairs were made, the load of plaster discharged, and a load of timber taken in for Lisbon, Portugal.

Right here is an amusing instance as a sample of how Captain Burton got along without storming and swearing, as many captains would in the same place. The *Burton* had finished taking in her timber about 5 o'clock, and had dropped away from the pier far enough to let a schooner take the inside berth so as to be ready to commence loading early in the morning, while the *Burton* would lay next her, and take in the small stores over the schooner's deck.

The captain ordered a load of coal that day, and told the truckman to be sure and have it down and delivered on deck before 5 o'clock; and he promised to do so. The captain did not get on board till after dark.

He had not been in the cabin long till there came a savage rapping on the top of the house with the butt of a whipstock and a rough specimen of the Emerald Isles thrust his head over the companionway door and called out, "Hello, captain!"

"Hello!" answered the captain, at the same time opening the cabin door. "What's wanted?"

"I can't take these coals over that vessel after dark!" His tone was angry and imperative.

"Very well," said the captain, in his usual cheery tone. "You can take them under her, if you think you can do it easier." And he shut the door, leaving the truckman to do the swearing; and he did. The oaths rolled forth in volleys till his voice was lost in the distance, while the captain stood laughing.

"What does he want to do?" asked the wife.

"He wants me to let him dump the coal on the wharf, and I am not going to do it. I told him to have it here before 5 o'clock, for we were going to haul out."

"Will he do it?"

"He will have to, or he won't get his money." But he did not go outside to say anything more to him. Presently the coal came tumbling on deck, basket full after basket full, till all

was done; then the irate truckman came to the door after his money.

The voyage to Lisbon was very successful, though made in the winter months; the *H. J. Burton* proved to be a fine sea boat, and fleet on the waters. The return charter was for Halifax, Nova Scotia, with a load of salt. Here the wife went to her home and remained through the summer months, while the captain pursued his lonely way to Amsterdam.

In the autumn, the month of October, the *H. J. Burton* was seen skimming the waters of the Bay of Fundy, on her homeward bound trip. And when loaded, and ready for sea again, the wife joined her husband for a two years' cruise. They went to New York, and from thence to the Mediterranean with petroleum; and were to call at Gibraltar for orders. In New York one can find more or less of his own countrymen, no matter what country he hails from, but especially if he comes from Nova Scotia.

Among the latter was one Captain Coffell, from the vicinity of Hantsport, who also had a new brigantine, *Ptosa*. He, too, took a cargo of petroleum to the Mediterranean, and was also to call at Gibraltar for orders. Each captain considered his was the fastest sailing vessel, and they had some little pleasantries with each other about who was going to be left behind while crossing the Atlantic. Both towed down the river at the same time. After leaving the tug boats, one took his course farther south than the other, and so they lost sight of each other during the night, and did not sight each other again on the voyage.

The *H. J. Burton* had a splendid run across the Atlantic, yet all were delighted when she entered the sun-kissed waters of the straits of Gibraltar, and shortly dropped anchor in front of the town that nestles at the base, and even climbs up the side of that far famed "Rock of Gibraltar." How delightful to the sea satiated eyes is the sight of that picturesque

little town, with its abundance of shade trees and vineyards; the latter terraced far up against the side of the huge rock. But, however much one desired to stay a while, and look about the notable place, business required quick dispatch. Besides, the captain learned from the consignees to whom he went to get his orders that the *Ptosa* had not yet arrived, and that both vessels were to take their cargo to Naples. So the captain made all haste to get on board, and under way again to win the race to Naples.

When nearing the port of destination, all on board were made aware that a severe storm was at hand, and we rejoiced to see the bluff headlands at the mouth of the harbor, thinking that when once in the placid Bay of Naples, on safe anchoring ground, little inconvenience would be experienced from the storm. The entrance to the bay was comparatively narrow, and rendered more so by a heavy "breakwater" that extended two thirds across the inlet. But within a few hours after the anchor was dropped, all the shipping in the harbor became uncomfortably aware of the effects of the storm troubled waters outside. The wind and sea steadily increased, and the shipping at anchor in the bay began to roll and pitch about at a frightful rate. Many vessels were farther in towards the city than the *H. J. Burton*, and it was then thought, on safer anchoring ground; but it proved not to be so. Before morning a large barque and a schooner dragged ashore and all perished on the rocks that had been placed there by skillful engineering to keep the sea from dashing against the sea wall, and over the street. When the waters of the bay were placid, boats could wend their way to and from the shore, but in that storm no assistance could be rendered them. It was a night of terror to all; those who still held their grounds knowing not what moment they too would share the fate of the unfortunate ones.

With the coming of daylight the sea subsided, and all

thought it had spent itself, though the clouds hung low and heavy and the waters were agitated. In the afternoon the *Ptosa* entered the harbor also; and shortly after the gale was at its height again and remained so all night, the second night being worse than the first, the sea higher. The *H. J. Burton* was not only lifted to the full length of her chain, but often the sea made a clean breech over her. She sustained some damage, but slight to what befell many others, though none were totally wrecked.

After this stormy introduction to serene Italy the waters of her bay became as blue and as placid as of yore; troubles were soon forgotten, and the visit to this far away place, the home of artists, and the picture gallery of the world, was much enjoyed by both Captain Burton and his wife. The smoke of Mount Vesuvius was seen by day, and the fire by night. The ruins of the ancient city, Pompeii, that she once buried in her burning ashes and melted lava, were visited and gazed upon with mingled feelings of awe, wonder, and admiration.

Messina, a pretty little town of Sicily, was the next port of destination, to take in a load of fruit for Baltimore. One day was spent in a long and pleasant drive across the mountain, as it was called, where one could look out on the sea at the other side of Messina and gaze upon Stromboli, another burning mountain that raised abruptly out of the sea, and whose fires were seen by day as well as by night.

The Atlantic was on his best behavior during the run across to Baltimore; no gales, no calms; just a steady trade wind breeze all the way across; a most delightful sail; and intensely enjoyed by the wife, who could take her little ones and sit on deck and chat with the captain.

Upon his arrival in Baltimore, Captain Burton learned of the death of his father, which brought deep sorrow to him. Parents sometimes speak more effectually in their death than in their life. And so it was in his case. While sorrowing for

his loss, he realized that he could no more hear the words of counsel and instruction from the lips that had so often uttered such; and how great that father's desire was that his children, as well as others, should become true followers of Christ, and take their stand in the church. He knew he had often grieved his father by holding aloof from the churches, and claiming to be infidel because the churches did not harmonize with what the Bible taught, as he viewed it. Yet he could never disbelieve in a God, and since his marriage he had ceased to study the infidel side of the question, and bought such books as he thought his wife, being a conscientious church member, would like. Among them were Keith's Evidences of the Prophecies, and Josephus' works. Together they spent many pleasant and profitable hours in the study of them.

Though he did not claim to be religious himself, he had great respect for her religion, and helped, rather than hindered her to sustain it. He enjoyed their hour of prayer when she first went to sea with him. But it was during that stormy trip across the Atlantic that he really humbled himself before God, called upon him in mighty prayer, and felt the comforting influence of the Spirit. But he did not make any outward profession of religion, and afterward had become careless in regard to religion. Truthfulness compels me to say that he did not always keep inviolate his "pledge"; not that he was given to drunkenness, but he indulged at times in the social glass with his "clique" of captains rather than to say no and be the odd one.

But now the time had come when he felt that he wanted to enter into the path that his father had so often pointed out, and lead a Christian life. For him to determine, was to act; so not waiting to get home, he was baptized the following Sunday evening by the Reverend Doctor Fuller in the font in his church, and united with the Fifth Baptist Church, of Baltimore. Now that he had publicly professed religion, he

determined to live it also, and at once undertook the duty of asking a blessing at table, and having reading and prayer in the cabin at 8 o'clock in the evening, and as many of the men would gather into the cabin as could be spared from the deck.

This was a greater cross to him than simply having family worship at home, but the mate, Mr. Crowell, was a member of the Baptist Church also, which was a great help to him; and in foreign ports there were almost always some Nova Scotia captains who believed in living their religion at sea, as well as in port, and would not fail to drop in at prayer time; and some who were not church members would stay the rest of the evening. So they were kept from spending their evenings elsewhere and wasting their money. One young captain who was not a church member made this remark, "I do not know what has come over me, but I had rather come here and hear you folks read and pray, talk and sing, than to go to the theater, or spend my evenings ashore as I used to do." But I am anticipating, for those remarks were made in Stettin, several months later.

There was no charter in Baltimore for foreign ports that the captain would accept, so he decided to start at once to Windsor for a load of plaster, and on the eighth day from the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, the *H. J. Burton* sailed up the Bay of Fundy and Avon River, and grounded on Hantsport beach at 5 o'clock in the evening of a lovely June day.

The vessel had been recognized while gliding up the river, and a number of friends and relatives were at the shore. Many of them lingered on board in pleasant converse until the receding tide produced an uncomfortable slant on the vessel's deck; then all adjourned. Mrs. Burton was in too great a hurry to see their little son, whom she had been separated from for six months, to remain in Hantsport all night, so Captain Burton hired a team, the same one that he had hired several times before to go over that same road when he used to pay a flying

visit to his *fiancee*. But now that she was seated comfortably by his side, the drive was far more enjoyable, and the horse was not hurried so much. Indeed, words would fail to depict the enjoyment of that drive! The twilight lingered long, and though there was no moon, the night was clear and balmy, and the stars twinkled and glittered as if trying to do their best to compensate for the absence of the moon. Then the glee of going to the home roof to surprise the folks; and last, but not least, to see their firstborn.

It was 10 o'clock in the evening when they drove quietly into the backyard, hitched the horse, and both went to the front door to make the surprise more complete, for the lights in the front part of the house bespoke company. Indeed it was a surprise. Not a half hour before the captain and his wife had been the theme of conversation, and were spoken of as being in Baltimore. The visit of twenty-four hours at the dear old home was all too short, but very pleasant.

In one week from the arrival at Hantsport, they were again sailing down the Bay of Fundy, taking a load of plaster, sometimes called gypsum, to Philadelphia. From thence they sailed to Stettin, Prussia, with a cargo of petroleum. While in Philadelphia the mate fell overboard and was drowned before help could reach him. His body was recovered and embalmed and sent home to his lonely wife. This event cast a gloom over all.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JAMES CAFFALL.

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

(Continued from volume 3, page 419.)

With the same zeal and devotion hitherto manifested he again entered this difficult field. His frequent communications to the press and to individuals rang with hope, faith, and good cheer, though he did not hesitate to admonish and reprove as he thought conditions and wisdom dictated.

In his travels and labors he often met people from Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, many of whom had settled in this western country. This awakened in his mind an earnest desire to send the gospel to the land of their nativity, so in January, 1884, he joined with a young and competent missionary of Danish birth, who has since become prominent in the church, by the name of Peter Anderson, in an earnest appeal for help and encouragement in publishing a periodical in the Danish language. On this occasion, Elder Caffall wrote as follows:

As there are Danish brethren and sisters that will like to hear the word, sing and pray occasionally in their own tongue; and we think there are friends outside of the fold whose hearts may be reached. And we hope the Danish brethren and sisters will extend their hearty coöperation to Brother Anderson. We think him worthy of their esteem, confidence and assistance; nor need any be behind; but we look especially to the Danish Saints for needed help in this work. There has long been a need for this work in Nebraska. Let us all help in the much-needed labor, and defer the discussion of vexed and nonsensical questions, until a more convenient season. Let the simplicity of the grand old gospel be heard, and its fruits be made visible in our lives. This is the course that will win. Skepticism may have caused some to halt, but the gospel is true to-day, just as true as it was twenty or thirty years ago, which induced you to leave the land of your fathers, to face the troubles and inconveniences of coming to a strange land, or among a strange people, whose language you knew not, and whose customs and manners were new to you; and perhaps to be deceived by false, instead of being encouraged by true brethren. But all this does not lessen your obligations to God; nor will skepticism, materialism, or spiritualism be effective in making up for the disappointments you may have met, through the blighting of anticipation in meeting gospel effects,

etc. The gospel carries its own proof, power, light, consolation and joys; but only distributes when and where its precepts are honored and obeyed. We anticipate noble works and good record by the Danish brethren and sisters in Nebraska. Shall we be disappointed?—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 31, p. 58.

Though this appeal did not meet with as full response as hoped for, yet it was the beginning of a work that has resulted in much good to these far away lands where Elder Anderson is now, in connection with other faithful brethren, prosecuting a gospel mission. A committee was appointed at the ensuing conference consisting of James Caffall, Peter Anderson, and Hans N. Hansen, to provide for a periodical. At the Annual Conference his appointed field of labor was not so extensive as it had hitherto been, as he was assigned to Nebraska and western Iowa; but he was requested by the First Presidency to remain in Colorado until he deemed that the work there could be left in safety. He therefore remained there until August, when he returned to Iowa, stopping and preaching *en route* at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

In September, 1884, the committee on Danish periodical published a statement to the effect that they had arranged to issue a periodical under the title of *Truth's (Sandhedens) Banner*, with Peter Anderson as editor. In this statement we find the following ringing message:

We want to get a good ready, then a good start, then send this little periodical to every dark corner of the earth. A star of hope to the weary and despondent, pointing them to the old paths; and to show latter-day Israel the difference between promptness and a godly zeal begotten through a love for truth as it is in Christ, and tyranny and priestcraft, as a result of a departure from the simplicity of the gospel of the Son of God. . . . From Bro. P. Anderson we learn that enough money has been promised as a donation, to pay for one issue of a thousand copies. Should others act thus generously, and donate, we might issue two or three thousand copies, as we would like as many to see the newborn child as possible. But it has occurred to us that we had better begin at a low stage, and gradually grow than to cut a big spludge at the start and come down with a crash. It's very old fashioned to be sure; but the safest and best way to reach the topmost round of a ladder, is to place the foot solidly on the first round, then the second, and so on. "We don't want to start a Danish paper and have it fall

through," said a brother. Certainly not. And to prevent a failure, let everyone send one dollar to Lamoni, just as soon as they read this, for a year's subscription, and induce somebody else to do the same. Beside this, let all that can send articles and letters to the editor for publication. But let none stagger and fall, if perchance errors or faults should appear; rather move to suggest improvement, etc.

It is but just to say that Bro. P. Anderson has no editorial aspiration. Gladly would he leave the honor and responsibility to another. And we, his fellow-committeemen, do in his behalf crave from all concerned, respect and indulgence, with the assurance that he may be approached; nay more, he will be glad to hear and accept any suggestions, and correspondingly labor to carry into effect that which will prove most effective to place and keep the paper on a solid basis. Latter Day Saints need not fail in this or any other laudable enterprise. Unanimity of feeling, with well directed and persistent labor, will insure success.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 31, p. 583.

At the Annual Conference of 1885 Elder Caffall's mission was again enlarged; this time to include Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and Wyoming.

This year was spent as his entire life had been, in constant activity, and in his report to the Annual Conference of 1886 held at Lamoni, Iowa, at which he was present, he said:

As evidence of my acceptance of my appointment at your last session, I have devoted my entire time in bringing into requisition what ability I possessed to acquit myself of what I conceived my duty. In response to requests from branches and districts, I have traveled five thousand miles within the limits of my appointed field; and with the officials and members of said organizations my efforts to coöperate have been generally pleasant. I have cherished no desire to transcend, or stop short of what I considered my duty. On several occasions much time has been spent in a thorough examination of our recognized church policy or discipline; for if I err not, its advocacy and proper enforcement is a part of my own work as well as that of other representatives. . . . I find evils resulting from hasty ordinations, and a failure to be governed by instruction as to receiving members into the church, and the duty of members after being received. . . . There is too little labor to show the terribleness of divorce, or violating the marriage covenant. Nor has trouble attendant upon coaxing people to be baptized ere they have a full realization of the responsibility been wanting. A failure to thoroughly discriminate between natural impulses and Spirit impression has contributed to trouble and the retarding the work. . . . I would be pleased if I could report greater results of the past year's labor, but feel thankful for what has been done. Between myself and local authority there has been no antagonism, but to the reverse of this. Subversion of authority is not permissible, or warranted by the gospel

economy. Nor is any method that condemns before efforts have been made to arrest the erring one, offering an opportunity to explain, defend, and perchance repent by individual quorum or body warranted either. For substantial aid from Saints and friends I feel thankful.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 33, pp. 286, 287.

At this conference he was continued in the field of the last year's service. After another year of active labor, mostly in Nebraska, but responding to an urgent demand to defend the cause at Brighton, Colorado, he reported in person at the Annual Conference of 1887, held in April at Kirtland, Ohio.

Though I had known Elder Caffall from my boyhood and later had received two ordinations under his hands, my more intimate acquaintance with him began from this date, as at this conference I was called to a position in the quorum of which Elder Caffall had been a member since 1873.

Right here I wish to say, the more association I had with him, and the more intimate my acquaintance, the more I loved him for his integrity, candor, frankness, honesty, true friendship, unswerving adherence to truth and right, his wholesome disgust for hypocrisy, deceit, and falsehood. He was virtuous, clean, and pure in word and thought; one of the greatest examples of noble manhood I ever knew. I feel that I owe to him and other noble men with whom I associated in the Quorum of Twelve, much in the way of aspirations for the good, the noble and true in life.

As an instance of the nobility of his nature, I here present a confession found in his annual report of 1887:

In essaying to notice a letter written by Bro. Charles Derry, in *Herald* for September, and a reply to editorial criticism in a later issue, a struggle between the carnal and spiritual nature ensued. The former subjugating and leading captive the latter, hurling me from the plane of deference into the meshes of vituperation and harshness, all of which was wrong, very wrong. For which, without mental reservation, I ask forgiveness of Brother Derry, the editors, and the body, with a fervent hope that my impetuosity and morbid sensitiveness, of which I know I have a full share, may only serve as a warning to others.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 34, p. 316.

Another year of honest labor and acceptable sacrifice

brought him at the end of the conference year to General Conference held at Independence, Missouri, at which he reported as follows:

Since last report my entire time has been spent in the performance of ministerial labor. In many places in Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, our work is comparatively new, and prejudice is deep rooted. Some of these places I have visited, and, while I have no startling result to report, I believe that some good has been done, and I hope to reap fruit, or to hear of some one else doing so. The time spent in branches has been considerable; there has been some unpleasant labor, but thinking it imperative, I essayed the task.

The necessity for church trials is decreasing, I think, with some prospect of peace and good will; yet much room for improvement. For the gospel imposes the highest moral rectitude.

My coöperative work with Brethren A. H. Parsons and G. W. Chute of Kansas, W. Rumel, R. M. Elvin and C. H. Porter of Nebraska, and other local officials has been, so far as I know, of the most pleasant nature, and profitable to ourselves, and to the cause. I know of no reason why it should be otherwise among church officials. Of the appointees in the Spring River District I know nothing but what has appeared in the *Herald*. Doubtless they will report. In Kearney County, in North Platte, and in Sutton, Nebraska, I have received editorial favors. I have sought to have branch officials attain a greater proficiency in their several positions, for a low proficiency militates against the success of the cause.

An increased proficiency by branch officials will decrease the labor of the traveling ministry, affording greater opportunities for the introduction of the gospel into new localities. There is also a necessity for a greater zeal among the local elders, leading to Sabbath day preaching, for it can not be that labor imposed on local elders, under the general law is a myth. I think efforts should be made for more thorough ministerial labor by paying less time and attention to localities, where much has been done, with no prospect of immediate results, and breaking out into new localities. But it must be that the real purpose of the conference in sending out missionaries is to open up new places, that the gospel may spread. Among other labors I have baptized eight persons. I view the past year's work with some satisfaction, and with thanksgiving to God.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 35, p. 254.

At this conference his appointment was slightly changed, reading: Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico.

His report to the conference of 1889, which he was not privileged to attend on account of the long distance from his field of labor to Saint Joseph, Missouri, where the conference was held, indicates that his activity did not diminish.

He wrote from Flora Vista, New Mexico, and among other things said:

My travels, the past year have of necessity been more extensive than usual. I have organized two branches, ordained four elders, one priest and one deacon, all of which appeared necessary for the good of the work. Have administered the rite of baptism to twenty-one persons; and believe prejudice has been removed and a better understanding obtained in some new localities. The confirmation meetings I have held have indeed been inspiring, and well calculated to confirm in the great work; for this I feel very thankful to God.

The ministerial labors of Brn. H. C. Bronson, H. O. Smith, C. H. Porter, and W. M. Rumel have been confined to Nebraska, in which State Bro. R. M. Elvin has done some good labor. A good share of my time has been taken up in what might be called the western wilds where barriers have to be met not known in more refined eastern cities. But whether east or west, new localities can not be penetrated, our faith introduced in contradistinction to modern Babylon's forms and ceremonies and one still escape the vicissitudes incident to the life of a traveling elder. . . . Up-to-date three have been added in New Mexico. It is a comparatively new country; points available for preaching distant, traveling facilities not excellent, but still souls are as precious here as elsewhere, and we should extend and spread out. The blight of polygamy is felt and prejudice runs high.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 36, p. 253.

This conference continued him in the same field as the year before. There was nothing of which we have been apprised, outside of the usual incidents and experiences attending the life of an active missionary in the experiences of Elder Caffall this conference year, except that for a short time he was disabled by sickness, which was not usual with him, as he was generally rugged and strong. At the April General Conference for 1890, held at Lamoni, Iowa, he was present, and as usual took an active interest in the deliberations of his quorum and of the conference. His report was, in part, as follows:

Except two weeks of sickness my time has been wholly devoted to ministerial labor within the limits of my assigned missionary field. I have essayed to introduce the gospel into new localities in eastern Colorado and western Nebraska, which required much patience and perseverance. I have spent no more time in laboring among branches or districts than that which appeared absolutely necessary. . . . I have organized one branch and administered the rite of baptism to sixteen individuals. Openings in Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming await the entering in of faithful laborers. But few co-laborers have been avail-

able for the above field in the past conference year, with but little prospect of an increase at present.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 37, p. 262.

The field assigned him at this conference was Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Kansas.

The years 1891, 1892, and 1893, Elder Caffall was assigned to this western field. He attended the Annual Conferences each year held at Kirtland, Ohio; Independence, Missouri; and Lamoni, Iowa, in the order named. His reports each succeeding year, as well as reports from others indicated the same zeal, energy and faithfulness which had ever characterized his active life.

In 1894 there came an important change in his field of labor. Conditions made it necessary that some one of the chief authorities of the church should take the active and personal oversight of the church work in Europe.

Though he was the oldest man in his quorum, the selection fell upon Elder Caffall. With the same alacrity and devotion that had characterized his labors in fields nearer home, he responded to this call.

On June 28, from his home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, he wrote an "Adieu" from which we make the following extracts:

Having visited as many points as possible in my former field, since the adjournment of April conference, and there being but a few days before the time of my departure, a cessation of hostilities this side of the Atlantic is one of the inevitables to which I submit; so I bid adieu to the Saints of America with whom I have essayed to coöperate in my former field, assuring them of my appreciation of all their kind acts. I regret my inability to respond to other calls from other points I have not visited, and fear I shall be necessitated to forego the pleasure of responding to invitations from brethren east and west of Chicago.

A backward glance startles me with the fact of the passage of more than two decades since I was placed among the general representatives of the church. How long, and yet how short! And the query crowds itself to the front, demanding recognition as to what I have done. But why essay a lengthy response, since it is known to the righteous Judge. And though it were written across the sky and engraven on plates of gold, and sent to every nook of earth's domains, it would neither add nor detract therefrom. But I am persuaded it will add to my life's record for weal or for woe; and whichever it may be, God's justice will be palpable; and the requirement of a full conception of this justice is a part of my

life's work. But how often I am confronted with the fact of my slow progress, which greatly tends to lessen the pleasure arising from its study! . . .

The regret I experience in giving evidence of my inability to please all is, I think, made tolerable in the appearance of having premeditated mischief against none, which I think a reasonable service. For it were strange indeed to preach peace and at the same time be a plotter of mischief.

I make no special promise to the church (to which I think myself amenable) as to my procedure in my newly appointed field; but believe the path of duty is the road to fame, though to-day and to-morrow, it may be the same. "Watch and pray"; "he that endureth to the end shall be saved"; "examine yourselves"; "let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall"; are excellent reminders while seeking the immortal prize, etc., and may greatly assist in self-abnegation, and if thoroughly done, will leave little time to prate about or exult over some one's probable fall. I may also say I know no warrant for spiritual inactivity official or nonofficial; and believe that God has placed every member in the body as it has pleased him as a preventive to schism in that body, which presupposes diversity of gifts, callings, duties, prerogatives, etc., differing as gifts and callings differ, God's revealed and accepted law being the polar star reflecting light to the various members desiring the same by which to acquire a needed proficiency for the work imposed. Thus the Infinite has revealed several distinctive features, which would ill become the finite to eliminate. I believe the Infinite will, and may do as he pleases; but I have never indulged the thought that he will please to deny himself, dictate, or set his seal to that which would antagonize that which has gone before.

I go forth as an integral part of the body; not to infringe on or lessen, but to recognize and foster the rights of others; which if righteously done I can afford to be at ease as to my own rights. Christ came not to speak of himself but ever explanatory of the fact that the Father had sent him, which fact was rendered more formidable by his example, declaring that the works his Father had sent him to finish and the works he did, were greater witness than that of John. (John 5: 36.) A proper conception of gospel modesty is an effective preventive to self-laudation. . . . It may be gratifying to report large accessions, but as knowledge marks our progress rather than numerical strength, it may be well to labor that conviction may be the result of baptisms rather than sensationalism. Effective labors with few baptisms is sometimes better for the cause than ineffective labors and many baptisms. May all go well that Zion may prosper.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 41, pp. 448, 449.

On July 14, 1894, he sailed from New York City on board the steamship *Campania*, of the Cunard Line. After an uneventful voyage, accompanied by Bro. Barney Nelson, of Lamon, Iowa, he landed at Liverpool, England, July 21. Here,

parting with his traveling companion, he went to Manchester, where he received a warm reception at the residence of Elder Joseph Dewsnup, sr. The next day he commenced his ministerial work in England by occupying the pulpit in Manchester.

For three years he occupied in this mission acceptably to the church, being released at the Annual Conference at Lamoni, Iowa, in April, 1897.

We here insert extracts from communications written to members of his family, while on this mission to his native land. The following written in 1895 gives an account of a wonderful manifestation of divine power in his behalf:

In August, at mission conference, I was so sick I could scarcely stand on my feet. I had contracted a cough, and through May, June, and July, I expectorated alarmingly. I was the recipient of much kindness and sympathy during the conference, and many fervent prayers were offered in my behalf. The general impression was that Brother Caffall should go home. While I fully appreciated their solicitude, I was desirous of finishing my work and resolved to remain. After the adjournment of conference, I experienced a *radical* change for the better and in a few weeks had regained the loss of flesh during the worst stage of my affliction. *Knowing my condition*, I could attribute this change to nothing save the interposition of God's power.

J. CAFFALL.

The following, written in 1896, though of different character, is not less marvelous:

For many years I suffered more than I can express, because of an "impediment of speech." I have prayed hundreds of times I may say, for its removal, but the heavens seemed as brass over my head, as far as *complete* recovery was concerned. But since I have been in this mission, *it has disappeared*, and I can now read a whole chapter in a public congregation without the *least* hesitancy. Now, I can't say *why* the Lord has dealt with me thus, but I *do know* that this fact, together with the liberty with which I've been blessed in preaching the word here, has been a wonderful stimulant in this trying mission.

J. CAFFALL.

The next was written to his daughter Annie, in 1896, in order to comfort her in time of sorrow, and impress her with the realities of a better life.

Over twenty years ago, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, I was caring for a dying man, administering to his needs as best I could as watcher for the night. It so happened that I was alone with him when he died. He had made great efforts to speak from 7.30 to 12 p. m., but could not articulate

a sound. As death had about finished its work, he said very plainly these words, "Coming, coming," and expired in my arms. As I laid his lifeless form on the bed, I saw a strange phenomenon. Two personages receding from the room, which were manifest to me as the soul of the dead brother and his guardian angel! And when in the conflicts of life, I have felt depressed in spirit, this strange though real vision has been effective in allaying doubts, and making Eternity and surviving death, a reality.

J. CAFFALL.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Love stooped to one who captive lay,
 Fettered and prone, and broke the bars,
 And led him to the dawning day,
 The morning stars.

Love found upon the battle's edge
 A coward fleeing from the strife,
 And sent him back, his heart in pledge,
 Valiant through life.

Love touched dumb lips that could not pray,
 And lo! they uttered prayer and song,
 Love hath so subtle, sweet a way,
 Love is so strong.

That come he with an angel's face,
 Or come he with a flaming sword,
 With whom he makes his dwelling place
 All heaven is poured.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES DERRY.

(Continued from page 445, volume 3.)

July 25. This is the thirty-seventh anniversary of my natal day. I thank God it is as well with me as it is, and I pray that I may be spared to many years of usefulness, that I may bring many into the kingdom of God, and that I may be permitted to return to my family to enjoy with them the blessings of God's good promise, and after this eternal life, the greatest gift of God. Amen.

I continued my labors in West Bromwich, Stourbridge, Lye Waste, and intervening places, until August 1, 1863. In the meantime I received by mail a pamphlet from America called "The appeal," setting forth the claims of Sidney Rigdon. It was a groundless appeal. I visited the anti-Mormon lecturer, William O. Owen, at Reverend Whitehead's, in Birmingham. He took me to a Mr. Stephen Taylor, who with his family had been as far as Council Bluffs, on his way to Utah. Taylor and Owen promised to come and hear me preach on Sunday next. Owen gave me sixpence and Taylor gave one shilling to pay hall expenses. I appreciated the kindness. I was now rich; I had two shillings and four pence! But this must go for hall rent. By letter from Jason I learned that his health was poor. I prayed that he might recover.

On the 4th I attended Owen's lecture. In showing the order of the Presidency of the church he stated: "When the First Presidency was removed by any cause, the authority devolved upon the Twelve Apostles, and in case of their death upon the Seventies, and so on down." He said: "Joseph was so ignorant when he received his first revelation that he did not know whether it was of God or not." "Martin Harris, Oliver Cowdery, and David Whitmer had apostatized." He declared, "Brigham had gone diametrically opposite to

the books." Then he said, "Brigham was teaching and practicing Mormonism." He quoted Matthew Henry to show that prophets were all holy men, and then insinuated that Joseph Smith was not a holy man, and did not have divine assurance of his calling.

At the close I pointed out his inconsistency. Mr. Owen expressed his desire to discuss publicly the questions, "Is the Book of Mormon a divine record?" "Is the doctrine of present revelation in harmony with the Bible?" Owen made a fair exposé of Brighamism, but he was wrong in claiming that it was Mormonism; or, in other words, the teachings of Joseph Smith.

As I was desirous to strike the most effectual blow in defense of truth, I wrote Jason, inviting him to stand in defense, as I considered he was more competent than myself.

This night I tried to sleep in a tenement house belonging to Mr. Stephen Taylor; it was not occupied by any human being other than myself, but it was by no means destitute of inhabitants. They paid no rent, but insisted upon levying a tax of blood upon all bipeds who invaded their buggeries. I accepted the challenge to the bloody combat; but as I was only one and they were thousands they had the advantage, and my slumber was rather fitful than refreshing; and what the bugs could not do to keep me awake was fully made up by the drunken brawls of men and women of the vicinity. However, I lived through the night, but confess my gratitude to my landlord for such comfortless quarters was not very effusive.

On the 6th I received a letter from Jason accepting the challenge for debate. The questions as discussed were, first, "Is new revelation essential to the building up of the kingdom of God?" Second, "Is the Book of Mormon a divinely inspired record?" Third, "Is Mormonism on a whole consistent with the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments?" We were on the affirmative. Reverend Bray, of the Episcopal Church,

occupied the chair. Owen wanted the propositions changed, I declined. Owen and Reverend Whitehead were on the negative. Whitehead withdrew.

In the interval between the challenging and the debate I received a letter from J. H. Morgan telling me he had more calls for preaching than he could fill. Some are suspicious that we are only come to get them again in the net of Brighamism under another name. On the 9th I went to preach in the hall at West Bromwich, but as only a few came we had a prayer meeting. On the 13th I gave up the hall, as I could not afford to pay the rent for empty benches. It looks very discouraging here. As Jason has not come, arrangements were made for the debate on the 18th. On the 17th I met Briggs at Birmingham. He is not well, but it did me good to see him. On the 18th we began the debate. Jason was unfit to occupy, so I took his place during the last speech on the first night, and also I had to occupy the last night entire. Owen was witty, bombastical, and insulting every night. His arguments were flimsy, he drew his ammunition from the absurd stories in circulation, knowing they were false. The chairman was very unfair, and permitted groans and hisses to be indulged in by the audience when our side was being presented. While Owen was loudly applauded, yet he could not use his time, and oftentimes would inquire if his time was not up. But the truth did not suffer, and the Reverend chairman gave us his meed of praise, that we had acted as gentlemen all through the debate. On the night that Brethren Briggs and Owen occupied the whole time, one man remarked, "We have had the long and the short of Mormonism to-night." Owen was a very small man and Jason very tall. Brother Briggs was sick for several weeks. I waited on him night and day. We were now staying at Sister Fox's, and she was kind as an angel to him. He was in too much pain for me to sleep with him, so I slept on a wooden screen, or rather lay there

when I was not watching and waiting on him. Sister Fox called in a Doctor Hicks who attended him.

On the 3d of September I went to Birmingham and visited Charles Sheen. They insisted upon me occupying their flock bed, which Mrs. Sheen would give up for me. It was a luxury indeed, such as I had not had for many nights. I was almost sick for want of rest.

Jason is improving. I collected what means I could to pay his doctor's bill, which was thirty shillings. The admittance fees to the debate with Owen brought us in eight shillings, for which I was thankful.

On the 7th I went again to Birmingham. Visited Stephen Taylor. Sister Taylor gave me two shillings and six pence, and a pair of boots which I needed badly. She also gave me a pair of socks. May God reward her kindness. Reverend Whitehead told me Owen's lectures had cost him, Whitehead, fourteen pounds sterling. He kindly gave me a shilling to get Jason some medicine. Sister Withers was very kind to Jason in his sickness.

Mr. Owen, a Mr. Williams, and Paul Brown had created a terrible feeling against the Brighamites, who were mobbed, but the leaders of the mob were arrested and heavily fined. The papers censured Owen. How far he was responsible I do not know. I am glad, however, that the scales of justice are evenly held. May Justice ever reign supreme.

Mr. Stephen Taylor and wife and Sister Molesworth gave in their names for membership. Charles Sheen and wife will unite. They are true friends to the cause. On the 13th Sister Molesworth took me to a Mr. Thomas Taylor's, in Bromsgrove street, Birmingham. This brother had been to Utah, but seeing the state of things, turned round in disgust and left the same year, 1854. Brother Taylor received me with great kindness, as did also his wife. He being very busy I had but little chance to talk with him. I left him a pamphlet

and he invited me to visit him again. I visited a widow Price, mother of Samuel Price, near Council Bluffs, United States. She was pleased to hear of her boy, but clung to the Brighamite order, yet declared she was opposed to polygamy, but had no desire to hear anything against it.

On the 19th I left for the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire, as Jason was sufficiently recovered to be left. I visited the Mormons in Dudley, Stourbridge, whom I had visited before; they received me kindly, but hesitated to unite with the church, but they aided me on my way, and I am glad to record their kindness. I arrived at Lydney, in the Forest of Dean, on the 24th of September. I had passed through the cities of Dudley, Stourbridge, Kidderminster, Worcester, Gloucester, and Newnham. I was kindly received by Bro. and Sr. J. H. Morgan. I felt at home. He is a man of good intelligence and earnest in the work.

The Forest of Dean is noted for its mines and iron works, and contains about twenty-two thousand acres of timber, mostly oak; and when a tree is cut down another is planted. The timber belongs to the Government and is protected by it. I labored in the Forest of Dean until the 5th of October, meeting with the usual rebuffs from the Brighamites; and kindness from the few lovers of truth. The deadly poison of polygamy has done its work effectually throughout this land.

Dr. John Cummings, of London, predicts that the present economy will wind up about 1867; and the last great battle will be fought at Jerusalem, by France, England, and Russia. Truly, "False prophets will arise and draw away disciples after them."

October 5th I left Lydney for Almondsburg, near Bristol. Bro. J. H. Morgan, Edmund Morgan, John Frowan, and others aided me with means. I found my present wife's brother's wife, but he was working forty miles away. I was kindly received by my sister-in-law, and I stayed there all night. About

midnight I realized a strange sensation and heard a low rumbling noise. I thought there must be a hill near and a tunnel cut through for a railroad, and that the rumbling noise was caused by the passing of a train through the tunnel. My bed swayed several times and produced a queer sensation; but I fell asleep again and thought nothing more of it until the next morning as I was passing through a village I saw groups of villagers talking seriously about something, and I went up to one group and heard them talk of an earthquake. Then my experience of the night flashed to my mind, and I knew I had a slight shock of an earthquake. On my way I called at a farmhouse and told the lady of my mission. She told me she had heard bad things about the Latter Day Saints, but she did not know whether they were true or not. I preached the gospel to her. She seemed very much pleased at my explanation of the Scriptures. Expressed her doubts as to the sincerity of the popular ministers of the day. She knew they were blind guides and that the parson of their parish had broken the seventh commandment. She seemed pleased that I had visited her. I found my brother-in-law, Joseph Herbert, in Wales. I stayed two nights with him and instructed him in the truth. He was pleased to meet me and treated me kindly. He is poor, but industrious and honest, but has had to seek work a long way from home, returning occasionally to his family with his earnings for their support. He had been baptized under Brigham's rule, but did not indorse the foul doctrine of polygamy. I had a pleasant visit with him and he was glad to see his sister's husband.

On the 10th I went to Pennydarren, in Wales, where I was kindly received by Bro. James Clifford and wife. The brethren soon heard of my advent, and quickly vied with each other in hastening to welcome me to Wales, and I was made to feel that God had a people here who loved the gospel. On the 11th, it being Sunday, I preached three times, the

audience increasing each time. I was greatly blessed of God and the Saints were made glad. On the 12th I went with Brother Clifford to see an aged brother, who had been hurt in the coal mines. While there I met with David Thomas, formerly an able elder in the church, but now an avowed infidel. He brought up many objections against the Bible. My Father enabled me to meet his objections in such a manner that he saw and confessed the truth, and united with the church and was an able and earnest worker.

On the 13th Brother Jeremiah came and we had a joyous meeting. He is a noble, frank-hearted man; one whom you feel at home with, the moment you see him.

On the 18th I attended a council meeting and was sorry to find a difference of opinion as to the authority of the elders in a branch. We held a special conference, Bro. Jeremiah Jeremiah presiding. I was called upon for a decision upon the question above mentioned. I did not feel authorized to give a final decision, so I referred it to Brother Briggs, as the presiding authority in this land. Brother Briggs wrote and inclosed his decision as follows: "One elder has no authority over any other elder, except in the case of a president of a branch or district. It was the right and duty of such presiding elder to silence any who taught false doctrine within the limits of such presiding elder's jurisdiction, and see that they are dealt with according to the law of God." This was received by the brethren. In our fellowship meeting the gifts of the gospel were abundantly enjoyed by the Saints.

On the 20th of October Brother Jeremiah and I went to Tredegar and preached at Bro. John C. Watkins' house. Four were baptized and the next night confirmed. On the 21st I remembered Brother Briggs was to discuss again with Owen. I remembered Jason before the Lord.

Sr. Ann Perkins repaired my clothes, and Sister Thomas bought the material.

On the 23d we went to Panty Pen Pengham, and preached in David Reese's house. On the 24th Jeremiah and I preached at Argood; two were baptized and confirmed. I wrote a letter to the *Herald* for Jeremiah at his request, as he could not indite one sufficiently clear. My brother-in-law, Joseph Herbert, was present at the above meeting and insisted on giving me some money, though I know he is not able to spare it without sacrifice. Mr. and Mrs. Reese gave me means. They gave in their names for baptism. A Mr. and Mrs. Harding treated me with great kindness. He asked me to accept a memento in remembrance of him in the shape of a beautiful silk handkerchief. I record these kindnesses to show that my pathway was not all thorny, and because I love to remember with gratitude the kind hearts and hands that gave me these evidences of their love.

On the 25th I preached twice in Penny Darren. We also had a very spiritual prayer meeting. The decision of Brother Briggs had brought peace to the eldership. Several of the Saints aided me financially here, and their aid was very timely. They bade me welcome to their homes when I needed rest. I returned to New Tredegar to Jeremiah, and on the 28th I went with him to his father's. We were storm bound there until the 30th. On this day I went to Newport and visited a Mrs. Nash, a Brighamite formerly, but now making no profession. She treated me kindly and invited a Brighamite to come and talk with me. He came, but declared he would not believe me, even though I proved all I said by the word of God. It was useless to cast pearls before swine, so I left him to his bigotry. Mrs. Nash kindly fed me, but I chose to stay at a tavern for the night, as she was a widow, and I was not willing to furnish food for evil-minded tongues. On the 31st of October I left Newport for Bristol and walked as far as Almondsbury, twenty-three miles. I visited Joseph Herbert's wife, my wife's sister-in-law; but as he was not at home, and I wished

to avoid scandal, I slept at a tavern. My sister-in-law was very kind to me; but she has no comprehension of the latter day work, and is not inclined to consider it.

On the 2d of November I arrived again in Bristol. I made inquiries for Latter Day Saints, but the general answer was, "Latter day devils!" At length I found their meeting house. It was a large, half timbered building, and between the timbers was filled in with brick work. It was built, according to the inscription upon the front, in the sixteenth century. It was used as a meetinghouse, and also dwelling apartments in which several Brighamite families dwelt, and a large hall was used as the place wherein they met to worship. I visited some of the families therein, and set the truth before them, but they were persistent in the claim that polygamy was of divine origin, and when driven to the wall by scriptural evidence against their claim, they resorted to their dogged and bombastic declaration, "I know." But when they saw that did not silence me, and they had no other refuge, they dared me to meet their "shepherds." I assured them it would afford me the greatest pleasure to meet them, and inquired when their meetings were held. The presiding elder's wife was the most persistent in defense of polygamy. On the next evening I presented myself in their meeting. The presiding elder was a very large, burly man, dark complexion, voice very loud and boisterous. His name was Bishop. He opened the meeting by lining a hymn that was full of denunciation of apostates. His prayer, if such it might be called, was very violent, and very persistent in asking God to curse apostates with the direst curses. Then he tried to line another hymn; but he had worked himself up to such a pitch of frenzy that he could not give it out until he made several trials. This farce being ended, he undertook to read Jude's epistle, which from the 4th to the 19th verses inclusive was generously (?) applied to me with all its woes and terrible denunciations, and of course

every eye was fixed on me. Then he began his tirade, which he called a gospel sermon, and if there are any woes in heaven or beneath that he did not invoke upon my poor head, they are not recorded in the books. Then he would pause and ask, "Why am I talking thus? I don't know that there are any apostates here." Then he roared out that it was the Spirit of God that led him to talk so, and he would say what he pleased, at the same time raising his giant arms and bringing them down on the desk with terrible force, as though he would crush some imaginary foe. At the same time his black eyes gleamed with fire for a moment upon a little, plain looking man, who sat before him with his eyes unflinchingly fixed upon the fiery orator, and receiving his thunderous epithets and curses as calmly as though he were invoking blessings.

At the close of his denunciations he said: "As I am the only one appointed to speak, I shall not allow anyone else to speak to-night." His Master had enabled him to discern that that plain looking stranger whom he had never seen before, and from whose lips he had never heard a word, might, if allowed to speak, upset his polygamous and idolatrous theology.

And surely but calmly he arose and requested the privilege to speak, but was told in thunder tones to sit down; he would not be allowed to speak here. The stranger having previously written out a challenge, offering to discuss the points of difference with any man they might choose, handed him the paper, requesting him to read it to the audience. With the ferocity of a bulldog he snatched it from my hands and crushed it up in his hands, and declared he would not read it. I then requested him to let me read it but he would not return it. I plead for ten minutes' reply, but was abusively refused. I then told him he was an arrant coward. I had listened calmly to his abuse for two hours, and he dare not allow me a ten-minute reply. His dupes began to gather around me to crowd me out of the hall. With my face toward them I walked out

backwards, pouring hot shot into their ranks from the word of God. They charged me with being hired to oppose and persecute them. I told them I had come five thousand miles, being sent of God to show them the evils into which they had fallen and to point out the only way to eternal life; but they only raged the more, and would have done me bodily injury but for the timely interference of some strange lady, who at this juncture heard them abusing me, and spoke in a tone of authority, and bade them cease their abuse, and cried shame upon them for crowding upon a stranger who was not seeking their injury. This caused them to scatter. While I did not fear them, I was grateful for the lady's interference.

I obtained lodgings at a temperance coffeehouse. In my room I committed myself to the care of my heavenly Father, and bore my testimony before him that I had sought to declare the truth to that people. Finding that the people there to whom I had been sent would not receive my message, I returned to Lydney, where I was kindly received, after a long and weary journey, by Bro. and Sr. John H. Morgan; and to my grief I found some had "returned like the dog to his vomit," but, thank God, some remained faithful, and I besought my God to work with us on this mission that some permanent good might be accomplished.

I continued my labors in the Forest of Dean until the 20th of November, at which time John H. Morgan, William Ridler, and John Frowan, desired to be rebaptized, feeling impressed that it was their duty so to do. I baptized and reconfirmed them; and also at her request blessed Sister Morgan. Elders Morgan and Ridler then blessed me. The Spirit of the Lord was with us.

On the 25th of November I received a letter from Jason informing me that he had discussed with Owen two nights in Wednesbury, and three nights in Wolverhampton. In the latter place some old Latter Day Saints have been uncovered and are interested in the work.

I received the following letter from Pres. Joseph Smith. (Here follows the letter of October 14, 1863, published in JOURNAL. See volume 3, page 35.)

BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES WESLEY WANDELL.

(Continued from volume 3, page 471.)

We showed how singularly God had ordered events to bring us to Tahiti, and for a purpose, too, which all could see; and advised them to at once recognize the Reorganization, and labor under the leadership of Joseph.

With the instinct of true Latter Day Saints they applied for baptism, etc. Resting satisfied with the assurance of the brethren that we would not be violating any municipal regulation, we appointed the next day, (Sunday,) to attend to ordinances; and at the same time gave notice that we should transact important business connected with the Reorganization.

In the evening all hands and the choir met at our rooms and entertained us with, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," and other inspiring songs of Zion, all sung in the Tahitian language. But anxious as they were to give us pleasure, they were still more anxious to hear from us; and so we entertained them with a discourse upon the history of the church; in which we averred that polygamy was a device of the Devil to corrupt the Saints and overcome them.

On the next day the morning service commenced at 8 a. m. At its conclusion we found that nearly the entire branch with certain visiting brethren from the neighboring islands, were intending to be rebaptized. Knowing that this would create an excitement in the public mind, we again questioned the brethren concerning our right in the premises; and being assured by them that it was "all right," we repaired to the seaside, and there in the pure blue waters of the Pacific, Brother Rodger baptized fifty-one persons.

There were many bystanders present, and a Catholic church stood within the distance of a half mile, while one of its spies was in our midst taking notes of our doings. The baptisms being accomplished, we retired to change, and then reassemble at the meetinghouse.

At the afternoon meeting we confirmed the newly baptized; after which we organized for business purposes, with Elder C. W. Wandell in the chair, and Elder Reipu, clerk. The following native elders were present:

From Tonboni, Te-a-po and Pe.

From An-a-a, (chain island) Ta-ra, Pa-ra-ta, and Te-na-te.

From sundry places, Ta-ve, Pa-e-a, Ra-i-do-a and Pa-i-ta.

From Tahiti, Ta-ni-e-ra, Re-i-pu and David Brown.

Taniora is the presiding elder at Siona. He is a gentleman of education and refinement, and was formerly connected with the Protestant mission at Papeete. By a regular vote in each case these brethren were reordained elders, and were appointed specific fields of labor, with instructions that they were to do no ordaining except for branch government

purposes, until they should hear from Brother Joseph, or until an elder should be sent from America to preside.

That afternoon the Saints appeared in their best. The brethren were dressed in pants, shirt, and coat, scrupulously clean. The sisters modestly and tastefully dressed in the American style; in fact the congregation would anywhere have been considered decidedly respectable. After the meeting the regular old-fashioned hand shaking had to be gone through with. The meeting, however, had been a very long one; and so many confirmations and ordinations, with the instructions, had made me very tired, and I went to our room and lay down for a nap. I had been there but a few minutes when Brother Rodger came and awoke me, telling me that he had been arrested for baptizing without a license.

A Brother Smith, whom we had just baptized, was arrested with Brother Rodger. He had unquestionably been mistaken for me. Brother Rodger returned to the meetinghouse, where the officer was, and I started to follow him, but was prevented by the brethren. Amid the wailings of the sisters and the protests of the brothers, Brethren Rodger and Smith followed the officer about a quarter of a mile to a public house, where it was ascertained that the officer was drunk; that he had no papers; and was acting without authority. Our brethren were then set at liberty, and soon they came returning to Siona with songs of rejoicing upon their heads. During the afternoon while I was in the meetinghouse writing out licenses and letters of instruction, this same officer came and made a great bluster as to what he would do the next day; but he said nothing to me, nor interfered with me in any way.

THE FEAST; THE ADIEUS.

In the morning we all met at the meetinghouse, where we well improved the time in instructing the Saints in their duties. At dismissal it was agreed that our adieus could not be delayed longer than to-morrow at noon. The Saints wanted to go in a body to see us on board; but being satisfied that we had in some manner violated an ordinance of the Protectorate, for which action we were liable, we thought it the part of wisdom, if possible, to avoid any further excitement.

The next morning we finished our writing; met with the Saints at the meetinghouse, and then tried to get away; but a feast was preparing, and there was no letting us off before that was over. So at 11 a. m. we sat down to the feast under the grateful shade of a patriarchal bread-fruit tree. A raised platform was fixed for Brother Rodger and me, upon which was set for our use boiled breadfruit, raw bananas, cocconut milk, fried chicken, scrambled eggs, etc., etc., all of which was laid upon a tablecloth of spotless purity.

Our table was at the head of a large oblong circle, some thirty feet across, covered with tara leaves, (a large, broad leaf,) which gave it the look of green carpeting. Around the edge of this circle the feast was set; the center of the circle being graced by a canoe-shaped wooden vessel, which held a barbecued hog.

However, before we had time to compose ourselves for the work in hand,

a difficulty arose in the shape of several dogs, chickens, and a pig, which incontinently broke through this charming circle of hungry Saints, and made a splendid charge on the edibles around them. Then such a time! But in all such contests man will come off victorious; so one brother whipped off his bandanna, festooned it around one of the pig's fore feet, led him outside to a sapling, and there triumphantly tied him! The dogs and chickens were also finally got outside, and a patrol established to keep them there. So order was restored, and then, after lifting the voice in thanksgiving to the great Author of all our mercies, we set to in good earnest to do the amplest justice to what was before us.

Brother Rodger and myself were told that we could help ourselves to such as was set particularly for us, or we could call for anything in the feast. In order to show them that we entered heartily into their arrangements, and felt to be one with them, we immediately called for some *pig in the canoe!* We were rewarded by a general smile of gratification, and the first cut of the pig.

The feast proceeded. It was wonderfully strange to us; all the circumstances conspired to make it so. We had started in good faith for Australia, and here we were at Siona, in Polynesia! Why should the good bark *Dominga* (Sunday) spring a leak in fine weather, and in that particular part of the ocean which necessarily made Tahiti our only available refuge? Was it not one of those special providences which occasionally occur to keep us in remembrance of the unceasing watchcare which Jehovah has for the cause of Zion? And who are those whose fine open countenances show the kindly spirit within? They are Latter Day Saints; not all of them old-timers, for it is probable not more than half a dozen of them ever heard Addison Pratt or any other white elder. They have come into the church through the labors of the native elders, since Brother Pratt was compelled by the French to abandon this mission.

The greater part of these Saints have now for the first time heard the voices of elders from America; and how their trusting hearts are drawn to ours! We are to them almost as though we had come from the courts of heaven! Instinctively they love us; and yet after so brief a sojourn, we are about to leave them. Such thoughts as these would come to us; but we were unprepared for that exhibition of intense emotion just now to surprise, charm, and capture us, by the irresistible force of its own impulse!

We wrote you from Tahiti how they, at parting, embraced and kissed us—how they hung upon our necks and wept like children! There were Brethren Brown, Taneira, Avaepii and Reipu among the rest; and then among the sisters was Sister Pipi, the choir leader. Poor Sister Pipi, should her eyes ever see these lines, (and they will if you print them), we beg her to rest assured that if our kind wishes can do her good, or add to her happiness, she has them without limit.

That we could remain unmoved amid such a scene, was impossible! Indeed, we were quite overcome, and found it necessary to get away as soon as we consistently could. Brother Reipu had been selected to see us

safe on board; but he was so overcome by his feelings, that a less sensitive brother had to take his place. One sister followed us for fully a half mile; then, kissing our hands, returned weeping toward Siona.

On our way to Papeete we had time to discuss the situation. We had not yet been arrested, which fact was almost a guarantee that we would not be. If we should, either one or both of us, we would not pay any fine; but rather, go to prison, believing that God intended us to remain at Tahiti for a season; but if we were left free to pursue our voyage, we should take it as a sign that God had ordained that the Reorganization here, should be started without placing itself under any obligations, either directly or indirectly to the papacy.

We passed through Papeete the cynosure of all eyes, for the proceedings of yesterday had been blazed abroad; the gens d'armes stared; but nobody troubled us. We had two hours of time yet before we needed to go on board, and we went to the house of Brother Parato, to rest and refresh ourselves. Here we learned that information had been duly laid against us at the proper tribunal; but upon consultation it was determined not to prosecute. The fact was, they were glad enough to get rid of us without creating any further excitement.

On Christmas Day we hove up our anchor and stood out to sea, all in high spirits at the prospects of soon accomplishing the remainder of our passage. On Thursday, January 8, we crossed the 180th degree of longitude, and instead of calling the next day Friday, the 9th, we ignored it entirely, and called it Saturday, the 10th. Our time thus corrected would correspond with the Sydney time.

On Thursday, January 22, 1874, we entered the harbor of Sydney. I left Brother Rodger on board to take care of the baggage, while I went on shore to secure lodgings. Went to John Benneth. They were very glad to see me. Brother Benneth took me to the hatters and fitted me out with a new hat, and then took me to Brother Ellis's. Had a good talk there. Sister Ellis had seen us in a dream, and was expecting us. Brother Ellis went with us to Brother Pegg's and from there to Brother Nichols', where I hired a room, and the next day Brother Ellis paid for the drayage of our things to our lodgings. We immediately began visiting the Brighamites and distributing tracts.

On Saturday we went to visit Elder Beauchamp, at his lodgings. He is the Brighamite missionary. We urged the privilege of speaking to his congregation on the next day. He refused, and also challenged us to a discussion, we to select the subjects. We returned home, wrote out and sent him the following:

1st. Was polygamy a tenet of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at any time during the lifetime of Joseph Smith, the Martyr?

2d. In whom is the right of Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in Joseph Smith or in Brigham Young?

Authorities: Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and *Times and Seasons*; and by courtesy, the *Millennial Star*; time to be

equally divided—expenses, ditto. After dilly-dallying for two or three days, he sent us word that he declined the discussion as too unequal and one sided!

We continued to occupy the time in visiting and distributing tracts. Brother Rodger visited in the country a few miles and preached. On Sunday evening, February 1, we formally opened the mission by a meeting at our lodgings. Our room was well filled with a select audience. We had a good meeting, and an excellent feeling prevailed. Being now sure that the mission would be successful, we hired the United Temperance Hall for three months, at a rate unexpectedly low. The hall is centrally situated. On Sunday, February 8, we baptized Richard Ellis and Albert Aspinall, and held an afternoon and an evening meeting in our new hall. At both meetings the congregation seemed greatly interested. We have an appointment to baptize on Sunday next, and feel that the mission has made a secure lodgment in Australia.

C. W. WANDELL.
GLAUD RODGER.

On the 20th of November, 1874, Wandell writes from Sydney, devoting most of his letter to Brigham Young, whose nineteenth wife was at that time suing him in the courts. He, however, says that his work in Sydney is *status quo*, and expresses the desire to make the personal acquaintance of Joseph Smith, "upon any field of labor where duty calls and may call." This desire was never gratified.

On the July preceding they had reported that although the work was difficult, it was not altogether discouraging. Wandell said:

In Sydney we are increasing slowly as yet. I baptized two on Tuesday last, and have an appointment to baptize two more on Sunday next.

At this time Brother Wandell was delivering lectures on Spiritualism. The Saints of Sydney had two meetings on Sunday, testimony meetings on Thursday evenings, choir practice on Friday evening, and on Tuesday evening a "scripture meeting," at which the doctrines of the church were considered.

In December we learn through letter to Sister Rodger from her husband that Brother Wandell "was in Sydney quite lame with rheumatism." In his report to the April conference Brother Wandell asks for a release. He says:

Dear Brother Joseph: Yours of December 14 came duly to hand per last steamer, also three numbers of *Heralds* and *Hopes*. The news from you is encouraging and interesting. I hope that the Utah mission will never be given up so long as polygamy is maintained by an organization. This you may say, shall not be very long; but you must remember that besides the many influences that bind polygamists together, there is an entire generation in Utah, born and brought up under the influence of the many wife system. Polygamists may move away; but as a rule they will not give up their social system.

I send you Brother Rodger's last note to me. . . . The mission at Sydney is at a standstill. I should be able to bear off this mission to a successful termination, but ill health prevents. I have had a relapse which threatened to close up my labors for this world. My chest and lungs are in a very bad condition, my muscular power is gone, and now my feet and legs are so swollen that locomotion is almost impossible. My cough is dreadful at times, and is worse when I am exercising the lungs in public speaking. I could not finish my sermon on Sunday evening in consequence of paroxysms of coughing, and unless I feel better than I do now I shall not undertake to preach again in Sydney. This being the situation, of course I have to give up all idea of the Tahitian mission. . . . I feel desirous of doing my duty, and dislike to be released; but you see the circumstances, and should I live to breathe the equable climate of California once more, it might add a space to my life. I have now arrived at a point at which something must be done in my case. Hitherto I have been able to fill the regular preaching appointments and to visit the Saints more or less; but I have a painful realization that I can not do so any more unless a great improvement in my physical condition takes place.

There are lights, however, around this dark picture; I have sought with all my heart to fulfill every duty upon this mission, with an eye single to the glory of God and of the church. I have taught the true doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and have not been slow to expose deceit and imposture. For myself I have no fears of the future, because I know that the great Judge of all the earth will do right; and should I be called upon to rest from my labors, I have conclusive assurance that such rest shall be sweet and undisturbed by malice and persecution, or by other disturbing causes.

The letter from Brother Rodger had been written to Brother Wandell one week before the letter which he sent to the conference, and in it he says:

I am sorry to hear of the state of your health, and I fear that your labors in this life are but short. Your weakness is seemingly increasing. You can have but little comfort, only in the hope of the gospel. I believe you have done your utmost to fill your mission, and the Lord, who rules all things well, will be your helper in the end. We can but pray and hope for the best.

The conference took action on the report of Charles W. Wandell; it was moved and carried that

C. W. Wandell and Glaud Rodger were sustained in their mission to Australia, with permission to Brother Wandell to return home if the state of his health demanded it.

But the release came too late. While the conference was considering this motion they little dreamed that for nearly a month Wandell had been "called to rest from his labors," and even then was sleeping in an alien land.

It was nearly a month later than this even, before the friends at home heard the sad news of the death of this pioneer missionary. On the 19th of May, 1875, came the letter from Brethren Rodger and Ellis, containing particulars of the last sickness and the death of Brother Wandell.

He remained at the home of Brother Ellis until he could no longer get around about his work, and then he asked Brother Ellis to take him to Saint Vincent's Hospital, where he thought he could be completely cured of what he thought was bronchitis; but upon his arrival he was told that he was suffering from heart disease and that a cure was impossible. "He was happy, and had no fear of death," says Brother Ellis, and although the body of Brother Wandell was failing, his mind was as active as it ever was, and he prepared for death "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him and lies down to pleasant dreams." He died upon the 14th day of March, 1875, and was buried in Balmain cemetery.

The following notice appeared in the Sydney papers of the 15th:

The friends of Richard Ellis are invited to attend the funeral of Rev. Charles Wesley Wandell; to move from his residence, Catharine street, Forest Lodge, at half past two p. m. this day, Monday, March 15, for Balmain Cemetery.

The few Saints of that locality met the expense of sickness, death and burial with willing hearts. The testimony of

Brother Ellis in his letter (*Saints' Herald*, p. 344, vol. 22) is worth repeating.

Dear brother, I can bear my testimony that Elder Wandell has been a faithful Latter Day Saint and a servant of God while in this far-off land, and has left a name that will never be forgotten by the Saints here.

The ceremony over his last resting place was simple. Brother Rodger, whom he had left alone to finish the work which he heartily loved, spoke a few words over his grave, and the handful of Saints gathered round the grave sang a few verses of the hymn Wandell, himself, had written, "Weep, weep not for me, Zion."

The last words that Wandell left to us were the closing paragraphs in his journal he wrote,

Know all men that I want all my home books and other church books to be the property of the Australasian Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I want all of my clothes, all of them, to be given to the elder whom the church may send out to take my place. The trunk goes with the clothes. I here (March 2) feel it my duty to state that I believe young Joseph Smith to be the true leader and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, as against the claims of Brigham Young to that office; and to be the legal prophet, seer, and revelator thereof. He must increase and Brigham shall decrease.

After my decease, I wish the church to assemble in a conference capacity, take action with reference to me that may be just and proper. I feel more than ever convinced that a splendid work will yet be done here. Also, I here record my unlimited faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ as the world's Savior. It is in view of the completeness of that atonement that I am enabled to think so calmly about it. God and Christ are true and so is a Universal Providence.

After the conference meeting spoken of shall have been held I want this diary to be carefully and properly prepared for post-office and sent direct to Plano to Brother Joseph, to be preserved in the archives of the church.

To any of my personal friends in America, who would ask after certain inner emotions, etc., I will say that all is calm and serene. The eternal future is bright, and one night the angels sang a beautiful song. The adversary has not showed himself in any distinctive form, and I am truly and greatly blessed.

CHARLES WESLEY WANDELL.

Thus lived and died one of the bravest soldiers in the "Army of the Lord." Joining the church at the age of eighteen, and becoming an elder in the same year, he spent almost a lifetime

in the defense of the gospel message. Part of it was given to a mistaken defense, but when he discovered he was in the wrong, Wandell was not slow in renouncing his error, and became just as valiant in attacking the wrong, as he had been in defending what he believed to be right. His life was one of sorrow and sacrifice. He gave his all, simply and uncomplainingly. He spent a lifetime in the service of others, and sealed his testimony with his life, dying a stranger in a strange land.

Surely his life is worth remembrance, and his name is worthy of living in the heart of every true Latter Day Saint.

Albert W. Aspinwall wrote of Elder Wandell as follows:

TO THE MEMORY OF C. W. WANDELL.

President, poet, philosopher, friend!
 Sweetest of lines in our hymns hast thou penned.
 Thousands delighted with musical voice,
 Sinners by scores thou hast made to rejoice.
 In this foreign land we follow thy bier,
 For thy voice alone our spirits could cheer.
 Thy calmness and meekness we have in full view;
 Thy courage unsurpassed to dare and to do.
 Denial of self in the great Master's cause,
 Heroic and strict in keeping his laws;
 While far from home shall give thee the name
 Of Martyr on heaven's fair scroll of fame.
 What voices are these that are borne on the breeze,
 In that little graveyard, surrounded by trees?
 Over thy grave they are singing thy hymn,
 "Weep, weep not for me," with eyes that are dim.
 The bursting emotion finds vent in the song,
 Which, beautiful, plaintive, is wafted along.

OPEN LETTER OF CHARLES W. WANDELL TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

[Following the biography of Charles W. Wandell we think it appropriate to insert his "Open letter to the President of the United States." This was written in the early seventies. His contrast between genuine and spurious Mormonism is well stated, and is the relation of one who has experienced both, and is therefore a competent witness. This is therefore not an opinion deduced from evidence only, but is history told by a participant in the scenes related.—EDITOR.]

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. President: I feel impressed to conclude this volume, by calling the attention of the Government to a few thoughts upon the Mormon question, which question I regard as of much greater possible consequence to the country than many of our public men seem to think. I shall certainly bring to the discussion of my subject an understanding of its character.

When Joseph Smith commenced preaching his new and strange religion, it was at once set down by the churches as so altogether fanatical and false, that its spread in a Christian country would be very limited, and that it would soon die away and cease to exist. This expectation has not been realized. On the contrary, Mormonism has steadily fought its way through all opposition; until it numbers many hundred thousands of zealous disciples, and presents to-day an advancing front remarkable for its solidity and firmness. The Mormon problem is yet unsolved. Indeed, as stated in its text-books, it is incapable of such a solution as its adversaries seek. This brings me to the grave and perhaps startling proposition, that original Mormonism has become a permanent institution among men.

This being the case, as I shall proceed to show, it becomes a matter of serious importance to the nation to clearly understand its general character, quite as much as it is to know

that of any other large and increasing body of religionists. Mormonism has its primitive and genuine character; and its subsequent and spurious one.

PRIMITIVE MORMONISM.

By this term is to be understood the doctrines of the Church of the Latter Day Saints as found in their text-books, and particularly in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, which contains their ecclesiastical constitution. This book in defining its ruling priesthood says:

Of the Melchisedec priesthood, three presiding high priests, chosen by the body, appointed and ordained to that office, and upheld by the confidence, faith, and prayers of the church, form a quorum of the presidency of the church. The twelve traveling councilors are called to be the twelve apostles or special witnesses of the name of Christ, in all the world; thus differing from other officers in the church in the duties of their calling. And they form a quorum equal in authority and power to the three presidents, previously mentioned. The seventy are also called to preach the gospel, and to be especial witnesses unto the Gentiles and in all the world. Thus differing from other officers in the church in the duties of their calling: and they form a quorum equal in authority to that of the twelve special witnesses or apostles, just named. And every decision made by either of these quorums, must be by the unanimous voice of the same; that is, every member in each quorum must be agreed to its decisions in order to make their decisions of the same power or validity one with another. . . . And in case that any decision of these quorums is made in unrighteousness, it may be brought before a general assembly of the several quorums which constitute the spiritual authorities of the church, otherwise there can be no appeal from their decision.

The twelve are a traveling, presiding high council, to officiate in the name of the Lord, under the direction of the presidency of the church, agreeably to the institution of heaven; to build up the church, and regulate all the affairs of the same, in all nations; first unto the Gentiles, and secondly unto the Jews.

The seventy are to act in the name of the Lord, under the direction of the twelve, or the traveling high council, in building up the church and regulating all the affairs of the same, in all nations; first unto the Gentiles, and then to the Jews;—the twelve being sent out holding the keys, to open the door by the proclamation of the gospel of Jesus Christ; and first unto the Gentiles and then to the Jews.

The standing high councils at the stakes of Zion, form a quorum equal in authority, in the affairs of the church, in all their decisions, to the quorum of the presidency, or to the traveling high council.

The high council in Zion, forms a quorum equal in authority, in the affairs of the church, in all their decisions, to the councils of the twelve at the stakes of Zion.

It is the duty of the traveling high council to call upon the seventy when they need assistance, to fill the several calls for preaching and administering the gospel, instead of any others.

It is the duty of the twelve in all large branches of the church, to ordain evangelical ministers, as they shall be designated unto them by revelation."—Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 3, pp. 102-104, Nauvoo edition.

The following is its faith as epitomized by Joseph Smith:

We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

We believe that men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgression.

We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel.

We believe that these ordinances are: first, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, repentance; third, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

We believe that a man must be called of God by prophecy and by laying on of hands by those who are in authority, to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

We believe all that God has revealed, and that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will yet reveal many and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes. That Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaic glory.

We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and accord to all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to *all men*; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things," we have endured many things and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."—*Times and Seasons*, vol. 3, p. 706.

Upon ethical questions it affirms:

And again, I say, thou shalt not kill: but he that killeth shall die.

Thou shalt not steal; and he that stealeth and will not repent, shall be cast out.

Thou shalt not lie; he that lieth and will not repent, shall be cast out.

Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shall cleave unto her and none else; and he that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, shall deny the faith, and shall not have the Spirit, and if he repents not he shall be cast out.

Thou shalt not commit adultery; and he that committeth adultery and repenteth not, shall be cast out; but he that has committed adultery and repents with all his heart, and forsaketh it, and doeth it no more, thou shalt forgive; but if he doeth it again he shall not be forgiven, but shall be cast out.

Thou shalt not speak evil of thy neighbor, nor do him any harm.—Doctrine and Covenants, section 13, page 168, Nauvoo edition.

Of governments and laws in general, it says:

We believe that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man, and that he holds men accountable for their acts in relation to them, either in making laws or administering them, for the good and safety of society.

We believe that no government can exist, in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property and the protection of life.

We believe that all governments necessarily require civil officers and magistrates to enforce the laws of the same, and that such as will administer the law in equity and justice should be sought for and upheld by the voice of the people, (if a republic,) or the will of the sovereign.

We believe that religion is instituted of God, and that men are amenable to him and *to him only* for the exercise of it, unless their religious opinion prompts them to infringe upon the rights and liberties of others; but we do not believe that human law has a right to interfere in prescribing rules of worship to bind the consciences of men, nor dictate forms for public or private devotion; that the civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control conscience; should punish guilt, but never suppress the freedom of the soul.

We believe that all men are bound to sustain and uphold the respective governments in which they reside, while protected in their inherent inalienable rights by the laws of such governments, and that sedition and rebellion are unbecoming every citizen thus protected, and should be punished accordingly; and that all governments have a right to enact such laws as in their own judgments are best calculated to secure the public interest, at the same time, however, holding sacred the freedom of conscience.

We believe that every man should be honored in his station: rulers and magistrates as such being placed for the protection of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty; and that to the laws all men owe respect and deference, as without them peace and harmony would be supplanted by anarchy and terror: human laws being instituted for the express purpose of regulating our interests as individuals and nations, between man and man, and divine laws, given of heaven, prescribing rules on spiritual concerns, for faith and worship, both to be answered by man to his Maker.

We believe that rulers, states and governments have a right, and are bound to enact laws for the protection of all citizens in the free exercise of their religious belief; but we do not believe that they have a right, in justice, to deprive citizens of this privilege, or proscribe them in their opinions, so long as a regard and reverence is shown to the laws, and such religious opinions do not justify sedition nor conspiracy.

We believe that the commission of crime should be punished according to the nature of the offense: that murder, treason, robbery, theft and the breach of the general peace, in all respects, should be punished according to their criminality and their tendency to evil among men, by the laws of that government in which the offense is committed; and for the public peace and tranquility, all men should step forward and use their ability in bringing offenders, against good laws, to punishment.

We do not believe it is just to mingle religious influence with civil government, whereby one religious society is fostered and another proscribed in its spiritual privileges, and the individual rights of its members, as citizens, denied.

We believe that all religious societies have a right to deal with their members for disorderly conduct according to the rules and regulations of such societies, provided, that such dealing be for fellowship and good standing; but we do not believe that any religious society has authority over men on the right of property or life, to take from them this world's goods, or put them in jeopardy either of life or limb, neither to inflict any physical punishment upon them,—they can only excommunicate them from their society and withdraw from their fellowship.

We believe that men should appeal to the civil law for redress of all wrongs and grievances, where personal abuse is inflicted, or the right of property or character infringed, where such laws exist as will protect the same; but we believe that all men are justified in defending themselves, their friends and property, and the government, from the unlawful assaults and encroachments of all persons, in times of exigencies, where immediate appeal can not be made to the laws, and relief afforded.—Doctrine and Covenants, section 110, page 440, Nauvoo edition.

The foregoing quotations make up the sum of original Mormonism as stated by its founder, and formally indorsed by the priesthood and membership in conference assembled; and show,

First, That it is purely an ecclesiastical system;

Second, That its priesthood is so balanced in its quorum organizations, that, in its practical administration, it is theodemocratic.

Third, That its moral code is unexceptionable;

Fourth, Its faith is orthodox in its definition of the Deity;

Fifth, For a church organization, it takes the original Christian church, as described in the New Testament, for its model; that is, with apostles, prophets, pastors, evangelists, and teachers;

Sixth, And, as the ancient church did, they baptize for the remission of sins, lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

It is no marvel, that the doctrines founded upon this basis, and preached with a zeal which knew no obstacles and disregarded persecution, spread with wonderful rapidity during the life of Joseph Smith, gathering its thousands of disciples, fully ninety per cent of whom were from Christian churches.

That among these should be many fanatics, and dishonest persons, is a matter of course; and that these, with many worthy but mistaken members, should follow a leader of extraordinary ability to the desert of Utah, is not to be wondered at. Such things have been done before. But time is the great physician to heal mental excesses, and the offspring of enthusiasts and fanatics are not apt themselves to be fanatics. When Mormonism shall have sloughed off its extreme fanaticism, it will probably settle down into an order of severe pictism.

Now, as to the permanent character of the Church of Latter Day Saints, I will instance the fact, that its first prophet did enough to perpetuate his reputation as a prophet in the minds of its members. Among his many prophecies, I will refer to one of his last. On the 19th of January, 1841, he produced a "revelation" commanding the building of the Temple at Nauvoo. In this the Almighty is made to say:

And if my people will hearken unto my voice, and unto the voice of my servants whom I have appointed to lead my people, behold, verily I say unto you, they shall not be moved out of their place. But if they will not hearken to my voice, nor unto the voice of these men whom I have appointed, they shall not be blessed, because they pollute mine holy grounds, and mine holy ordinances, and charters, and my holy words, which I give unto them.

And it shall come to pass, that if you build a house unto my name, and do not the things that I say, I will not perform the oath which I make unto you, neither fulfill the promises which ye expect at my hands, saith the Lord; for instead of blessings, ye, by your own works bring cursings, wrath, indignation and judgments upon your own heads, by your follies, and by all your abominations which you practice before me, saith the Lord.—Doctrine and Covenants, p. 400, (306).

This prophecy was delivered at Nauvoo, during a term of profound peace, and with no likelihood of its serious disturbance. Three years after this Joseph was killed; but the work of building the “house of the Lord” went on to partial completion. But it was then most impiously desecrated by the “endowment ordinances” held therein, which included the blasphemy of a dramatic representation of the Deity; the enunciation of treason against the nation, and the *practices* of polygamy. These were among the deeds and abominations committed in that temple; and swiftly after them came the forced removal of the people “out of their place”; and, as if the Almighty was determined that nothing should be lacking to convince them of his displeasure, the temple itself was completely destroyed.

There are to-day in the United States perhaps fifty thousand persons whose parents were Latter Day Saints, and who are not familiar with any phase of Christianity except Mormonism. To such the above prophecy has all the force and authority of inspiration; and they fully believe, and will teach their children, and they in turn will teach their children to believe the Bible and the Book of Mormon to be equally the word of God.

Then again, in Mormonism, Joseph Smith is the modern Levi, whose posterity are the “legal” heirs to the priesthood; and so long as that posterity remain, there will not be wanting

ministers whose business will be to keep up the organization and propagate its doctrines. This idea of legitimacy is a remarkable feature of Mormonism, and fixes its indefinite duration quite as much as any other thing. It is the idea of "legality" that has made the Church of Rome what she is, and renders it as certain as the future can be, that the promised successors of Saint Peter will continue to the end of time.

Mormonism claims that the Church of Rome lost the priesthood by transgression, but that it was restored to Joseph Smith by Peter, James and John, who appeared to him and Oliver Cowdery as ministering angels, and ordained them to be apostles. This event is thus referred to in the Book of Covenants, page 271, (113) Nauvoo edition:

And also with Peter, and James, and John, whom I have sent unto you, by whom I have ordained you and confirmed you to be apostles and especial witnesses of my name, and bear the keys of your ministry.

To the Mormon mind, this fixes the apostolic succession with absolute certainty; and has furnished a weapon of no mean power to the elders upon missions, in their controversies with people or clergy.

To this idea of legitimacy must be added the doctrine of the "gathering," through which the disciples from all the world, are gathered to the same section of country, where they can be taught the faith in large congregations, and be under the ministrations of the chief priests and where their children be thoroughly instructed in its principles. This gathering involves the labor of forming settlements, the investment of property; the development of material interests generally; and the interlacing of those interests by marriage and otherwise. By these means the society of the Latter Day Saints becomes cemented together; and where a common faith and a sameness of interest unite to perpetuate a religious system, who will say that it is ephemeral, and will soon pass away?

SPURIOUS MORMONISM.

By this term is understood those doctrines claimed to be a part of Mormonism, yet are not found in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and have not been submitted to the church for adoption. These are:

First, A Theocracy, based upon a pure Theogamy: that is a government of God; and that man is God. This is commonly known in Utah as, "The One Man Power."

Second, The nullity of all Gentile "covenants, contracts, bonds, obligations, vows, performances, connections, associations or expectations."

Third, Blood Atonement, which includes the death penalty for apostasy; and,

Fourth, Polygamy.

These monstrous doctrines are all included in a mock revelation of Brigham Young's, ascribed to Joseph Smith; but which has never been traced back to him; and, indeed, can not be by any rule of evidence admissable in a court of law or equity.

In so far as polygamy is concerned, its first connection with the Mormons is traceable to Udney R. Jacobs' pamphlet and no further. This man, an elder in the church, in 1843, at Nauvoo, published a pamphlet, in which he discoursed of the polygamy of the ancient patriarchs and kings of Judea, and defended the practice on both scriptural and physiological grounds. Joseph Smith before the congregation and elsewhere, emphatically and unmistakably condemned this pamphlet and its doctrines; as he did also the libertinism of John C. Bennett and others, who were subsequently excommunicated from the church on that account.

In 1846-47 Brigham Young led a large body of the Mormons to Salt Lake, and established his church upon this spurious

Mormonism; and as there is but a step between the church and the state, it is no marvel that in his isolated position the state should disappear in the church. This was precisely the result of his experiment in government; and was and is the cause of the difficulties which have existed between "Deseret" and the United States. And I will here predict, that so long as this condition of things remain, the Territorial Government of Utah will be a practical nullity in so far as the Mormons are concerned.

The Government should understand that to-day, while his excellency George L. Woods is the legally appointed governor of Utah, Brigham Young is equally the elected governor of Deseret, with a legislative body which formally and solemnly enacts laws for the State; and has also a judicial system practically independent of the territorial courts. It is true, that the laws passed by the legislature of Deseret, are mainly identical with those passed by the territorial legislature, which may well be, when the same members which compose the Council and House of the one, compose the Senate and House of the other, and were duly voted for by separate ballots at the same general election. I know as well as it is possible to know, that the disciples of Brigham Young, in Utah, care nothing for the Territorial Government. They submit to it passively, because they must; and if they do not openly seek to repudiate it, it is because of the impolicy of such a course.

Upon the first settlement of the Salt Lake country, it was beyond successful contradiction, the purpose of Brigham Young to establish an independent government; which idea has never been abandoned, even though it should take another exodus to accomplish it; and he is sustained in this by polygamists, and blood-atonement assassins, who for manifest reasons prefer his government to that of the United States. The

fact is, that they have become so deeply compromised in this spurious Mormonism, that they can not well repudiate it, and can see neither certain peace nor safety outside of its pale.

It is idle for the Government to seek to compromise with them short of giving them an absolute independence. Even a state government would not satisfy them; though they would be glad enough to get that for the time being. They are bound to the "kingdom" with bands which they can not sever. The despotic rule of Brigham with its blood-atonement suits them, because it protects their polygamy and other offenses. With these parties, it is less a conscientious conviction of the importance or truth of polygamy and blood-atonement as mysteries of Christ, or parts of his gospel, than the fear or the consequences of their great criminality, which binds them so closely together, and holds them with such tenacity; and their plea of the rights of conscience in this matter has not the force it would have in an honest faith in something better.

There is, however, a large body of Mormons in Utah who have lost confidence in their leaders; and that number is increasing. Some have openly repudiated him; others, secretly. Many of these latter even continue to pay tithes to avoid collision with this power once so terrible, and still so strong in the completeness of its organization and fearful earnestness. These persons are, and desire to be, good citizens. They are noted for their industry and economy, and their peaceable disposition. Should Brigham Young ever deem it advisable to make another great removal these persons will not follow him. In fact, were he to order an exodus the present year, in my opinion, not one half of what are now considered good church members would consent to leave Utah. He would take with him only that class which the United States could very well spare.

In conclusion, permit me to say that the Mormonism of Joseph Smith was that of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, while the religion of Brigham Young is that of his "revelation" on polygamy:¹

That the religious system of Joseph Smith was substantially a democracy; that of Brigham Young a theocracy;

That the monogamic Mormonism of Joseph Smith is loyal to the Government of the United States, but that the polygamic system of Brigham Young is not.

That monogamic Mormonism has become a fixed institution in the United States, and so has the polygamous system of Utah, if the Government permit.

That polygamy, if let alone, increases in the number of its votaries, principally because Brigham Young has made it a

¹Mr. Stenhouse, in his very able work, "The Rocky Mountain Saints," on page 185, appears to have arrived at the conclusion that Joseph Smith was either a polygamist or a "free-lover," and that the evidence to prove that conclusion was "overwhelming." Certainly Mr. Stenhouse (who never knew Joseph Smith personally) has suffered himself to be imposed upon by the perjured statements of John C. Bennett and others, who had been cut off, by Joseph, from the church for their "free-love" teachings and practices. And as for the statement of Brigham's to a certain "brother," (page 186) "years after," on the "banks of the Missouri," that his wife belonged to Joseph, and that he, (Brigham,) as Joseph's proxy must take her! is exactly like Brigham Young. And further, I venture to say, that there is not a truthful woman in Utah that will solemnly affirm that she was Joseph's wife during his lifetime. There are many who have been sealed to him for eternity by Brigham since his death.

Now, I knew Joseph Smith personally, in Nauvoo. I knew him both in private and in public, and his confidence in me was such, that in the spring of 1844, he appointed me president over all the branches of the church in the State of New York, the most important mission of that year. And I here affirm that he never taught me the doctrine of polygamy. Neither did I ever hear him mention it, nor Bennett's "free-love" system, except in condemnation of the same. And if the duty was laid upon me to prove before a legal tribunal, by good and reliable witnesses, that he was either a polygamist or "free-lover," I could not do it with any testimony with which I am acquainted. It was Joseph Smith's fate in this life, to be a target for unnumbered calumnies.

matter of faith; that the young Mormon men are not generally averse to it; and the opposition of the young women is practically weak and ineffective.

That polygamy *is actually on the increase* in Utah; and the time has manifestly come when the Government should adopt some definite policy with regard to it. What that policy ought to be I will not presume to suggest, except that when the State of Deseret shall have been admitted into the Union, not polygamy only, but the complete theocracy of Brigham Young will become fixtures in the United States.

I am, Mr. President,

Your fellow-citizen and most obedient servant,

C. W. WANDELL.

We are so wonderfully blended together in this world, and not only in this world, but also in a sort of harmony or touch with the world beyond. In regard to music, it is said that a musical instrument tuned up to a certain key here, for instance, to G, and another one there tuned up to G, if you touch it here, that in cord with it there responds; the test is very delicate, but sufficient to demonstrate it and that it continues in its harmony throughout the vast universe. Whether or not that is the way by which the heavens and earth are connected I do not know, but the thought is a beautiful one, that every good thing on this earth affects the heavens, somehow they are affected by these things, for we read that when a man repents of his sins and turns unto God upon the earth, that the angels in heaven are made to rejoice. So it seems to me a beautiful thing that every good thought or act on our part meets with a response in heaven.—Elder F. M. Sheehy.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOHN L. BEAR.

(Continued from page 434, volume 3.)

At Basel we took a steamboat down the River Rhein to Rotterdam, Holland. There were about seventy persons on board, all from Switzerland, and I had the oversight of them to see that none of them got lost on the road till we reached Liverpool. At Rotterdam we took the steamer for Hull, England, and encountered a heavy sea. The storm was indeed fearful; water came down in gushes into the ship's hold, where we were huddled together. The ship had three masts, and one broke clear off at the deck floor and fell over the ship.

In Hull we had to stay a number of days; I suppose not to get to Liverpool till the ship was ready to sail from there across the Atlantic. In those days the journey had to be made on sail ships, as steamers had just begun to come into use and it would have cost a lot of money to travel on one of them. *Underwriter* was the name of our boat, with six hundred passengers, all so-called Mormons, and from the British Islands except us Swiss. After all was settled, the ship did plow his way over the briny deep, and what did we (I mean the Swiss) see and hear? Hand organ, violin, music, and then dancing. We did not like that and asked one another, What kind of a people is this? Then one of our elders, the very one I did first see in my native country, who went to England some time ago, and could now speak English fluently, told us they were all Mormons. We were horror stricken in hearing this, had never expected that Latter Day Saints would indulge in such worldly pleasures, and we got disgusted, especially I, as I always abhorred dancing. I was married to my betrothed by J. D. Ross, a Scotch captain of this emigration, along with an English couple, Bro. Mark H. Forscutt leading the singing.

We landed in New York after thirty-five days of ocean journey; then on board a steamer up the Hudson River to Albany; from there on the cars to Saint Joseph, Missouri.

At Saint Joseph we boarded a steamer bound north. We landed at Florence, two miles above Omaha. There we were left on the sand bank of the river. Soon some vehicles came down, and people began moving away till all were gone, excepting us, no one taking any notice of us. At last I went up to see what could be done, so a Swiss brother informed me that there was a hand car standing in an alley, saying, "If I were you, I would go and get it and take your things up?" I hesitated, saying, "They may take me up for it." He answered, "What else in the world can you do? You can not stay down on that sand bank. I would risk it if I were you."

So I took the car and was going to start, when I heard a shouting, and looking back, there was a big man, and I recognized him as John Smith, Hyrum's son, patriarch in Utah, whom I had seen in Zurich. What I could make out of his hollering was that he wanted me to leave the car alone. But I started with it in full run down the hill, speaking to myself, "Let him come and catch me if he can." So we got our stuff up and crowded with others into one of those deserted houses; then I put the car back from where I took it.

We had to stay there a few weeks till our teams arrived. I was informed that we could not take our trunks with us, as the wagons would be overloaded. I did not like to leave them behind, as they were strongly built, bound with iron and put together with two-inch screws; they had cost me fourteen dollars; my older brother had made them.

There came a man, they said he was a Josephite, (the first time we had heard of Josephites,) that wanted to buy some trunks. No doubt he knew that some could not take them along across the American desert, and they could be bought for a song. Well, he offered me so little for it, that I considered it

a shame (don't know exactly the price any more, either twenty-five or fifty cents for both). I told him the screws alone cost that, if not more, and before I would sell them at that price, I would take the screws out and the locks and would take them with me, and would use the wood as firewood to cook our victuals. I considered him a poor specimen of Latter Day Saint. The screws and locks came in handy to me in the Rocky Mountain valleys, and the wood I burnt up to cook our meals with, as we had to stay at Florence quite a while.

Brother Diem, a Swiss, helped us to continue our journey from New York and he bought four teams, I assisting to drive one, I to pay him after I would be able to do so, after our arrival in the valley, which I heartily agreed to do. Our train consisted of thirty-five wagons, with two or three yoke of cattle to each. Eight wagons belonged to the Swiss.

I had such a faith in this latter day work that I thought when I could see that place of refuge I would fall down and kiss the very ground and praise His holy name; but oh, how soon it changed. We had all along the journey our evening and morning prayers, and did sing the songs of Zion. As we were getting toward the Rocky Mountain range a strange feeling came over me; evil forebodings of terrible things; troubles and trials seemed to penetrate my whole system, and I felt like the air was full of demons and evil spirits, which made me feel so miserable I can not describe it; yea, the nearer I got to our journey's end the worse I felt. When we reached the top of the big mountain, we could look down into that chamber and soon could see teams, on the Sabbath day, going up and down the canyons hauling wood. I was horrified and inquired who they were, and was answered, "They are Gentiles." "Well," I said, "we were told in the old country that no Gentiles would come here, as this was the Lord's chamber, where the people of God had a hiding place, till his wrath is passed over the nation."

About seven or eight miles from Salt Lake City we made a noon halt. There came a few heavy set fellows from the valley; one of them offered up a prayer, but they did not remove their hats, and on inquiring who they were, I was informed that they were some of the Twelve to meet us. Well, I did think very little of them, because they would not remove their hats in the time of prayer, while all the rest of us were bareheaded. I also soon found out that those teams on the mountain road belonged to Mormons; some Brigham's, some Kimball's, and others.

Reader, you may think how I felt, coming from Babylon in full confidence to go to the Saints of the Most High, and then find them such transgressors of the law, which would not have been tolerated in Babylon, so called. Oh, my God, my God, what will be the end of this? Oh, Israel of old has gone astray in spite of the warnings of the prophets, and here Israel of latter days is going astray; yea, their prophets and their leaders, their seducers. As we arrived at the city square, which was as dusty as earth could be made, and a strong wind blowing, we were in a puzzle, thousands of miles away from home and friends, destitute, in a strange country, with but little understanding of their language; no advice, no help, no assistance in any way; there you are, root or die.

Those who had friends were fetched by them, and so it was repeated the same as it was on the sand banks of the Missouri at Florence. You could see, occasionally, a small horse rig coming along; an old man and an old woman the occupants thereof, to see if there were any young girls that would like a home. The old woman did the coaxing to get them into the net, having some fresh bread, butter, and cheese with them to give to the hungry girl who was deprived of these luxuries along the journey, and many of these girls walked into the trap innocently, but got caged, and what

could they do? They had to submit to being the old man's concubines.

So all had departed from the camp ground, except us and two others. At last there came relief, a man with a team came along to fetch his brother, who gave us the chance to come along too, he hauling our belongings. He also was from Zurich. Another wagon was going the same way to Cache Valley, one hundred and twenty miles north of the city. After we arrived there, in a day or so a man and a woman, also a Swiss, invited us to come inside, as it would be better than staying outside, which was very kind of them, especially as there was only one room and they had several children; but we all managed very well. As it was just harvest time there, we went to glean wheat, and put it on a pile, making a little willow fence around it to keep the cattle away; then afterwards made a stamper to stamp the wheat out, and cleaned it by the wind, which brought us about twenty bushels. Then I dug potatoes on shares, for the seventh bushel; so we had something to eat for winter; also worked out some by the day, receiving produce for pay. But the Devil had to show his claws again. One night their cat walked over our faces, so I took her and stood her on the floor. He must have heard it, and he commenced to talk in such a rage, calling me dirty names, and said if I ever touched his cat again he would throw us all outdoors. As soon as daylight came my wife and I carried all our stuff out in the open air, where we had our wheat heaped up. So there we made our beds, where nobody had a right to molest us; but by this time we had November and snow was expected any day.

Then another Swiss brother came along, we traveled together with the same company to Utah, and he told me that he had a tent and we would be welcome to use it; would put it up right by his house, and we could cook on their stove in his house. So you see the good Lord did not forsake us; and we

gladly accepted it. We carried all our stuff from one end of the village to the other, and it snowed rather lively, but as we had good feather beds, we were comfortable.

The bishop now divided the last available land and I received a lot and seven acres of land. So I had to see to building me some kind of a house, and went to the mountains to cut logs, with others, and had them hauled to the saw mill, which was also Swiss, to have them sawed in two, lengthwise. My wife and myself put up most of the logs, and then covered the roof with willows and dirt. I gathered stones for a chimney, carrying them home in a sack, those which were of considerable size I carried one by one. As I had the chimney about six feet high, a terrible snowstorm came about midnight, and the tent got too shaky. We had to get up and hold the poles, and about six o'clock in the morning we had to let it go and get out or be covered up. And so it went, and the little house close to us was ready to go too any minute.

Across the street was a good, strong, log house, also belonging to a Swiss. They called us to come over there, which we did. It took two strong men all the time to keep the door shut. The storm subsided during the night, and the next day you could not see anything of all our things, being covered with snow from one to three feet deep. I cleared the snow away and put up the tent again. The first of January we moved into our little house; the chimney I could not make any higher, as I could get no rocks, and when we had a contrary wind, we got smoked out a number of times. The cracks between the logs were not stoned up either, so we took linen sheets and hung them on the wall to keep out the cold and snow. Still we were thankful to God for the shelter we had and could call our own. As soon as the weather did permit I finished the chimney with wood.

When we went to meeting on a Sabbath day, there came a man with a sleigh full of wood for the meetinghouse. Well,

I was thunderstruck to see such Sabbath breaking, which never would have been allowed in my country; but here it seemed that those who called themselves Saints could do almost anything. Apostle Ezra T. Benson, from Logan, preached. We were told in our native land, when Orson Pratt and Benson were the presidents over the European Mission, that the Spirit of God rested sometimes in such a powerful manner upon Benson that he would take off his coat, and get so inspired with the Spirit of God that from the power thereof, the congregation would fall to the floor on their knees. Now I had a good chance to test the Spirit in hearing him preach, and about the first he said was, we ought to plant shade trees along our water ditches in town, so the angels could come and instruct us in the line of our duties; as they would not come if there was no shade for them to rest under. Well, reader, you may think what you please about this, but I considered it as nonsense and foolishness, as surely we could plant as many shade trees as we liked and the angels would not come to visit us.

Then the talk was about making roads. After that, Brigham would visit Logan next fall and they wanted to build a tabernacle till he comes, and he (Benson) wants the brethren to make shingles and haul logs for the same, and he would like if the brethren would bring him some posts, so he could fence in his farm. Then the brother by his side who came along with him from Logan, a tanner by trade, got up and prophesied in the name of Israel's God, that everyone who brings shingles to the tabernacle and posts for Brother Benson would be rich next fall. Well, indeed, only a fool believes such stuff. Then the climax came, about people falling down before the power of God. Benson commenced now about the marrying business, and how the women do, and so on, and I was actually ashamed for him, to use such dirty, indecent language as flowed from his lips. But the people, men and women, laughed and laughed

and down they went, down to the floor, from laughing; ah, that's the kind of a spirit that makes them fall down. Oh, what abomination! After the meeting was over and a short recess was taken, came a dance. Some asked us to attend, but we refused with scorn.

In the spring Benson sent me word, requesting me to come and assist his gardener put in the garden seed. So I went to see him, and told him that I would have to see that somebody would break up my ground for wheat and potatoes. He answered that he would plow my land if I would come to assist in his garden. So, with that understanding, I went; but Benson did not keep his promise, so I left him; certainly he paid me in produce, as there was no money then in Utah, but I preferred to have the land plowed, but he fooled me. That's the worst thing a man can do with me—not keep his promise.

In the spring I was requested by the people in the settlement to herd their stock for so much a head; take them out to the ranch in the morning and take them back in the evening. Certainly I had to watch them all day.

I also succeeded in finding some one to break me up four acres for wheat, and my wife induced another fellow to plow for one day for a small, gold ring she wore. He liked the ring so much that he consented. Another one, a German, plowed my lot, one half acre, on which I raised a lot of vegetables. The seed I borrowed, seven bushels, from a Mr. Reis. I was told he was an honorable man and a brother; was very well acquainted with Joseph the Martyr and so on. My wife had some fancy silk bands, and embroideries and other articles which she traded off for milk and butter. I also made birch brooms for the owner of the sawmill. We paid also for everything we got, either with one thing or another.

When they talked to me about the endowment house to receive blessings, and a new name, and of that sealing and washing business, it disgusted me; yea, the very name of it. I

despised it and I felt always that it was a shameful, disgusting ceremony. Before I was ever told of the real proceedings, the very name was a stink to my nostrils, and when the secret came out, as it always will, I found out that I was not mistaken in my feelings and belief about it. How plain it also could be seen that the polygamy business, instead of being a holy principle rested on beastly lust, combined with murder and adultery in the first degree. I abhorred it with all my heart; and Brigham at the head of such filthiness and abomination—a prophet of the Lord?

I could neither agree nor swallow all such stuff, when Brigham himself said he was no prophet, neither the son of a prophet, but he was profitable to the people. Is it any wonder, then, that I could not live among them, as their ways and doings were entirely in opposition to my understanding of the gospel of the Son of God and the spirit of the latter day dispensation? I wished I was away from Utah and such a people; but how, how was the question. If I wanted to stay with them, I had to do as they did, or suffer the consequences, and to follow in their track, to be a partaker of their wickedness, against my own conscience; I could not without searing my conscience with a hot iron, sinning against the knowledge God had given me; yea, against his Holy Spirit, and endure eternal damnation. No, no, never; I shall stand to the law and the testimony.

Well, I herded the cattle of the settlement faithfully; but in time there appeared to be some dissatisfaction on the part of some of the Swiss, who could see that things were not as represented to them in the Fatherland, but could not find a way to get out of it—the same as I.

There was a German, Werner, by name, a native of Wurtemberg, who plowed my lot. He told me one day that he was in great trouble. His wife, he said, who was an English woman, no children, is getting dissatisfied here, and they would like

to get away if they could. She had a remarkable dream that convinced her that the Utah church is greatly in transgression and the anger of the Lord is kindled against them; that it was shown to her, that many were murderers by the command of the authorities of the church, especially by Brigham Young. He related to me the whole dream she had, and it was indeed marvelous. He remonstrated with her, but she was firm. He, not knowing what to do, went to the teacher right across the road, asking him for counsel. He replied, "Kill her, and I will give you my daughter to wife" (a sixteen year old girl). "Well," he answered, "I can not do that," and left the teacher. So he and his wife talked the matter over and made it a subject of prayer, that if these things were so, the Lord would make it manifest to him also, and "Indeed," he said, "I had a most remarkable dream last night."

Sometime after this there was a rumor that a new prophet had risen in Utah, and that he had written several letters to Brigham Young, telling him to repent of his evil ways and turn to the Lord, and that polygamy was an abomination in his sight, and if they would not repent God's judgment would come upon them. Not long after this I happened to meet the German again, and he told me about this new prophet, and that he and his wife had decided to go to South Weber (about fifty miles) where quite a number of dissatisfied Mormons were gathering, where the new prophet was, and so they went. Now the spirit of persecution started against those who were dissatisfied with the rulers of Utah and their teachings and as I expressed myself rather freely in the spring, how Benson, an apostle had fooled me, and that things were not as it was represented to us in our native land, but as I still had some confidence in the authority of the church in Utah, while I was yet in the land of my birth, seeing the misconduct of the Utah elders, thinking that at headquarters it would be all right, and that Brigham and the leading men could not be held respon-

sible for the conduct of every elder they sent out to preach; but in finding headquarters to be the spring of these evils, I denounced them. So this made a stir, and a very portly German woman, a great defender and believer in the infallibility of Brigham Young, told me, "For God's sake, Brother Bear, don't talk that way, or they will take your head off." I said, "If my head will satisfy them they can have it. I made a covenant with God and not with man, that I would serve him; and I will, to my best ability to do so, and let the consequences follow, no matter what they may do unto me. I will raise my voice against wickedness and deception, and if Brigham Young was a prophet, he would not wink at wickedness; but I have never heard any revelation coming from him."

Now in a short time two Swiss families left, and soon another one was getting ready to go, so my wife and I considered that it was an opportunity to go also. The teachers came to see me, asking if I believed that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. I answered, "Certainly, and also that the angel of the Lord appeared to him and delivered the records (Book of Mormon) to him, to translate it through the Urim and Thummim, and also that he established a church by the command of God according to the ancient pattern."

Then they asked me if I believed that Brigham Young was a prophet of God and the legal successor of Joseph. "No," I said, "he was appointed as president of the Twelve and not to the successorship of Joseph as a prophet. He usurped that authority himself, or more, the people made him a prophet, but not God; then he said himself that he was no prophet, neither the son of a prophet, and after all I have never heard yet a revelation coming from him."

So, after some more parleying between us, one (an Englishman) said: "I will prophesy that you will come back next fall."

I answered, "Your prophecy will not come to pass."

Now the question was how to get rid of what I had, to get something in return. I knew that I owed Brother Diem sixty-five dollars for paying our way from New York, as I mentioned in my narrative. Said brother, on arriving in Salt Lake City, moved south as I was informed, and I was moving north. Having never heard from him since, it bothered me a good deal, how I could pay him and how to find him. So the Swiss brother, who was one of the teachers, offered to buy me out for the sum I owed Mr. Diem. He said (don't know if he saw him once in the city, or heard from him some other way) that Brother Diem wanted him to see to it, that he gets his money. Certainly I was glad that an opportunity was offered me to fulfill my obligation, yet it was a mystery to me how Brother Diem found out where I lived and more so that I wanted to leave there and go to Weber. It must have been a wireless telegraph. I had seven acres, four were in wheat, one in potatoes, one half acre lot with the little house on it, the lot full of vegetables. I did ask him, "How will you pay Brother Diem the money?" He said, "After harvest, when the thrashing is done, I will haul wheat to the city, where I will get cash for it and then pay him." So I sold to him, he paying Diem the sixty-five dollars, and what I owed my buyer for making my share of the public fence went into the bargain.

So another load went off my shoulders. I also had yet a fine sow, weighing about two hundred pounds. I expected to get something for her, so another of my neighbors came along, we came together the whole journey from Switzerland to Utah, a strong, stout man, and asked me what I wanted for the sow. I did not know what to say, exactly; but he liked the sow fine and said: "Well, I will take the sow for what I helped you on your house." Well, I was astonished. When I was putting up my little shanty in the winter before, my wife, who was a small woman, a dressmaker by trade, was helping me what she could. This man came over to me once, (he being

a carpenter by trade in the old country,) and having nothing to do said, "Let me help you a little; I have nothing to do, and had just as well help you a little here. It's too hard on your wife." Well, I accepted his kindness with thanks; so he helped me to put the cross logs on the roof and laid me a rough board floor. Altogether it did not make two days. I never expected that he would charge me for it, or I would have declined his help, and would have made it myself. Well, the sow was worth at least nine dollars. I could not help myself, I had to let her go. You see I was an apostate. Maybe if I had remained a faithful Brighamite he would not have charged me anything.

By this time that other family was ready to start for Weber, and I went along with them to see how things were, and I found them to be a people that had the same faith and belief that I had, and they received me very kindly. And I inquired if I could get a team to fetch my things and family. Why, yes, and some brother, I think he was a Swede, offered me two big yoke of cattle, another one a big government wagon, and they hitched them up for me. One of the Swiss brethren with whom I went came back with me to help me.

When I got back to Providence (Cache Valley) the Devil was all loose, and as I had a few bushels of wheat left from our gleanings of the previous fall, I wanted to get exchanged for flour or have it ground. I forget to what settlement I had to go where there was a gristmill, but just as I was ready to start, there came the man whom I sold the place to, and told me that he was sent by Brother Reis (who loaned the seven bushels of wheat) and the bishop to demand the pay, or to take away the cattle I have here. Well, you may think I was astonished at such audacity and said, "I am not going away till I have my business settled. The settlement owes me about \$100 and I am going to try to collect it and pay Mr. Reis. He himself owes me some for herding his stock. But the brother,

who was the teacher, Stuks by name, still talked about taking the cattle, and walked towards them. Then wrath and indignation filled my whole body; it seemed like my bones and muscles hardened like steel, and I said, "I warn you not to lay hands on those cattle. They are not mine, but loaned to me on trust, and the first one who tries to lay hold on them, I shall spring upon him like a lion and tear him to shreds or die in the attempt." He did not like to risk it and went away; then I raised my whip and cracked it above the cattle, and off I went. I had to go the whole length of the settlement, but none molested me. I got my flour and next day went around to collect my wages. Went to Mr. Reis and asked him if he would take a certain man as debtor for me, who owed me enough to pay him, which he accepted, but he wanted ten and one half bushels for the seven he loaned me. I remonstrated, but to no avail; then I told him that my father, who did not profess to be a real Christian, loaned every year seed wheat to his neighbors, and never charged them one grain more in return than what they borrowed. I tell you, I gave the old, gray-headed Mormon a good lesson, but he took it quietly, only insisted on having his ten and one half bushels; and so I went to the other man, who promised to pay him. Some did not pay me at all, and one of the head men, a polygamist, just cursed me. When I came to the Brother Campbell, who broke my ground, and sowed my wheat, we squared up our affair. It was evening then, but the teacher's son was there (a powerful man with whom I had nothing to do), and he tried to mix himself in our business and wanted to raise a fuss with me and sprang upon me unexpectedly, knocked me down, and kneeled upon me, declaring he would kill me. But the Campbells took hold of him and tore him off me, demanding him to go home. He left with the remark that I should not come out of the town alive.

Next morning we loaded our goods, owing nobody anything, contrary, some owing me, and went to Weber about the middle of August, 1861.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY OF SIDNEY RIGDON.

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

(Continued from page 412, volume 3.)

As soon as the above reports reached ears of the said Smith and Wight, they determined immediately upon the course they ought to pursue which was to submit to the laws. They both surrendered themselves up to Judge King, underwent a trial, and in the absence of all sufficient testimony they were discharged. They hoped that this voluntary submission of theirs to the law and their triumphant vindication of the charge, would allay the excitement of the community. But not so—the long-desired opportunity had arrived when the oppression and extermination of the “Mormon” might be made to assume the form of legal proceedings. The mob that had assembled for the pretended purpose of assisting the officers in the execution of process did not disperse upon the acquittal of Smith and Wight, but continued embodied within the encampments and forms of military force, and committing depredations upon “Mormon” property. The “Mormons” in this extremity called upon the laws of the land and the officers of the law, for protection. After much delay, the militia under Generals Atchison, Doniphan, and Parks, were sent to their relief. They arrived September 13, and encamped between the “Mormons” and the mob.

The above officers made no attempt to disperse the mob, excusing themselves by saying, “that their own men had sympathies with the mob.” After remaining there for several days, these officers adopted the following expedient of settling the difficulties: they mustered the mob, and enrolled them with their own troops, and then disbanded the whole, with orders to seek their several homes. The officers went home excepting Parks, who remained for their protection, with his men.

The “Mormons” made an agreement with the citizens of Daviess to buy out their land and preëmption rights, and appointed a committee to make the purchase, and to go on buying till they had purchased to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars. While these purchases were going on, the citizens were heard to say that as soon as they had sold out to the “Mormons” and received their pay, they would drive the “Mormons” off and keep both their lands and their money.

The mob, when disbanded in Daviess by the generals as aforesaid, instead of repairing to their homes as commanded, proceeded in a body to the adjoining County of Carroll and encamped around DeWitt, a village built and inhabited by “Mormons”; while thus encamped around DeWitt they sent to the County of Jackson and procured a cannon. They invested the place so closely that no person could leave the town in safety; when they did so, they were fired upon by the mob. The horses of the “Mormons” were stolen and their cattle killed. The citizens of DeWitt, amounting to about seventy families, were in great ex-

tremity and worn out by want and sickness. In their extremity they made application to Governor Boggs for protection and relief; but no protection, no relief, was granted them. When reduced to the last extremity, no alternative was left them but to seek protection by flight and the abandonment of their homes. Accordingly on the evening of the 11th of October, 1838, they retreated from DeWitt and made their way to the counties of Daviess and Caldwell, leaving many of their effects in the possession of the mob.

Your memorialists will not detail the horrors and sufferings of such a flight, when shared with women and children. They might detail many. One lady who had given birth to a child just before the flight commenced, died on the road and was buried without a coffin. Many others sick, worn out, starved, deprived of medical aid, died upon the road. The remnant of "Mormons" from DeWitt arrived in Daviess and Caldwell, and found a short relief and supply of their wants from their friends and brethren there.

After the abandonment of DeWitt and the flight of the "Mormons" from Carroll, one Sashiel Wood addressed the mob, advising them to take their cannon and march to the County of Daviess and drive the "Mormons" from that county and seize upon their lands and other property, saying that the "Mormons" could get no benefit of the law, as they had recently seen. They then commenced their march from Carroll to Daviess, carrying with them the cannon which they had received from Jackson. On their way they captured two "Mormons" and made them ride on the cannon, and taunted them as they went along, telling them that they were going to drive the "Mormons" from Daviess to Caldwell, and from Caldwell to hell; and that they would find no quarter but at the cannon's mouth. The mob at this time was reported to number about four hundred strong.

The "Mormons" in these distresses, in pursuance of the laws of Missouri, made application to Judge King, the circuit judge of that circuit, for protection, and for the aid of the officers of the law to protect them. Judge King, as they have been informed, and believe, gave an order to Major General D. R. Atchison to call out the militia to protect the "Mormons" against the fury of the mob. General Atchison thereupon gave orders to Brigadiers Parks and Doniphan. In pursuance of these orders issued as aforesaid, on the 18th of October, 1838, General Doniphan arrived at Far West, a "Mormon" village in the County of Caldwell, with a small company of militia. After he had been at Far West two days, General Doniphan disbanded his company, alleging to the "Mormons" as his reasons for so doing that his company had the same feelings as the mob, and that he could not rely upon them. In a short time General Parks arrived at Far West, and also disbanded his company. At this time the mob was marching from Carroll to Daviess. General Doniphan while at Far West directed the "Mormons" to raise a company to protect themselves, telling them that one Cornelius Gillium was raising a mob to destroy their town, and also advising them to place out guards to watch the motions of the mob. He also directed them to raise a

company and send them to Daviess to aid their brethren there against the mob which was marching down upon them from Carroll. This the "Mormons" did; they mustered a company of about sixty men, who proceeded to Diahman. When General Parks arrived at Far West as aforesaid and learned that General Doniphan had disbanded his men, he expressed great dissatisfaction. The same evening on which General Parks disbanded his company as aforesaid he proceeded to Diahman, in order to learn what the mob was doing there, and if possible to protect the "Mormons."

When General Parks had arrived in Daviess he found that the mob had commenced its operations there, which was on the 20th of October, 1838. They commenced by burning the house of a man who had gone to Tennessee on business and left his wife at home with two small children. When the house was burned down, the wife and two small children were left in the snow, and she had to walk three miles before she could find a shelter, carrying her two children all that distance, and had to wade Grand River, which was three feet deep. The mob on the same evening burned seven other houses, burning and destroying all the property that they thought proper. The next morning, Colonel Lyman Wight, an officer in the militia, inquired of General Parks what was to be done, as he now saw the course the mob was determined to pursue. General Parks replied that he (Wight) should take a company of men and give the mob battle, and that he would be responsible for the act, saying that they could have no peace with the mob until they had given them a scourging.

On the next morning, in obedience to his order, David W. Patten was dispatched with one hundred men under his command to meet the mob as they were advancing from Carroll, with directions to protect the citizens and collect and bring into Far West such of the "Mormons" as were scattered through the county, and unprotected, and if the mob interfered he must fight them. The company under the command of Patten was the same, in part, that had gone from Far West by the order of General Doniphan to protect the citizens of Daviess. As Patten went in the direction of the mob, they fled before him, leaving their cannon, which Patten took possession of. The mob dispersed. Patten with his men then returned to Daviess County. Patten in a few days after returned to Far West. It was now supposed that the difficulties were at an end. But contrary to expectation, on the evening of the 23d of October messengers arrived at Far West and informed the citizens that a body of armed men had made their appearance in the southern part of the county, and that they were burning houses, destroying property, and threatening the "Mormon" citizens with death unless they left the county the next morning by ten o'clock, or renounced their religion.

About midnight another messenger arrived with news of the like tenor. Patten collected about sixty men and proceeded to the scene of the disturbance, to protect if possible the lives and property of the "Mormon" citizens. On his arrival at the neighborhood where the first disturbance had commenced, he found that the mob had gone to another neighborhood

to prosecute their acts of plunder and outrage. He marched a short distance and unexpectedly came upon the encampment of the mob. The guards of the mob fired upon him and killed one of his men. Patten then charged the mob, and after a few fires the mob dispersed and fled, but Patten was killed and another of his men. After the fight and dispersion of the mob, Patten's company returned to Far West. The report of the proceedings created much excitement. The community were made to believe that the "Mormons" were in rebellion against the law; whereas the above facts show they were an injured people, standing up in defense of their persons and their property.

At this time the governor of the State issued an order to General Clark to raise several thousand men and march against the "Mormons" and drive them from the State, or exterminate them. Major-General Lucas and Brigadier-General Wilson collected three or four thousand men; and with this formidable force commenced their march and arrived at Far West. In their rear marched General Clark with another formidable force.

In the meantime the "Mormons" had not heard of these immense preparations, and so far from expecting an armed force under the orders of the State to war against them, were daily expecting a force from the governor to protect their lives and their property from the mob.

When this formidable array first made its appearance, intent upon peace the "Mormons" sent a white flag several miles to meet them, to ascertain the reason why an armed force was marching against them, and what we might expect at their hands. They gave us no satisfaction, but continued marching towards Far West. Immediately upon their arrival a man came bearing a white flag from their camp. He was interrogated about his business; he answered the interrogations, saying that they wanted three persons out of Far West before they massacred the rest. Those persons refused to go, and he returned back to the camp. He was closely followed by General Doniphan and his whole brigade marching to the city of Far West in line of battle. The citizens also formed a line of battle in front of Doniphan's army; upon this Doniphan ordered a halt, and then a retreat. Night closed upon both parties without any collision.

On the next day towards evening, the "Mormons" were officially informed that the governor of the State had sent this immense force against them to massacre them or drive them from the State. As soon as the "Mormons" learned that this order had the sanction of the governor of the State, they determined to make no resistance; to submit themselves to the authorities of the State, however tyrannical and unjust soever the exercise of that authority might be.

The commanders of the Missouri militia before Far West sent a messenger into the town, requesting an interview in their camp with five of the principal citizens among the "Mormons," pledging their faith for their safe return on the following morning at eight o'clock. Invited, as they supposed, to propose and receive terms of peace, and under the pledge of a safe conduct, Lyman Wight, George W. Robinson,

Joseph Smith, jr., P. P. Pratt, and Sidney Rigdon went towards the camp of the militia. Before they arrived at the camp, they were surrounded by the whole army; and by order of General Lucas put under guard, and marched to the camp, and were told they were prisoners of war. A court-martial was held that night, and they, without being heard, and in the absence of all proof, condemned to be shot next morning.

The execution of this bloody order was prevented by the manly protest of General Doniphan. He denounced the act as cold-blooded murder, and withdrew his brigade. This noble stand taken by General Doniphan prevented the murder of the prisoners. It is here worthy of note that seventeen preachers of the gospel were on this court-martial, and were in favor of the sentence.

The next day the prisoners were marched under a strong guard to Independence, in Jackson County, and after being detained there for a week, they were marched to Richmond, where General Clark then was with his troops. Here a court of inquiry was held before Judge King; this continued from the 11th to the 28th of November; while the five prisoners were kept in chains, and about fifty other "Mormons" taken at Far West, were penned up in an open, unfinished court-house. In this mock court the defendants were prevented from giving any testimony on their part, by an armed force at the court-house; they were advised by their lawyers not to bring any, as they would be in danger of their lives, or drove out of the country; so there was no testimony examined only against them.

In this inquiry a great many questions were asked relative to religious opinions. The conclusion of the court of inquiry was to send the prisoners to jail upon a charge of treason.

They do not deem it necessary to detail their sufferings while in prison; the horrors of a prison for four long months, in darkness, in want, alone, and during the cold of winter, can better be conceived than expressed. In the following April the prisoners were sent to the County of Daviess for trial; they were then indicted for treason, and a change of venue was taken to Boone County. The prisoners were sent to the County of Boone, and while on their way made their escape and fled to the State of Illinois.

That they were suffered to escape, admits of no doubt. The truth is, the State of Missouri had become ashamed of their proceedings against the "Mormons," and as the best means of getting out of the scrape, gave the prisoners an opportunity to escape. In proof of this, the prisoners have ever since been living publicly in Illinois, and the Executive of Missouri have made no demand upon the Executive of Illinois. Can it be supposed that the people of Missouri would thus tamely submit to the commission of treason by a portion of their citizens, and make no effort to punish the guilty, when they were thus publicly living in an adjoining State? Is not this passiveness evidence [that] they knew the "Mormons" were innocent and the citizens of Missouri wrong?

But to return to the operations of General Lucas before Far West;

we need only say that the exterminating order of Governor Boggs was carried into full effect. After the above-named individuals were taken prisoners, all the "Mormons" in Far West, about five hundred in number, surrendered up their arms to the militia without any resistance. The "Mormons" now fled in every direction—women and children, through the dead of winter, marked their footsteps with blood as they fled from the State of Missouri.

The orders of the governor were that they should be driven from the State or destroyed. About fifteen thousand souls, between the sacking of Far West and spring, abandoned their homes, their property, their all, hurried by the terrors of their armed pursuers, in want of every necessity of life, with bleeding hearts sought refuge in Illinois, where they now reside.

We can not trespass upon your time by the relation of cases of individual suffering; they would fill a volume. We forbear for our regard to humanity, to detail the particulars of the conduct of the Missouri militia. We could relate instances of house burnings, destruction of property, robberings, rapes, and murder, that would shame humanity. One instance as a sample of many which were enacted: Two hundred of the militia came suddenly upon some "Mormon" families emigrating to the State, and then encamped at Haun's Mill in Caldwell County. The "Mormon" men and children took refuge in an old log house which had been used as a blacksmith's shop. On seeing the militia approach, the "Mormons" cried for quarter, but in vain; they were instantly fired upon; eighteen fell dead; and their murderers, putting the muzzles of their guns between the logs, fired indiscriminately upon children, upon the dead and dying. One little boy, whose father (Warren Smith) had just been shot dead, cried piteously to the militia to spare his life. The reply was, "Kill him, kill him [with an oath]; he is the son of a damned Mormon." At this they shot his head all open and left him dead by the side of his father. About the same time an old man by the name of McBride, a soldier of the Revolution, came up to them and begged his life; but they hewed him to pieces with an old corn cutter. They then loaded themselves with plunder and departed.

Your petitioners have thus given a brief outline of the history of the "Mormon" persecutions in Missouri—all of which they can prove to be true if an opportunity be given them. It will be seen from this their brief statement, that neither the "Mormons" as a body nor individuals of that body have been guilty of any offense against the laws of Missouri, or of the United States; but their only offense has been their religious opinion.

The above statement will also show that the "Mormons" on all occasions submitted to the laws of the land, and yielded to its authority in every extremity, and at every hazard, at the risk of life and property. The above statement will illustrate another truth: that wherever the "Mormons" made any resistance to the mob, it was in self-defense; and for these acts of self-defense they always had the authority and sanction of the officers of the law for so doing. Yet they, to the number of about

fifteen thousand souls, have been driven from their homes in Missouri. Their property, to the amount of two millions of dollars, has been taken from them, or destroyed. Some of them have been murdered, beaten, bruised, or lamed, and have all been driven forth, wandering over the world without homes, without property.

But the loss of property does not comprise half of their sufferings. They were human beings, possessed of human feelings and human sympathies. Their agony of soul was the bitterest drop in the cup of their sorrows.

For these wrongs the "Mormons" ought to have some redress; yet how and where shall they seek and obtain it? Your constitution guarantees to every citizen, even the humblest, the enjoyment of life, liberty and property. It promises to all, religious freedom, the right to all to worship God beneath their own vine and fig tree, according to the dictates of their conscience. It guarantees to all the citizens of the several States the right to become citizens of any one of the States, and to enjoy all the rights and immunities of the citizens of the State of his adoption. Yet of all these rights have the "Mormons" been deprived. They have, without a cause, without a trial, been deprived of life, liberty, and property. They have been persecuted for their religious opinions. They have been driven from the State of Missouri, at the point of the bayonet, and prevented from enjoying and exercising the rights of citizens of the State of Missouri. It is the theory of our laws that for the protection of every legal right there is a legal remedy. What then, we would respectfully ask, is the remedy of the "Mormons"? Shall they apply to the legislature of the State of Missouri for redress? They have done so. They have petitioned, and these petitions have been treated with silence and contempt. Shall they apply to the federal courts? They were, at the time of the injury, citizens of the State of Missouri? Shall they apply to the court of the State of Missouri? Whom shall they sue? The order for their destruction, their extermination, was granted by the Executive of the State of Missouri. Is not this a plea of justification for the loss of individuals, done in pursuance of that order? If not, before whom shall the "Mormons" institute a trial? Shall they summon a jury of the individuals who composed the mob? An appeal to them were in vain. They dare not go to Missouri to institute a suit; their lives would be in danger.

For ourselves, we see no redress, unless it is awarded by the Congress of the United States. And here we make our appeal as American citizens, as Christians, and as men—believing that the high sense of justice which exists in your honorable body will not allow such oppression to be practiced upon any portion of the citizens of this vast republic with impunity; but that some measures which your wisdom may dictate may be taken, so that the great body of people who have been thus abused may have redress for the wrongs which they have suffered. And to your decision they look with confidence; hoping it may be such as shall tend to dry up the tear of the widow and orphan, and again place in situations of peace those who have been driven from

their homes and who have had to wade through scenes of sorrow and distress.

And your memorialists as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc.

This petition was referred to the committee on judiciary. This committee after summing up the points in the petition stated:

It can never be presumed that a State either wants the power or lacks the disposition to redress the wrongs of its own citizens, committed within her own territory, whether they proceed from the lawless acts of her officers or any other persons. The committee therefore report that they recommend the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, that the committee on the judiciary be discharged from further consideration of the memorial in this case; and that the memorialists have leave to withdraw the papers which accompany their memorial.¹

This resolution was adopted by the Senate, March 23, 1840.

While in the East Elder Rigdon visited and preached in several cities.

On February 1, 1841, at the first city election of the city of Nauvoo, Elder Rigdon was elected a member of the city council.

At the General Conference of the church in October, 1843, complaints were made against Elder Rigdon, it being alleged that he had carried on a treacherous correspondence with Governor Carlin and others. A thorough investigation was had, but nothing was disclosed damaging to the character of Elder Rigdon.

The record contains the following entry:

President Joseph Smith arose and satisfactorily explained to the congregation the supposed treacherous correspondence with ex-Governor Carlin, which wholly removed suspicion from Elder Sidney Rigdon, and from every other person.

¹Technically the basis of this resolution is sound. The *presumption*, as stated in this report, should be in favor of the State, as it is in favor of the accused in all cases. But the report is lame and evasive in this: It finds the *presumption* in the case the final *conclusion* without hearing the testimony.—H. C. S.

About this time Elder Rigdon removed from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

On May 17, 1844, at a convention held at Nauvoo, Illinois, Joseph Smith, of Nauvoo, Illinois, was nominated for President of the United States, and Sidney Rigdon, of Pennsylvania, for Vice-president.

There was probably no expectation of electing this ticket, but in view of the treatment they had received from both political parties, the Saints felt that they could not support any of them, hence nominated a ticket upon which they could conscientiously exercise the right of franchise. A short time after this ticket was named, viz, June 27, 1844, Joseph Smith was assassinated at Carthage, Illinois.

No one was nominated to take his place on the ticket, and hence the ticket was not presented at the polls.

After the death of Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon returned to Nauvoo and arranged with local church authorities for a public meeting in which to present his claims to leadership. The meeting was duly announced and convened on August 8, 1844. Brigham Young and some of his colleagues appeared at the meeting and practically took charge of it and dominated it in its proceedings; hence Rigdon was rejected.

An open rupture thenceforth existed between Elder Rigdon and Young and his associates. Rigdon was cited to trial before the Bishop's court, Bishop Newel K. Whitney presiding. He did not appear, but Brigham Young and his fellows appeared and again dominated the council, and Rigdon was expelled.

Rigdon had returned to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and there established a periodical entitled the *Messenger and Advocate*, the first issue appearing October 15, 1844. From this periodical we learn that as a counter movement from that which expelled him, he renounced all affiliation with the church in Nauvoo. In the *Messenger and Advocate* for April 15, 1845,

we find the following resolutions adopted by Rigdon and his followers:

Preamble and resolutions, of the Church of Christ.

Whereas, The connection which has heretofore existed between ourselves and the people calling themselves the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, renders it necessary that we publish to the world, a succinct statement of facts relating to the position we now sustain to God and our fellow-men; and

Whereas, In consequence of the rejection by that people, of what we undoubtedly deem to be the order of the church and kingdom of God, and introduction of doctrines and practices clearly inimical to the law of God, and altogether subversive of the laws of the land, abrogating the marriage contract, and substituting, under the professed sanction of heaven, a system of extreme licentiousness, uprooting every legal restraint, and eminently calculated in its very nature to produce the entire destruction of every virtuous tie, and pouring contempt upon every holy principle, contained in the revelations of God to his creature man; and must inevitably entail upon that people abject wretchedness and woe, subjecting them to the righteous condemnation of every virtuous intelligence, whether in heaven or on earth; and

Whereas, The better to conceal the justly odious system of polygamy—duplicity, hypocrisy, and falsehood, are inculcated as virtues—the most sacred obligations constantly violated, and families and individuals plunged into irrevocable ruin and despair; therefore

Resolved, That we hold no fellowship with the people calling themselves the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and can have no communion with them, unless they repent and obey the principles of righteousness and truth.

Resolved, That we maintain the truth and the truth only, at all hazards; renouncing at once, and for ever, the unsanctifying dogma, that it is sometimes lawful to lie.

Resolved, That our subjection to the law of God impels us to yield implicit obedience to the law of the land.

Resolved, That we do maintain and do earnestly contend for the faith which was once, and is again, delivered to the saints, contained in the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Book of Covenants.

Resolved, That we feel it a solemn and imperative obligation, we owe to God and our fellow-man, to disseminate to the extent of our ability, correct information regarding certain pernicious doctrines and practices which are secretly taught by the leaders and many of the members of the society called the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; verily believing them demoralizing and destructive, combining all the worst features of barbarism, and containing all the elements of the wildest anarchy, and would if unchecked by the power of truth, ultimately extinguish the species.

Sidney Rigdon was then and ever after an uncompromising foe to polygamy, and condemned Brigham Young and his colleagues in unmeasured terms for its practice. He has been misunderstood in this. The misunderstanding has partly arisen from a misconception of a statement published in *Times and Seasons* for November 15, 1844, which reads as follows:

The saints of the last days have witnessed the outgoings and incomings of so many apostates that nothing but truth has any effect upon them. In the present instance, after the sham quotations of Sidney and his clique, from the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants, to skulk off, under the "dreadful splendor" of spiritual wifery, which is brought into the account as graciously as if the law of the land allowed a man a plurality of wives, is fiendish, and like the rest of Sidney's revelation, just because he wanted to go to Pittsburg and live. Woe to the man or men who thus willfully lie to injure an innocent people! The law of the land and the rule of the church do not allow one man to have more than one wife alive at once, but if any man's wife die, he has a right to marry another, and to be sealed to both for eternity; to the living and the dead! there is no law of man or God against it! This is all the spiritual wife system that was ever tolerated in the church and they know it.

It was not the intention of the writer, evidently, to accuse Rigdon of spiritual wifery, but to deny that it was practiced at Nauvoo, and to accuse Rigdon of lying about the people there as an excuse to skulk off under the splendor of the allegation, etc.

(To be continued.)

TESTIMONY OF ELDER LEVI GRAYBILL.

[We herewith present the testimony of Father Graybill, whom we believe to be the senior member of the church.

If there is another who has been longer a member of the church we would like to hear from such one and to have a sketch of life and experience; and whether older or not we would like contributions from old members, especially those in the church in 1844 and before.—EDITOR.



ELDER LEVI GRAYBILL.

I, Levi Graybill, now of Pottawattamie County, Iowa, my pilgrimage having been extended far beyond that of the average man, and knowing that I must soon pass away, am desirous of leaving on record my testimony to the work of the Lord as it has been revealed and established in these last days.

I was born in Bloomfield Township, Jackson County, Ohio, March 12, 1818, and was 92 years old March 12, 1910. I was baptized into the Latter Day Saints' Church November 17, 1833, and have been a member of that church ever since that time.

I was ordained an elder in the year 1836, in Jackson County, Ohio. I visited Kirtland, Ohio, while that was the headquarters of the church. I was well acquainted with Joseph the Martyr, with Hyrum, Sidney Rigdon, and most of the leaders of the church. I got acquainted with Joseph at Kirtland. I went with my father's family and others to Caldwell County, Missouri, in the autumn of 1837, and was with the Saints there in the time of there terrible trials. We planted a crop there in the spring of 1838, which we were never permitted to harvest. I was a member of the State Militia under Colonel Hinkle. The mob came upon us near Far West, in October, 1838. For weeks before the mob came upon us they had been stealing and driving off our stock; taking a team of horses and wagon from my father, and all the horse I owned.

When the mob came upon us first they demanded that Joseph Smith, Parley P. Pratt, Sidney Rigdon, Lyman Wight, and George W. Robinson appear in camp.

Colonel Hinkle, through cowardice and treachery, surrendered these men, telling us that these Missourians wanted to have a talk with them. Imagine our surprise when we were informed that these men were prisoners in the hands of a merciless, bloodthirsty mob. We were told by the mob that we would never see those beloved leaders again, as they would be shot the next morning at 9 o'clock at Far West. How our hearts did ache and what mental anguish we endured as we contemplated the sacrifice of these men, and you may imagine that many an earnest prayer went up to the Lord of hosts during the night. It is morally certain that had it not been for the providence of God these men would have met the fate

intended by their captors. General Doniphan (honored for ever be his name) took a firm stand against the wicked intentions of the mob, telling them that the carrying out of the order would be cold-blooded murder. The mob held council over us for two or three days to decide what should be the fate of the people, whether they should be put to death or driven from the State in harmony with the murderous exterminating order issued by Governor Boggs.

I am of the opinion that the determined stand taken by General Doniphan helped us not a little, and probably saved our lives. The impetuous Lyman Wight, with whom I was well acquainted, wanted to fight the mob giving it as his opinion that it would be only a breakfast spell to whip the Missourians. Lyman was a brave and good man, knowing not what fear was. When told by one of the mobocrats that he would be shot the next morning if he did not betray Joseph Smith, he replied, "Shoot and be damned, for that is what you will get anyway." It is to be hoped that the recording angel dropped a tear on the little swear word, and thus blotted it out for ever. These were indeed the times that tried men's souls, and if our religion had been what the world is prone to believe; if there had not been in and with it not only the saving power of God, but the divine evidence of its truth, surely we would have abandoned it, and thus saved ourselves from robbery, persecution, and death. But God in his mercy had given us the knowledge of his truth, and not all the power of men and devils could drive us from it. We could be despoiled, we could die, but we could not forsake the way of the Lord. It was during these dark and trying days that incidents occurred to show us the true character of Joseph Smith in all its grandeur. While the mob was destroying, stealing, and burning our property, and while some of our men wanted to resist and try to drive the mob, he exhorted them to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods and not return evil for evil.

At the time of the trouble at Far West the report was sent to the governor by evil designing men that we had the town of Far West walled in a mile square, the wall being sixteen feet high and ten feet thick. The fact was we had no breastworks, and had made little preparation to repel an attack, and the night before we surrendered I and the company of militia to which I belonged toiled all night making a rude breastwork of logs, rails, and dirt.

Two incidents that occurred then should be recorded. While we were under guard one of the guards called to me. At first I paid no attention to his call, but after it was repeated a few times I went to him, and asked him what he wanted. He said, "I just wanted to talk with you." He said: "You are in bad hands, and we pity you. Jackson County has been settled twenty-six years, and Caldwell County but three years, and this is the best improved county. We know that you could not have accomplished what you have if you had been the kind of people you are represented to be." This shows that not all the Missourians were bad; but this was an exception. They were blinded by prejudice and false reports. This man asked where that company of white horses were. I told him that I did not know of but four white horses that belonged to us. He said as they were coming in they saw a company of white horses one half mile long between them and Far West. Their riders were dressed in white, and carried silver trumpets. He said they halted until this white robed company went away. This man was from Jackson County. Another man, by the name of Julius Beach, from Ray County, told the same story, only he made the number greater, saying that it took one half hour for them to pass a given point.

I left Far West just before Christmas, 1838, arriving at Hannibal, Missouri, Christmas Day. I chopped cord wood and split rails near Hannibal for the purpose of getting money to help my father's family away from Missouri; but when I

came to settle I had to take my pay out of the store, so I was compelled to trudge back through the snow, over two hundred miles. I secured the use of a team to take my father's family to Illinois. We settled on the Mississippi, ten miles below Quincy, Illinois. This was in the spring of 1839.

I was married to Patience Smith June 21, 1841. She shared my joys and sorrows for fifty-four years; when she fell asleep in Jesus, and now awaits me on the other shore. We moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, in the fall of 1845.

I was present at the April conference in Nauvoo in 1844, and I here state that at this conference I heard the Prophet state publicly that he had had the care of the church for fourteen years, and that he was weary; that he had labored hard to establish the church, and must rest; and that he longed to see the day that he could take his satchel and travel under the direction of young Joseph. And to the Twelve he said, "It is for you to bear the kingdom to the nations of the earth."

I was well acquainted with Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and most all of the early leaders of the church, and I do not believe that such a thing as polygamy was ever practiced by any of them during the lifetime of the martyrs. At the conference of April, 1844, Hyrum Smith said from the stand that some had been teaching spiritual wifery, which meant polygamy, and addressing the sisters he said: "If any man makes such a proposition to you, if you will put a dagger to his heart I will plead your cause in the day of judgment."

The first of the gifts I ever witnessed I was in Jackson County, Ohio, shortly after I was baptized. My own sister Catherine, afterwards the wife of Philip Gatrost, spoke in tongues. Some time after this the same sister spoke in tongues again, when there was a linguist present by the name of John D. Baker, and he said the tongue spoken was Hebrew and that she had evidently learned the language; but I know she had not.

I myself enjoyed the gifts to some extent. My poor, weak, stammering tongue has been made to speak the praises of God, and tell of his goodness and promised blessings, in language incomprehensible to me. God has mercifully healed the sick, sometimes instantaneously, under my hands, and in answer to my feeble prayers. Of this I speak in humble reverence to his great name.

One more instance I wish to speak of. I was with the emigration that came from Nauvoo in the spring of 1846, and arrived at Kanessville, now Council Bluffs, in June of that year.

I think that it was in the spring of 1847 that Bishop George Miller came from the East, and stated to us that we had no church, for the church could not exist without a head, and that we were without a prophet in the flesh. It was this reasoning that moved the church to elect Brigham Young president, seer, and revelator. The vote was taken at a time that the members were called together for the purpose, when it was well known that the great body of the church was not there.

I stood aloof from Brigham Young and all the other factions, staying on the Iowa side of the Missouri River.

I was baptized into the Reorganized Church in 1859 by Bro. William W. Blair, when he and Edmund C. Briggs first came to Iowa. I had waited long and anxiously during the dark days for the coming of young Joseph to take his father's place, an event which had been impressed upon my mind by the Holy Spirit.

I was sent on a mission to Kentucky and Tennessee in 1865, and after returning from there labored locally until old age compelled me to desist.

I received my patriarchal blessing under the hands of Hyrum Smith, and have found it true as the years have come and gone.

I bear my testimony here probably for the last time upon

earth, for in all human probability before this shall appear in print I shall have passed to the beyond; but I want my words to be had by posterity. I know that this is the work of God; and that the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation. While I am very feeble in body, my mind is clear and my memory is perfect as to things about which I here testify.

In taking leave of you I exhort you all to contend earnestly for the faith. Keep it in purity of soul, untainted by sectarianism, for that is the great danger of the church. Stand in the way and inquire for the old paths. Be kind and merciful to one another; bearing with and strengthening each other. With this council I give you my blessing and benediction.

LEVI GRAYBILL.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep
 Too full for sound or foam
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no silence of farewell,
 When I embark.

For though from out this bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

—Alfred Tennyson.

LOCAL HISTORIANS AND THEIR WORK.

HISTORY OF EASTERN, WESTERN, CENTRAL, AND NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

(Continued from page 503, volume 3.)

Chapter 17.

1888.

This year opened with some more help. Brn. John A. Grant and Francis C. Smith, two young men who came into the work last year, and who were ordained priests, commenced to assist in preaching and did some work locally.

Bro. Columbus Scott was in charge of the mission, and Brn. James A. Carpenter, John J. Cornish, Levi Phelps, and Andrew Barr were appointed in Northern Michigan.

Willard J. Smith was appointed to labor in Michigan and Canada, but labored mostly in Canada.

Hiram Rathbun was appointed to labor in Michigan, but most of his time was spent in Southern Michigan.

In the early part of the year Bro. Willard J. Smith did some preaching in and near Cadillac and baptized five persons.

Robert Oehring did some preaching in and around Bay Port and Forestville, in both German and English languages, baptizing two or three people.

Thomas Rawson, of the Saint Thomas Branch, Huron County, was ordained to the office of priest February 23, 1888, under the hands of Elder Levi Phelps and Priest Edward J. Martindale.

The Sigel Branch (Huron County) was organized by Elder Levi Phelps, February 16, 1888, with one priest, Bro. Charles Morgan, as president of the branch. There were thirty-five members at the time of organization.

Bro. Solomon Bruce was ordained to the office of priest,

November 25, 1888, by Elders John J. Cornish, Jacob Kaplinger, and Ethan A. Shelley, at Freesoil, Mason County. At the same time and place Bro. John Schreur was ordained to the office of teacher, by John J. Cornish, Jacob Kaplinger, and Ethan A. Shelley, and was made teacher of the Freesoil Branch.

Priest Charles K. Green and Edward J. Martindale also did some local work in the counties of Sanilac and Huron, and in April Elders Andrew Barr and Edward Delong organized the Bay City Branch with one priest, one teacher, and one deacon.

Priest William Davis, of Ubley, went up to South Arm, Charlevoix County, to work in a mill, and begin preaching on Sunday; he opened up the work in that part, baptizing several, who were confirmed by John J. Cornish. Elder John Shippy labored in Chase, Hersey, and Bay Port, spending a short time in each place.

Elder Robert Davis is spending his time in the ministry, doing much good, baptizing, confirming, etc.

On the 8th of May John J. Cornish held a discussion at Freesoil, Mason County, with a Reverend Snider of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which lasted three evenings; discussion was on baptism and the principles of the gospel, after which some more were baptized, including four of the Methodists. Mr. Snider produced his arguments chiefly from Wakefield, instead of the Bible.

At the June conference held at Hersey, a motion prevailed to consider the division of the Northern Michigan District at its next session, and it adjourned to meet in October at Five Lakes, at the call of the president; John J. Cornish president, John A. Grant secretary, and Andrew Barr Bishop's agent.

During the last winter an arrangement was made for a debate with Rev. Walter Sims, who had started a church of his own make at Bay City. The same gentleman (if it is right to call him a gentleman) with whom John J. Cornish debated

some time ago. This debate was to have taken place in the Pigeon River Branch, near Canboro, but Sims lured Cornish away from the Saints, into a Catholic settlement at Gagetown, Tuscola County, and arranged to have the Catholic priest for chairman. At this time Sims poured out his venom, misrepresented our work, and abused the whole church in a scandalous manner. We copy a statement made by the Catholic chairman at this time; also following it, a statement of what the people said afterward, as found in a letter written by Elder Cornish at the time; as follows:

But I must give the priest (Father Cribbs), who acted as chairman at the debate, credit for this saying: "Elder Cornish acted like a gentleman, and gave the scripture for all he said, whilst Mr. Sims abused him shamefully and used words, which, if used in a barroom, he would be kicked out." What the people said: "Mr. Cornish proved his points. He acted like a gentleman, but we were not at that time men enough to give him his just dues." Others say, "The words, 'And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, kindred, and tongue and people' (Revelation 14: 6) have rung in my ears ever since."—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 35, p. 495.

Elder James A. Carpenter is alive to the work, doing all he can to assist in the gospel.

John J. Cornish began preaching in Gladwin, county seat of Gladwin County, on the 24th day of March. Preached several sermons in the court-house and baptized three persons.

On the 20th of August John J. Cornish and W. C. Conant of the Christian Adventist Church began a discussion of four evenings' duration in the Gilmore Town Hall, on the following propositions:

1st. Resolved, That the Book of Mormon is of divine origin, and that its teachings are in harmony with the Bible. John J. Cornish affirms.

2d. Resolved, That the Bible teaches that man is all mortal, and is entirely unconscious from death to the resurrection. W. C. Conant affirms.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 35, p. 590.

This discussion did much good; there were not many of the Christian Adventists at that place, but nearly all of them came into the church shortly afterward.

Francis C. Smith is working around Farwell, Gilmore, and Brinton. Persecution is rather high there at present, but some are coming into the church.

At Pere Cheney, Crawford County, where Elder Edward Delong had opened up the work, and was preaching in a schoolhouse, one evening upon coming to the meeting place, on the steps of the building he found written these words: "I hereby forbid E. Delong or any other Latter Day Saint or Mormon to enter these premises." But the doors were opened and the preaching went on uninterruptedly. This took place August 1.

October 26, in Juniata, Tuscola County, when Elder Levi Phelps went to fill an appointment in the schoolhouse, he found written upon the blackboard these words: "The Latter Day Saints or Mormons will be rode on a rail without fail." But Brother Phelps moved right on and paid no attention to such threats, and some people obeyed the gospel and good was done, so much that a branch was organized at Juniata.

And the missionaries were pretty busy during the year, the local brethren doing all they could likewise, and over one hundred were added to the church during the year.

1889.

Chapter 18.

At the General Conference of this year we have on the list of Northern Michigan, Edmund C. Briggs and Gomer T. Griffiths in charge of Michigan; missionaries, Brn. James A. Carpenter, John J. Cornish, Levi Phelps, and Edward Delong. Also, as circumstances permit, Bro. Francis C. Smith.

January 12 Bro. E. Day Bennett assisted Bro. John J. Cornish in opening the work near Brinton and Brown's Schoolhouse, Isabella County, and had large crowds. Brother Bennett is a fair speaker.

After John J. Cornish had preached a funeral sermon at Brinton, of a little girl, daughter of Mr. Letson, and as the

little girl was laid away to rest, one gentleman walked up to Brother Cornish and said, "You may talk about power, falling down, and making such noises, yelling, etc., as some do around here, but I tell you this is power, the power of the Holy Ghost. I felt its power, and so did that congregation. I am ready for baptism; and I am not alone; there will be others with me!" An infidel also spoke up and said: "There is a God back of it somewhere!" Some more were baptized shortly after.

There was an exciting time just then in and around Brinton and Letson's Corners, and much opposition to our work; of that funeral occasion Bro. E. Day Bennett writes:

A young man on the day before (Sunday) was carelessly handling a rifle and it accidentally went off and shot his little sister. She lived only a short time, and the parents asked Brother Cornish to preach the funeral sermon. We therefore went back, and when within about a mile of town a brother of Mr. Letson, the child's father, came out to the road to meet us. He is a Baptist minister, I understand. "Are you the gentlemen who have been preaching in the Brinton Schoolhouse?" he asked. Brother Cornish answered that we were. "Well," he said, "in regard to that funeral of my brother's child; we have that all arranged. There is a minister in the house whom I have secured to preach it. My brother wanted me to do it, but I told him it would look bad, and I would get some one to preach in my place, and I have got Brother —— to stay over; so you men need not go down." Brother Cornish replied, "I guess we will go on to town, and then we can get back in time to catch the train." "Oh," said the Reverend, "if you are tired you can stop in here and rest a little and then go back." "No," said Brother Cornish, "I guess we will go on into town." We went on and reported what we had been told. Mr. Letson said, "If Mr. Cornish don't preach the sermon it will not be preached." A few of the Methodists gathered around them and asked, "Will it not make hard feelings to have Elder Cornish preach this sermon?" The only answer was, "We want Mr. Cornish. We believe his doctrine." The Reverend came at last, and he said he would rather give fifty dollars than to have Elder Cornish preach that sermon for his brother's child. But Mr. Letson had determined on "Elder Cornish or none." So Brother Cornish delivered the sermon to a crowded house, and when he finished there was hardly a dry eye to be seen. That night the Brinton Schoolhouse was filled to its fullest capacity."—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 36, p. 102.

About this time Elder Edward Delong was called to Tawas

City and Prescott, to administer to the sick, etc. Calling on his return at Bay City, he baptized two.

A two-day meeting held at Bay Port February 9 and 10, among young members, was a grand success. Brn. E. Day Bennett, Francis C. Smith, William Dowker, Robert E. Grant, and others of the young ministers were present; also Elder Levi Phelps, who had the charge of the meetings. All were comforted, cheered, and built up in the faith.

During the middle of February of this year a debate was held between John J. Cornish and Elder A. Weeks of the Seventh Day Adventist faith, on the Sabbath question; in a schoolhouse two miles southwest of Letson's corners. The proposition reads: "Resolved; That the Seventh Day Sabbath as given to Moses is binding upon man in all ages of the world." A. Weeks affirmed; John J. Cornish denied. The discussion lasted three evenings of two half hour speeches for each disputant each evening; with an additional five-minute speech each in closing. A good time was had.

Mr. Jonathan Tanner, who was a member of the Adventists, was nominated, and voted in as chairman of the debate. Mr. Tanner acted fairly, and good order prevailed throughout.

A short time after the discussion, Mr. Tanner and his wife (who was also a member of the same church) were both baptized into the Latter Day Saints' Church. Their son Ernest, a schoolteacher, also was baptized into the church a little later; all three good and consistent members. In times past the Seventh Day people usually liked to discuss on the soul question; but upon this occasion, Mr. Weeks refused to debate upon that question.

Just about the same time, or in the early part of February, Elder Levi Phelps, while laboring, had a narrow escape from getting hurt by a mob. Of this Brother Phelps writes:

On February 8 I left that place to attend a two-day meeting at Bay Port, and from there I went to Caseville. Of all the towns that I have

labored in, it is the worst. I have my doubts about Sodom and Gomorrah being any worse. While I was baptizing there the people were very disorderly, and the language used by both men and women would truly astonish you. On last Wednesday morning we had a confirmation and testimony meeting, and the Spirit was with us in power, and by prophecy we were warned that persecution was coming upon us. On the evening of that day I was preaching in Bro. James Burwell's house, and when I had spoken about fifteen minutes there came crashing through the window where I stood an iron of two or three pounds' weight. It was undoubtedly intended for me, as I stood in front of the window, and about two and a half feet from it, and the party that threw the missile was near enough to remove a wire screen from the window before he threw it. There was a light curtain before it, but not sufficient to prevent the iron performing the mission upon which it was sent; but the Lord's power was manifested and it dropped to the floor between me and the window. In a few minutes I succeeded in getting the people seated again and finished my discourse, while two or three of our brethren officiated as guard outside. —*Saints' Herald*, vol. 36, p. 184.

Later Brother Phelps writes in the *Herald*, volume 36, page 216; as follows:

KILKENNY, MICHIGAN, March 19.

Since writing about the disturbance at Caseville, I went with two of the brethren to the prosecuting attorney at Bad Axe to see what could be done to protect us from mob violence, and he gave us a letter to a constable at Caseville instructing him to protect us; but the latter positively refused to assist us.

Bro. Francis C. Smith in referring to the above says: "They chased Brother Phelps around like a rabbit, but he would always be around to fill his appointment.

During the month of March, Reverend Gettings (Free Methodist), and Reverend Sifton (Baptist), came into Gilmore, (south of Farwell,) and had much to say against the faith of the Saints; Brn. E. Day Bennett and Francis C. Smith making replies to their so-called lectures against the Saints, all to the satisfaction of good thinking people. In one of those lectures Elder Sifton said: "I had a cousin in Canada, a very bright young man, and we thought something good would come from him; but lo, he joined the Mormons!"

Bro. William Davis, now living in the northwestern part of

the State, is doing local work and has opened up a good work in South Arm, and baptized some more there.

Bro. James A. Carpenter has been hindered somewhat from doing as much preaching as he would like to on account of his mother being at his home and sick. However, he preaches on Sundays, and baptizes some occasionally.

The Saints in Tawas City (Iosco Branch), Iosco County, have a nice lot, and have commenced to build a church, and expect to have it in shape to hold the conference in for June. Bro. Edward Delong is assisting a little on the church; also doing some preaching, and baptizing some occasionally at that place.

The June conference (15 and 16) was a grand success; there were two sail boat loads of Saints from Bay Port who had fair wind coming, and the wind was in a fair direction returning, but blew rather roughly. There were present at this conference five elders, nine priests, and about one hundred and fifty members.

A two-day meeting was held at Pigeon River July 13 and 14. Also one at Five Lakes August 24 and 25. Both were fine.

As the different elders pass through Bay City, preaching a sermon occasionally, good is being done, and Priest J. W. Burget is located there and aids the work nicely, and some are being baptized occasionally.

The work in Coleman is moving on fairly well. John J. Cornish is doing a little preaching there every now and then, and sixteen have been baptized there lately, making in all twenty-three now baptized at that place.

Elder Edward Delong preached at Munger in the railroad depot.

There are at the present time about twenty-three members at Coleman; at Brinton about eighteen; and about twenty or more at Farwell, not yet organized.

Bro. Francis C. Smith also did some preaching at Saginaw, baptizing seven persons.

The year was a very busy one, and many were added to the church.

The district, as in the past few years, have for officers John J. Cornish, president; Edward Delong, secretary; and Andrew Barr, Bishop's agent.

In 1889, John J. Cornish went to South Boardman, Kalkaskia County, by invitation of Sr. C. B. Joice, whose husband had been opposed to her in the church work, and did considerable to hinder her in the free exercise of her duty, and up to this time had not consented to permit a minister to come to their place for the purpose of preaching. But during the fall of this year, Mr. Joice told her as she was so anxious to have a minister open up the work in that place, to "send for the critter," and he would keep him a few days. Accordingly Sister Joice sent word to John J. Cornish to come. He accepted this invitation and sent word for them to announce preaching for the following Saturday evening, and two or three times on Sunday, as they thought best, and he would arrange for further meetings from that time. When Elder Cornish came he was met by Mr. Joice at the depot. On the way Mr. Joice informed the elder that he could not get the schoolhouse for that evening, neither for Sunday, and that he must wait until Monday, as the Free Methodists were occupying it, and meetings were in full bloom, but would close on Sunday evening. Elder Cornish expressed his regret that he had to lose Sunday, as that was the best day of the week.

On Sunday evening Elder Cornish attended the Methodist meeting with Mr. Joice's family, and at the close, while they were yet singing the last hymn, he walked up onto the stand and asked the minister if he would announce an appointment for him for Monday evening. The elder said, "Well, who is it? Where do you live?"

Cornish replied, "My name is John J. Cornish. I reside down the G. R. & I. line, at Reed City, about sixty miles from here."

"But," said the elder excitedly, "What is it? What—what denomination?"

"Latter Day Saints," replied Elder Cornish.

"No," said the minister, "I will not give out any such trash."

Elder Cornish said, "Elder, will you please allow me to announce meeting before you dismiss?"

The reverend gentleman paused a few seconds; then said, "Go on; give it out!"

Elder Cornish then announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, there will be preaching in this building to-morrow evening (nothing preventing) by the Latter Day Saints. We would be pleased to have you all attend!"

The Free Methodist minister then raised his hand to pronounce the benediction and said: "Mormon-may-the-grace-of-our-Lord-Jesus-Christ-be-with-you all amen," using the word *Mormon* in connection with, "May the grace," etc., without any stop, yelling the word *Mormon* at the top of his voice, then dropping his voice in the usual tone for the balance. Brother Cornish then remained on the platform while the people passed out, (as the platform was by the door and all had to pass that way,) wearing a smile, and saying calmly, "Not Mormons. Everybody come. Everybody come; we are not Mormons," and kept it up until the last one had passed out.

Of course Elder Cornish and Sister Joice felt sorrowful over what was said by the preacher, and on the way home, scarcely a word passed between him and the sister, or Mr. Joice.

After the horse was cared for, the fire lighted, and the room began to get warm, Mr. Joice said, "Well, elder, you might as well go home in the morning; the thing is killed dead!" Then Mr. Joice swore. Elder Cornish felt sorrowful, Sister Joice cried, etc.

After a few minutes, Elder Cornish arose from his chair, and said, "Mr. Joice, it's all right. This is the church of Jesus Christ. The statement made by that minister will not hurt us. There will be a big crowd there to-morrow night. There will be a good work done here; a branch will be raised up in South Boardman, and you will be a member of it; and although as you said, 'the Free Methodists are in full bloom,' this is the end of Free Methodism in South Boardman."

It was all fulfilled within a few months. We had large congregations from the first. Mr. Joice became a member, and was secretary of the Northern Michigan District for years. The Free Methodist people held only one meeting afterward, until about three or four years later, when they came in with a large tent and some small living tents, and labored hard. But the tent left, and no Free Methodist was left in South Boardman, and they have held no meetings since that date up to this time (1907).

This has been a lively year for the ministry, and in some places there has been much excitement over the gospel. Ministers of other denominations have counseled together, trying to devise means by which they might put down what they call "Mormonism."

Local men have done considerable to assist in the Master's cause, and now and then they have baptized some, and have assisted in getting new openings for the traveling ministry, in and around their homes, and so have been a help to the cause.

Many people now believe the gospel, who, perhaps, may never obey it, yet they are friends to the cause, and show their influence on the side of right.

The Lord has wonderfully blessed his Saints in many ways; in the healing of their sick; and in giving them a goodly portion of the Spirit in defending the truth, to the confounding of their opposers, etc.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

Prepared by Inez Smith.

July 31, 1910. Elder Charles H. Lake and wife landed in San Francisco from Tahiti. They have been doing missionary work in the Society Islands for several years.

September 18, 1910. Dedication of a church building at Stockton, California. Elder Fred B. Farr preached the dedicatory sermon.

October 9, 1910. A church was dedicated at Cabin Run, West Virginia. Elder Dexter L. Shinn preached the dedicatory sermon.

October 9, 1910. A branch of twenty-eight members was organized at Purcell, Missouri, by Elder Isaac N. White, assisted by Elders Evan A. Davis and George Jenkins.

October 14, 1910. Flora Flordelis, a Filipino, is baptized at Phoenix, Arizona, by Elder John E. Vanderwood. He is the first of his race to unite with the church so far as is reported.

October 15, 1910. Jonathan P. Dolliver, United States Senator from Iowa, dies at his home, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

October 16, 1910. Church at Fulton, Iowa, dedicated by Elder James McKiernan, who preached the dedicatory sermon.

October 17, 1910. Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," dies.

October 20, 1910. Elder John W. Rushton and family arrive at Boston, Massachusetts, on the ship *Ivernia*. Mr. Rushton has been president of the British Isles Mission for several years.

October 20, 1910. David Bennett Hill, ex-governor of New York and ex-senator of United States, dies.

October 27, 1910. Branch organized by Elder John W. Wight at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

November 12, 1910. Governor Carroll, of Iowa, appoints

Honorable Lafayette Young, United States senator to succeed Jonathan P. Dolliver deceased.

November 13, 1910. United States Senator Alexander Stevens Clay, of Georgia, dies at Atlanta, Georgia.

November 13, 1910. Branch of sixteen organized at Springdale, Arkansas, to be known as the Lowell Branch.

November 16, 1910. Elder Frederick G. Pitt and Elder Gomer T. Griffiths baptize two converts each in the River Jordan, Palestine.

November 20, 1910. Count Lyof Nicolaivitch Tolstoi dies at Astapona, Russia.

ERRATA.

In our issue for July, 1910, appeared this item: "May 9, 1910. King George succeeds Edward VII as King of England." It should read King of *Great Britain*. We thank Mr. Alexander Porteous for calling our attention to this error.

CONFERENCES.

June 11, 1910. Chatham District convenes at Wallaceburg, Ontario; Arthur Leverton, David Snobelen, Richard Coburn, George M. Shippy, presiding.

July 16, 1910. Northern Wisconsin District convenes with the Reed Branch; Elders Sheridan E. Livingston and William P. Robinson presiding.

September 5, 1910. Northern California District convenes. Elders John M. Terry and Francis M. Sheehy, presiding.

September 17, 1910. British Columbia and Seattle District convenes, with Elder William Johnson presiding.

August 20, 1910. Central Oklahoma District convenes at Morrison, Oklahoma; Elders Edgar H. Smith and Hubert Case presiding.

August 20, 1910. Southern Missouri District convenes with the Beaver Branch, Elder Arthur M. Baker, presiding.

August 20, 1910. Western Maine District convenes at Little Deer Island; Elders Daniel Macgregor and Hugh R. Eaton, presiding.

August 27, 1910. Northeastern Illinois District convenes at Plano, Illinois; Elders John W. Wight and Francis M. Cooper presiding.

August 27, 1910. Northwestern Kansas District convenes at Alexander, John A. Teeters, presiding.

August 27, 1910. Northeastern Missouri District convenes at Lagonda, Missouri; Edward L. Henson and Frederick T. Mussell, presiding.

September 10, 1910. Eastern Michigan District convenes at Port Huron, Michigan; Elders John W. Wight and William Davis presiding.

September 10, 1910. The nineteenth semiannual conference of the Independence Stake met at Knobnoster, Missouri; Elders George E. Harrington and William H. Garrett, presiding.

October 1, 1910. Kewanee District convenes at Dahinda, Illinois; Elders Oral E. Sade, Charles L. Holmes, and Amos Berve presiding.

October 1, 1910. Massachusetts District convenes; Elders Ulysses W. Greene, Myron C. Fisher, and Horatio W. Howlett presiding.

October 1, 1910. Nauvoo District convenes at Farmington, Iowa; Charles Fry and James McKiernan presiding.

October 1, 1910. Pottawattamie District convenes at Boomer, Iowa; Samuel Harding, James C. Crabb, and John P. Carlile presiding.

October 7, 1910. Northern Michigan District convenes at Onaway, Michigan; John W. Wight and James H. Blackmore presiding.

October 8, 1910. Gallands Grove District convenes at Dow

City, Iowa; Elders Charles J. Hunt and William A. Smith presiding.

October 15, 1910. Fremont District convenes at Hamburg, Iowa; Elder Thomas A. Hougas presiding.

October 15, 1910. Southeastern Illinois convenes with the Poplar Creek Branch; Elders Isaac A. Morris and Henry Sparling presiding.

October 15, 1910. London District convenes at Stratford, Ontario; Elder Robert C. Longhurst presiding.

October 15, 1910. Idaho District convenes at Hagerman, Idaho; Elders Silas D. Condit and Ebenezer Keeler presiding.

October 15, 1910. Clinton District convenes at Coal Hill; Elders James Moler and Washington S. McCrae presiding.

October 15, 1910. Eastern Maine District convenes at Jonesport, Maine; Elder Uriah M. Kelley presiding.

October 15, 1910. Eastern Iowa District convenes at Fulton, Iowa.

October 15, 1910. Southern Indiana District meets at Byrnesville, Indiana; Elders Jacob Halb and John Harp presiding.

October 15, 1910. The Florida District convenes with Santa Rosa Branch; Elder William A. West presiding.

October 15, 1910. The Nodaway District convenes with the Sweet Home Branch; Elders Edward A. Fannon and Arthur Curtis Silvers presiding.

October 21, 1910. Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana convenes at Lansing, Michigan; Elder John W. Wight presiding.

October 22, 1910. Lamoni Stake conference meets at Oland, Missouri; Elders John Smith, John F. Garver, and Richard S. Salyards presiding.

November 12, 1910. Western Maine District convenes at Mountainville, Maine; Elder Ellsworth B. Hull presiding.

REUNIONS.

August 12 to 21, 1910. Reunion of the Eastern Oklahoma District; Elders Lee Quick, John White and Hudson R. Harder presiding.

August 12 to 22, 1910. Reunion of the Kewanee and Eastern Iowa districts was held at Prospect Park, Moline, Illinois; Elders Amos Berve, Charles G. Dykes and Oral E. Sade presiding.

August 12 to 21, 1910. Conference and reunion of the Southwestern District of Texas convened with the Bandera Branch.

August 12 to 21, 1910. Reunion of the Des Moines District convened at Fraser, Iowa; Elders J. Frank Mintun and Charles J. Hunt presiding.

August 12 to 21, 1910. Annual reunion for Northern Missouri convened at Stewartsville, Missouri; Elders Benjamin J. Dice, Charles E. Harpe, and Temme T. Hinderks presiding.

August 23 to September 5, 1910. New York and Philadelphia District convenes at Bass Point, with Ulysses W. Greene, William Anderson, and Archibald D. Angus presiding.

August 29, 1910. Reunion at Blue Rapids, Kansas; Hyrum E. Moler and Swen Swenson presiding.

August 13 to 28, 1910. Reunion of Pittsburg, West Virginia and Ohio districts is held at New Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

September 2, 1910. Eastern Michigan Reunion convenes at Port Huron, Michigan; Elders Arthur Allen, John W. Wight, and William Davis presiding.

September 2, 1910. Western Nebraska and Black Hills Reunion meets at Bayard, Nebraska; Elder James R. Sutton presiding.

September 9, 1910. Reunion for Gallands Grove and Little Sioux districts convenes at Little Sioux, Iowa; Elders John W. Wight, Heman C. Smith, Sidney Pitt, and James C. Crabb presiding.

DEBATES.

September 4, 1910. A five days' debate begins at Beardstown, Illinois, between Elder W. A. Guthrie and Elder H. S. Derr, of the Baptist Church.

September 14, 1910. A six days' debate commences in Brewster Valley, Oregon, between Elder Ebenezer Keeler and Elder F. S. Burch of the Baptist Church.

October 11, 1910. Debate commences at Hanson, Illinois, between Elder Charles H. Burr and Rev. Harmon Etter of the Missionary Baptist Church.

THE BURDEN OF THE HOUR.

God broke our years to hours and days
That hour by hour and day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep ourselves heartwhole and strong,
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face,
At just one place,
We could not onward go.
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day
And never I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep
Or pathways be so steep
But we can forward go, if, by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour.

—Longfellow.

NECROLOGY.

ELDER ELI A. STEDMAN was born near Henrietta, Lorain County, Ohio, November 7, 1840. Died at Lamoni, Iowa, on September 8, 1910, aged 69 years, 10 months, and 1 day. In January, 1862, he enlisted in the Federal Army, and was honorably released on February 28, 1865. He was baptized by Elder William H. Kelley, October 26, 1869, in Warsaw Township, Rice County, Minnesota. He was ordained an elder May 30, 1875, at Kirtland, Lake County, Ohio, by Elders Joseph F. McDowell and Robert Fuller, and was ordained to the office of seventy April 15, 1894, by Elders Alexander H. Smith and Edmund C. Briggs, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Upon the 28th day of August, 1902, he was ordained a high priest by Elders Richard S. Salyards and Jeremiah A. Gunsolley, at Lamoni, Iowa. At his death he held the office of a high counselor in the Lamoni Stake; was also at his death Post Commander of the Lamoni G. A. R. He was for many years an active missionary, and was ever clean, upright, and honorable in his association with his fellow-men.

CONTRIBUTORS.

VIDA E. SMITH, (see volume 1, page 510.)

EMMA B. BURTON, (see number 4, volume 3, page 510.)

CHARLES DERRY, (see volume 1, page 384.)

INEZ SMITH, (volume 3, page 128.)

JOHN L. BEAR, (volume 3, page 383.)

LEVI GRAYBILL, (see his testimony in this issue.)

JOURNAL OF HISTORY

APRIL, 1911

“Obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion.”

EDITORS

HISTORIAN HEMAN C. SMITH, FREDERICK M. SMITH of the First Presidency, and ASSISTANT HISTORIAN D. F. LAMBERT.

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LAMONI, IOWA



ELDER JAMES CAFFALL.

BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES CAFFALL.

(Continued from page 45.)

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

It was the fortune of the writer to succeed Elder James Caffall in charge of the European Mission. He arrived at Manchester, England, a few days before Elder Caffall sailed for America, and had the much appreciated privilege of counseling with him on the affairs connected with the mission. He subsequently found Elder Caffall's estimate of men and conditions correct, and his suggestions of great value. The very great esteem in which he was universally held made it a real pleasure to follow him, and did much to lighten the burden of one carrying such responsibilities among a strange people.

Elder Caffall was certainly a constant and a wise laborer, and served the cause well. His deportment was always above reproach, and his every act indicative of sincerity and integrity.

Of this mission his daughter, Mrs. Dempsey, wrote:

Once again he crossed the ocean,
Labored in his native land,
With a wish, and will determined,
Ever by his post to stand;
Though he reached soon after landing
The allotted years of man,
Though the land of his adoption
Through his saddened thoughts oft ran.

He wrote home that he spent Christmas
With kind friends, was treated well,
But that something down his cheek rolled,
(What it was he did not tell)
When he saw another grandpa
With the children have a play,
But we knew his heart o'erflowing,
Longed for children far away.

Sad indeed we knew his thoughts were
 That could make the teardrops start,
 For though others' pain and sorrow
 Very quickly touched his heart,
 And with sympathizing sighing
 Often would his bosom swell,
 And for others fell the teardrops,
 For himself they seldom fell.

When two years he'd spent in England,
 He was offered a release,
 But still more results desiring,
 Ere his labor there should cease,
 And believing from such missions
 Elders should not haste away,
 He said, though for home still yearning,
 One more year he thought he'd stay.

Plainly could be seen the traces
 Of his three years' labor there,
 In his form grown worn and weaker,
 And the added lines of care;
 In a cough he had contracted,
 And for which was no relief
 In what he called "tired feelings,"
 Which would often cause him grief.

He had often, too, a headache,
 Most distressing and severe;
 Yet in spite of these afflictions
 For the gospel still held dear,
 He would leave his home and labor
 In the field as best he could;
 And his careworn heart grew lighter,
 If he still could do some good.

Though it would be interesting to follow in detail his travels and administrations, while in the British Isles, the real spirit of the man and the real sacrifices made can be best understood from private letters written to different members of his family where he speaks without restraint, with no thought of it being seen by the public eye.

The following, written the last day of the year 1894 to his

daughter Annie, expresses sentiments which one would never find in his records intended for the public eye and ear:

LONDON, ENGLAND, December 31, 1894.

My Dear Annie: Your very kind missive with Christmas cards signed Annie and Ethel, with a wish from Leroy for a merry Christmas and Happy New Year, were all duly appreciated, and I can assure you that the evidence, as to your impression in regard to my absence from family circle on Christmas of '94 was to me quite palpable. As I sat at the hospitable table of a brother I thought of the little gathering at 453 Park avenue, Council Bluffs, and though four thousand miles intervened, my thoughts were there "instanter" and my inability to participate in the pleasure of that gathering, produced something in my being, which I was forced to smother, lest it be made to appear to my entertainers that I was indifferent to their hospitality. So I aroused my interest, though I really felt in my heart that a short time in loneliness would have been preferable to goose and plum pudding.

There is also a choice expression of sentiment that ennobles man in the following letter to his wife:

ENGLAND, April, 1895.

My Dear Eliza: This is Saturday. I left Lydney Thursday at 3 p. m. and reached Exeter at 8 p. m. I then found I was five miles from Broad-clist, where I set out for. Being late and a strange road I took lodging at a clean place for one shilling sixpence. Rose Friday morning and bought two cross buns and a glass of milk for my breakfast and continued my journey on foot. It was a fine morning, green meadows each side of the road, and hedges were beginning to bud. Being Good Friday and a holiday the men were working in their little gardens. I saw many thatched roofs, and my mind wandered back to our youthful days—the time when we went to Studham together to your brother John's home. I saw some gardens that reminded me of his neatly laid plot. I looked at my time; it was 8.45 and I had walked two and a half miles—then my mind wandered to 213 Harrison street, Council Bluffs, and I thought it would be there about 3 a. m. I hoped in my heart you were reposing in profound slumber, and when you awoke, you would be refreshed in body and mind, and with a feeling of resignation to the dispensation of Providence. I desired this, knowing your willingness to submit for the gospel's sake. As I remembered your many sorrows and sufferings as a wife and mother, with weak body, and at times ill health, I prayed more fervently that the Lord would keep you in the hollow of his hand and prolong your days upon the earth. I remembered also my children and grandchildren. I never live a day, and scarcely an hour, without thinking of my home and family.

Under the peculiar and trying circumstances, when his daughter wrote requesting him to join with them in fasting

and prayer for an afflicted child, he wrote from England in 1896:

My Dear Annie: Your letter received—every word indited seemed to express most bitter sorrow, and how ardently I wished for power to dispel that sorrow, by assuring you of a full restoration of your child's health! Happily your letter arrived before I began the morning meal—five minutes more would have been *too late*. I was thankful for this, for I felt much better to fast, mourn, and pray with you, for God's interposition in this trying and fiery ordeal. But to plead with God with corresponding efforts to evince resignation, is all we can do. I have just returned from morning service, and it seems I can best possess my soul in patience by writing to you at this time. Oh! that the good Lord may this day be graciously pleased to visit your distressed souls with comfort and a blessed assurance of her restoration.

Though distressing, I am glad you have written your worst fears. I hope long ere these lines shall reach you, those fears shall have been greatly assuaged. May I ask you to write me a line on receipt of this in regard to your prayer service and administration?

I have felt blessed in my labors to-day, and to-night was dark and wet and meager attendance, yet I think I made the best effort *of my life*. I attended a sacrament service; ordained one to office of teacher, and attended Sabbath school, but I am feeling fairly well after the exertions of the day, but now need repose.

Men with such feelings as these are not impostors and do not leave home and dear ones to willfully deceive; ah, no, only conviction of, and resignation to duty impels such sacrifice and brings evidence of such devotion.

When his work in Europe was completed the European conference held at Manchester, England, July 31 and August 1, 1897, paid a high tribute to his worth. We copy the following from the minutes:

At the conclusion of the conference business, tributes of praise were offered to the integrity and uprightness of Apostle James Caffall. Our aged brother feelingly replied, after which the conference rose and sang, "God be with you till we meet again."

Resolved, That this conference of the European Mission hereby expresses its unbounded approbation and admiration of the indefatigable labors and courageous toil of our dearly beloved brother and missionary in charge, Apostle James Caffall, who is now leaving us, and to record our deep love for him, and our hope, faith, and prayers that God may spare his labors to the church yet for many years, and endow him and his with all comfort, joy, and happiness.

On August 21, 1897, Elder Caffall sailed from Liverpool on board the *Lucania*, bound for America and home.

He arrived in New York on the 27th. Leaving New York on the 30th he reached Lamoni, Iowa, on September 2, for a short visit thence to his home at Council Bluffs, Iowa, reaching there on September 4, 1897. Of this home-coming he wrote:

Permit me to inform the Saints of my safe arrival at home, on the morning of September 4, in time to occupy my chair at the breakfast table, which had been vacant for three years; and as a willingness to sacrifice home comforts for the gospel's sake neither diminishes a love for home nor severs family ties, I may say the meeting of wife, children, and grandchildren was joyous.

At the annual conference of that year he had been assigned to eastern Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Iowa, and Minnesota. After but three weeks at home he was again in the field pursuing his labors with characteristic zeal. On November 21, just two months from the day he sailed from Liverpool, he was at Fremont, Nebraska, at which time he stated that since his return to America he had visited Wheelers Grove, Carson, Persia, and Crescent City, in Iowa; Nebraska City, Bennett, Omaha, and Valley in Nebraska, preaching forty-eight sermons.

At the April conference of 1898 he was assigned to Nebraska, North and South Dakota. This appointment was for two years, as there was no General Conference in 1899.

In 1900 and 1901 his mission was continued in Nebraska and the Dakotas and he prosecuted this mission with his lifetime zeal and devotion.

In 1892 there came an important change which deeply concerned Elder Caffall. Pres. Joseph Smith related a vision seen by himself which the conference decided to accept as divine direction to govern the church. That part of the vision which concerned Elder Caffall personally, read as follows:

On the night of April 16, I made the condition of the church a subject of prayer, intensely desirous of receiving light and information in

relation thereto and my duty. I awoke at the hour of three and had in presentation the following vision:

I saw the assembly of the Saints and the general authorities, the latter being arranged upon a platform with the seats arranged in lines, each line from the front of the platform slightly raised to the rear. On that platform I saw the Quorum of the Presidency, the Bishopric, the Twelve, and a line above the Twelve on a seat behind them, a number of the brethren, including four of the present members of the Twelve and the patriarchs now ordained and recognized in the church. The Quorum of the Twelve was filled, and the places of the four whom I saw on the upper tier of seats were occupied by others known to the church.

I asked the question who these men occupying the upper row of seats were, and I was told that they were evangelical ministers called to minister in spiritual blessings to the church and to preach the gospel undeterred by the burden of the care and anxiety of presiding over missions and districts.

I saw in the Presidency two known to the church, who have not hitherto been connected with the Presidency.

I saw the Bishopric as at present constituted, with the attendant bishops upon either side. I asked what was the meaning of this. I was told that the Bishop should not be burdened with the spiritual care of the church except as such might be brought before him in the pursuance of the law which provided for the Bishop's court.

I then asked what was meant by choosing of members for the Presidency so young in years. I was informed that it was for the purpose that before the Presidency should be invaded by death these younger men should be prepared by association to be of assistance to whomsoever should be chosen as the President upon the emergency which should occur.

The names of those of the present Quorum of Twelve whom I saw upon the upper tier of seats were James Caffall, John H. Lake, Edmund C. Briggs, and Joseph R. Lambert. These were sitting with the other evangelical ministers. Those whom I saw sitting with the Quorum of the Twelve were, Frederick A. Smith, Francis M. Sheehy, Ulysses W. Greene, Cornelius A. Butterworth, and John W. Rushton.

By this it will be seen that provision was made for Elder Caffall's transfer from the Quorum of Twelve to the Quorum of Evangelical Ministers, and another was appointed to succeed him in the former quorum.

Elder Caffall did not accept this call as divine, and presented the following statement with a request that it be placed on record:

To President and Members of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Greeting: After mature consideration of the contents of the document now before the body, I very respectfully offer the

following statements: First. Said document is descriptive of a vision seen by Pres. Joseph Smith without one line of authorization to ordain and set apart those men he claims to have seen or that passed before him in vision, in the several positions named. I, therefore, however strong the implication may appear that I was by ordination to be placed among the patriarchs, or fill the position of a patriarch, wish to respectfully decline; for, though the description of the vision is put in no uncertain sound, there is a deathlike silence through the entire document so far as a command to ordain this or these my servants, etc., is concerned.

Second, My present position was authorized in the year 1873 through Pres. Joseph Smith, section 117: 4, Doctrine and Covenants. I accepted, and the good Lord by the Holy Spirit bore evidence to my soul, and by virtue of this evidence from that time until now I have been testifying to the people wherever sent of having set to my seal that God is true.

Third, My having been seen by President Smith in vision among the patriarchs is to the President an implication that I should vacate my present position, and be ordained to the office of patriarch, but the command to ordain is not found in any part of the document. I therefore think my acceptance of such an ordination without a command were tantamount to a denial as to the validity of a former ordination to my present position; yet in event of the body indorsing the document, I shall consider myself prohibited from further action with the Quorum of Twelve, but shall not consider myself shorn of the power and authority conferred upon me as above. For as I understand removal of office is only legitimate when done for a legitimate cause.

Fourth, I have conceded that my labors have been meager the last two years in comparison to former years, but I am not aware that the work has suffered thereby; and should I in the near future have found myself incompetent, I should not have been slow to have reported it, as I cherish not a remote wish that individuals or societies should suffer through my incompetency.

As to the motive prompting my release I have nothing to say.

Fifth, So far as I am acquainted with the duties of a patriarch my acceptance thereof would in no way lessen the anxiety felt in present position save, perhaps to lessen the traveling, moreover I am not prepared to indorse the Bishop's position touching consecration, etc.

Sixth, Not wishing to be tedious, these are some of my reasons respectfully offered for failing to indorse the changes so far suggested or implied in the vision. And while I much regret being brought to the parting roads, I shall submit, and in the event of the body's indorsement of the document, I shall think my labors as a representative of the church ended.

I might add, however, that I do not consider myself adapted for the work required of a patriarch.

Very respectfully and in bonds,
JAMES CAFFALL.

His statement that he would consider his labors as a representative of the church ended was evidently intended to apply only to the position he had hitherto occupied, as he did at this same conference accept of an appointment to Western Iowa and faithfully continued his ministry.

In 1893 he was appointed to Iowa, and in 1894 to Western Iowa. In 1895 he was placed upon the list of superannuated ministers, but with all the strength he possessed he continued to labor, never faltering in his faith and devotion to the gospel for which he had given the strength of his manhood.

Thus were the last years of Elder James Caffall's life spent as all his former life had been, in a constant and consistent advocacy of truth.

Leaving his home at Council Bluffs the closing season of life was spent at Magnolia, Iowa.

Of the closing scenes of his life his daughter Annie, in whose home he spent his last hours, feelingly writes:

While in England he wrote these lines in 1894.

"For my health I feel very, very thankful and it is my daily prayer that I shall go hence so soon as age affects so that I can not get around. For the thought of being burdensome to anyone is oh! so distressing!"

I have thought of this many times since his death. For while he suffered much pain from neuralgia in his side and with severe headaches yet he was able to "get around" and was not bedfast or unable to care for himself, even to the last day. He was feeble to be sure, but was able to walk around and get up and down at his own pleasure.

I think a fervent prayer was there answered.

On Sunday, February 4, 1906, he preached his last sermon. He felt a little better that morning than for several weeks previous. It was a bitter cold morning, with strong north wind. The president of Magnolia Branch phoned a request for him to preach if able to go or wished to go, as he had done so before, but we answered that he would not be able to go on account of the inclement weather.

I remarked to my husband that we would not mention the invitation to father as he might feel he ought to make an effort to respond to the request.

We went to Sunday school as usual and at the close was surprised to see him come to church! He addressed the few who had ventured out

exhorting them to be faithful, and reading from scripture. One quotation especially I remember, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

It seems he was led by some influence to go, as the president was in asking him to preach, and thus he "died in the harness" so to speak.

On next evening he was stricken with apoplexy. When he recovered or regained consciousness, he suffered with severe pains in his head on the following day, and on Wednesday at 7 a. m. he had another attack from which he never recovered, but passed peacefully to his rest a short time later. He was buried at Magnolia, where he had lived for several months, survived by wife and four daughters, and twelve grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Funeral service in charge of Alma M. Fyrando, assisted by Sidney Pitt, senior.

His daughter, Mrs. Dempsey, wrote of the closing scenes of his eventful life in the following lines:

He had always loved sweet music,
 Loved a sacred song, or hymn.
 One we often heard him singing
 Seemed to be composed for him;—
 "I'll waste no time in vain folly,
 To my home then let me go.
 That no time be spent in folly
 Or earth's pleasures we well know.

"I am fearing not the summons,
 When it comes I'll gladly go;
 There should be for me no mourning
 For there's none but who well know
 If I live I still must suffer,
 And to others be a care;
 All my days will bring but sorrow;
 While I'll rest when over there."

Had he never these words uttered,
 We would still feel confident
 That he dwelleth with the righteous
 For a long lifetime he spent,
 Ever trying to lead others
 To that bright celestial shore,
 Where if only we will follow,
 We will meet with him once more.

Often at the family altar
 As he reverently knelt
 He would breathe out prayers to heaven,
 Prayer whose earnestness was felt,

That the Lord would ever guide us
 Through life's checkered, changing scenes;
 And of thoughts of heaven inspiring
 Those past prayers are still the means.

An indication of the feeling of the man can be recognized in the following letter written to his wife from Hutchings, Colorado, April 16, 1880:



MRS. JAMES CAFFALL.

My Dear Eliza: I am truly glad of the privilege of writing to you and hearing from you. As I write I am feeling pretty well, though a little sad at the thought that months may pass before I shall have the privilege of seeing you, which sadness is made tolerable in the fact of the rapid flight of time, and every passing day brings us nearer to our meeting. Then there is another thought that is cheering—our separation is for the gospel's sake, and ever since you said in 1873 that you would prefer to suffer than to hinder me from preaching the gospel, I have felt greatly encouraged by your patience and resignation. Well do I know that you pass many dull, lonely hours, though you do not complain.

Often my dear wife, the events of our lives pass in quick succession

before my vision from the time of our Wharf Lane days to the present. How anxious I have felt to lift the burden from you—yes, and I have thought and still think, that to be with you, sharing a morsel of bread, is far more desirable than to be away from you, and feast upon the fat of the land. And thus I feel as I pen you these lines, and my heart goes out in prayer to God that he will note your willingness to suffer for his cause, and in your lonely hours he will be very near to comfort you. I hope you have fully recovered from your cold and cough. Oh! how I do pray that the good Lord may spare our lives yet a few years, and then I hope we may die together. I don't want to be separated from you in life or death. My love to the girls. Hope Emily is better. Kiss the babies for me. Your affectionate husband,

J. C.

His aged companion, who was also the companion of his youth, still survives and is with her daughter, Mrs. Annie Stuart, at Magnolia, Iowa, where she patiently waits the summons which shall call her to meet him in the realm where never ending service and pleasure will be their delight.

The four daughters mentioned above are Mrs. Eliza A. Milgate, and Mrs. Emily Daley, widow of Thomas Daley, of California; Mrs. Annie L. Stuart, of Magnolia, Iowa, and Mrs. Sarah L. Dempsey, of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Elder Caffall's remains lie in a beautiful lot in Magnolia cemetery, marked by a suitable monument erected by the widow who watches over the spot with tender solicitude in order that by cultivation it may continue to be a place of beauty.

He being dead yet liveth in the hearts of those who knew him best, including that of the writer.

AT THE GRAVE OF APOSTLE JAMES CAFFALL.

Our guide had such a low sweet voice
 ('Twas strong to make thy heart rejoice)
 With love, each word that day seemed weighed
 Until we reached where they had laid
 Your form away, then with quaint grace
 Of age she moved about the place,
 And plucked with swift but gentle hand
 The withered blooms or prairie weed
 Sweet Flora's unloved kin,

That dared to spring where she had planned
 The thick, low grass alone should stand.
 The murmur of her words to me
 Shed notes of love's sweet melody.
 She touched with kin to a caress
 The low stone 'gainst her soft black dress;
 "This is his grave and this, you see,
 This place was left—close by—for me."
 And thus she waits for thee.

We bid thee here a new farewell
 Great man in modern Israel!
 With girded loins, and life and lip,
 Pledged to thy great apostleship;
 With hope of riches, praise and fame
 Laid on the altar's whitening flame
 To preach God's wondrous fatherhood,
 And lift the cosmic brotherhood
 You wandered homeless far

No cross to speak that sacrifice
 Lifts wide its arms to these blue skies.
 No marble shaft with chiseled script,
 No stone ornate, no gloomy crypt
 Though hundred hearts in gratitude
 Make thy life one beatitude.
 Yet well it fits thy deep strong soul
 Whence such majestic visions roll
 Thy waiting clay should lie.

Here winds come singing soft or loud
 And nature's changing beauties crowd,
 Proud hills and lowly valleys lie
 Beneath an arch of glorious sky;
 And rivers glistening in the sun
 Like silver ribbons gleam and run,
 Cross lowlands green and brown and dun
 Till in the smoke gray horizon
 They hide in mystery.

On psychic heights like these you stood
 When thy life's tide was at its flood
 The grandeur of mankind's great cause
 Swept all thy soul in that swift pause.
 Then centered in the eternal right
 You calmly firmly made the fight.
 'Tis finished now and we are come
 To honor this thy ashes' home
 And say, Brave heart farewell.

VIDA E. SMITH.

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER HALE SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 19.)

Whether the many noble men, who did not rush into the volunteer ranks of that lamentable war of 1860, are subject to censure or praise, I leave it for others to say. I can not think there were not brave hearts that beat neither under the blue coat of the North nor the gray cloth of the South.

When Lincoln made call for soldiers in 1864, my father was among the number drafted from Illinois. He was at this time an ordained minister in charge of the Saint Louis District. He made preparations to meet the call. He had never received his portion of his father's limited and harassed estate. My mother thought that in justice to herself and babe provision should be made for their occupancy. Accordingly search was made for the "legal" papers touching his rights, but they were not to be found, the supposition being they had disappeared by theft. By legal procedure he received his portion of the family farm and a deed to the Mansion House and grounds. This deed bears the date of October, 1864, but was not recorded until the following June. His discharge from the draft (Nauvoo having furnished her full quota of men) bears date of November, 1864. Those early days of the sixties were spent in new lines of thought and venture. Father traveled in western Iowa and southern Illinois, and preached, laboring in the time between for means to support his family.

There was a small branch in Nauvoo called the "Olive Leaf"—a humble and earnest little band who met in the Brick Store Room on the northwest corner of the Homestead lot. Sometimes in their simplicity of faith they stood in a row and with bowed heads and folded hands offered prayer, one following one down the consecrated line. From this hopeful hearted little band went out some who stood in line of battle for defense

of the truth, bravely and unflinchingly. My father was called to the office of teacher in 1862; after this wise he tells of it.

The branch to which I belonged, called the Olive Leaf, was in need of a teacher; and at a meeting for the purpose of electing officers, a member arose and nominated my name and moved that I be ordained, and then bore testimony that the Spirit witnessed to him that it was my calling. Imagine, if you can, my surprise. My feelings were such, I scarce realized that what he said was in earnest, until my elder brother arose and confirmed the testimony and supported the motion. When I fully realized what was being done, I sprang to my feet and objected. I held a very exalted idea of what a teacher in the Church of Jesus Christ ought to be, and I knew that I did not fill the measure of requirements a teacher should possess. I was young, inexperienced, ignorant of the law of God and the order of his church, had been a wild, thoughtless boy; and in no sense, in my own estimation, was I worthy to be made teacher over members who had been in the church nearly as many years as I had been in the world. The task seemed altogether too huge an undertaking for me, and I tried to avoid it, for I felt that the office of teacher was one of great importance in the church. I argued that I could not talk in meeting—it was out of the question; but I was met with the objection that my plea was not well made, as I had already been speaking twenty minutes very rapidly. Not wishing to appear rebellious, I finally consented to do the best I could, and was ordained a teacher.

The first years of his ministry always held a charm for him, and his experience at that time was a delight to him in retrospect. He had sufficient experience in modern spiritualism to satisfy him that he wanted none of it. The forces back of it were to him unlovely and not desirable. Although sometimes mysterious and wonderful things held charms for him, he turned from the modern seance to nobler and loftier evidences of a higher and better power. His natural tendency to skepticism kept him alert to the study of cause and effect, and his faith in God did but increase as he studied. It was while on his first mission, in 1863, that he had a remarkable experience in the healing power of God made evident to man. This he tells as follows:

Brother Blair and I were making one of his characteristic tours. Calhoun, Crescent City, Council Bluffs, Omaha, and Florence were our objective points. At one of these points we were called in to administer

to a sister who was afflicted with cancer of the eye, or as I discovered when she removed the plaster, the cancer was fixed between the eyelid and the eyebrow, above the eye proper, but under the brow bone, and of course it affected the eye. She said she had consulted a physician as to the possibility of having the cancer cut out. He had given her no hope; said the cancer was so near the brain that in all probability its roots had already fastened upon vital parts, and he would not run the risk of an attempt to cut it out. She could expect no relief from human aid, but must look death in the face until by slow process of a spider-cancer eating away the vital spark, which might entail years of suffering. She wept as she told us how hopeless life seemed to her, unless God would have mercy and relieve her.

We talked with and tried to comfort the poor woman. My heart was deeply stirred by her condition, and I could have wept with her, I so deeply sympathized with her. We administered to her, remaining in the neighborhood a week. Just on the eve of leaving we visited her again. There was no visible effect for good. I confess I was fearful; and thoughts of doubt would arise. However, we administered to her again, and the Spirit promised her relief. At once I stored up the promise, and resolved to watch the results. Ten days or two weeks passed ere we returned, but on our return trip we called in to see the sister, and found her at the washtub. She was in the habit of wearing a court-plaster over her eye to hide the sore.

Brother Blair began to converse with her, and asked how she was getting along with her cancer. She began to tell him it had not given her much trouble of late, but she still wore the plaster, and as she said this she put up her hand and passed her fingers over the afflicted part. Her face first flushed red, then turned pale, and she sank into a chair and said, "Oh, thank God, it is gone, it is gone!" and broke down and wept like a child. This time I did not weep with her.

Upon examination there was not a trace of the cancer; not a scar, not a mark. The brow and eye were as smooth and white and fresh as the other one. I shall never forget the happy, relieved look which came into that poor sister's face when she realized that God had sent a reprieve, and given her life again. And for weeks I dwelt in wonderland, constantly thinking of God's love and his wonderful way of manifesting it. The promise of the Spirit was verified, my faith confirmed, and the truth vindicated, for I knew there was no power in our hands to remove that cancer; but God had done it; to him be the glory, now and evermore.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

In December, 1863, Elder Charles Derry visited Nauvoo. From his writings at this time we quote regarding my father: "Alexander Smith is not so tall as David, nor so heavy as

Joseph. Is of light complexion, free and sociable, intelligent, and takes a great interest in the work. His wife is a pretty, neat little body and in the church. All of them [the Smith boys] are working men, but David also goes to school. I never saw a family pay more respect to their mother than all three do." He bears testimony also to their training in ways of honesty, industry, and virtue. The eventful summer of 1864 my father learned many things from old time Saints in the Saint Louis District, where he went with Henry Cuerdon. Later Elder Cuerdon was released and William Anderson became the fellow-laborer of my father. Of his friendship with this man I would like to tell much that space forbids. Some of his earliest missionary experiences were had in company with this gentleman of culture and close reading. A man of refined manners and handsome appearance, and a preacher of ability and depth of thought. Their friendship endured, warm and sincere, until the death of Elder Anderson in Oakland, California, in 1888.

In January, 1865, I had the honor of being presented to Alexander H. Smith as his second child and first daughter. My home coming being celebrated in the little chamber on the south side of the long hall, upstairs in the Mansion House. The room was near the stairs, and was one of the two in the many along that hall that could be heated. The Homestead had been honored with the birth of grandchildren, and the farm by one, now old Number 10 held the first grandchild born in the Mansion, but not the last. They gave to me a revision of my Uncle David's name Vida, and Elizabeth for my bonnie little mother. Of course Number 10 was a peculiarly interesting place to me, and when a decade later my Uncle David's only boy was presented to the young parents in that same room, it was robbed of none of its glamour, although I must admit that the beautiful sweep of the river and its attendant view was not so enchanting as from the room near the end of the

hall. Does this attach to my father's story? Oh, yes. Everything that meant anything to his children was part of his story, and the old Mansion House was to him a shrine of



THE WATERFALL.

sweet memories. Dear to him the old haunts, of the bridge, the waterfall, the winding river road, the old apple trees, the aged men and women or merry young folk, and always "right gladly did he greet the homely old front door, that opened to

the street, by locusts shaded o'er." In March of 1865 he was appointed to labor close to his home. On some of these little trips, accompanied by his brother David, he received wonderful blessings and had great pleasure; albeit many times he traveled on foot and weary. His splendid outdoor life stood him in good hand.

The following year, 1866, he attended the annual conference at Plano, Illinois, his brother Joseph being at this time a resident of the place. At this time James W. Gillen was appointed to labor in Utah and William Anderson in England. Later in the conference provision was made for a mission called California Mission. This was to comprise the States of Nevada, California, and Oregon, and the Territory of Washington. Alexander H. Smith was appointed in charge, with power to choose his fellow-laborers. Such choice making these men the same as appointed by the conference. Immediately after this William Anderson's appointment to England was reconsidered. The mover of the resolution withdrew it. Alexander H. Smith then chose William Anderson and William H. Kelley. On April 12, 1866, my father was ordained a high priest, under the hands of Joseph Smith and Jason W. Briggs. Arrangements began at once for the prosecution of the mission.

My father left Nauvoo on May 20. His heart wrung with sorrow at the parting from wife, children, and mother, but his spirit burning with the fire of sacrifice that impelled him forward.

A shadow fell on the little group in the Mansion as the sound of the springing footstep died away on the soft spring air. Long and terrible that journey stretched before them, and the mother and wife wept together. Dull and heavy the time dragged sometimes, as they waited, and sometimes the tales of massacres by the Indians on those lonely plains gave them troubled hearts and sleepless nights. The varied and busy days of travel made time move faster for the one journeying,

but for the home keepers, letters seemed few and long on the way, and who shall not say they suffered in measure as much as the wanderers. My father tells of his journey thus:

At this time in the history of the church, the bishopric and temporal laws of the church were not as well organized as at present, and missionaries who were appointed were expected to get into their field and prosecute their work "without purse or scrip"; and they endured many hardships, and made many sacrifices which they are not now called upon to make. I make the above statements in order that the reader may better understand what follows in my narration of events which occurred in the experience of an elder in the earlier days of the Reorganization.

I had passed through some very peculiar experiences in the ministry previous to this appointment, but none of so grave a nature as the one which now stared me in the face. I had been educated to believe the law required the elders to go "two by two" and to start out literally without enough means in hand to buy a meal of victuals. I had so gone twice before on short missions, but now I was required to go a long ways from home, seventeen hundred—nearly two thousand miles. That is not far now, with the fast trains and quick transit, but at the time I speak of there were no steel roads and iron horses with palace coaches to cross the weary, sandy plains, and lofty Rocky Mountains, and instead of three days and nights as now, with all the comforts of modern improvements in railway carriage, it required three long months by team.

By some interposition of providence, Bro. W. H. Kelley could not go, so Bro. William Anderson and I prepared to face the, to us, unknown dangers of such a mission. I remember that when Brethren Anderson and Gillen visited me we talked the matter over, realizing that some one would have to act as cook; my mother gave us some very useful information in that direction. However, the time for departure was at hand. Brother Anderson and I had some talk about taking two coats, and in packing my valise I was in doubt. I had no overcoat, but I had a light alpaca frock coat, which I put in my valise, thinking it would be nice to wear indoors. I bade my wife, children, and my mother good-bye, and started on foot, satchel in hand, for a journey of nearly two thousand miles. I had walked nearly across the street when I remembered that I had fifty cents in a forgotten wallet in my pocket. I set my valise down in the road and returned to the house and gave it to my wife. I am thus particular to show how the earlier missionaries understood the law, and were willing to abide by it.

There was now, as my first stage in the journey, one fourth of a mile to the ferry across the Mississippi River. In returning and giving up the fifty cents I deprived myself of means to pay the ferryman. I thought of this as I took up my bundle and started on. Perhaps half the distance to the ferry had been passed when I met a boy of my

acquaintance who asked, "Where are you going?" When I told him, "Well, I will take you over the river in my skiff if you like," he replied. This came so unexpectedly and so unasked for, that it rather startled me, and I thought it a good omen and a fair beginning. I thanked him, accepting his aid, and soon placed the beautiful river between me and my home. I met Bro. William Anderson at the house of father F. Burley, Montrose, Lee County, Iowa. A few of the Saints had met in prayer service and to see us off. Here once again the question of two coats was sprung and discussed, an appeal to the law was made, and we were convinced that two coats were prohibited. This was a little hard on Brother William, as he had been so fortunate as to have obtained a nice, warm, new overcoat, but he folded it up and sent it right home with his wife, who had come thus far on the way to see him off; and my poor little alpaca came out of my grip and was also sent back. Well, we were making a good beginning, but it was just a little hard on two high-spirited, ambitious young elders.

It was with weeping eyes that we bade the little band of Saints good-bye. It was nine miles from Montrose to the String Prairie Branch, and we intended to make this distance that evening on foot; but just as I was bidding the good people good-bye at Brother Burley's door, William having gone ahead of me, a two-horse wagon drove up to the door and a cheery voice cried out, "Get in; I'm going right out to String Prairie," and my heart jumped again at the evidence that a kind providence was aiding us at the start. Brother William had passed out through the garden, taking leave of his family unobserved, thus getting the start of me. We drove on and soon overtook him, beneath the shade of a friendly tree, his eyes showing the state of his heart. Thus we were fairly on our way, and in comparative silence the time passed till we drew rein at the door of Bro. James Newberry, who received us gladly.

After supper we went, in company with several others, to attend prayer meeting, as it was Sunday evening. The Spirit was present, and we felt refreshed. The president of the branch told the Saints that we were on our way to California to our mission field, asking them to do their duty and aid us on the way, and a collection was taken for us, and all this without a word of request from us. Next morning one of the brethren took us by wagon to a wood station near on the railroad then building up the Des Moines Valley. We flagged the train, it stopped, we got on, having some means to satisfy the conductor, thanks to the generosity of the Saints at String Prairie. That line of railroad was in course of construction, and Ottumwa was then the western terminus. . . . We went to a hotel, washed up, and got supper, and booked for Leon by stage. For the first day and night the stage was full, and we were forced to travel slowly. I remember that about midnight the second night the kingbolt broke, and we were left to wait till our driver found a blacksmith shop to make repairs. . . . The next day our numbers were so reduced that there were but four of us in the coach.

A young man from Pennsylvania was going "way out west," as far as Harrison County, Iowa. The young man had never been away from home and was keenly alive to every new feature of the country and people. Rain, rain, rain! Mud, mud, mud! was now the order, and sometimes, especially at night, we could but think an overcoat would have been very comfortable. However, we sat closer together and economized the heat. Our conversation ranged upon almost all subjects.

I ought to say the fourth person in the stage was an elderly gentleman, and from the first I took him to be a minister; but for a long time he kept us in doubt. The natural curiosity of our young man from the East finally gave a turn to our conversation, which opened all the batteries along the line. He asked the simple question if there were many Indians in this country, meaning western Iowa. The old gentleman spoke up right quickly, "No; and what few there are ought all to be killed off." Immediately I asked him why they ought to be killed off, and expressed myself as surprised to hear a Christian gentleman, if not a minister, make such a statement; and then we went at it, I advocating the Indian's side of it and he the adverse. The history of the past was canvassed and brought in, William occasionally getting in a good point. So the discussion went on for two days. We drove him from one position to another, and caused him to contradict himself repeatedly. Finally the old gentleman said, "Young men, will you answer me a fair question?"

"Certainly, if we can."

"Are you not Mormons?"

"Well, no, not exactly; but we are Latter Day Saints."

"Ah, I thought so."

I replied, "May I ask what made you think so?"

"Well, sir, from your positive way of bearing testimony. I've heard of you before." And then again we drove him from one position to another until it was pitiable to see his confusion.

At last we arrived at Leon, late in the evening. It was raining, and cold, and chilly. As we descended from the stage our elderly friend invited us to call and see him; he was pastor of one of the leading churches of Leon. We stepped out on the sidewalk to discuss what it was best for us to do, for our money was all gone but fifty cents. If we went to the hotel our supper would cost us fifty cents, our lodging would cost fifty cents, and we were on the point of going to bed without supper, when the young man who had been traveling with us stepped up to us and said, "Won't you men come in and eat supper with me?" We were forced to tell him we didn't have the means for supper and lodging also.

"I understand *that*," he said; "I will pay for the meals." Once again we were cared for. After supper we retired to the hotel and went to bed, thanking God for his care.

Morning dawned, and we arose, made our toilet, paid our lodging, took our grips, and started for Pleasanton without breakfast, for our last half dollar was given for our lodging. It was very muddy, but we

sought out the best walking and waded along. I began to tire about nine o'clock, and as we were approaching a grove of timber, I remarked to William that I thought we had better have a season of prayer. "The same thought is in my mind," was his answer. So we found a convenient place and both prayed; and while on my knees the Spirit urged, "You are sent out to prove the world; how can you, if you don't make your wants known?" And as I arose to my feet I told William, and said: "I shall ask for food at the first house." We soon came to a log cabin in the woods. I knocked at the door. A fair faced woman, perhaps thirty years of age, answered my knock. I asked for a drink of water; she cheerfully brought it. I then told her we were ministers of the gospel, traveling without purse or scrip, and as yet had had no breakfast. We were without money to pay her, but would be glad if she could give us breakfast. She at once asked us in and introduced us to her mother, an elderly lady sitting near the fire, and made our wants known to her. We were given chairs, and the old lady engaged in conversation. We soon discovered that she was very intelligent and well posted in the Scriptures.

The younger woman soon prepared us a good meal, and we enjoyed it. William was the principal speaker in the conversation, and I had ample time to observe the influence of his discourse upon the two women. While the younger woman was busy getting the meal, she was very much interested in the talk, and would stop and listen a moment and then hurry on with her work. The gospel was the theme, and both talked well. However, we took our leave, and when we thanked them they shook hands with tears in their eyes. The old lady said, "I am so glad you came; if you ever come to this section you must call on us; you are the only men I have ever met who really preach the gospel. We are more than paid for all we have done for you!" I have always regretted that I did not make a memorandum of their name. I have forgotten it.

You may try to imagine how we felt! From weary, hungry men, feeling humiliated because we had to ask for food, we were comforted and fed, and rested; so we resumed our journey with more cheerful hearts. I remarked, "I shall ask the first team going our way for a ride."

William observed, "You seem much encouraged since you had your breakfast."

I answered, "I am; I have had a good lesson, and I'm going to profit by it."

As we journeyed I saw across the fields a team apparently on a crossroad coming towards the road we were on. I made up my mind that if we could reach the crossroad in time, I would ask for a ride. The mud was deep and the walking heavy, and I began to fear that my hope of a ride would be dashed away from me, as the team was in a fair way to beat us to the crossing; but I lifted up my voice and succeeded in making him hear. He stopped, and we came up. I inquired if the driver knew anyone in that section by the name of Morey.

"Why, yes, he is my father" (or father-in-law, I am not sure which).

"We would like to see him."

"Well, get into the wagon, and I'll take you right over there."

Ah, here we were again, providentially cared for. Well, we took dinner at Father Morey's, then he took us over to Brother Moffett's, and we learned that Bro. Charles Derry was holding meeting at Booth-town.¹ We attended and had a talk with the brethren on the best mode of getting on to the next branch west, at Manti. Of course we had no means, and everybody seemed to be busy. We were on the point of shouldering our grips and starting on foot when old Father Morey said to us, "Come home with me; I will manage it some way, if I have to hitch up and take you myself." So on the 25th of May we started in Brother Morey's covered wagon for Manti.

We had to face a cold northwest rainstorm most of the way. On the 27th we drove twenty-three miles, facing the rain, without breakfast, in order to get to Manti for preaching service, it being Sunday. We arrived at 9.30 a. m., Bro. S. S. Wilcox making us welcome at his home. On Monday morning Brother Wilcox hitched up his carriage and took us to Plum Creek, where Bro. Noah Green made us welcome, and in the evening we held services at Father Gaylord's. Here the Spirit bore witness that our heavenly Father was well pleased with us and would continue to bless us.

Here, in consultation as to how we were to get on our way, Brother Green kindly offered his services to carry us by wagon to Council Bluffs City; so in the morning we were en route, early. Arriving at the city we parted with Brother Green and lodged with Bro. D. P. Hartwell. Here we were obliged to walk out to Bishop Heywood's, some three or four miles from the city.

The outlook was not very bright; we felt oppressed and began to wonder what we should do. We were nearing the frontier, and would soon be beyond the jurisdiction of any church organization of which we had any knowledge. However, we laid the matter before Bishop Heywood, he studied over the matter a little while, then he asked, "Can you boys ride on a plank on the running gears of a wagon?" I answered, "I guess we can, if there is room enough for our satchels. It will beat walking a long ways." He then told us he wished to counsel with Bro. David Gamet, who was also a bishop, who was living at Little Sioux, some fifty miles northwest. He also wanted a load of hardwood lumber. Bro. Amos Chase was running a sawmill near Little Sioux. He would hitch up and we would pull right out; so we tied our grips

¹ Elder Charles Derry, in his autobiography, refers to this meeting with the missionaries as follows:

"On the 23d of May Alexander and William Anderson came in, on their mission to Utah and California. Alexander is dejected about leaving his family. It is a new and sad experience to him, but he is not inclined to flinch from the sacrifice."

onto the hind axle of the wagon, and got astride of the plank and thus rode fifty miles, or to within three miles of the town, when the brother turned into the road to the mill, and we walked into town and lodged with Bro. David M. Gamet. We met Bro. James W. Gillen here; he preached the night we arrived.

We remained here over Sunday and until Wednesday, while Brethren Gamet and Heywood counseled and went to Council Bluffs to procure a team and outfit for crossing the plains, as instructed by the Presidency. While here we held meetings and were busy. On Wednesday we started on our return to the city to outfit for our long and tedious journey over the plains. We lodged at Crescent City. The brethren, Gamet and Heywood, bought the team, a pair of small ponies; we loaded our provisions, and on account of the light weight of the team were compelled to skimp or the load would have been too much for them.

On June 13 we started. We soon learned that our team was too light, but what could we do? Brother William was discouraged. We walked to lighten the load, sometimes footsore and sick. At Shell Creek a storm had flooded the road. Our load was too heavy. I paid a dollar to have our wagon pulled out of a mud hole of four miles in length. And so we worried on until we reached Columbus City, near the Loup Fork of the Platte River. We camped for dinner about two miles from town, and here the adversary came very near dividing our party. To make time pass pleasantly we were in the habit of joking each other, and sometimes we indulged farther than we ought. We soon learned that while some could stand rough jokes, others were more sensitive. Bro. William Anderson became offended at me, and although I asked pardon, he could not or would not be reconciled; and told me afterward that if he could have secured any position in a train going through, even as a teamster, he would have left me and gone. However, he became reconciled, and we still journeyed together; but we had had our lesson, and profited by it.

When we broke camp after dinner I was the driver; William and James were walking. I stopped at a well to water the team, and the brethren passed me and went into the village ahead of me. As I drove up to the post-office the brethren hailed me and I stopped. A medium sized man with spectacles on came out bareheaded, and I was introduced to Bro. H. J. Hudson, post-master of Columbus, Nebraska, and as I felt his handclasp I knew I held the hand of a friend and brother. The very pressure of his fingers was encouraging, and the hearty welcome he gave me I shall never forget. "Well, brother, where is your team?"

"There it is," and I pointed to our ponies.

"Where?"

I led him up close to them, and pointed down at them. "What! that team of rats? Why, my God, brethren, you don't think of trying to cross the plains with that team, do you? Drive your wagon right round into

my yard; you shall never leave my place on such a trip with that outfit, with my consent."

Imagine my feelings when one hour before all had seemed dark; no prospect but that of suffering in view, no thought of turning back; a grim determination to go on, whatever our fate might be. We had traveled far enough with that team to prove the little horses good for their size, but far too small for the work demanded of them, and it was only a matter of time when we would have to leave the broken hearted little fellows on the roadside.

Columbus was then the last town on the frontier. Neither one of us knew there were any Saints there, but by inquiry for mail, we were recognized and received a warm welcome, and learned there was a band of warm-hearted Saints there, who made us feel at home, while Brethren Hudson, Martin, and others, hustled around for a team of mules. Not being able to find us a pair, it was decided that some of us were to return to the Missouri River with Brother Martin, and exchange our team for mules if possible; so it was arranged that Brother Gillen and I should go, while William held meetings to while away the time. We were successful and returned, so that we were able to resume our journey westward on the second day of July.

Brn. Charles Derry, H. J. Hudson, and George Galley went with us across the Loup Fork of the Platte River, and after a season of prayer we parted in tears from those beloved brethren. I shall ever remember that little prayer meeting and the assurance of the good Spirit there received.

We were now outside of civilization*, and could scarce expect any more such marvelous interventions for our benefit, but we were made to feel that God's special watchcare was still over us.

We are again permitted to introduce Brother Derry's testimony to this pleasant and comforting memory that sustained these lonely young elders as they journeyed away on a mission of love.

June 22 I preached twice in North Star Branch and again at night at Council Bluffs. Here I met Bro. A. H. Smith, who had returned from Columbus, Nebraska. The Saints there seeing their team was so weak, have given them about \$60 to get a better team with; and he had returned to get one. He obtained what they needed and returned to Columbus. This was a noble act of the Columbus brethren, nor will it be forgotten by the Master. . . . I went with Alexander to Columbus, staying at Florence that night. From there to DeSoto, and preached. On the 30th we arrived at Columbus.

On the 1st of July we preached in Bro. George Galley's house. Two acknowledged the truth and were baptized by Elder James Brindley. Brother Gillen preached in power, and at night Brother Anderson. The ones baptized were confirmed by J. W. Gillen and myself. . . . On the

2d of July the three missionaries and myself crossed the Loup Fork River. There we bowed in prayer together, and at their request I laid my hands upon them to invoke God's blessings upon them. Every heart was melted and every eye filled with tears, and we felt the divine blessings as we humbled ourselves before the Lord, and as we gave the parting "God bless you" all felt that brotherly love that only the children of God can know. At Alexander's request I wrote a letter to his wife and mother. I returned to Columbus; they bent their steps towards the setting sun, to call wandering Israel back to the way of righteousness.

Of their visit to Columbus we quote from the *Golden Age* for June 21, 1866.

DISTINGUISHED VISITANTS.—Alex. Smith, James W. Gillen and William Anderson, elders connected with the Mormon church, are in the city en route for the Rocky Mountain country and California, where they intend building up new churches in addition to those already established. They are members of the Joseph Smith branch of the church, and have no affiliation whatever with the Brighamites, except their conversion.—*Columbus (Nebraska) Golden Age, June 21, 1866.*

(To be continued.)

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Lord for to-morrow and its need
I do not pray;
Help me from stain or sin and wrong
Just for to-day
Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be swift to do thy will
Prompt to obey.
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Just for to-day.
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray,
But help me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 35.)

Now I will copy some from a few pages written by the captain's wife at the time of their leaving Point Breeze, where the petroleum was taken in:

Good-bye, Point Breeze. Fortunately we have got a good breeze from the right point. Hope it will last till we get down the Delaware. I feel very gloomy, and a vague foreboding of evil; doubtless on account of losing our good mate; and my baby Dora has been sick ever since we left home. Poor little darling, I hope she will be better when we get out to sea, where the air will be more pure and wholesome and the weather cooler. And dear Frank is left behind again. Little three-year-old Josephine keeps well and fat. Bless her heart, how sweet she looks on the quarter-deck, standing there in the breeze, with her long, golden curls falling over her plump, dimpled shoulders. I hope she will keep well.

Our crew is not a very promising looking lot. The mate a Dane, and does not seem to know much. There is only one man of the crew that looks strong enough to pull ropes.

In the North Sea. Now for a few more sketches, since I have not been able to write since the first week out. The fair wind continued with us until we had gotten well across the Atlantic, and all went well the first week out. At the commencement of the second week I took sick; for the first three days I could not sit up, had a high fever, headache, an increasing pain in my left side, and great weakness. The only relief I had was when wrapped in a mustard poultice. The captain searched the medical works on board, but could find nothing that corresponded with my symptoms.

Indeed, the captain had his hands full. He scarcely got a minute to rest. The weather was foggy and the crew not to be depended upon. Two of them were sick most of the time. Baby sick and very troublesome, not yet weaned, and I could not lift her at all. Josie kept well, still required some waiting on. He had the care of all of these, and yet seemed to be doing something for me all the time.

At the end of those three days the captain said if I was any worse the next day he would put back for Halifax—we were then near the banks of Newfoundland. But the next day the pain abated some. There was certainly a change; but I did not know whether for better or worse. Being sufficiently free from pain to lie quiet and breathe easily, I was left to myself while the captain ate his dinner, with one little one on his lap and the other at his side.

Presently a clammy coldness began to creep over me, and increased

until it felt like a death coldness. I thought of the worst and shuddered. I had never seen anyone with the ague, and did not know anything about it.

I looked at my finger nails. They had commenced to turn black, and my fingers were white and as cold and lifeless looking as in death. I was startled; for a moment a dizziness crept over me. The thought of dying there and being buried in the sea, leaving my husband and two little ones in that forlorn condition, was dreadful. But I soon grew calm in my mind, and felt that I had nothing to fear, though I shall not attempt to say all that passed through my mind during that half hour while dinner was being eaten. Having no doubt but those indications were that I was then struck with death, I could not bear to make my condition known to my husband. So I waited till he came in, then put my cold hand in his, so that he could see the blood settled nails; for I felt so cold I thought the breath might leave me at any moment, and was almost hopelessly weak. Imagine my surprise to see something like a glad look come into his face when he looked at my hand, and exclaimed, "Oh, I know now what is the matter; you have got the ague." He had not more than said the words when a terrible shaking fit seized me. It was dreadful. In my weakened condition I thought seriously that I was being shaken to pieces. When the paroxysm would go off, as it did once or twice before leaving me for the day, I was more dead than alive, but was soon very much alive again in every nerve and fiber of my body.

The next day Dora had a chill. It was pitiful to see the poor little one, weak and frail as she was, in one of those relentless shakes. She continued to have them every day, and I every alternate day. Two of the sailors were affected in the same way, and the captain, too, had one heavy chill, and several narrow escapes. In the midst of all this the cook got sick. What a gloomy looking and feeling crowd we were, to be sure. No one presumed to laugh; no one felt like it.

Our fair wind lasted till August 30. On the 31st I got out on deck to see the land. We were near the Western or Lewis Islands. All on board were getting better.

Our course was north of the Orkneys—a group of islands at the extreme northern point of Scotland—across the North Sea, through the "Sleve," or "Skager Rock," to the "Skaw." Thence down the "Cattegat," out into the Baltic Sea.

LATER.—I do not think anyone ever found the North Sea placid; go whichever way you will, you are sure to have a head wind, and high sea. Our two weeks' beat across confirmed all that my fancy had pictured concerning it, and I am quite ready to believe it will be far worse on our returning voyage.

A "dead beat," as the sailors say, of two weeks took us to the coast of Norway. We were then in the Sleeve, wind still ahead. A forty-eight hour beat brought us to the "Skaw," the northern point of Denmark. Had a fair wind and pleasant run down the "Cattegat." It was full of little vessels, as it always is. Such short, wide looking little crafts I

never saw. How I enjoyed leaving them behind almost as easily as if they were at anchor. After leaving the "Cattegat," we had another beat to Elsinore, where we anchored about Monday, waiting for a fair wind to go over the "Grounds," which fair wind came early the next morning.

Passed Copenhagen about noon, and a fine twenty-hour run took us across the Baltic to Swinemunde, where one leaves the ocean and sails a while among the land. After entering the narrow passage to the inland harbor, we had to stop while the captain went ashore to "enter" the ship, and get two custom house officers on board before going on to Stettin.

In two hours we left the picturesque little town of Swinemunde, with its clean, green lawns, its profusion of house plants, its well kept hedges around the eaves of the house, instead of on the ground, and with a pilot we proceeded up the river to Stettin, a distance of thirty miles. In most places the river is not much wider than a canal. There were other vessels in the river, and it was a peculiar sight to see them sailing along as if through green fields. The water was lower than the land, and the grass high on either side, and though most of the hulls of the vessels were seen, the lands in the river hid the water almost altogether.

As we glided sometimes leisurely and sometimes briskly up the river, the scenery that greeted the eye was simply beautiful. Some places were uncultivated land, tall, waving grass, and bramble bushes. Then the level grain country, dotted both near and far with small towns, villages, and hamlets, all in picturesque Prussian style, mostly in thatched roof buildings and ornamental trees. Anon we round a bend, or merge from a small, wooded patch where little clumps of houses would burst to view near the water's edge, and right in the water's edge were the commodious wash houses, jotted at regular intervals through each of those miniature seaport towns. We glide along. The sun is getting low, and now shines upon one of the prettiest little hamlets that fancy could paint! Just far enough back in the green field to enhance its beauty, and obliterate defects. Four turf huts, and four or five low square frame buildings with their respective white barns, all having heavily thatched roofs as green as the fields about them, are scattered in the prettiest and still coziest manner possible. Most of the frame houses are white; the largest is laid off in broad, green bars, or plaids. How odd it looks. Another is a pinkish color and tiled roof with a foot or more of green hedge just below the eaves. These, together with ornamental trees large and small, and a jagged mountain that rose at a little distance beyond as a background completes this masterpiece among the succession of natural pictures that have delighted our sea-satiated eyes during the whole afternoon. Now the eye rests upon a large lake whose waters are shimmering in the sunlight like liquid silver. This lake is about three miles wide. We enter and drop anchor for the night.

With a strong breeze the next morning we entered Stettin before noon. When the cargo was discharged and ballast taken in, the captain proceeded by way of Swinemunde to Danzig, which is on the coast of Prussia. Danzig

is the oldest city in Prussia, and answers well in construction to that of ancient Rome.

The return voyage to Liverpool, England, was as anticipated, little other than a succession of gales of wind, especially in the North Sea, where it was not broad daylight until 11 a. m., and commenced to get dark again at 3 p. m., it being then midwinter. Day after day the *H. J. Burton* remained hove to, and was driven round and round the compass, so iced over that a rope could scarcely have been moved if necessary, but she was a worthy sea boat, and after what seemed like a never ending sea voyage, she arrived in Liverpool, on the 12th day of January, 1868.

From Liverpool he sailed to Cette, a small seaport town in France. Does the reader wish to see the billowy waves mountain high? If so, cross the mouth of the Bay of Biscay in the early spring. But oh, what a delightful change to sail in a single day from that water hill country to the coast of Portugal, where the air is balmy, and the sunshine delicious, and be borne gently along on the smooth sea towards the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, where the dangers of the stormy English channel, and the terrors of the Bay of Biscay are soon forgotten in the keen enjoyment of gliding gently over the sun-kissed waters, and in this instance in getting a view of the inhabited side of the Rock of Gibraltar, and away in the distance the snow-capped Alps. But there certainly was nothing of interest in Cette, and all were glad when sail was set again for Messina, a far more interesting place. From thence to Sicata, another port in Sicily, where a load of sulphur was taken in for Bremerhaven, a very hotbed of fever and ague! And it seized those who had been afflicted with it on the voyage out from Philadelphia. The captain, his wife, and their little daughter Dora, had their alternate days of the ague. But by the use of powerful medicine the chills were soon broken up.

But the captain's wife paid the penalty by a sacrifice of her hearing. At that time she was almost entirely deaf.

The time in this part was spent quite pleasantly. There were three Nova Scotia captains in the same port at that time; and Captain Burton having his wife and two children on board, made their cabin quite homelike, so those three captains spent a part, at least, of every evening on board the *H. J. Burton*. They said one evening, "We hope you will not get tired of us coming here. This cabin is so homelike; the small rocking chair, the wife and the little ones, with their dolls and playthings. It does not seem like a ship's cabin at all, but like a home sitting room, and makes one forget, almost, that he is at sea."

The voyage across the Atlantic to Philadelphia was very pleasant. From there the captain's wife went with her children home to Hantsport. The captain accompanied them to New York and saw them on board the steamer *Old Colony*, which would take them to Providence, Rhode Island, by the way of Long Island Sound; but circumstances rendered it necessary that she return to New York; and the captain saw her on board a packet vessel in which she sailed to Hantsport, arriving the 29th of September, while the husband and father returned to the now lonely cabin. He had no thought how lonely it would be when all were gone. His little daughter, Josephine, was a constant companion to him. When he would stay on deck what she thought was too long, when the weather was too stormy for her to be with him, she would beg of her mamma to let her go and call him down. She became so accustomed to the motions of the ship, "My ship," she used to call it because it was named for her, that she knew when to stand still and when to run; in that way she would work her way along, climb the three steps and cling to the low door, and call "Papa, mamma wants you." And if he was not really needed on deck he always came down.

He sailed to Rotterdam and was gone until the following May. During the winter his family had a serious sick time at home with first "rose rash," then measles and scarlet fever all at once, which lasted from January till March. On the evening of March 27 his little daughter Josephine took her flight from this world to that where sickness nor pain ever enters. On that same evening her father had a peculiar experience. He was at sea, on the eastern side of the Atlantic. The wind was blowing hard, driving the scud and heavy clouds rapidly across the sky. He was standing on the quarter-deck with his back against the forward end of the house, near the companion-way door—a position he often occupied in stormy weather—in deep thought as he gazed upwards where the moon peeped out occasionally, and was quickly veiled again by the driving clouds. He heard little Josie's voice as if at the door calling, "Papa, mamma wants you." He turned quickly and went to the door and was in the act of opening it before he realized that it was not a reality, that his little pet was not there clinging to the door, but that he was alone, and his loved ones were many, many miles away. Yet he could not disregard the call; he went to the cabin with an undefined expectation of finding the loved ones there. The room, with its associations of the past two years, had been desolate and lonely enough before, but at that moment it was ten fold more so. A deathlike silence reigned that was too oppressive to endure, and he went to the deck again, where the darkness and tempest were more in accord with his feelings, and remained until far in the night, pondering upon what he had seen, and felt sure that another of his little ones had been taken away. Was it a delusion? A hallucination? Or did the little one in her spirit's flight convey to him the message, she knowing the mother heart cried out for him at that time.

It was during that voyage that Captain Burton conceived the thought of abandoning the sea, and seeking for something

that would give him an opportunity to provide for his family without those long, painful separations, and had written to his wife to retire each evening at eight o'clock and bow in prayer to God to bring about this desire of the heart. He would reckon the time so that their prayers would ascend together to this end. This hour they both observed, fully expecting that some way would open so that he would not go to sea any more. He arrived in Boston early in May, the port of destination according to the charts. He had been driven before a gale of wind twenty-five hours before his arrival. The gale blew right on shore. When night came on he hove to, yet fully expected to be driven on the shore before morning. On account of the heaviness of the atmosphere he had not been able to get an observation for two days. When all was done that he could do, he went below, washed his body, and put on clean underclothes, believing he was preparing himself for his watery burial, and being much fatigued, after leaving word at what time to call him, he commended himself to God and laid down for a few hours' sleep. And by the mercy of God they were preserved and reached the harbor in safety the next morning, while another vessel was driven on shore during the night and all perished.

Their prayer had been that the way might be made clear for him to leave the *H. J. Burton* on his arrival in Boston. He was met in Boston by one of the principal owners, Mr. J. Fish, who informed him that they—the rest of the owners—had been talking of making a change, if he was agreed. That they had a man who wished to sail the *H. J. Burton* for a trip or two, and perhaps the change would be beneficial to both. Captain Burton recognized in this request the answer thus far to their prayers, and cheerfully acquiesced, settled up his business with the owners, and went home with the gladdening news that he had left the *H. J. Burton* and did not expect to go to sea any more—although he did not tell Mr. Fish that.

Captain Burton had been in his home in Hantsport but a few weeks when his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Leander Davison, who also lived in Hantsport, commenced making preparations for moving to California, and were very anxious to have their brother Joseph go with them. His wife was sick in bed at the time, and had been for several weeks, so there did not seem to be any probability of his going, though he was very anxious to do so. Mr. Davison's business took a greater length of time to settle up and get in his money than he had anticipated, therefore their stay was prolonged. Meanwhile Captain Burton's wife got well, or able to be about again, and they talked much of California. It was very evident that he must make some such change, or else he must needs go to sea again. Nothing offered in that vicinity that would give a sufficient remuneration to live about as they had been living. So the only thing there seemed to be for him if he ceased following the sea, was to go to a new place among strangers and grow up with it. The captain's thought at that time was that he would go first and make a home, or get a place for his family and then send for them. One reason for this was, that the time would be so short to make the needful preparations and raise sufficient money to pay the fare of all. For a few days the wife agreed to that proposition, upon certain conditions. But before these conditions could be determined upon, a reaction set in, and she told him that she could not think of being left behind. That if one went all must go. California was a long way off in those days, and not often heard from.

There were then only two weeks remaining of the time that Mr. and Mrs. Davison had set to leave Hantsport. Then they decided to make the effort for all to go and gave out word that they were going to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Davison, and wished to dispose of their household furniture and place, and commenced at once to sell their furniture as one and another

came in and bought. What was needed in the house was left till they should go. And Mrs. Burton did not have many idle moments in getting herself and three children ready for such a journey in so short a time. However, they were delayed a little while in waiting for a vessel on which to take passage for New York. When Captain Burton went to J. B. North, a shipbuilder, to see if he would take the place, he said, "I don't want the place, but I think that any young man who has moral courage enough to take his family and go to California and expect to make a living for them without any trade or money, or friends there to help him, ought to be encouraged. And if you can not dispose of your place elsewhere, I will take it if I can raise the money. But do what you can to sell."

He did so. But every effort was fruitless. Still they both worked with a view to going. One day when the household furniture was nearly all sold, his wife said, "Wouldn't we be in a queer fix if we can not sell the place? We could not go, nor stay either very well, without any furniture." To this he replied, "There is no if about it; we are going." Truly they worked by faith then, just as much as when they became Latter Day Saints. There seemed to be a "light in the distance," a something impelling them to go. They all were regarded as heroes, and were cheered though lamented. Some said, "I would like to be you, but *I* could not think of making such a venture."

A few days before leaving, Captain Burton went to Mr. North again, and told him it was useless to think of selling elsewhere; and the vessel on which they were going to New York was lying out in the stream and trunks on board before he got the money for the place. Yet their faith did not waver.

They had quite a serious experience on the way to New York. Perhaps Neptune did not like to part with old friends and plotted against them. The wind was blowing fresh as they neared Nantucket shoals, and kept freshening as the afternoon

wore on. It appeared that Captain M. of the *Kildare*, the vessel on which they took passage, was not accustomed to crossing the shoals on his way to New York, but frequently crossed them coming home. The shoals are much the same as a miniature subterranean archipelago. There is a channel, quite a broad one between them, and a light on each one to show the channel, yet they are so winding that unless one is acquainted he would be likely to fetch up on one, especially if it were night so the difference in the shade of the water could not be discovered. But it is quite a short cut to New York.

Captain M. had let his vessel get quite near the entrance for going over the shoals, and yet was undecided about going over, and had let much of the fair wind, and daylight too, go to waste, while he talked the matter pro and con with Captain Burton. The wind was increasing so rapidly that Captain Burton became uneasy about the safety of all on board in such a place, and on such a night as that one threatened to be, and asked Captain M. why he did not square away and get over the worst of them before dark. Whereupon the captain replied that he did not know just what to do. Captain Burton said: "There is only one thing for you to do now. You are too far inshore to fetch out around the fishing rips. You could not save yourself from getting on them." "But," said Captain M., "I thought I might beat about here till morning." "Quite impossible," replied Captain Burton. "There might be a gale of wind before morning. There is now every appearance of such, and you would be driven on shore before midnight."

Captain Burton pointed out the entrance—for he had gone in over them several times—and Captain M. gave the order to square away for the shoals, while both captains came down in the cabin to consult the chart, and hastened on deck again, leaving the chart spread out on the table. Captain Burton's wife had been accustomed to studying the charts as closely as

the captain when at sea with him, and feeling some anxiety because she had less confidence in Captain M.'s skill and judgment than that of her husband, she kept looking first at the chart, then out of the window at the lights, for though it was not dark, the lights over the shoals were all lit. She remarked to Mrs. Davison, who was delightfully unconscious of danger, that she wished she did not know so much, or else knew a little more, so she would not feel so uncomfortable. "Why," said Mrs. Davison, "is there anything to be uneasy about?"

"I don't suppose there really is, but with my knowledge there seems to be. I should judge we were almost on this shoal," pointing it out.

"Oh, I thought to go over the shoals meant to have shoal water, where the sea would not be so high."

"So it does; but in some places it is a little too shoal."

As she finished speaking there came a terrible crash that threw them across the cabin. Mrs. Davison was too terrified to speak, but her eyes said, "What has happened?"

"It is the shoal; we have struck it."

The ship raised up with the sea, and bang down she went again with force enough apparently to beat her all to pieces, but fortunately it did not. When she struck the first time all was confusion on deck. The captain just jumped up and down and swore. He had so many oaths mixed with his orders that the men scarcely knew what he did say, and did their best in swearing also. When Captain Burton heard or saw that the helm was being put up to "wear around," he knew that if she wore around the vessel would never get off that shoal; there was no time for words, besides Captain M. was so excited that he scarcely knew what he was doing. All this was comprehended in a flash, and he, Captain Burton, sprang to the wheel, and at the same time his voice of command rang out above the crashing of the sea, the howling of the wind, and the fearful cursings of the captain the words, "Hard alee!"

and instead of putting the helm up, he made it spin the other way, putting it down with all his might, which swung her low off of the shoal. When the command "Hard alee" is given, mates and men know just what to do to make ready for tacking ship; and these men worked lively, the captain himself bearing a hand with them. When the vessel was in the channel again heading for the opposite light, Captain M. came aft and Captain Burton apologized for what he had done, saying that their lives depended upon it and there was no time for words. Captain M. accepted the apology rather awkwardly. In his heart he was glad, but it was not in keeping with his dignity to say so.

It was a fearful night! There was nothing better for the ship than to beat about in that narrow channel till daylight, and that, too, at the risk of smashing into some other vessel. The two women heard a good deal of pounding and hammering going on on deck, and asked Captain Burton, when he came to the cabin, what they were doing, to which he carelessly answered that he supposed they were making things secure. Had the women known that they were making preparations to send them up in the rigging and lash them there should the vessel strike again or go ashore before morning, they would have felt more uneasy than they did. But those improvised chairs were not used; the Lord was leading them. However much Captain Burton's wife and sister liked to have him in the cabin, they felt so much safer when he was on deck, that whenever he would go below they would beg him to go back on deck. At midnight he came to the cabin, bearing on his lips the most soothing of all "salt-water phraseology," namely, "The wind is moderating." With no further trouble the passengers arrived at New York, and from there started on an emigrant train for California. This trip was made in the early days of railroad traveling across the plains, October, 1869, two weeks after the through track was completed, conse-

quently they were looked upon as adventurers. There were a number of emigrants on the same train, but only going to the Middle and Western States; but a through ticket was looked upon with curiosity. There were no commodious tourist cars, and those cars that were occupied most of the way were void of either springs or cushions, with no place to sleep except to catch naps in the sitting posture. Shake-downs were made on the floor or unoccupied seats for the children, Captain Burton's wife sat the entire thirteen nights and held her fifteen-months' babe, while the captain looked after the other two children and slept what he could. It was deemed necessary at that time to carry soldiers across the portions of the plains where the Indians were bad, for protection at the stopping places. But no trouble was experienced nor accident happened to any of the trains they were on. Upon reaching Sacramento the train was detained all day Sunday while the track was being cleared of a passenger train, wrecked between Sacramento and San Francisco. Arriving in San Francisco was something of a disappointment. Nobody knew of any opportunity of getting work of any kind. And it took too much money to live without work.

Captain Burton knew the post-office address of just one man in the State, a Mr. Newton Best. He had never met the man, but had seen his wife when she was a child, and she was a cousin of Mrs. Burton. His post-office address was Gilroy. After being in San Francisco two days he made some inquiries about distance and fare to Gilroy, and concluded to run down and see what the prospects were for settling there, expecting to be back to the hotel again by evening. On arriving in Gilroy he went to the post-office directory, but there was no Mr. Best on the list. He made inquiry of several, but no one knew of such a person; there was certainly no such person in town. He returned to the post-office just as the mail was being made up for Hollister and San Benito. He

there learned from the mail carrier that Mr. Best lived in San Benito, a distance of fifty-two miles, and that the stage was then going to Hollister, sixteen miles of that distance, and the balance had to be made on horseback. This piece of information was rather depressing for a sea captain. But nothing daunted he took stage for Hollister, then hired a broncho and mounted a Spanish saddle, and undertook the journey that wound around, between, and over the hills of San Benito, crossing the creek again and again. It was ten o'clock at night when he arrived, about as much fatigued as he ever was. Fortunately for him, and the horse, too, he was very much lighter in those days than a few years after.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY OF SIDNEY RIGDON.

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

(Continued from page 103.)

The *Messenger and Advocate* is replete with condemnation of the practice of polygamy and the denunciation of those who practiced it. In this periodical for April 15, 1845, there is a sermon from Elder Rigdon in which he argues that it would not be consistent for the Lord to command a practice contrary to the existing laws of the land. The following are extracts from this discourse:

A SERMON DEDICATED TO THE SAINTS OF THE LAST DAYS.

BY S. RIGDON.

“Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God, hath no need to break the laws of the land: wherefore be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign, and subdues all enemies under his feet.”—Book of Covenants 18: 15.

The above text, which is taken from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants of the church, demands the strictest attention of all who profess to be members of the Church of Christ. They were written particularly for their use and benefit, and in every respect suited to their present and future condition, be that as it may. It is said in the Book of Mormon, that the Lord had this Government established for the purpose of building his church under its protection, or words to this effect; clearly intimating that the laws and institutions of the Government were every way suited to the end for which they were intended.

If our text has any meaning at all, it establishes one fact beyond controversy, that such are the laws of this land, that in order to obtain salvation, it is not necessary to break them; that they are of a character that every duty can be performed and requirement complied with, that is in any way connected with our salvation, without violating in any degree or trampling on the political institutions of the country.

When the Lord says that he organized or caused political institutions to be organized for a particular purpose, we have all confidence that they were every way calculated to obtain the end for which they were instituted, and when, by after revelation, he says to those, for whose benefit he said he had caused them to be established, and after the church had been organized by special direction from himself, that in order to keep his commandments they (the church) need not break the laws of the land, we feel ourselves at liberty to believe, that there is nothing pertaining to the salvation of that church or people, which renders it

necessary for them to violate the laws of the land, and that every violation of the laws of the land, is uncalled for. In this case the language is very expressive, that those who keep his commandments, need not break the law of the land. He does not say that those who profess to keep his commandments, will not break the laws of the land; he only says they need not do it. The same as to say that there is nothing in his commandments that brings men into collision with the laws of the land, and if they do violate them it is not by virtue of his commands that they do so; for as far as keeping his commandments is concerned, they would not have driven them to such a necessity.

It is worthy of remark that the sayings in the Book of Mormon were written before the church was organized. Thus authorizing the people who believed the book to believe that, if on the belief of that book, and according to the things contained in it, they should be organized into a church, they could do it in a country, and among a people, where the Lord had previously prepared a code of laws suited to the upbuilding of the cause in which they were engaged. Query, Was this a false expectation or was it not? Or did the Lord, in causing the laws to be framed, do it for the purpose of causing those who believed the Book of Mormon to be persecuted? And those persecutions to be brought on by reason of the commandments of the Lord compelling those who obeyed them to break the laws? To obtain this object the Lord need not have given himself much trouble, to have had a special government formed for this purpose, any government would have answered his purpose. But to suppose this would only be to insult the deity.

When the Lord said that he had given freedom to this Nation, and caused the Government to be organized so as to make it a place suited for building his church, he could have but one meaning, and that was, that in this land he could build his church, without being brought into contact with the municipal laws of the country; and this view of the subject is put for ever at rest by the words of our text. We are here told that the commandments of the Lord do not come in contact with the laws of the land, and no man who keeps them need break the laws. From the above view of the subject, we learn firstly, that every commandment that renders it necessary to break the laws of the land in order to keep it, is not of God, or it was not given for salvation. And secondly, that those who obey such commandments, are not promoting the things of salvation.

No fact, we think, can be plainer to those who believe in the Book of Mormon, and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants of the church, than the first position we have taken. Should it be admitted that the laws of this country, where the Lord has cast our lot, and where he has commanded us to build his church, were in opposition to the laws of God, so as to subject those who keep the law of heaven to punishment, we should like to know why it was that the Lord said he had caused this Government to be established for the express purpose of having his church built up in it, or under its protection? What is the use of

government? The answer is, To protect the rights and interests of those who are its subjects. Take this conservative principle from governments, and they are curses instead of blessings to any people. The only object a God could have in establishing a government for the benefit of any people, was that the people, for whose sake it was organized, might be protected by its laws and institutions. In this case it was said to be done for the purpose of establishing the laws of heaven in it, and for the building up of the church of Christ in it. Now, we ask, why establish a government for this purpose? No man can answer otherwise, than that those who belonged to the church, when built, might be protected by its laws and political institutions; for no other object but this could be, that was worthy of God, yea, we might say of men; but should it so happen, that in the course of events, the Lord should deliver commandments which were in opposition to the laws of this land, and thereby make the government punish those who obeyed them, of what avail would the government be? None only to be an engine to inflict punishment on those who obeyed the requirements of heaven; and pray what use was a government of this description to those whom the Lord had separated to himself? All must answer, none; but a great evil—a great curse. Are we, then, to understand the Lord as saying, that he caused liberty to be established on this land, that his church might be cursed in it, and the blood of his Saints shed? No man in his senses will or dare say it. What then; why, if the Lord did do as the Book of Mormon says he did, he certainly never intended to give commandments in opposition to the political institutions which he had caused to be established. If it should be otherwise, we must charge the great Jehovah with duplicity and baseness that would make the baser sort of men blush.

We ask the reader to notice, particularly, that the Lord is said to have caused this Government to be formed, long before his church was in existence, for the purpose of building his church in it, in his own due time. Had not the Lord power enough, and wisdom sufficient, having before him, at the same time, the entire platform of his church, being the author of both himself, to adapt the one to the other, so that the laws and institutions of the two need not come into collision? Who will answer he had not? We presume none. Then if the platform of this Government was such as not to admit of the introduction of all of the laws of the kingdom of heaven and not in contact with them, who is to blame? The Lord declares he was the author of both; either, then, he lacked ability or else will to do so, and in either case a man must have a sorry opinion of his God.

But our text comes happily to our relief, and declares that no man need break the laws of the land, in order to obey the religious institutions of heaven, the same as to say that the political and religious institutions of heaven were not in opposition to each other, and he who obeyed the religious institutions of heaven, had as good a right to the protection of the political institutions as those who obeyed the political institutions only. But let us suppose for a moment, that the Lord does give a com-

mand that is in violation of the law of the land, and can not be kept without breaking them, and what then becomes of the text? In that case need a man break the laws of the land in order to keep the laws of God? Judge ye, and what becomes of the truth of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and of the Book of Mormon, and when they fall, what becomes of the church?—all perish together.

Hence we conclude, and we think justly, too, that any commandment or revelation that comes in the last days, which is in opposition to the laws of this land, is not of God, for God can not contradict himself, or else he ceases to be God, or else it is not given for salvation.

But some say the Lord gives revelation to be only for a limited time, and then they are superseded by others. However true this may be in other cases, it can not be in this; for the difficulty in the Book of Mormon gets into our way, that the Lord organized this Government, or caused it to be done, for the purpose of building his church in it, and should he ever at any time give revelations commanding his people to do things which are in opposition to the laws of this land, he would impeach his own character.

View it in what point of light we can, and it amounts to the same thing, that as soon as there comes a commandment from the Lord, which is in opposition to the laws of the land, there is an end to both the Book of Mormon and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants; and as long as we believe these to be of God, so long shall we believe that any commandment coming, it matters not who from, prophet, apostle, revelator, or seer, that can not be kept without breaking the laws of this land, is not of God, unless it is given in wrath, and intended to be a curse to those to whom it is given. Our second position, we think, is not less manifest. That those who obey such commandment, do not promote the things of salvation by so doing.

It will not permit of controversy to suppose that any revelation which is not of God does in any degree promote the salvation of any. In relation to revelations in general, as given in the different ages of the world, a few words may not be amiss. There are things said on this subject which is of importance for all to know, who believe in prophets and revelators, in these last days.

In all ages of the world when the Lord, through men, revealed himself to the inhabitants of the earth, or any portion of them, there were certain things delivered, the object of which was to guard the people against imposition or fraud being practiced upon them, by designing men, or by the recklessness of prophets, should they prove recreant to their God or to their trust, and by these things both the people and the prophets were bound. The prophets were bound within certain limits in their revelations, and when they stepped beyond those limits, they were transgressors, and endangered their own salvation. The case of Moses is proof to the point—and the people were bound by the same rule; and anything which was delivered by the prophet, within the prescribed limits, they were

bound to receive; but beyond that they were not bound, but, on the contrary, became transgressors as well as the prophets, if they received or practiced anything contrary to the fixed principles laid down to govern them all.

When the Lord called Moses and sent him as a revelator to the children of Israel, he showed unto him a pattern of things, beyond which he was forbidden to go, and by him delivered a certain order of things, to be obtained and established by the revelations he was to give through him. Moses had a special charge not to go beyond, nor to come short of the pattern of things given him. And why was this charge given, seeing Moses received all his council direct from heaven? Why did not the Lord take the admonition himself, instead of giving it to Moses? There is a reason for this, and one to which all would do well to give heed. By this command Moses was forbid asking the Lord to permit him to do anything contrary to the pattern of things given, and also to see that what he did receive was carried into effect, and nothing else.

The people of Israel had bound themselves to the Lord, through Moses, to receive and carry into effect all things pertaining to the pattern given. Neither Moses nor the people were at liberty to part from it. If Moses had proved recreant, and either sought of the Lord revelations in opposition to the pattern given, or in opposition to the law that governed him as the leader of Israel the people were not bound to receive them, and if they did, they became transgressors. Take this conservative power away from the people, and there are things said in the Bible, which savor of nonsense. All the rebukes given to the people, for being led by false prophets—and all the admonitions to beware of false teachers, would be nothing but perfect folly, and an insult to them, for if they were bound to receive a prophet, and obey him, let him say what he would, if he did it in the name of the Lord, what sense would there be in admonishing them to beware of false prophets, and threatening them with condemnation if they received their teachings. The fact of such admonitions being given, supposes that there was a conservative power in the people by which they could detect false prophets and false teachers, and save themselves from the ruin that such would bring on them, and if they did not use that power, God would condemn them for it, and they should share the fate of the prophet.

As far as we have any knowledge of the dealings of God with men, in all ages, they have been regulated upon the above principle. The apostles, before they were permitted to go forth and preach the gospel, were commanded to tarry at Jerusalem till they were endowed with power from on high, that is, until they had received the entire platform of things or pattern of things, after which they were to build, which they could not receive until after they received the Holy Spirit; and after they had received the pattern of things, after which they were to build, they went forth proclaiming it to the world, and when the people believed, they baptized them into that church or order of things, and by virtue of their baptism, they were bound to aid in carrying out that plan or scheme

of things, and received everything the Lord commanded them to do for its accomplishment by those whom he had called for that purpose: but they were not under any obligation to receive or obey anything that was in opposition to the form of doctrine delivered unto them. . . . By what rule were they to judge both the world and the angels? Surely, by the form of doctrine which they had received. If an angel from heaven should come with any other pattern of things, they should reject him, or if *any* man did it, true prophet or false prophet, they should reject him. That the apostles themselves were bound by the pattern of things given, and that the people who had received and obeyed the form of doctrine delivered, were also bound by it, but not bound to follow the apostles, or anyone of them, when they departed from it, is so clearly set forth in the second chapter of the epistle to the Galatians, that no doubt can remain on the mind: "But when Peter came to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to blame. For before that certain came from James, he did eat with the Gentiles; but when they were come he withdrew, and separated himself, fearing them which were of the circumcision. And the other Jews dissembled likewise with them; insomuch that Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation. But when I saw that they walked not uprightly, according to the truth of the gospel, I said unto Peter, before them all, If thou, being a Jew, livest after the manner of Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews? We who are Jews by nature, and not sinners of the Gentiles, knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified. But if, while we seek to be justified by Christ, we ourselves also are found sinners, is therefore Christ the minister of sin? God forbid." Here Peter is charged with being a sinner, for having departed from the form of doctrine delivered him, and sharply rebuked for it. Query. Were the people that followed him in his departure from truth justified, or did they promote their salvation in so doing? All will answer they did not.

From the above quotation we learn an important fact, that an apostle, commissioned of the living God, and one through whom the Lord reveals a dispensation to the world, can himself pervert that very order of things, revealed to the world through and by him, so as to make him the subject of severe rebuke by others. What further proof need we that there is a conservative power in the people to preserve in purity the order of things delivered to them through messengers sent for that purpose; and what further proof need we that such a power in the people is necessary?

There are many other things said in the scriptures, which go to establish the above view of the subject beyond controversy. In the fifth chapter of Jeremiah and the thirty-first verse the prophets says, "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my peo-

ple love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?" Here the people are charged with loving to have it so, when the prophets prophesy lies; and the question is asked, What will ye do in the end thereof? For answer to this question see the twenty-ninth verse, "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" The Lord here says, or asks if he will not be avenged on such a nation or people; and why be avenged on the people? Because they loved to have it so; instead of lifting their voice against the prophet—they loved his lies. But if the people were bound to receive, implicitly, all the prophet said, why were they to blame? If that were the case they could not: but the very fact of the people's being guilty, shows that they had a right to reject the prophet's lies. In the second chapter and second verse of Revelation, the church at Ephesus is commended for having tried them who say they are apostles and are not and found them liars,—“I know thy works and thy labor, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil; thou hast tried them which say they are apostles and are not, and hast found them liars.” Let us ask why are all these things said? There is but one answer can be given, and that is, that the people had both the right and the power to do so, and that their guilt, when they were guilty, was because they did not use their power.

The Lord has had one uniform way of dealing with mankind. When he began at any period of the world, to reveal himself to mankind, he, in the first instance, made known to the prophet or messenger whom he had sent, the things to be obtained, and the general platform of the scheme by which the end or ends were to be obtained, and the messenger sent, laid this platform of things before the people for their reception or rejection: when the people received it, the Lord held them bound to see that the order of things set forth, was preserved in purity, and if they departed from it they were to be judged accordingly, and, having the scheme of things before them, they could detect any prophet or apostle who attempted to teach a doctrine subversive of the things delivered unto them; and having this power they were held guilty if they did not exercise it. And hence it was that they were required to detect prophets, apostles, and even angels, if they attempted to corrupt the order of things, or form of doctrine delivered unto them.

By means of the above order of God's dealings with men, he placed into the hands of the people, a conservative power, that if prophets, seers, revelators, or even angels, proved recreant to their trust, the people could save themselves—detect their corruptions, and maintain the truth; separate themselves from the corruptors and the corrupted, and not be partakers with them, neither in their sins nor in their condemnation; and if the people did not exercise their rights, and use the power given to them, they also became transgressors, and shared in the judgments of God. In the first chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians, the subject is still presented in a stronger point of light, if possible. In the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth verses we have the following sayings: “Where-

fore, I also, after I heard of your faith in the Lord Jesus, and love unto all the saints, cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers: that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ the Father of Glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him." Here the apostle says that he prayed that the saints might have the spirit of revelation in the knowledge of God, and goes on till the close of the chapter, showing what they could know by this spirit of revelation. The eyes of their understanding would be enlightened. They would know the hope of their calling, the riches of glory, the excellency of God's power, and many other things to which we direct the attention of our readers. In the first epistle of John, second chapter and twentieth verse, we have the following: "But ye have an unction from the Holy One: and ye know all things." The saints are here said to have an unction from the Holy One and (by it) know, or may know all things.

We think sufficient has been said to settle the question for ever in the mind of all who wish to know. The order of heaven, which includes the gift of the Holy Spirit, puts it in the power of the people, in despite of corrupted apostles and prophets to the contrary, to understand the truth, and detect error, and if they do not use that power, they will be held responsible for it before God.

In relation to the saints of the last days, we think there ought to be but one opinion. The Lord, long before his church was established, caused a government to be organized, which he said he did in order that his church might be built up in it; and at an early day of its experience, said it was not necessary for his saints to break the laws of that Government in order to keep his commandments. From the view we have taken of the way and manner of God's dealings with those who have gone before us; we can see the limits which the Lord has set to his scheme of things delivered to us; that he has bound himself within the limits of the laws of this land in delivering his revelations to us. This he has done that we, as the ancients, may also be able to guard ourselves against the dissolute habits of prophets, and the corruptions of those who might seek to oppress us. To this end he has placed the matter in a situation that the people may see and understand. He has set bounds to the field of revelation, and told the saints that no revelation which is necessary for their salvation, will be in violation of the laws of the land. necessary for their salvation, will be in violation of the laws of the land. . . .

To conclude, we say to the saints, read, reflect, and save yourselves from this untoward generation.

This opposition to polygamy by Rigdon was very pronounced throughout his entire life. As late as March 27, 1866, he claimed to receive a divine communication on the subject from which we extract the following:

The word of the Lord to his servant Stephen Post concerning the things whereof he has inquired. I the Lord say unto my servant Stephen that the system of polygamy as had among a people who were called after my name was not of me saith the Lord, I the Lord your Redeemer disavow it. I never gave to Joseph Smith or any other man authority to introduce in my name that system as had among that people in any of its forms as a pretended spiritual relation or otherwise, and you shall not suffer it to exist in Zion. Yea, you shall not suffer it to make its appearance in Zion, nor among her children in any of its forms, for in so doing you will bring it before my face and it is before me saith the Lord an abomination. I forbid it among the Nephites and as you are properly classed as Nephites, I the Lord therefore forbid its appearance among you. Therefore if there come any to you who have been partakers in that abomination you shall require a baptism of them and it shall be between you and such a baptism of renunciation; they shall renounce that system to you before me, and their baptism shall be a pledge to you in my presence saith the Lord, that in their hearts they have renounced the system; and should it appear afterward by word or deed that they in their baptism had acted deceitfully, you shall cause their names to be blotted from among the names of the children of Zion for their abomination before me and their hypocrisy to you. . . .

As to those who have not polluted themselves with polygamy, the thing I the Lord hate, they can be baptized again or not. If they are dissatisfied with their baptism let them be baptized again so that they can act in good faith before me saith the Lord.

It has been asserted that Rigdon accused Joseph Smith of introducing polygamy at Nauvoo, Illinois, but diligent research has failed to disclose any statement from Rigdon that he personally knew of any such thing. He may have held that Joseph Smith was in some sense responsible, but he accepted it upon the testimony of others. In February, 1845, he visited Kirtland, Ohio, and there met William Law and William E. McLellan and from them heard statements upon this subject which were new to him, showing that he had not personal knowledge of the matter. In the *Messenger and Advocate* for March 15, 1845, he relates the incident as follows:

An unexpected circumstance took place that evening, it was the arrival of Brn. William Law, and William E. McLellan from Hampton, Rock Island County, Illinois. Brother Law addressed the congregation for some time, setting forth what he knew about the people and affairs at Nauvoo; some of which was new to us. He settled the question for ever on the public mind, in relation to the spiritual wife system, and the abomina-

tions concerning it. As Joseph Smith and others had attempted to get him into it, and in order to do so had made him acquainted with many things about it that we never knew before. The whole combined put the matter at rest, and the public mind was quieted, and all doubts removed.

If, then, Elder Rigdon entertained the opinion that Joseph Smith indorsed polygamy, he based his belief upon the testimony of these two men, both of whom were bitter enemies of Joseph Smith previous to his death.

At a conference convened upon his call in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, April 6 to 11, 1845, Elder Rigdon claimed to reorganize the church with himself as president, and with Ebenezer Robinson and Samuel James his counselors.

At this same conference the following were installed as the Quorum of Twelve apostles: Samuel Bennett, Hugh Herringshaw, Jeremiah Hatch, jr., James Blakeslee, Josiah Ells, Benjamin Winchester, William Small, E. R. Swackhammer, David L. Lathrop, Joseph M. Cole, George W. Robinson, and William E. McLellin. The following were constituted Presidents of the Seventy: Amos B. Tomlinson, John F. Olney, Frederick Merryweather, Leonard Rich, George T. Leach, James M. Greig, and William Hutchings.

A standing high council was organized, composed of Dennis Savary, Charles A. Beck, John Smith, Thomas J. Lanyon, James Logan, James A. Forgeus, Matthew Smith, Peter Boyer, Robert Kincaid, Lewis James, James Spratley, and John Frazier. The presiding bishopric were William Richards, bishop; Timothy L. Baker and Richard Croxall, counselors. A stake was organized at Pittsburg with Richard Savary, president; James Smith and Samuel G. Flagg counselors.

Carvel Rigdon, brother of President Rigdon, was chosen patriarch. Austin Cowles was made president of the High Priests' Quorum, with William Stanley and Hiram Kellogg, counselors.

President of Elders' Quorum, John Duncan, with Briggs Alden and William White, counselors. Much business of impor-

tance was transacted at this conference, including the appointment of a committee of five, viz, Samuel Bennett, Jeremiah Hatch, jr., William E. McLellin, Joseph M. Cole, and George W. Robinson to draw up preamble and resolutions expressive of the views and feelings of the conference relative to the people of Nauvoo under the presidency of Brigham Young and his associates.¹ This committee was also directed to prepare an address to the people of the United States and the world.

A FRIEND TO MAN.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
 In the place of their self-content;
 There are souls like stars, that dwell apart
 In a fellowless firmament;
 There are pioneer souls, that blaze their paths,
 Where highways never ran—
 But let me live by the side the road
 And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
 Where the race of men go by,
 The men who are good, and the men who are bad
 As good and as bad as I.
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
 Nor hurl the cynic's ban
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
 By the side of the highway of life,
 The men who press with the ardor of hope,
 The men who are faint with the strife:
 But I turn not away from their smiles and their tears,
 Both parts of an infinite plan,—
 Let me live in my home by the side of the road,
 And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss.

¹Resolutions on page 102 last issue.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES DERRY.

(Continued from page 56.)

This letter afforded me much comfort and I am grateful for the kind remembrance of my brethren as a coworker with them in the cause of Christ, but neither Speight, Babbit, Tippler nor Davis put in an appearance as missionaries. I labored in the Forest of Dean until the last of November, because the work seemed to demand it. What is called the "Forest of Dean" comprises quite a number of villages, such as Newham, Lydney, and other places of lesser size.

On the 1st of December, 1863, I went to the city of Gloucester, the county seat of the shire of that name. Here I found an old elder of the church who had been to Utah, and who was a neighbor of mine there when I lived in Salt Lake City. Like myself, he had returned with a sad heart. Prior to his going there he was a prosperous business man in the city; now he is reduced to the level of a common laborer. He had used his means for the spread of the cause of truth. On his way there he crossed the sea and plains with my present wife. His name was James Wiltshire. His wife died on his returning to England. I set before him the true order of the Church of Christ; he saw it and rejoiced. I stayed with him while in Gloucester; he gladly welcomed me to bed and board. I visited Brighamites in the city, meeting similar treatment from the most of them that I had met in other places. I remained here until the 6th, when Brother Wiltshire accompanied me to Cheltenham, which was the headquarters of the Brighamites for the Cheltenham District. We attended their meeting, where I saw a man named Barrowdell who had been as far as Council Bluffs on his way to Utah; but he had returned, and not having seen the elephant, he was won over to them again. He plied me with many questions, which I answered, and apparently

to his satisfaction. Elder John Holman, of Utah, was here and in charge of their work. This man had forbidden the members of his pastorate from receiving me into their houses, under penalty of great curses. I distributed tracts among the members. I attended the meeting again at night, and obtained permission to speak, as the elder had no suspicion of what I was; but as soon as I declared my mission he ordered me to stop; but as the Missouri River can not be dammed up with a straw, neither was I to be stopped at his command. I explained the nature of my mission, then I turned to Mr. Holman and told him I was the man whom he had forbidden his people to receive, and I invited him to an investigation before his people. The man was confounded, but sullenly refused to investigate. Another Utah elder, named Pearson, was present, but he was silent.

I went from Cheltenham to Tewkesbury. I found a family named Savage, the woman was a sister of Samuel A. Price, a member of the Reorganized Church in Iowa. She received me kindly; I preached the gospel to her, and she seemed to appreciate it, and treated me well.

I returned to Cheltenham and obtained permission to stay with a family, man and wife. He was something of a lawyer and claimed to trace his descent from one of the kings of England. They were owners of considerable property, but very miserly. They had but one bed and I had to occupy an old arm-chair in the basement that might have come down from his supposed ancestor, King Edward, for it was devoid of comfort. There was the old fashioned fireplace, so full of ashes that it might not have been emptied since the old chair was made, away in the dim, distant past. Sleep was out of the question, and rest and comfort seemed farther away still. Morning came, and I was glad to see its earliest gleams, but they brought the filth of the place into bolder relief, and when the scanty meal was spread, I concluded to shut my eyes and go

it blind; but I was hungry and tired and tried to be thankful.

The next day I tried to hunt up some of the lost sheep, but they were shy and did not care to eat salt at my hand. Toward evening I found a family named Wilson; they had been in the church, but like many others had been disgusted because of the evils that had crept into the church and had turned away from the truth, forgetting that the good seed had been sown by the hand of God, and the arch enemy had sown the tares. However, the lady received me with kindness, but the man was very surly and told me that I need not trouble about him, for he should never have anything to do with Mormonism again. I talked kindly and explained our position to him, and his manner softened towards me so much that he invited me to stay and take supper with them, and when I left he walked out with me, and on parting with me, he pressed fervently my hand and asked forgiveness for his hard speeches. Thus I proved again that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." It was also evident that when truth has once found a lodgment in the heart, it is hard to smother it out. Like Hamlet's ghost, it will not down.

On the 10th of December, I visited Castle Eaton, a little village in the County of Wiltshire. This was the birthplace of my present wife, and the kindness with which I was received by the inhabitants as the husband of Eliza Herbert, was an unmistakable assurance of the great esteem in which she was held by all who knew here, and hence an evidence of the purity of her life among them. I am proud to record this, and it shows that virtue brings a reward in this life as well as in the life to come. I visited members of the Brighamite church, as well as relatives of my wife, and I showed them the difference between the two churches, and the departure from the truth that they had taken, and the mission of the Reorganized Church was to call back the wanderers to the original order of God. While I was respectfully listened to,

they manifested no desire to further investigate. The only active opposition I received was from a young man who was a cripple from his infancy up; and like the rest of the advocates of polygamy, he was inclined to be abusive and showed more zeal than sense.

On the 13th I returned to Gloucester. Passing through Cricklade and Cirencester, I visited a family in the latter town and explained our position and was kindly treated. On my arrival in Gloucester I was received by Mr. James Wiltshire in his usually kind manner, but he was not prepared to fulfill his promise, viz, to be baptized when I returned, nor had he given up the intention to do so in the near future. In company with James Wiltshire I visited a Brighamite named Rodway, who wanted to hear about Utah, etc. I gave him a truthful presentation, and showed him the nature of the Reorganized Church. He seemed pleased with my statements. I visited others in Gloucester, but they were not willing to hear the truth.

On the 15th I returned to the Forest of Dean. Mr. Wiltshire kindly aided me, and I labored there until the 22d. I dreamed a dream, or beheld a vision: I saw in the air a beautiful sea in the form of a huge globe, and in it were a great number of fine fish, the most beautiful I ever saw. That passed away, and I saw a number of cattle and beasts of various kinds, and I thought, after this there will be an army, and instantly an army sprang into view, in military array, and presented a most grand appearance—their uniform the richest I ever beheld. It did not dazzle the eye and yet it was superbly beautiful. The dream or vision vanished and left no interpretation on my mind, yet it must have a spiritual meaning. The sea may represent the earth, the fish the honest in heart, who will be redeemed. The cattle and the other beasts may represent the opposing powers against the truth; and the army, the glorious hosts of the kingdom of God.

On the 22d Bro. John Frowan and I started for Pennydarren, in Wales. On this trip John had a taste of the life of a traveling elder. On our way we hunted out what Brighamites we could find, only to meet rebuffs and insults for our pains; but to them I was sent, and I feel to fill my mission, unpleasant as it is.

On the 25th we arrived at Pennydarren, and on the 26th the first general conference of the Reorganized Church in the British Isles was opened, Jason W. Briggs in the chair, and Charles Derry, secretary. The president suggested that the church in the British Isles publish a small periodical in the interest of the work here. Elder Derry spoke in favor of it, and it met with the approval of the conference. The number of members enrolled at this time were 106, including thirty-six elders, twelve priests, one teacher, and one deacon. For full particulars see *Herald*, number 3, volume 5. We had a good spiritual conference.

We had a joyous time, good instructions were given, and a rich outpouring of the Spirit of God was realized, and the Saints rendered sweet melody in the songs of praise. The Welsh Saints are a generous hearted people, greatly devoted to the cause of truth, and full of faith and love; but they have been soured by the evils of Brighamism, and it is hard to win them back to the truth; but when they do return it is with their whole hearts.

On the 28th Elders Briggs, Jeremiah, and Derry ordained Evan Griffiths and John Frowan to the office of elder. During the year 113 souls had been brought to see and acknowledge the light of truth. I thank God with all my heart for the good that has been done. My heart has often bled with anguish, and my prayers have gone forth to God, with all the earnestness of my soul for the spread of his truth, since I landed on these shores. I pray that all who have laid hold anew will

continue to hold on to the rod of iron, that they may reach the tree of life.

My personal receipts since January 1, 1863, to December 31 of the same year, (including my travels from Sandwich, Illinois, to this land) amount to twenty-four pounds and sixteen shillings of English money. I have written seventy-seven letters and have published one thousand of Joseph's epistles. I have not received one cent of financial aid from the church in America, since I landed on these shores. Brothers Briggs and Jeremiah kindly gave me four shillings and six pence to get my overcoat out of pawn. I have expended the above amount in stationery, mail, bill printing, and room rent for preaching. I have ridden but fifteen miles since I landed in Liverpool. My travels have been accomplished on foot, and I have practiced the strictest economy that I might be better able to advance the truth. I have always had a shelter but not always a bed, but God has sustained me thus far. The year has been laden with many dark and gloomy hours for me, but it has carried in its wings rays of sunshine, and moments of glorious, restful peace, and I thank the Giver of all good for the blessings received.

I will now recapitulate some of the events of the year 1863. One humble messenger of the gospel left his adopted land to raise the downtrodden standard of truth in his native land, followed near five months afterward by Elders Briggs and Jeremiah, who bravely battled for the cause so dear to each heart with the result at this date, January 1, 1864, of one hundred thirteen souls having joined to the gospel standard, and the Reorganized Church of Christ has been established in this land. Other brave soldiers have lifted the same ensigns on the mountains and in the valleys of Utah. My loved, adopted land has been baptized in blood and fire, and the end is not yet, but the shackles of slavery have been for ever burst from the negro. Russia has drunk the life blood of down-

trodden Poland, and none cried halt to the monsters' ravages! The cities of Mexico have been bathed in crimson tide; Australia has felt the dire effects of an aboriginal war; China has been cursed with the ravages of the red-handed demon; Japan and San Domingo have drunk deep of human gore, all Europe has been vexed and perplexed, until her cup is full of bitterness and wrath. Earthquakes have played their part in the general havoc. At Milan ten thousand people, and a million and ten thousand dollars' worth of property have been destroyed, two thousand six hundred and seventy vessels have been wrecked; Hungary has been cursed with famine; England has suffered from the cotton famine, which has brought starvation to thousands of families. And the din of war, the bellowing of earthquakes, the ravages of famine, the graves of the oppressed, and the thirst for human blood, and above it all ring out the clarion tones of the gospel of peace. The warning voice from on high, "The hour of God's judgment is come!" and the prayers of all the just and true is that the kingdom of God may soon come in all its glory and blessedness, that wars may cease, that the curse may be removed, and righteousness cover the earth even as the waters do the mighty deep, and to this we say, Amen!

January 1, 1864. I am strongly impressed that my mission here will be ended by the month of June, or at the latest by August. Jason Briggs has intimated that I will be privileged to return home whenever I desire to do so, but I want to feel that I have the approval of God and my own conscience, and then I can return with satisfaction. The Welsh Saints proffered to assist me with means to return home. I began my New Years' journal in Penndarren, Wales. My Father only knows where I will finish it, but I pray that I may have greater wisdom and courage during this year. I continued to labor among the Welsh until the 12th. My wife writes encouragingly.

On the 6th I visited New Tredegar, in company with Brother Jeremiah. On the 7th to Asgood. Here they keep the largest fires (in their houses) I ever saw for coal fires. Their fire grates are three quarters of a yard long, one foot deep, and eighteen inches wide from front to back; coal costs two pence per hundred, while in Wiltshire coal is fourteen pence per hundred, and fires there could be put in a small pail. Wales is a mining country, and Wiltshire is a farming country.

On the 8th I visited Brother and Sister Perkins, of Blackwood. I returned to Isaiah Thomas's for the night. On the 9th I went to Ponty Pengham. Sister Thomas gave me a shilling and two shirts, which I badly needed. I stayed with David Reese and family until the 12th, when I went to Newport. I visited my old friend, Mrs. Naash, and learned there were two Brighamite elders in town, who would preach at the house of a Mr. Marks. I went to the house a little before meeting time. I knocked at the door; Mr. Marks opened it. I inquired about the meeting, and was invited in, and there I found a very dapper dressed gentleman, George W. Grant, and George Benson, sons of George Grant and E. T. Benson. I handed Mr. Grant a tract. He looked at it and abruptly handed it back, saying he would not "read such apostate stuff." I engaged him in conversation, but he, fearing lest some of the household would see his defeat, invited me into a private room. Benson, who saw his friend was getting the worst of the argument, interfered with our conversation, by demanding to know about Abraham. I told him Abraham did not practice polygamy by command of God, but at the instance of his wife Sarah, who doubted the promise of God, and who afterwards bitterly repented giving Hagar to him. This made him mad, and he expressed the wish that he could meet me on the Platte River alone, saying that he had put several such men as me under the water and he would like to put me there. (He was possibly one of the Danites.) I thanked him for his kindness,

and suggested he would be better at home. He ordered me out of the house, and would have attempted to put me out, but I told him I knew my rights and would stay until that meeting closed. He then deferred any further attempt. Meeting opened; Grant and Marks spoke; their discourses were very dry, but no slurs were thrown out by them. At the close I offered a pamphlet to each one of the audience, but not a soul would touch them until Grant, who had refused one before, said "Give me one; I am not so stereotyped but what I can read one." I handed him one. Then all the house wanted one. I requested the privilege of addressing them for a few minutes, but Grant was too "stereotyped" for that, and he denied the privilege. There was something of the gentleman about Grant, but Benson was a bully. That night, before retiring, I sought the Lord's guidance and was led to leave Newport the next day.

On the night of the 13th I stayed at a tavern called the Half Moon. The landlady received me very kindly, and after talking with her on the gospel, she divulged her troubles to me, telling me her husband was unkind to her and abused her. I showed her the necessity of treating him kindly, told her if married people would be happy they must work to create that happiness. We had no right to demand from others what we are not willing to yield to them. She said when he was cross and ugly she tried to appease his anger with a kiss, but he only repulsed her, and that crushed her spirit more and more. Such a man is a demon. She seemed a nice woman, but heartbroken, and feeling that she could place confidence in me, she unbosomed her trouble to me. I prayed God to bless her for her kindness. She would not accept payment for lodging and food.

At Creek, near Chepstow, I visited Mr. Henry Ridler, a Brighamite, but only to receive abuse when I told my mission. I went on to Almondsbury, but my brother-in-law was away

at work. His wife was sick, being subject to epileptic fits. She had no desire for the truth, in fact seemed weak-minded. During the night strange sounds were heard in the air, like the sound of a great waterfall. People think they were the precursors of a storm, or the roaring of an actual storm at sea, and truly the papers reported many wrecks off the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and many vessels were lost on the Atlantic coast. A great explosion occurred on the *Mersey*, and the report is said to have been as great as though five hundred pieces of artillery had been fired at once. People many miles from the occurrence were so frightened that they ran out in their night robes.

On the 16th Joseph Herbert came home, worn out with toil. I had a pleasant visit with him; he is desirous of taking his family and going home with me, but his wife is not willing, so he must remain and toil on. I am sorry to add that appearances indicate that his wife is no helpmeet, but he is as patient and kind as a husband can be, for which I am glad.

On the 17th I bade them farewell, never expecting to see them more. He loves his sister Eliza with a true brother's love. I left for Lydney. I found much sickness there. Sister J. H. Morgan is very sick; her husband and I administered to her. She seems to have great faith. They are both old and poor.

On the 19th I visited a Brother David at the Old Furnace, and was kindly received by him. That night I dreamed a dream. I saw in my dream a wild-cat. I thrust a two-pronged fork through its body, which rendered it harmless to me. Nor was I long in finding out the interpretation of my dream. It grieves me to learn that one who had hitherto appeared to be my friend, should prove an enemy in disguise, but it is so. The Devil is trying to destroy the work here by using some who profess to be the handmaids of the Lord as his instruments. That is one of his old dodges. Persecution from the

outside can not do the injury that division among God's people can do, hence he is seeking to cause division among the members; but I will trust in the Lord, for I am not conscious of proving myself unworthy the esteem of the Lord's people. Sister Morgan received help from our administration. She is seventy-three years of age. I wrote doctrinal letters to different parts. Received a letter from Mrs. Powell, of West-bromwich, telling me her brother, Samuel Badham, had visited my family and all was well with them. This did me good. I also received a very encouraging letter from James Wiltshire, of Gloucester.

On the 26th I bade farewell to Brother and Sister Morgan, not expecting to return there. As the sister desired to be administered to, Bro. John Frowan, Brother Morgan and myself administered to her. I felt to pray God to bless her for her kindness to me. I visited Davis's at Blakeney and encouraged them to hold fast to the truth.

On the 27th I visited Edmund Morgan and his wife at Mosely Green. He was ill in bed. I exhorted them to faithfulness in God's cause. At their request I prayed with them, and commending them to the All Father's care, I bade them good-bye. A Mr. John Cover gave me a shilling to help me on my way. These favors make the heart glad, not only for the value of the gift, but to see the kindness of heart that inspires the giver. May such indeed realize that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." All wished me godspeed in my work, and a safe journey home when I make my final start.

January 8 Brother Reese sent me two shillings. Thus my way is being opened. I bade farewell to Brother Frowan and Sister Davis to-day. One woman told me that her husband would work hard, and when he received his hard earnings, instead of bringing them home to sustain his family, he would spend them in drinking and carousing, leaving his wife and children to starve. Truly "wine is a mocker; strong drink is

raging; and they that are deceived thereby are not wise." I gave my reasons for leaving Utah to Thomas Morgan and family, and I trust they will come into the church. I went to Gloucester and was kindly received by James Wiltshire. The papers tell of two thousand ladies being burned to death in a church in Santiago, Chili, on the 8th of December last.

On the 1st day of February, 1864, I baptized, confirmed, and ordained James Wiltshire an elder. He is forty-five years old, was born at Bots, in Wiltshire County. There are reported two hundred and one shipwrecks during the month just passed. War between Germany and Denmark has begun. The chances to do good work in Gloucester are slim. A woman came and abused Brother Wiltshire and wished all the Mormons were sunk in the sea. The next evening she brought us a cake and begged pardon. I was again made glad by a letter from home. All are well. I am sorry to learn that the branch at Council Bluffs is being rent asunder by a spirit of nationality. In the gospel there is neither Jew nor Greek, all are one in Christ Jesus, and if that oneness is not characteristic in us, it shows that we are not one in Christ Jesus, no matter how loudly we may profess that gospel. I hope they will crush out the deadly viper of nationality and be united as the children of the kingdom of God. I am happy to learn that my children are improving in their studies; I pray they may acquire the graces of the gospel also. Brother Wiltshire gave me two shillings. The Danes have been overpowered by the Prussians. The world seems to have lost what faith it had. Nations can not trust each other. Treaties seem to be made only to be broken when either party thinks it can be benefited by the breach. The Saints of Lydney sent me eight shillings. It looks as though the Lord were opening a way before me. To him I give thanks and pray for blessings on the Saints.

One item in the past I forgot to relate. On my return from

Castle Eaton in December last I arrived at Cheltenham after a walk of twenty miles, after night, and I went to a friend of Brother Wiltshire's. They were in bed, but the man arose and led me into one of the worst streets in town, occupied by the most degraded people in the town. He took me to a row of lodging houses owned by him; he unlocked the door, led me into a back room, where was a ladder leading to an upper room; he led the way, and I followed up the rickety ladder into a small, but filthy room, in which was a bedstead, stand, and old chair. There was something on the bedstead that he called a bed. He left me with about an inch of tallow candle, and bade me good-night. I turned down an old, filthy quilt. What a sight of filth met my gaze and sickened my heart. Everything was besmeared with human filth. I put up the quilt. I was very weary. I spread my overcoat on the top of the quilt, but the thoughts of the filth, and the drunken orgies in the street would not permit me to sleep. I arose, crawled down the old ladder, found my way again to his home, called him up and begged for permission to stay in his home. He arose and permitted me to sleep on a lounge. The row of houses owned by him and to which I was led was occupied by transient vagrants and the lowest kind of peddlers, from whom he exacted nightly rents, and others would take their place the next night, and this accounted for the abominable filth. I had no money at that time to pay for decent lodging, or I should not have troubled him.

On the 17th of February I went to Tewkesbury and visited Mrs. Savage. She treated me kindly, I ate dinner, tea, and supper at her kind invitation, but slept at a tavern. She kindly invited me to breakfast the next morning. There I saw engines for crushing stones and leveling the roads. All roads are macadamized here.

On the 18th I went to Worcester. On my way I saw a giant oak, the largest I ever saw. The trunk of the tree must

have measured five feet or more in diameter. Its huge, wide spreading limbs were supported by strong, oaken props. A wayfaring man was philosophizing about "The millions that had come and gone since the acorn dropped from which that giant of the forest had sprung. He walked away shaking his head, saying, "The brightest prospects of men are often laid low." Perhaps the poor man spoke from experience.

I sought for Latter Day Saints in Worcester, but could not find any, although this used to be one of their strongholds. I went to Stourbridge on the 19th. I did not know how the people would receive me, but I prayed the Lord to incline their hearts to receive me, and he did, for they received me with kindness. I slept at Joseph Tilley's. I was very weary with my long journey. On the 20th I helped Tilley in the forge. I visited an old sister named Sutch. She was in trouble. Her husband had left her and she knew nothing of his whereabouts. I set the truth before her.

On the 22d I helped Tilley in the forge. Sister Tilley washed my clothes; her husband gave me money; in fact, they treated me with great kindness, yet they do not unite with us, but acknowledge the truth of our doctrine. I believe God will deal mercifully with such, though they are not identified with us, for they were originally baptized into the true faith, and will not follow Brigham. The change of food affects me not so well.

I went to Bilston from Stourbridge, and to my surprise and sorrow found my old friend, Stephen Taylor, and his wife keeping a public house for the sale of intoxicating liquors. When I knew them in Birmingham they were strong temperance people. What will not men and women do for money? I was welcomed as of old, but thoroughly disgusted to see men come there and spend their hard earnings, and their wives would hunt them up and sit by and drink with them by the hour, and listen and laugh at the bawdry, ribald talk and songs.

One poor old drunken sot made sport for the crowd by going down on all fours and imitating a dog, just for the drink the other fools would give him. I felt that humanity had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. Disgusted with the scene, I retired to bed. I can not think that Stephen Taylor and his wife enjoyed this state of things, but adverse circumstances had driven them into conditions they had no sympathy with. Thence, I shall not condemn them, and I pray that they may not be lost to the kingdom of God. Another time I saw an old man, whose visage was more like a demon than a man, imitating the corn drake in his voice, then whistling like the lark, then undertake to fight any dog with his mouth only, and then beg in the name of God and of Jesus Christ for a pint of ale. I never had seen such degradation of humanity, and all brought out by the influence of liquor and evil associates. I would rather a thousand times follow my children to the grave than to have them sink in the depths of crime.

On the 24th I returned to Westbromwich and learned from Bro. Henry Tyler that there was a desire for the truth in Wolverhampton. I was kindly received by Sr. Jane Fox and her son Isaiah.

On the 25th of February I went to Birmingham and ordained Charles Sheen an elder and advised him to hold meetings in his house. We visited some of the people together. A Mrs. Amos expressed a determination to be baptized at a future time. I tried to show her the evil of procrastination. Another lady had informed Brother Briggs she would be baptized when I returned. I told her God was no respecter of persons and we should not be.

On the 26th I sent James Wiltshire fifty pamphlets for distribution.

On the 28th I went and preached in Wolverhampton.

On the 29th I returned to Bilston, and found a family of old Saints named Petty. They received me very kindly and seemed

to love the truth. The Brighamites in Wolverhampton are busy circulating slanders about me and the Reorganization. I can far better afford for them to lie about me than they can afford to engage in such business. That work will never destroy my equanimity.

A boiler burst at Wolverhampton, killing nine men and injuring nineteen others. Thus man is often the victim of man's invention. I received a letter from Brother Briggs, saying that William O. Owen had heard in Newport that I had spoken things against him that were untrue, and that was the reason he did not attend the conference in Wales. I wrote Jason a letter denying the charge. It does seem as though the Devil is working very hard to destroy this work. I am not the best man, nor the greatest man on this mission, but it seems I am the butt against which every shaft is hurled. I desire to live nearer to God, that I may be enabled to endure to the end. I realize I am the custodian of my own character, and I alone can sully it, and I never indulge in the foolish and inhuman task of trying to sully another man's. A letter from Elder John A. McIntosh, of Gallands Grove, Iowa, did me much good. Elder Briggs told Sister Fox that Speight had reported to him that he was willing to do all he could locally, but he could not travel. This is the first I have heard of Brother Speight since Joseph told me he was appointed to this mission. There is plenty of room.

March 1 I went to West Bromwich, found the tongue of slander busy there, and this time among our own people. Some of them have chosen me as the victim. I am only sorry for my accusers.

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOHN L. BEAR.

(Continued from page 92.)

From time to time dissatisfied Mormons joined us until we numbered five hundred and twenty-five souls, men, women and children. I have seen it in the records. And I have to say, that I have never seen, read of, nor heard of a more devoted, praying people on earth, that desired to serve God, as the Morrisites, so called; and if the Josephite missionaries would have come in 1860 or early in 1861 there would have been no Morrisites, but there was nothing but Brighamism, the apostasy. We all believed with all our hearts, that Joseph Smith, the Martyr, was a prophet of God, and the Book of Mormon true. We believed in the restoration of the gospel, but not in the gospel of Brigham Young. It is written, "By their fruits you shall know them."

But I, with thousands of others, got deceived more or less, but in another way. No polygamy with us, neither oppressing the poor, nor murdering our fellow-men. We embraced the gospel with all our soul, might, mind and strength in the old country, fled from Babylon to escape the judgments of the Almighty, and gather with the people to the chambers of the Lord. We were then horrified to see what deception was played on us, right in opposition to what we were taught and believed; yea, we were caught like mice in a trap. Is it any wonder if we believed that God would not suffer us to be treacherously dealt with, but he would come out of his hiding place and in some way remove those wicked shepherds and preserve his people; yea, those who wanted to serve God in truth and righteousness? But God's ways are not men's ways; the cup of their iniquity was not yet full. There had to be some more martyrs made, and many had to be cleansed and purified, like the gold which has to go through a sevenfold process of purification, before it is really pure. And again, if it had not been

so far away from the inhabited world, if there had been a chance to leave Utah without being watched and followed by those enemies, the dissatisfied ones would have left without waiting for anything to turn up.

We had a storehouse, and everyone received from there his portion of food, all alike, and those that had more clothes than they needed turned them into the storehouse, and they were given to those who were in need; all were served alike, no distinction. But surely it did not go this way long till the stock was exhausted. Then, as a natural consequence, if no remedy would be provided by the Almighty, we would have been bound to scatter out to seek a livelihood, and Morrisism would have come to an end without bloodshed. But it had not to be so, and the majority of us who came to Utah in 1860 and 1861 from the British Isles, Scandinavia, a few Germans and Swiss, quite a number of Danes also, who knew very little yet of the English language, so we had to learn, and learn we did. Yet there were some who had lived in Utah quite a number of years and were born Americans. We had occasionally some Brighamite visitors, acting more as spies than anything else, telling us that they would come one of these days and root us out, killing every man in the place, and only leave the women alive, whom they would take to be their wives; yea some told me, so before my face, that that was their intention. So you see that murder and polygamy go hand in hand. They are twins.

By and by they demanded of those whom they knew to be American citizens to go and drill with them or pay a fine of twenty-five dollars each. We understood that the leaders sympathized with the South and wished to assist them in any way they could. Our people did not want to fight the United States, and consequently would not drill with the Brighamites, so paid the fines, and I heard it had to be in gold. But they found still some more that were citizens, and as there was no

more money they stole from us horses, cattle, and cows from the ranch. There was a Scotch family by the name of Parks close to me. They had a son who was old enough for military duty, so one day there came a big, heavy set fellow, red whiskered, (it was Lot Smith, who burned the two government trains in 1857, as General Johnson with his army was on the way to Utah,) to Parks, holding Parks' horse by the bridle and wanted to take it away. But the young man took hold of the bridle also; then there came an exchange of words, but it seemed like they were only joking, so a number of the brethren came around to know what was going on, but none of them had any weapons. If Parks had any I could not see them, but Lot Smith had a heavy revolver. Parks then asked Smith, "How much do you think the horse is worth?"

He replied, "About seventy-five dollars."

"And how much is the fine?"

"Twenty-five dollars," Smith answered.

Parks replied, "And you want to take a seventy-five dollar horse for a twenty-five dollar fine?" and all laughed. But they gave him to understand that they would not allow him to take the horse, and so he finally left.

I have also to mention that those of us who came to Weber from a distance made only temporary shelters. Those who like myself had no tents or wagon boxes, made some small huts of willows, put straw and willow on the top for a roof, and as it very seldom rained there in those days, we did not think that we would have much rain to hurt us. But there came a rainy season; yea, for a number of days and nights. We got soaked in the beds, and a few got sick. We could not understand why this was so, but we soon found out that God was merciful to us, as our enemies were trying to burn us out, but the rain hindered them. I then made me a better shelter, so that in case of more rain it would not come through the roof. Then they tried to drown us out, opening an old water ditch by the

river bank to turn the river on us; but it was discovered in time, and a number of brethren ran up there and filled up the break. Now we found it necessary to guard camp by night; eight men in the forepart and eight men in the afterpart of the night, which was rather hard on us, as our turns came around rather soon, for there were not many men in the camp.

As there were and always are dissenters in every community, so we had three that left us and captured our supply wagon, loaded with flour, somewhere at Kay's Ward. At the muzzle of the revolver the teamster had to let it go. Coming back to Weber he told us what had happened, and as we were out of flour, to be safe from further depredations of these men, a posse started immediately to Kay's Ward to recover our supplies. They found those fellows, and brought them back to camp with the team and the flour, and locked them up in a blockhouse, well knowing that we could get no redress from a Brighamite court.

By and by our enemies, the Brighamites, stole from us again three very fine horses of big value, forcing the boys who herded them at the muzzle of the revolver to relinquish them. They came to camp and told us of the robbery, a posse of men went after the thieves on foot, but certainly they could not overtake them.

Now, is it any wonder that John Banks replied to the messenger who was sent to our camp with a proclamation from Judge Kinney to deliver up some of our men, "Judge Kinney shall come himself, as we have nothing to do with horse thieves." Now, be it known that the majority of our people were not aware that there were any United States officers in Utah to execute the law, as we were taught in the old country that there were no Gentiles in Utah and that God would not allow any to get there, and that Brigham Young was both the temporal and the spiritual ruler. One of our prisoners escaped. The guard that night left his post, as it rained, so this fellow,

a Dane, did dig a hole under a log and went, but the captain of the guard, going his round, discovered it and prevented the others from going.

Now, could we expect any protection or justice from the Brighamites, our deadliest enemies? At the same time the majority of our people *understood very little of the English language*. So the climax came, and on the morning of the 13th of June, 1862, I went to hunt some wood, grubbed out some old stumps and roots, carrying them home in a sack, when a lot of men on horse back and on foot south of us on the bench, with some glittering objects came to view, whom I found out afterward to be Mormons. I went home and reported what I had seen, so wife and neighbors went out of their shelters to see, and in a very short time the bugle sounded for us to come to meeting, when some one of our head men did read from a paper. I did not understand what it was, and many others were the same way. Then one commenced to speak, but I could not get a clear idea of it, only guessing that he referred to the men on the bench. Then the thunder of a cannon shot and the scream of a girl terrified our ears. I looked in the direction of the scream and there saw the blood streaming down her face, and pieces of flesh hanging down from her mouth, and the lower jaw was nearly swept off. Two women were lying on the ground, one dead. The other, a Swiss widow, sixty-five years old, the men carried home into her tent, and she died in a little while. It must be remembered that we were in the open bowery, where we held our services. Then we were told to go home, and everybody went to the shelter of wagon boxes, tents, and willow wick-i-ups. A few had log houses. Now shot after shot came, with shouting and yelling like demons. We were helpless, and could not do anything for our protection, but had to let it go and pray to the Lord for deliverance. A Swiss family living next to us came over to my willow house. We all sat on the ground, thinking

very likely the balls would all pass above us, and we might escape. About two hours after the first shot, one crashed into my shelter, filling my mouth, ears, nose, and eyes with the dry, powdered plaster, and a terrible scream came from under the bed, where our neighbor's oldest daughter of thirteen years did hide. She crawled out, with her face all bloody, scratched up with the splinters from the bedstead. They ran out of the house and I looked at the place where my wife was sitting, opposite me, against the wall. O, my God, is it possible there she was—dead; her head leaning to the side, and of the babe which she was holding in her lap, sixteen weeks old, was nothing left except a handful of flesh, the rest scattered on the roof, on the door, on the sides, and on the bedstead. One minute before it was laughing and gay as anyone of that age is. The sight was horrible to behold. The last words she said, just a little while before the shot came, was asking me to pray. She then took her apron off and said: "Let me put this apron on the ground, or you will get rheumatism sitting on that damp dirt."

Well, reader, you can not comprehend my feelings of sorrow and the bleedings of my heart. It is indescribable. I now look back to the time I embraced the gospel, myself working with all the energy and zeal to bring people to repentance, and the wife of my youth, who was a number one dressmaker, paying every tenth cent she earned as tithing for the support of those Utah emissaries. We left all our friends and kindred and our beloved fatherland to come to Zion, so called, in the chambers of the Lord, to escape impending doom; and now, oh, my God and my Redeemer, hast thou forsaken me?

According to the size of the holes in the walls, it must have been a twelve-pound ball, and I went out of the house into the tent where the others went. Shot upon shot, and another big ball came rolling along, and again another one. I do not know if any of our men tried to take the offensive on that day or

not; if there were, they were very few, as we had nothing to defend ourselves with. According to my knowledge there were about twenty rifles, some shotguns and old Mexican firelocks, altogether about forty guns and about twenty pistols, and what is this in the way of defense against four or five cannon, twelve- and six-pounders, and a howling mob of about a thousand men. We were surrounded on all sides, and no show for escape. They also captured, that morning, our food supplies and our herds of cows and oxen. So we were destitute, and what we had left, we could not cook, because when they saw smoke they sent their shot and balls in there. About midnight the Swiss brethren buried the widow, and my wife, with the remnants left of the babe, (about a handful of flesh,) right close by, where used to be a water ditch. They wrapped them up in linen sheets, covering them up with a few feet of earth. Martyrs for their religion and faith.

Vengeance is mine and I will repay, says the Lord.

Next day about five in the morning a Danish brother, Nelson by name, came to me, giving me a gun, saying, "Well, brother, we have to defend ourselves as best we can," and led me to an open place in the middle of the camp. There was a spade lying there. He wanted me to dig a hole deep enough for me to hide myself in it from the shots of the enemy. I tried to dig, but the ground was too hard, and the spade so dull that I could make very little impression with it. Then came a whir and a sound past my left ear. I looked around but could not see anybody, as the enemies were hidden in the bushes. I started my spade again, another whir and whiz past my right ear. The fellow just missed me both times, by an inch or so.

As I could not see any of our men, I thought, What's the use of being a target here for these brigands. I wanted to know where the brethren were, so I went towards the fort, so called, and could see some people in a log house. I went in and found the house full of men, women, and children. It was Mr.

Taylor's house. By and by Mr. Flemgart, another Dane, came in, and said to me, "I want you to go to the west side of the fort," telling me what house to go to, and said: "We have hardly any men to defend ourselves; run across the open square where the schoolhouse stands, so they don't hit you." I went and got to the place safely. There were only six or seven of our men there. Some of them started to dig a pit, so we could get down for protection. Right opposite, to the west, was a Brighamite log building occupied by seventy men, and we, seven or eight of us, the only opposing force. Those fellows watched every opportunity. If they could see one of us peeping through the cracks, they would send us a leaden messenger. So on my arrival Captain Lee, an Englishman, warned me not to look through those cracks. As I was trying to look buff, a ball struck the log. In a little while another of the brethren came, a tall Englishman. Lee warned him at once, but he peeped and there came a ball. He had a very close shave.

A part of the room we were in was used as a wheat bin, full of wheat, and a space left open on the west side between the bin and the wall, big enough for a man to sit and lie down; so I stretched my overcoat there and took a seat. There was already a big round hole, like it was bored with an auger, in one of the logs on the south side, and in a lower log a smaller hole, as they had twelve- and six-pound cannon balls. Now Lee, the captain, said, "Boys, all come down into the pit; it is finished," and in less than a minute after we got down another twelve-pounder came through and I judge it must have come through the place I occupied before. Then a smaller one came right down into the pit, which must have been a musket ball, as they had loaded their cannon with them. It must have lost its force coming through the wall of dirt, and fell into Brother Parker's hand, a Welshman.

I have also to mention that it rained sometime during the day, Saturday, and also during the night, which kept them

from burning us out. It was also rumored that Chief Burton sent to Salt Lake City for more ammunition, as they were running short. So early on Sunday morning the cannonading began with new vigor and the smaller arms continued all day, without intermission, mixed with a yelling and shouting like we were surrounded by a host of demons. It was reported that they sent eighty-one bombshells into our camp that day, trying to burn us out, but everything was too wet to burn. The enemy was now close to our camp and we were surrounded on all sides. You could hear them talk.

Just a little before dark we heard Brother Parsons' voice, "*Come out, boys; we have given up to save our lives!*" Oh, my God, that was worse for me than anything else; to surrender to these demons who thirsted for our blood. We would rather die in defense than be martyred in cold blood, as we expected we would be. The bugle did sound, which generally called us for worship, but now what a contrast.

As we were going out, I remembered my overcoat which I left on the open space between the granary and the log wall, where I spent the day before we went into the pit, and lo and behold, it was badly torn up by the twelve-pounder which entered a minute or so after I went down into the pit. I was astonished to see how wonderful the protection that the Lord had shown me. If I had remained a little longer, I would have been shot to pieces, like my baby was. God preserved my life in marvelous ways, the third time now in three days, and at the same time I preferred death rather than to fall into the hands of my enemies.

So I was the last to go out, and the last that stacked his gun on the east side of the schoolhouse, where Brother Parsons told us. I tell you that our guns occupied a very small space. The enemy was still shooting. Brother Parsons was still hollowing to them for God and humanity's sake to stop shoot-

ing, telling the bearer of the white flag to go close up to them so they could see.

Now all of us, men, women, and children had gathered on the west side of the schoolhouse, quite a piece from it. Then four men on horseback first entered, and after them the mob. Then Stoddard of Farmington, in a brutal manner said: "What is this crowd here for? Give all your powder up. I want the men to separate themselves from the women and the children," but the women and the children did hang onto their husbands' and fathers' necks, weeping and wailing, and they put their arms around each other and kissed each other, all believing that they would never see each other again in this life.

Then Burton hollowed out, "Where is Joe?" Some one answered, turning his face southward, "There, he is coming."

He and Banks came arm in arm; then Burton gave his horse the spurs, like he was going to ride over him, but Morris did not flinch or move, but took hold of the bit of the bridle and forced the horse back, saying, "I want to know what you are going to do with this people. They have done no wrong. They are innocent."

Burton answered, "It's none of your G—— d—— business."

Morris replied, "I want to speak to them."

"Be d—— quick about it," was the response.

So Morris said, "Brethren, I have taught you the true principles."

Then the people said, "Hail to the Prophet. Hallelujah!"

Morris said: "Now, who will die with me, come and die with me." A number came and shook hands as a parting farewell. I wanted to, also, but could not on account of the crowd.

Then Burton, leveling his revolver shouted, "Will you give up, sir? Will you give up, sir?"

"I will never give up my principles; they are eternal truth."

With the words, "God damn you," Burton shot him, but he did not fall. He shot him again, repeated his damning, but Morris did not fall, and wild with rage and cursing, he shot the third time. When he fell, I was not more than eight or ten feet away from him. Then one of the horsemen called out to the mob, "Come boys, and do your duty." Then shot after shot. It seemed there was going to be a general massacre. The people ran for safety. I also saw that some one dragged Morris by the hair on the ground quite a piece.

As it was getting dark and I was quite small of stature I could not see first who was shot besides Morris; but Banks was shot, and then two women. Others testified that when Morris was shot by Burton, a young English woman, Bro. James Bowman's wife, said to Burton, "You are a bloodthirsty hound," whereupon he shot her with the words, "No one shall live and call me that." Then a Danish woman (Bro. Swen Fleg's wife) was shot, as she made some remarks they did not like. So there were eleven killed on our side, and some wounded. Three, two women and one girl, wounded by the first shot in the bowery; my wife and babe about two hours afterward; two in the time of the skirmish, and two women and two men a half hour after we surrendered. Total eleven. And from what I learned, two on the opposite side were killed in the skirmish.

Well, as I mentioned, people scattered and ran for safety. The men who stood there were taken prisoners; the others, who ran away, were hunted up. I, with a few others, left also and went into Brother Taylor's cellar, he being with us, but soon there was whooping and yelling from the throats of those bandits, "Come out of your hiding place, or we will burn you out." Then Brother Taylor said, "I guess we better go and give ourselves up; they will find us, anyhow; if not tonight it will be in the morning, if they don't burn us out." So we went. It seemed all took some bedclothes with them. As it was a little piece to my shanty a guard went with me to get

some bedding, and transported me up to their camp. Next morning they brought two more. Then they made some of us get wood from a fence for fires. They killed one of our cows and distributed the meat among us. We sharpened sticks at one end to stick the meat on, holding it over the fire to roast. I could not do anything with it, having a bad toothache. We had no shelter that night, and the ground was very wet from the rain, but it was good for us that it did not rain that night.

Now about the middle of the night, I heard a shot. It must have been in a wagon, and it was only a few rods away from where I was; and in the morning it was rumored that Banks was only wounded and at midnight he did sit up in the wagon and asked for his little clay pipe; he would like to have a little smoke. Then they asked him if he would like to live, and as he replied in the negative, saying he would rather die with that man, meaning Morris; they gave him another shot, and this was the shot I heard. To prove this I will mention: when we were in trial in Salt Lake City in the spring of 1863, this point was brought out and here is the testimony of Doctor Clinton, who was the surgeon of Burton's posse. In answering questions put to him by the attorneys and Judge Kinney he said just exactly the same as I mentioned. Kinney asked him: "Was Banks' wound mortal?"

He said, "No."

"Would he have lived?"

"Yes, he would have lived; but as he said he would rather die with Morris, they shot him again, and that was the end of it."

Now in connection with this, to show that Brigham had a hand in all this, I will mention here, and I have it from good authority, that Judge Kinney and Brigham did consult together about the Morrisites; that Kinney said, "What can I do? I have not the power to enforce the writ."

Brigham answered, "You have the authority and I have the power. I will furnish you all the men you want."

Now further, Brigham commanded Burton not to bring Morris and Banks alive to the city. Don't this show that their doom was sealed? Orders had to be obeyed, and as an excuse before the court he said that Morris wanted to take up arms again, so he (Burton) of necessity shot him. Oh, yes; I suppose the women he shot wanted to take up arms too.

It was an actual impossibility, if Morris or any of us had wanted to take up our arms again, to recover them. They were heavily guarded, and at the same time the whole of Burton's force before us. Everyone of us would have been shot at the least attempt, and it was quite a distance between us and our guns. But Kinney, the Jack Mormon, had right there the testimony of Doctor Clinton, a Brighamite, that Banks would have lived had they not shot him again. If he had been a righteous judge he would there and then have charged Burton with cold-blooded murder. The question never came up in court why the two women were shot. We told our side, but Burton went free. Oh, yes, but wait; there will be a day of reckoning in the day of judgment. Surely there is no escape from that tribunal.

Well, back to our story. Next morning there spread a rumor among us, that it was decided to form us into a straight line and ask each one to come back into their church again and acknowledge Brigham Young as the lawful leader of the church, and everyone who would do so would be set free, and those who refused would be shot immediately. I and many others said, "We will die first." But this rumor was not genuine, as will be shown. We were formed in a straight line; about twenty-five feet from us the posse stood with their guns leveled against us. Then some of the officers questioned each one if he had a gun or pistol in his possession, and took part in the defense. They liberated about twenty, and the rest,

ninety-two in number, I one of them, were marched to Salt Lake City before Judge Kinney, the Jack Mormon, and charged with murder in the first degree. We were bound to pay fifteen hundred dollars for each one, dead or alive, who would not appear before the court in March, 1863. Two of us, Peter Klemgard and Christian Nielson, Danes, were kept in custody. It was about noon when we were discharged, no dinner for us, and our journey back to Weber was thirty miles. There were about a dozen of us, who went back together, our bedding on our shoulders, and as we reached the warm spring a few miles north of the city, the brethren wanted to take a bath. All of them felt refreshed after it, except I. It seemed my legs begun to feel heavy and more tired than before. But I had to keep up with the brethren, and by and by it was impossible for me to do so, so a Swiss offered to carry my bed, which I gladly accepted. Still the struggle to keep up was harder and harder, and as we reached close to Farmington, about twenty miles from the city, I had to drag myself along in holding on to the fences, pulling along in that way. As we reached the village, I could not move my legs at all, and night had approached. I told my brethren my condition, so John Nielson took me on his back, and another one carried my bedding, and a couple more came along. They took me into a house, stated my case to them, an old couple and their daughter, and asked if they could not leave me there until morning, as they thought I would be all right by that time. They told me they would stay right outside of the settlement, as soon as they could find a grassy spot to lie down, and I would find them there in the morning. They made my bed on the floor and bade me good-bye. The daughter came over to me, asking if I wanted some water, which I declined. I would have liked a cup of milk as nourishment, but I would not ask for it. The folks went to bed in the next room, and after a while the daughter came back with the candle, and looking me in the face, turned back

to their bedroom and said, "He is dying now." I heard everything, but was unable to speak, and nobody came any more to see how I was. With the dawn of the morning, I felt a little refreshed and anxious to meet the brethren. I rolled up my bed, calling to the folks in the bedroom that I was going, and thanking them for the shelter that they had given me. As I came to the end of the village, it must have been about half past four or five, I heard a voice calling, "Come over here." I looked and saw a house east of the road, and a woman outside. Not knowing who she called, I went on again; then she called again, coming towards me. I went to meet her. She had in her hand a large piece of bread, full of molasses. She gave it to me, saying, "I thought you were hungry, so I brought you this." I took it with many thanks. A few steps further was a clear stream of water that flowed right across the road; so the bread and a few drinks did relieve me of being so hungry. Now, who told that woman, me being a stranger, that I was hungry? The Spirit of God, or his guardian angel, who had charge of me.

Well, I soon overtook the brethren, who were getting up. Five minutes later and they would have been gone. Ten miles more yet to Weber; but by and by my legs begun to be heavy again, and I believe it was the bathing in that spring that caused it. So the Swiss brother carried my bundle again; all were anxious to get home to their families, and I could not blame them for it, but as we got towards the Weber bench, grown over with sage brush and cactus, and between them the dry grass, I could not keep up any more. They said they would if they could send a team for me. I strolled on, but my strength entirely failed me, and I sank down, praying and weeping. I felt forsaken, not only of men, but of God also, and I poured out my soul to my heavenly Father, wanting to know what evil I had committed that he suffered such things to overtake me. I left my native country, father, brothers, sisters, and friends,

to unite with a people of God, where peace and happiness dwells. Now how disappointed, my dearest hopes blasted, the wife of my bosom with the little innocent lamb murdered by devils in human form, professing to be his servants, but who are indeed wolves, slayers of sheep. Now, here I am alone. When I come back to my willow shanty, no loving wife to meet me there, neither the beautiful laugh of the babe. Alone; alone among a wicked and bloodthirsty people. Oh, my God, why did you hinder that ball which killed my loved ones from killing me too? I would be better off than I am now; and I pleaded with my heavenly Father with weeping and wailing. I got up again, walked a little space, down again, then crawled; and in this way I made my way, either walking or crawling, till I reached the camp at four in the afternoon. So it took me eleven hours to make the ten miles from Farmington to Weber.

Then came a countryman of mine with a team, hunting for some one to help him work on the farm of a Mr. Lehman, a Brighamite. The brethren advised me to go with him, so I did. He lived at Slatersville, two miles northwest of Ogden. We got along very well together till the most necessary work was done, then they commenced to show an unfriendly spirit.

(To be continued.)

If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him on;
 If a blinder soul there be,
 Let me guide him nearer Thee
 Make my mortal dreams come true,
 With the work I fain would do;
 Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant;
 Let me find in Thy employ
 Peace that dearer is than joy;
 Out of self to love be led,
 And to heaven acclimated,
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seems my nature's habitude.

—Whittier.

MARTIN HARRIS.

BY HEMAN HALE SMITH.

Martin Harris was probably as interesting a character as any of those with whom Joseph Smith was associated in the early days of the church.

He was born May 18, 1783, in Easttown, Saratoga County, New York, but moved with his father at the age of nine to Palmyra, Wayne County. Here he lived until he met Joseph



MARTIN HARRIS.

Smith, in 1827. The well known story of his trip to New York with the Book of Mormon characters, and his loss of the first pages of the manuscript is best told in Joseph's own words:

Mr. Harris having returned from this tour, left me and went home to Palmyra, arranged his affairs, and returned again to my house about the 12th of April, 1828, and commenced writing for me while I translated from the plates, which we continued until the 14th of June following, by which time he had written one hundred and sixteen pages of manuscript, on foolscap paper. Some time after Mr. Harris had begun to write for me, he began to tease me to give him liberty to carry the writings home and show them; and desired of me that I would inquire of the Lord,

through the Urim and Thummim, if he might not do so. I did inquire, and the answer was that he must not. However he was not satisfied with this answer, and desired that I should inquire again. I did so, and the answer was as before. Still he could not be contented, but insisted that I should inquire once more. After much solicitation I again inquired of the Lord, and permission was granted him to have the writings on certain conditions, which were; that he show them only to his brother, Preserved Harris, his own wife, his father and his mother, and a Mrs. Cobb, a sister to his wife. In accordance with this last answer, I required of him that he should bind himself in a covenant to me in the most solemn manner, that he would not do otherwise than had been directed. He did so. He bound himself as I required of him, took the writings, and went his way. Notwithstanding, however, the great restrictions which he had been laid under, and the solemnity of the covenant which he had made with me, he did show them to others, and by stratagem they got them away from him, and they never have been recovered nor obtained back again unto this day. In the meantime, while Martin Harris was gone with the writings, I went to visit my father's family, at Manchester. I continued there for a short season, and then returned to my place in Pennsylvania. Immediately after my return home, I was walking out a little distance, when behold, the former heavenly messenger appeared and handed to me the Urim and Thummin again—for it had been taken from me in consequence of my having wearied the Lord in asking for the privilege of letting Martin Harris take the writings which he had lost by transgression—and I inquired of the Lord through it, and obtained the following:

“Revelation to Joseph Smith, jr., given July, 1828, concerning certain manuscripts on the first part of the Book of Mormon, which had been taken from the possession of Martin Harris.

“The works, and the designs, and the purposes of God can not be frustrated, neither can they come to naught: for God doth not walk in crooked paths; neither doth he turn to the right hand nor to the left; neither doth he vary from that which he hath said; therefore his paths are straight, and his course is one eternal round.

“Remember, remember, that it is not the work of God that is frustrated, but the work of men; for, although a man may have many revelations, and have power to do many mighty works, yet, if he boasts in his own strength, and sets at nought the counsels of God, and follows after the dictates of his own will and carnal desires, he must fall and incur the vengeance of a just God upon him.

“Behold, you have been entrusted with these things, but how strict were your commandments! and remember, also, the promises which were made to you, if you did not transgress them; and behold, how oft you have transgressed the commandments and the laws of God, and have gone on in the persuasions of men; for behold, you should not have feared man more than God; although men set at nought the counsels of God, and despise his words, yet you should have been faithful, and he

would have extended his arm, and supported you against all the fiery darts of the adversary, and he would have been with you in every time of trouble.

“Behold, thou art Joseph, and thou wast chosen to do the work of the Lord; but because of transgression, if thou art not aware thou wilt fall; but remember, God is merciful; therefore repent of that which thou hast done, which is contrary to the commandment which I gave you, and thou art still chosen, and art again called to the work; except thou do this, thou shalt be delivered up, and become as other men, and have no more gift.

“And when thou deliverdst up that which God had given thee sight and power to translate, thou deliverdst up that which was sacred into the hands of a wicked man, who has set at nought the counsels of God, and has broken the most sacred promises which were made before God, and has depended upon his own judgment, and boasted in his own wisdom; and this is the reason that thou hast lost thy privileges for a season; for thou hast suffered the counsel of thy director to be trampled upon from the beginning. . . .”

In the spring of 1829 Joseph received a revelation which throws light upon the weaknesses of Martin Harris (see Doctrine and Covenants, section 5). He is told that unless he humbles himself he will fall into transgression.

In the summer of 1829 Martin Harris was permitted to be one of the three witnesses of the plates of the Book of Mormon. But Harris was not allowed to see the plates with the others.

As we have omitted Joseph Smith's account of the witnesses of the plates, in the other papers of this series, we will give it here:

Not many days after the above commandment was given, we four, viz, Martin Harris, David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery, and myself, agreed to retire into the woods, and try to obtain, by fervent and humble prayer, the fulfillment of the promises given in the revelation—that they should have a view of the plates, etc.

We accordingly made choice of a piece of woods convenient to Mr. Whitmer's house, to which we retired, and having knelt down, we began to pray in much faith to almighty God to bestow upon us a realization of these promises. According to previous arrangements I commenced by vocal prayer to our heavenly Father, and was followed by each of the rest in succession. We did not, however, obtain any answer or manifestation of the divine favor in our behalf. We again observed the same order of prayer, each calling on and praying fervently to God in rotation, but with the same result as before. Upon this, our

second failure, Martin Harris proposed that he should withdraw himself from us, believing, as he expressed himself, that his presence was the cause of our not obtaining what we wished for; he accordingly withdrew from us, and we knelt down again, and had not been many minutes engaged in prayer, when presently we beheld a light above us in the air, of exceeding brightness; and behold, an angel stood before us; in his hands he held the plates which we had been praying for these to have a view of; he turned over the leaves one by one, so that we could see them, and discover the engravings thereon distinctly. He then addressed himself to David Whitmer, and said, "David, blessed is the Lord, and he that keeps his commandments." When, immediately afterwards, we heard a voice from out of the bright light above us, saying, "These plates have been revealed by the power of God, and they have been translated by the power of God. The translation of them which you have seen is correct, and I command you to bear record of what you now see and hear."

I now left David and Oliver, and went in pursuit of Martin Harris, whom I met at a considerable distance, fervently engaged in prayer. He soon told me, however, that he had not yet prevailed with the Lord, and earnestly requested me to join him in prayer, that he also might realize the same blessings which we had just received. We accordingly joined in prayer, and ultimately obtained our desires, for before we had yet finished, the same vision was opened to our view, at least it was again to me, and I once more beheld and heard the same things, whilst at the same moment Martin Harris cried out, apparently in ecstasy of joy, "'Tis enough; mine eyes have beheld," and jumping up, he shouted "Hosannah," blessing God, and otherwise rejoiced exceedingly.

Having thus, through the mercy of God, obtained these manifestations, it now remained for these three individuals to fulfill the commandment which they had received, viz, to bear record of these things; in order to accomplish which, they drew up and described the following document:

"THE TESTIMONY OF THREE WITNESSES.

"Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people unto whom this work shall come, that we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record—which is the record of the people of Nephi, and also the Lamanites their brethren, and also of the people of Jared who came from the tower of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us, wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates, and they have been shown unto us by the power of God, and not of man; and we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw, the plates and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus

Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true, and it is marvelous in our eyes; nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things; and we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

“OLIVER COWDERY.

“DAVID WHITMER.

“MARTIN HARRIS.”

—*Supplement to Millennial Star, vol. 14, p. 19.*

When the translation of the Book of Mormon was completed, Martin Harris paid for the printing of five thousand copies of the first edition, gave his services as proof reader, and traveled about twenty-five hundred miles in the interest of the book, paying his own expenses.

He was baptized shortly after the organization of the church, April 6, 1830, and was soon after ordained a priest. On June 3, 1831, was ordained by Lyman Wight to the office of high priest at Kirtland, Ohio. On the 19th of the same month he started with Joseph Smith and wife, Sidney Rigdon, Edward Partridge, William W. Phelps, Joseph Coe, and Algernon S. Gilbert and wife for Missouri, where they arrived about the middle of July.

In August a revelation came which has the following passage concerning Martin Harris:

And now I give unto you further directions concerning this land. It is wisdom in me that my servant Martin Harris should be an example unto the church, in laying his moneys before the bishop of the church. And, also, this is a law unto every man that cometh unto this land, to receive an inheritance, and he shall do with his moneys according as the law directs. And it is wisdom, also, that there should be lands purchased in Independence, for the place of the storehouse, and also for the house of the printing.

And other directions, concerning my servant Martin Harris, shall be given him of the Spirit, that he may receive his inheritance as seemeth him good. And let him repent of his sins, for he seeketh the praise of the world.—*Doctrine and Covenants, 58: 7, 8.*

He afterward went back to Kirtland, where he became, February 17, 1834, a member of the first high council of the church. He remained in the high council until September, 1837, when at a general conference he was not sustained. In February, 1835, he was one of the committee chosen to select men to compose the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, and subsequently assisted Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, other members of the committee, in ordaining those chosen.

He never returned with the church to Missouri although there is no record of his having left the church.

It is said that after the death of the Prophet he was for a time associated with James J. Strang, but it could not have been for any length of time. It is also reported that in 1846 he went to England to lecture against "Mormonism." This he himself has emphatically denied. But he did aid the Whitmerite faction in 1847—was in fact one of the leaders of the movement. Under its authority he was on February 13, 1847, "Immersed, confirmed, and reordained."—*Ensign of Liberty*, vol. 1, pp. 56 and 57.

This movement dying out, Harris continued to live in Kirtland until in 1870 he was induced by certain Utah elders to go to Utah. Here he lived with his son five years. He died July, 1875, at Clarkston, Cache County, Utah.

In an obituary published in the *Ogden Junction*, his son, Martin Harris, jr., has the following to say of him:

He was one of the six members at the organization of the church on April 6, 1830.¹ He was one of the members of the first high council. He attended the first public meeting at which Oliver Cowdery preached the first public discourse on the principles of the gospel as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith in this dispensation. He attended the first conference of the church held at Fayette, Seneca County, State of New York.

He moved with the church to Kirtland, Ohio, where the first temple was built. He went up to Missouri in company with the Prophet Joseph

¹This is a mistake. Harris was baptized after the organization.—H. C. S.

and others, at the time when they were afflicted with the cholera, and was one of those who were afflicted, but was healed instantly by the power of God. He was one who witnessed the dispersing of the mob, by a terrible storm, which, while it proved fatal to many of the mob, brought salvation to the Saints. He was one who assisted in purchasing land in Missouri for the gathering of the Saints, he having paid Bishop Partridge the sum of one thousand two hundred dollars. He was present at the dedication of the Kirtland Temple, and witnessed the powerful manifestations of God on that memorable occasion. He figured conspicuously in nearly all of the early movements of the church, and was one who never withheld his substance or means when it was required to establish and forward the interests of the church. He always thought and said that his mission was to stay in Kirtland, where the first temple was built, so he did not move with the church, but remained in Kirtland till the year 1870, when he came to Utah.

Since coming to Utah he has resided with his son, Martin Harris, jr., in Cache County. He was in his eighty-eighth year when he came to this Territory. He has enjoyed good health and a good appetite, and has been industrious all the time since his arrival. He would never be idle so long as there was anything that he could do. He has always borne a faithful and undeviating testimony to the divinity of the Book of Mormon, whether in Kirtland, in the midst of the wicked and ungodly, or in Utah, or any of the different places where the Saints have resided. He was in his happiest mood when he could get somebody to listen to his testimony, and he never appeared to get tired of talking about the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, and testifying to its truth. And if at any time he felt dull or tired from any cause whatever, and he could get an opportunity of testifying to the truth of that book, he would revive immediately.

His health first began to fail him about eight or nine days previous to his death. He first experienced severe pains in his legs, and finally lost the use of his limbs, so that he became entirely helpless, and was confined to his bed. He continued to talk at intervals until a few hours before his death. His last audible words were something about the Book of Mormon and the three witnesses. He sank gradually day after day, and finally expired on Saturday, July 10, 1875.—Church History, vol. 4, pp. 108, 109.

Martin Harris never failed to reaffirm his testimony concerning the Book of Mormon.

On November 23, 1870, he wrote to H. B. Emerson as follows:

SMITHFIELD, UTAH, November 23, 1870.

Mr. Emerson, Sir: I received your favor. In reply I will say concerning the plates: I do say that the angel did show to me the plates containing the Book of Mormon. Further, the translation that

I carried to Professor Anthon was copied from these same plates; also that the professor did testify to it being a correct translation. I do firmly believe and do know that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God; for without, I know he could not had that gift; neither could he have translated the same. I can give, if you require it, one hundred witnesses to the proof of the Book of Mormon. . . .

With many respects, I remain your humble friend,

MARTIN HARRIS.

In January, 1871, Mr. Harris wrote the same party, in answer to inquiries, the following:

Your second letter, dated December, 1870, came duly to hand. I am truly glad to see a spirit of inquiry manifested therein. I reply by a borrowed hand, as my sight has failed me too much to write myself. Your questions:

Question 1. Did you go to England to lecture against Mormonism?

Answer: I answer emphatically, No, I did not;—no man ever heard me in any way deny the truth of the Book of Mormon, the administration of the angel that showed me the plates; nor the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, under the administration of Joseph Smith, junior, the prophet whom the Lord raised up for that purpose, in these the latter days, that he may show forth his power and glory. The Lord has shown me these things by his Spirit—by the administration of holy angels—and confirmed the same with signs following, step by step, as the work has progressed, for the space of fifty-three years. . . .

Question 2. What became of the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated?

Answer: They were returned to the angel, Moroni, from whom they were received, to be brought forth again in due time of the Lord; for they contain many things pertaining to the gathering of Israel, which gathering will take place in this generation, and shall be testified of among all nations, according to the old prophets; as the Lord will set his ensign to the people, and gather the outcasts of Israel. See Isaiah, 11th chapter.

Now, dear sir, examine these scriptures carefully; and should there still be any ambiguity relative to this great work of the last days, write again, and we will endeavor to enlighten you on any point relative to this doctrine.

I am, very respectfully,

MARTIN HARRIS, SR.

The following interview with Elder Simon Smith, who visited Martin Harris while on his deathbed, is important as showing the attitude of Mr. Harris regarding his testimony and experience.

We had the opportunity, this morning, to interview Elder Simon Smith, of Cameron, Missouri, (the gentleman referred to yesterday, who visited Martin Harris before his death,) and asked the following questions, which were answered without hesitancy.

Did you know Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon? "Yes, sir."

When did you first make his acquaintance? "I am not certain, but I think in 1873."

Were you intimately acquainted with him? "Yes."

How long were you acquainted with him? "About two years."

What were your convictions of his character as regards veracity? "He was a truthful and reliable man so far as my acquaintance with him is concerned."

What was his reputation in this regard? "Good. He was considered reliable by all who were acquainted with him."

Did you ever hear him refer to his testimony in connection with the Book of Mormon? "Yes, sir."

Did he deny it? "No, sir."

Were you present when he died? "I was not present at the last moment, but was with him while he was on his deathbed, and his son told me that the last words he spoke which were understood by them were in testimony of the angel and the Book of Mormon."

How long before his death did you see him last? "About four days."

At the time you saw him last did he say anything in regard to his testimony? "Yes; he certified to me that his testimony in connection with the Book of Mormon was true, and added, 'I tell you these things that you may tell others. I can not and dare not deny it lest the power of God should consume me.'"

Did he seem to be sensible of his approaching death? "Yes; as I entered the room he held out his hand to me and said, 'Bishop, I am going to leave you now.'"

Did he appear to be in proper possession of his faculties, or was his mind wandering? "He had full control of his faculties."

It has been reported that a body of ministers visited his deathbed, and to them he denied his testimony. Do you know anything of this? "I was the only minister who visited him. In fact, there were no ministers of other denominations in the town."

How far did you live from where he died? "About two blocks."

Were you intimate with the family after his death? "Yes, sir."

Did you ever hear them speak of such a visit? "No, sir; not them or anyone else. The first I heard of it was here in Stewartsville yesterday."

Where did he die? "At Clarkston, Cache County, Utah."

Did he indorse polygamy? "No, sir; I asked him the question and he answered, 'No.' I asked him if Joseph Smith taught it and he answered, 'No, nor was it a doctrine of the church in his life. It is Brigham Young's doctrine.'"—*Saint Joseph, Missouri, Herald, April 16, 1884.*

EXPERIENCES OF ELDER JOHN HAWLEY.

[Since the death of Elder John Hawley there has, in accordance with his request, been placed in the hands of the Church Historian a sketch of his life written by his own hand. It is quite interesting throughout, but we extract as being of peculiar interest that portion which deals with his experience in the evolution which brought him out of the church in Utah, under Brigham Young, to unite with the Reorganized Church, under the presidency of Joseph Smith, son of the Palmyra Seer.

He first mentions the Reorganized Church as Josephites, in the year 1865, at the time he was residing in southern Utah. His record from this incident to his becoming a member of the Reorganized Church and removing to Iowa is as follows:]

All things went off pleasantly this year, with the exception of the loss of our son, and a little excitement about the Josephites and their wild, enthusiastic notions, as I thought them to be at that time. My thoughts were predicated upon what I had read from their own publications, that Sister Maloney, the wife of Stephen Maloney, had sent me from Fort Douglas; but I regarded her as nothing more nor less than an apostate. I thought I could see that the Josephite position was assumption, claiming authority that belonged to us, not but what we considered the posterity of the Seer had rights promised to them of the Lord, but in order to enter into these rights they must come to the church. We will let these thoughts suffice on this subject, and close our history for the year 1865.

Now for the history of 1866. This year we were made to rejoice with the addition of another son, whom we named Isaac Zimri. He was born January 8. This year nothing of very grave importance took place, only that the church had despaired of Joseph, the son of the Seer, ever doing anything for God or the church, as he had connected himself with these apostates, and become their seer and revelator; but our hopes were that David, the child of promise, would eventually see the error of his ways and yet come to the church. I remember hearing Brigham say at one of our conferences (I think it

was the fall conference of this year), that he expected to yet labor under the direction of David Smith as seer and revelator to the church, but as for Joseph he had lost his right to a succession of the Seer and would never lead this people; but he was in hopes David would.

The year 1867 was also a year of not much excitement. The main object being to prejudice the minds of the church against the apostates, as we termed the Josephites, to be telling the people that the Lord had sent us forth to teach and not be taught, which language we find in the Doctrine and Covenants, directed to the ministry. In this we thought we were quite successful and did it, as we thought it was a duty imposed upon us by the Lord. We could see that Joseph the Seer was down on all this class, that is, apostates, and in this we followed his example, supposing them to be such. We did not show wherein they had apostatized, but Brigham had said they were apostates and that we took for evidence. You know the name is despicable.

This year [1868] brought rejoicing in the family over another son, which we named Gazelam. He was born January 31. This year was a good year for the people in the south, and there were quite a number considered worthy of a second endowment, and I happened to be one of that number. It was thought advisable by the authorities for me to take a mission to Iowa, and if possible redeem my brothers and mother and sister from the delusion that they had entered into by covenant, for we were taught that by joining these Josephites they were twofold more children of hell than they were before.

So I then understood, and it was not my calling or disposition to do contrary to such good advice. So when March came, I went up to Salt Lake City to be at the April conference and, also, to receive my second anointing and endowment. I understood this second endowment would give me more power and I could fight the Devil with more force and power.

So the time came, and I entered the endowment room for my second anointing. Brigham authorized Erastus Snow to officiate in this ordinance of second anointing, and told him to call upon those to assist who were getting endowments after their endowments, which he did, and after I was endowed he called upon me to assist in giving others their anointings and endowments. This day's labor was a day long to be remembered by me, and the thought that I was worthy to officiate in so great an endowment as the second was considered, I thought was double honor conferred upon me. When I was set apart for my mission to the East it was predicted upon my head that I should be an instrument in the hands of God of doing much good in his cause.

During the conference we had from four to eight sermons a day and not a jar in the machinery; and all passed off well.

As soon as the snow was out of the way I left for the East, on my mission, with a man to help me by the name of Jesse Crosby. I took my team and we traveled alone the most of the way to Cheyenne. There I left my team to earn me some money, while I should go east, to Iowa, as the grading of the Union Pacific road was in full blast, from this point west to Salt Lake. I took the train to Omaha and from there crossed the river to Council Bluffs. There I took the train for Dunlap and was soon engaged in conversation with my mother, whom I had not seen since the year 1856. It was a pleasant visit, I assure you, to meet my mother once more in the flesh. In this neighborhood I renewed my acquaintance with quite a number of old Lymanites¹ as well as a mother, two brothers, one sister, and their families. I attended the meetings of my old friends, and, by the way, they had all joined this delusion called Josephism; or, more properly speaking, the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was willing that they

¹Of the Texas company under Lyman Wight, with whom Elder Hawley had associated years before.

should have the reorganized, but the Church of Jesus Christ I did not think they could hitch on to their reorganized system of apostasy. As they were more than willing to converse upon matters of religion, faith, and doctrine, and as this was the case with myself, we soon learned the foundation each stood upon. I also knew that they had some advantage of me as far as the written word was concerned, but I endeavored to persuade them that the letter killeth but the Spirit maketh alive, and the Spirit said to go to the mountains, where authority of God was. The Gallands Grove Branch gave me all the liberty I could wish, and I spoke to the people several times in their house of worship, but I was convinced they had gone too far in their darkness; that there was no redemption for them at present.

Old Father Roundy invited me to his home to have a talk upon the record of the church. Neither of us converted the other, but I had to confess some points that he made. I thought I had the point on authority and as long as I could keep that I felt safe. Mother and I went over to Alexander McCord's by invitation, and we had a very agreeable talk. His table was loaded with books and he was full of talk and strongly advocated Joseph's right to the presidency. Here I lost a good many points, but still I would not give up as far as authority was concerned. Afer laboring and visiting a while with these Josephites to no effect, apparently, I concluded to go to Little Sioux. But, by the way, I must not forget Uncle John A. McIntosh, or Brother Charles Derry, one of the twelve apostles of this Josephite institution. He read over an epistle of the Twelve concerning tithing, it being the first time it was mentioned in the branch, some told me. I remember an expression of Uncle John's and it was like this: He was a little afraid of this tithing business; he said it might lead them as it had led the old church; they would grease their heads and want more wives. I thought it was meant for a slam for me,

and I was willing to suffer persecution for Christ's sake. He and I had some pleasant conversations. We talked always in good humor.

Now for the visit to Little Sioux. I went to Magnolia, then the county seat of Harrison County. Here I found some Brighamites of my own faith and doctrine. I held a meeting in a schoolhouse near Magnolia, and endeavored to impress upon their minds the need of gathering to the Zion of the West. Going from there to Little Sioux I found some of the old Lymanites, and with them had a good time. Sunday came and Bro. Andrew Ballantyne (the one I stopped with the most, while there) said, "Here, Brother John, you put on my duster, for you will likely be invited to preach, and it looks better than yours. I did so and was invited by Brother Gamet (I think he presided at that time) to talk to the people, and I did so; and while there made and renewed a good many acquaintances. I had a good visit, and returned to Gallands Grove Branch and in June they held their conference at Deloit, or Mason's Grove, and I attended their conference. Uncle Thomas Dobson was their president, his wife was a Taylor before he married her, and I was well acquainted with her. Bro. John Taylor is in Utah. We had a good visit. These Josephites were all clever. They gave me Saturday night of their conference to tell them what they should do to be saved. I wished to get in a warning voice when I could. After I had dismissed my meeting Charles Derry, one of their Twelve, called the attention of the congregation and said he would show us the difference between the church he represented and the one I represented the next day. He did so, and I expect the Josephites thought his church was better than mine. I have no idea but had a vote been taken they would have decided in his favor, but still I was not converted, but went on my way rejoicing. Here I made a good many acquaintances and felt well, and I was of the opinion that the Lord would feel after that people, and by and by they

would emigrate to the Zion of the West. I returned to Gallands Grove. My sister living at Naperville, Illinois, wrote if mother and I would pay them a visit they, the family, would bear half the expense. So we took the train for Chicago, and from there to Naperville, Dupage County, Illinois. After having a good visit with my sister, Caroline Scott, I visited the old homestead of my father, where he and mother were baptized into the Church of Christ in the years 1833 and 1834. It is now 1868.

Here I made a good many acquaintances and renewed a few. This place was only eighteen miles from Plano, the headquarters of the Josephites, and I thought I must see the Smith boys before I returned. So I boarded the train and went down to Plano. I went into the Herald Office and introduced myself to Isaac Sheen, Joseph being absent that day. He was in Chicago purchasing a power printing press. I had a good talk with Brother Sheen on the subject of the church as it stood, and when dinner time came he invited me to take dinner with him. When Brother Sheen introduced me to his wife as a Brighamite elder from Utah, she reared and pitched and I thought she abused her husband for bringing a Brighamite elder in her house. She said they all know that Brigham had Porter Rockwell kill her brother. I soon found that she was a Babbit before Sheen married her, and it was Almon W. Babbit that she knew that the elders from Utah all knew of Brigham's having killed. It took some time before I could make her believe otherwise. All this persecution I was willing to bear for Christ's sake, but I felt sorry for Brother Sheen. After a lengthy talk Brother Sheen and I together got her quieted down, and then we had a pleasant visit.

After dinner I learned that Alexander H. Smith was working on his house, which he had just built in Plano. I went over and introduced myself to him and he seemed glad to talk upon religion and it pleased me to do the same. We had a

good talk until about sundown. Joseph had returned from Chicago and was then milking his cow in the pasture, and Alexander and I went over to where he was. I was introduced to him by Alexander as an elder from Utah. About the first word I said was, "Well, Brother Joseph, this does not look much like you were getting the salary it is reported that you get from the founders of the Reorganized Church." He said he got no salary.

After milking he invited Alexander and myself to his house, and after introducing me to his family, which consisted of his wife and three daughters, we sat down for a pleasant talk upon the past life of the church, and our boyhood days; not that we had been personally acquainted, but we had some knowledge of church rule in the days of Nauvoo and still further back than this. He was born in the year 1832 and I in 1826. Our conversation ran upon the history of the past more than upon the present. I remember his asking me a good many questions, and some were like this:

"What do your people think of Mark H. Forscutt?"

I told him "We look upon him as a bitter apostate. The letters that he wrote and published in what was called the *Vidette*, a paper published at Camp Douglas, were too insignificant to talk about."

"What do you think of Charles Derry?"

"Well, he seems to be of changing disposition; once he labored under the direction of Brigham Young and took a mission in Europe and preached and did a good work, but now he has denounced Brigham and is trying to break up the foundations of the church. We look upon him as an apostate."

"What do you think of D. H. Bays?"

I told him I understood he had gone to studying law, "and I think he will be worth as much to you as anyone else."

Joseph said he can do good and know how to plead law, too. This introduced the law subject, and I said to him, "It has

been reported that you had engaged in the law business," and he said he had studied law some. I asked him if he hadn't studied Spiritualism some. He said he had, but found no good in it and threw it to one side as not being profitable. Well, suffice it to say, we had a profitable visit, and talked until about 11 o'clock, when Joseph asked me if I had any place to stop for the night. I told him no. He said, "Well, you go and stay with Alexander all night, and come and take breakfast with me in the morning." I had become satisfied by this time that the Smith boys were poor people, but there was a thought ran through my mind that Joseph might look upon me as a spy, but this was not clear. I really believe that he was not prepared to sleep any but his own family, being poor, or not fixed for them as well as he would like.

I went with Alexander and stayed all night. I found Brother Alexander's family to consist of a wife, one son, and two daughters. I found his wife to be bitter on polygamy, but we got along without much trouble. Here let me say that I thought Alexander took more interest in my welfare while at Plano than did Joseph, but I could not help but like them both.

In the morning I went over to Joseph's and took breakfast with him. After breakfast we went into the Herald Office, and I had a peaceable visit with Joseph, Sheen, and others in the office, but no one was converted as yet.

I thought I must not go back to Naperville until I had seen Brother Marks, as father was well acquainted with him in Nauvoo and I had often seen him myself. So I went to his house and introduced myself to him and he seemed glad to hear from many in Utah with whom we were both acquainted. The old gentleman was quite feeble, having passed through great trouble and a good many years, but he seemed to be glad to tell me of many things that had transpired in his Mormon life. He gave me a full history of the revelation on polygamy

about as he has stated it in the Baneemy paper, supposed to be his own production. He also said he did not believe the church would be of much power in the land till the churches came together, but said they would never come together with polygamy. We had about two hours' talk and visited very pleasantly and then I went to Alexander's and had another pull with him. I found him well posted in the Covenants. I knew that if I submitted to the evidence against polygamy to be found in the Covenants, and Book of Mormon, I was at my row's end, but there was the one of celestial marriage, and I understood that the Successor's mission was to teach all that were given and would be given through him whom God has appointed.

This must end the visit in Plano. That evening I went back to Naperville, and mother and I returned to western Iowa, after a pleasant visit with our relatives and friends in Illinois.

On the 28th of July I bade farewell to my mother and brothers and sister and their families and started to my mountain home, not having converted anyone, nor was I converted. Aaron² gave me ten dollars, and John Young, my brother-in-law, gave me ten dollars, and Mary, the wife of Gideon Hawley, gave me one of the Josephite Bibles, called the Inspired Translation, and also sent one apiece to my two brothers in Utah. I returned to where I had left my team and worked a few days, and then returned to Salt Lake, reported myself to George Q. Cannon, who was then editor of the *Deseret News*. From there I went home, landing the 12th of September. I found my family all well and went soon to the headquarters of the Southern Mission, which was Saint George, and there made a full report of my labors among the apostates, the Josephites, and was glad to report that I had seen two of the Smith boys, namely Joseph and Alexander. My brethren were

² Elder Hawley's brother.

glad to think I had run the gauntlet and had not been hurt or converted to their stuff.

The remaining part of the year went off peaceably. But in December Joseph F. Smith paid us a visit and I talked to him



ELDER JOHN HAWLEY

about the persecution that Alexander had told me he had received while in Salt Lake City (and I now give Alexander some more credit of what he told me at Plano, which I omitted at the time I was with him).

He, Alexander, said to me while he was in Salt Lake City, one night after preaching he went part way home with you, and the moon shone bright, and while you and him were talking there a man came up and asked him if his name was Smith. He said it was, and the man said, Alexander? and he said that was his name. The man said to him, I have a word of privacy with you; but Alexander said, I have no privacy with any man, and you spoke up and said, Who are you? and he said his name was Ross; and you told him to leave; and as he turned to leave Alexander said he could see he had a double barreled shotgun under his cloak.

I told him this looked rather suspicious in him, and I knew, too, that name Ross was the name of Brigham's life guard. "Did any such thing as this occur, that you remember of?" Joseph F. said to me, "I know all about it; we did walk together from one of his meetings, as he said; and while we were standing talking together there was a man came up, but his name was not Ross, but sounded so near like Ross that it would easily be taken for that name. But," said he, "it was one of their own clan; a scheme gotten up on purpose to raise the hue and cry of persecution."

This satisfied me on the subject. It might easily have been the case; to start the report of Brigham persecuting the Smith family.

This [1869] was a year of many thoughts running through my mind, but not sufficient to turn me from Brighamism yet. Brother Snow wished me to think seriously about my entering in upon my exaltation by taking another wife, as he considered me to be worthy, and I should make an exertion in this direction. My thoughts upon this subject were that if it were necessary for me to take another wife in order to reach a higher exaltation, the Lord must help me in this, for the one I had was sufficient as far as my wants were concerned, and she was as good as I could ask for. All that stood in the way

was exaltation. This year was another year of mourning. After a short time of sickness our son Gazelam died on the 10th of February, 1869. This making four children planted in Pine Valley for a glorious resurrection.

This summer I concluded to take Erastus Snow's advice and make an effort to add to my family another wife. I was acquainted with a girl in Mountain Meadows, and I thought if my wife could possibly live in peace with any woman on earth, and divide time with her, she could live with this one. But I wanted her satisfied by all means, as we had lived a long time together and all had been peace and quiet, and I still wished it to exist. I went over and proposed marriage and the contract was made, and in the fall we were to go to Salt Lake City and be sealed over the altar for time and eternity, as I wished to do nothing on the halves. I could see at once it would be a great trial to my wife, and to tell you the truth, it was also a trial for me; but we were determined for exaltation; but my heart failed when I got ready for the trip.

I left home with the understanding that I would take the girl along. I was loaded with cheese for the Salt Lake market, and the girl lived ten miles from us, partly on the road. I began to seriously reflect upon the law in the Covenants, and the condemning testimony in the book of Jacob in the Book of Mormon, and the history of Joseph, which was also of a condemning character. I resolved in my own heart to leave the girl and go without her; so, landing in Pinto, I went over to the Meadows and we mutually agreed to dissolve the contract between us.

When this was done I concluded to let Erastus Snow's counsel lie idle, and wait for a revelation from the Lord. The girl's name was Emily Emmett. Her father was the son of the Emmett that baptized my father. I wasn't long in sending my wife word that the contract was broken and I was going without her. This news made her heart light and cheerful

again, for she expected when I left home that I would have another helpmeet soon.

From this hour I began to wane, and a great many doubts would force themselves on my mind, and my mind was open for conviction; but I said but little. While in Salt Lake I became a transgressor of the counsel of the church, in this way. I was counseled to patronize the cooperation institution of the church, and not give my money to those who were sucking our blood. But I wished to purchase a wagon, and the church charged me one hundred and twenty-five dollars; a firm known as Walker Brothers would let me have one just as good for eighty dollars. So I bought of Walker Brothers. This displeased many of my brethren, but it was not a transgression sufficient to cut me off from the church, though I had to take a solid reproof from them. This was about my first step to disobey counsel, after I began to disbelieve.

The year ended and I was still a subject of that kingdom. This year George and I bought a farm in what was called Grass Valley. You see my brother George and I stick close together. This was more of a secluded valley, only three families living there. Here our thoughts were more at liberty to ramble.

This must end the history of this year; and now for the year 1870, which brought about many changes for the better, or so I considered. I had thought ere this if we had the truth, we should not be afraid to meet any man, and show him the house that we occupied was better than his. But from what was said by the authorities I thought I could see with one eye that they were afraid of these Josephites. So I meant to be more liberal, and when I could hear of any in the south, I would invite them to preach, and discuss their foundation with them, and if theirs was better than mine I would be willing to come upon theirs, but not before.

There was one of these deluders by the name of Holt came

south to see his father, who lived at Mountain Meadows. I heard his father would give him no liberty, only to visit. So I sent him word to come and pay me a visit, and he should have all the liberty he could ask, as far as talking was concerned. So over he came and we had a two hours' pull upon authority, and this was a subject that suited me, because I thought the evidence was in my favor. The conversation and visit with this Josephite were pleasant, and here let me say that his traveling companion, whose name was Richard Gibbons, after hearing our conversation was led to believe that the authority was with us, and he soon made application to unite with the church. By the way, the same Gibbons had been a member of the church and went to southern California on business, and while there he heard Brother Blair preach the Josephite delusion and became satisfied that Josephism was right and Brighamism was wrong, so he joined and was ordained an elder. Here was a trouble, and a great one, too, when he wanted to come back to the fold. We looked upon a man who would join the Josephites as though he had almost committed the unpardonable sin, and it was with this class as it was with the Morrisites; we would have to take them on probation. I do not think the poor brother got back while I was in the Territory. . . .

Erastus Snow heard I had been defiling myself by stooping so low as to talk with this Josephite, and he rebuked me. But when I told him the argument we had was on authority and not on polygamy, he was better satisfied, for he understood the evidence for this to be in our favor; but he knew they had some in their favor against polygamy. I told him at the time he rebuked me that I would not go out of the way of these Josephites on anything that was revealed, but intended to meet them whenever they came in my way. He cautioned me and then left.

After this talk with Brother Snow my thoughts began to be

serious upon the many doctrines taught by men in authority. I began to look for evidence in the standard books to support their teachings. I went back to the days of the Seer, Joseph Smith, and I thought I could see a disposition in the Saints, even when he was yet with them, to be led by what Joseph said, not even studying or thinking what God had revealed direct from heaven for their present and eternal good. I could read in the history of the church how he reproved the people for not giving more heed to what had been written; and on one occasion he said on the stand at Nauvoo, "Brethren, I perceive I could lead you to hell. Now, don't trust in my arm of flesh, but trust in God and his word." This may not be the exact language, but it is the substance. While I thought I could see this in the people of God at that time, I thought when Brigham Young came into power, how easy it was to lead the church by his fleshly arm, as the church had been partially led by Joseph. Not that he was particularly to blame for this, but the church depended too much on what Joseph said in his private talk. I knew this was too much the case, therefore I could see Brigham could easily keep the people in this channel of thought.

I was determined to get out of this fleshly channel, and in order to do this I must have help from the Lord. So I prayed to him like this: "Oh, Lord, if you see in me a determination to know that which you have revealed, help me to rightly understand, for I wish to do right and save myself from darkness."

I was well aware it required an effort upon my part to accomplish this, and I began to look for evidence upon the change that Brigham Young had made in the baptism for the dead. For all the males and females that had been baptized for those relatives that were not of their own sex was all done over again; for, said Brigham, "You have got to do ordinances in the temple for them, and your wife must be baptized for all of your relatives that are not of your own sex, and she must

act as proxy for them in the temple; and you must do the same for hers, and in this way we can bring them up to exaltation."

Now, where was Brigham's authority for this change? I found none, but on the other hand I could read in the history of the church that in Nauvoo, Joseph said on the stand that, "If ever the Lord spoke by my mouth, your baptisms for the dead are no longer acceptable in the river." I could readily see by this language that up to that time he had accepted what had been done, for the font was then prepared, and there was a place for your baptisms for the dead and not in the river. Then why this change? No ground for Brigham's change, and I laid it to one side, not considering it scripture profitable for doctrine; and also, the revelation on polygamy; I could see it was a contradiction to what was revealed before through Joseph Smith, and I threw that to one side as not being profitable for me, let it come through what channel it may have come to the people. I really believed that it was given by Joseph Smith, but my understanding was then and now that I could not in reality serve two masters, so I passed it by.

The doctrine of Brigham on Adam being God is too insignificant to talk about. Orson Pratt opposed him strongly on this, but Brigham had said it, and it was Pratt's business to believe and teach what Brigham taught, and when Pratt saw that his living was in the church and was liable to be taken from him, he yielded and taught it. Shame on Brother Pratt. So I laid it to one side as not being profitable. And as for his blood atonement, I saw no evidence for it, save the revelation on polygamy, and as I had laid that to one side, I found no evidence for blood atonement.

After I had done all this I went to Pine Valley and preached publicly my farewell discourse, and many were astonished at the position I had taken.

Then I wished to know where I stood, and the Lord helped

me in this. I could see that Joseph, the son of the Seer, had rights that no one could take from him, and I could see that he was teaching the revelations given through his father. I could also see that was the office work of the successor, and I was thoroughly convinced that his duty was my duty in this. So I wrote to him on the subject and told him I was ready to renew my covenant with God under the authority of the reorganization of the church. Joseph published the notice, and John Lawson, who lived about forty miles from me, seeing the notice, came over and showed his authority. It was to officiate in the ordinances of the church, being ordained an elder under the hands of Brother Brand, who was president of the Utah Mission, I think.

This man was well known by a large majority in this vicinity, but I had never seen him before. Those that were acquainted with him pronounced him crazy, and I did not think they were far out of the way; but his authority I considered good, and I was under covenant to renew at the first opportunity. So I consented to be baptized by him for the remission of my sins. I was also ordained an elder under his hands; this, I believe, makes seven times that I have been baptized for the remission of sins. You will be able by this time to think my sins to have been heavy.

I have not kept any dates of the number I have baptized in the Territory, but undoubtedly the number would reach two hundred or more. For you see every opportunity we had to get rid of them by baptism we never let one slip and it was performed often. This work of being baptized for the remission of sins, I intend shall stop as far as myself is concerned; but the end is not yet.

Erastus Snow, hearing of my farewell address in Pine Valley, came up from Saint George and cut me off from the church and kingdom in that land, and came over to Grass Valley and gave us a three hours' discourse pretty much all

directed at me, accusing me of receiving seeds of apostasy while I was absent on my mission east among the Josephites, who were the most bitter apostates the church ever had to meet. After he got through I asked the liberty to correct him in what he said, but he said no. He gave George the privilege, but he had nothing to say. But to me he said, "Keep still, you are too vile an apostate to talk in my hearing." So I sat down and addressed a lengthy letter to him, and corrected him in this way, to which he made no reply.

In the fall George and I started east, to Iowa. This was in October, and as we were going to Salt Lake we happened to meet Erastus Snow returning from conference, which was held in Salt Lake City. Then he consented to talk with me, and I told him "I had not apostatized from any principle of the gospel as I understood it, but I had discarded every doctrine of man that had been added by Brigham, and others; and there is where I stand now, and I expect always to stand on this ground. And I think before you or any other man in this Territory can stand justified before God, you will have to discard the very principles of men that I have done."

He said to me, "Well, Brother John, I feel different towards you than I did; after reading your letter my mind has been changed; and now, Brother John, I have this to say to you: when you get tired of stopping out of the kingdom we will gladly receive you back." I told him I had not done anything in this land that I was ashamed to meet my record, that I had left or was about to leave. We bade each other good-bye; I going to Salt Lake to take the train for the east, and he to his home in the south.

When we arrived in Salt Lake City we had to remain a week in that place, and while there Brother Brand wanted me to go with two other elders and administer to an invalid sister that had not walked for two years. She belonged to the Reorganized Church, but her husband was a Spiritualist. He,

Brother Brand, told me he had administered to her a good many times, but to no apparent help; and still she called for the elders. So we went, and took two teachers along, in order to have a little meeting. I must say that when I saw her I knew that unless God interposed we could do nothing; but I had faith in doing our duty. She was nothing but a skeleton, as weak as a cripple; but when my time came to talk I was telling them that God was able to raise her up, and we could only do our duty and leave the result in his hands. The Spirit of prophecy rested upon me and I prophesied that she would be healed. The same moment she was baptized by the Spirit and said she knew she would be healed as I said. We anointed her, and then laid hands on her, and she was healed and arose instantly from her bed and walked across the room.

This was a time of rejoicing; but I did not need this as a testimony that the foundation I stood upon was of God, because I knew it was before this. But I was thankful that God heard and answered prayer. While we were dismissing our little meeting, she was standing up with the rest of us, her husband came in. He had been attending a Godbyite meeting, and they were Spiritualists. He seemed thunderstruck, and I shall never forget how he looked. He saw his wife standing with the others and must have known it was by the power of God that she was able to stand. I would rather some one else had told of this powerful healing, but it is in my history and you must have it.

Brother Brand chartered a car and loaded it with thirty odd passengers, and we sailed out for Omaha, all feeling well. After four days' ride we landed in Omaha and then took the Northwestern train for Dunlap, landing, all safe, and soon shook hands with mother and all our Josephites, being one in faith and doctrine, which made it more agreeable.

This meeting took place November 11, 1870. My family, all that were old enough, were baptized. Aaron Hawley had died just before we arrived, so we will have to wait till the resurrection before we meet each other.

LOCAL HISTORIANS AND THEIR WORK.

HISTORY OF EASTERN, WESTERN, CENTRAL AND NORTHERN MICHIGAN DISTRICTS.

(Continued from page 121.)

During the last fall and winter Brn. John A. Grant, Robert E. Grant, William Dowker, John J. Bailey, and others assisted the work nicely through Sanilac and Huron counties. In the winter John J. Cornish preached in Sherman, Mason County, also at Manistee, and baptized three at the latter place.

In the latter part of January, Cornish, Delong, Francis C. Smith, the Grants, and others spent some time in and around Lexington, keeping up a united effort to let the people know of the truthfulness of the work.

In "Extracts from letters" in *Herald*, volume 37, page 115, showing the feelings of some of the officers, appears the following:

Bro. John J. Cornish, from Lexington, Michigan, February 3, says:

"We are having big crowds at the German church here. We have good attention and good liberty. The brethren at the upper end have begun to baptize. Some wish to shut the schoolhouses against us. The three officers at one schoolhouse had this to say: First officer, 'Let us shut the schoolhouse against them.' Second officer, 'No, sir; I want the truth to be told.' Third officer, 'This is a free country. If you shut it against one you must shut it against all.'"

In a letter from Bro. Abraham VanVoltenburgh, who was baptized at Coleman a few months before, he has this to say in *Herald*, volume 37, page 118.

Dear readers, about the 10th of December, 1885, I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism which lasted until May, 1886, when the pain ceased and I was again able to go outdoors, but not to work until two years later, when I was obliged to work what I could, and then the pain came back and some of my joints were dislocated, and the pain in my limbs continued until the 24th of May, 1889, when I was baptized by Elder J. J. Cornish for the remission of my sins. And, dear readers, God remitted my sins and the pain, too. This is an evidence of this being the work of God.

Bro. Thomas Reid came to assist with the work in and around Lexington, as did also Bro. Charles Green, both priests. Robert E. and John A. Grant are doing well, and are alive to the work. The German church, which we have been permitted to occupy for a time, has been closed. Because the church was closed, Elder Cornish obtained the opera hall free for two evenings, in which to finish up a series of sermons.

In the latter part of March Bro. Edmund C. Briggs came to the aid of the work in Lexington, doing some preaching. Twenty have been baptized in and around Lexington since we began preaching there.

This last winter John J. Cornish held a two evenings discussion with an Adventist in the Masonic Hall at Lexington on the soul question. Of this Bro. Willard J. Smith writes:

APPLEGATE, MICHIGAN, April 9.

Editors Herald: I left home in Galien on the 23d ult. for Lexington to attend a debate between Elder J. J. Cornish and a Mr. Morrison of the "New Light Adventists," on the soul question. Arriving in Lexington found it all in a buzz over the debate, and on nearly every corner might be seen groups of men discussing the merits of our faith. Though Lexington is quite a stronghold of Adventism, yet the battering ram used by Elder Cornish and those who had labored with him there had well nigh broken down the wall, and some of the Adventists began to think that perhaps man did have a soul after all.

Well, the time came for the debate—the 25th and 26th of March—and the contest began, Elder Cornish affirming that "the soul, or spirit of man is conscious between death and the resurrection." In his first effort he showed that the spirit of men preexisted, and had a conscious existence independent of the body; and among other passages to support this idea quoted Genesis 1:26, 27; 2:1-7, etc. It was rather amusing to hear Mr. Morrison's exposition of these passages. He said that Genesis 1:26, 27 did not refer to a spiritual creation, for that which is natural was first created. This was the time that God created the Indians, and that they were always an indolent race, would not "till the ground," hence, God then created the white man to till the ground. Many of his arguments (?) were similar to the above; but notwithstanding such nonsensical speculation some were most anxious to give Mr. Morrison their vote, which they did. Anything to put down the Saints, you know. But about two thirds of those hearing the debate—which, by the way, would number perhaps six hundred—gave their voices in favor of the truth and Brother Cornish bore away the "palm."—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 37, p. 299.

General Conference appointed on the force this year, for northern and eastern Michigan, Alexander H. Smith and Edmund C. Briggs in charge of Michigan, in connection with other States, and as missionaries Levi Phelps, John J. Cornish, and Francis C. Smith; William Davis self sustaining, and John A. Grant as circumstances would permit. Willard J. Smith was appointed to labor in Michigan, northern Indiana, and Canada, but spent only about half of his time in Michigan, and only a short time in the northern part of Michigan.

About this time some of the Saints began to move in and around Alpena. Bro. Israel Titus, and Bro. George Jenkinson and family. Brother Jenkinson is a priest, having come into this work under the administration of James A. Carpenter. Brother Hunt, from Vassar, also moved west of Alpena about twenty miles, to near Hillman. Bro. Thomas Badder and family, from Canada, moved up to Wilson, sixteen miles from Alpena. The brethren in Alpena began weekly prayer meetings, and in the fall of 1889 Brother Levi Phelps came there and did some preaching, and baptized two persons.

Elder Robert Davis was accused by a United Brethren minister of being a thief; said the minister, "You stole my sheep, you stole my lambs." (Brother Davis had baptized some of the old members, as well as some of the new converts.)

Bro. James Burtch did some preaching at the Halfway, and also at the Quanicassee.

In the month of July John J. Cornish, Robert Davis, and Francis Smith were going along the road, toward a log school-house, west of Black River and not far from Carsonville, Sanilac County, to fill an appointment. When coming near a certain house they heard loud talking within, and among the words used was *Mormons*. Elder Cornish said, "They are talking about the church; let's go in," and immediately turned in through the gate.

At the same time Brother Davis said, "No! Come on; come on; we have no business in there."

"But," said Cornish, "we will make it our business," and walked up to the door of the house, the other two brethren following. Upon their arrival at the door, they saw four or five persons inside who were busy reading and talking about the history of the Mormons. Elder Cornish said, "How do you do, gentlemen! As we were passing along on our way to the schoolhouse, we heard your loud talk about the Mormons, and we thought we would come in, thinking we might help you out a little."

At this there was quite a controversy over the church and its doctrine, the Prophet Joseph, Book of Mormon, etc. When the lady of the house saw that her uninvited guests were getting the best of it she said to Elder Cornish, "Get out of this, or I'll put you out!"

The elder said, "Now, sister, you will not pitch on a little fellow like me, will you?"

"Don't you call me sister," said she, "or I'll spit in your face!" at the same time pushing him out against Brothers Smith and Davis, who were standing outside.

As they started on Bro. Robert Davis said: "Well, all come to meeting."

Said the lady, "We'll come!" when another voice from the inside said, "You'll get the eggs to-night."

At the proper time the schoolhouse was filled, and many standing in the doorway, and on the outside. After Elder Cornish had nicely started his discourse he saw a man raise his hand and throw an egg. The stovepipe being fairly between the door and the stand, the elder carefully leaned to the opposite side from the direction the egg was coming. The egg struck the blackboard, and contents splashed down; but as but few saw it, he kept right on preaching, keeping to the right side of the desk, expecting another egg might be thrown

on that side of the stovepipe, then he would simply lean over to the left side of the desk. After a few seconds the egg came, the elder leaned the other way, the egg striking the blackboard on the other side. This egg proved to be rotten, and on striking the blackboard it popped, making a great noise, and filled the house with such a foul odor that the people left the building.

On reaching the outside of the house, one man was making quite a fuss over some one striking him, and in an angry tone said, "I'll give \$5 to know who struck me!" Another gentleman walked up to him with clinched fists and said, "I did it, and you throw another egg and I'll do it again." "Oh," said the cowardly egg thrower, and walked off. That ended the evening's proceedings.

But poor old Bro. Robert Davis had his head, and Francis C. Smith, his clothing, spattered over with that dirty, rotten egg.

On the 8th of June the church at Bay Port was dedicated by John J. Cornish, assisted by the local helpers.

The Methodist Episcopal ministers are lecturing against us in different places, viz: Bay City, Quanicassee, Coleman, North Bradley, and other places.

Bro. George D. Washburn, who had come into the work under Bro. William Davis' administration at South Arm, has moved to Central Lake, and is trying to get the work before those who will listen to his talk. He sent for Bro. William Davis, who came and preached a sermon and baptized one at that place.

There are at the present time about ten places where there are from nine to forty members unorganized into branches. There are now about two hundred and seventy-five members unorganized into branches, in the district.

The conferences at Bay Port were well attended and a good feeling prevailed.

The district organization stands as it has for some time. So ended the year 1890.

1891.

We begin this year with Elder Edmund C. Briggs in charge, and as missionaries the conference appointed Brn. Edward Delong, John J. Cornish, Levi Phelps, William Davis, and Andrew Barr and as circumstances permit, Brn. Robert Davis, John A. Grant, Edward J. Martindale, and Robert E. Grant, and James A. Carpenter was appointed for six months.

The work was opened up January 7 in Buel by John A. Grant, and also Robert E. Grant, who roused up the people very much, and baptized some. A reverend gentleman came in and lectured against them; they made replies to the lectures and baptized more. These brethren were priests at that time. Bro. William Dowker went to their assistance and confirmed those baptized.

James A. Carpenter held another debate with an Adventist in Brown City which resulted in good for the cause.

All told, by the present missionary force, about forty were baptized within the last six weeks.

One D. M. McKeller, of the Disciple faith, challenged Robert E. Grant to discuss certain doctrinal points, but unless the propositions were worded to suit him, there would not be any debate, hence there was none.

We add the following:

RAPSON, MICHIGAN, February 20, 1902.

ELDER WILLIAM DAVIS, APPIN, MICHIGAN.

To Brother Davis: As you have requested a testimony of my being healed of diphtheria will do the best I can.

I was taken sick on July 15, 1891. My eldest brother and uncle were greatly alarmed about my health, (they not being members of the church,) desired to have a doctor, which was done.

When the doctor (William Deady, of Bad Axe,) looked into my throat he said it was the worst case he had had for ten years.

Elder William Davis was sent for. Arrived about 11 p. m., Saturday, July 18, 1891.

He administered to me and in the morning, (Sunday) got up and ate breakfast of solid food with the rest of the family.

The elder gave me a portion of oil and in a few minutes the coating had entirely disappeared off my throat.

When my brother was taking Elder Davis home, they met the doctor. He asked them how I was, and they told him. He then turned back and went home saying it was worth ten dollars to him.

Let all "honor and glory" be given to the Father.

Your sister in the faith,

Signed by

JAMES STICKNEY.

SARAH STICKNEY.

MABEL STICKNEY.

About the 1st of March Sr. Carrie Barron wrote to the Herald Office, requesting that an elder be sent to Ludington to do some preaching. The editor referred her to John J. Cornish, who some time later asked Bro. George D. Washburn, priest, to go to that part and open up the work, which he did, baptizing some; Brother Cornish confirmed them, did some more preaching, and thus the work opened up there.

By request of Charles G. Lewis, John J. Cornish went to East Jordan and did some preaching. The editor of the *Enterprise*, a paper published at that place, gave the Saints a very favorable notice through his paper.

While preaching in Bay City, John J. Cornish came across a Doctor Styles who claims to be the Messiah, and this Doctor Styles, with a Brother Barnes, who used to belong to the old organization, are to be the two prophets who are to stand up and prophesy in Jerusalem.

Bro. Columbus Scott spent about one month preaching in Bay City as often as he could.

Elder Levi Phelps did some preaching in East Jordan, South Arm, and vicinity. At East Jordan one Reverend Collins, of the Methodist Episcopal faith, challenged Brother Phelps to discuss certain points of difference; Brother Phelps accepted, but when the time came, (and that set by the divine himself,) there was no debate because the reverend turned the meeting into a shouting prayer and testimony meeting, at the close

of which Brother Phelps made some appropriate remarks, etc.

The conferences at Coleman and Buel were fine, large gatherings, and all seemed alive to the work.

Two days' meetings were held at Bay Port in October, and Brinton, September 5 and 6. Both were well attended, and all enjoyed life.

At the conference at Buel, October 3, 1891, Robert E. Grant and John A. Grant were ordained to the eldership, and Fred H. Brooks to the office of priest.

Elder Willard J. Smith spent some time in northern Michigan in Bay Port, Oscoda, Tawas City, East Jordan, Brinton, and Cadillac. At East Jordan he and John J. Cornish attended a debate between Elder William W. Blair of the First Presidency of the Reorganized Church, and Wingfield Watson of the Strangite faith. The debate was held at East Jordan in the town hall, commencing October 22 and ending October 26, 1891. The propositions discussed were as follows:

1. Resolved, That James J. Strang was appointed and ordained the lawful successor of Joseph Smith, the Martyr, in the prophetic office and presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Wingfield Watson affirms; William W. Blair denies.

2. Resolved, That Joseph Smith, of Lamoni, Iowa, was regularly appointed and ordained the lawful successor of Joseph Smith, the Martyr, in the prophetic office and presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. William W. Blair affirms; Wingfield Watson denies.

Three evenings were given to the examination of the first proposition, and two evenings to the second; each speaker making two half hour speeches, alternately, each evening.

This debate was the result of repeated challenges by Mr. Watson to the leading officials of the church, and to William W. Blair in particular.

The debate was not largely attended, as the matter discussed

did not interest the people outside of the two churches in question. Of course nearly all the members of the Strangites in those parts were present, also nearly all of the Josephites who resided near, besides several of the ministers of the Reorganization.

Elders Robert E. Grant and John A. Grant have been doing more work in and around Buel. Since the work began, in the fall of last year, the brethren have baptized about thirty persons, Robert E. baptizing the most of that number.

The work was opened in Vassar, Tuscola County, by Elder Edward Delong in 1891, and later Elders Robert Davis and James A. Carpenter assisted, and some were baptized by Edward Delong.

Late in the fall of the year Elders Robert E. and John A. Grant opened up the work in Cash, Sanilac County, getting up quite an interest.

October 2, 1891, a Sunday school association was organized at Buel Center, Sanilac County, at which time the following officers were appointed: Fred H. Brooks, superintendent; Robert E. Grant, assistant superintendent; Lillian Hartnell, secretary, and John A. Grant treasurer.

At the conference of 1890 Elder Levi Phelps was appointed a seventy and the appointment approved by the body.

At the conference of 1891 John J. Cornish was appointed a seventy and approved by the body.

On October 31, 1891, Elder Edmund C. Briggs ordained Levi Phelps and John J. Cornish to the office of seventies at Juniata, Michigan.

The Coleman Branch was organized June 17, 1891, by John J. Cornish, assisted by John W. Moxon, as secretary. James H. Peters, (who had previously been ordained a high priest,) was chosen to preside over the branch; Edward J. Martindale, presiding priest; Bro. Gordon Blasdell, deacon; John W. Moxon, secretary.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Prepared by Inez Smith.

December 4, 1910. Church dedicated at Wilburton, Oklahoma. Elder Lee Quick was the speaker, Bishop Ellis Short giving the dedicatory prayer.

December 19, 1910. Edward D. White assumes his seat as Chief Justice of the United States.

December 23, 1910. Ramon B. Luco is inaugurated president of Chili.

December 25, 1910. Dr. Adams Sherman Hill, professor *emeritus* of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard University, dies at the age of 77 years.

December 28, 1910. Benn Pitman, pioneer shorthand reporter, dies at age of 88 years.

January 10, 1911. Judge John D. Works, a Progressive Republican, is elected United States senator by joint session of the California legislature.

January 11, 1911. Charles J. Hughes, junior senator from Colorado, dies at his home in Denver.

January 12, 1911. Gov. B. F. Carroll and Lieut.-Gov. George W. Clarke, are reinaugurated at Des Moines, Iowa.

January 17, 1911. The following United States senators were elected by their respective legislatures.

John H. Bankhead, Democrat, reelected Alabama.

George Payne McLean, Republican, succeeds Morgan G. Bulkeley, Republican, Connecticut.

John W. Kern, Democrat, succeeds Albert J. Beveridge, Republican, Indiana.

Charles F. Johnson, Democrat, succeeds Eugene Hale, Republican, Maine.

Charles F. Townsend, Republican, succeeds Julius C. Burrows, Republican, Michigan.

James E. Reed, Democrat, succeeds William Warren, Republican, Missouri.

Moses E. Clapp, Republican, reelected, Minnesota.

Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Democrat, succeeds Elmer J. Burkett, Republican, Nebraska.

Porter J. McCumber, Republican, reelected, and Asle J. McGranna, Republican, succeeds M. M. Johnson, Republican, deceased, North Dakota.

George T. Oliver, Republican, reelected, Pennsylvania.

George A. Sutherland, Republican, reelected, Utah.

Miles Poindexter, reelected Republican, Oregon.

February 5, 1911. The State Capitol of Missouri, at Jefferson City, burned to the ground.

ERRATUM.

In the JOURNAL OF HISTORY, October, 1910, on page 506, item March 26, 1910, the name Henry Green should be Henry Greenwood. Thanks are due to Elder John W. Rushton for calling our attention to the mistake.

CONFERENCES.

August 13, 1910. Central Nebraska district conference meets at Clearwater, Nebraska.

September 3, 1910. The semiannual conference of the Victoria District was held at Richmond, Victoria, Elders Cornelius Butterworth and David McIntosh presiding.

October 1, 1910. The conference of the Little Sioux District convenes at Pisgah, Iowa, Elders Sidney Pitt, senior, James A. Donaldson and Joseph W. Lane presiding.

October 15, 1910. Spring River District convenes at Joplin, Missouri, Elders Isaac N. White and George Jenkins presiding.

October 15, 1910. Montana District convenes at Race Track, Montana, Elder Amos J. Moore presiding.

November 5, 1910. Minnesota District convenes at Clitherall, Minnesota, Elder Leon A. Gould presiding.

November 12, 1910. Southern Missouri District convenes at Thayer, Missouri, Elder Arthur M. Baker presiding.

December 10, 1910. Spokane District convenes at Spokane, Washington, Elders Andrew V. Closson and Thomas C. Kelley presiding.

December 10. Northwestern Kansas met with Hill City Branch.

December 31, 1910. Annual conference of the New South Wales District convenes at Leichhardt Church, presided over by Elders Cornelius A. Butterworth and John Jones. This is reported to be the largest Latter Day Saint conference ever held in Australia.

December 31, 1910. Saskatchewan district conference convenes at Vanscoy, Saskatchewan. Elders T. J. Jordan and Josh Dobson presiding.

January 7, 1911. Southeastern Illinois District met with Brush Creek Branch, Elders James F. Curtis and Isaac A. Morris presiding.

January 15, 1911. Southern Nebraska District convenes at Eustis, Nebraska, Elder Paul M. Hanson presiding.

DEBATES.

November 2, 1910. Elder Francis M. Slover begins an eight session debate at Finklea, Alabama, with J. F. Love, M. D.

December 12, 1910. Elder William M. Aylor begins a six session debate with Mr. A. W. Young of the Christian faith.

December 13, 1910. Twelve session debate begins at Manchester, Texas, between Elder Richard Maloney and Elder J. W. Chism of the Christian Evangelist Church.

January 24, 1911. Debate begins between Elder Richard M. Maloney and Elder J. W. Chism of Christian faith at Little Flock, Texas. The same propositions were discussed by Mr. Maloney and Mr. Chism at Manchester and at Little Flock.

NECROLOGY.

ELDER RICHARD B. HOWLETT was born July 26, 1857, at London, England. He was baptized by Elder William Waterman at London, England, June 5, 1882.

The autumn of the same year he emigrated to Canada where he became identified with the London Branch of the church, where on March 18, 1883, he was ordained a teacher; Elders Mottashed and Harrington officiating, and soon after was ordained an elder at Saint Marys, Ontario, by Elders John H. Lake, James A. McIntosh, and Richard C. Evans. By order of the General Conference he was ordained a seventy at Saint Thomas, Ontario, under the hands of Pres. Joseph Smith and Elder Richard C. Evans, June 17, 1900, whereupon he became a member of the Second Quorum of Seventy. Previous to his last ordination he was a faithful local laborer in the several offices which he held.

Since 1900 he has been in the general ministry, laboring principally in Canada, and has done efficient and acceptable service.

ELDER GEORGE DERRY was born July 18, 1824, at Walsall, Staffordshire, England. He was left fatherless when very young, and was bound out to learn the saddler's trade. In 1846 he first heard the latter day message and was baptized by his brother, Charles Derry. In the year 1856 he started to Utah, then supposed to be the Zion of the Lord. When the company he was traveling with reached Eastern Nebraska he concluded to go no further, and by suffering the loss of most of his possessions withdrew from the company. He settled at Blair, Nebraska, where he resided until 1879, when he removed to Lamoni, Iowa, where he resided until his death, which oc-

curred January 26, 1911. His wife died in Lamoni in the year 1888.

June 7, 1862, he was baptized into the Reorganization at North Star, Pottawattamie County, Iowa, by Elder George Medlock, and two days later was ordained an elder under the hands of Elders Thomas E. Jenkins, John A. McIntosh, and Andrew Hall. He was ordained a high priest September 12, 1878, by his brother, Charles Derry, assisted by Mark H. Forscutt. His life was a consistent effort to serve God as he understood him. Honorable, upright, and virtuous, he was respected by all who knew him.

CONTRIBUTORS.

VIDA E. SMITH (see volume 1, page 510).

EMMA B. BURTON (see volume 3, page 510).

CHARLES DERRY (see volume 1, page 384).

JOHN L. BEAR (see volume 3, page 383).

HEMAN HALE SMITH (see volume 1, page 384).

JOHN HAWLEY was born March 4, 1826, in Tazewell County, Illinois. While a boy he passed through the Missouri troubles, and while in Missouri received baptism at the hands of Elder William O. Clarke, in 1837. With his father's family he removed to Illinois, and thence to Lee County, Iowa. In 1843 he went with George Miller and Lyman Wight to Wisconsin to procure lumber for the Temple and Nauvoo House. In 1845 he went with the Lyman Wight colony to Texas. After several years he left Wight and went to Utah, where he became identified with the Brigham Young faction. In 1868 he visited Iowa and Illinois for the purpose of reclaiming his relatives, who remained with the Texas colony and had united with the Reorganization. While in Illinois he visited Joseph and Alexander Smith and others at Plano. Returning to Utah, the effect of his contact with the members of the Reorganized Church soon became apparent, and as related in his experience, he united with the church. He was ever a faithful member and minister and was several times under missionary appointment. He died April 17, 1909, at Lamoni, Iowa.

JOHN J. CORNISH (see volume 1, page 510).

JOURNAL OF HISTORY

JULY, 1911

“Obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion.”

HEMAN C. SMITH, EDITOR.

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ELDER SIDNEY RIGDON.

BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER SIDNEY RIGDON.

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

(Continued from page 181.)

The organization under Sidney Rigdon entered actively into the work before it, both aggressively and defensively. The opposition to the organization at Nauvoo under the presidency of Brigham Young and his fellows was very pronounced, and polygamy was especially repudiated by Rigdon and his followers. Elder John E. Page, of the Quorum of Twelve, published a notice regarding the expulsion of Rigdon and the renunciation of his indorsers as follows:

Notice is hereby given to the public to beware of receiving the ordinance of baptism at the hands of Mr. Sidney Rigdon, esq.; or any of his adherents, thinking to attach themselves to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, for Mr. S. Rigdon is at this time expelled from the aforesaid church, and all his adherents are *suspended* from the performance or administration of any ordinance whatever, until they repent and adhere to the proper authorities of the said church. For whatever, Mr. S. Rigdon, or any of his adherents may say or do, under the pretention or nominal name of Latter Day Saints, in a *legal point of light*, will be no more in connection with the true Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, than the Republic of the United States has with the crown of England.

JOHN E. PAGE, *Elder*.

And one of the Twelve traveling high council of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.—*Messenger and Advocate*, vol. 1, p. 48.

To this Elder Rigdon made a lengthy reply, addressed to James M. Greig, from which we extract as follows:

Bro. J. Grieg, Dear Sir: Yours of the 14th inst. was received per mail this morning. The intelligence was cheering; these early evidences of the virtue and firm integrity of the Saints speaks volumes in favor of their future prospects. What, dear brother, can withstand the truth when its advocates are uncompromising in their attachment to virtue and holy principles. Since the world began, all the dispensations delivered to men of the living God, have been thrown into confusion by the introduction of doctrines and practices which were at war with godliness, and subversive of all that was good and noble. Hence the distraction of the religious world. At some time past so great was the departures from the truth, by those who professed to be the people of God, that if a Noah, a Daniel, and a Job had been among them, they

could save their own souls only, and not even be able to save a son or daughter. Such an attempt has Satan made on us, and was maturing his plan so completely to effect our overthrow, that the few left who could not be corrupted could do nothing more than save their own souls; but the iniquity was discovered before the adversary had gotten the fangs of his corruption so fastened on us that we could not unfasten them.

I have been informed, since Mr. Page published this Bull, and subsequent departure from this place, that he had attempted to teach the doctrine of spiritual wives in this city some time since. This will account for his sudden departure from both this place and yours.

It would seem almost impossible that there could be found a set of men and women, in this age of the world, with the revelations of God in their hands, who could invent and propagate doctrines so ruinous to society, so debasing and demoralizing as the doctrine of a man having a plurality of wives; for it is the existence of this strange doctrine—worse than the strange fire offered on the altar, by corrupted Israel—that was at the root of all the evils which have followed, and are following in the church, the very mention of which could not fail to redden the cheek of decency with a blush.

The whole of the revelations of God in all ages, charge the prophets and leaders of the people, with being the authors of corruptions, which from time to time overrun the people of God. We need not marvel then that like evils have befallen us. The crime of the people was that they loved to have it so, they were not charged with introducing the corruptions, but having pleasure in them after the prophets and leaders, had introduced them. It is no small degree of satisfaction to me, to find the people rising in the exercise of their just rights, and casting off, not only the leaders, but those who are led by these corruptors, seducing spirits which introduce doctrines of demons.

Those who read the New Testament with care, can not avoid seeing that the apostles have declared that a corruption like that we complain of, was to make its appearance in the last days. See Second Timothy, 3d chapter, from the 1st to the 9th verses inclusive. These sayings, which the apostles, at Nauvoo, have applied to the professing world, are as applicable to themselves as to any others now living, or any others who have lived since the days of Paul. In the 6th verse we are told that "For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts." Now of what sort are those who creep into houses and lead astray silly women? The answer is given in the preceding verse. Persons that can do that are such as are without natural affection, boasters, proud inventors of evil things, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God. When we see such men, as above described, they, according to Paul, would do other things, that is, enter into houses and lead astray silly women.

That the Twelve and their adherents have entered into houses and led

astray silly women, is a fact susceptible of the highest proof; and we are authorized by Paul to apply all the rest he has said to them. "For of this sort enter into houses and lead astray silly women." What sort? we ask the before described religionists, for says Paul, "they have a form of godliness." The conclusion then is, that they effected the ruin of silly females, by, or through a form of godliness.

Paul says, the corruption he has described was to take place in the last days, now, from this, the people of the last days are authorized to call anything of the kind which may make its appearance, it matters not by whom these corruptions were introduced, prophet, apostle, evangelist, or pastor, whosoever introduces them, has an account to settle with Paul in the great day when the affairs of the universe shall be adjusted before an umpire who can not err, for either these doctrines and practices are corruptions, or else Paul stands charged with a departure from truth.

From what is said in the 9th verse, the iniquity complained of was to be a thing conducted in secret. "But they shall proceed no further, for their folly shall be manifest unto all men." Nothing can be plainer than this abomination of leading silly women astray, was to be a secret thing—carried on privately, and the exposure of it was to put a final stop to their wickedness. "But they shall proceed no further, for their folly shall be made manifest."

This secret working in matters of religion is, and always has been evidence of corruption. The Saints always have been warned against the secret works of darkness; light and truth not only manifest themselves, but also that make manifest the secret works of darkness. It is equally plain according to Paul, that no such thing could be carried on, however secretly it might be done, without detection, "For their folly shall be made manifest."

Those leaders of silly women, if they had regarded the Scriptures, might have known that their race was a short one, and that their wickedness would be made manifest; for thus had Paul written more than seventeen hundred years ago, and as proof that Paul was inspired behold it has come to pass in our day and before our eyes.

It is a fact so well known, that the Twelve and their adherents have endeavored to carry on this spiritual wife business in secret, that I hardly need mention it here, and have gone to the most shameful and desperate lengths, to keep it from the public. First, insulting innocent females, and when they resented the insult, these monsters in human shape would assail their characters by lying and perjuries, with a multitude of desperate men to help them to effect the ruin of those whom they had insulted, and all this to enable them to keep these corrupt practices from the view of the world. I could bring facts which can be established in any court of justice, in relation to these vile abominations practiced under the garb of religion that would make humanity blush. No falsehood too great, and no perjury too daring, in order to conceal these heaven-daring abuses of mankind; but I say in the language of Paul, they shall

go no further, for their folly is now being made manifest, and will not cease until it is manifest unto all.

How often have these men and their accomplices stood up before the congregation, and called God and all the holy angels to witness, that there was no such doctrine taught in the church; and it has now come to light, by testimony which can not be gainsaid, that at the time they thus dared heaven and insulted the world, they were living in the practice of these enormities; and there were multitudes of their followers in the congregation at the time who knew it. These things only tend to confirm the fact that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is the true church of God, for we now see in that body fulfilling, what the apostles and prophets said should take place in that order of things which God acknowledged. According to both prophets and apostles, the true church in the last days would be tried, with all the corruptions which had overthrown all the previous orders, kingdoms, or churches which God had set up; and before she could be exalted to her true glory, to overcome all the inventions of Satan or of man, but more of this in our next.

Dear brother, through this letter to you, I would call on all the Saints into whose hands this may come, to arise and deliver themselves from the corruption, disorder and ruin, that Satan through the Twelve as instruments, designs to bring upon them, know ye that no strange thing has befallen you, that an attempt is being made upon you by those in high authority, and those who are arrogating to themselves authority in violation of the order of heaven.—Ibid., vol. 1, pp. 12 to 14.

In an editorial published in the *Messenger and Advocate*, November 1, 1844, Elder Rigdon made a prediction concerning Nauvoo which, considered in connection with subsequent events, is very significant. He said:

Know, reader, that He who rules in the heavens, has declared the fate of Nauvoo; and all shall see his hand on Nauvoo for destruction, and not for salvation: for Nauvoo on account of the iniquities of her people, will be desolated; the Saints there have polluted their inheritances, and God will cast them down, and make an ensample to all, those who come after them; and all the efforts of man to the contrary will not save her.

It is not [now] our intention, in the future numbers of our paper, to devote very little of them to these local matters, but to a very different object—to the setting forth the doctrines of the revelations of heaven. We will leave Nauvoo, and those of her inhabitants who have corrupted their way before the Lord, to their fate; assuring them that an overthrow awaits them, and no earthly power can save them.

The ignorant corrupters at Nauvoo are busily engaged, up to the last dates, in spinning out the history of their own ignorance and shame, in an unceasing effort to do something to hide their secret doctrine from the public gaze. Do they think such fooling will any longer hide from the

world their system of polygamy? If they do they will find their mistake by and by.

The position of the church under the presidency of President Rigdon was set forth in the resolutions of a conference held at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, October 12, 1844, over which Richard Savery presided and James Logan was secretary.

Whereas the quorum of the Twelve, and their adherents in Nauvoo, have rejected Elder S. Rigdon as the presiding officer of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and thus violating the law of the church, as found in the book of Doctrine and Covenants, which we esteem most sacred and dear to all lovers of truth, for no other reasons, in our opinion, than his having claimed his lawful standing in the church, and his decided opposition to the nefarious doctrine of polygamy, and other things odious in their nature and tendency; for the truth of which, it now becomes our painful duty to say to all our friends and brethren in Christ, we have the most positive and decisive evidence; wherefore,

1. Resolved, That we feel it our imperative duty, to receive and sustain Elder S. Rigdon in the office of first president of the church, whereunto, according to the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord has called him; and also that we uphold him in this office by our faith and prayers.

2. Resolved, That in consequence of the most flagrant violation of the original, or true principles and order of the church, by the Twelve and their abettors, by rejecting Elder Rigdon, and practicing the doctrine of polygamy, despoiling female virtue and chastity by seducing them, and tyrannizing over those who will not sanction their works of darkness, and many other like things, for which we regard them as apostates, and men fallen from the true order of the church, into a state of wickedness and corruption: therefore, we hold no fellowship with them, and as a branch of the true church, standing upon the original platform, and the acknowledged and received doctrine of said church, we do not consider ourselves identified with them.

3. Resolved, That we sincerely request and advise all of our friends and brethren that stand connected with us in the true cause of God, to join with us in our efforts that we may redeem our characters from the odium and disgrace that the Twelve and others have brought upon us all, or in other words, all the church, by their evil practices, as mentioned in preamble and previous resolutions.

Resolved, That we hereby avow to all men both far and near, that we have the most implicit confidence in the Bible, Book of Mormon, and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and that we receive them as our rule of practice and faith.

Resolved, That Elders Wingate, William Richards, J. B. Newton, and B. Winchester, have authority from this conference to go as messengers

to the eastern branches of the church and set before them the true state of the church, and regulate the affairs of the same.

Other churches in other places adopted resolutions of similar import.

Thus it will be seen they took a stand squarely upon the standard books of, and revelations to, the church. Notwithstanding this, this organization seemed to lack adhesive qualities and very soon many, including several of the leading men, became disaffected and united with other organizations. The organization maintained its struggle for several years, but was more numerous immediately after its establishment than ever afterward.

About 1865 and 1866, through the zealous efforts of Elder Stephen Post, then counselor to Elder Rigdon, there was a revival of interest, but it soon relapsed. The organization has become entirely extinct, though there may be a few individuals who yet retain faith in the claims of Elder Rigdon. He died at Friendship, Allegheny County, New York, July 14, 1876.

So far as we know, Elder Sidney Rigdon maintained his integrity and honor until the end of his eventful life. Had all other leaders condemned evil as he did and taught as he taught regarding the laws of the land, some of them would have avoided much trouble for themselves and followers and saved the United States much treasure and vexation. At the April conference of 1845 he said:

Brethren, hear my voice, to-day obey the principles of truth delivered, and you never, no never, shall have a charge preferred against one of you. But if you do not obey the laws of this kingdom, and work out salvation, you will be cursed with sore cursings. Never break the laws of this land at the suggestion of apostle, prophet, or even angel.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER HALE SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 156.)

Leaving Columbus, we traveled twelve and a half miles and went into camp. Matters had so shaped themselves that I was considered cook, and so I immediately knew what was expected of me when we got into camp. Nothing of importance occurred until the 4th. At noon, being camped near the Platte River, we concluded to take a bath, so plunged in. Our animals took advantage of the occasion, and kicked up their heels and started back to their old home. There was hurrying and scurrying and dressing in haste, and a hot run. We came up to them in a corral, where they had trapped themselves by being too inquisitive. The owner of the yard only wanted two dollars and a half for shutting his gate till we came up. Our mules were in his yard not to exceed ten minutes. Of course we felt disposed to argue the matter; he was cross and insisted; we were stubborn and went in and captured the mules, and left him swearing mad at us. We rode off, leaving him cursing.

Our next experience was our arrival opposite Fort Kearney. We expected letters from home there, so sought to cross the river. We soon learned that we were outside of civilization, if we had not already learned it. The cost of crossing by ferry, was only four dollars. We found an old skiff; and William, with another man who wished to cross, managed to paddle and wade across. William did not return until in the night. He got letters from home, and brought me news that there was a letter for me; but the office being at a military post, rules were strict, he could not get my letter without a note from me authorizing him.

We had up to this date been traveling alone; but now we were entering a country where Indians roamed at will, so we were anxious to get into a train going west, for protection. The morning after William got his letters, a train of eight wagons came up and passed us. I gave up hopes of getting my letter, and we moved on to catch up with the train. About noon we came up to them, they had broken down one of their wagons. They decided to take the wheel back to Fort Kearney and get it fixed. These wagons were loaded with corn for the government troops on the Powder River route.

I considered it a good time for me to get my letter, so I volunteered to go back as one of the three men detailed for the purpose. When we got to the crossing we found the boat was on the wrong side of the river; we spent nearly a half day trying to signal and have some one come and take us over. The men I was with gave it up, and were on the point of starting back to camp. I told them if they would stay and take care of my clothes, I would swim over and get the boat. The river here was

said to be a mile and a quarter wide, bank full. They agreed to it; so I stripped off and plunged in and went over safe, got the boat, and brought it back, took the wheel over and spent the night at the fort. I got my



A. H. SMITH AND WILLIAM ANDERSON.

letter, we got the wheel fixed, and were back to camp about ten o'clock the next night. Was I tired and weary? I thought I was.

On the 11th we met a train of Danish and English Saints returning to the States, in charge of Brother Anderson. We stopped and held

a meeting. I baptized three—Brother and Sister Neilson and Sister Christenson.

On the 14th we came to a lone grave; I. F. Manning, who was killed by the Indians. This grave, considering the nature of the death of its occupant and our surroundings, had a sad and depressing effect upon the whole train and the next day being Sunday, we laid up and did not travel, allowing the teams to rest. We were now on the sand plains indeed. Sand, sand, sand; some days we traveled five miles, some days seven or eight, seldom fifteen, until we passed the forks of the Platte.

We were losing time; it was getting late in the season; we were very anxious, for we were informed that after a certain date no trains were allowed to pass Fort Laramie. We were on the north side of Platte River, and all emigrant trains this year were on the south side. So on August 1 we left the train we were traveling with and pushed on. We saw on the south side a large train, which in some way we had learned was the last train to leave the Missouri River this season. We were ninety miles from Fort Laramie, and in the worst Indian country on the route.

On the 3d day of August we drove into the fort, between 10 and 11 o'clock a. m. At Fort Laramie one of those peculiar circumstances occurred which convinced us that God was watching over us. We came to the crossing of the Platte at about 9 o'clock at night. On the very banks of the river we met an Indian, who asked us if we wished to cross. We said we did. He went back and called the ferryman, saying it was unsafe for us to camp on the north side as the Indians were bad. The ferrymen, two fine looking Germans, came over and took us over in a flat boat, and counseled us to camp with them, as we could not get into the fort so late at night, and it was unsafe to camp alone. These men had Indian women for wives, and lived in tents; they charged us nothing extra for crossing us at night.

We drove into the fort over half a day ahead of the train we were seeking. Here we found Bro. Richard Atwood, quartermaster of the commissary department; and weren't we glad when he said, "Boys, how are your provisions holding out?"

He gave us tea, sugar, and bacon, which he said he had a right to do.

He said, "How did you ever travel alone on the north side for such a distance? Why, the night before last the Indians stole one hundred and twenty-five head of horses from the fort."

We saw no Indians but the one we met at the river, for at least ninety miles. And now we turned our attention to getting into the train which we learned was waiting to be examined, for no train was permitted to leave the fort for the west unless it was well armed, and was a strong train in men, because of trouble with the Indians. Brother Atwood introduced us to the inspecting officer, and made known our desire to cross the plains westward with the incoming train from the Missouri River. The officer was a jolly fellow; he examined our guns, revolvers and team, and remarked, "There will be no trouble at all; three lusty

looking fellows like you, without any women incumbrances, will be a desirable addition to any train."

Some one mentioned our mission, and the difference in our faith; for we had learned that the train was a Mormon emigrant train en route for Salt Lake City. The officer used a little profanity and said, "I don't care anything about your religion; that cuts no figure in this case."

He told us to hitch up and drive out where he and his aids were inspecting the train. We did so and found the train drawn up in line; the soldiers examining the men and their arms. The train numbered about fifty wagons, laden with merchandise and the dunnage of the emigrants, who numbered about two hundred and fifty souls. These teams had been sent down to Omaha by the church authorities at Salt Lake City to bring out the emigrants; most of the teams were volunteers; the owners sending the teams, and the drivers being allowed a certain amount as tithing for their services. I learned that all, or nearly all, the drivers and the men in charge were faithful Mormons, who had passed through their endowments. The train was in charge of Thomas Ricks and Appy Wolf, from Bear Valley, if I remember rightly.

But to return to my story. We had been on the ground but a few minutes before the captain of the train and the officers from the fort came up to our team, "Do you intend to travel with this train?"

"Yes, sir; that is our desire; but there seems to be some objection to it."

"What is it?"

"They require us to pay them ten dollars for the privilege."

"What is that for?"

"They explained that it is to help pay their herders for taking care of the mules at night; but we propose to take care of our own mules."

They passed along up the line. Pretty soon they came back, and as they got opposite our team, the officer said to the captain of the train, "Are you going to allow these men to travel with you? I think you better, they are well armed, and will be quite an addition to your fighting force if you should have trouble with the Indians."

"No, sir; they can't travel with us."

"But why not?"

"Because they refuse to comply with the rules of the train."

The officer turned to us and asked, "How is that, boys?"

"Why, sir, they want us to pay them ten dollars for herding our mules and we prefer to herd our own mules. We don't want them to herd our stock, and we haven't got any ten dollars to squander in that way."

Captain Ricks then said, "They can't travel with us unless the ten dollars is in hand," and turned away, as if that ended the matter; but the officer stopped him.

"See here; I think you better let the men go with you."

"No, sir."

"Well, now see here; you can do one of two things, either take these men along and treat them well, or I shall be obliged to send an escort

of soldiers along with you as far as Fort Bridger, and you will have to take care of the soldiers, also. Now you can do as you — please.”

After consultation with his aid, Mr. Wolf, Mr. Ricks rode up and said, “You can fall in as the train pulls out, and go with us.”

The officer said, “I thought so. Boys, have you got anything to drink in your outfit?” He then instructed us to telegraph back at every station and let him know how they treated us, and if they did not treat us right they would hear from him at Fort Bridger, and bade us good-bye. And once more we were made conscious that the good Father was watching over us. . . .

We were on the eve of starting west in a Brighamite emigrant train—a rather queer position, we three missionaries called Josephites, strongly antagonistic to the Utah church, going on a mission to Utah and California, with instructions and intent to do our best in opposition to that peculiar organization, en route in company with about three hundred souls, all, with two or three exceptions, strong in their faith, and many of whom had passed through the endowment house and received their endowments. And in their company not by their good will, but by force of circumstances and against their expressed desire. Having been forced upon them against their will, it is but natural they should show some resentment. We expected it, and were on our guard, and really, what was there to hinder their working their will upon us when we should find ourselves hundreds of miles from settlements or the soldiers who were so kind to us at Fort Laramie? We appreciate the situation and counseled that it would be best not to reveal our identity, nor to let the emigrants know our mission, but to treat all with the utmost kindness, do our part in all camp duties, such as night patrol and day guard, just the same as any other member of the train, and so reported to the captain of the train.

It seemed that the same mysterious power which had so markedly attended us all along was still with us, for while we were still watching the inspection of the company a young man came up to me and shook hands, but whispered to me, “Don’t seem to recognize me. I am the driver of one of the teams in the train; am a Josephite, will see you later!” and passed on. I was surprised, but soon fixed the young man. I knew him; he was indeed a member of the church; had relatives in Bear Valley, Utah, and was going out to visit them; his father and mother were also members of our church. Being thus warned, I of course kept my own counsel.

At last the train was in motion, and as it drove past we drove in behind and were on the road. The train was a large one and consequently moved slowly, traveling only from fifteen to thirty miles a day. We soon discovered that we were watched very closely, and speculation was rife as to who we were. Several efforts were made to draw us out, to reveal our object in crossing the plains; but for a time we remained unknown to them. I remember that at our first meal after joining the train, we were watched, and when we asked a blessing upon our food it

was immediately reported to the captain that we were either apostate Mormons or Josephites, as no other class of religionists continued to keep up service and have prayer and ask a blessing upon the food so long after striking the plains. So we must be backout Mormons or Josephites.

It may seem strange how we could so soon learn what was reported to the captain, but you will remember the young man who made himself known on the first day of our meeting the train. He was supposed to be a good Mormon and attended their counsels and meetings and reported to me all he heard touching us in any way; so we had a spy in their camp.

About the third day out from Laramie one of their number came to me and said he was in charge of the corral guard and was making a list of all the names of the able-bodied men in order to organize more perfectly for the protection of the train. I at once recognized that it was simply a subterfuge to learn who we were. I told him at any time he wanted one of us men to let me know and I would furnish the man. This did not satisfy Captain Ricks, so I gave them our names, except that I only gave him my first and second name; so my name on his list was Alex. Hale. My purpose in doing this was to avoid any undue curiosity among the emigrants, for if it was known there was a son of the martyred Prophet in the train, there might be too many questions, and confusion ensue, or a collision on religious matters, which we desired to avoid while on the plains.

For a few days all went smoothly, then we were called upon to take our turn as advance guard. I mounted our pony and reported, and was placed with several others far in advance of the train to guard against surprise by Indians. As I was riding along the captain himself rode up alongside and saluted me. I returned his salute. This was the first time I had had an opportunity to converse with him. He had heretofore seemed to avoid me, but now he addressed me and said:

"Where did you say you hailed from?"

Instantly I was aware of what he wanted and resolved to tell him and evade nothing. "I came from the State of Illinois," I answered.

"What part of the State?"

"The western part."

"What county, or town, may I ask?"

"Certainly, sir; I came from Nauvoo, Hancock County."

"Ah! I thought so;" and he looked me straight in the eyes.

We understood one another.

I explained my object in withholding my full name, and he confessed the wisdom of it, and from this time forward Captain Ricks treated me with the utmost kindness; so also did Appy Wolf, his aid in charge of the train, while they were not quite so courteous to my brethren—Anderson and Gillen.

About this time a little incident occurred which pleased me, and left a pleasant memory to relieve some of the strain which affected us. One

day I was assigned the position of advance guard. I mounted our pony, and rode out in advance of the train. We were in the mountains and traveling among them, small and great. As I rode along I noticed a beautiful little mountain to the right of the train as we advanced—that kind of a hill called sugar loaf, because of its shape. The idea at once occurred to me that I could obtain a fine view of our route from its top, so I climbed up its sides, which by the way were quite steep towards the top, and when I reached it I was more than repaid for my labor. Of course I had to dismount and lead “Billy,” as he could hardly scramble up with my assistance. I wish I could describe the scenery as viewed by me upon this mountain among mountains, detached and alone it stood, like a sentinel doing duty there among his fellows, grand, noble, and inspiring. As I stood resting my elbow on the neck of my horse, taking in the beauty of the scene, there came upon me a feeling of awe and reverence for the nobility and magnitude of the works of God; and while this feeling was upon me I became conscious of sweet musical vibrations of sound filling the air all around me. The volume of sound seemed at first above me, and I unconsciously looked upward to solve the mystery. Gradually the music seemed to draw near and tune and words came out full and distinct in singing. It was human voices, but I am sure angelic singing could not have affected me more just then. It was the emigrants as they passed around the base of the mountain. Whether they saw me and had been informed who I was, I had no way of knowing; but the words of the hymn led me to think so. These were a band of good singers and they were singing, “We thank thee, oh God, for a prophet.” I have heard the hymn sung by a good many choirs, including the famous Salt Lake City choir, since then; but never have I heard it equaled, as it was sung at the base of my little mountain.

One other incident I relate here which may be of interest to my readers. It was our coming to what is called Independence Rock. We had been traveling over a weary stretch of level plain, passed Soda Lake, or what was once a lake, but the heat of the sun or other causes had caused the evaporation of the water, leaving an incrustation of clear soda from one eighth to one and a quarter inches thick, covering acres and acres of ground. The soda was pure, crystalized sediment, looking much like alum. Many of the emigrants gathered the crystals for cooking purposes. As we passed this peculiar lake we could see a range of mountains in the west, but between us and the mountains there rose right out of the level plain a huge rock detached from any mountains near. You may have seen what are called boulders of granite in the prairies of the West, isolated and alone, no quarry or known ledge of such formation within thousands of miles; such was this huge rock in a dreary waste. Independence Rock! It is rightly named. I may exaggerate if I try to tell just how high it was. My memory of it is that it seemed fully one hundred and fifty feet high and covered about ten acres of ground. We climbed upon it, and saw hundreds, I suppose, of names inscribed or painted on it, but none engraven in it. Being naturally

ambitious we thought it would be a nice idea to have our names registered there also, so we set about to find a nice smooth place to make the inscription. We had no paint, but thought we might cut our names with a hatchet we had along with us, but on making the effort learned the rock was so much harder than our steel hatchet, that we could not make even a noticeable scratch on it, so we must resort to other means. Upon close examination I discovered that many of the names on this Nature's Album were written with wagon grease from off the axles of the wagons. We had nothing except some dry powder with which, by mixing with moisture, we succeeded in fixing our names much like writing them in sand, for the first heavy rain would obliterate all evidences of our being there. However much I might feel to moralize upon this grand sentinel set in the weary land, it was an interesting lesson to me; but I will not weary you, but pass on, as we did, towards the west.

If my memory serves me right, eight [four] miles travel by the road brought us to the Sweetwater River, at the gap in the mountains where the river rushes through, called the Devil's gate. Sometime in the dim past the mountains by some throe of nature have been cracked or broken, as a huge cut, clean from top to base, and moved apart; and the river taking advantage, rushed through and has ever since kept its channel, although huge quantities of rock have from time to time fallen from the ragged walls on either side, which rise thousands of feet, sometimes perpendicularly, sometimes overhanging, and sometimes receding, raising upward, making a grand sight, which to be appreciated must be seen. It was thought that parties could pass through the gate on foot, but teams and horses must go around the point of the mountain by the road. It was Bro. J. W. Gillen's turn to drive our team, so William and I started out on foot. As we reached the outlet where the cold, clear water came tumbling over the rocky way, seeming glad to escape and rush away towards the plains, I determined to climb to the top, and cross the mountain, rather than risk a long, weary tramp back in case we could not get through. I suspected that we would have to cross the rapid running stream several times ere we emerged from the canyon on the other side. I knew the water was very cold, and that to cross meant to plunge in and wade it, so I concluded to scale the mountain. I found the ascent was rough, but not of a hazardous nature, and as I climbed upward I found an abundance of interesting matter, which well repaid me for my labor. But ah! when I reached the summit what a grand sight was spread out before me! And as I turned and looked back the way we had come, I could see the wagon trail winding around the huge rock in the desert; and away towards the east the vast plain which seemed limitless; and to the south I could see occasionally the glint of silver as the river came in sight in its meanderings; while to the west lay a valley, a beautiful valley; and beyond, range upon range of rugged mountain scenery. North of me was the deep chasm, with the mountains rising higher and thus cutting off any extended view in that direction. I sought out a fine resting place beneath a rugged pine tree, and rested,

and enjoyed myself until the sun's rays warned me that I better begin my descent.

I must here digress a little at the risk of making my story tedious. On the plains, the day before we reached Fort Laramie, I cut my hand badly. It happened in this wise: we came to a large patch of wild mountain currants. The fruit was ripening nicely. These were the first of the kind I ever saw; they were very palatable, and being the cook of the party I at once conceived the idea of adding stewed currants to our menu. I was in advance of the wagon, so I ran back to it and secured a two quart pail. I soon had it nearly full, but when I looked up to see where the wagon was I discovered that they had left me, and I knew how hard it was to catch up; but I had not yet secured all the currants I wanted. The idea occurred to me to cut some of the best laden bushes and carry to the wagon and pick the berries at my leisure. I took my knife and bent several bushes and drew my knife hastily across them, when from some cause it slipped and struck my left hand, cutting it badly. I was surprised as well as hurt, and the rapid flow of blood scared me a little. It is enough to say that I dropped the bushes, caught up my pail and hurried on to the wagon. I didn't want any more berries. We had nothing to put on the wound, in the shape of salve, One of the company used tobacco, and I had heard tobacco was good for wounds and bruises; so I bound up my hand in tobacco, renewing the plaster from time to time; but the cut would not heal, and a small roll of angry proud flesh formed the entire length of the cut, about one inch and a quarter long, and was very painful. Eight days I suffered with what patience I could muster, until I lost all faith in the curative virtues of tobacco upon my flesh.

And now I resume my narrative on the mountain top. I noticed a gummy substance exuding from the bark of a sugar pine, or balsam fir tree; I gathered some, intending to try it on my sore hand. I started to descend, and the way seemed easy for a time, and I made my way down what seemed to be a hollow or depression. The soil was light and dry, and my feet would sink into it, leaving a well-defined trail. As I passed along I noticed tracks leading downward, but I soon came to the end of the depression, and as the track led on I approached what at first seemed a bench or abrupt drop off. I carefully crept to the edge and looked over. I fully expected to see the rocks but a few feet below, for the tracks plainly led right over the edge; but imagine my dismay as I looked over, away down, down, five hundred feet or more I saw the waters of the river rushing madly through the rocky channel, roaring like a torrent! I was not long creeping away back up from that route and onto more secure ground, for I imagined that light, loose soil was creeping, creeping down over that fearful verge to the depths below. I finally made my way down on the western slope of the mountain, where I could distinctly hear the people conversing, and where they had gone into camp. I climbed out on a huge pile of rocks where I could see every movement in the valley. Professors Savage and Ottinger were in

the train, photographers, taking views, and I saw them getting ready to take a view of the very mountain side I was climbing down. I could plainly hear all they said, but I shouted as loud as I could and for a long time, it seemed to me, but they could not see me. I waved my hat and shouted; but it was no use; I could not get them to see me. It seemed to me that I could pitch a stone right in among them. I continued my downward course until I finally reached the camp and looked up. I saw the point I stood upon when I made such frantic efforts to attract their attention, and lo, it was fully one half mile away. William had made his way up through the gate by wading some places waist deep in the cold water. He insisted that I owed the Devil toll. I told him nay, that I did not go through his gate, but that he did, and if he did not pay the old gentleman he was the one who owed toll. "Ah, well," said he, "you climbed over, and the good book says that 'he that climbeth up any other way is a thief and a robber'; and you have cheated the Devil." I told him that was the intention; that the very mission I was on was to cheat the Old Boy.

But I wish to relate how my hand was treated. I tried to get the brethren to cut the roll of proud flesh out and put on a plaster of pine balsam, but neither one would do it, so I cut it out myself and put on my plaster, and in less than a week the wound was entirely healed, and that alone paid me for climbing over the Devil's gate.

It is with pleasure I recall events occurring on my mission across the plains. And while I may not fill my lines with doctrine, I shall endeavor to weave in enough to show a general watchcare of divine providence, and some events which denote almost miraculous interposition for the welfare of the weak ones sent out in the Master's name; also some events which show the bent of the human kind when in an apostate condition.

It must not be thought that a form of godliness was not kept up in the journeyings of these modern children of Israel; for as I remarked, discipline was observed from early morning till 10 o'clock at night. There was a call to prayer in the morning, when all who were not taking care of the teams were expected to attend prayer service; then the daily routine service at meal time. But the climax in service was at the close of the evening prayer service, when it was the rule to get out the violins and a general dance was indulged in. Old and young engaged alike when not too tired. At 10 o'clock, however, the word was passed around, "To your tents, and in twenty minutes lights out." It did seem a travesty on religion, but many who were too tired to assemble at prayer did engage in the dance, and seemed to get rested marvelously thereby; and to be just I must say, many who attended the prayer service seemed disgusted at the conduct of many at the dance, and some preferred their tents or wagons to either, but were visited by the teachers if they failed to be present at the evening assemblings.

Our next adventure happened at the crossing of Green River. When we arrived upon the east side of the river the ferryboat was sunk, the

river was high, and the ferryman lived on the west side. Brethren Anderson and Gillen being anxious to get over the river, and in order to meet the excuse of the ferryman that his boat was sunk, volunteered to help raise the boat and repair it so we could get on and not be delayed too long on the road. There seemed very little energy either on the part of the trainmen or the ferrymen. The water was cold and some one had to get wet. After a hard day's work the boat was raised. The next day crossing began, but our turn came last, and it seemed for a time as if we were not to get over at all. We assisted others, and then had in a manner to do the work of crossing ourselves. The ferryman did not so much as turn a hand to aid us; and when I asked what the charge was he quietly said, "Two dollars and a half," and when one of us remonstrated, he gave us to understand we were not in the States, and we could pay it or suffer worse. This man's name was Robinson, and when I paid him there was some change coming to me, and I received two badly executed counterfeit fifty-cent currency notes. I knew they were counterfeit, but there had been so much ugly feeling manifest towards us here I deemed it best to say little about it. This Mr. Robinson was a Mormon and kept a supply store, so called. The major part of his supplies were tea, coffee, tobacco, and whisky. I gave Bro. J. W. Gillen the "shinplasters," and he bought some supplies and nothing was said on the presentation of that kind of money, for they knew very well I had received it from them not thirty minutes before. The church teams did not bring the ferry much money, but he got receipts on or for tithing as his pay, and he did not feel over rich by reason of crossing so large a train, hence his exorbitant charge of the only ones who paid him money. So I made all the allowance I could for his treatment of us Josephites.

During our weary journey we witnessed many things which surprised us and made us feel sad, but of such a nature that we could not help. I remember upon one occasion I heard some angry talking, and made my way to the place from whence it came, and some of the women of a mess were quarreling. I got there in time to see one sister strike another aged sister and knock her down right over the campfire, or so nearly so, I was afraid she would get burned. I was so shocked I could only look on for a moment, and when I interfered and tried to calm the troubled spirits, and sought to shame them into better conduct, an elder, John Hammer, came to me and laughingly said,

"O, that's nothing, Brother Smith; they will all have to be baptized over again when they get into the valley. It matters little what they do on the plains, their rebaptism will set all things right, you know."

This was the first time I had heard of their wholesale rebaptism and I was interested, and asked for further information, and was told that every man, woman and child who was baptized in the old country was required to be rebaptized on his arrival at Salt Lake City. What about those who were ordained in the old country? Oh, they were like all the rest, they had to be rebaptized and reordained to make their priesthood

valid. Everybody who crossed the plains and went in over the rim of the basin had to be rebaptized. I did not understand it then, but I do now. The church in Utah was a new church under the leadership of Brigham Young, and was really the Brighamite church, and during their reformation a change had been effected and all had been baptized out of the true order into the apostate organization, apostles and all. This John Hammer was a volunteer driver from Bear Valley, Utah, and a good, sincere man, and certainly one of the best drivers in the train. He was a quiet man, and drove the team next mine, in the lead or ahead of me. He was well-informed, and after we became well acquainted, conversed freely with me. He took a wagon across the plains with a load of sixteen hundred pounds of merchandise and some baggage, the spokes of the hind wheels of which were loose in the hub when he started from Omaha. Good management and careful driving did it.

We reached Cache Cave at the head of Echo Canyon, quite a large cave near the summit of the mountain, to the right of the wagon trail. We visited the cave and found the walls and the ceiling covered with names carved in the sandstone. Here again I was seized with the mania, and I wanted to have my name registered on the tablets of this natural album. I sought in vain for space on the walls, but by standing up in my saddle on the back of my pony I found space right in the very top of the cave. I carved my name standing up on my horse to do it. See how easily we fall into the follies of the world!

I had partial charge of the train that day, and was riding back and forth along the line to keep them together. In riding up to one wagon, one in which I knew there was a sick woman, I heard a groan. We were just well started down the descent into Echo Canyon, and the jolting of the wagon with brakes on was something fearful. I hastily rode forward to tell the driver to be more careful. As I got far enough forward to look into the wagon, I saw the driver (whom I knew to be a married man, whose wife lived in Bear Valley,) with his arm around a young woman evidently in the act of kissing her. He looked up with a silly grin on his face. I was so surprised and disgusted I rode on in silence, fearing if I said anything I would say too much. That night, if my memory serves me right, we camped on the Weber River, near a village called Coalville. At night I was on corral guard, and in making my rounds I came to the wagon in which I had heard the groan in the forenoon, and I learned the woman was dead. The prayer service was short so the dance could begin early. The bishop called out two men and I saw them take the poor woman out of the wagon, and wrap her up in the quilt she died in, and carry her out and dig a hole in the loose, gravelly soil and bury her,—not a hymn, not a prayer, not a mourner, and the dance went merrily on in the meantime. I being on corral guard, was permitted to see what others did not. I was grieved, dazed. I could not believe human beings, let alone professed Saints of God, could be so heartless. There was no necessity for such unseemly haste. We had arrived within the outlying settlements. Two hours of the next day

could well have been taken to give the poor woman a decent, Christian burial. There was no contagious disease to cause such an unusual procedure.

I remember one other burial on the plains. A child died. The mother was sick of fever and could not leave her wagon. It was the second one she had lost since leaving the old country. The father was worn out with care and the weary journeying, but the father and the bishop, with one other, took the little body and carried it out at night and dug a grave and buried it, with nothing to mark the place to show where the little one lay. The poor woman grieved so sorely it was feared she too would die. Brother Anderson and I looked for a board, a stone or post or something suitable to mark the grave, but could find nothing more suitable than the cover to our cracker box. We took that, and I carved with my knife and marked with a pencil the name, age, and date of death upon it, took it to the mother and showed it to her, and went and planted the board at the head of that lonely little grave. Frail as was the mark, the mother was comforted, and we were glad to see a better light come into her eyes. But I must return to our camp on the Weber.

Having passed through the Indian country and arrived within the radius of the settlements in Utah, we were told we would have to take our mules five miles away from camp for grazing. It being my watch I took them and started, but something said, "Don't do it. There is danger!" I turned about and returned to the wagon, and tied the animals to it. The brethren asked,

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get them some hay."

"Where, I'd like to know?"

"O, back on the road a little ways."

I had noticed as we drove into camp, some grass cut and raked up in the yard of a farm not more than half or three quarters of a mile away. I took a rope and started back. The brethren laughed at me, but I went on all the same. I went into the yard. A big dog came towards me barking and acting quite ugly, but I paid no attention to him. I walked up to the door and knocked. A voice said,

"Come in."

I went in and found a man sitting beside a fire in a wide, old-fashioned fireplace. I made my errand known and asked him if he would sell me an armful or two of hay.

"No, sir; I have no hay for sale."

After some little talk he said, "Do you belong to that train camped down on the river?"

"Yes, sir."

"They tell me a son of Joseph Smith the Martyr is in the train. Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, sir; you are rightly informed."

"Well, I don't believe it. They tell so many infernal lies you can't tell when they are telling the truth. Do you know the man?"

"Yes, I am tolerably well acquainted with him, as I am the man myself."

"What, you?" and he sprang to his feet and grasped my hand. "You the son of Joseph Smith? Which one of the boys?"

I told him, Alexander. All the time he was looking sharply at me.

"Yes, I see it. You are like him. Yes, sit down, sit down."

I sat down and we had a long talk. He was a Josephite—belonged to the Reorganization. Finally he said, "Yes, you can have all the hay you want for your mules. Bring them up here and I'll feed them. Tell the brethren to come up. I want to see them. Say, how would you boys like some nice, fresh potatoes, and some good cheese?"

And when I went back to the wagon I carried some fresh potatoes and some of the finest cheese I ever ate. And I could not help thinking that God was good and was still watching over us. Praise his holy name!

(To be continued.)

A PSALM OF THE DISTANT ROAD.

Happy is the man that seeth the face of a friend in a far country:
The darkness of his heart is melted in the rising of an inward joy.

It is like the sound of music heard long ago and half forgotten:
It is like the coming back of birds to a wood that winter hath made bare.

I knew not the sweetness of the fountain till I found it flowing in the
desert:
Nor the value of a friend till meeting in a lonely land.

The multitude of mankind had bewildered me and oppressed me:
And I said to God, Why hast thou made the world so wide?

But when my friend came the wideness of the world had no more terror:
Because we were glad together among men who knew us not.

I was slowly reading a book that was written in a strange language:
And suddenly I came upon a page in mine own familiar tongue.

This was the heart of my friend that quietly understood me:
The open heart whose meaning was clear without a word.

O my God whose love followeth all thy pilgrims and strangers:
I praise thee for the comfort of comrades on a distant road.

—Henry Van Dyke.

BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 170.)

It so happened that there were three fine claims, that is, quarter sections of government land, just above Mr. Best's claim. The next morning he and Mr. Best went to look at them, and Mr. Burton (since he is now about to settle on a farm we will drop the title of Captain and substitute Mr.) took the one adjoining Mr. Best's, and staked it off to hold it till he returned. The following morning he mounted the "broncho" and started back to Hollister. The knowledge that he was then recognized as the owner of a fine, large farm, all ready for the plow, stimulated him on that long to be remembered journey, and made him more forgetful of that hard saddle.

When he reached Hollister the stage for Gilroy had gone. The hire of his horse had taken about all the money he had with him, except enough for his car fare to the city, and he had arranged with Mr. Best—now Brother Best—to meet him and family at Gilroy next day noon with his team to convey them to San Benito. So after his thirty-six mile ride on horseback, he had to walk the remaining sixteen miles, and then lay his weary body down on the ground under the railroad platform for the balance of the night, and catch short naps between the howling of dogs and the carousing of half drunken Spaniards. Had he been a Californian he would have hunted a hay stack. Towards morning he became so cold and numb he had to get up and walk about till daylight.

It was then the third day since he left the hotel in San Francisco, and the reader may well imagine the anxiety of his wife and others of his company who were awaiting him there, their money daily running out; and the great relief it was to

see him about noon slowly ascending the big flight of stairs that led to their room, like a man bent with years, and many infirmities. As his wife watched him ascending the stairs, she had several minutes in which to draw imaginary pictures of what had befallen him, but never once thought of him taking a ride on horseback. And notwithstanding the misery he was in, all joined in a hearty laugh as he in glowing terms portrayed his experience of the past three days. He dwelt enthusiastically upon the beautiful claim he had taken up. First because he really thought it beautiful, and second as an incentive to stimulate his wife and sister for their long, hard journey. All were glad to know that they could go somewhere. Hasty preparations were made, (and since those "easterners" were about to leave the hotel, it seemed as if everyone in connection with it put in a plea of some kind to get the last cent,) and according to promise they were met that next afternoon at the station by Bro. Newton Best, and they rode in his large spring wagon, on top of a load of trunks, boxes, valises, and bedding, to Hollister. There was only room for the two women and three children on the wagon, so Mr. Burton and Mr. Davison had to walk from Gilroy to Hollister. Hollister was at that time but the embryo of a town. There was one redwood house, not bearing the trace of either paint or whitewash brush. That was dignified by the title of "hotel." It was after dark when the wagon drove into the feed yard, hard by this hotel, and the lamplight, shining through the broad cracks between the boards, looked cheery; and the savory odor of beefsteak that issued forth was appetizing to the cold and hungry travelers, who had only lunched from a basket at noon. Brother Best turned up some boxes for the women to sit on, and busied himself about putting out his team.

On account of Mrs. Burton's deafness she had not learned the disagreeable fact that their money was all expended, or that they did not have enough to pay hotel expenses, and

wondered why they did not go in at once; but supposed they were waiting for the two men who had not arrived. By the time Brother Best had a camp fire blazing, the weary men came into the yard, but said nothing about being tired. Mr. Burton was as jolly as if he were out on a picnic. When his wife asked why he did not take them in the house, he made answer in a tone and gesture of great dignity, that he could not think of taking his family into a house like that to spend the night. "But," replied she, "it is better than nothing, and I am so tired, do let's go in." She had scarcely had the babe out of her arms during the entire day.

"Oh," said he, "we can't; they won't have us there." She felt a little indignant, and wanted to know why they would not.

"Well," he said, "the truth is, we have no money to pay them."

This was a new feature in traveling; and not a bright one either. But notwithstanding that, there was much merriment over getting and eating the supper by a camp fire. Brother Best was the cook and initiator into this new phase of life; for we had been in California a year or two. People in Nova Scotia never went camping, so the rest of the party had never eaten by a camp fire or slept out of doors; and the thoughts of being compelled to sleep in a hay stack because better could not be afforded, seemed to be degrading. But despite the degradation, the supper tasted good, and the spacious bed was comfortable. It was novel, though, to look up through the broad openings in the improvised roof and see the stars shining, and to hear the horses stepping about just below, with an occasional low whinny. But the night was preferable to the long, hard journey of the next day, and until 10 o'clock in the evening, before they got to Brother Best's in San Benito, the two men walking the entire distance of thirty-six miles. Cousin Annie and her husband welcomed them to their little home and treated them very kindly.

In two weeks Mr. Burton had a little cabin of his own on his new farm, which his wife had helped him to build of "shakes." He got the shakes from a neighbor, and was to pay for them in work of building brush fence, the only work that offered while they waited for the rainy season.

By sacrificing some of their wardrobe in Hollister, Mr. Burton had procured some of the most necessary things for starting in life, "backwoods" style; and they felt very happy in going to housekeeping again. They were told that in a month or six weeks the rains would come, then there would be plenty of work with good wages, which bespoke plenty of everything needful. But the two succeeding years were almost entirely void of rain, and hard times followed, such as California had not before witnessed. During those two years there were no dainties on the table, such as batter cakes, pies, potatoes, or vegetables, sweetening, milk or cream. Wild game was their meat, but love made the feast and all enjoyed what they had. Mr. Burton got a job of work occasionally, such as digging wells or building brush fence, just enough to keep the wolf from the door.

During the first year it was all novel, so much like a play-day life that no one worried, and all had good health. The only trouble was when the work that Mr. Burton would get to do would take him so far away from home that he could not possibly walk home after work and back in the morning, and would have to leave his wife and three children alone in that strange place with no neighboring house in sight, and at first only a curtain door to their little shack. The road below the house was a thoroughfare for Greasers and Spaniards, while there were said to be grizzly bears in the hills back of them. So the wife suffered all that could be suffered from fear until she got used to it, and ceased to be afraid, and lent her energies to raising chickens and turkeys that could hunt their own feed.

Though Mr. Burton had not been accustomed to manual

labor, he spared not himself, but accepted whatever work would bring even the least remuneration. Sometimes he would feel as if he could not see his family so destitute of the ordinary comforts of life, and suggest going to a seaport and seeking a berth. But his wife would not hear to that for a moment, saying she would rather only have a crust and have him with them. So they endeavored to keep up their courage, with the promise and hope of better days when the rains came. No one supposed though that they were going to stay away for two years. Meantime the eastern strangers were becoming acquainted with their western neighbors, even though they lived miles apart. There were some children in the neighborhood, too, and Mr. Burton and his sister suggested the feasibility of getting up a Sunday school. Brother and Sister Best favored the thought. And since Mr. Best had a fair understanding of the rules of music, and was a leading bass singer, and his wife soprano, it was further agreed that while the children were together he should devote a portion of the time to teaching them to sing. All were very enthusiastic in the matter, and soon there was a small but interesting school. Collections were taken up and reward cards and prizes were procured to induce the children to come. The little redwood schoolhouse in which the Sunday school was held sat on a knoll two miles below Mr. Best's, and three below Burton's. But the whole family attended. They would sometimes walk to Mr. Best's and go with them in their big spring wagon; and sometimes all would walk. Mr. Burton and his wife took turns carrying their baby. With what eager anticipations those Sundays were looked forward to! It was the point in life; the only outing, or change, or opportunity to meet with one's neighbors, and seemed to carry with it great importance. This school continued and increased as more people gathered into the place. And after a year or so, it was no uncommon thing to see three children on one horse going to Sunday school.

At first the movement was opposed by some of the old settlers who had never known any such thing, and were afraid the easterners were bringing new fangled notions in the place that would not prove wholesome, and that very fear brought some of the parents to the school who otherwise would not have attended, to see what was being taught to their children, and what the order of it was. As the second year began to wane, Mr. Burton, who had never been accustomed to any work except that of pulling ropes, and handling cargo occasionally, and had done very little of that since he was nineteen years of age, found that his strength was giving way. Not so much from work, though it was the hardest, either handling heavy logs, or digging deep wells, or grubbing willows for a change—but from so much walking and carrying heavy burdens, and having insufficient food; and while the hot sun bronzed the faces of his neighbors, it only bleached his; and he grew whiter and thinner, having very little appetite.

In the month of July of that year, 1870, he took out his papers of "Declaration of Intentions," to become an American citizen. For though born on the continent of America, he was a British subject. The writer has not found his certificate of citizenship, so can not give the date. In December of 1871 the rainy season set in in good earnest, bringing with it a renewal of strength and energy. Mr. Burton's claim gave evidence of being a very fertile piece of land, and promised an abundant harvest if only the seed were sown. So with the coming harvest for security, he acted upon the advice of his farmer neighbors, and got seed, a team, and implements for farming, also six month's provisions, since he would not be able to go away to work. It was a happy and healthy change to be able to work at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Davison remained in the neighborhood for over two years, though he did not take up any government land. He was a good carpenter, and could get work elsewhere.

The crop of wheat that Mr. Burton's claim produced, exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The grain was some of the best in the country. So large and plump, and free from rust, and mustard and other seeds. And the second year gave a volunteer crop of choice wheat hay. With the sale of both those crops, together with the live stock and poultry that was raised on the place, he and his family began to live again.

But changes had come. Mr. and Mrs. Best had moved to Santa Barbara County, and Mr. and Mrs. Davison were keeping hotel at Tres Pinos, and others had moved into the neighborhood. A Mr. Albert Page bought Mr. Best's place. After a while it developed that Mr. Page was a second cousin of Mr. Burton, so they were quite at home with each other. And among other things Mr. Burton had gotten himself a far more roomy and respectable looking house.

In the fall of 1872 Mrs. Burton looked out of her front door one afternoon and saw a man walking across from the house where Ebenezer Burton lived (who had recently married a California girl), towards her house. Ebenezer was with him. She knew he was a stranger, because Ebenezer was pointing out places to him. They were half a mile or more away when she first saw them, but as they drew nearer she said, "That man walks like my brother George, and it is him, too!" To say that she was surprised and overjoyed would be putting it mildly. Then oh, such a talk about the dear home folks, and of what was going on in the neighborhood, and especially in the church, was a treat they had long desired; but it made them more hungry for their church privileges than ever. George was a member of the Baptist Church also, and a Christian worker, and became a great help to the pioneer Sunday school. He, too, was something of a musician, and took Mr. Best's place in teaching the children to sing. His was a tenor voice.

Presently Mr. Burton and his brother-in-law began to agitate the question of getting up a Temperance Division. And

ere long that, too, was a reality. But still there was no preaching, and that they felt to be a crying need. Then they wondered why a home missionary could not be sent to that part of the country, and talked of writing home to their former pastor and making their wants known. But after much deliberation as to whether a Baptist minister would be sustained, seeing there were none others of that denomination, they concluded to pray for the Lord to send a minister. Then none of the various denominations meagerly represented would be responsible for bringing him there, and all would join in sustaining him. Mrs. Burton proposed that they ask the Lord to send a Baptist minister. But Mr. Burton said they would ask the Lord to send them the gospel, and perhaps they had better let him do the choosing as to whom by. So they prayed and waited. But not long till a stranger drove up to the house one day, having a patent for digging postholes; and since it was near noon, he was invited to put his horse out and stay to dinner. During the conversation he informed them that he was a preacher of the gospel, and wished to locate in that part of the country; was driving through to seek out a place before bringing his family. He was a large, well built man, of pleasant mien, and they judged by his talk that he was a real live preacher, and thought perhaps the answer to their prayers had come. Mr. Burton then told him they had been praying for the gospel, and perhaps he was the man by whom the Lord was going to send it to them, which information seemed to be very pleasing to him, and perhaps aided him to decide to bring his family, of wife and two daughters, and locate at once.

They learned before he left the house that his name was Riddle, and he was of the Disciple faith. But since they had left it to the Lord to choose, they did not intend to turn aside from *any* until they had investigated. This was early in the summer of 1873.

He soon commenced regular services in the schoolhouse. Mr.

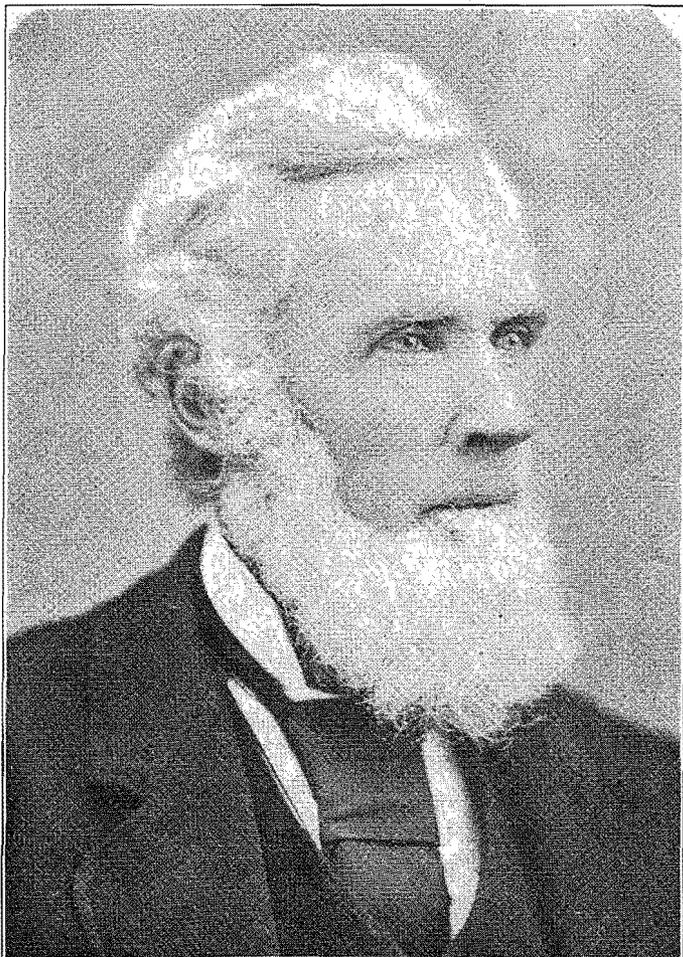
and Mrs. Burton felt quite disappointed in the force of his sermons, but thought that he might not feel quite at home yet, and would probably do better after a while. Since his place was seven miles beyond Mr. Burton's the family were always invited to stay to dinner on Sundays, which gave an opportunity to investigate his claims. He was very anxious to prove to them that he had the gospel that they had been praying for, and that it was their duty to believe it. But the more they learned of his faith and belief, the more fully they became persuaded that he was not the man that they were looking for. His preaching was like his belief, viz, the letter without the spirit; and Mrs. Burton added that it was not an interesting letter either.

The summer had nearly slipped away, and they supposed that he had given up all thought of their accepting his views sufficiently to worship harmoniously with him; for they had never thought of leaving their own church. But it seemed that he had not, as he put the question to Mr. Burton in plain words: "I am tired of waiting for you to offer yourself for baptism; you ought to do so."

He appeared very much disappointed and sorrowful when Mr. Burton said, "No; you must pass on, and we will still continue our former prayer; and wait for some one to bring the spiritual food that we desire." Shortly after this he moved from the vicinity.

Mr. Burton and his wife then conceived the thought that perhaps they were not making effort enough; that they ought to show their faith by their works; instead of sending a man to preach the gospel, the Lord would send his Spirit among them if they met together and worshiped him, and thus bring about a condition of spiritual life and enjoyment, a religious interest in the community. At least they thought they might meet once a week with those who so desired, and pray for divine favor. Mrs. Burton's brother, George Davison, and two

of their Methodist friends, were very much in favor of the suggestion; namely, a union prayer meeting. Two brethren of



ELDER JOHN CARMICHAEL.

the Disciple faith made several objections, but eventually gave in. There were only ten who would be likely to assist in carrying on the meetings, four Methodists, three Baptists (Mr. and Mrs. Burton and her brother George), two of the Disciple

faith, and a Mr. John Carmichael, that no one in the community at that time knew where to place. He claimed to be a staunch believer in Bible Christianity, but would oppose the faith, creeds, and practice of every denomination claiming to be Bible Christians; and that, too, in a way that would cause an unbigoted man to feel that his own foundation in regard to churchology was not so well founded as he thought. The truth was that he, Mr. Carmichael, had received and preached the restored gospel in its purity in England, and like many other good, honest souls, had migrated to Utah—in good faith that Brigham Young was the true successor to the man who had suffered martyrdom for the gospel that God had made him an instrument in restoring—expecting to find there the pure in heart. But he was disappointed, then became dissatisfied and disgusted, and had sought the solitude of the mountainous regions of northern California until a year or two previous to the time of which I write, when he came to San Benito, to wait in silence and see what the Lord would do for his people, who had been disappointed like as he had been. He knew that the gospel had been restored in its fullness. But how could he teach it to others when his own hopes had been so rudely blighted? These items of past history were not known in the community where he lived at that time, and he was regarded as a religious enigma. But one thing was plain, at least to Mr. and Mrs. Burton, and that was, that he knew more about the Bible than did his neighbors, themselves included. And they were anxious to enlist his cooperation in their religious enterprise. Therefore Mr. Burton called upon him and they had a long talk. The result of the interview was not exactly satisfactory to Mr. Burton, though he affirmed that there were many good things said. But since he, Mr. Burton, had never heard of the restored gospel, he was not in a position to grasp his friend's thought. However, he promised to attend the meetings, but did not seem to be very sanguine as to any bene-

fit being derived from them. It soon became plain to the observer that there was not much union in the meetings, and that each one had, apparently, expected his neighbor to drop his own peculiar views and worship in harmony with his.

There was a peculiar instance experienced by Mrs. Burton in one of those meetings, that perhaps will not be amiss to reproduce here. While engaged in prayer, she made the request so often made by those who are seeking a revival in the religious circle, namely, that "The Lord would grant them a Pentecostal season; that the time might not be far distant when such should be enjoyed even in that place." She had no sooner said the words than the inward monitor, with whom she had often argued a point, put questions and suggestions like this:

"What is a Pentecostal season? Is it not speaking in tongues and prophesying? Was that what you intended to ask for?"

"No; I did not mean exactly that."

"Then hadn't you better take it back?"

"I admit that I did not intend to ask for that kind of a Pentecostal season; I meant that the Spirit of the Lord be poured out upon us, and sinners be converted; but should not object at all to witness a genuine Pentecostal season. No. I shall not take it back."

"But do you think the Lord could answer that prayer when such things are not had in these days?"

For a moment she felt inclined to think that she had spoken unwisely, or unadvisedly; but quickly a clear thought came to her thus:

"It is not enjoined upon any to find ways and means by which our prayers are going to be answered. The Lord has told us to *ask* and has set no limit. The rest is his to look after."

At that the prayer was ended, for every other thought had fled. That was her last public prayer as a Baptist.

The various opinions upon different thoughts presented in the meetings constituted a theme for conversation among the

neighbors during the week; which gave our friend, Mr. Carmichael, an opportunity to talk on the principles of the gospel without seeming to seek it, which was just what he desired in regard to Mr. and Mrs. Burton, knowing that they were hungering and praying for the gospel; and many a good long talk was had at their house, which opened their eyes to some truth that they had not before perceived.

The meetings came to a very abrupt termination, and in this wise: One of our Methodist neighbors, whose turn it was to lead the meeting, read the good old hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," when one of the Disciple faith arose and opposed the singing of such a hymn; that it was not truthful, there being no Holy Spirit to come, etc., etc.

When those two were beginning to get too interested over the matter, Mr. Burton made the proposition that another hymn be selected if that one gave offense, or caused disturbance in the meeting; and that the subject be dropped for the evening; and he invited all to come to his house the next evening and discuss the matter. This discussion resulted in the conclusion that a union prayer meeting could not be carried on under such division of opinions, and so it was abandoned.

On a certain evening early in the month of November of the same year, 1873, there was a consultation held between two Latter Day Saint elders who had been preaching in a settlement called Mulberry, about twenty miles below where Mr. Burton lived, and feeling that their work was done there, for the time at least, were at a loss to know whether to push the work still farther up among those rugged hills that border the "San Benito," or go back to the vicinity of San Jose, from whence they had started; that being the home of Elder Daniel S. Mills, who was presiding authority in that portion of territory called the Santa Cruz sub-district. Elder John R. Cook, and Priest J. Henderson were laboring in the district with him. Being unable to decide in his own wisdom, Elder Mills

said, "I will inquire of the Lord to-night and decide in the morning." In answer to his request he was instructed to go on farther; that there were people up among those hills praying for the gospel, and he, the Lord, would go before them and prepare the hearts of the people to receive them.

In some instances the aim and life work of Mr. Burton and his wife were so blended in one, that to record but one side, that is, his experience without that of his wife, would leave the record incomplete. Therefore the writer thinks it proper to record a dream or vision she had the following morning; and will give it in her own words:

I opened my eyes after a prolonged morning nap, and saw the sun that had gotten above the mountains, shining brightly through the window. Yet I did not bound out of bed. Whether I closed my eyes again and dreamed, or dreamed with them open, I can not say. It seemed to me that I saw the sun shining all the time; but the scene was changed. I found myself standing on a conical piece of ground, and being steadily raised higher and higher; that is, the ground on which I stood. When high above the level of the earth I looked and saw the blue canopy only a little way above me, and wondered if I should come in contact with it. When about an arm's length from it, I saw a cleft made in it, as though some one on the upper side had drawn the point of a sharp knife across it. Immediately one side of the opening rolled together upwards, and the other side rolled together downwards, leaving an opening large enough for anybody to go through. While this was taking place I said: "The heavens roll 'together as a scroll' sure enough." In a moment I was standing waist high above; or through, the opening, looking about into boundless space. Nor did my vision come in contact with any firmament beyond, as when the eye sweeps the distance here, but penetrated on and on through the unbounded reddish, grayish space. I heard a voice say to me, "See the road to heaven!" I then beheld, immediately in front of me, a narrow road, with high, heavily built walls, on either side watch towers at regular distances. It extended at right angles to where I stood, and terminated in a beautiful shining city, not very far away. There were up-hill places all along, but they were followed by stretches of level road. I also saw that none could enter that city who were not in that road, since the walls of that road embraced the city also, without any break in them.

"If that is the road to heaven," I soliloquized, "I am not in it."

I then saw two broader roads, one on either side of this high-walled road, with very much lower walls made of stuff that had the appearance of "adobe," and quite easy to scale. These, or the one on my left, but

right from the city, ran parallel with the narrow road for a while, then branched away from the city, out around it, but in the light, while the one on the right from me, but left from the city, was soon without a wall, forked and branched in various directions, crooked, rough, and led downward into darkness.

On realizing that I was not in the "road to heaven," I naturally wondered how I could get there. I thought a person could climb up these lower walls into these "other" ways; but those high walls never could be climbed over. And I wondered where or how far back the beginning of it was, and turned my head to look in that direction. I seemed to know that it was not very far back, but vapory clouds rolled between and obscured the entrance.

The scene changed, and I was looking upon the room again with the sun shining brightly in it. I sprang out of bed, being in a very happy frame of mind, notwithstanding I saw myself outside the road to the beautiful city, and told my husband that I believed I had had a vision.

The following Saturday afternoon when Mr. Burton entered his house after a drive to the store some three miles below, he startled his wife by the news that there were two *Mormons* down at Jefferson. Jefferson was the name of their settlement, which settlement consisted of a hotel, a store including the post-office, a schoolhouse, blacksmith shop, two dwelling houses, and two or three barns, all nicely whitewashed.

Mrs. Burton repeated the words, "*Two Mormons!*" and asked what they were doing there. "They want to hold meetings; they had one last night, but so few knew of it that there were not many out. They are going to have one this evening."

Mrs. Burton remarked that she did not know that they made any pretensions to religion. Supposed they wanted to make *Mormons* of the people, and added that she hoped that her husband would not encourage them by attending the meeting.

"Well, I do not know about that," he replied. "I was thinking of going to-night."

"Why, Joseph Burton," was all that she could say, and stared at him to see if he really meant what he said.

"Why not? It was your brother George that told me about them; he was at their meeting last night, and is quite inter-

ested in what they have to say, and had a long talk with the elders. You had better get ready and go too."

"*Indeed I shall not,*" she answered very indignantly; and when she learned farther that they had just come from Mulberry, where they had made thirty converts, she called to mind some of the evils told them by the stranger who rode on the cars with them when on their way to California, she expressed the thought with a degree of emphasis, that they had ought to be driven out of the place before they got a foothold. Mr. Burton expressed astonishment that she should feel so towards a people with whom they had no acquaintance, and reminded her that they had been praying for the gospel, and that the apostle said to prove all things and hold fast that which was good. And it followed that she spent the Saturday evening alone with the children, which was a break in their record. Mr. Burton often exchanged work with his neighbors, even in those days, which took him away from home more or less; but Saturday evening, of all the evenings of the week, was looked forward to as one of enjoyment. As a result of early parental training on her part, everything in the humble home was put in its best order for Sunday, and the husband and father never spent that evening away from home from choice. So she did not relish the situation. Upon his return she gathered from what he said that he was not very much interested, yet he thought he would go again in the morning, since they had appointments for morning and evening. She did feel badly to see him driving away that bright Sunday morning in his double seated wagon, with span of horses, but would not accept the invitation to go, for she really believed it was not right to encourage them by increasing their numbers; not that she thought there was any danger of anyone joining them.

Before leaving the house Mr. Burton turned to his wife and said, "Suppose I bring the preachers home to dinner?"

To which she replied somewhat curtly that such a thing

could not be supposed. That she was not in favor of having Mormons at the house.

“They get hungry, if they are Mormons,” said her husband; “besides, they are strangers, and you know what the Bible says about being careful to ‘entertain strangers.’”

“Yes,” she replied, “and I also know that it says, ‘If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him godspeed.’ If we do, we are partakers of their evil deeds.”

HERE AND NOW.

Here, in the heart of the world;
 Here, in the noise and the din;
 Here where our spirits are hurled
 To battle with sorrow and sin—
 This is the place and the spot
 For knowledge of infinite things;
 This is the Kingdom where thought
 Can conquer the prowess of kings.

Wait for no heavenly life,
 Seek for no temple alone;
 Here in the midst of the strife,
 Know what the sages have known.
 See what the perfect ones saw—
 God in the depth of each soul;
 God as the light and the law;
 God as the beginning and goal.

Stand not aloof nor apart,
 Plunge in the thick of the fight,
 There in the street and the mart,
 That is the place to do right;
 Not in some cloister or cave,
 Not in some kingdom above,
 Here on this side of the grave,
 Here should we labor and love.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES DERRY.

(Continued from page 197.)

I went to Birmingham; visited Amos's. Sister Molesworth was there. I preached to them. Mr. Amos was sick; I administered to him. I visited Charles Sheen, and with him Mr. Thomas Taylor of Bromgrove street, before named in this history. He is quite favorable, gave me my supper, and a shilling. I slept at Brother Sheen's. I mention these kindnesses because I appreciate them. I do not beg, but thankfully receive whatever kindness they bestow, and to God I also give thanks for opening my way before me, according to his promise; and I use it for the good of the mission and not for my pleasure.

An old couple named Pickering treated me very kindly and told me when I lacked a meal to come and eat with them. I visited Isaac Moore and wife, and gave them two pamphlets to read; but the man only abused me and the woman, referring to the Brighamites said, "The Latter Day Saints are devils." She declared they had tried to persuade her husband to turn her and her children out of doors. If this be true it shows the legitimate fruit of polygamy. I do not doubt it, for men and women have left their companions in this land to go to Utah without the consent of their companions. There was a case on board the ship in which I went to America in 1854. Officers of justice, with the husband, searched the vessel for his truant wife—but the Brighamite authorities had stowed her away until the vessel set sail. This I know.

The teaching and conduct of the Brighamite church is the great obstacle to our mission. The woman Amos, who had promised to be baptized, refused because a person had joined the church with whom she was at enmity. I gave her to understand we could not sacrifice one soul to please another, and

before we could expect to be forgiven we must forgive our enemies.

I returned to Sister Fox's, at Smethwick. A Gentile lady repaired my vest, Sister Fox furnishing material. May every kindness be remembered by the Master, and it will.

I met William O. Owen, the anti-Mormon lecturer, talked with him about the charges he had made against me to Jason. He acknowledged the mistake, and talked of joining the church. He had ceased his lectures, and seems penitent. He is naturally an able man, but disgust of polygamy had led him to the other extreme. I returned to Deepfields, Bilston.

Bro. James Wiltshire, of Gloucester, wrote me a letter breathing the spirit of faith and love.

On the 7th of March I was rejoiced to get the *Saints' Herald*.

I visited Sister Petty's. It was a dark story that Sister Petty revealed respecting the doings of leading Brighamite missionaries, and had I not evidence from other sources, which I could not doubt, I could hardly have believed it. But their doing was the legitimate fruit of their system.

I visited a family named Wragg in Wolverhampton. They had been members of the Brighamite church, but the man had anticipated the ceremonial of the Endowment House and had made choice of another woman, to the estrangement of his lawful wife, and because of his haste in selection they expelled him.

His first wife was a fine woman, and was still a member of the Utah church, but terribly shaken in her belief. She is broken down with grief at his proceedings, but she loves him too well to seek legal redress, but will not associate with him as a wife. Wragg is an intelligent man. Is now convinced that his practice of polygamy is opposed to all righteous law, both human and divine, but his Hagar holds such an influence over him that he has no courage to burst the fetters that bind them together in iniquity. He comes to the home of his wife,

in the day helps her in the business, but the bond of affection is for ever broken. He talks with me intelligently about the work, would like to unite with us, but the law of God forbids until, by forsaking his evils, he makes restitution to the wounded wife, and his offended God so far as he can. I continued to labor in Wolverhampton, and Sister Wragg's house is my home. Her children are with her. The Brighamites, learning that she received me into her house, summoned her to trial. She requested me to answer the letter, which I did, telling them she believed the gospel as revealed through Joseph Smith, but had neither sympathy nor use for the doctrines and practices of Brigham Young. They cut her off that night. I visited the Saints, among whom I had labored years ago. Some received me kindly and seemed pleased to hear my message, others branded me as an apostate and would not hear. Sister Wragg rejoices in her severance from so corrupt a system. It is astonishing to see what depths of infamy those people will stoop to, to foul the character of those who have the courage to lift the pure gospel ensign in opposition to the lying abomination that has spread a pall of darkness over the people of God. . . .

I obtained a room to preach in. I visited an old time friend, Oliver Walsh. While he received me kindly, he was too much entangled in the meshes of Brighamism to lend a receptive ear to the truth. I visited a Mr. Powell, formerly a Saint. He treated me kindly, but disgust of polygamy and kindred evils had soured his mind so that he cared nothing for the truth. He may be led to see the light once more. We shall do our duty.

James Wakeman and wife, Brother Petty and wife, Mr. Woodward and wife, all sent in their resignations to the Brighamite church. I wrote them out at their request. So the good work is moving. Heber C. Kimball wrote to his sons, who are on missions in England, that "In Utah they were surrounded by trappers who were seeking to entrap them,"

referring to government officers. They had had no rain for six months, "in many parts crops were entirely lost." "Flour had sold at nine dollars per hundred." "There have been more deaths in these mountains this fall than ever in any one year before." "Hundreds of children have gone home, which has been caused by the severe drought. It has been a time of general sickness in my family." This from the *Millennial Star*. If God had instituted polygamy for the purpose of raising up a righteous seed, is it not inconsistent to destroy them by the hundreds, before they have come to an age to manifest their love for righteousness? Will the people see that God is punishing them for their rebellion? Or will their leaders hoodwink them by telling them it is only a trial of their faith? Again, how is it that the majority of polygamous children are boys; and that the mothers deplore the birth of girls? That these are facts can not truthfully be denied.

On the 10th I visited Father Roome, once a stanch soldier of the cross, and defender of the faith, but because of the abominations that crept into the church he has laid down his weapons and the arch enemy has overpowered him, having sought to drown his thoughts in the intoxicating cup; but I found there was left a germ of divine seed in his heart, and when I presented the work in its restored state to him, he received it gladly.

I went to Dudley. Mr. Smart promised to get me a place to preach in there.

The papers tell of several vessels blown up by gunpowder on the coast of Africa. Twelve men killed by a boiler explosion, Rhuabon, Wales. Twelve more at Aberdare, and twelve at Westbromwich, besides the accidents in mines. Truly destruction stalks abroad.

I preached in Wolverhampton. Audiences small.

On the 14th I talked with a Brighamite, received only abuse in return. I also talked with a Brighamite woman. She

seemed honest, and acknowledged the truth, but begged that I would not tell any of their people that she had talked with me, or they would summon her before the council. These people know nothing of the liberty of the gospel. About this time a small periodical called the *Restorer*, published by Jason W. Briggs, appeared. It speaks out in a manly way and points out the path of duty to all Latter Day Saints. May God speed it on its mission. I sent Brother Briggs three shillings and sixpence for some copies.

A large reservoir burst near Sheffield, on the 15th, causing terrible loss of life and destruction of property. Two hundred bodies have been thus far rescued.

I returned to Smethwick.

On the 16th I went to Birmingham. Found some who favored the Reorganized Church. I saw poverty in its depths. It made my heart sick, but I had no power to relieve it. I slept at Charles Sheen's. I visited Pickering's. Sister Pickering gave me a shilling to pay postage on a letter to my wife. May God reward her generous heart.

At Chesterfield thirteen people were drowned by the flooding of a coal mine.

I labored in Birmingham, Bilston, and Wolverhampton from house to house, and on the 20th of March, 1864, I baptized ten persons and confirmed them. Father William Roome was not baptized, pleading sickness, but he had determination to unite with us.

On the 21st I wrote to Jason, George Fellows, and James Wiltshire.

My health is poor.

Sister Woodward gave up her bed for me. May God bless her for the kindness.

On the 22d I went to Willenhall, but could not find any Latter Day Saints there. I returned to Bilston. Smallpox is prevalent there. I visited Richard Lun. He tried to defend

Brighamism, but he felt his weakness and the weakness of the system, when tried by the word of God. He invited me to visit him again. I believe him to be honest at heart, but whether he will have the moral courage to accept the truth remains to be seen.

On the 22d of March I received a letter from home. Alice Amelia had been ill with the measlés. Was a little better. Wife and George were well. I am thankful they have so wise a nurse and mother. I know she will do her best for them. I learn some who profess to be Saints look upon her with an evil eye because she will not join in, nor take part with them in tattling. She minds her own business, is kind to all, and has the esteem of the good and true. May God help her so to live continually.

I was far from well, but I went to Birmingham to look after the interests of the work there. I stayed at Sheen's. Sister Sheen made me some gruel, but when I went to bed, I shivered with the cold for a long time, then I had a burning fever, but could neither sweat nor rest.

On the 24th I went to Pickering's; I was no better. The sister gave me hot gruel with brandy in it. I lay on the sofa, and at night went to Sheen's. This sister gave me cayenne tea and put a bottle of hot water to me. This greatly helped me. On the 25th a little girl was born to Brother and Sister Sheen.

I went to Mr. Thomas Taylor; found him and his wife quite favorable; then returned to Westbromwich and stayed with Mr. Breeze. His wife treated me kindly and gave up her bed for me. This was the fourth anniversary of their wedding day. I had a good night's rest and was much better the next morning.

On the 27th I preached in Wolverhampton; fasted, and had a good time with the few Saints. I have a hard task to get lodging in my travels. Sometimes my bed is a wooden bench,

sometimes three chairs, again a narrow sofa, and far from soft at that; a real bed is a luxury, if it is only straw, but as I am as well off as my Master, I will not murmur. My food is oftentimes scant; I can not bear to eat from the children, who watch with anxious eyes their parents doling out the scanty meal to each hungry little soul. It is far different in America. People in very moderate circumstances there waste more than would feed twice the number here. It takes most of the means that I receive to pay hall rent and notify the public of my meetings, and then but few attend. Still I trust my labor is not in vain.

March 28th a comet is predicted by the wise men for 1865, that will burn up the earth. Verily "Men's hearts fail them for fear of those things that are coming on the earth." We have rain and snow, and it is very cold, but I am better, thank God.

I visited a Mrs. Price, an old friend who was once in the Brighamite church. She received me very coldly, but at length invited me into the house. Then she told me she had heard very evil things about me, which if true would shame a brute, and that I was cut off for these evils. This was the work of the Brighamites. I presented the true order of the church of Christ and invited her to examine into the matter. She invited me to visit her again and talk with her husband on these matters.

I visited a Mr. Davies, on the Dudley Road, and had a good visit with him, and was assured of a welcome there at any time.

On the 30th I went to Birmingham. Met Mr. Owens, who seems interested in our work. I think he will yet come in at the door. It is hard to get the truth entirely out of the heart of an honest man, when he has once felt its power to bless. The mind may become darkened, and the heart soured, but the leaven of truth remains, and its light will illuminate the soul, more or less, and when he comes in contact with the revealed

word it appeals to the light within, and a still, small voice finds an echo there. So it is with this man. He can not drown the voice of truth.

One dear sister told me of the sufferings she had endured from her drunken husband. My heart sickens at the scenes of drunkenness among both sexes. Fights, brawls, and the filthiest language the tongue can utter. It is heart-rending to hear the tale of woe, the blasted hopes, the shattered faith and crushed out love which is the daily work of the demon of drink, and yet some of our people will toy with the monster as though it were a harmless, even life-giving thing. Well, God has said, "Strong drink is not good!" and "They that do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

April 1 I breakfasted at Fox's. Went to Oldbury and visited William Morgan. He and his wife treated me kindly. They are very favorable to the work. I went from there to Bilston, and from there to Wolverhampton, where I was kindly received, they having put up a bed for my special use. I continued my labors in Wolverhampton until the 5th.

Garibaldi, the great Italian patriot, was received in England with great honors. The whole country seemed alive and full of gladness at the event.

On the 6th I visited the Bilston people. Father Roome is not baptized yet. He pleads sickness. I fear it is from drunkenness, as he told me he had gotten into the habit of drinking, but I want to save him if I can. He has been a very useful man in the days of Joseph the Seer and since, until he became disgusted with Brighamite rule. There will be a fearful reckoning for those who introduced that abomination. I went to Stourbridge. Was heartily welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Tilley. I remembered my brethren in general conference, before the Lord.

On the 7th I assisted Joseph Tilley in his blacksmith shop. As Brother and Sister Tilley attended the theater that night

they invited me to accompany them, and as I did not want to stay alone in their house, and had nowhere else to go, I went. I saw nothing uplifting in the performance. The worst side of humanity was exhibited, and to my mind it only tended to degrade the votaries. I could see a full representation of poverty there, and Mr. Tilley assured me that people would pawn their things to obtain admission money. Such is the folly of humanity; but they will not take the time to hear a gospel sermon though "without money and without price." I was sorry to hear Mr. Tilley say that he would not treat any other elder as he did me. I was in hopes that his kindness indicated a love for truth, but it seems to be purely from esteem for me. I would be glad to know it was purely out of love for God. On parting with me he gave me two shillings and sixpence, and his wife gave me a shilling. May God lead them to see and love the truth.

I again visited Blakeney and sought to encourage the few who were in favor of our work. I was kindly received by Brother and Sister Haywood; also Mother Rasbass and her son Eli received me, and all bade me welcome to their home; but I see no desire to unite with us. Yet they are not afraid to defend the truth when necessary. May God be gracious to them.

I arrived in Wolverhampton on the 8th. I visited Mrs. Price again, but the Brighamite influence was too strong over her; she did not invite me into the house, so I passed on. Rumors are now circulated by the Brighamites that Elder Briggs has found me out, and I had left Westbromwich without paying the rent of the room that I preached in. Certainly they are driven to desperate straits, to circulate such baseless stories as these. It only exhibits more clearly their own weakness. I slept at Brother Wakeman's.

On the 10th I wrote a handbill giving notice of a course of lectures to be delivered by Jason and myself in Wolverhampton.

ton. The printer agreed to print them for four shillings and ninepence.

I met a Brighamite elder and questioned him respecting the stories he was circulating, but he denied all. The falsehood lies between him and Mrs. Price, one of their members.

On the 12th I met with Jason at Smethwick. He is looking well. I had not seen him since I left him in Wales. We made arrangements for him to preach in Wolverhampton on Sunday and I to preach in Birmingham. I learn with pain that two of our male members have been drinking. I fear there is chaff among the wheat we have gathered in. Some have their consciences so warped that they see no harm in keeping what has been paid them in mistake more than their just dues. Zion can not be built up of such material.

I saw Mr. Owens; he expresses strong faith that God is with the present Joseph. I went to Birmingham and was kindly welcomed at Charles Sheen's.

On the 14th Brother Sheen and I paid another visit to Mr. Thomas Taylor. We had a pleasant visit, and Brother Taylor and I recounted our experiences in Utah. Brother Sheen sat and wept at the recital. Brother Taylor gave me a shilling, which according to the divine test proved him to be a disciple.

On the 15th I visited those who had been in the Brighamite church but had become so disgusted that they would not hear the truth. I returned to Sheen's, where I had a spiritual feast; the *Herald* for March 15. It does me good to learn of the progress of the work, and I pray that it may prosper more abundantly, until the pure in heart are gathered out of Babylon.

On Sunday, April 17, I preached in Charles Sheen's house, only seven present, but their souls were as precious as though seven hundred were there. I visited a number of the people who had once belonged, found some so disgusted they would not hear, others listened and professed faith in my message,

so there is some encouragement to labor on and sow the good seed where we can, for we know not what the harvest will be.

The possibility of my going home this summer seems very slender indeed, as the fare to New York is seven and eight pounds; but I will pray God to open my way. Jason tells me the Brighamites got hold of a letter that he had sent Joseph by Jeremiah and they were telling that Brother Briggs was dictating to Joseph.

On the 22d Elder George Fallows, formerly a Methodist minister, whom I baptized many years ago, visited me. We were mutually pleased to see each other. I set the truth before him; he accepted it and gave his name for baptism.

On the 24th I preached in Wolverhampton twice. I have omitted to state that Jeremiah had returned home to his family, and the mission loses a good man. Brother Fallows received my instruction with meekness, accepting correction of certain errors he had imbibed. On the 25th I baptized him and confirmed him.

On the 26th we visited Bilston together; Father Roome promised to look out a place where he could be baptized. I visited a lady named Evans, formerly a member of the Utah church, and still full of faith in the work, but had left them because of polygamy. She claimed to have manifestations of a spiritual nature. She had been twice married, her first husband having died. She said one night he appeared to her and told her he would go and get some money a certain man was owing; he then disappeared. A short time afterward, a man who used to work where her husband had worked, came and brought her fifteen shillings. Would answer no questions, but simply told her the money belonged to her. Her husband appeared to her a second time and inquired how much the man brought her? She told him; he then went away, and in a short time the man who had brought the fifteen shillings returned with ten shillings more, but as before would give no particu-

lars, and she thought from the manner of her departed husband there was still more due, and told the man so. He confessed there was more due. The husband returned a third time and finding all was not paid that was due, vanished again, and the debtor shortly returned a third time and brought five shillings more, but still would answer no questions. This ended the matter, and the deceased husband appeared no more. The woman was evidently impressed with the truth of her story. I have given the statement substantially as she gave it to me. One thing is certain in the instance named above, whether the appearance was real or imaginary, some influence brought to bear upon the one indebted, led him to come uninfluenced by the woman, according to her statement, until the spirit of the deceased husband was satisfied; then the manifestations ceased.

May 1, 1864. I preached in Wolverhampton, and on the second I returned to Bilston and baptized Father William Roome, and was blessed in so doing. I also confirmed him. I pray that he may be steadfast in the truth. I sent Jason ten shillings from Wolverhampton Branch for some publications. I labored among them until the 6th.

On the 6th I visited Mr. Thomas Taylor and wife, at Birmingham. They inquired about Joseph's calling. I explained it and read his epistle to the Saints and also his letter to me. They were very much pleased and administered kindly to my necessities. The people in Birmingham desire me to stay with them and not return home at present. I have placed the matter in the Lord's hands, if he opens my way I shall certainly return; if he does not I shall bide my time. While at Birmingham I met Brother Briggs. The Saints gave him means to pay his fare to Wales.

My health is poor, but I keep around. I visited Thomas North's home, the man who was with me at Redditch, referred to in a former part of this history. He was not at home, but

I afterwards visited and found he was a confirmed spiritualist, and only ridiculed the truth. Truly when the mind having once known the truth becomes darkened, "How great is that darkness!"

Mr. and Mrs. Darley went with me to secure a place to baptize in, and the time was set for the ordinance. I went at the appointed time, but they refused to be baptized because they learned Mr. Owen was gone to Wales to be baptized, and they did not think him fit for church membership. I told them Christ said, "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." The church is not at liberty to reject any who come in the spirit of repentance, believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. But they thought themselves too holy to associate with Owens, hence they proved their unfitness for baptism, because they cherished malice in their hearts. The following incident will show how corrupt practices of the Brighamite elders in this land had destroyed the confidence of the people and had led them to suspect every missionary guilty of similar crimes.

Sister Molesworth, an aged woman, and I have every reason to believe a pure-minded woman, and for many years a member of the church, said to me, a thought had crossed her mind as to whether I had kept myself pure from women since I left home. I smiled at the old woman's simplicity. I told her I thanked my God, neither my lips nor person had been defiled by contact with other women, and that I could return the kiss and fond embrace received from my wife on parting just as pure as those which fell from her own lips when I bade the sad and tearful adieu. This seemed to relieve the dear old soul's anxiety.

On the 12th I returned to Westbromwich, visited the Saints, and then went to Bilston, visited some there, and the same day went to Wolverhampton. I found a letter from James Wiltshire to help me home. Elder John Frowan also sent me a kind letter, with one shilling for the same purpose. My

brother-in-law, Joseph Herbert, also wrote his kind regrets at my leaving, and that he was not able to help me. I could not expect his assistance, because of his poverty, but I appreciate the kind desires of his heart. It looks as though my way is being opened.

On the 13th of May I met Samuel Smith, a Brighamite elder. He told me the gospel was not complete without polygamy. I pointed to the fact that Jesus Christ preached a perfect gospel, yet there was no polygamy in it. That Paul declared the whole counsel of God, but no polygamy; but the man was blind and had no desire for the unsullied truth, so I left him to his idols. I sent some nominations for ordination for Jason's approval or disapproval, and I continued my labors.

On the 15th I preached in Wolverhampton, and on the 16th Brother Fallows and I went to Blakeley and endeavored to strengthen the few believers there—then returned to Wolverhampton. I visited William Lewis, who had been to Utah but had turned away with disgust, and although he treated me kindly, he had no use for religion of any kind.

On the 18th Brother Fallows went to Bilston with me. The day was excessively hot, 83 degrees in a room window, with a current of air passing through; it is said to be hotter than for twenty-five years in May. The miners are on strike. It is useless for them to contend with capital under existing circumstances. If they would properly husband their means, they would not need so many strikes, and they would be better prepared to hold out if they did strike. In connection with these defects, they lack unity, but experience teaches them no lesson.

On the 19th I visited the Saints in Birmingham, and sought to strengthen and encourage them.

We had a terrible thunderstorm in which several people were killed and much property was destroyed in many parts. While here I visited Vanity Fair; it was rightly named. At

one stand a man was hawking Bibles for sale; close by and all around were venders and quacks of all kinds, bawling out their wares at the top of their voices. Then there were weighing machines, lifting machines, striking machines, blowing machines, etc., their owners trying to attract attention to their wares, and all found patronage from the poor fools who could ill afford such useless amusements and vanities, and it seemed a perfect babel. I saw nothing calculated to benefit or instruct except it was the good book, which few cared to purchase.

I preached in Birmingham on the 22d and visited Thomas Taylor, who with his wife always seemed glad to see me.

The papers report that the Federals have won a victory in Virginia but at the loss of four thousand men. May God give them the final victory is my desire.

Sister Molesworth gave me a nice summer shawl for my wife. Sister Fox gave me a shilling and a pretty little memento for my little daughter.

On the 25th I preached at Sister Pickering's. Thomas Taylor and Charles Sheen were present. Mr. Taylor gave me two shillings and Sister Pickering gave me one shilling. Brother Sheen wept as I bade him good-bye. I gave him my Book of Mormon as a memento. I returned to Bilston. There I met Brother Fallows. He had visited Stourbridge, Wordsley and Blakely, and other places at my request, but had met with no apparent success.

I visited Father Roome and gave him some instructions from Elder Briggs, who had appointed him to the charge of the work in Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and places adjacent thereto. Bro. George Fallows was appointed to labor in the Staffordshire potteries, by Brother Briggs. May God give these men wisdom and grace that their labors may be effectual in saving souls. These brethren had been ordained elders.

On the 27th Mr. Stephen Taylor, of Bilston, gave me five

shillings to help me home. Surely this was one of the Lord's disciples! May God lead him into the fold.

On the 28th I paid my farewell visit to Blakely, and trust I shall never forget the kindness of John Heywood and his wife. She kindly gave up her bed for me and gave me two shillings and sixpence of her own earnings. John gave me one shilling and sixpence. These people are poor, but they determined to deny themselves for a poor servant of Christ, and the Master will note every act of kindness shown to the least of his servants. While I can not express my gratitude, I would be glad if I could have done without this sacrifice on their part, but I have asked God to open my way if he approved of my returning home. He is doing it, and I have no right to refuse the blessing. Yet I am far at this time from having even one fourth of my fare across the sea; but my trust is in him who said, "I will provide."

I now returned to Westbromwich and visited my old friend, Withers. Here is another instance of woman's kindness. Sister Withers gave up her bed for me. Mrs. Powell had always treated me as a brother also, although she is not one with us. May she be led into the fold of the Good Shepherd. Mr. Withers told me he had seen an advertisement in the *Birmingham Journal* of a "pass" from Liverpool to Detroit in Michigan, United States of America. The pass had been sent by the brother of the advertiser to bring him to America. It was originally good for twelve months, but the man had not and was not intending to use it, and the year was nearly expired, and when it had expired the "pass" would be valueless. Mr. Withers kindly gave me the advertiser's address, and went with me to see the man. I asked the man his price. He wanted more than I could give, and that was one pound, or twenty shillings. I had more, but I was more than a hundred miles from Liverpool, and would have to sustain myself until the time of sailing, and I could not spare all. He

gladly accepted my offer and handed me the "pass." It was really worth more than eight times the value of what I gave for it, as the passage to New York at that time cost eight pounds, and the pass secured my passage from Liverpool to Detroit in Michigan. Could I doubt that the hand of the Lord was opening my way? I would have been blind to doubt so plain a fact. My journal of that date says: "If there is a happy man in England, that man is Charles Derry." Thank God and Mr. Withers and the dear friends who made it possible to get it. Yet it seems almost impossible that my way is opened to go home, when a few days ago it seemed there was no earthly prospect; but I accept it as an evidence of God's approval of the sacrifice I made, in leaving all of earth that was dear for his cause, and also of the labors performed, though my efforts have been feeble indeed. May I ever be worthy of his approval, is the great desire of my heart.

I spent the evening of the 2d of June with Mr. Withers, in company with Mr. Owens, Brother and Sister Tyler, and Mr. Wright. We had a pleasant interview. I slept with my old Brighamite friend, Richard Rogers, before mentioned.

I should have stated that on the 1st of June, I blessed a little nephew of Bro. William Tyler's at his request, and also that of Sister Tyler. I bade them farewell. Sister Tyler gave me half a crown to buy my wife a silver thimble with—a present from her. I complied with her wish. Brother Tyler gave me two shillings.

On the 3d I bade Owens, Withers, and his wife farewell. I went to Bilston, visited the Saints there, and explained about the gospel gifts, showing they must be lived for as well as sought after. Brother Fallows was present.

On the 4th I visited the Wolverhampton Saints; enjoyed the kind hospitality of Brother and Sister Wakeman.

On the 6th I sent my things to Liverpool, that I might have nothing to carry. Brother Fallows and I started for Penk-

ridge. There we visited a Brighamite family. I talked with the woman on the gospel, and the necessity of understanding it for ourselves, and that we should seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit, that the Spirit and the word agreed. She became curious to know what I belonged to; for, says she, "You have a great deal more of the power of God than I have." I told her what church I belonged to, showed her the difference between our church and the Brighamites, and read to her Joseph's epistle, and sang my hymn, "Zion's Return." Still she did not seem to realize that we were Josephites. Yet I had plainly told her. Both she and her husband seemed honest in their belief, but I believe if she could have realized the nature of our mission, we would have been denied a night's lodging there. I believe that her spiritual eyes were holden that she could not understand what we were, and yet I told her plainly. I was thankful, however, for the lodging, for I was very weary.

On the 7th we started for Stafford and Brother Fallows suggested that it would be well for us not to reveal our religious status, lest we should be denied a resting place. I told him we would sail under our own colors and trust God for the results. He agreed that would be best. When we got to Stafford we visited Brighamites and delivered our message. One Mr. Fomanka received us. We talked with him on the gospel, he eyed us suspiciously, as he had not inquired what we were, but frankly acknowledged the force of our arguments, and said he could now see the meaning of some dreams he had. He said he had thought that many things he had seen were strangely inconsistent with the gospel. I gave him some pamphlets, and he insisted upon giving me a shilling for them. I told him Brother Fallows would labor in these parts. He requested us not to tell the Brighamite elders that we had called upon him. He also told Brother Fallows not to call again for three months, as he wanted to examine the difference between the two churches and study and digest the matter.

On the 8th of June, as we traveled along, Brother Fallows desired me to lay hands upon him and bless him, that as the mantle of Elijah fell upon Elisha, so a portion of the Holy Spirit might rest upon him, that he might have more power to declare the gospel to mankind. We found a sequestered spot and engaged in prayer. I laid my hands upon his head and told him that if he would live the religion of Jesus Christ, a double portion of the Spirit of God should be given him. I felt the truth of these words and we parted, and he wept as though he was separating from his father, though he was much the older man; but I had brought the glad tidings of the gospel to him many years ago, had baptized and confirmed him, and I believe ordained him to the ministry, and when he found me on this present mission he again accepted the truth at my hands, and had an abiding love for me. It was true I was not like Elijah, caught up in a chariot of fire, but I was carried by one of the so-called Nahum's chariots to Liverpool, and he undoubtedly had his Jordan to cross, which would require all his faith in Elijah's God to enable him to battle successfully with its rolling billows.

I had intended to walk to Liverpool, but my feet were so sore with travel that I was unequal to the task. This ride to Liverpool with a twenty mile ride in Wales was all the distance I had ridden by conveyance since I landed on the British shores, over sixteen months ago. I arrived in Liverpool all right. I sought lodgings in keeping with my means, at a "Model Lodging House," licensed to receive one hundred and twenty-five persons. Here I saw life in one of its lowest stages. Here were people who had seen much better days, and some who had always lived "from hand to mouth," and some who concluded the world owed them a living and they concluded to pick it up whenever they could, without honorable means of toil, but there was another class of boarders who considered themselves freebooters and found lodging and food

on the bodies of unclean people, and they seemed numerous hosts. One night in such diversified and filthy associations was more than enough for me, but my pocketbook contained only seven pence and three farthings, and I knew of no way by which it could be replenished.

But on the 14th I received a letter from Isaac Sheen, containing four shillings and sixpence. This kindness I had no reason to expect, but it was the more appreciated, and I felt to bless Brother Sheen for his kind remembrance of me in this distant land. I wrote four letters and mailed them to-day.

On the 15th Brother Jason sent me ten shillings, which I understand was the gift of the Welsh Saints. I also received five shillings from Brother Petty, of Bilston. May God bless all the kind donors. I could now obtain decent lodgings and suitable food and fit myself with bedding and cooking utensils for the voyage, which I did; but as the vessel was delayed until June 21, I exhausted all my means except one farthing. I went on board to save expense and be ready for the voyage.

My "pass" only called for a steerage passage, and I had no means to pay for a better, but I am going home to wife, children, and friends, and I remember the words of the poet,

"When the black-lettered list to the God was presented,
A list of what Fate for each mortal intends,
At the long string of ills a kind angel relented,
And slipped in three blessings, wife, children, and friends."

I got my things down in the steerage, but it was a perfect babel to hear seven hundred emigrants fighting, bawling, cursing, and struggling to get first on board the ship. But I got there with little trouble, and could calmly watch the hundreds rushing forward.

I sent off a letter to my wife, and I saw the necessity of keeping cool, calm, and good-natured, and I prayed for strength to do so. When nearly seven hundred souls were on board, I

was sitting on my steerage berth, thinking of home and my journey there, when suddenly I was aroused by drops of cold water falling on my face. I looked quickly around and saw a Sister of Charity, or perhaps a Mother Superior going through the vessel, sprinkling holy water upon the company. This unexpected aspersion of cold water caused me to make a sudden movement, when the woman gave me a terrible frown, as undoubtedly she considered me an heretic.

“You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe it at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

“For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, ‘I have finished my day’s work,’ but I can not say, ‘I have finished my life.’ My day’s work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.”—Victor Hugo.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOHN L. BEAR.

(Continued from page 213.)

[Elder Bear gives a detailed account of his trials and sufferings in Slaterville, Farmington, and Salt Lake City, where he was subject to much persecution, practiced upon him by his religious persecutors, for whom he was compelled to work.

Of the trial of himself and Morrisite companions he gives the following account.—EDITORS.]

Now the time had arrived that we had to appear before the court, Judge Kinney on the bench, the Mormon lawyers, a Meinard, don't know his first name, Zerubbabel Snow, and Forgessor. Some of the brethren had also two lawyers employed, a Mr. Applebee, and a young man from Camp Douglass. Meinard was the accuser and spokesman, a real little devil in human form, who accused us all of murder in the first degree, because two of their posse got killed in the three days' skirmish, and I don't think that if the actual Devil had been there to oppose us instead of Meinard, he could have outdone him. Why, it was almost impossible for me to listen to such damnable lies. Those Brighamites are accustomed to it; they swear to anything to answer their purpose. On every day of the trial there were some officers from Camp Douglass present. The trial lasted from the 9th of March till the 26th.

The jury condemned as guilty of murder in the second degree, Peter Klemgard, fifteen years in the penitentiary, with chains and hard labor, Christian Nielson to twelve, Abraham Taylor, John Nielson, Henry Lee, Jens Christensen, Andreas Mason to ten years with chain and hard labor. The rest of us were condemned to pay a fine of one hundred dollars each. On the 28th of March they were taken into the penitentiary and set free on the 31st, through Governor Harding, and the fine of the rest of us remitted. There was no governor in Utah in the time of this Morrisite affair, only Secretary Fuller, so Brigham

and Kinnēy had a free hand; then according to Bancroft's History of Utah, Governor Harding and Judges Drake and Wait came to Salt Lake City in July, 1862, a month after the massacre. I have to remark that a few of our number did not appear at the trial, as they had left the Territory.

Our release, brought about mostly by the untiring effort of Brother Parson, who went to see the governor, who counseled him to get up a petition and have it signed by a certain number and then bring it back to him. So of course all the officers at Fort Douglass, with their commander, Connor, and the privates signed it, as they sympathized with us as a persecuted people. I don't know if any of the Brighamites signed or not. I suppose if any would have liked to do so, they would have been afraid. Bancroft says, "None did except Bill Hickman, who was then in disfavor of the church authority." The Judges Wait and Drake did all they could in our favor. I have talked with both of them, had several conversations with Mrs. Wait, who greatly sympathized with us, as she did the same with the Josephites who preached in Utah a year afterward.

Now as the governor liberated us, he got into disfavor with the church dignitaries, and some accused him of letting a lot of criminals free. What I am going to relate now I have from a reliable, trustworthy source, that the Widow Banks went to the governor, having a message for him, saying, "Oh, Governor beware, beware, there is a plan laid to ensnare you, to get you into a trap, and it will be done through woman, and that your life will be in danger." Well, shortly after this two finely dressed ladies called at his office one evening, had a nice, friendly talk with him, stayed quite a while, until a good deal after dark, and being a very dark night, they tried to induce him to go home with them a little ways, as they were afraid to go in the night unprotected. He studied a little while and then politely declined to go with them, saying he had some important business yet to do, and could not well spare the time. Well,

the snare did not work, and consequently the trap* could not fall. Anyone who knows a little about how the church authorities deal with those who do not act favorably to them can guess what the fate of Governor Harding would have been if he had accompanied those ladies that night. But one day as the governor was sitting by his desk, a volley of stones came against his house and one broke through the window and landed on the desk before him. These things showed how law abiding this people were.

We heard that General Connor wanted to establish a military post at Soda Springs, Idaho, 170 miles north of Salt Lake City, and offered to furnish free transportation for all who wished to form a settlement there. A little before this, a number of our people went to Carson, Nevada, and a transport of soldiers protected them on their journey. I went to Camp Floyd, where a family or two of Swiss Morrisites were to bring them the news of the general's offer, and one hitched up his team and came right along with me. On arriving in the city, I expected to put my things into their wagon, to be hauled up to Camp Douglass, so as to be ready as soon as the expedition would start, but to my surprise, there was no Brother Taylor nor family there. The house was in possession of other people; they told me that Taylor's went up to Camp Douglass. Then I learned that the sheriff came and put all of their furniture out in the street, but Brethren Taylor and Warner took care of my things and took them with them into the camp, for which I was very grateful. This was April 27.

Now, when the time arrived to start for Soda Springs with General Connor's troops, a few of us had ox teams and the rest had their things hauled by the Government's mule teams. I was driving an ox team of two yoke for a Swiss brother, and coming down the hill to the city, the mule teams got ahead of us, and I was the last that reached the city, as the animals were old and very slow; and lo and behold, there in the road stood

about twenty men to watch us pass. I recognized J. D. Ross, the captain across the plains, and he knew me and knew that I was one of the Morrisites as he had seen me at the court-house. He called and said: "Are those your cattle?" I knew that they wanted to take them away from me, like they had taken Taylor's horses, and I said, "No; they are not mine." I could see they wanted to capture the team, so I cracked my whip across the back of the cattle and shouted "Git!" So they started in a run, and I urged them to go until I was out of danger and had caught up with the train.

Coming to Box Elder, sixty miles north of the city, we camped a little north of the settlement. I was taken suddenly sick, got dizzy, whirled around, and fell to the ground. They picked me up and told the surgeon, who was only an assistant, as the regular doctor was not with us. They put me in the wagon, and I was sick all the way, more or less. After we passed Franklin, in Cache Valley, there was no road any more, and the cavalry ahead of us hunted out the best places to travel, beside looking for Indians. We arrived at Soda Springs, close to Bear River, on the 3d of June, 1863. Indians must have left there only a few hours before, as there were yet live coals in the ash heaps. That very night it snowed three to four inches deep. The soldiers went about three fourths of a mile further and pitched their camp. Those who had neither tents nor wagon boxes started right away to dig cellars for shelter and all were busy as bees. Captain Black had his men help those who needed it the most, sending his teams into the woods to bring firewood and logs for their dugouts; also helped a good deal with flour and bacon to live on, and gave them a chance to work it out afterward. Lots were laid out so each one knew where to build, gardens were made, and all felt happy to be out of Brigham's dominion.

My sickness increased, yea, got worse from day to day. I knew the cause was that freezing I had to endure that winter

up in the canyon. Barbara Dielhelm, the daughter of that widow woman who was killed and buried with my wife at Weber, took care of me while I was sick, and indeed she could not have done any better if I had been one of her own people. After a while there came an army surgeon by way of Fort Bridger, on horseback. He said he had had a terrible time on account of so much snow and could not see any road, could not tell what direction to go, lost his way and nearly perished from hunger and cold. He visited me twice a day, and according to his statement, I must have had at least four different sicknesses, which he said made it very difficult to treat me. He was a German. Soon he was called to Camp Douglass, where his appointment was, but losing the road came to Soda, and another one came from Camp Douglass. By this time my case was doubtful, life or death laid in the balance. It was now July; the sun hot, and the inside of the wagon got hot and sultry, no air stirring; so the doctor sent a few soldiers on horseback across the river up into the mountains, whose peaks were yet covered with snow, to bring me some snow to make a cool drink. Every day some soldiers came and inquired about me; they acted like I was one of their own, such sympathy they showed. The doctor did all he could and was very strict in his orders to my nurse. I got so low once that I could neither speak nor move, but I could hear and see. Some one raised the wagon cover on the front a little to have a peep at me (a lot of people standing around outside), and I heard him say, "Now he is dying, dying." But the spell passed off again; my time had not come yet, but I was ready.

One afternoon I felt a little strength to pray, and pray I did with all my soul to my heavenly Father to do with me as seemeth him good. I was ready to leave this earthly clay, for my spirit to go beyond to join those who went before me. I prayed if my time had not yet come to make my suffering a little easier. I called on my Savior for grace and mercy, and wept

and wept, the tears bathing my face. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon in this month, July, when at the foot of my bed facing the east, I saw figures of men approaching from both sides. Some had long beards, some short ones, and some hardly any, and the one in the middle was a little taller than the rest; his form a little bit slighter. He had on his head a kind of crown, his hair a little long, in curls; his countenance was mild and lovely; he directed those men to form a line, he standing in the middle, six on each side, then they all raised their right hands towards heaven and prayed to the Father in my behalf. I could not hear what he or the others said; I could only see their lips moving. I looked and looked in astonishment, then they disappeared in the same way they had come.

From that time I commenced to recover. This vision I can not forget as long as I live. After my recovery I had to walk with a cane for about two weeks.

The brother of the sister who took care of me in the time of my sickness, and myself, went to work and built a log house.

In the meantime we lived in a tent; had our worship every Sunday with some of the brethren, about four or five. We did not forget our duty towards God. After we finished the house, we held services in there, and started a Sabbath school, Bro. James Bowman, who lost his wife at Weber, and Sargeant Burrell, one of the soldiers, assisting us. Some of the brethren started sawing lumber, so we hauled a good many logs for them to saw, and so got lumber for our use. On a Sabbath, we put our bedsteads (self-made) and everything else outside, and put in blocks and planks for seats for the school, and when the school was out we had preaching, which I had to mostly do myself. The house was crowded, a number of soldiers attending, sometimes Captain Black himself. They all seemed very much interested, there was no disturbance whatever, and the children in the Sunday school behaved themselves admi-

rably, a good deal better than they do in our Sunday school now. Order is one of the first principles of heaven.

To make a living the first and second years was rather tough, but we did not mind it much. We were free from our enemies, nobody to try to control our consciences and our religious belief, so we felt happy. We had no milk or butter (some bacon from the Camp) as there were very few cows. Next year some left for Montana, where gold was more and more discovered, thinking they might find there plenty of work. As a farming country, Soda Springs was a poor place in those days, snow in the winter from six to two feet everywhere, and would not go off till the middle of May. There were killing frosts during the summer, every month except one, and that was either July or August. If we had it in the fore part of July we raised fine potatoes, but if we had it in the latter part of August then we had none.

As I had had plenty of time to get acquainted with my nurse, and she always treated me very nicely, I took a notion to propose to marry her, and she accepted, so we were married a few days after, on the 12th of October, 1863. Emigration commenced to pour in from the States to the Montana gold fields, so Soda Springs became a regular trading post. My wife had a few dollars left yet from the old country, and she bought a cow from an emigrant, which was the best cow we ever owned, so we got plenty of milk and butter. We also traded our cattle, which had become fat, as there was plenty of good range and fine water, for some poor ones, which had given out on the journey, and in six months we had them in fine condition. We had good stables with plank floors, and plenty of hay of first quality. We did not need to salt the cattle; there was enough of that salty substance in the grass and hay, and our stock increased, but it took a lot of hay to keep them over winter. We generally needed thirty-five tons of hay, which we made and hauled from thirteen to fifteen miles

from Black Foot River, a tributary of Snake River. I generally made a ton of hay in a day, cut it with a scythe and made it into eight shocks, twelve made a ton and a half, which we hauled in one load with two yoke of oxen. We took the tent and some cooking vessels and some firewood. I stayed there till Saturday and brother-in-law carried it home, wife helping him to stack it, three loads a week; it generally took us three months to get in our hay.

One season, as we fetched home the last load of hay, I think it was on the 6th day of September, it began to snow, and instead of a load of hay it looked like a load of snow before we reached home. We were afraid of the wagon breaking down under the heavy load. As we reached our wheat field (a few acres of that seven-headed wheat), which looked fine and promised a good crop, all was flat down from the weight of the snow, and as there followed a heavy frost, it got killed. Still we cut it and stacked it at home, made a plank floor to thrash it, made some flails to thrash with, cleaned it by the wind, hauled to the valley and had it ground, but it was poor stuff. This settled our farming there. In the first year we hauled a few loads of hay to the captain for twenty dollars a ton, getting flour and bacon in return. Flour was also twenty dollars a sack.

Bro. Alexander Dow, a tinner by trade, became one of my intimate friends. He was one of the few who had worship every Sunday in our tent, till he had built a house for himself, then we met at his place; but by and by he moved to Saint Louis. Brother Bowman bought his place and started a store there, so the meeting was transferred to our house again. Some more of the brethren moved to Montana, so our little population dwindled away. Late in the fall we generally had to get our year's supply down in Cache Valley, and as we paid money for everything, we were welcome visitors, but they tried to get as much out of us as they possibly could. Flour went up

as high as twenty-five dollars, twenty-eight dollars, and even thirty dollars a sack, and they even got so saucy that they wanted gold for it, instead of greenbacks, as they believed the time was now coming to fulfill Brigham's prophecy that they would get a bushel of gold for a bushel of wheat; but it did not come. Generally we bought our wheat and had it ground at the mill, paying cash for the grinding, which the miller liked better than toll. From Soda Springs to the mill at Wellville was one hundred miles.

I went with a few others to cut hard pine logs, for the Union Pacific Railway, which was then in construction, which logs were floated down the river when the water raised towards the summer, to a sawmill, where they were sawed into ties. We crossed the river in a skiff about four miles from home. Brother Eliasson, a Swede, and myself, camped together. Our fire we made against a big rock, and for our beds we shoveled the snow away, then cut pine branches, and laid them down, above that a buffalo robe, and then blankets to cover us and a buffalo robe on top of that. Our pillows consisted of our coats and boots to keep the boots from being carried away by the coyotes. The others had their lodgings in a kind of log house made by the contractor, which was full. I worked one week, and my brother-in-law next week, which finished the job. We had good pay.

As the soldiers were called to return to Fort Douglass, and as the snow was yet very deep on the first of May (don't remember the year), the captain asked us to help them shovel out a road for his teams through the flat from Soda to Bear River crossing, ten miles. I told him, we will help you all we can, but you will find it an impossibility to do it, as the snow is all along from three to six feet deep. Well, he thought we could try, so we did, with the soldiers, the captain with us, but after half a day's trial and making little headway, he gave it up. So the soldiers made hand sleighs and snowshoes

and went. The teams were to come as soon as possible. After the soldiers were gone the Indians came around oftener, the Shoshones, Bannocks and Snakes, but they were all friendly; so were we. Buffalo robes, elk, deer and beaver skins, and fresh fish, they traded to us for flour, biscuit, butter, and money. Sergeant Burrell and a Mr. Stump from Boise, Idaho, took up a claim sixty miles from Soda toward the Wind River Mountains, where there were some fine salt springs, asked us to come and haul logs (firewood) for them for a week, taking salt as pay. We went and got a big load of salt which we traded for flour in Cache Valley. As we had a number of cows, and everybody else had, there was no chance to sell any butter, so we went to Corinne, a newly built town on the north side of Salt Lake, which was made a station of the Central Pacific Railway. It was one hundred and twenty miles from Soda, a long way to go with an ox team to sell butter. We had about seventy pounds to get rid of, and we had to sell it for what we could get, and that in trade. Corinne was a merchant town.

Some years before there was a rumor that there were Josephite missionaries in Utah making converts. Then later on there was another rumor, that when they had a conference, they quarreled so much among themselves. A little later another rumor reached us, that the Josephites bought the three counties, Jackson, Clay, and Ray, to which I remarked, "That is a story; they have not the money to buy those rich counties. It is an impossibility."

I mention here that Dr. King Robinson, who was murdered in Salt Lake City in 1866 because he took up as a claim the warm spring north of the city, was my next door neighbor in Soda Springs just for a few months, then left for Salt Lake City and took up that claim, and not long afterward the report of his murder reached us.

Some time late in the spring of 1868 a neighbor woman told

me there were some Josephites camping right above us on the road, that were going back to the States. I went up to their camps, thinking I might know some of them, and surely so it was. There was Albert Bishop and family. I saw him and his wife the first time in New York in 1860, when we started for the promised land. There was also William Sommerfield and William Woodhead, and two or three others with their families. I wanted some tracts, but they did not have any, but I got hold of a *Herald*, edited by Isaac Sheen and printed at Cincinnati, Ohio. I requested the brethren to come down in the evening and preach, as we wanted to hear. I had an empty house, which I had bought from my neighbor who moved away. So they came and preached, but they told us what we knew already, and what we would have liked to know we did not get. Brother Bishop bought a nice yoke of steers from me and he was highly pleased; some of his were nearly given out. I then subscribed for the *Herald*, which was published monthly. In 1869 Elders Edmund C. Brand and Lars Edler came from Malad, Idaho, to Soda Springs by direction of the Spirit, as Brand said. I invited Elder Brand to my house. Edler went to preach to the Scandinavians; he preached several discourses in mine and one of the neighbor's houses, but I generally got more information in private talk than otherwise. I told him so and requested him to come, so we could have a talk together. We conversed once until midnight, and I learned what I wanted to know. I was just about ready to go down into the river, when he slackened up. If he had kept at it one minute more, then would the Bear have been baptized in the Bear River. Then he requested me to come down to Malad City to the conference in November. I promised, if possible.

Brother Bowman and Sister Eliasson, a widow, said they would go too. Bowman furnished the covered wagon, and I the steers, so when the time came we went sixty-five miles, no regular road; sometimes you could not see a single wagon

track, but we got there all right. Brother Blair was there; so was Brother David H. Smith, and Edmund C. Brand. I had some conversation with Blair, but all I heard with preaching was not so interesting to me, to bring me nearer to the point, like the conversation I had with Mr. Brand at my home. The sister got baptized, but neither Brother Bowman nor myself felt any particular influence. Still I studied about it, and decided at last I would take the step. I requested Brother Brand to baptize me, which was on the 29th of November, 1869; was confirmed by Edmund C. Brand, David H. Smith, and R. C. Lewis, and ordained to the office of elder by inspiration.

I started at once to labor for the cause, and in a few days baptized several, my wife included, so that we could organize a branch. A young man who worked for Brother Bowman, coming lately from the States, Charles R. Keeler, was chosen secretary. Then I wrote a pamphlet, one for every family (Morrisites) who were yet in Soda Springs, showing the fallacy and nonfulfillment of many of the Joseph Morris revelations, and some doctrines which were not scriptural, and invited them to come and turn to the true standard. I handed them to the secretary to deliver a copy to each family. I was informed after a while that some put it in the fire without reading it, as they still had great faith in Morrisism. But everything has its time, and I learn that the majority of our Soda Springs people joined the Reorganization in time. The leaven has to work first, and a certain time is required, before it does the work. Every Sunday we had our preaching service and also our prayer meeting.

Next spring I attended the conference held at Malad again, and instead of going home at the close, I went to Cache Valley, Utah, on a short mission, called at Logan on a Danish family, husband and wife. Got informed that they were dissatisfied with the things that were going on. I talked with them about

the Reorganization; they seemed favorable; did not like polygamy; then one of the neighbors came, also a Dane, and asked me how many women I had. I said, "One, but I had one before her, which you people killed, so I married the one I have now."

From here I went to Providence, two miles from Logan, where I used to live. Not knowing what house to enter, there, hark! was somebody calling me by my given name? but I could not see anybody. Again my name was called, and so the third time. At last I saw a woman on a porch beckoning with her hand for me to come. It was a Swiss woman, and I got acquainted with her mother, father, brothers and sisters when she was yet a girl. She was dissatisfied and had wished long to see me, but said, "I would like so much to keep you over night, but there would be trouble, as my husband is very bitter against anyone who leaves the Utah church." Still she said: "He don't believe anything at all any more; is more an infidel than anything else. But when he comes, which might be any minute, should he see you, there would be trouble, and I don't want to see you mistreated." She showed me a house where some more of our country people lived whom I knew, where very likely I could stay all night. I went, and the old gentleman talked with me and seemed to lean towards our church, but his wife was old and a cripple at that, and there was a younger woman there, who was never married (I was acquainted with them all in the old country) whom he would like to marry, and he would like to join our church, if it was permissible. I plainly told him what polygamy was, and we as a church could not tolerate it. That settled him. I believe I stayed there over night, and as next day was Sunday, they all went to meeting and left me standing alone in the house. After a while a man came along (the elder brother of that woman mentioned before who called me) and said that the bishop sent him to tell me to leave the town forthwith, or stand the consequences. I smiled, saying: "Go

and tell the bishop that this is a free country, and I have as much right here as he or anybody else, and that I am not going to leave on account of any threats from him or anybody else; and I am just going to please myself." Then he answered: "Well, they will do you harm, and you can not do anything here anyway; they are all strong in Brigham and it will be better for you to leave." I smilingly laid my hand on his shoulder, saying: "Brother Nesser, you say I can not do anything here. I want you first, and you will come, too, and some others will follow." He laughed and went back to meeting. I was still standing in the street, as I expected Brother Metcalf from Hyde Park to join me. He came, and both of us went to their meeting. I had the Inspired Translation in my hand. They looked at us like we were a wonder, and then they begun to testify with all their might, that they knew Brigham Young to be a prophet of God and the successor of Joseph the Martyr, and then commenced to sing their favorite: "Brigham Young is the Lion of the Lord, the Mouth-piece to all mankind," and so on.

Now, if my memory serves me right, it was on my next trip to Providence that I baptized Brother Nesser and his father. Brother Bowman had loaned me his mule, and when I got about four miles from Soda, there were grasshoppers so thick flying in the air, that they darkened the sun, and for twenty miles this host extended. Then appeared the crickets, the ground covered so thickly that the mule could not find a spot to set his foot, unless on the top of them, which he tried to evade; but impossible, and it was hard to make him go, but I got to my destination at last, at Brother Nesser's. I tied the mule inside his yard with a big lariat, but in the morning he was gone and the gate open. I am satisfied he could not get loose himself, somebody must have done it. It made me feel bad, and more so because the animal was not mine; but to my joy we espied him on the bench about half a mile off.

I think I baptized Nesser and his father that day, just found it recorded in one of my memorandums. It was on the 25th of July, 1870. In the month of August I made another trip down there, when I baptized the wives of the Nesses (and soon afterwards some more joined the church), and we organized a branch there with Mr. Beck from Hyde Park, also an elder, to be president of the branch.

Metcalf and Beck promised they would come up to Soda Springs shortly and we would go to the Bear Lake settlements to see what could be done up there, as I had received a former invitation from a Mrs. Moore. Mr. Moore was generally employed by Brother Bowman to freight for him down to the valley, he not being a very strong Brighamite any more. When they came, we had a good meeting, and Bill Hickman, who operated a ferry over Bear River, was also present. Next we started for Bear Lake. There were four of us, Metcalf, Beck, Edler, and myself. On the way the brethren decided that I ought to take the lead, as it was in my jurisdiction. We went to Mr. Moore's house, he was not at home, but we stayed there over night, and the next day we went two and two from house to house at Montpelier and invited them to come to meeting in the evening. But to our astonishment, not one woman came, except Mrs. Moore, who owned the house, and a very old woman, her next door neighbor. I asked Brother Beck a little before, in private, if he would not speak to-night, and if he felt like it. He answered, "Just as you say." He was a very sensible man, with good sound judgment. There were about twenty men present, some with their revolvers strapped about them; and a few boys.

We sang; all four of us were tolerable good singers. After prayer, as soon as Brother Beck started to speak, the boys spiked some little sticks at him, and over his book (Doctrine and Covenants), out of which he wanted to prove his argument. The sticks came faster and faster, and with laughter,

and he got confused in finding the text he wanted to read.

I felt bad, especially as the boys laughed, saying: "He can not find it." I prayed silently to our heavenly Father not to suffer that we have to leave with shame, not being able to present our cause. The brother gave it up, saying: "I can not speak to-night," ending with a few words of testimony, which were directed by the Spirit of God. At the same time the Spirit came over me in a powerful way, and as he was sitting down I got up, starting with the same subject, opened the book, and there the passage was, which he had wanted. Then I turned my speech by degrees to polygamy, went back to the beginning of the creation of men, the introduction of the polygamy by Lamech, a double murderer, went down the history of time, the transgression of the posterity of Noah, Abraham, and Jacob's case, and so on, proving out of the Bible that God did not institute polygamy, but monogamy, and that polygamy and murder were so closely connected that they were twins. There was perfect silence in the room, not a whisper, no spiking of sticks, and I had such liberty that I was astonished myself, and I spoke boldly, without any fear whatever. The brethren got scared on account of my boldness, and one tapped me on the back, but I turned my face toward him and gave him a reproofing glance, and went on undisturbed in my discourse for one hour and a half. Then we sung a closing hymn and dismissed, and I returned in my heart thanks to God for assistance shown to us.

Next day a young man, I guess it was Mrs. Moore's brother, requested a private talk with me, so we walked towards the canyon and he requested me to baptize him. There was a creek close by, and we went to a secluded spot and I baptized and confirmed him. It was Samuel Slack from England. So we went again, called at some houses and talked when we had a chance, and as Edler and myself were passing up a street, a fellow hallooed to some one else who stood on the porch of

another house: "Ha, is that the fellow who preached last night?" "Yes," he answered, "I tell you he has got a mighty good tongue." Then we crossed the river in our rig, to see what we could do in Paris and the other settlements, but just then Brigham Young came with a big train behind him for company, to visit; still we went in some houses to do what we could. Edler and myself were knocking on a door for admission. A feeble "Come in" was the response. There was a sick man lying in bed, and I commenced to inquire of him what the ailment was, trying to comfort him in his afflictions, when a side door in the room opened and an elderly woman flashed in, speaking in a harsh, insulting manner: "What business do you men have to come into my house and speak to my son? You apostate Josephites." I answered, "It is my nature to sympathize with anyone who is afflicted, and I tried to comfort him and I have not uttered a disrespectful word."

"Well," she said, "I don't want an apostate to talk to my son; you know that Joseph Smith had many wives and he instituted polygamy."

I answered, "It has never been proven yet that he had any woman besides Emma."

She quickly responded: "I have a daughter who was Joseph Smith's wife."

"Is that so," I answered. "I would like to see her and have a talk with her. Is she here?"

"No; she is in Salt Lake City."

"Well, then, I can not see her—but it's very strange to me; if Joseph Smith practiced polygamy, how is it that none of those women brought forth offspring?"

"But my daughter has a boy, and Joseph Smith is his father," she responded.

"Well, well," I remarked, "where is he?"

"Right here in the other room," she snapped.

I looked at the woman with a glance of contempt, and in a commanding voice said, "Fetch him in."

She went and got him; then he stood in the middle of the room, motionless, like an idiot. One could plainly see he was simple minded. . . . I then asked him, "How old are you?" But the old lady answered herself, quickly, and told his age.

I studied a minute and then said: "This is one of the greatest miracles I ever heard of; that a woman was able to conceal her offspring in her womb one year and a half over her natural time."

Quick as lightning she took the boy by the arm and went into the other room, banging the door and leaving us alone by the sick man. She missed her counting, and still the boy was younger yet, as it appeared to me. So now, I for one have never found yet in all my travels any children born to Joseph the Martyr, except those born to him by Emma, his only wife.

We soon found the brethren again, and we got to the residence of a Mr. Phelps. Phelps did not want to hear anything, and ordered us from the premises; if we would not go he would get the constable to take us off. I said, "Boys, let us go; there is no use to waste time here with him." I left, and the others soon followed; then we met with another fellow, I forget his name, but I saw him at once at Weber, where he came and ordered us to drill with them, having a large dragoon sword strapped on his side; a tall, powerful man. Metcalf hallooed right to him in the yard, which made the fellow real mad. Some one mentioned about the Bible. He answered: "I don't want any Bible. Brigham is my Bible and my God, and whatever he says is Bible and law to me; he don't want any books, and if you G— d— Josephites don't clear out, we'll serve you the same way we did the Morrisites."

So I said, "Boys, why in the world do you want to spend your time with such a man? you are casting pearls before

swine," and I left, and soon they followed. Then the two brethren started to go home to Cache Valley and Elder Edler and myself went again east to cross the river. But we were informed that the river had raised and we could not cross, and the flats were all under water. There was a ferry boat further down the river. We reached the ferry, considerable further down, where the ground was dry, went over to Montpelier and went to Mr. Petersen's, a Dane, his wife a Swiss. They invited us to preach that night, so we went around and invited the people and got a fair congregation, but some boys behaved themselves badly. I ordered them to be decent, but they would not, and turned worse. The men never rebuked them, so I told them a second time to be quiet; if not, they would have to leave the house. So they run out and kicked against the door with their boots, and as the table stood right before the fireplace and Edler and me between, some of the boys went up on the roof and dropped lumps of dirt and sticks down the chimney, some dropping right on the table and some beside us. Then some man got out and they left. My subject was, "The legal successor," and I was blessed abundantly with the divine Spirit. We slept in the woodshed that night, with no door, and the mob would have had a good chance to molest us, but nothing happened. Next day we started for Soda Springs, and as our feet got very tender from wading in the water the day before, they got very sore before we reached home.

Some time before the Utah church established throughout their dominion the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution and extended it also to the Bear Lake settlements, a little Jew came to Soda Springs (I guess from Utah somewhere), with some merchandise, and started a little store; but on account of so few people living there it did not justify him to stay, so he went to Montpelier, Bear Lake Valley, and soon had established quite a prosperous business. He hired a young Dane (Mor-

mon) as clerk and to do the housework, and as both were single, they got on very well together. I went into the store once, but the Jew was away on a trip east to the States to buy goods, still I had a lengthy talk with the clerk, and he appeared to be a nice, honest, industrious young man. But the bishop of Paris across the river, with other church dignitaries, could not stand a Gentile store in their dominion, and sent warning to the young man that he must quit the Jew or stand the consequences. But he had to make a living some way, and as he had no relation there to go to, he did not leave his employer. So once at midnight, as the Jew was on a trip east, he was called to come down to the store, as they wanted a certain article out of the store for a sick man. As he came down to get what they wanted, they shot him through the window, and ran off, and palmed it on the Indians. When the Jew came back, they told him that the Indians killed his man, and it would be better for him to close out his business and leave; and as he could not be persuaded right off, said, "Well, when we treat our own men this way, (hinting at the clerk) you may depend on it what we will do to an outsider." So he sold out to them at a considerable loss and left.

We heard that the Union Pacific Railroad was about finished. We decided to sell out and move back to Missouri, and shortly afterward a man came along and bought our thirty-five head of stock. The two log houses, stables and yards, the best in the place, with five tons of hay and four city lots, we sold to Brother Eric Eliasson, a Swede, for fifty dollars. We had to keep the stock yet a certain number of days before the man was ready to take them off.

Now I received another call from Montpelier, to come, as some wanted to be baptized. As luck happened, I had a chance to ride up with two other men. On the way we met a large drove of cattle, and a few men with a wagon bound for Montana. A new thought struck me quick as a flash, that

when they would come to the ranch where our cattle were, it would be possible that they would mix themselves with that drove and be driven along with them; so the best thing for me to do was to return home as soon as I had administered the rite of baptism. Arriving there about five in the evening at Brother Petersen's house, where I preached, he, his wife, and the wife of Mr. Moore wanted to be baptized, which I attended to without delay, telling the cause. They quickly made me a cup of coffee and something to eat and I left. Rather a bold journey to undertake; thirty miles without a human habitation, with plenty of coyotes roaming around and occasionally some grizzlies. I caught up with the herd, which relieved me of my anxiety, and got to Soda Springs, when the roosters crowed for the first time; but I tell you I was tired.

I had communication with Mr. Brand, and he sent me word what time we would have to arrive at Ogden to catch the train, one hundred and thirty miles from Soda. Brother Bowman offered to take us there, and two more Danish families went along. When we moved first to Soda there were about thirty families, and about ten left when we did. We just got to Ogden in time, two minutes later and the train would have been gone. Brother Brand helped us to get our trunk and things into the car.

(To be continued.)

“If happiness consists in virtuous energies, the greatest human happiness must consist in the exercise of the greatest virtue in man; which must be the virtue or perfection of his best part; whether this be intellect or whatever principle it be, that is destined to command and bear sway.”—Aristotle.

THE HERO OF SACRAMENTO, ALEXANDER W. DONIPHAN.

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

This truly great man has been noticed by several writers, but there were some incidents in his life which are of peculiar interest to many people, of which there has been but little written.

His intimate friend, Hon. D. C. Allen, describes his personal appearance in the following graphic language:

Like Cato, General Doniphan had this wonderful compassion for the weak, defenseless and miserable—only that it was broadened and made more tender, gracious and personal by Christian culture. To compassion, he united, in the highest degree, courtesy and modesty, and therefore he was accessible to all alike—the rich, the poor, the high, the low, the statesman and the peasant. No one who knew him will fail to remember with what charm he drew all to him, nor how a child, a humble slave, a modest woman, a poor laborer in the field or shop, could address him with as much ease and as free from embarrassment as the proudest potentate in the land. There was no oppression in his presence. The great man was forgotten in the genial friend and faithful counselor.

In the varied circumstances of his life, Colonel Doniphan exerted a very great influence. In parliamentary bodies he did this mainly through social impress and personal contact. He was wonderfully fascinating in conversation, and his society was sought with the greatest eagerness wherever he went. The people all over Missouri thronged around him when he was among them, and it seemed they could never sufficiently drink in his utterances. Perhaps there never was a more delightful or instructing and amusing conversationalist. His faculties of generalization, perception and analysis were very remarkable. His temperament was poetic, even romantic, but guarded by fine taste and the most delicate sense of the ludicrous. Indeed, his mind was so well organized, so nicely balanced, its machinery so happily fitted, its stores of information so well digested and so completely incorporated into his everyday thought, that its riches, without effort, apparently flowed or flashed forth on all occasions, and placed all it touched in a flood of light.

His personal appearance was truly imposing and magnificent. His was of the grandest type of manly beauty. A stranger would not have failed to instantly note his presence in any assemblage. In height, he was six feet and four inches. His frame was proportioned to his height, and was full without the appearance of obesity. His face approached

the Grecian ideal very closely, the essential variance being in the nose, which was aquiline without severity. His forehead was high, full and square; his eyes of the brightest hazel; and his lips symmetrical and



A. W. DONIPHAN.

smiling. When young, his complexion was extremely fair and delicate, and his hair sandy.

At the peace conference in 1861, when introduced to Mr. Lincoln, the latter said to him: "And this is Colonel Doniphan who made the wild march against the Comanches and Mexicans. You are the only man I

have ever met, who in appearance came up to my previous expectations.” —*Journal of American History*, vol. 4, p. 511.

Alexander William Doniphan was born July 9, 1808, in Mason County, Kentucky. His father, Joseph Doniphan, was a native of King George County, Virginia, and his mother, Anne Smith, was born in Farquier County, Virginia.

There was a tradition in the family that the name was of Spanish origin, and that their ancestor was a young Castilian of noble blood who served under Ferdinand and Isabella in the conquest of Granada, and was knighted by King Ferdinand for gallantry. Subsequently he expressed a preference for the Protestant religion, and to escape the terrors of the Inquisition took refuge in England, where he married an English lady by the name of Mott. From this union the Doniphans of America have descended.

The name of the young Castilian was said to have been Don Alfonso, which in English use took the form of Doniphan. Colonel Doniphan's friend, the Hon. Mr. Allen, remarks: “Perhaps the tradition is true; if so, I can explain without looking further the tinge of old romance in Colonel Doniphan's character, his wonderfully delicate respect for women; and his stern adherence to the sentiments of honor,” “as if he were bound to these things—by the dead gaze of his ancestors and by the mystery of his Spanish blood charged with the awe and glories of the past.”

There were many from both the Smith and the Doniphan families in the Continental Army of the Revolution. Joseph Doniphan was with Washington at Yorktown, and his brother George lost his life at Brandywine. Joseph went to Kentucky in 1779 and remained there a year, teaching what is said to have been the first school ever taught on the “dark and bloody ground.” He then returned to Virginia and enlisted in the army, serving until the end of the war.

Having married Miss Anne Smith, he returned to Kentucky

in 1790 and made his home in Mason County, where, eighteen years later, our hero was born. Miss Smith was said to have been a lady of extraordinary mental power and wit.

Colonel Doniphan was born in the generation immediately succeeding the struggle for independence and the wresting of the soil of Kentucky from the savage, and in the decade which gave to the world such men as Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Charles Darwin, William E. Gladstone, Millard Fillmore, David G. Farragut, Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Lloyd Garrison, John G. Whittier, Henry W. Longfellow, Salmon P. Chase, Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Andrew Johnson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others in whom the spirit of liberty was innate because of the prenatal influences prevailing as they entered upon the activities of life, and whose earliest recollections were filled with the tales of Washington, Marion, Israel Putnam, Lafayette, Light Horse Harry Lee, and the immortal hosts of Revolutionary heroes.

It is enough to say that Alexander W. Doniphan's name is worthy to be recorded with this noble galaxy, who, true to their convictions, did things that moved the world.

Hon. David R. Atchison, himself a man of education and large experience, and well qualified to pass judgment upon men, said of Doniphan:

I was familiar with the city of Washington in my early manhood. I knew all the great men of the country in the earlier days,—Clay, Webster, Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, Clayton, Crittenden and others. I have presided in the United States Senate when Clay, Webster, and Calhoun sat before me. I knew Aleck Doniphan familiarly, intimately, since 1830, and I tell you, sir, when he was in his prime I heard him climb higher than any of them.

Joseph Doniphan died when his son was but five years of age, and Alexander was left to the watchcare of his mother; but she was equal to the task, and at the age of eight years he was placed under the instruction of Richard Keene, of Augusta, Kentucky. Mr. Keene impressed upon his mind the

conviction that only by a thorough acquaintance with the poets could exact, brilliant, powerful expression be acquired. Doniphan profited by this advice, and during his whole life he ardently expressed his gratitude to Mr. Keene.

At the age of fourteen he entered Augusta College as a student. This institution at the time and for many years maintained a high reputation. In this college he had the benefit of the influence of several able instructors, among whom were Doctors Durbin and Bascom, to whom he expresses a deep sense of obligation. Alexander Doniphan was an example of the influence of able and kind teachers upon the pupil who understands and appreciates them.

Doniphan's early inclinations were for the law, in which he was encouraged by his mother.

Therefore, after quitting college he entered as a student in the law office of Martin P. Marshall, of Augusta, Kentucky, whom he always maintained was one of the most learned and able of the famous Marshall family. His law studies occupied about three years. Towards the close of the year 1829 he was licensed to practice law in the States of Kentucky and Ohio.

In March, 1830, he emigrated to the State of Missouri, and in the April following was licensed by the Supreme Court of Missouri then in session at Fayette, Howard County.

He located in Lexington, where on July 26, 1830, he was enrolled as a member of the bar. He at once entered heart and soul into the political, social, and material interests of Missouri.

Though but twenty-two years old his ability and training were tested by his coming in contact with such able and experienced attorneys as Abiel Leonard, Robert W. Wells, Peyton R. Hayden and others. Yet he laid in this experience the foundation of a reputation which he enjoyed in after years as one of the most successful criminal lawyers in Missouri, with no mean reputation in the United States. In 1833 Doniphan

removed from Lexington to Liberty. His fame as an orator was already of state wide recognition, and the people of Clay County received him with open arms.

His work in Lexington had been preparatory, but in Liberty his reputation reached the zenith of its glory, notwithstanding he found there such eminent attorneys as David R. Atchison, Amos Reese, and the Hugheses, already established.

His friend, Mr. Allen, says of him as an advocate:

From 1830 to 1860 he continued in the active practice of his profession. His fame was greatest as a criminal lawyer, and during that period there was no criminal case of magnitude in northwest Missouri in which he was not retained for the defense. He never prosecuted. The reputation of a great advocate usually absorbs that of the counselor. And this was true to a greater degree, perhaps, sixty years ago than now, because then the jury was more often demanded. He was employed to make the great, the decisive argument on the side by which he was retained. No client would think for a moment of excusing him from speaking. He was employed and paid to speak—he must speak. A silent Doniphan in a cause would have meant defeat anticipated. As a natural result of this, the work and labor of the cause, the preparation of the pleadings, the gathering of the testimony, the interrogation of the witnesses, and so forth, devolved upon his associate counsel. Occasionally in examining the witnesses he would interject some far-reaching question. In the councils of war which precede great trials, his view of the line of defense or attack was always adopted. He saw by a flash of intuition the strong points.

Not one of his oratorical efforts as a criminal or civil lawyer has been preserved. Opinion, therefore, of their power and splendor can only be formed from tradition. All traditions and opinions concur as to their singular brevity, wonderful compression, vast force and dazzling brilliance.

Colonel Doniphan was elected to the State Legislature from Clay County first in 1836, and several times thereafter. On December 21, 1837, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Jane Thornton. This proved to be a happy marriage and a perfect union of hearts as well as hands. Of this union his friend Mr. Allen writes:

She was a highly intellectual, cultivated woman, and her grace of manner and charm in conversation made her the delight of society. Save when public duty or business imperatively demanded it, he and she were constantly united. At home or abroad they were together. They

were both insatiable readers, and their evenings in literature will always stir delightful thoughts in the memories of their friends. He knew and loved no place like home, and neither the mystery of lodges nor the joviality of clubs had any power to draw him thence. Heaven withdrew her from him in 1873, but it was decreed that he should remain a pilgrim many years thereafter before he felt the stroke of the invisible specter—

And sought his love amid the Elysian field.

Of his marriage there were born only two children—both sons. They were youths of rare intellectual promise, and their father might well hope to prolong his life and fame in those of his children. One of them died from accidental poison, at Liberty, in 1853, and the other beneath the angry waves of a West Virginia stream, in 1858. From blows so severe as these, it can be well understood why the life of Colonel Doniphan, during more than thirty years before its close, was void of ambition.

For several years he had much to do professionally with the Latter Day Saints, and in him they ever found a true man, and a faithful counselor. His first experience with the Latter Day Saints was after the expulsion of the Saints from Jackson County in the autumn of 1833, when they retained Messrs. Wood, Reese, Doniphan, and Atchison to bring all suits that they might wish brought against the mob.

At a mass meeting June 16, 1834, when delegates from Jackson County were trying to incite such opposition against the Mormons as would impel the citizens to drive them from Clay County, a Mr. Turnham, moderator of the meeting, remarked: "Let us be Republicans; let us honor our country, and not disgrace it like Jackson County. For God's sake don't disfranchise or drive away the Mormons. They are better citizens than many of the old inhabitants." Then Doniphan exclaimed: "That's a fact, and as the Mormons have armed themselves, if they don't fight they are cowards. I love to hear that they have brethren coming to their assistance. Greater love can no man show than he who lays down his life for his brethren."

In 1836 a scheme was inaugurated by agreement which it was thought would adjust the so-called Mormon problem by

giving them a local government of their own. Of this we quote from the History of Caldwell and Livingston Counties:

It was during the summer of 1836 that the Mormons began their settlement of the country in earnest. It was then a portion of Ray, but the people of the northern portion of that county, as well as the Mormons, were informed that a new county was to be organized expressly for the occupation and general benefit of the latter. Indeed, an arrangement of that character had been made by the leaders of the Mormon church and certain prominent Gentiles. An entire county was to be set apart as a sort of reservation for the Saints. To be sure Gentiles were not to be forbidden to enter it, but it was believed that under the circumstances few, if any, would desire to do so. The Mormons were to have undisturbed possession of the new county; they were to hold the county offices, send a representative to the legislature, and in return for these privileges they were not to settle in any other county, save by express consent and permission, previously obtained, of two thirds of the non-Mormon residents of the township in said county wherein they desired to make location.

Everybody thought this a complete and satisfactory solution of the Mormon problem, which then, as often since, demanded attention and settlement. The Missourians were satisfied, because they had a poor opinion of the prairie soil of the proposed new country, which they declared was fit only for Mormons and Indians, and doubted whether it ever could be made really valuable. Moreover, they wished to rid themselves of the presence of the despised sect, whose members were clannish and exclusive, as well as unpleasantly peculiar. The Mormons were satisfied, because they wished for peace and security, and desired above all else to enjoy their religion undisturbed and undismayed.

Honorable Alexander W. Doniphan, then a representative elect from Clay County, had been the leader, if not promoter of this scheme, and to him was intrusted the work of preparing and presenting the bill to the legislature making this provision.

He, fearing that prejudice would result in defeating the provision for a Mormon county alone, presented a bill providing for the organization of Caldwell and Daviess Counties, and in this form it passed with little opposition and was approved by Gov. Daniel Dunklin December 29, 1836.

The act was as follows:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Missouri, as follows: 1. All that portion of territory included in the following limits is hereby declared to be erected into a separate and distinct county, to be called the County of Caldwell; to-wit: Beginning at a point where the

township line dividing townships 54 and 55 intersects the range line dividing ranges 25 and 26; thence north along said range line to the division line between townships 57 and 58; thence west along said line to the division line between ranges 29 and 30, thence south along said line to the division line between townships 54 and 55; thence east along said line to the point of beginning.

2. All that portion of the territory included in the following limits is hereby declared to be erected into a separate and distinct county, to be called the county of Daviess, in honor of Col. Joseph H. Daviess, who fell at the battle of Tippecanoe; to wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of the County of Caldwell as fixed by this act; thence north twenty-four miles, thence west twenty-four miles; thence south to the northwest corner of Caldwell County; thence east along the north boundary of said county to the place of beginning.

3. Joseph Baxter, of the County of Clay, Cornelius Gillium of the County of Clinton, and William W. Mangee, of the County of Ray, are hereby appointed commissioners to select a seat of justice for each of said counties, and said commissioners: . . . shall meet on the first Monday in April next, at the house of Francis McGuire, in Caldwell County, for the purpose of selecting and locating the permanent seat of justice of said county; . . . the said commissioners shall, as soon as convenient; proceed to Daviess County for the purpose of selecting and locating a seat of justice for said county. . . .

This act is to be in force after its passage.

In September, 1838, when trouble arose between the Latter Day Saints and other citizens of Daviess County, Atchison and Doniphan were retained by the church authorities. The entry from Joseph Smith's journal is as follows:

Tuesday, 4th. . . This day I spent in counsel with General Atchison. He says he will do all in his power to disperse the mob, etc. We employed him and Doniphan (his partner) as our lawyers and counselors in law. They are considered the first lawyers in upper Missouri.

President Rigdon and myself commenced this day the study of law, under the instruction of Generals Atchison and Doniphan. They think by diligent application we may be admitted to the bar in twelve months.

During what is known as the Mormon War Doniphan was Brigadier-General First Brigade 3d Division Missouri Militia and was serving under Major-General David R. Atchison. These officers with their commands were ordered to March to Far West, the county seat of Caldwell County, to operate against the Mormons. Some correspondence took place between Major-General Atchison and Governor Lilburn W.

Boggs. The situation as reported by General Atchison after investigation was as follows:

Sir: The troops ordered out for the purpose of putting down the insurrection supposed to exist in the counties of Daviess and Caldwell were discharged on the 20th instant, with the exception of two companies of the Ray Militia, now stationed in the County of Daviess, under the command of Brigadier-General Parks. It was deemed necessary in the state of excitement in that county that those companies should remain there for a short period longer, say some twenty days, until confidence and tranquility should be restored. All the offenders against the law in that county, against whom processes was taken out, were arrested and brought before a court of inquiry, and recognized to appear at the circuit court. Mr. Thomas C. Burch attended to the prosecuting on the part of the State. The citizens of other counties who came in armed to the assistance of the citizens of Daviess County, have dispersed and returned to their respective homes; and the Mormons have also returned to their homes; so that I consider the insurrection, for the present at least, to be at an end. From the best information I can get there are about two hundred and fifty Mormon families in Daviess County, nearly one half of the population, and the whole of the Mormon forces in Daviess, Caldwell, and the adjoining counties is estimated at from thirteen to fifteen hundred men, capable of bearing arms. The Mormons of Daviess County, as I stated in a former report, were encamped in a town called Adamondi-ahman, and are headed by Lyman Wight, a bold, brave, skillful, and I may add, a desperate man. They appear to be acting on the defensive, and I must further add, gave up the offenders with a good deal of promptness. The arms taken by the Mormons, and prisoners, were also given up upon demand, with seeming cheerfulness.—History of Church, vol. 2, p. 197.

This evidently did not please the governor, for he took steps to increase the force, and on October 27, 1838, he issued his famous exterminating order directing that "The Mormons must be treated as enemies, and must be exterminated or driven from the State, if necessary, for the public good." This order was issued to Gen. John B. Clark, who was put in command. It is reported that General Atchison revolted at this command, and he was relieved by order of the governor and ordered to turn over his command to Gen. Samuel D. Lucas.

General Doniphan related that at the same time he received orders to report to, and obey the orders of Gen. John B. Clark. Pending the arrival of General Clark, General Lucas assumed command. On October 30, 1838, the force appeared at Far

West. On the 31st General Lucas requested that Joseph Smith, Parley P. Pratt, Sidney Rigdon, George W. Robinson, and Lyman Wight meet him for consultation. When these men appeared within his lines he at once commanded that they be made prisoners of war. This was done—a court martial was convened November 1, and a sentence of death passed upon the prisoners. General Doniphan was selected to execute the sentence.

The following order was placed in his hands:

Brigadier-General Doniphan; Sir: You will take Joseph Smith and the other prisoners into the public square of Far West, and shoot them at nine o'clock to-morrow morning.

SAMUEL D. LUCAS,

Major-General Commanding.

—History of Caldwell and Livingston Counties, p. 137.

Such was the sense of honor in General Doniphan that he refused to obey, though by so doing he was guilty of insubordination and subject to severe discipline. He returned the following answer:

It is cold-blooded murder. I will not obey your order. My brigade shall march for Liberty to-morrow morning at eight o'clock; and if you execute those men, I will hold you responsible before an earthly tribunal, so help me God!

A. W. DONIPHAN, *Brigadier-General.*

—*Ibid.*

This was a brave and manly thing to do. A certain writer has represented that General Doniphan did this because he was a personal friend of Joseph Smith's. This detracts from the merits of the act, and we have no evidence of any warm personal friendship existing between them. We prefer, then, to believe that Doniphan was prompted by his high sense of justice, without the influence of any personal consideration. In after years, when the sons of Joseph Smith called upon him and thanked him for this noble act, he explained it in characteristic language. Joseph Smith relates the circumstance as follows:

The general is well-advanced in years, but is still tall and erect, speaks clearly and distinctly. His mind seems to be still vigorous; and we were told by one who studied law and is practicing with him, that there is

no apparent diminution of his powers in his profession, except the failure, common to age, to recall events recently transpiring. He is modest and avoids saying anything of the part taken by him in the scene referred to above. And when we told him that we came, with Brother Alexander, as sons of one of the men whose lives were spared by reason of his action that day, as we believed, to thank him in person, he deprecated our thanks, saying, "I deserve no thanks for doing what was my duty. I had a long time to live and could not afford to burden my conscience and life with the blood of my fellow-men."

We referred to the prejudice existing against our father and his comrades, and the terrible excitement of the time, and the risk he ran in incurring the displeasure of the popular will, as expressed in the order to kill those men the next morning. To this he replied that what he did at the time he did without thinking of the consequences, as men frequently act in cases of extreme emergency. Our interview was pleasant. He has been a man of action and careful observation. Has not sought political honors, but has served the people when their desire for his services has been properly expressed.—Church History, vol. 4, p. 450.

The sentence was not executed, nor was General Doniphan ever disciplined, though he reported to Governor Boggs that he had disobeyed orders. Lucas no doubt feared the investigation threatened by Doniphan, and knew Doniphan well enough to know that he would not fail.

Well he might fear Doniphan in a legal encounter if the Hon. D. C. Allen rightly describes his oratorical powers. He says:

It is true that in Colonel Doniphan's oratory there was nothing gloomy. There was often, however, a severe magnificence which could claim kinship with the terrors which peopled the imagination of Doctor Bascomb. There were times in that oratory when men felt as if they lay helpless on some lofty, naked peak, where the lightnings flashed in their midst and the thunders rolled around them.

While the Latter Day Saints remained in Missouri they retained Doniphan as counsel, and it was he that fought the legal battles of Joseph Smith and his fellow-prisoners until the authorities of Missouri were glad to contrive to let them escape without final trial.

Again, in 1842 when the body of the church had removed, Alexander Doniphan defended Orin P. Rockwell when indicted for the attempted assassination of Governor Boggs, as related in the JOURNAL OF HISTORY for October, 1910.

These acts of courageous justice have made the name of Alexander Doniphan an honored one among Latter Day Saints. Subsequent events are no less meritorious, and we feel free to say that Doniphan has never received the recognition which he is justly entitled to.

In 1846 the war with Mexico began and Governor Edwards asked Doniphan to assist in raising troops in the western counties of Missouri, and at his call a company from each of the following counties responded: Jackson, Lafayette, Clay, Saline, Franklin, Cole, Howard, and Callaway. Such was the enthusiasm manifested that each of these companies was more than full, and when organized at Fort Leavenworth formed the First Regiment of Missouri, Mounted Volunteers. Doniphan enlisted in the Clay County company as a private, but was elected colonel of the regiment which formed a part of what is known as the Army of the West, under command of General Stephen W. Kearney.

After a few weeks' drilling this army left Fort Leavenworth, June 22, 1846, and arrived at Santa Fe, August 18, 1846, which place they entered without firing a gun.

The Annals of Kansas reveal two points en route of this heroic army. Hon. George W. Martin, Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, read a paper on Memorial Monuments and Tablets in Kansas on the occasion of dedicating markers, at the University, at Lawrence, December 4, 1908, in which he said:

The Woman's Kansas Day Club resolved at their meeting January 29, 1908, that they would make an effort to save Pawnee Rock, near Larned, in Pawnee County. It was being destroyed for the rock. By November the title was passed to the State. For hundreds of years this rock was a land mark for all the tribes who preceded the white man, and since wagon travel begun, in 1822, it has been a harbor of rest and safety for many a weary traveler. The Santa Fe trail ran along the base of the rock. It is twenty feet high, and lies about two miles from the river. On the 13th of July, 1846, General Alexander W. Doniphan's army of two regiments of Missouri volunteers, destined for the Mexican War, reached Pawnee Rock, where they camped two days because of high water.

They planted the flag on top of the rock and left it there. Two soldiers died and were buried at Pawnee Rock. One was named N. Carson and the other Copeland. The chaplain preached a funeral sermon from the following text: "And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadows of a great rock in a weary land."—Isaiah 32:2. This is the second mention of the flag in Kansas. Lewis and Clark celebrated the Fourth of July at Atchison in 1805, and Doniphan celebrated the day, in 1846, at Council Grove; they no doubt each had a flag, but neither mentions it.—*Kansas Historical Collections, vol. 11, p. 267.*

After the occupancy of Santa Fe Colonel Doniphan and his regiment were detailed to go into the country of the Navajo Indians, on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, to overawe or chastise them. On this expedition his soldiers endured great hardships, sometimes toiling through snow three feet deep. He accomplished the object of his expedition by concluding a satisfactory treaty with the Indians.

Returning from this expedition to the Rio del Norte, he camped on the banks of the stream to rest his men. Here he was joined by two batteries of light artillery. In December, 1846, his little army marched to the southward. He was directed by General Kearney to relieve General Wool, who had been sent on an expedition against Chihuahua in the October before, but had failed of his destination. Doniphan was destined to meet some obstacles to the accomplishment of this mission. He met the enemy at Brazito, where he gained a brilliant victory, then on to Sacramento, a narrow pass in the mountains of southern New Mexico, where on February 23, 1847, he found the pass guarded by an army numbering more than four times that of his own under command of General Heredia; but nothing daunted the intrepid Colonel of the First Missouri ordered an assault, and drove the enemy before him. Doniphan's force numbered nine hundred and twenty-four men. Heredia's four thousand. Doniphan inflicted upon the enemy a loss of three hundred men, took forty prisoners, and captured all the artillery and baggage of the enemy. The American loss was one killed and eight wounded.

The editor of the *Journal of American History* in introducing the article of Hon. D. C. Allen writes :

These are the intimate recollections of a man who conducted one of the most remarkable expeditions in American history. It is the narrative of a lawyer in the building of the great West, who marched more than six thousand miles through the Southwest, surmounting almost impossible hardships, defeating a force more than four times greater than his own, and carrying the flag of American civilization to victory—Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan. Historical investigations into this remarkable exploit have recently been made by William Elsey Connelley, of Topeka, Kansas, one of the most authoritative historical researchers in the West. Mr. Connelley in sending this record to the *Journal of American History*, states that in many respects he considers Doniphan's expedition the most wonderful in history. "It saved Buena Vista, and avoided disaster to the American arms in the war with Mexico"; accordingly it has historical claim. Mr. Connelley further states that the battle of Sacramento was the most wonderful ever fought by American arms, and that Dewey's battle in Manila Bay must be set down as its only rival. "The only land battle at all approaching it was that of New Orleans; but in that battle Americans fought at home, on their own soil, behind fortifications. The battle of Sacramento far outranks it. It was one of the most gallant and heroic charges in warfare. It is strange that so little is known of this great victory.

Pausing not at the scene of his great victory, he pushed on by rapid marches to his destination—Chihuahua, Mexico, which he occupied February 28, 1847. The enemy not being prepared for his assault, as he had supposed that the force at Sacramento was impregnable.

After the capture of Chihuahua Doniphan without resources or base of supplies plunged his little army into the unknown country of the enemy south of Chihuahua and emerged in triumph at Saltillo.

After arriving at Saltillo, as the term of enlistment of his men would soon expire, his regiment was ordered home. He therefore continued his march to Matamoras, where the regiment took shipping to New Orleans. The men mustered out of service at New Orleans, arrived home about the first of July, 1847.

Doniphan at once entered into the practice of his profession.

In 1850 he refused a seat in the United States Senate because one of the stipulations was a demand that he pledge himself to sustain that which he could not conscientiously indorse.

In 1853 the legislature of Missouri passed an act for the encouragement of public schools, appropriating twenty-five per cent annually of the state revenue for their support. Under this act, in 1854 Colonel Doniphan was appointed Commissioner of Common Schools for Clay County. By his well directed energy he gave the public school system an impetus that has never been checked, and through his influence Clay County organized a teachers' institute—the first ever held in the State of Missouri.

In 1854, when the legislature balloted over sixty times for United States Senator, it is said that each party offered him its support, one if he would agree to vote against the extension of slavery in the Territories, the other if he would vote for it. He replied to both that he considered it a great honor to go to the United States Senate, but would not creep in by indirect methods.

In January, 1861, he was appointed a member of the peace conference which assembled at Washington. It was there that President Lincoln made the remark to him quoted elsewhere in this article.

During his absence in Washington he was elected a member of the state convention called by the legislature. During the exciting scenes of this convention he maintained the attitude of a conservative Union man. In 1863 he removed to Saint Louis, where he resided about five years, locating in Richmond, Ray County, in 1868, where he remained until his death, which occurred August 8, 1887. His body was conveyed to Liberty, where it was laid to rest beside the forms of wife and sons. At Saint Louis and Richmond he held the same high position in the estimation of the public he has ever maintained elsewhere.

In June, 1881, the *Kansas City Journal* interviewed Colonel Doniphan regarding the "Mormon trouble," in which interview he stated:

It has been said that in the treaty I made with the Mormons I stipulated that they must leave the State, under penalty of annihilation if they refused to do so. This is entirely untrue, as I made no stipulation. It is true, however, that in an order to me and other officers, Governor Boggs used the expression 'that the Mormons leave the State or be exterminated,' whereas this order was entirely illegal. I paid no attention to it. In my report to Governor Boggs I stated to him that I had disregarded that part of his order, as the age of extermination was over, and if I attempted to remove them to some other State it would cause additional trouble. The Mormons commenced immediately after this to move to Nauvoo, Illinois, and I know nothing further about them. While the Mormons resided in Clay County, they were a peaceable, sober, industrious and law-abiding people, and during their stay with us not one was ever accused of a crime of any kind.—Church History, vol. 4, p. 361.

June 19, 1884, the writer in company with Elder William H. Kelley visited Colonel Doniphan at Richmond. Our impressions were recorded at the time and were as follows:

Leaving Father Whitmer, we called on General Doniphan, who received us kindly, and expressed himself as being glad to meet us. He said the Mormons lived neighbors to him while they were in Clay County, and they were a moral people. Not an indictment was found against one of them in Clay County. The general is a large, fine-looking man; and though his physical powers are weakened by age, his mental powers, which by nature would rank among the great men of the age, are unimpaired. After meeting and talking with him, I am not surprised that he played such a noble part in the Missouri troubles. Just the kind of a man to whom we would look for noble deeds.—Church History, vol. 4, p. 449.

It was a few days after our visit that Joseph and Alexander, sons of Joseph Smith the Prophet, called upon him as related in this article.

We can not better sum up the life and character of Alexander Doniphan than to quote again from his familiar friend, the Hon. D. C. Allen.

Who would attempt to paint Alexander W. Doniphan in the torrent of his eloquence on some momentous occasion? Who would attempt to convey an idea, by language, of his grand person, towering above all the people—his eyes burning with ten-fold the luster of diamonds—the sweep of his arm when raised to enforce some splendid conception—his pure and flutelike voice, thrilling every bosom like electricity—his rapid, explana-

tory sketch of preliminary matters, each word a picture to the life—his conclusions, remorseless as death—his flaming excursions into every realm of the fancy—his wit, his humor, his pathos, his passionate energy of utterance? All this must for ever remain unknown save only to those who were so fortunate as to have heard his oratory when he was in his prime.

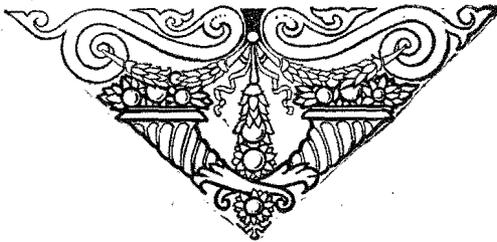
In the absence of mental efforts preserved—which can be studied and meditated—in order to a proper measure of the intellect of Alexander W. Doniphan, and a due appreciation of his genius, some one is needed who was familiar with him in his prime, that is to say from 1835 to 1855, and who was himself of mature mind during that period. I heard none of his great efforts in criminal cases. I heard few of them in civil cases. My opinion of his intellect and genius is formed from a copious and sure tradition, a few of his political and public efforts, worthy, in my judgment, of the reputation of the greatest American orators, the expressions of men of high intellect themselves, and familiar and intimate observation of the action of his mind since my earliest recollection. . . .

The genius of Colonel Doniphan can only be estimated, in all its height, depth, breadth and splendor, by one who had known him in his prime, and under all circumstances and conditions. He must have known him in the field of Sacramento, when, six hundred miles in the enemy's country, he led his little army of Missourians to the assault of the works manned by four times their number; when, in defense of some prisoner, charged with greatest offense known to law, in order to succeed he called into action all of his intellectual powers, and thundered and lightened in addressing the jury; when, before a great audience of his fellow-citizens, assembled to hear him on some momentous occasion he brought into play the whole range of his stores of thought—sentiment, eloquence and wit, transported his auditors from grave to gay, from tears to mirth, with a certain divine ease and rapidity, and molded their opinion and hearts to his will with a thoroughness only possible to the greatest orator; and when, the cares of the forum and politics laid aside, at his own or a friend's fireside or, beneath the spreading branches of some monarch of the forest, he relaxed his gigantic intellect to the needs and uses of social converse, and charmed all listeners with a flow of wisdom, humor, anecdote—strong, yet airy and graceful—so rich, so varied, so flashing, that it would have made the literary fortune of a dozen writers.

It is and has been the clear opinion of all who have known him well, that in all the qualities of loftiest intellect—breadth of vision, foresight which could farthest in advance discern matters that would come to pass, intuitive perception, rapidity of determination, sharp analysis, precision of judgment, corroding logic, subtlety of thought, richness and variety of fancy, aptness of illustration, powerful and unflinching memory, compression of words, ease in mental action, intense, nervous, crystalline and electrical language—indeed in all the elements of genius—he has never had a superior in America.

To this we might add that to know Colonel Doniphan one must have seen him at the fall of Far West, when he stood up in the prime of his noble young manhood and hurled defiance at his superior officer who ordered him to commit an unlawful act, as he uttered the immortal words:

I WILL NOT OBEY YOUR ORDER . . . AND IF YOU EXECUTE THOSE MEN, I WILL HOLD YOU RESPONSIBLE BEFORE AN EARTHLY TRIBUNAL, SO HELP ME GOD!



BOOK OF MORMON WITNESSES.

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

Two of the three principal witnesses to the Book of Mormon, viz, Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, became estranged from the church at Far West, Missouri, in 1838, which event has caused much speculation and comment. This has also been interpreted by some as tantamount to a denial of their testimony. This, however, was not their understanding of the movement, as each during his life adhered unwaveringly to his first published testimony, and each solemnly reaffirmed this testimony upon a dying bed.

It is our purpose to look without prejudice upon the causes that led these men to sever their fellowship with former companions, and so far as we know present the evidence without regard to whether these men or the church authorities were in error; for we concede the possibility of church councils and church courts being in error; and that individuals may err though possessing the purest motives no one will dispute.

In the year 1854 a partial account of these proceedings was published in the *Millennial Star*, a periodical published in Liverpool, England, under the auspices of the church over which Brigham Young presided, with headquarters in Salt Lake City, Utah. We have long felt how inadequate to the forming of a just judgment these published proceedings were, as the defense of the accused did not appear.

Elder Brigham H. Roberts, a leading representative of the church in Utah, is publishing a history of the church now running through the *Americana*, in which he throws some light on the attitude of the accused men by publishing their own statements made at the time. It is to be presumed that these documents have been preserved, and Elder Roberts has

had access to the same. April 7, 1838, a series of charges were preferred against Oliver Cowdery to Bishop Edward Partridge, and on the 11th were presented to the High Council. The 1854 publication contains the following in the case of Oliver Cowdery:

Wednesday, 11th, Elder Seymour Bronson preferred the following charges against Oliver Cowdery to the High Council at Far West,

To the Bishop and Council of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, I prefer the following charges against Oliver Cowdery:

1st. For persecuting the brethren by urging on vexatious law suits against them, and thus distressing the innocent.

2d. For seeking to destroy the character of Pres. Joseph Smith, junior, by falsely insinuating that he was guilty of adultery, etc.

3d. For treating the church with contempt by not attending meeting.

4th. For virtually denying the faith by declaring that he would not be governed by any ecclesiastical authority or revelations whatever, in his temporal affairs.

5th. For selling his lands in Jackson County, contrary to the revelations.

6th. For writing and sending an insulting letter to Pres. Thomas B. Marsh while on the High Council, attending to the duties of his office as president of the council, and by insulting the High Council with the contents of said letter.

7th. For leaving his calling, in which God hath appointed him by revelation, for the sake of filthy lucre, and turning to the practice of law.

8th. For disgracing the church, by being connected in the bogus business, as common report says.

9th. For dishonestly retaining notes after they have been paid, and finally for leaving or forsaking the cause of God, and returning to the beggarly elements of the world, and neglecting his high and holy calling, according to his profession.

The bishop and High Council assembled at the Bishop's Office, April 12, 1838.

After the organization of the council, the above charges of the 11th inst. were read, also a letter, from O. Cowdery, as will be found recorded in the church record of the city of Far West, Book A. The 1st, 2d, 3d, 7th, 8th and 9th charges were sustained; the 4th and 5th charges were rejected, and the 6th was withdrawn. Consequently he (Oliver Cowdery) was considered no longer a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.—*Millennial Star*; vol. 16, p. 133.

The above account only *refers* to what Cowdery had to say, but Elder Roberts gives us the letter referred to *in extenso* which we here produce in justice to Oliver Cowdery.

COWDERY'S LETTER TO BISHOP PARTRIDGE.

FAR WEST, MISSOURI, April 12, 1838.

Dear Sir: I received your note of the ninth inst., on the day of its date, containing a copy of nine charges preferred before yourself and council against me, by Elder Seymour Bronson.

I could have wished that these charges might have been deferred until after my interview with President Smith; but as they are not, I must waive the anticipated pleasure with which I had flattered myself of an understanding on those points which are grounds of different opinions on some church regulations, and others which personally interest myself.

The fifth charge reads as follows: "For selling his land in Jackson County contrary to the revelations." So much of this charge "for selling his lands in Jackson County," I acknowledge to be true, and believe that the majority of this church have already spent their judgment on that act, and pronounced it sufficient to warrant a disfellowship; and also that you have concurred in its correctness, consequently, have no good reason for supposing you would give any decision contrary.

Now, sir, the lands in our country are allodial in the strictest construction of that term, and have not the least shadow of feudal tenures attached to them, consequently, they may be disposed of by deeds of conveyance without the consent or even approbation of a superior.

The fourth charge is in the following words, "For virtually denying the faith by declaring that he would not be governed by any ecclesiastical authority nor revelation whatever in his temporal affairs."

With regard to this, I think I am warranted in saying, the judgment is also passed as on the matter of the fifth charge, consequently, I have no disposition to contend with the council; this charge covers simply the doctrine of the fifth, and if I were to be controlled by other than my own judgment, in a compulsory manner, in my temporal interests, of course, could not buy or sell without the consent of some real or supposed authority. Whether that clause contains the precise words, I am not certain—I think however they were these—"I will not be influenced, governed, or controlled, in my temporal interests by any ecclesiastical authority or pretended revelation whatever, contrary to my own judgment." Such being still my opinion shall only remark that the three great principles of English liberty, as laid down in the books, are "the right of personal security, the right of personal liberty, and the right of private property." My venerable ancestor was among the little band, who landed on the rocks of Plymouth in 1620—with him he brought those maxims, and a body of those laws which were the result and experience of many centuries, on the basis of which now stands our great and happy government; and they are so interwoven in my nature, have so long been inculcated into my mind, by a liberal and intelligent ancestry that I am wholly unwilling to exchange them for anything less liberal, less benevolent, or less free.

The very principle of which I conceive to be couched in an attempt to set up a petty government, controlled and dictated by ecclesiastical influ-

ence, in the midst of this national and state government. You will, no doubt, say this is not correct; but the bare notice of these charges, over which you assume a right to decide, is, in my opinion, a direct attempt to make the secular power subservient to church direction—to the correctness of which I can not in conscience subscribe—I believe that the principle never did fail to produce anarchy and confusion.

This attempt to control me in my temporal interests, I conceive to be a disposition to take from me a portion of my constitutional privileges and inherent right—I only, respectfully, ask leave, therefore, to withdraw from a society assuming they have such right.

So far as relates to the other seven charges, I shall lay them carefully away, and take such a course with regard to them, as I may feel bound by my honor, to answer to my rising posterity.

I beg you, sir, to take no view of the foregoing remarks, other than my belief in the outward government of this church. I do not charge you, or any other person who differs with me on these points, of not being sincere, but such difference does exist, which I sincerely regret.

With considerations of the highest respect, I am, your obedient servant,

OLIVER COWDERY.

—*Americana*, September, 1910, pp. 915-917.

It is to be regretted that Cowdery did not in his reply cover all of the charges, and also that he resolved to withdraw instead of meeting the case before the council. His reply was an able one, so far as it goes, and so thoroughly demolishes the position of his accuser that he unsuits him on these two points; but in doing so, he deprives himself of the benefit of the reason given for withdrawal.

That he misjudged the society in supposing that it assumed a position indicated in the charges is evident by his defense being sustained. What might have been the result had he met the other charges as frankly as he met these we can only conjecture. It does seem, however, that the time and opportunity suggested in the second paragraph of his letter should have been granted him. An interview with President Smith might have brought about the understanding he had hoped, and saved him to the church. It seems evident that Cowdery misjudged the church and the council; and the authorities moved hastily and without proper leniency and thus each contributed

to a breach that could have been avoided by proper and patient consideration.

His refusal to answer to the other seven charges might be construed to his prejudice by supposing that he feared to meet them; but this prejudice is somewhat softened by the fact that one of the charges was subsequently withdrawn, thus conceding its untenability.

The six charges which were sustained, were each of that character upon which different opinions could have been honestly held, and an explanation could have been made satisfactory to all concerned.

First. A lawsuit is something to which there are always two sides, and very frequently each side considers itself the innocent party.

Second. This charge upon its face only sets forth that there was a false insinuation and not that a direct falsehood was told. The interview with President Smith desired by Cowdery might have resulted in perfect satisfaction.

Third. This charge is a trifling one, for there is a wide latitude for opinion as to how often and under what circumstances a member of the church should attend meetings.

Seventh. Is ambiguous, as it is impossible to tell upon the face of it whether the alleged "leaving his calling . . . for the sake of filthy lucre" consisted solely of his practicing law, or other things are implied. The fair supposition is that it was based upon what is expressed and nothing more. If there was anything else it should have been set forth in the indictment.

Eighth. This should not have been entertained by the council, as it is based upon "common report." Further, Elder Roberts explains that these rumors came from Kirtland, Ohio, and had no reference to his conduct in Missouri. Certainly *rumors* coming from a far distant State, though a legitimate cause for inquiry, is not sufficient basis for a charge. The church at Kirtland, Ohio, was fully organized with its courts

and councils, and yet there is no intimation of him being accused of wrongdoing there. On the contrary, under the rules of the church he must have had a letter of recommendation from Ohio before he could have been received in Missouri. Yet he was received and actively officiated in Missouri for months before the planting of the suit.

Ninth. This is another point where there is room for a wide divergence of opinion so far as it relates to "dishonestly retaining notes after they have been paid" is concerned; while the remaining part of the charge is vague and indefinite, and should at least have been referred back for specifications.

Upon this *ex parte* trial, upon these indefinite and ambiguous charges, Oliver Cowdery was expelled from the church at Far West, Missouri, April 12, 1838.

That Oliver Cowdery erred in assuming that the church would sustain the contention of Seymour Bronson, and instead of meeting the case made this assumption the basis of withdrawal is clear. That the church authorities erred in hastily acting without proper effort to reclaim is equally clear. The result has been of great disadvantage to the reputation of the church and of the man. Looking at the matter dispassionately, we can only express regrets that these errors were committed, but should not be severe in our censures. The history of these mistakes is valuable because it points out the shoals and breakers, that the wise may avoid them by steering in the channel of safety as indicated by the authorized chart.

DAVID WHITMER.

It seems that action had been commenced against David Whitmer about the same time and the next day after the culmination of the Cowdery case the High Council took up the case of David Whitmer.

The 1854 publication sets forth the case as follows:

April 13, the following charges were preferred against David Whitmer, before the High Council at Far West, in council assembled:

1st. For not observing the Word of Wisdom.

2d. For unchristianlike conduct in neglecting to attend meetings, in uniting with and possessing the same spirit as the dissenters.

3d. In writing letters to the dissenters in Kirtland, unfavorable to the cause and to the character of Joseph Smith, junior.

4th. In neglecting the duties of his calling, and separating himself from the church while he had a name among us.

5th. For signing himself president of the Church of Christ, after he had been cut off from the Presidency, in an insulting letter to the High Council.

After reading the above charges, together with a letter sent to the President of said Council (a copy of which may be found in Far West Record, Book A), the council considered the charges sustained, and consequently considered him (David Whitmer) no longer a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

To these charges Elder Whitmer answered as follows:

FAR WEST, MISSOURI, April 13, 1838.

John Murdock; Sir: I received a line from you bearing date the 9th inst., requesting me as a high priest to appear before the High Council and answer to five several charges on this day at 12 o'clock.

You, sir, with the majority of this church have decided that certain councils were legal by which it is said I have been deprived of my office as one of the presidents of this church. I have thought, and still think, they were not agreeable to the revelations of God, which I believe; and by now attending this council, and answering to charges, as a high priest, would be acknowledging the correctness and legality of those former assumed councils, which I shall not do.

Believing as I verily do, that you and the leaders of the councils have a determination to pursue your unlawful course at all hazards, and bring others to your standard in violation of the revelations, to spare you any further trouble, I hereby withdraw from your fellowship and communion—choosing to seek a place among the meek and humble, where the revelations of heaven will be observed and the rights of men regarded.

DAVID WHITMER.

By this it will be seen that Elder Whitmer questioned the legality of the court, and for that reason refused to appear. He also assumed that the leaders of the councils were determined to pursue an unlawful course of procedure.

The inference from the 1854 publication is that the charges against Elder Whitmer were not investigated at all, but we had hitherto thought that this was an omission. But now comes Brigham H. Roberts, assistant historian of the Utah church, and confirms the published account. He says:

"After reading the above letter," say the minutes of the High Council, "it was not considered necessary to investigate the case, as he (David Whitmer) had offered contempt to the council by writing the above letter; but it was decided to let the counselors speak upon the case, and pass decision. The counselors then made a few remarks in which they spoke warmly of the contempt offered in the above letter, therefore thought (he) (David Whitmer) was not worthy to be a member in the church. And to this effect was the decision of the council."

This being true, David Whitmer was expelled from the church without trial. This was evidently without warrant in law. He was not found guilty of the charges preferred, but was expelled for contempt without being charged with contempt, and without labor being performed as the law provides.

Whitmer had the right to plead the jurisdiction of the court, but his reflection that the court intended to pursue an unlawful course would have been cause for proceedings for contempt, but to expel him without seeking to reclaim without laying a foundation for the case and, without proper procedure, was a gross error.

David Whitmer erred in withdrawing instead of fighting the charges, and the reflection upon the council was unwise and an error in judgment, whether he had cause for his reflection or not; but the council sacrificed any advantage the error of Whitmer may have given it in proceeding to expel him without due course of law, and thus giving the color of truth to the allegation of Whitmer; that it intended to pursue an illegal course.

The charges against Whitmer being dropped by the council, it is not pertinent to examine them, but it will be seen that they, like the charges against Cowdery, are vague and indefinite, without proper specifications.

These blunders were unfortunate and have resulted in much misunderstanding, the effect of which may never be entirely eliminated. Yet these mistakes were not without a secondary result which has a tendency for good.

Cowdery and Whitmer each declare faith in the laws and

government of the church based upon the revelations. Had they been parties to a conspiracy to defraud and deceive, both they and their co-conspirators who were in the council would have feared to take such radical measures lest it should lead to exposure. The unprejudiced mind will see in the procedure set forth in this article evidence of error and misunderstanding; but yet evidence of sincerity and devotion to right as it was understood by each one concerned is clearly disclosed.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
 Are valueless until we give them birth;
 Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,
 Which God has made to bless and fill the earth.
 How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
 Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute;
 But oh, what pain, when at God's own command,
 A heart string thrills with kindness, but is mute.

Then hide it not, the music of the soul—
 Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice;
 But let it like a shining river roll
 To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
 Oh, let the sympathy of kindly words
 Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak,
 And he will bless you! He who struck those cords
 Will strike another, when, in turn, you speak.

—John Boyle O'Rilly.

LOCAL HISTORIANS AND THEIR WORK.

Chapter 20.

HISTORY OF EASTERN, WESTERN, CENTRAL AND NORTHERN
MICHIGAN DISTRICTS, BY JOHN J. CORNISH.

1892.

(Continued from page 250.)

During the winter of 1891-92 Elder William Waterman spent most of the winter months in Bay City, assisting the work by acting as pastor, keeping up the regular branch meetings, among the Saints, and having a hall in which to worship. It was understood by those without the church that there were regular meetings—preaching meetings, etc:

We start in with some more helpers for the district for 1892, with Edmund C. Briggs in charge of the mission, and Brn. John L. Bear, Francis M. Cooper, Levi Phelps, William Davis, Robert E. Grant, John A. Grant, Francis C. Smith, David Smith, and John J. Cornish as missionaries, all of whom felt alive to the work, and all having a desire to do all they could for the advancement of the same.

Bro. Robert E. Grant, in the early part of the year did some good preaching at Cash, Buel, and Avoca, all in Sanilac County, baptizing some.

John J. Cornish held a debate at Burnham, Manistee County, January 20 to 22, upon a challenge given by Elder E. B. Scott, who belonged to the Christian Adventist Society, and the debate was on the soul question. "That the Bible teaches that man is wholly mortal, and unconscious between death and the resurrection." E. B. Scott, affirmative; John J. Cornish, negative.

After the three evenings were over Elder Cornish asked Elder Scott if they had not better debate again another even-

ing. To this Mr. Scott replied: "Well, I don't think it would be wise; the people are pretty well tired out, and I have thought it best to go back home."

In extracts of letters Bro. Edmund C. Briggs has this to say:

Brother Gowell I hear is doing quite well; he has been having up hill work, similar to what elders many times meet in their labors. I trust he will, after trial, shine all the brighter.

"Bro. J. J. Cornish is doing his best and cheerfully presents the word. Brethren Phelps, the brothers Grant and Barr are also doing good service."—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 39, p. 163.

A branch was organized at Buel, March 15, by Edmund C. Briggs, assisted by Robert E. Grant, who also baptized ten at Cash, a few miles from Buel. It is named Buel Branch.

At Fork, Mecosta County, the work was opened up by Bro. Francis C. Smith last year, and has begun to show fruits. Up to the present time he baptized eleven. They were confirmed by John J. Cornish, who also assisted in preaching the word there.

John J. Cornish had done some preaching at Chase, a place opened up by him some time ago.

Bro. J. K. Soper, who was baptized by Bro. Robert E. Grant about three years ago, has been ordained to the office of priest, and does some preaching on Sundays.

People began to come into the church at South Boardman. Ten were baptized on May 8 by John J. Cornish, and several others were believing.

At Kingsley Bro. Francis C. Smith baptized nine, and others are believing in the gospel.

In July Bro. George H. Hilliard did a little preaching in and around Detroit.

The good work lately begun at Fork, Mecosta County, by Bro. Francis C. Smith, has been productive of much good. Several were baptized, and October 3, 1892, a branch was organized at that place by John J. Cornish, assisted by Robert E. Grant. Bro. James R. Beckley, who had been previously

called to the office of priest, was at this time ordained to that office, and chosen president of the branch; Charles M. Walrath ordained deacon, and chosen as the deacon of the branch. Sr. Ann Thompson secretary. The branch numbered twenty-one members. The Saints at this place enjoyed the gifts and blessings of the gospel.

Bro. Francis M. Cooper came in the district about the middle of June, and located his family in Bay City.

At Burnham, Manistee County, August 8, 1892, John J. Cornish began another debate, this time with H. E. Russell, of the Disciple faith. This debate lasted nine evenings of two half hour speeches each evening for each disputant. At one time during the debate, when Elder Cornish said: "I'll defend the prophet in these last days as much as I would one who lived in any other age," one man in the congregation shouted "Amen; that's me!" It was at this debate that Elder Amos Berve first heard the gospel, and where he obeyed it. Nine were baptized the next day after the debate closed, and a few days afterward nine more were added to the church by baptism, Brother Berve among the number.

The work has advanced at Alpena, Oscoda, and along the northwestern part of Michigan.

On the 31st day of July, 1892, a branch was organized at Alpena, by Edmund C. Briggs and George H. Hilliard. At that time Bro. George Jenkinson was ordained to the office of elder, and chosen as presiding elder of the branch. The branch numbered sixteen members. It was named Alpena Branch.

Brn. Edmund C. Briggs and George H. Hilliard organized the Oscoda Branch, at Oscoda, Michigan, a few days before or after this organization. This being the first appearance of Brethren Briggs and Hilliard in this place, and no consultation had with the missionaries who had opened up the work, they did not know that the brethren residing there were only

transients. They all moved away within a few weeks after the organization.

Bro. John L. Bear did some preaching in Cash, Buel, Bay Port, Kilmanaugh, and other places, in some of which places he spoke in the German language. One reverend Foltz, of the Lutheran Church, abused Brother Bear very much and challenged him to discuss, but after giving him much abuse he backed out and would not defend his own church, nor discuss anything in connection with ours. Others of his people also called Brother Bear "Mormon, Mormon," with "Let's get him out of here," etc. Brother Bear baptized two while at Bay Port.

The following is a case of healing which explains itself:

I was sick with the measles about a week, when inflammation of the lungs set in and vomiting began and continued for three days. The doctor called regularly three times a day; he reported in town that the case was very dangerous and had little hopes of my recovery.

We had not united with the church at that time, but had heard some preaching by Elder William Davis, so I requested to have him come, and told my parents I would get well if he would administer to me, although I had seen no miracles performed before, only heard him preach a sermon wherein he quoted the 5th chapter of James, 14th and 15th verses. So he was sent for March 5, 1892. Arrived at our house at 7 o'clock in the evening, and I can truthfully say as soon as his hands were taken off my head that I felt myself getting well, and I ate quite a hearty supper that evening, and rested well, which I had not done for quite a long while; to our kind Father be all the praises. I did not take any more medicine from that time. In the morning before Elder Davis came I told the doctor I did not want to take any more medicine, and he told my mother he would not have me give up for fifty dollars. So on the 16th of March, 1892, my father, mother, sister Lena, Uncle Charley Volz and myself were baptized for the remission of our sins by Elder William Davis.

MARTHA M. VOLZ.

FRED VOLZ

ELIZABETH VOLZ.

MINDEN CITY, MICHIGAN, February 19, 1902.

The South Arm Branch was organized September 7, 1892, by John J. Cornish and William Davis, at which time Bro. Charles G. Lewis was ordained an elder and chosen to preside

over the branch. Bro. John Light was at the same time ordained and chosen teacher of the branch, and Bro. Frank St. Johns chosen secretary.

A branch was organized at Huron County, called Huron Center Branch, by Elders Andrew Barr and William Davis. Enoch Ledsworth, teacher, and George Allen, deacon. Forty-five members enrolled.

At the October conference, which convened at Coleman, October 8, 1892, the Northern Michigan District was divided, by Elder Edmund C. Briggs. Huron, Sanilac, Tuscola, Lapeer, and Saint Clair counties were struck from the Eastern Michigan District, and the remainder was called the Northern Michigan District. John J. Cornish was chosen president of the Northern Michigan District, James H. Peters recommended for bishop's agent, J. Cole Moxon elected secretary. Robert E. Grant was chosen president of Eastern Michigan District, Andrew Barr bishop's agent, and John A. Grant secretary.

At this conference a petition was sent to the Southern Michigan District and Northern Indiana District conferences, asking them to grant the Eastern Michigan District the counties of Oakland, Genessee, Macomb and Wayne.

At the Coldwater conference, October 22, 1892, a petition was received from the Eastern Michigan District asking for Oakland, Macomb, and Wayne Counties, which was granted. This made the Eastern Michigan District with nine counties, viz: Huron, Tuscola, Sanilac, Genessee, Lapeer, Saint Clair, Macomb, Oakland and Wayne.

Bro. John A. Grant and Francis C. Smith were ordained elders during the conference at Coleman.

Edmund C. Briggs, assisted by John J. Cornish, presided over the conference.

September 4 and 5 a grove meeting was held at Buel Center, and one on Pigeon River on the 17th and 18th. Also a two-

day meeting at Hersey, September 24 and 25. All were well attended, and much good was done.

A branch was organized at Applegate, Sanilac County, September 9, 1892, by Elder Edmund C. Briggs and Willard J. Smith, called the Applegate Branch. Peter W. Surbrook priest, John Mills teacher, and Robert H. Huston deacon. The last two named ordained by Brethren Briggs and Smith.

All of the brethren did well in their work in different parts of the districts.

In the spring of 1892, Elder John J. Cornish attended a lecture in the Baptist church at South Boardman, which had been announced by the local minister of that place, at which time the minister said he would show up the Mormons in their true colors. During the lecture the elder challenged any Latter Day Saint to meet him in discussion upon the doctrine. After the meeting was dismissed, the lecturer shook hands with some of his friends, dodging here and there through the church. Finally Elder Cornish walked across the church between the pews to speak to him, but the elder went down to the door and started up the other aisle, when elder Cornish walked right back to that aisle until he was face to face with the minister, and reached out his hand to shake hands, saying, "Well, elder, I will accept your challenge to discuss points of difference between your church and the Saints."

"Walk out, walk out!" said the Baptist minister.

"Yes,—but," said Elder Cornish, "you have challenged us to meet you to discuss the points between us, and I want you to understand we are prepared to meet it, sir!"

"Walk out, walk out, sir; we will have no controversy here!" said the Baptist preacher, and at that moment the janitor, Mr. McDonald, got right behind Brother Cornish and pushed him down the aisle (Elder Cornish resisting not one pound) and when he got him to the door he gave him an extra shove, pushing him right onto an old man by the name of Inslee, who

was just going down the steps. Brother Cornish, fearing that it would knock the old man over, grabbed him at the same time he came against him, and bracing himself firmly managed so neither fell to the ground. The Baptist minister followed up close behind the janitor and, as the janitor shoved him out, said triumphantly, "There, we have got you out!"

The old man, Mr. Inslee, looked around as soon as he could straighten himself, to see why Cornish came against him with such force, and at the same time hearing what the minister was saying, says to Elder Cornish:

"What! Did they push you out?"

"Yes," replied Elder Cornish.

Said the old gentleman in a loud voice, and looking back to the door, "Push him another foot, and I'll grab you by the heels, and thrash you on the sand," etc.

One gentleman who had started for home, hearing the loud talk, turned and said, "What's up? What's the matter?"

Another standing by answered, "They pushed Cornish out of the church!"

"There!" said the first speaker, "did you ever! I'm nearer hell now than before."

Still another inquired, "What's up now?"

"Why," replied some one, "they pushed Cornish out; right onto old Mr. Inslee!"

"Well!" said the other, "I put twenty-five cents in their plate. I'll never give them another cent."

Elder Cornish said that would be the last of Baptistism for a time in South Boardman, and their success from this on would end for a time.

The Baptist church building stands there still, but is now very seldom occupied. Sometimes a funeral sermon is preached in it, but no settled pastor has put in one full year of preaching from that time to this (1907). Joseph Musser occupied the pulpit for a few months. Also the United Breth-

ren had occupied a while, but for months, year after year, no sermon has been preached in the Baptist church at South Boardman.

Over two hundred were added to the church. Brethren Cornish and Francis C. Smith baptized over one hundred and sixty people.

(To be continued.)

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
 Every morn is the world made new,
 You who are weary of sorrow and sinning
 Here is a beautiful hope for you.
 A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
 The tasks are done, and the tears are shed,
 Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
 Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
 Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly;
 Here is the spent earth all reborn;
 Here are the tired limbs springing lightly,
 To face the sun and to share with the morn
 In the chrim of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
 Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
 And spite of old sorrow and older sinning
 And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
 Take heart with the day and begin again!

—Susan Coolidge.

CURRENT EVENTS.

PREPARED BY INEZ SMITH.

November 23, 1909. Davenport, Iowa, Branch is reorganized by Elder William H. Kelley. Amos Berve, president; Ira A. Chamberlain, priest; Herbert J. Johnson, deacon; Cora Hart, clerk.

June 5, 1910. Bisbee, Arizona, Branch is organized by Elder William S. Pender. John Lamb, president; Thomas W. Davis, priest; John Farley, deacon; Donna Austin, clerk.

June 12, 1910. Benjamin R. McGuire is ordained to the office of high priest at Brooklyn, New York, by Elders Ulysses W. Greene and David A. Anderson.

July 3, 1910. Thomas J. Jordan is ordained to the office of high priest at Regina, Canada, by Elders Frederick A. Smith and Richard C. Evans.

October 8, 1910. Stewart Lamont is ordained to the office of high priest at Blenheim, Ontario, by Elders Frederick A. Smith, D. Snobelin, and Arthur Leverton.

January 1, 1911. John Jones is ordained to the office of high priest at Leichhardt, New South Wales, Australia, by Cornelius A. Butterworth and George Lewis.

January 1, 1911. Kissimmee Park Union Sunday school is organized at Kissimmee, Florida. Daniel Barber superintendent, and Lilly Enge assistant.

January 14, 1911. Elder Walter J. Haworth leaves Sydney, New South Wales, on board steamship *Ulimarua*, en route for America, via New Zealand, and Society Islands.

January 20, 1911. Branch of eleven members organized at Jerusalem, Palestine, by Elders Gomer T. Griffiths and Frederick G. Pitt.

February 12, 1911. Oak Ridge Church, in Buckwheat

Ridge, Wisconsin, Branch, is dedicated by Elder Willis A. McDowell, dedicatory prayer by Elder Jasper O. Dutton.

February 17, 1911. Branch of twenty-one organized at Lagonda, Missouri, to be known as the Menefee Branch. Organized by Elder James Frank Curtis.

February 26, 1911. Dedication of a church building at Haileyville, Oklahoma. Elder Lee Quick preached the dedicatory sermon, Elder Samuel W. Simmons offered the dedicatory prayer.

March 2, 1911. Harry S. Meyers elected United States Senator to succeed Carter of Montana.

March 5, 1911. Bishop William Anderson, of Lamoni Stake, dies at Lamoni, Iowa.

March 28, 1911. Elder Frank Criley, of the Quorum of High Priests, dies of paralysis at Independence, Missouri.

March 31, 1911. James A. O'Gorman is elected United States Senator from New York to succeed Chauncey M. Depew.

April 3, 1911. Zion's Religio-Literary Society convenes in annual convention at Lamoni, Iowa, Elder Jeremiah A. Gunsolley presiding.

April 4, 1911. Twentieth Annual Convention of the Sunday School Association convenes at Lamoni, Iowa, with Daniel Macgregor, presiding, assisted by Gomer R. Wells.

April 6, 1911. Annual Conference of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ convenes at Lamoni, Iowa. Pres. Joseph Smith, assisted by Elders Elbert A. and Frederick M. Smith, presiding.

April 10, 1911. Tom L. Johnson, ex-mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, dies at Cleveland.

April 12, 1911. Walter S. Kenyon is elected United States Senator from Iowa, to succeed Jonathan P. Dolliver, deceased, breaking the Iowa deadlock on the last day of the session.

April 16, 1911. Joseph Roberts is ordained a bishop at

Lamoni, Iowa, by Elders Frederick M. Smith and Joseph Smith.

Jesse A. Roberts is ordained a seventy by Elders Isaac N. White and John W. Rushton.

Samuel Twombly is ordained a member of the Standing High Council by Elders William H. Kelley and Frederick A. Smith.

Frank G. Hedrick is ordained a high priest by Elders John W. Wight and Francis M. Sheehy.

Gomer R. Wells is ordained a high priest by Elders Gomer T. Griffiths and James Frank Curtis.

Norman Lafayette Booker is ordained a seventy by Elders John W. Rushton and Isaac N. White.

Mark H. Siegfried is ordained a high priest by Elders Ulysses W. Greene and Robert C. Russell.

Amos Berve was ordained a high priest by Elders James Frank Curtis and Gomer T. Griffiths.

Benjamin J. Dice was ordained a high priest by Elders Robert C. Russell and Ulysses W. Greene.

Jacob Halb was ordained a seventy by Elders Robert C. Russell and Ulysses W. Greene.

James M. Smith was ordained a seventy by Elders Frederick A. Smith and Isaac N. White.

CONFERENCE MINUTES.

October 1, 1910. Toronto district conference convenes at Port Elgin, Ontario, Elders John Shields, Nathan E. Leeder, Frederick A. Smith, and Richard C. Evans, presiding.

January 7, 1911. Southeastern Illinois District meets with Brush Creek Branch, Elder James Frank Curtis presiding, assisted by Elder Isaac A. Morris.

January 21, 1911. Conference of Northern Nebraska District convenes at Omaha, Elders James M. Baker and John W. Wight presiding.

January 21, 1911. Northeastern Illinois District convenes at Chicago, Illinois, Elders Francis M. Cooper and Joseph A. Tanner presiding.

February 4, 1911. Des Moines district conference convenes, Elder Orman Salisbury presiding.

February 4, 1911. Nauvoo district conference convenes at Burlington, Iowa, Elders Charles Fry and James McKiernan presiding.

February 4, 1911. Conference of Northern Wisconsin District convenes at Frankfort, Wisconsin, Elder Willis A. McDowell presiding.

February 4, 1911. Massachusetts District convenes at Somerville, Massachusetts, Elders Ulysses W. Greene and Myron C. Fisher presiding.

February 4, 1911. Little Sioux District convenes at Moorhead, Iowa, Elder Sidney Pitt, sr., presiding.

February 4, 1911. Western Wales District convenes at Aberaman, Wales, Elders John G. Jenkins, Gomer T. Griffiths, and Evan B. Morgan presiding.

February 10, 1911. Southwestern district conference convenes at San Antonio, Texas, Elders William C. Carl and David S. Palmer presiding.

February 11, 1911. Florida District convenes at Coldwater Schoolhouse, near Botts, Florida, Elders William A. West and Francis M. Slover presiding.

February 11, 1911. Northwestern Missouri District convenes at Bevier, Missouri, Elders James Frank Curtis and Frederick T. Mussell presiding.

February 11, 1911. Northeastern Kansas District convenes at Topeka, Kansas, Elders Samuel Twombly and Hiram E. Moler presiding.

Gallands Grove District convenes at Deloit, Iowa, Elder John W. Wight presiding.

February 11, 1911. Nodaway district conference meets with

Bedison Branch, Elders Edward S. Fannon and Arthur C. Silvers presiding.

February 11, 1911. Seattle and British Columbia district conference convenes at Seattle, Washington, Elders William Johnson and George W. Thorburn presiding.

February 11, 1911. Western Oklahoma district conference convenes at Seiling, Oklahoma, Elders Thomas L. McGeorge and Horace F. Durfee presiding.

February 11, 1911. Central Nebraska district conference convenes at Bonesteel, South Dakota, Elders Joseph W. Smith and James R. Sutton presiding.

February 11, 1911. Central Texas district conference meets at Philadelphia Branch, Elder Richard M. Maloney presiding.

February 11, 1911. Mobile District conference meets at Theodore, Alabama, Elders Clarence J. Clark and Willis L. Booker presiding.

February 11, 1911. Conference of Clinton District, Missouri, convenes at Eldorado Springs, Missouri, Elders James Moler and Robert O. Self presiding.

February 11, 1911. Southern Wisconsin District convenes with the Buckwheat Ridge Branch, Elder Willis A. McDowell presiding.

February 11, 1911. Idaho district conference convenes with Boise Branch, Elders Andrew J. Layland and Ebenezer Keeler presiding.

February 11, 1911. Lamoni Stake conference meets at Lamoni, Iowa, Elders John Smith, Richard Salyards, and John F. Garver presiding.

February 11, 1911. Oregon district conference convenes at Myrtle Point, Oregon, Elders Thomas W. Chatburn and Arthur A. Baker presiding.

February 11, 1911. Eastern Oklahoma District convenes in conference, Elders Hudson R. Harder and Lee Quick presiding.

February 18, 1911. Fremont district conference meets at

Shenandoah, Elders Thomas A. Hougas and John W. Wight presiding.

February 18, 1911. Spring River District convenes at Webb City, Missouri, Elders Evan A. Davis, Ellis Short, and George Jenkins presiding.

February 18, 1911. Alabama district conference convenes at Pleasant Hill, Alabama, Elders James R. Harper and George O. Sellers presiding.

February 25, 1911. Pottawattamie district conference convenes at Underwood, Iowa, Elders John W. Wight and Samuel Harding presiding.

February 25, 1911. Utah district conference convenes at Salt Lake City, Utah, Elders John W. Rushton and Hans N. Hansen presiding.

February 25, 1911. Northern California district conference meets at Sacramento, California, Elders John M. Terry and Francis M. Sheehy presiding.

February 25, 1911. Eastern Wales conference convenes at Nantyglo, Wales, Elders Ernest J. Trapp and Evan B. Morgan presiding.

February 25, 1911. Kirtland District convenes at Cleveland, Ohio, Elders Robert C. Russell and Thomas U. Thomas presiding.

February 25, 1911. District conference convenes at Portland, Oregon, Elder Marcus H. Cook, presiding.

March 4, 1911. Far West District convenes at Saint Joseph, Missouri, Elders James Frank Curtis, Charles E. Harpe, and Temme T. Hinderks presiding.

March 4, 1911. Conference of Central Oklahoma District convened at Holdenville, Oklahoma, Elders James E. Yates, Hubert Case, and Ed Dillon presiding.

March 4, 1911. Semiannual conference of Eastern Colorado District meets at Colorado Springs, Elder Jacob D. Curtis presiding.

March 5, 1911. The semiannual conference of the North Dakota District meets at Fargo, North Dakota, Elders Jerome E. Wildermuth and Alonzo Whiting presiding.

March 11, 1911. Ohio district conference was held at Columbus, Ohio, Elder Robert C. Russell presiding.

March 11, 1911. Twentieth semiannual conference of the Independence Stake convenes at Independence, Elders Isaac N. White and James Frank Curtis presiding.

March 11, 1911. Kentucky and Tennessee District met with Bethel Saints near Cottage, Tennessee, Elders Francis M. Slover and James R. McClain presiding.

DEBATES.

December 5, 1910. Elder Edward F. Robertson commences a debate at Weston, New South Wales, Australia, with Mr. James, Christadelphian, on the usual church propositions.

January 3, 1911. Elder Thomas W. Williams commences a twelve night debate with Rev. Harvey Hazel of the Christian Church (Disciples) at Los Angeles, California, in the Boyle's Heights Christian Church.

January 26, 1911. Elder Robert C. Russell begins a debate with a Mr. McVey, of the Disciple Church.

February 7, 1911. Elder Thomas W. Williams commences a six night debate with Rev. S. O. Pool, of the Church of Christ (non-musical), held in the Church of Christ at Riverside, California.

February 8, 1911. Debate commences at Gifford, Idaho, between Rev. M. Bramblet, of the Missionary Baptist Church, and Elder Thomas C. Kelley.

March 7, 1910. Elder Thomas W. Williams and Rev. S. O. Pool commence a fourteen night debate at San Bernardino, California.

March 15, 1911. Four nights of debate between Elder

Albert Vancleave and Evangelist M. F. Dyer of the Non-progressive Christian Church commences.

ERRATA.

We thank Elder Myron A. McConley for calling our attention to the following errors in the JOURNAL OF HISTORY, volume 3.

Page 378 says: "Elder Burton McKim sailed for Honolulu April 19." Brother McKim, however, is a priest.

Page 504, same volume, says: "Elder Myron A. McConley sailed for Honolulu on April 24." The date should be April 26.

BRYAN CHALLENGES DOUBTERS OF BIBLE.

(The following taken from the press reports is very significant and is well worth a careful consideration.)

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, May 5.—William J. Bryan, speaking at the tercentennial celebration of the King James Translation of the Bible to-night challenged materialists and those opposed to the theory of divine inspiration of the Bible to show they were right by producing a book superior to that volume.

"Atheists and materialists declare that the Bible is merely the work of man," said Mr. Bryan, "and that it was written under the limitations that apply to human wisdom. Taking this position, they necessarily must contend that, unless man has degenerated in ability and declined in wisdom, he now can produce a book equal to the Bible. Let them produce it.

“Atheists and materialists have assailed the Bible at every point; they have been as bold as the prophets of Baal in defying the living God and in heaping contempt upon written word. Why not challenge them to put their doctrines to the test? When Elijah was confronted by a group of scorners who mocked the Lord he invited them to match the power of their God against the power of his, and he was willing to concede superiority to the one who would answer with fire.

“Now why not a Bible test? Let them collect the best of their school to be found among the graduates of universities as many as they please and from every land. Let the members of this selected group travel where they will, consult such libraries as they please; let them glean in the field of geology, botany, astronomy, biology, and zoology and then roam at will wherever science has opened a way; let them use every instrumentality that is employed in modern civilization and when they have exhausted every source, let them embody the results of their best intelligence in a book and offer it to the world as a substitute for this Bible of ours.

“They have prayed to their God to answer with fire—prayed to inanimate matter with an earnestness that is pathetic; they have employed in the worship of blind force a faith greater than faith requires but their Almighty is asleep.

“But to the doubts and ‘I don’t know’ of the agnostic the Christian Bible in hand, answers ‘I believe.’”

NECROLOGY.

BISHOP WILLIAM ANDERSON was born February 1, 1840 at Glasgow, Scotland. In 1855 he emigrated with his father's family to Utah via Liverpool, England, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Saint Louis and Atchison, arriving at Salt Lake City, October 24, 1855.

They remained in Utah nearly one year, when his father becoming dissatisfied with church rule they returned to the States, settling at Saint Louis, Missouri. The most of William's life was spent in this city, where after a hard struggle he succeeded in business and gained a competency. In August, 1863, he was married to Miss Christabelle Knight, who with one son and two daughters survive him—all residing in Lamoni, Iowa.

In 1883 they moved to Pleasanton, Iowa, and remained there six years; removing to Lamoni in 1889, where he has made his home ever since.

September 11, 1864 he was baptized in Saint Louis, Missouri, by Elder Charles Hall. One month later he was ordained a teacher. He was subsequently ordained a priest, and on December 10, 1866 an elder, and as such presided for several years over the Saint Louis Branch. Soon after he removed to Pleasanton, Iowa, he was chosen to preside over Pleasanton Branch, and remained in that position until he removed to Lamoni. At different times he presided over Lamoni Branch, and Decatur District. April 15, 1890 he was ordained a high priest and made a member of the General Standing High Council at the time of its organization. In this last position he served until his death.

In 1900 by order of the General Conference he was ordained a bishop and at the organization of Lamoni Stake in 1901 he was chosen bishop of the Stake. In this capacity he also

served to the close of his life. He was a kind-hearted, generous man, faithful to his conviction of right and duty.

ELDER FRANK CRILEY was born in Summit Township, Butler County, Pennsylvania, August 24, 1851. He united with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, December 21, 1879 at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. He was ordained an elder December 21, 1891 at Pittsburg under the hands of Gomer T. Griffiths and George H. Hulmes.

For several years he was engaged in business in the city of Pittsburg. In 1893 he was selected as Business Manager of the Herald Publishing House and was also made a member of the Board of Publication. In consequence of this selection he moved to Lamoni, Iowa. He served in this capacity until 1900 when he resigned and soon after removed to Independence, Missouri. At the organization of the Independence Stake in 1901 he was ordained a high priest and chosen a member of the stake high council, and in this capacity he served for several years. His life's labor ended at Independence, Missouri, March 28, 1911.

ERRATA.

In the notice of the death of Elder George Derry in last issue, read near Fontanelle, for Blair.

In the biography of Elder James Caffall several mistakes in dates occur, last paragraph page 135 read 1902 for 1892, and on page 138 second paragraph 1893, 1894, 1895 should read 1903, 1904 and 1905.

Volume Four

Number Four

JOURNAL OF HISTORY

OCTOBER, 1911

“Obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion.”

HEMAN C. SMITH, EDITOR.

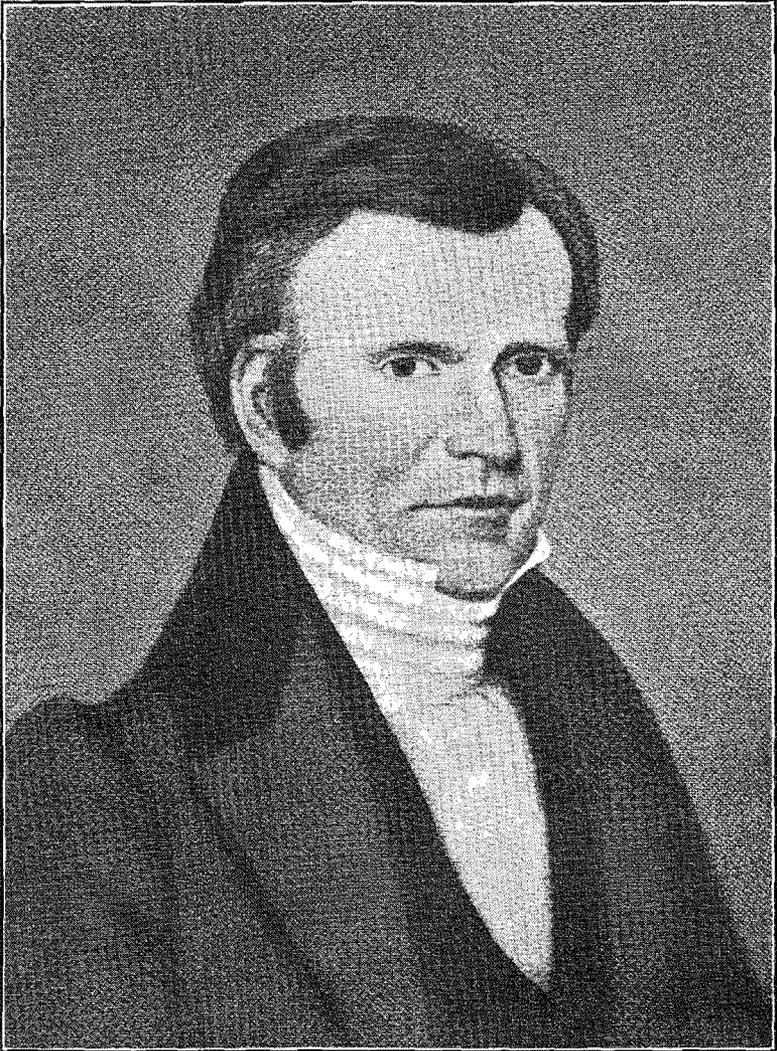
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FREDERICK G. WILLIAMS.

BIOGRAPHY OF FREDERICK GRANGER WILLIAMS.

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

The study of biography suggests the thought that all men are molded by the great formative hand of the Creator for the positions they are intended to fill, and the work they are called to do, as suggested by the saying of Holy Writ concerning Abraham: "For I know him, that he will command his children, and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he has spoken of him." And the words addressed to Jeremiah: "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and ordained thee a prophet unto the nations." This is not to say that man always fulfills his destiny. He may sometimes fail to occupy or use the means within his reach for development, he may be prevented by those to whom he is sent rejecting him. He may aspire to that for which he is not suited, and thus render life and life's efforts a failure. He may be too modest to assert himself, and thus never come into his own place. Happy is the man who finds his proper place and occupies and serves acceptably. It is a serious question whether men are capable of this without divine guidance and support.

The subject of our sketch seems to have been a man possessing the qualities of mind and heart for the responsible duties for which he was designated, but who for some of these reasons did but a limited work. It is not our province to say where the fault lay, but to record so far as our information permits, the record he made. Joseph Smith, to whom Elder Williams was at one time a trusted counselor, wrote of him at the time as follows:

Bro. Frederick G. Williams is one of those men in whom I place the greatest confidence and trust, for I have found him ever full of love and brotherly kindness. He is not a man of many words, but is ever winning, because of his constant mind. He shall ever have place in my heart, and is ever entitled to my confidence. He is perfectly honest and upright, and seeks with all his heart to magnify his presidency in the church of Christ, but fails in many instances, in consequence of a want of confidence in himself. God grant that he may overcome all evil.

Joseph Smith also continued to sustain and encourage him, when the church refused to sustain, as will be seen as we proceed. In 1836 Joseph and his wife gave one of their own boys the name Frederick G. W., thus expressing their great regard for Mr. Williams.

Frederick G. Williams was born October 28, 1787, in Suffield, Hartford County, Connecticut. We know but little of his early life, but at the age of forty-three he was residing near Kirtland, Ohio, where he owned a farm and was engaged in the practice of medicine. He was a man of considerable influence in the community and was widely known as Doctor Williams.

Here in 1830 he was found by the first missionaries of the Latter Day Saints, Oliver Cowdery, Parley P. Pratt, Peter Whitmer, jr., and Ziba Peterson, when they paused in this region on their way to the West. He soon accepted their message, and was so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of it that he left his practice and accompanied the missionaries, and with them walked the most of the way to the western boundaries of the State of Missouri, suffering much hardship occasioned by willing sacrifice. They passed over into what is now the State of Kansas and began preaching to the Indians with such prospects of success that they aroused the jealousy of Indian agents and sectarian ministers, so they were ordered out of the Indian country.

They crossed back over the line and commenced missionary efforts in Jackson County, Missouri. February 14, 1831, they held a council in Independence, Missouri, and resolved to send

Elder Pratt of their number back to the East to report their progress to the church and secure supplies.

Elder Williams, with the other three, remained in the West until Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, Martin Harris, William W. Phelps, Edward Partridge, Joseph Coe, and Algernon S. Gilbert and wife arrived about the middle of July, 1831. Of this meeting Joseph Smith wrote as follows:

The meeting of our brethren, who had long waited our arrival, was a glorious one, and moistened with many tears. It seemed good and pleasant for brethren to meet together in unity. But our reflections were great, coming as we had from a highly cultivated state of society in the East, and standing now upon the confines or western limits of the United States, and looking into the vast wilderness of those who sat in darkness. How natural it was to observe the degradation, leanness of intellect, ferocity and jealousy, of a people that were nearly a century behind the time, and to feel for those who roamed about without the benefit of civilization, refinement, or religion! Yea, and exclaim in the language of the prophets, "When will the wilderness blossom as the rose? When will Zion be built up in her glory? and where will Thy temple stand unto which all nations shall come in the last days."

Quite a number of ministers soon followed, and on August 2, 1831, the land of Zion was dedicated. Elder Williams was probably one of the twelve men mentioned in the following statement of Joseph Smith:

On the second day of August I assisted the Colesville Branch of the church to lay the first log, for a house, as the foundation for Zion, in Kaw Township, twelve miles west of Independence. The log was carried and placed by twelve men, in honor of the twelve tribes of Israel. At the same time, through prayer, the land of Zion was consecrated and dedicated for the gathering of the Saints, by Elder Rigdon; and it was a season of joy to those present, and afforded a glimpse of the future, which time will yet unfold to the satisfaction of the faithful.

He may possibly have been the eighth man mentioned in the following:

"On the third day of August the spot for the temple, a little west of Independence, was dedicated in the presence of eight men, among whom were myself, Sidney Rigdon, Edward Partridge, W. W. Phelps, Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, and Joseph Coe. The eighty-seventh psalm was read and the scene was solemn and impressive."

Probably he was not specifically mentioned by Joseph Smith

for the reason that they were comparative strangers, as Joseph did not reach Kirtland until after Williams' departure; and this meeting in the western wilds was their first meeting.

Just when he returned to the East we are not informed, but he was soon after found again at Kirtland, Ohio, where he soon became prominent as one of the leading men of the church.

About this time he evidently contemplated sacrificing his farm in the interests of the church work, for in a revelation given September, 1831, he is commanded not to do so in the following language: "I will not that my servant Frederick G. Williams should sell his place, for I, the Lord, willeth to retain a stronghold in Kirtland for the space of five years," etc. In March, 1832, he was designated as a counselor to Joseph Smith. The revelation thus pointing him out reads:

Verily, verily I say unto you, my servant Frederick G. Williams. Listen to the voice of him who speaketh, to the word of the Lord your God, and hearken to the calling wherewith you are called, even to be a high priest to my church, and a counselor unto my servant, Joseph Smith, jr., unto whom I have given the keys of the kingdom, which belongeth always unto the presidency of the high priesthood; therefore, verily I acknowledge him and will bless him, and also thee, inasmuch as thou art faithful in council, in the office which I have appointed unto you, in prayer always vocally, and in thy heart, in public and in private; also in the ministry in proclaiming the gospel in the land of the living, and among thy brethren; and in doing these things thou wilt do the greatest good unto thy fellow-beings, and will promote the glory of him who is your Lord: Wherefore, be faithful, stand in the office which I have appointed unto you, succor the weak, lift up the hands that hang down, and strengthen the feeble knees: and if thou art faithful unto the end thou shalt have a crown of immortality and eternal life in the mansions which I have prepared in the house of my Father. Behold, and lo, these are the words of Alpha and Omega, even Jesus Christ. Amen.

One year later this calling and promise was renewed in the following language:

And again, verily I say unto thy brethren Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, their sins are forgiven them also, and they are accounted as equal with thee in holding the keys of this last kingdom; as also through your administration the keys of the school of the prophets, which I have commanded to be organized, that thereby they may be perfected

in their ministry for the salvation of Zion, and of the nations of Israel, and of the Gentiles, as many as will believe, and through your administration, they may receive the word, and through their administration the word may go forth unto the ends of the earth, unto the Gentiles first, and then, behold, and lo, they shall turn unto the Jews; and then cometh the day when the arm of the Lord shall be revealed in power in convincing the nations, the heathen nations, the house of Joseph, of the gospel of their salvation.

In harmony with this call he and Sidney Rigdon were ordained at Kirtland, Ohio, March 18, 1833, and thus was the First Presidency of the church established. He was also about this time or before made the scribe of Joseph Smith, and as such penned many of the important documents which make up the sacred records as well as the volume of Church History.

In May, 1833, he, in connection with his colleagues of the Presidency and Bishop Newel K. Whitney, was reprovved for neglecting to properly instruct his family. When the standing high council was organized, February 17, 1834, he was chosen to act as one of the presidents. On September 24, 1834, he was appointed with Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Oliver Cowdery a committee to arrange and compile items of doctrine for the government of the church. On August 17, 1835, this committee presented to a general assembly the Book of Doctrine and Covenants which was indorsed by the several quorums and by the assembly. After the destruction of the press in Independence, Missouri, and the consequent suspension of the church paper, *The Evening and the Morning Star*, the church authorities decided to establish a publishing house at Kirtland, Ohio, and to publish a paper to be called the *Messenger and Advocate*, also to issue the suspended paper, *The Evening and the Morning Star*, from this press. This business was to be conducted under the firm name of F. G. Williams and Company. This was carried into effect under the general supervision of Elders Williams and Cowdery. The numbers of *The Evening and the Morning Star* published at Independence, Missouri, were also reprinted by this firm. In

1834 Elder Williams went up to Missouri with Zion's Camp in which he faithfully performed his duty as a member and an officer, acting as paymaster. In February, 1835, there was a weekly newspaper started at Kirtland, Ohio, in the interests of Democracy, named the *Northern Times*, which was issued by this firm, and in May, 1835, Frederick G. Williams was appointed its editor.

Elder Williams took an active interest in the building of the Kirtland Temple, and at one time, June 25, 1835, subscribed five hundred dollars to this fund. He was present at the dedication of the temple, and was prominent in the service. He testified that at this time, while Elder Sidney Rigdon was offering prayer an angel entered the room, and seating himself between Elder Williams and Joseph Smith, senior, remained there until the prayer was ended.

During these years, and until 1837, Elder Williams was a zealous participant in all the activities of the church, serving as a member of the First Presidency, presiding in council, traveling as a missionary, acting as a scribe to Joseph Smith, as well as contributing largely of his means.

But in the year 1837 there occurred a difference among the leading men of the church, of the particulars of which we are not fully informed. The usual sad result of loss of confidence ensued, to the injury of the church.

In this controversy such men as Frederick G. Williams, Lyman Johnson, Parley P. Pratt, David Whitmer, Warren Parrish and others were against Joseph Smith and the majority of the officers and members.

This so impaired the confidence of the people in Frederick G. Williams that at the conference of September 3, 1837, held at Kirtland, Ohio, when his name was presented by President Smith, he was not sustained as a member of the Presidency. Joseph Smith, it seems, had not lost confidence in him, as is evident from his presenting him to the body for acceptance.

His confidence is also further expressed by his again presenting Elder Williams as a member of the Presidency at the conference held at Far West, Missouri, November 7, 1837, but he was again rejected, notwithstanding he was nominated by Joseph Smith and sustained by such men as Bishop Partridge, David Whitmer and others.

This ended the active career of Elder Frederick G. Williams, but did not destroy his faith. As one would expect, he was estranged from the men with whom he had associated, and who had opposed and rejected him. Though in 1838 he renewed his covenant, perfect affiliation and concord were never fully reestablished. He died at Quincy, Illinois, October 25, 1842. We are informed that some of the family reside at Ogden, Utah, but they are not prominent in any way.

This is one of the strange examples of human experience where a man of superior ability, and great goodness of heart, finds his power for good suddenly paralyzed for reasons unknown to us. A case that must be referred to divine justice for adjustment. So far as we know, Frederick G. Williams retained his honor and virtue, and maintained his characteristic nobility of mind and heart until the shades of death shut from our view the man and the environment in which he moves.

We can not better close this sketch than to quote the words of Hon. Alex. W. Terrill, in the Memorial Address of Stephen F. Austin:

It is not given us to know what the Great Power behind all visible phenomena did with the soul when it left its final casket: we can only hope that it found a better home. Earth and sky, the voices of Nature, its harmonies and beauties, all proclaim that God is good, and that he did not plant this universal hope for immortality through tantalizing caprice. He who provides food for the hungry body, will somewhere, somehow, at some time satisfy the soul that hungers after immortality. If this hope is a vain dream, and the spirit of man is annihilated by death, like the flame of a candle blown out, then life is a tragedy so full of disappointment that he who dreads to die should fear to live. No! No! If the revolving wheel of time and change destroys no atom in all this world, how can the quick spirit of man, which is king over all, perish? Never. The strong and subtle energies of the soul will find development beyond this transitory existence, and amid the prophetic splendors of an eternal dawn.

(The end.)

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 278.)

Those days on the western plains were full of peculiar kindnesses and strange rebuffs. Perhaps those young missionaries walked to a greater extent than imagined, by faith; at least they turned what came to them to the best interest they could and kept cheerful and healthful as possible; laying the burden of care on the altar of morning and evening prayer. The letters of my father to his home people were full of interesting and sometimes rather appalling details of their open air journey. Unfortunately, these letters are not at my disposal, and many things that I write may be as "thrice told tales" to many who read. As my father left the friend of the wilderness with his gifts of potatoes and cheese, this little incident occurred, related in father's words, with the question leading to it:

"Have you a jug or large bottle in your outfit?"

At first I did not "catch on," using a western phrase, but he told me he had some prime valley tan, and if I would accept he would give me a quart. He must have seen that I did not yet understand him.

"Don't you know what valley tan is? Whisky, man, whisky; homemade, valley made whisky."

"Oh!" I said, "we none of us use it."

"That don't make any difference; you better take some along. It may serve you better than money. You don't know what you may be called upon to pass through yet."

So I got out a large square bottle I had in my cooking outfit, and he filled it for me. I accepted it more to please him than for thought of any good it would ever do for us, but subsequent events proved that our friend and brother knew the West better than we did, as I will record further on. But the brethren took occasion to rally me on my new addition to our missionary outfit, saying:

"Going to convert the heathen with a Bible in one hand and a bottle of whisky in the other."

At last we reached the rim of the basin, crossing Little Mountain, we turned down through Parley's Park, on the headwaters of Cottonwood,

and on down through Cottonwood Canyon. In this canyon we met some horsemen. Among them was my cousin, John Smith, patriarch of the Utah Church, oldest son of Hyrum Smith the Martyr. I was riding our pony and was greeted quite warmly by Cousin John and those with him, and while the others went on and mingled with the emigrants, welcoming them to Zion, John turned back with me, and we rode together into the Great Salt Lake Basin, my cousin pointing out to me the points of interest as we entered the valley.

I noticed a large adobe building, inclosed by high adobe walls, some distance to the left of the road, and inquired what it was.

"The penitentiary," was his answer. "Would you like to go through it and see where we keep troublesome characters out here?"

And thus my father entered into this wonderful and treacherous mission field, the Zion of the West, visiting first the penitentiary, and in company with his cousin John going next into his home. This story will be incomplete without the relating of one or more of the Indian encounters associated in his memory with those days of wonder and activity on the plains, and he has made the choice.

Between Fort Kearney and Fort Laramie, along early in the afternoon one day, we saw what aroused our suspicion. On the hills to the north of the road, we noticed occasionally a horseman come into view for a moment and then disappear. Spyglasses and opera glasses were brought out, and we were soon satisfied there were Indians in the hills, and they seemed to be watching us. As we traveled on they became more numerous, and we could occasionally see two, three, or four, in groups. We fancied we could see them come to the brow of the hills and look down over the valley, and then ride back, to come again with others. Our men began to get nervous. There were only nine wagons and thirteen men in the train at this time, so the order was given to go into camp. We corralled our wagons, five on one side and four on the other, and stretched ropes and chains across the opening at either end to keep our stock in the inclosure thus formed. We got out our guns, revolvers, and weapons, and got ready for an attack if such should be made.

Towards evening we discovered, some two miles west of us, a large encampment of Indians, and we began to think we were in for it. Some one also reported a large train coming up on the trail we had just passed over in the forenoon. I saw the train, and others saw it. We confidently expected it to come up and camp with or near us. It seemed a very large train, perhaps fifty wagons. Night drew nigh. We set out guards, and those who could do so lay down to rest. But no train drew in. We expected perhaps a visitation of the Indians before morning, but the night passed in peace.

Morning dawned bright and clear, but we could see no train behind us,

but *could* see Indians before us. We remained in camp two or three hours, expecting at any minute to see the big train, but no train came. In the meantime the Indians began to move. A chief came to our camp, having with him one young Indian, armed with bow and arrows. I gave them breakfast and managed to talk with them. He asked me where the train was going. I told him Powder River country. I noticed he looked glum at my answer. I asked him why the Indians objected to the white man traveling through their country. His answer was to the effect that they had no objection to emigrants going through, but they were opposed to the soldiers, or "Blue Pants," as he called them. I asked him what harm the "Blue Pants" did to the Indians.

"He kill and drive away all the buffaloes, and the buffaloes are the Indian's bread. When the buffaloes are all gone, Indian's papoose will starve."

"Do not the emigrants kill the buffalo also?"

"Yes; but he don't stay and drive the rest way off."

"How many papooses have you got?"

He held up his hand with two fingers opened out, and pointed to the young man with him, and nodded his head, "Him one."

After I had given him some slapjacks as bread for his other papoose he called me to one side and asked me for some whisky. I shook my head and told him we did not have any; the Great Father would not let us sell whisky to his red children. He looked at me and shook his head, then put his hand in under his blanket, and took out half a dollar and a little tin cup which would hold about a gill, and made me understand he would give me the silver for the cup full of whisky. Then I told him there was none in the train. He did not believe me, and intimated that he knew better. I said to him,

"Come on and show me."

He started quickly, leading me to one of the wagons, which had what was called a side pocket, in which was a keg. I knew what was in the keg, so told him to hold his cup, but when molasses began to come instead of whisky, he turned away with disgust.

"Wah! No good!"

However, he could not give up the idea that I might get him something to drink. He again put his hand under that old blanket and held out a whole handful of silver half dollars, and wanted me to fill his cup with whisky. Instead I gave him some sugar and sent him off.

We soon broke camp and started on. We met many Indians who greeted us with the word, "How?"

Bro. James Gillen, who had been on guard all night, climbed into the wagon and went to sleep. Bro. William Anderson drove the team, while I rode the pony.

This little pony grew strongly into the affections of his slender, blue-eyed rider, and seemed to like his quick and

vigorous movements and cheerful, animated voice, who got beat in his first Indian trade.

I soon met an Indian who carried a nice, new, double-barreled shotgun, who bantered me for a trade for my rifle. Now I had no desire to trade. My rifle was an old one, muzzle loader, had been a good one of its kind, but was worn out. The shotgun in the States was worth three or four of the rifle, but out on the plains where shot could not be had, the rifle was the better possession. I wanted some buckskin for some purpose, and the thought came to me that I could get it in the exchange. So I told him if he would give me a pair of moccasins and a deerskin with his shotgun, I would swap. He consented, gave me a pair of new moccasins and his shotgun, I gave him the rifle and we started back to the village to get the buckskin. My Indian was on foot, I was mounted. We met several mounted. One of them looked so much like the one I was trading with I thought they might be brothers, and I asked if they were. He said they were, and called his brother and instructed him to ride back with me and get the deerskin.

I never for one moment thought the poor Indian would play a trick on me, and swindle me in the trade. The mounted Indian was riding a rather tall, American horse, a good one by the way, and as we trotted along, Mr. Indian bantered me for a swap. I shook my head. Then he bantered me for a race. I laughed at him and told him his big horse could easily outrun my little pony. But as we rode along he increased his speed until he led me in the race. Our horses were now running. I tried to keep up, but to an observer it looked as if I were chasing the Indian. I was armed with a brace of revolvers and a shotgun, he with bow and arrows only. It occurred to me, just then, that the Indians might not look upon my chasing one of their number as an altogether innocent proceeding, and might deal summarily with me. I was chasing him right into their village, or camp. I checked my mad career and rode slowly into the camp, but my Indian had given me the slip. I could not find him, so I appealed to the chief, and told him my story. He said he would get me the buckskin. He rode round to the tepees and came back to the road where I was waiting for the train, and unrolled one of the finest buckskins I ever saw. It was white as muslin and soft as velvet, but lo! he wanted five dollars for it. It was not to be mine unless I paid him for it. That was altogether a new deal, but I wanted that deerskin, so I offered him two dollars and a half for it. No; he shook his head. I then told him I did not want it. He wanted I should have it, however, and offered to take four dollars. I shook my head. Then he came down to three dollars. I told him I would not take it at any price, for he had a double tongue and would want it back. This seemed to touch him. He didn't like it a little bit, and I did not get my buckskin. There were about five hundred warriors in this band. They formed in two lines, one on each side of the road, and we drove between them. They belonged to the Cheyenne Sioux. They were a fine looking lot of men, and well armed with heavy rifles. They were friendly enough. They told me they had

just been up to Fort Laramie to get their annuity. Brother Gillen slept soundly as we passed the Indians drawn up on dress parade, and never knew till we told him, that we had been at one time completely surrounded by an armed body of about five hundred mounted Indians.

And now I will relate the sequel to my gun trade with poor Lo. That evening after we had camped I got out some lead and cut up some to make shot and loaded my shotgun and went out to hunt a rabbit. I had on my new moccasins with rawhide soles. A jack rabbit got up and started off, I fired and broke a leg. I tried the second barrel but it would not go off. Something was wrong. As my rabbit was crippled, I thought I would catch it, so off I ran. Round and round we went. I forgot I had on moccasins and undertook to head off my game by running through a patch of small ground cactus. But I stopped quite suddenly. Only about three steps among the flat green leaves was far enough. I forgot the rabbit in my new employment of picking the cactus points out of my feet. The soles of my moccasins were literally pinned fast to the bottom of my feet, and when I examined the gun, one of the tubes was bursted, so I had only a one-barreled shotgun after all. The Indian knew he could not get that gun repaired on the plains, and was glad to catch a tender-foot like me; and, by the way, my feet were tender after my plunge into that cactus bed. I want to say right here, I didn't blame that Indian, and if I ever had any compunctions of conscience for trying to cheat the poor Indian, I lost every whit of it in pulling those cactus thorns out of my feet. But, after all, it was not a bad trade, aside from my lesson. I afterwards traded the shotgun to a white man for two large revolvers, one of which was broken, but when I got to Salt Lake City I got it fixed—cost a quarter. I left it at the city, when I went west, and Brother Gillen sold it for twenty dollars. I wrote him to use the money in hiring a hall to preach in, and he used it for gospel work.

Thus did he make the best of things and turned to account the "broken things of hope."

By invitation Elder Anderson and my father made their home with John Smith, Utah's patriarch, and they were royally treated by both him and his brave and noble wife. Elder Gillen was in his final field, and rested at the home of Elder Mark H. Forscutt. There was indeed joy in a few hearts in that city at the coming of these Josephites.

We follow the diary further:

As soon as we learned that the train had arrived in the city we hunted it up. At first we could not definitely locate it, but we finally found it shut up in the tithing house yard. M. H. Forscutt, William Anderson, James W. Gillen, myself and my cousin, John Smith, presented ourselves at the gates and requested to go in and see the emigrants. There was a guard at the gates who asked us what we wanted. We explained that we

had traveled across the plains with that train and naturally we desired to see the folks.

"No, sir; you can't go in. That man didn't cross the plains in this train," pointing to Brother Forscutt.

John Smith now stepped forward and introduced me to the guard as the son of the Prophet.

"Well, you two can go in," said the guard; but I was not willing to go in and my brethren barred out, and I said,

"No; I'll not go in if my brethren can not go also."

To say we were surprised is a mild expression. Here was a whole emigrant train of nearly, if not quite, two hundred and fifty men and women, in a free country, corralled or shut up, and not permitted to see or be seen by those who had traveled with them day after day for weeks. We felt just a little indignant, but were to meet other surprises still while we sojourned among the "faithful."

We turned away from the yard and started down towards the business part of the city. At the crossing of the street, in front of the tithing house office, almost, we met several women whom we recognized as part of our train. As we met them I spoke, but received no recognition, and instantly I was impressed, "They don't want, or are afraid to recognize us," so I did not repeat the salutation. But William, not to be set aside that way, stepped forward and repeated it, but got a cold stare, and "We don't know you, sir." He tried to call to their minds the fact that they had tramped day after day together coming across the plains, but the women still said: "We don't know you, sir."

"Oh, come along, William! Don't you see they don't want to know you?" I exclaimed.

Numbers were beginning to collect, so we hastened on, joking Brother William on his meeting his friends. We returned to Cousin John Smith's to talk the situation over. I made inquiry why we were not permitted to see the emigrants, and finally obtained the information that they were engaged in securing notes from man, woman, and child for the cost of transportation from Liverpool to Salt Lake, and none were allowed to escape or go their way till they had given an ironclad note of hand that they would pay such amount to the church or perpetual emigration fund. This note was in such form that anything they had or might acquire was at any time subject to attachment, so if the party became disaffected religiously, or desired to move from one settlement to another, they must have a permit from the bishop, or their goods were attached to pay that note.

This may be explanation sufficient for the fact that so many who were disappointed and disgusted with the church affairs made no seeming effort to leave there.

These same emigrants were assigned locations in different settlements and must at least abide there until they paid such obligation to the church; and was told by one who spoke from experience, that he knew

these notes were a standing menace held over many a poor soul for months and even years. . . . Many who had paid their allotment, but took no receipt, had to give their note or pay it over again, for they learned that elders on missions in the old country, who were dependent upon the Saints for their daily bread, were very different creatures when they got into Utah; and many who made homes for the brethren and gave them freely of their hard earned means while in the old country, when they came to Utah were not recognized by the recipients of their bounty. They would pass them in the streets with a cold stare, and when spoken to would say, "There is some mistake. I don't know you."

I remember a little instance of this kind of ingratitude. We were camped at Red Butte one evening, when there came up a storm which threatened to be serious. Elder Pusey and his associate, Elder Stayner, who were returning home from a long mission to England, had up to this time slept under the wagons, there not being tent room for them. Our tent was large enough for a double or field bed for four, and as one of us stood guard every night we invited the two elders to bring their blankets and share our tent, for the night at least, to be out of the storm. But it turned out the storm was mostly wind, a cold blast from the mountains. They came in, and from that on until we arrived at the city, the two elders shared our bed. Well, we never dreamed of such a thing as the cold shoulder from these two men; but on the first Sunday after we got in, we attended meeting in a temporary bower built on the temple lot, I met those two, Elders Pusey and Stayner, face to face in company with John Smith, their patriarch, and they gave me the cold stare and passed by on the other side, like the priests of old did the poor man who fell among thieves. I've always kind of patted myself on the shoulder, so to speak, that I did not make a fool of myself at that time, but I felt like booting the contemptible ingrates.

Cousin John asked me if I would go up and sit on the stand, if requested to do so. I told him yes, but he need not trouble himself; there was no danger of my getting an invitation. However, he went up to the stand and I saw him in conversation with the presiding officer. I saw him point me out. I saw the man shake his head, and John came back to me and said he told him he thought it wouldn't do. John seemed hurt and plagued, but I felt like laughing. He, too, had some surprises in store.

I subsequently met some of the emigrants on the street who told me they had been sent to one of the settlements at some distance from the city and had been warned to have nothing to do with apostates, and especially to avoid the Josephites; "But you have been so kind to us we feel ashamed to treat you so. We are confident there is something wrong here. We are not treated with the same cordiality here we are in the old country." Thus in conversation with the emigrants themselves we learned how they were treated, and the process of distributing them among the faithful in outlying settlements. . . .

My father and companion stayed in the city fifteen days,

each one full of interest in memory and in purport. We can only notice a few of them.

Bro. William Anderson, in company with Bro. J. W. Gillen, immediately began mission work south of the city, and in the southern part of the city. In company with my cousin John I made some visits and filled some appointments but did not meet the general good fellowship my cousin anticipated for me. The reason, I presume, was apparent. As soon as I was introduced to anyone, at once I was catechized on the differences in our faith, and everybody had a testimony, which I was in the habit of comparing with the books and written history in the *Journal of Discourses*, *Millennial Star*, and *Times and Seasons*. The contrast and discrepancies in their testimonies, as compared by the books did not please them, and more than once I was told, "The books are a dead letter." "We don't care anything for the books. They are not worth the ashes of a rye straw." "We have the living oracles."

I well remember a conversation with a one-time prominent member. When I quoted the Book of Covenants he said,

"Oh, yes; that was well enough in its time, but we can't be governed by those cast iron books. We have outgrown them. They did well enough for the church in its infancy, but they are too narrow and straight for the church now."

Another one, when I remarked that either they lied in their testimonies or else Joseph and Hyrum Smith lied in the *Times and Seasons*, answered: "Oh, that's nothing; I hold the priesthood, which authorizes me to lie for the good of the church."

My answer to this was, "That may be, sir; but of one thing I am certain; you never received that priesthood from God."

The time finally came for William and I to start on our way west, for our field was California. The day was set, but two days before we were to leave some one came to me and asked me if I would speak in public, if a place could be got for me. I answered yes. Two of the Utah church members had formed a company and fitted up a public place of amusement, an open air resort, a public garden, and thought it a good idea to advertise it by having me preach in their garden, and so billed the city, and we delayed our going. I spoke in Line and Fox's Garden and at this time drew the ill will of those in authority, by speaking plainly upon the subject of polygamy and showing it to be condemned by the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants; also by Joseph and Hyrum Smith in *Times and Seasons*. I called the attention of the people to the inconsistency of voting to indorse Brigham Young as prophet, seer, and president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in all the world, when Mr. Young himself publicly denied being "a prophet or a son of a prophet." Immediately my statement was denied and a voice made the statement: "It is not so. It was a mistake of the reporters."

I answered: "If so, it was never corrected in the manuscript nor in the proof reading, and was published in the *Journal of Discourses*, *Millennial Star* and *Deseret News*."

Another voice; yes, dozens of voices said: "That is so." "We heard him." "There are over three hundred witnesses here who heard him say so." "We heard him." I was told afterward that President Young was present at that meeting.

For a few minutes there was great excitement, but I dismissed my meeting in quietude. I had noticed a tall, military looking individual standing near, but a little to one side and behind me. At the close of the service he pressed forward and grasped my hand in a firm grasp and said,

"Go ahead, Mr. Smith; you have taken the right stand. You have more friends here than you know of."

Myself and cousin, Joseph F. Smith, came in contact at this meeting, and at its close he came to me. We had a long talk, he claiming that I had injured his feelings *personally*. I told him if I had wronged him and he could show me my error or injustice I would correct it. As we conversed we were walking towards the central part of the city. I had intended to stop that night at Bro. M. H. Forscutt's, east of the theater. I noticed among the many who were going in the same direction a man who walked just behind us. At first I thought nothing of it. Joseph F., his wife, Lovira, and Samuel B. Smith, with myself, made up the party. But I finally noticed this man kept pace with us and seemed to be listening to our conversation: I walked on past where I should have left the party to go to Mark's and stopped in front of the theater building. The streets were well lighted here, just near what used to be the wood market. Here we stopped and were engaged in conversation. I expected here to take leave of my relatives for the night. I had said some bitter things for them to hear, and was aware that what I had said would create great excitement, so we were talking over the matter. Joseph F.'s first wife and Samuel were rather inclined to indorse my position, but Joseph F. was contentious. He remarked, however, ere I left him, "So far as the books are concerned, you have them on your side."

While we were conversing a man approached us, in the street, off the sidewalk. There were trees growing at the edge of the walk and a water ditch between the sidewalk and street proper, where the shade of these trees fell on the street from the brilliant lights in front of the theater. From this deep shade this man approached us. Something seemed to say, "Beware of that man." I noticed how he was dressed, as well as I could in the semidarkness. He was a short, thickly-set man, apparently dressed in the garb of a farmer, but wore a large shawl, thrown around his shoulders, with his right arm free, his hand thrust beneath the shawl, which was held in place by his left hand. He wore a dark, broad-brimmed felt hat, slouched over his eyes a little to one side. As he approached us, he remarked:

"I would like to see Mr. Smith."

Some one remarked: "Which Mr. Smith do you want to see? We are all named Smith."

"Mr. Alexander Smith," was his answer.

"That is my name, sir," I replied. "What do you want of me?"

"I would like a few minutes' talk privately with you," was his answer, and he stepped back into the shade of the trees.

I told him: "I have no secret or private business with any man in the Territory. These parties with me are relatives. If you have anything to say to me say it in their presence."

"My business is of a private nature with you and concerns you only," he replied.

Instantly I changed my mind as to where I would pass the night, and I told him to meet me at John Smith's in the morning. I would remain there until ten o'clock and await his coming. Joseph F. had stepped to one side during this conversation, but Samuel had drawn closer to me, and now stepped right in before me and the strange man and demanded:

"Who are you, sir?"

"My name is Jones."

"Where are you from?"

"I live in the country."

"Well, this is no time for business. It's near midnight. Come around in the morning. My cousin will meet you at the house of the patriarch." At this the man withdrew into the darkness of the street and shadow of the trees.

It is needless to say that the man never came to see me. Now I do not know whether that man intended me any harm or not, but the circumstances were suspicious, to say the least of it. . . .

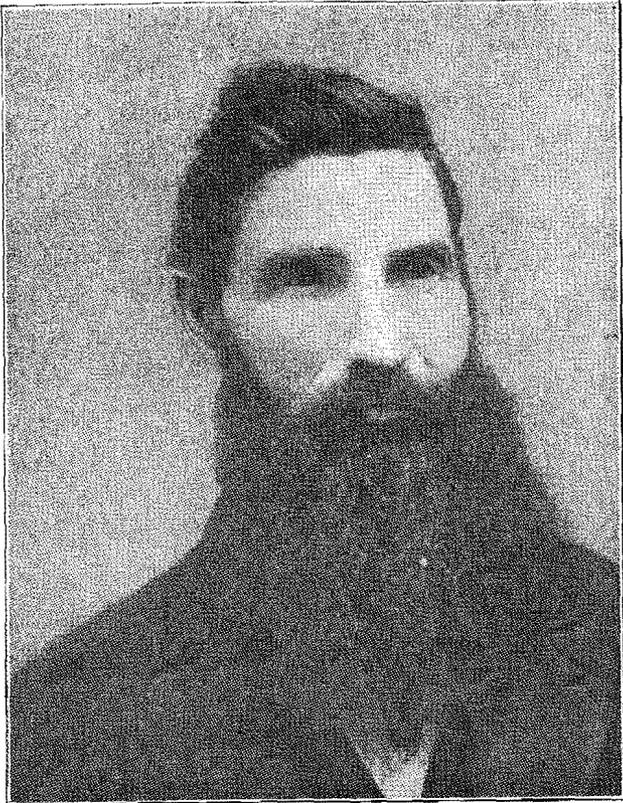
I carried out the change of plan so instantly formed, and walked with my cousin to the residence of John Smith, where I remained till nearly ten o'clock next day, waiting, thinking perhaps Mr. John Jones might possibly call on me; but I waited in vain. [As I remember my father's relation of this affair the man was thought to be a life guard of Brigham's, named Ross.—V. E. S.]

Finally Brother Anderson and I bade Bro. J. W. Gillen good-bye and took up our journey westward. We could not shake off a sense of fear that perhaps we might be followed and lost on the plains, as William had offended by his outspoken criticism of ways, men, and principles he found promiscuously spread around in the city by the salt Dead Sea of America. And I had spoken grievous things, hard to bear, in my last effort in Line and Fox's garden; so we resolved to be cautious, at least for a time, in choice of camping ground.

Our first camp, if my memory serves me right, was at the settlement of Tooele. Here there were a few who were hardy enough to bear the name of apostate and Josephite. . . .

After leaving Tooele our next camp was in Rush Valley, and here we were alone. We went into camp early and fed our mules; were visited by several inquiring our destination, who we were, etc., etc. Our camp had the appearance as if we were fixed for the night, but when darkness had fully come down on the valleys, and all was still, we quietly geared up our team and drove on four or five miles, turned off from the road

and made a dark camp, at least one half mile from the road, among the wild sagebrush. Our team had once been government mules, and we learned incidentally that one of them had been a pet of the soldiers and had been taught many tricks, and this mule became very useful to us in our night watches. She was afraid of Indians. She seemed to be able to smell them if they were within a quarter of a mile of her. An Indian,



JAMES W. GILLEN.

a wolf, or a strange white man could not come near our wagon, with Jenny tied to it, without her awakening anyone sleeping in the wagon. She would be very quiet so far as noise was concerned, but would put her nose against the wagon cover and rub in a manner that would surely attract attention, and if anyone of us spoke to her, or put out a hand and stroked her nose, we could soon tell if anything was wrong on the

outside. If a wolf, coyote, or dog was around she would quiet down when spoken to; but if an Indian was prowling around, one or both of us had to get up and move around, and see that all was right, before Jenny would quiet down. We were not molested, however, and for several evenings we made false campings in the same way.

We frequently met Indians, and of one of these I got some pine nuts, a very fine flavored nut which grows on the sugar pine tree. They form in the cones of the pine. The Indians use them for food. I traded some crackers and a little flour for perhaps two quarts of them. They are very rich and oily. . . .

Our route took us through Bingham Canyon, gold mining district. In this valley we camped near the residence of the man who killed James Monroe. Our provisions were running low, so I took a sack and went over to the house and tried to purchase potatoes. Of course we made known who we were in the course of our conversation, and I secured all the provisions I needed. I here learned that this man, to use his own language, was "Simply living on borrowed time," and at any time the destroying angels might find him, and then his friends would find him in a water ditch or on the roadside with his throat cut or a bullet hole in his head. He talked with me with tears in his eyes, and I saw the wreck of a once bright man. He now was scarcely ever sober, or free from the influence of liquor, and said he had been sentenced to death and only waited the execution of the sentence. Whether this was true in fact or whether it was one of the vagaries of a diseased mind, I am not prepared to say. Certainly it was a reality to him. His family treated us very kindly, but this man was a living evidence of the truth of the saying, "The way of the transgressor is hard." . . .

From this settlement we traveled over the stage route to Austin City, Nevada, a route evidently only traveled by the stage, and which led across mountain, desert, and plain, and in our journey, we ran short of food for our poor mules. The grasses gave out, and for days we could not find grass for our team. We camped generally at or near stage stations where relays or changes of horses were kept, to change and keep Uncle Sam's mail moving. I saw fine large stacks of hay in the corrals around the stables, and I thought perhaps I could buy an armful for the mules, so at one of our camps I told William I was going to try it. He took the mules to find some grass if possible, while I began the task of getting supper. I had plenty of time, so I went into the cabin of the station keeper and started a conversation. The man was inquisitive, and asked what kind of an outfit we had, etc. I finally asked him if he would not sell me an armful of hay for my mules. "No, sir; not a pound!" After a little more talk he asked me if we had any whisky along with us. Instantly my valley tan came to mind and I said yes, that I believed we had some, somewhere in our kit, and if he would come out I would try and find it. Well, he came out. I got out the big brown bottle and told him to drink. I thought perhaps one drink would be enough. He drank, and it was like oil to his tongue. He talked glibly then, and

one of the best things he said was, "If you boys want any hay for your mules go and get it"; and when William came back, not only his supper, but a good supper for the mules was ready, and the station keeper had taken a second drink from the brown bottle.

Next morning a fine roll of hay found its way into the back of our wagon and that man's heart was warmed towards us by another drink of our valley tan. When our hay gave out, I once more asked a station keeper to sell me a little hay. "No, sir; you can't get a pound of hay here. Why, we have to haul it a long ways, and we can't spare it."

"All right, I will pay you well for it."

"Money is no object in this case, sir."

I turned about and went to my wagon, took out my mess chest, and sat the big brown bottle down on top of it till I got out the stove and built a fire. I felt impressed that my man was watching me. By this time I knew what a drink of whisky meant to those mountaineers or plainsmen. I was not deceived; in less than five minutes that man came sauntering out, careless like, and stood watching me, and I as careless like asked him if he would not have a drink. "Well, yes; I believe I will; we men don't often have a chance to taste a drop"; and this man turned back as he started for the house and said, "If you want some hay for your mules, go and help yourselves." I then thought of what that brother told me when he gave me that homemade whisky: "It may answer better than love or money before you get across the mountains."

Brother William rallied me on my missionary effort, but said it was like the mission of the whites to the heathen: "The Bible in one hand and a bottle of whisky in the other."

And so the mules were fed on "valley tan" a few times, if only by proxy. And hay they had to have, as my father's recital will disclose.

We were fortunate in getting hay, for we had desert to cross; one stretch of ninety miles without grass or water; we had a barrel, and at the last good water we filled it and began the terrible journey, traveling by night and resting by day during the heat. One twenty miles' distance, the ground was white with salt and alkali, not a living shrub or tree, neither animal nor bird; a dreary waste. Brother William lay in the wagon asleep while I drove. I had read of the desert and heard tales told of the dreary wastes of sand, but this was salt and soda; a crust one eighth of an inch thick covered ground and everything. The road looked like a narrow gray ribbon stretching away into the darkening distance. A feeling of gloom came over me, and like the boy going through the graveyard by moonlight, I whistled and sang to keep my courage up; and still that creepy feeling would come over me. I wonder if any of my readers ever felt that way?

Before entering upon this weary waste we filled all our vessels with water from a clear, cool spring on top of a mountain, called Diamond Springs. I thought, what a queer place for a spring! and the water was

as good as any I ever drank. We came to one station called River Bed, situated in the middle of a dry river bed. The stream had once been a river of some magnitude, for it was deep and was near, if not quite, half a mile between the two banks. Where the station had been the land had sunk down for acres all around and water had raised, a strong, brackish, alkaline water, and the water was literally filled with a large black water bug from one half to an inch in length. The surface of the earth had the appearance of having been burned; rocks, ground, everything, had been passed through the fire. It may have been volcanic, but it had been burned just the same.

Ninety miles of such utter desolation and then we came to Willow Springs; water slightly brackish, but possessing wonderful magnifying qualities and filled with thousands of little fish. The water was warm and pleasant to bathe in. I undressed and plunged into a basin which was perhaps thirty or forty feet across, and seemed to be about eighteen inches deep; but I soon learned how deceptive appearances were, for when I stood upon the bottom the water came around my neck. William began to laugh at me. I did not know what pleased him so, but soon he told me that my body and limbs had shortened until I was not two feet tall and I had widened out in proportion until I was a monster to look at. I could not prevail upon him to get into the water so that I might also see the phenomenon. I could only realize the power of the water when I waded out to the bank, and as I neared it there seemed to be a bench of eighteen or twenty inches upon which I had to step. I raised my foot to make the step, when down I went. There was no bench there, no rise of earth, but a gentle grade to the water's edge. Brother William laid down on the ground and laughed at me, but would not as much as wade in above his ankles to allow me to laugh also.

Nothing was quite so tempting to my father as a good swimming hole or "fishing quarry." He loved the water and was happy and at home in it. The little incident back of the divide was closed, but not finished, as this little story will prove.

We were getting short of feed for the mules. I mean grain. I had paid as high as ten cents a pound for ground barley to keep my team in good heart. Our meat supply was also gone, and what was worse, our money was all gone. We were in the desert and slough of despond. We were driving along one day, nearing a station called Jacob's Wells. By the way I must describe a station on this route. A small adobe brick, or sun-dried mud cabin, a pole fenced corral or yard, broad, low shed, or stable for the horses, also built of poles and mud. I often wondered where they got the poles and water enough to make adobe or sun-dried mud bricks in that desert country. These miserable buildings constituted a station. This day we had the wagon cover off, as it was cooler without it; one of my revolvers was hanging upon the wagon bows, one

of the two I traded my Indian shotgun for. A man on horseback came along the road; he saw the revolver, reined up his horse, and inquired, "Whose revolver is that?"

"Mine, sir;" I answered.

"How will you trade it for a smaller one?"

"Anyway to make you safe, sir. What kind of a gun have you to trade?"

"A Colt. I am hunting horse thieves and my gun is too small." And he handed me a citizen's Colt revolver, a new one.

I looked at it and said, "I'll trade for five dollars to boot." He passed over to me a five dollar gold piece, and I handed him my revolver. I told him I had some cartridges which I would also sell him. I paid seventy-five cents a box for them at Council Bluffs. I showed them to him.

"What do you want for them?"

"A dollar and fifty cents a box."

"I'll take all you have of them."

I turned out seven boxes, I think, and he paid me the gold for them. When the man rode away I took off my hat and shouted. I turned to William and shook the shining gold pieces at him and said: "When we get to Austin, we will get some bacon and tea, also some feed for Jenny." I fancy that the Lord had something to do in sending that man along that desert road, to meet us and help us just in the nick of time, when most needed. At any rate, a few days later when we drove into Austin, Nevada, I was able to buy a good supply for both man and beast; and I came to the conclusion that the Indian did not get so much the advantage of me if he did swindle me out of my buckskin.

That mule Jenny was a source of amusement and incidentally profit to the travelers.

At Austin we found a brother in the church, and concluded to rest a day, so drove up near his residence. The next morning was Sunday. We took an early ramble to see the mines, tying to the end of the wagon tongue by a full length lariat, so she could reach both ends of the wagon—our watch mule Jenny. On our return we found a stranger standing a respectable distance with the mule between him and the outfit, with her ears laid back, looking cross and ugly. "What kind of a mule have you got there? She won't let me come near the wagon."

"That is her business; that is what she is there for, sir," was our answer.

Our stay at Austin was brief, as we were anxious to go on over the mountains ere cold weather set in, and snow made the wagon roads impassable. There was no event of much importance occurred until we passed over the forty-mile desert at the sink of the Carson River. Our grain food for the mules getting lower than we desired, when once more our guardian angel seemed hovering near, for we very unexpectedly came upon a party who had more of a load of freight than he wanted

for his team to pull, and he very kindly let us have a couple sacks of ground barley at twelve and one half cents a pound. It seemed a high price to pay, but we were glad to get it, even at that price. We would not have been able to buy it at all but for my trade with the Indian and the subsequent revolver trade.

On and on that Indian lived for ever in my father's kind heart, as long as it beat on earth.

Arriving at Carson City, Nevada, I spent two or three days visiting a cousin who lived there. The nights were getting cold. Ice an inch thick would freeze in our water pail over night and camping out was getting tedious. My cousin, Mr. Warren Wasson, proposed that we sell our outfit and make the balance of our journey on the stage. We still had the Sierra Nevada Mountains to cross, and snow had fallen already on part of the range. We made the effort to sell, but found no market, no buyer, so we were compelled to move on. We started on with the intent if possible to make the crossing of the mountains before the roads were blocked by snow.

We were moving quietly along in the afternoon of the day we left Carson. I was walking. William was driving the team. We saw a comfortable farmhouse on the right side of the road. Here the road ran between two good fences and evidences of thrift were on either side of the road. I saw a woman come to the door and look up the road in the direction that we were. She went back in the house and in less than a minute she came to the door again. She raised her hand to her head and shaded her eyes and gazed fixedly at us, and then came out and walked down to the fence to a large gate, opened the gate, and as we came on near enough she called out:

"Drive right in here, brethren. You are not to go any further now. You need not look so surprised. I know you. I know who you are."

By this time she was near me and held out her hand and said: "This is Bro. Alexander Smith," and she grasped my hand in a firm handshake. "That man driving is Bro. William Anderson."

I stood as if uncertain what to do.

"Oh, drive in. You are to stay with us a while. I saw you in vision several days ago, and have been looking for you every day since. I recognized the very clothing you have on. My family belongs to the church, and you have a home right here, and are going no further until you rest up." She rattled on as rejoiced and glad as if we were her own kindred just returned from a long stay away from home.

We learned the kind people who thus opened their home to us had indeed been looking for us for several days upon the strength of a spiritual manifestation given to the sister, with instruction to receive us and administer to our wants, and Bro. and Sr. David Jones faithfully carried out the instruction and made the missionaries feel at home. Our surprise was complete, for we were not aware of any church members in

that valley, but we soon learned there was a branch in Jack Valley, some living on adjoining farms to Brother Jones."

We met with the Saints after the news was spread through the settlements and again we were advised to sell our outfit and stage it the rest of the way. So we unloaded the wagon and I sought a market for our team. After a few days an opportunity offered and Brother Anderson went over the mountains to Sacramento, I remaining to effect the sale.

It must not be thought we were idle while sojourning in Jack Valley. Bro. Abednego Johns and others made our stay pleasant and we held meetings in Genoa, Carson City, Silver City, Gold Hill, and Virginia, and other neighboring settlements, as a result of our being so providentially stopped. My cousin finally came to me with an offer of a hundred dollars gold for our team. It was hardly one half its value, as we thought, but I deemed best under the circumstances to accept it, and afterwards learned that I did remarkably well to get that much for the outfit. The wagon was a good, new wagon, but what is called a narrow track, while all vehicles in that country were wide track, and nobody wanted a wagon which would all the time be running two wheels in the track and two wheels on the ridge. The old horse mule gave out completely, upon being turned into pasture, but Jenny was as good as gold and really worth all I got for the outfit to anyone who had any use for a mule. It was the general verdict that I did well to get twenty five-dollar gold pieces and go on my way rejoicing. I think our good care of the team and an ever watchful Providence had something to do with keeping our team up to the hard journey we made with it.

And now, as I was getting the remaining things ready for the stage journey, a good sister came to me and asked me if I was armed. I smiled as I answered:

"Why, no; nothing of a warlike character more dangerous than that," and I held out a common pocket knife.

"Well," she replied, "the stage is so often held up and the passengers robbed I thought you ought to have a gun of some sort," and she handed me a small pocket derringer pistol, and insisted upon my taking it, saying it might save my life. I took the pistol, put it in my satchel, and when I got aboard the stage stored the satchel in the boot of the stage, thus being armed and ready for road agents.

My journey from Genoa to Sacramento was a safe and pleasant one, except the cold experienced among the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The snow had fallen heavily. I saw two or three abandoned houses which the weight of snow had broken down, mashing their roofs flat; but as the United States mail was carried on that stage line the road was kept open, and as we sped along at full trot I thought how trying a slow, toilsome climb and a camp in the snows would have been, and I hugged myself and was thankful an all-ruling Providence was still watching over me. And as I look back over that long, weary journey and remember how often the evidences of a divine interference for our

good was manifest, I am still thankful, and I feel to give thanks to God and acknowledge his goodness all the day long.

Leaving the Carson Valley at or near the little village called Mottville beginning the ascent, and for seven miles it was a steady climb up, up, up, in zigzag course, sometimes crossing our own track by bridge over the head of some deep cut or gulch. . . .

Great trains of heavy teams were constantly passing over. The road was so narrow that places were prepared at convenient distances where teams could pass each other. To avoid meeting on narrow places, the teamsters had bells on their mules' or horses, which could be heard for long distances. Teams coming down the mountain, on hearing the bells of ascending teams were warned to turn out on those places prepared to let the climbers pass.

That mountain road was a curiosity to me; sometimes it clung on the side of the mountain like swallows' nests to the side of a barn, being supported and held by masonry, a wall of many feet in height being necessary to hold the dirt and macadam of the roadbed. At times, sitting on the top of the stage, I could see down over the wall, hundreds of feet it seemed to me, right on the top of tall pine and spruce trees, a veritable forest below. The heavy freight teams traversed this route by day while the United States mail had the exclusive right of way at night, everything getting out of the way for Uncle Sam's mail wagon. A sprinkler passed over the road once every twenty-four hours to keep down the dust, and keep the road hard and in good order. It was slow climbing going up, but when we were once at the top and on the downward grade on the west side, we made up for lost time. It seemed as if the stage must go off sometimes as we rounded a sharp curve on a swinging trot. It made a man unused to it, naturally incline or lean towards the mountain, in spite of the assurance, "It's perfectly safe, there's no danger."

It seems to me now, as I write, looking back over the events of ministerial experiences, that God's watch care has been so marked, in so many ways and in so many instances, that it is difficult to select from among the many and relate in detail special instances.

(To be continued.)

5:54

Truth is vague and helpless until men believe it. Men are weak and frivolous until they believe in truth. To furnish truth to the believing heart, and to furnish believing hearts to truth, certainly there is no nobler office for a human life than that.—Phillips Brooks.

STATEMENT OF ELDER JOHN R. EVANS.

(Made in the presence of Albert Carmichael, F. M. Weld, John F. Garver, Richard S. Salyards, Heman C. Smith, and Estella Wight, and reported by the latter, at Lamoni, Iowa, February 12, 1911.)

Elder Heman C. Smith said: Brother Evans, we have heard that in your long connection with the church you have had some experiences that we think would be good to be left on record for those who shall investigate the work in time to come, and hence we are here for the purpose of hearing what you have to say. We would like for you to commence with your birth, date and place of birth, and give a little sketch of your life, of such things that have happened in your experience, and especially in your connection with the church, as you think would be of interest. Take your own time and relate these incidents in your own way. We think that would be better than for us to suggest to you, and have a better effect. So we will not interrupt you. Just proceed with your life narrative as you think best.

I was born in Wales in 1837, December 11. I do not wish to say very much about my parents, because I know but very little about my father. He died when I was very young. I can hardly remember his features. Some time ago—some few years ago—I was trying to remember what kind of a man my father was, and I could not recall it, and I was in prayer with Owen Thomas, at Samaria, near Malad, Idaho, and my father's face appeared just as plain as a photograph, and I could remember then that I had seen him when I was a child, but before that I had forgotten.

My parents were something equal to the rest of the people around us. My father was a miner, and they were not poor nor rich, but they were faring like the rest of the laboring class of people. I understood that both were illiterate. Education was a rare thing in our country in those days.

Now, I believe I will commence with my first connection with the Latter Day Saints. When I first became acquainted with the Latter Day Saints I was between my thirteenth and



ELDER JOHN R. EVANS.

fourteenth years. We knew nothing then about the evils of Utah; but soon after my baptism I learned through others that they were trying to advocate polygamy, trying to estab-

lish the principle in the minds of the people in that country, and it brought a division in the church. Hundreds of people went out of the church when it became known, and I went out with the rest at that time. I had but very little to do with the church after that until my twenty-fourth year. I was twenty-four years old when I renewed my covenant. Then, at that time, polygamy was known, but they were denying it. Papers were publishing articles and statements that polygamy was tolerated in Utah. We were taught by the elders of the church to make every effort that we could to emigrate to Utah, or to Zion—we understood it to be Zion. So in the year '63, June the 2d, we left our native country and went to Zion, as it was called,—to Utah. To Utah, across through the United States, and across the plains, and arrived in Salt Lake City on the 3d of October, and during the following two years we struggled the best that we could, under the circumstances, to make our living in Utah.

When I was notified to go through the endowment house—I do not know whether it was the hand of Providence or something else. Sometimes we are led to think that the hand of God is in Providence—I do not know why I should have been notified so soon after migrating to the country. Many that had been there for years before we had were surprised. They thought that partiality or something was used towards us to give us the privilege to go through so soon. I am inclined to think that it was Providence.

We, myself and wife, prepared ourselves to do as we were instructed, to go through the endowment house.

I will now have to describe the scenes and what was done in the endowment house, and that's the point that I want to come to. You are more interested in that than anything else.

Now this endowment, the people were taught all along that it was a special blessing to everyone that belonged to the church to have the privilege to go through the endowment

house. It was fully presented in the teachings to be something like the endowment on the day of Pentecost, something to qualify and confirm the individuals in the truth beyond doubt. That was the teaching, and I can say that that is the stepping-stone that misleads, and we are ready—quite anxious—to go through the endowment house, because we were expecting a blessing, special blessings. Some would say that angels would appear there, visions had been seen, and they had been blessed wonderfully, and our expectation was raised. We were expecting that we would be blessed.

The first thing in the endowment business is the registration. All register; their place of birth and so on is given, and their offerings are recorded. All bring in offerings to offer to the Lord—to the church.

Then we enter another room where the washing, and the anointing that you read about in the revelation takes place. The place of washing consists of something like a bathtub, and we washed, and anointed there. The purpose of the anointing, as I understood it then, is to anoint us and make us free from all the evils, and what have happened to pollute or corrupt men, and they are made free through the washing and the anointing, and pronounced free, and a new name given. You may be eager to know the name that was given, and I have no objection. The name that was given to me was Nehemiah. Then, that's where we put the garment on with the marks. There's a mark on the right and the left side of the breast of the garment. One is a heart and the other is a square and a compass. Also we put the robe on there. That's where the robe is put on.

Then we enter another room, and that room represents the Garden of Eden. There are trees, fine drawings on the walls, animals and plants of different kinds, representing as nearly as imitation could represent the Garden of Eden.

I think, if my memory serves me right, that there were

seventeen couples of us going through at the same time. One couple was selected to act as Adam and Eve in the Garden. Now about this time a voice was heard from another apartment of the building. I believe that it was through a window that was covered, or a door, I would not be certain which, that we heard the sound of two individuals walking as you see soldiers walking; you can tell their steps, and when they came close to the window, one would say, "I am Elohim." The other would say, "I am Jehovah." (I think you will find that name Elohim just once in the Scriptures.) And they commence to rehearse what we read in the scriptures: "Let us make man in our own image and likeness." And there is a little more than that said (I can not recall it now) at that time.

This couple that is selected, they begin to move, as they are instructed of course. They appear as Adam and Eve, and an individual comes through another door, having on a tight suit, black tight suit, and a cap. I don't know what you call it, whether it is a cap or hat. I do not know hardly how to explain it, but it is something like a clown's cap with a tassel on it. He is acting much as Satan in the Garden of Eden, and the fruit that he used I think was raisins. He was showing the raisins to the woman and trying to entice her to take some of the fruit. She reached forward and partook, and then he made motions to give it to Adam—to take more and tempt him. Finally she did just as we read, and persuaded him to partake, and that constituted the fall. That's the place that we have the apron put on. You read in the Scriptures that Adam and Eve made aprons of leaves, but this was linen; it was not leaves.

Now this closes the Garden of Eden scene, and we leave, as imitating that we are cast out of the garden of Eden, and go to another room. That room has nothing but a plain wall, and something like stools, or chairs without backs. There are just a few, probably four broken chairs or stools, and we

are in confusion there. We are not in the order that we were, kind of mixed up. Presently one comes in from another door and he commences to talk to this man with the black suit, and he wanted to hire him to preach, and he says, "What shall I preach?" "Anything in the world that will tickle the ears of the people." And he gets on one of these stools and commences to preach, and another one comes in and he commences to preach, and so on till there are three or four preaching at the same time, imitating sectarianism. That's what that is. And in the midst of the confusion three men come from another door, and the first one steps down (there's a little step to come down into the room), and this first one says, "I am Peter," the next one says, "I am James," and the next one, "I am John," representing the restoration of authority by Peter, James, and John.

Now there is more confusion, and there is one of them that preaches the gospel, and he cries repentance and preaches the first principles, to an extent just like the church does. As I understood it, that constitutes the conversion. We are converted now and restored by the proper authority, by Peter, James, and John.

We leave this room now, supposed to be converted, as I understood it. The men and women are separated now, but in the same room. This room is quite a long room, or was then. We are divided into different parties, so many in each party, and form a ring, taking hold of each others' hands, and one is in the center. The one that is officiating is in the center and he reads a covenant. The covenant is that we will be true to the church, even to death; that we will defend the church with all our means and our lives, and anything that would happen to any of the brethren in their labors for the church, that we will always be ready to defend them. But a token is given then to us, and one of the tokens enables us to announce or to make anybody understand that we are one of

those that has entered this covenant ready to defend each other. The penalty for violating that covenant is that we draw our finger across our neck.

Another covenant is made that we are always ready to avenge the blood of the martyrs and all that have suffered for the latter day work, irrespective of anything. There is nothing in the covenant that is conditional; but it is unconditional.

Another token is given there, I can not myself show you the token of that covenant. It is made in distress and is made by the hand. You take hold of the hand of a man, and put the index finger up on the wrist here.

(Speaker arises and takes Brother Carmichael by the hand and gives the sign.)

I made a mistake only once in my life and gave this sign. I made a mistake and gave it to one who was a Mason, and he inquired of me concerning it. I was sorry for it, but it was an accident, and that's the only time that I have betrayed that token, and that was to Brother Salisbury that lived near Carthage. I was sorry for it, but it was done without any intention on my part.

For violation of that covenant we draw our finger down and across this way. (Draws finger downward across bowels, and then crosswise.) Signifying that we will suffer the punishment of being destroyed in this way, and they refer us to Judas, and that Judas fell over headlong and his bowels gushed out, and this referred to him.

Now we change, after putting our sandals on like the apostles did, and a cap. The cap, as nearly as I can describe it, is something like a navy cap, something broad on top; so now we had the garment and robe, apron, the sandals, and the cap, and we change rooms.

In the next room the women and the men are separated one by one. Now one by one, and the woman goes inside of the veil where she is instructed what to do. When she is instructed

the man is called. The man gives his hand through the place in the curtain, and his hand goes into his wife's hand. They are very careful about that that it is the right woman and the right man, because they are separated in pairs at this time; and the statement is made by the man, "This is bone of my bone," answering the statement of Adam after he found Eve. We go through and tell it just as it reads in the Bible, and you take her to be your wife. She has a name given her there, a new name. Her name was Sarah.

Now the man is allowed to enter through the veil after that ceremony, and he enters into the veil and they are led to the altar, where they are married for time and *all* eternity. That's where the ceremony of marriage is performed, and the administrator takes a little pains to explain that it means that marriage in this life is only for this life and that it is not binding by any divine act; but now that the proper authority is administered, that the marriage is for ever; for time and all eternity. George Q. Cannon was the administrator.

Now that's the end of that in the endowment house. I do not know why, I can not give any reason that the name of Joseph Smith was not given in connection with the covenant that we made. Some assert that they did. But the statement was broad enough to cover Joseph Smith or anybody else; for the covenant positively demands that we should avenge the blood of all martyrs.

Well, it may appear to some very simple, and that the feature of the thing is not so very bad; but when you think of the binding force of that covenant upon the conscience of any considerate man that would make it, you will be able to discover the force of it. Now a considerate man, to make a covenant of that nature, would hesitate a good deal before he would violate it. I know that it had that effect upon me. One of the greatest struggles of my life was to renounce my connection with that church, and that covenant was one of

the things that made it so binding upon my conscience. I can say to-day, in the face of anything that may come to me, that I did not leave that people because I hated the people. It was the false doctrine, it was the teachings of the church that drove me away. I could not see—how could I before God feel free with that covenant hanging over my head and being held, in the face of the teachings of the gospel of Jesus Christ? But the time came that I became acquainted with members of the Reorganization, and in talking and reasoning with them I became fully convinced that the church had apostatized. Through the preaching of the elders, one of the first of which was Bro. James Gillen, and the manifestations that I received during his preaching, I became willing to renounce my connection with that church.

The day that I had appointed in my mind to be baptized (I had not told anybody that it was existing in my mind, but I had made up my mind that I would be baptized), that morning the subject was revolving in my mind and I was wondering what would be the consequences, and what I was doing, until my mind became somewhat confused, and I would almost say to myself, "Well, now, I won't be baptized to-day." Then I would consider the matter over in my mind again, and I said to myself, "Well, now, I am throwing the only chance that I will have away!" That thought would stir me up again and I would say, "Well, I had better go and be baptized, as I have agreed in my own mind." Then probably in half an hour other thoughts would come again and I'd be almost discouraged to make the attempt to renounce my connection with that church. I concluded I would go to work, dismiss the subject altogether out of my mind, and let religion go.

Just at that moment the thought came again, "Now, will you be a coward when you can say you understand that it is a mistake on your part to go through the endowment and make your covenant with those people, and that is not a part

of the word of God?" And then I braced up again and said, "Well, I'll be a man. I'll act upon my own conviction."

Now I tell you these things in a passive way, but it was a war in my mind, and not without shedding tears; but finally I had the strength to go, and went to the conference. The conference was held in Malad at the time, and in the forenoon meeting I was determined to tell the brethren that I wanted to be baptized, but my courage failed me again, to tell them that I wanted to be baptized. And the war was in my mind going on still. I concluded I would go to the afternoon meeting and pray; pray God to give me strength to tell them that I was ready to unite with the Reorganization, and so I did.

They appointed the time and the place to be baptized, but such a heavy burden of mind and distress of mind still clung to me. Finally I was baptized, with another one, and as soon as I was baptized that feeling left me, that distressing feeling left me that I had felt, and it did not return after that.

Now in this struggle I want to show some other points, the leading points that convinced me of the apostasy of the church. When I was investigating the idea of the apostasy the thought came to my mind, How is it that Brigham Young, the second man, could have authority to present a document that was given to another one? That is the condition of the presentation of that revelation. He claims that it was the first time that it was presented to the church. In all these years since I have tried to find a similar case, a case where the second man was given a document. Generally the Lord tells the individual in the case, but in this case it is quite different, and, as I said before, I have tried to find an excuse for it, but have not been able to find an excuse for that act of Brigham Young in presenting that document.

Now the leading thoughts are deceptive that make people believe in the possibility of polygamy. Orson Pratt (you know about his writings, a great man evidently, I admire

the man and his courage,) in his reasons to support polygamy, always affirms, "That's the law," and he says in his writings that Abraham was a polygamist, and of Jacob that he was a polygamist, and David and Solomon, and he makes a desperate effort to prove that Moses was a polygamist, too, and infers that it was a law or the law given of God. When he was confronted with that point in the early part of the history of Utah, he turns to the revelation on polygamy to establish it, and says that there is only one man on earth at the same time that can seal a second wife or a third, or anything more than the first. You see the point that it was a deceptive point.

I became alarmed when I heard these things. When I studied these things I became alarmed. And another thing that worried me was Brigham's statement that Emma burned the original, and if she burned the original how was it possible for them to have a copy of it when the thing existed between Joseph and Emma only? And another thing was, the copy was in the form of the original, and not a single word said by anybody that the copy was a perfect copy. It is in the form of an original, and these things especially made me sometimes wonder. I can testify I could see that somebody had done wrong. I presented that idea in Utah when I was there on a mission. I presented it, and Mr. Samuel H. Smith admitted that it was correct, that my idea was correct; that the presentation of the revelation on polygamy being introduced as a copy was destroying its own force. A copy as a real, legal document, signifies by witnesses that it is a perfect copy, and there is not a word said by anybody to testify that this is a perfect copy.

Q. During the endowment you spoke about different parties coming in, one representing Jehovah, and the others representing Peter, James, and John, and one representing the Devil, etc. Was there any way you could recognize these parties?

Who were they? Who represented the Devil, Jehovah, and Elohim?

A. I can not tell who represented Elohim and Jehovah, because there was a partition and a window with a curtain or something between us. I did not recognize who was acting as Peter, James, and John, do not know, neither do I know positively who was that man that acted the Evil One. I did not know them. I recognized Heber C. Kimball in the room after we left from making the covenant. He talked to us all. He just came in and we were standing all around in pairs in our robes and garments, and he addressed us about our responsibility in our making the covenant, and how faithful we should be, and also telling the women that they ought to be willing to be subject to their husbands, and so on, paving the way that they might be ready to give the men another wife. I felt that way. Felt that was why he laid the stress of his teachings upon the women to be subject to the church and to the teachings of the church.

Q. Did he give you any instruction about the wearing of these garments afterwards?

A. We all understood that the undergarments were to be always worn, and we should not put a clean one on, or should not take the one that we had on, clear off, before putting one foot in the other one. We were instructed that there was so much depending upon our faithfulness in regarding these garments as sacred.

Q. Were you told what these signs on the breast of the garment meant? What was their significance?

A. I either became indifferent or careless to what was said in regard to that, but I can not now say. Our attention was called to them that they were to be held sacred by us.

Q. Were these garments supposed to protect you in time of danger?

A. Yes; the garment was intended as a protection of life, and from evil influences as well.

Q. Was it understood that no weapon could penetrate them?

A. I do not know that I heard that expression made, that they could not be penetrated, but I did understand others to say that it was so, but I do not remember it now. They were held to be the most sacred things that we could think of.

Q. Are there any other incidents of your life you would like to relate from that time on to the present?

A. Yes; I want to make a statement. I have come to the point where I united with the Reorganization. I have not told where it was.

Q. Were you united with the church at Samaria?

A. No, at Malad; but it was two and a half years after I had the endowments, that I was at Malad, and became acquainted with the Reorganization, and my connection with the Reorganization.

In the year '66, in the spring of '66, we left Utah and went to Malad, Idaho. Quite a number of the people were leaving from different points of Utah, going to Malad because of the advantage of taking land. That's where I became acquainted with the members of the Reorganization. I do not know whether it is necessary to mention any names. Bro. Louis Gaulter was one of the first that I met, and he was one of the first that labored with me to give me an understanding of the Reorganization, and that Joseph Smith, the son of the Martyr, was president of the Reorganization. He gave me something to read, some tracts that were published also. Brother Gaulter was then, as he is now, quite aggressive in his manner. Sometimes I would get offended at him because he was so hard, but I could never cut my relation from him. There was something very good in him. After getting a little mad about what he said I would recall it and think it over again, but Brother Gaulter never failed to tell his story. Now I want to give

him credit, for it may look to some people a very small thing for people to talk of their differences on religious views. Now Brother Gaulter (and others as well) has been brave—a brave man, a man that would not flinch, but he would tell what was in his mind in regard to the differences. Sister Gaulter has been an exception among women. That woman has, to my own knowledge, taught her sex the evils of polygamy in the face of danger. It is not a small thing for anybody to cross others in religious views, but both Brother and Sister Gaulter have been exceptions in that respect, and have done more than the common people would do to assist others to see the folly or the false position of the church. It is due to them, and I want to say it freely.

It is not a small thing for others to renounce their connection with those people. I remember well that I would suffer almost anything for the good of those people. I had been acquainted with them from my early days, and their love for right and to assist others to see what was right was commendable. When the time came to separate from them, they felt bad and their wrath would rise and they would renounce the individual and call him traitor and coward; a man that was not worthy of their confidence. Now all this was to be faced in connection with our withdrawal from those people, our dearest friends. My own brother according to the flesh said to me that I was sinning against the Holy Ghost, and that there was no forgiveness in this world nor in the world to come, cried,—shed tears over it. But I am thankful to say that the Lord, through his loving kindness, sustained me and helped me to see and finally obtain the courage to renounce the evils of that church in the face of breaking the friendship that had existed for many years between me and others.

In my baptism, as I stated before, I was relieved of that distress, and was made to realize that it was God's will, and as I said before, that feeling never returned.

I was very glad and thankful when the church appointed me on a mission to Utah. I had two reasons for feeling glad. One reason was, and the main reason, I felt for some years that I ought to do all that I could to help those people to see the errors of the teachings of that church. Another thing, I had been told repeatedly, my wife was fearful of the same thing, that I was giving myself into their hands, owing to that covenant that we made in the endowment house. I went on that mission and prayed, asked the Lord for direction, and went without fear as to what would happen, and said to myself repeatedly, "I will give them the opportunity for them to call me in question about the violation of that covenant." I do not consider now that God or man could hold any of us individuals that went through the endowment house responsible for what they did, unless they had courage enough and was sure that they could accomplish results at the time, at the moment. It was misrepresented by the elders making it appear as the endowment on the day of Pentecost, making us feel that it was holy and from God, and we went through it with that expectation, feeling that it was acceptable to God. Now, after years of consideration, I consider that no man is responsible for the making of that covenant, and I believe that the statement of the Lord through Isaiah will be found true, where the Lord says, "your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand." I believe that there is comfort to be drawn from that expression that God will not hold them fully responsible for that which is deception. The individuals that go through do not know about it till they are through. As I said before, it is misrepresented.

(February 13, 10. a. m. The interview was continued, all present who were present the day before, except Albert Carmichael.)

Heman C. Smith said:

“Before you close I would like to have you give a little of your experience in the Reorganization, and your feelings in regard to it and its effects in comparison with the other.”

I stated yesterday that the reason of my leaving the church was because of the teachings of the church—false teachings—but I did not explain that point; in what regard. I do not admire the idea of covering one’s own faults, and giving the bright side altogether.

Now in regard to the teachings of the church. It is well known that the church, after they went to Utah, taught the Adam-God theory, polygamy was introduced, and that it was the land of Zion, and blood atonement, and so on. Now most of these principles I entertained in my mind as an honest man should. I was quite willing to entertain them and investigate them, if possible, if there was any truth in them. I feared probably that by my carelessness and unwillingness to entertain what were the teachings of the church, I was leading or permitting myself to be led astray. Hence I entertained these principles, and considered them, though it took many years to solve the question.

The members of the church were taught that Adam was God because he was the first man that was created, laying the claim that his priority would give him or grant him the privilege of being the God over all his posterity. As far as that thought was concerned, I did not find such great objections to Adam, the father of the race, to have the supremacy; but a question was raised in my mind, how to reconcile the statement of the Scriptures with the theory. If Adam was God and Christ being the Son of God, how was it possible to connect or make it appear consistent that Christ was the Son of God, Adam claiming to be the God?

I remember well, reasoning with some of the leading elders of a section of country where I lived. I told them the difficulties, that I could not reconcile that idea, and asked them to

give me light; and a few of them made a noble effort. I consider that they were honest and sincere in their effort that they made and appreciated it, but they threw no light upon the subject. I remember asking one of them how was it possible that Christ having been born into the world for the purpose of being a Savior, to save the race, to reconcile the thought with Adam's fall? That would make it appear that the Son was come to the world to save the parent, to save the Father. That confused my mind. I could not reconcile the connection between the Savior's and Adam's claim to be a God. So that subject was easily dismissed.

Now in regard to polygamy. We were taught that it was an eternal, celestial principle, and that it was introduced in connection with the gospel in order to raise a pure race of people, a people that would be so favored with the power of God that evil would have but a very little power over them. In connection with that thought was presented the one that each father under the celestial law would be an independent man, progressing to be a god himself. Finally he would have a great world for himself, and his posterity would be the subjects of his kingdom. That the more faithful he should live in that relation, in polygamy, and have posterity, the greater the kingdom would be.

Just at that point a query raised in my mind (as I said before I entertained these subjects to investigate them,) and the query raised in my mind was, if I be faithful and be blessed with that blessing that is claimed, to have wives and posterity, and commence the kingdom, I would naturally claim my son to be a subject. He might also claim the honor, the same natural rights I claim for myself. He would claim his wife and his children. I would say, "Well, now, my son, you must come to my kingdom," and hence it came right straight to my mind, "Well, he may not be willing to come unless he has his wife along with him, and if his wife comes along I have somebody

else's child in my kingdom." That puzzled me. I tried, and sometimes with tears I tried, and tried my best to reconcile the theory with my common sense, but I could see at a glance there was something wrong with it.

Then I thought about my second son, had he married, and had a wife, and I would make the same claim that he would have to come to my kingdom, and he had brought somebody else's daughter along with him. I reasoned and argued that way with myself and I finally came to another point, and I said to myself, "Now my daughter is married to another man's son, and I say to my daughter, that I would command her to come to my kingdom, but I discover that I had made the rule that my daughters-in-law would have to come to mine. And some other man may by the same rule make his kingdom and take my daughter. The confusion was made worse. As I reasoned the thing in my mind, the darker it appeared to me.

Just at this point I turned my attention backwards, thinking about the past, and I said to myself, "Well, what about my father? If my father will have the same right as I claim for myself, he will claim me and take me into his kingdom. And so my father's father will claim him, and my grandfather and my great-grandfather will do the same thing, and we will be in the same kingdom. There's no separation according to the theory." I could discover plainly that the theory was without a base, like a building that was built without a foundation.

I preached in Utah in several places upon that theory, and I remember well at Knosh at the close of a discourse of mine a man came up to me whose name was Ross. I do not remember his first name, but he was a relative of our Brother Ross in Nodaway. He told me: "That celestial business is knocked all to pieces in my mind. I can not see any reason or logic in it now."

Another man made the same expression, and I felt at the time that there was a degree of inspiration. It did not come

to me because of my ability to work it out. I am satisfied that it was the hand of God that was laboring with me to help me see the false position of the church in teaching those principles. In after years, when I became acquainted with the history of the church somewhat I found in the *Journal of Discourses* the statement of Brigham Young where he states that Christ was not born of the Holy Spirit; that he was born as other children are born, like Cain and Abel. I could see at a glance that it was a necessity on the part of the man to make that expression, because he could no reconcile Adam's connection (Adam being a god) and Christ, without making some repairs, and that is certainly the way he did it. He contradicted the records in doing it. So that subject was dismissed.

In regard to Zion,—as to Utah being the land of Zion, I had but very little trouble to dismiss that subject. After I went to Utah the matter was made clear to my mind in the revelations given to the church where the Lord says that Zion shall not be removed though her children be scattered. That came with a new force to my mind. And my mind was led to statements made in different revelations to the church, wherein the church was warned and told that if they would not keep the commandments or hearken to the voice of the Lord that they would become as salt that had lost its savor. The revelation of 1841 was made plain to my understanding where the Lord tells them if they would “hearken to my voice, and the voice of those whom I have appointed to lead my people, they shall not be moved.”

I can say that God had been laboring with the people to try to get them to understand that there had been no change. At this point my mind was troubled a good deal. I could not yet reconcile the condition with the thought that God was leading, that the Lord was leading his people. I was for months puzzling on that thought, and in answer to prayer

I believe it came, that God would never interfere with the agency of man. He had a purpose in giving to man this agency and he would not interfere with it. Men would be at liberty to plunge themselves into shame and disgrace, if they will do it, and especially if they will not hearken to him. I could see after that, where God would be justified in permitting them to go on and exercise their own agency.

It took me many years to solve these questions. I am not ashamed, neither had I any desire to hide myself when I united with the Reorganization. I was fully convinced and its divinity was made plain to me, but I could not at a moment dismiss the other subjects from my mind. Sometimes I reasoned with myself and asked myself: "Am I going to plunge myself into shame and disgrace by leaving or withdrawing from the old church and uniting with the Reorganization?" It was either life or death appearing plain to me, and I believe that God assisted me to see that I had a perfect right to deny the covenant that I had made because I did not know anything about it until it was done. I could not work it out in my own mind any other way.

I come to the Reorganization now, if you please. Soon after uniting with the Reorganization, as I said before, I was made perfectly free from those fears and influences that had been filling my mind before my baptism. When I was baptized that feeling left me. But shortly after my uniting with the church a query raised in my mind in regard to the divinity of the calling of the present Joseph Smith. So much was said about him and how he took his place in the church, especially by those that are inclined to criticise it beyond reason. Soon after I came into the church I experienced an awful pain in my head, dreadful pain in my head, and it was in the afternoon of one day that I was mowing in the field. I came pretty near going home before time to quit, but I dragged the day out, and finished my day's work and

went home, thinking probably that I would work off the pain. But it did not leave. It grew more intense. While I was lying on the bed I heard two men talking in the street in front of the house, and I asked my wife, "Is that Brother Gaulter?" and she said, "Yes." "And who is it with him?" And she told me it was Bro. William Woodhead, (he that now lives in the Nodaway District.) I asked my wife to call the men to administer to me, and so they did; and as I could feel or discern the oil on my forehead when Brother Gaulter was anointing me, the pain left me immediately, and I felt, oh, so thankful that I had relief. I told Brother Gaulter that the pain had left me and he says, "Let us pray." After the administration, and while I was on my knees, something brought the thought to my mind, "Will you doubt the calling of Joseph Smith any more?" And I realized that it was given as a confirmation to remove that doubt from my mind, and I said, "No, I will never doubt it any more."

That was a confirmation that helped me to understand that he was divinely chosen, and it never troubled me after. In my experiences with the Reorganization, from time to time, God has confirmed to me that the church is indeed the church of Christ, and as the years passed, while these other subjects were vanishing away, other thoughts that I have presented already, came in place of them to show the inconsistencies of the theories that were presented by the church in Utah.

I believe that the hand of God is in the whole thing. In those years I had no intention of returning to Utah at any time—no intention at all; but as the years passed away a desire came that I would like to go to Utah and assist in doing what I could, to assist those people to see the folly of the fabrication that was built in Utah, and doing what I could. I could discern and realize that the Lord was laboring and assisting me and preparing me so that I could give an

answer to Jew or Gentile in regard to my connection with the Reorganization and my withdrawal from the Utah Church. And when the church felt disposed to send me to Utah, I was fully prepared to go, and went. I was there when the Manifesto was presented, and was there when the conference of October, 1890, reaffirmed their faith in the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and the revelations given to the church. I felt thankful at the time that the Lord had seen fit to use me as a weak instrument to help the people at the time. The general feeling at that time was that they were honest, and I believe that the majority were honest in their declaration; but something happened since, and I believe you can discover it in what Frank Cannon says of the conflicting influence.

In Utah I was blessed, and the Lord blessed my labors, and, as I said before, that I went with another purpose, to give them a chance if they desired, to exercise their vengeance. I did not find anything of the kind, no influence of that kind when I labored over three years in that Rocky Mountain Mission. I did not find that bitter feeling existing. Not a single individual referred to my connection with the endowment.

In regard to my experience in the Reorganization. Many experiences I have had that confirms my faith and confidence in God, that he is consistent, and his Spirit of truth is in the Reorganization, operating upon the minds of men to help them to see the better way. If men are to be free they will be free by reason of the truth making them free. While on the other hand, my experience in Utah was to bind the conscience of men, and to destroy the agency that God had given to them. In the Reorganization the opposite has been my experience and my understanding.

Some few years ago I appreciated, greatly appreciated, the manner in which the leading men of the church were conducting the affairs of the church. For instance, when we meet

in conference, liberty is given our men to express themselves, which is one of the principles that is highly necessary to make people free. In my conversation and connection with some of the leading men of the church I have seen how they labored so faithfully to have the church adhere to what was taught in the revelations, especially the law. Some have thought that they were extreme in their views and radical in their methods, but I admire the stand that was taken by the leading men that they insisted upon the church adhering to the instruction given in the law and the commandments to the church.

I can say that the Lord is moving to establish agreeably with the instructions given. I feel that the safety of the church in the future lies altogether in the firmness of the people to adhere to the law given to the church. My further experience in the church has all tended to confirm, until now I have no trouble to receive the teachings of the Reorganization. I feel safe in doing this because they are in harmony with the law and the commandments.

Some people have told me that the Reorganization has not enjoyed the Spirit of revelation and prophecy as the church did in the earlier days; but to me that is a mistake. I think that these individuals have not counted or considered all that was claimed to be given to the different individuals in the church in the early days that was not indited and moved by the Spirit. I remember well when I first came into the Reorganization that people were willing to accept or receive anything that claimed to be given through the gifts, as the inspiration of the Spirit; and much, *much* of it was no more than human, proved itself to be human, much of it. As the years have passed away that feature has vanished away, to a large extent, and I believe that the individuals that make that statement, that the Reorganization does not receive the gifts and the blessings as they did in early days, are mistaken

on their part; and that they have not considered that much of it was human.

Another statement that has been made is that Joseph, the present Joseph, has not been inspired as his father was; that he has not received revelations from God as he should do or as was intended. Now to me this looks strange. The present Joseph is doing so much to fulfill the promises that have been made in the revelations of God to the church; and has been led to establish the church upon the basis that was given to the church; it seems to me that that thought is not consistent; that he does, in connection with his brethren, so much more to establish the church agreeably with the promises of God to the church without the inspiration that they claim he has not received. To me, it looks the other way. That the Reorganization, from the prophet and through all the quorums, is highly inspired by the Spirit of God and moved to bring about his designs and purposes.

When I first became acquainted with the people in Missouri, it was not so easy to satisfy their minds that the people of the Reorganization were honest. I remember well when traveling and preaching with Brother Woodhead through the northern part of Missouri that we were told to go very slow with Mormonism through that country. People were sore at the thought of advancing it. What they called Mormonism was offensive to them. I remember the time when it was unpleasant for members of the church to settle around Independence because of that bitter feeling; but now here we are, the president of the church settled there, the bishopric, a large branch of the church, and the people are not worried at all. They are not alarmed with that false feeling that manifested itself in years before. Now it seems to me that the Reorganization is inspired of God, moving in accordance with divine influence; not that everything that is done or said

is perfect; but in the sense that God leads imperfect beings, I believe that I can see the hand of God in it.

My testimony, in the past, among my friends and the world, has been that the Reorganization is indeed the church of Christ, and as long as it will remain faithful to its trust in keeping the commandments of God, it will bring about the designs and purposes of God, and Zion will be established, and the people of God will realize the promises that are in the word. That is my testimony. I do not know as I have anything more to say now.

Q. There is one thing, Brother Evans, you enumerated the doctrines that were taught out there; that is, polygamy, Adam God, blood atonement, and Zion. Then you proceeded to tell how you disposed of their claims on polygamy, Adam God, and the Zion question; but you did not speak about how you disposed of blood atonement.

A. I did not entertain it.

Q. Not at all?

A. No, sir. I did not consider it worthy of attention—not for a moment.

(The end.)

“Why come temptations, but for a man to meet
 And master, and make crouch beneath his feet
 And so be pedestaled in triumph?
 Pray ‘Lead us into no such temptations, Lord’?
 Nay, but O, thou whose servants are the bold,
 Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
 Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
 That so he may do battle and have praise.

—Browning.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN L. BEAR.

(Continued from page 337.)

We had a pleasant journey. Had a car entirely to ourselves and arrived at Omaha in four days. Next day we went across the river to Council Bluffs; and sheltered at Bro. Andrew Hall's the next night. We then went two or three miles the next day in the wooded district, where he had a claim and an unfinished house, which he offered us for shelter, and we felt comfortable. There were the three families, but we had plenty of room.

But this life is full of trouble and cares, and some things more had to come. Our eldest child got sick and it developed into typhoid fever, and soon the little girl lost her reason. It was hardly possible to do anything with her. She scratched her nose, lips, and face until they were bloody all over. To get some water into her parched mouth was a great difficulty. As the semiannual conference was held at Parks Mills at this time, I requested Brother Joseph to come and administer to her, which he willingly did, bringing another brother with him, but there was no relief, and the condition of the child was pitiable. Brother Hall then counseled me to go for a doctor. I did not like that, neither did my wife, considering it contrary to the gospel. He said, "Well, there is a midwife in town who very well knows how to treat sick children, and she was instrumental in restoring quite a number to health again, I would advise you to go and see her." Well, I did not know what to do; there were two voices in me. One said, "Go"; the other one, "No. Have faith in God and in his word." So I was on a balance and at last I went, only because, if she would die, they could not accuse me of not having done my duty. But I did not feel good in going. She was not at home, so I gave the description of the case to those who were there and told them

where I lived. I was not at home when she came, but my wife told me that she said she could not do anything for the child; that it would die; still she left a little medicine to give her; but it was impossible to give her any except by using too much violence with her. Strange to say, but it is nevertheless true, I felt considerably relieved of the burden of my soul, and a comforting influence came over me: "Leave it to the Lord and trust in him." My wife had the same sentiments. So we asked Brother Joseph to come again and administer; he came in company with a gray haired Brother Nickerson, and in entering the house, Brother Nickerson said: "Your child will live. Just as we were coming around the house, it was like as if a voice spoke to me, 'The child will live, and not die.'" After they had administered to her, Joseph took a fine Bartlett pear out of his pocket and gave it to her and she started to eat, the first thing she had eaten in eighteen days, and she began to improve slowly day by day. Oh, if we could exercise more faith in our God and Redeemer. It surely must grieve him to see how his children, when he not at once complies with their request, go to the arm of flesh for help. Our Savior says that without faith it is impossible to please God,—and again he said to his disciples, if you had faith as much as a mustard seed, you could say unto this mountain, Be removed into the sea and it would be done. But we must remember not to tempt the Lord and not to ask him for things to satisfy our lustful desires, and bear patiently the trials we have to endure and to understand that we could not always lay on flowery beds of ease. God is not going to be mocked.

Brother Brand was also at this conference; and the First Quorum of Elders was organized at this time, and my name enrolled. About ten days after conference we went to Saint Joseph, Missouri, where we intended to stay during the winter; rented a small house for five dollars a month on South Fifth street. Albert Bishop was also moving to Saint Joseph from

DeKalb County into a house close by, so a branch was organized on the 3d of November, 1870, with fourteen members. Brother Bishop was elected president, and the writer to act as presiding priest and secretary; Charles Bishop, deacon. The branch to be known as the Saint Joseph Branch.

January 15, 1871, a resolution was brought forth for the establishment of a Sunday school, to teach the children the things of God, his gospel and his laws, which was sanctioned by the branch, the school to commence January 22, 1871, John L. Bear superintendent. We got along very well, our preaching services were well attended, and we were blessed in our social meeting. The Spirit of the Lord being with us, to strengthen us and also warn us to be on guard, as Satan would try to do his best to destroy the branch and hinder the work in this city, but it promised if we would do our duty and be faithful in keeping his commandments, Satan would not succeed and hundreds would yet come to increase our numbers. This prophecy was fulfilled to the very letter, though some unruly members, some coming from other branches joined ours, who wanted to rule, getting swelled up to an extent that nearly overthrew the branch. But after going through disgusting trials, the branch flourished again, and has not been overthrown yet. Yes, I had to do the preaching, and had fair congregations, and in came one by one, those who had been in the faith before, whose faith was blasted by Brighamism, some of whom did not follow the exodus farther than Saint Joseph. But we had also to look to temporal matters. Saint Joseph was then a poor place for employment; there was money there, but those who possessed it did not invest it in any enterprise, only loaned it out on real estate at ten per cent. No improvements of any kind were going on, so there was no work for us; we hunted everywhere for street work, railroad work, anything. So a wood contractor told us, "You should have stayed out West; better than to come here, but I tell you,

boys, you go each of you and get a sawbuck and saw, and as I have to send seven cords of wood now to Mr. Fackler, minister of the Presbyterian Church, go right there and ask for the job of sawing it; telling him I sent you." So we did, and got the job of sawing it, and we got one job after another. My day's work was generally to saw one cord twice, split it, and put it down in the cellar and pile it up for two dollars, not everyone did that. On our wooden trips we met I. C. McIntyre, a plasterer and kalsominer, who went to Utah and returned, still clinging to the old faith. We sawed some wood for him, and he was very glad to hear me speaking of the Reorganization, promised to come to our meetings, which he gladly^d did, and I will show afterwards how he joined us. He in turn spoke to Brother Graham and sent him over to talk with me; he also joined after a while. Our wood sawing did not last long, then we had about two days work in getting ice out of the river. I thought it was about time to get a home before our money was all gone, and after going around to hunt something up and not finding anything suitable, it happened a Dane came to our meeting from the country, who once lived in Utah, got baptized into the Reorganization by Elder Thomas Job, moved back to the States and bought a small farm, ten miles south from Saint Joseph, three miles from Agency. He told me there was twenty acres joining his for sale and I ought to buy it for six hundred dollars. I went and bought it. On the first of March we moved; this Dane brother, Larson, hauled us out. As we had no team yet, the beginning was hard. Brother Bishop went out to Cameron, railroading with his older boys, and so the branch was left on my shoulders for a time. Every Sunday I walked to town and held services, and visited also all the members in their homes once a month, then walked back home again. Brother McIntyre came regularly to my services, and by and by he requested baptism. He came out to my place. I had a little stream of water fed by springs

running through my place. I baptized him. Some time afterward he was ordained to be presiding teacher of the branch, and he was an efficient officer to assist me in visiting the members of the branch. So the old scattered sheep came around, one by one. John Burlington, senior, and soon his family, Robert Winning and others. Upon Brother Bishop returning from the railroad, a hall was rented for us to hold services in, he generally paying the lion's share on the rent.

December 2, 1871, my eldest boy of four years died of the croup, suddenly.

During the summer of 1872, when I had a few days' spare time, I did some missionary work along the Missouri River north, where were some scattered members living. Having found out I would attend the coming conference at Council Bluffs, they begged me to visit them on my homeward trip, which I promised to do if nothing would hinder me.

I went to conference to volunteer myself to take a mission to Switzerland, and was appointed to that mission. In going home I asked the conductor if I could lay off a few days on my ticket at a certain place. He said their rules did not allow it. I would have to pay full fare, and having no money, I could not keep my promise, which bothered my mind considerably.

As I was walking home from Saint Joseph I met, halfway, my brother-in-law going to town with a load of wood. He said, "It's a good thing you are coming home; the little girl is very sick again. Typhoid fever again; she is mostly out of her head, and then cries for father. 'Oh, if father would only come home; then I will get well.'" I answered, "That she will, I know," and hurried my steps. Coming into the house, opening the door where she laid: "Oh, father, now I will get well again, as you have come home." I said, "Yes, my child, you will get well," and I knelt down by her bedside and offered up a solemn prayer to our heavenly Father in her behalf, the fever left her entirely, and she got better, day by day. Oh, what

a childish faith can do! Then I felt reconciled that I could not lay over on my ticket. But oh, how many times my faith did falter during my life, that I had to ask my heavenly Father, Oh, give me that childlike faith again. We are then in our innocent state, but in growing up, temptations come in every shape and form, trials of every description, and instead of standing firm as a rock, bearing things manfully, we think it is too much for us, and our faith weakens and consequently it is harder for us to carry and endure the burden, which in some form or other is laid upon us.

I was ready to go on my mission, but had to wait till the bishop, Israel Rogers, sent the money; so I was delayed till January.

I bought me a satchel and a coarse, blue jacket, which had to serve me as a coat and overcoat. I did not have the money to do any better, and as I was saying good-bye to my wife and children, two girls and two boys, the last one just a year old, she handed me sixty-five cents, saying, "Take this with you; this is all we have left, but you need it more on your journey, than we do here." I refused it, saying, "What in the world will you do without a cent." She insisted, and as I still refused, she began to weep and begged me to take it.

Arriving at Plano I inquired where Joseph Smith was living, and stayed there over night, went to church next day. It being Sunday I was requested to preach.

A sister at Sandwich in her poverty gave me a dollar. The next day the bishop went with me to Chicago and bought me a third-class ticket. It was a very cold winter, with much snow. One place, not far from the station, the engine left the track out into the snow. Another engine had to come and pull us back to the station, so we had to wait till the track was cleared. I was put in the smoking car, in which were somewhere about twenty men smoking, which made me deadly sick, as I could not stand tobacco smoke, especially from cigars. I asked the

conductor if I could not go into another car, where there was no smoking. He said, Yes, if you will pay so much extra, which I could not do, so I had to take it. I don't think it is right to send a missionary in a smoking car, and at the same time preach so much against tobacco. I opened the window to hold my head out to get good air, but it snowed and blowed and the conductor came and shut it and forbade me opening it again. There was also no stove in the car; so this was the most disagreeable, cold, and sickly ride I ever had. By and by we got blockaded, the engine could not plow through the snow, and there we were. It was a good thing there was a village near by, where they got help to shovel snow, but we were delayed for six or seven hours. As we got to New York to the pier, the steamer was ready to start. Was told that we had time to buy bedclothes, and after we bought, the steamer whistled and they were ready to remove the gangplank, so we had to run and leave our bedding behind. A Danish man was with me who wanted to go to his native country on a short visit; there was a straw tick in our berth, and the steward loaned us a blanket and two straw pillows till we got to Liverpool for one dollar.

We had considerable stormy weather, but I stood it tolerably well. I did not like the boat (the *Atlantic* of the White Star line). I did not know why, had some idea of my own, but what did I understand about it? One day there was a number of passengers together and our steward. We conversed about ocean travels, some giving their experience, and so on. Then I said, "Well, gentlemen, I will tell you one thing, I don't like this ship; and it will not make more than two or three trips at the farthest. It will go down."

All turned looking at me, and one said, "You think then we will get drowned?"

I said, "No; it will not go down this trip, and another thing, we will all land safely, not one will be lost or die." Then

turning to the steward, who was an Englishman, I said to him, "Are you engaged as steward on this ship to return?" He answered, "No; my time is out as soon as we land."

"Good for you," I replied. "Don't enlist again on this boat."

"I will not," he answered.

Now my prediction was verified, as I read in the papers about two months after that the steamer *Atlantic*, of the White Star Line, foundered on the Newfoundland coast and went to the bottom of the sea with six or seven hundred passengers. The crew saved themselves, but the captain went down with the rest, if I am not much mistaken, and an Austrian steward. He was a fine specimen of manhood and crossed the sea the same time I did. I had a great desire then to warn him not to go again with that steamer, but I could not find a chance to do so.

Arriving at home in my native land, what a joy there was among my brothers and sister, and their families. They always did love me as their youngest brother, father being dead a number of years. The news soon spread all over town, and I had a lot of visitors to satisfy their surprise, and inquiries about the country and such things. But I entered into my mission field to proclaim the glad tidings of the restored gospel. In those days, if anyone came from America, they thought he had a lot of money to play the gentleman, and be willing, and glad not only to be social according to the world, but treat them as well. Well, what is that? some one may ask. Go with them to the hotels and pay for drinks, good wine, and have a jolly time.

As soon as they saw I was not inclined that way, the tide turned, and many of those who wanted to be my friends along that line, commenced to slander me, saying that I dare not go back to America, as they had banished me from the country. This they said as they found out I was going to stay a while and was not in a hurry to go back. The brother with whom I

was staying told me there was a little money left for me after father's death, as it was divided among the heirs, and my share amounted to seventy francs (about eleven dollars and fifty cents), and told me where to go to get it. So I did. About two weeks afterward I received a note from the man who was also Sections Chief, for eighty-eight francs, to pay for military tax from the time I went to America until now. I went to see him and told him that I was not going to pay taxes in two countries at the same time, as I paid my regular taxes in America where I lived. He said: "It's a good thing for you that you have drawn your money as you did, as you would not get it any more, but don't stay long in one place, travel around, and I think you won't be bothered." I think he was kind of friendly with me, because we went to school together. Well, I remembered my family, wrote to my wife of my safe arrival, and inclosed a five dollar bill in the letter. In her answer she wrote that she had a dream, she received a letter from me with money in it. She could not understand how could this be, but so it was, and she was overwhelmed with joy that I arrived safely at my destination and thanking me a thousand times for the gift in the letter, but still remarking that I ought to have kept it, as I would surely have need of it.

Well, I preached every Sunday in one of my brother's homes (the old father house), and received invitations from other places. People got so surprised they did not know what to make of it. They never heard such preaching and Bible explanations before and said, "This man has got the whole Bible in his head." Well, the Lord blessed me abundantly, and to him I give the glory, and my labors were not in vain.

One of my brothers asked for baptism. He, and also my sister, were members of the church before I left my native country. I went to visit my cousins in Hedingen. Sister Smith said to me as the door opened and a good sized boy

entered, "Uncle, do you remember that boy?" I said, "How could I know him?" She replied, "Don't you know thirteen years ago when you were going to America, I called you in to pray for my sick child; that's him. He got better right away, and I did not go to the doctor's any more for him." She joined after a while, her aged mother, her neighbor's wife, and also in time my cousin himself. I preached in different towns, so the people had something to talk about, for or against. Then I went to the city of Zurich, went into the Brighamite meeting and got some from them. One thing is sure, the Lord was with me and my labors were not in vain.

I had to get me a suit of clothes. It looked rather shabby—what I had on. My brother said to me, "I am almost ashamed of you with those clothes on, especially that jacket." This emptied my pocketbook and now trying times started. I could not consider living on my folks, as they were all poor, and I had too much character to want to impose on them. I worked at whatever came to my hand to pay for my board. Brother was a silk dyer, and took some contracts beside for taking care of vineyards, when the dyeing business did slacken. Some times I assisted him, and whenever he was at his trade again I attended to it, as I understood the cultivation of grape vines very well. I also attended to his garden, which was of good size, and did many other things. In the meantime I went around and sowed the gospel seed wherever I could. Tracts I was bound to have to back me up, and to show that I represented a church, not myself only. So whenever I was at liberty, not working, I translated tracts, and as Utah Mormonism had become a stink everywhere, I had to show the difference between the two churches. Consequently I needed tracts, not only for the regular world, but also for the Brighamite Mormons; so I translated into the German language: The truth made manifest; Bible versus polygamy; Is polygamy an original tenet of the church? Brighamism; its promises and its

failure; Rejection of the church; Legal succession; The plan of salvation. As I was a good writer and had a good education, I knew that I translated them correctly; but how to get them printed was another question. As the church did not give me any assistance in that line, I had to drop the idea of getting any of them printed. So I wrote copy after copy, gave away, and sent by mail to persons where I thought they might do some good, but the postage amounted to quite a little sum, and so this was limited.

I wanted to work and not be idle. My duty was to preach the gospel, to spread the truth, and where I did not have the opportunity to speak personally, I sent by mail the written word, but I was hampered in doing one thing or the other—not having the nickels or dimes to do so. I got hold of seven "Voices of Warning," which I loaned out and had them always on the go. Two or three I sold.

In working so much in the vineyard, I contracted rheumatism, so for a time I could not tie my shoes, nor loosen them, and had to ask my brother's wife to do it. Once I helped a man to thresh wheat; there were eight of us. We had to be there at four in the morning, working till nine at night. We had plenty to eat and to drink. Worked four days until it was finished for one franc a day (about eighteen cents). And I was not used to threshing with a flail for so many years, my right arm got so sore that I had no use of it for a whole week, could actually not write a word.

I then went to visit my wife's relations in Thurgan; was well received at first, out of curiosity. I helped them to work in their potatoes, but they did not want to hear anything about any religion but their own. So it goes, and the best policy is to take things as they come, do the best you can, and leave the residue with God. I encountered every kind of people in my travels, but avoided casting pearls before swine, and having

disputations with those who only want to ridicule and slander, despisers of truth and light.

I am truly thankful to those brothers and sisters in America, who assisted me in the hours of need, and I believe that God did bless them for the same, that they did not feel the loss of it, and my folks here in the land of my fathers have done nobly for me, and their reward will not fail. The few Saints here have tried to do what they could to further the cause.

I came in contact with some of the Utah elders and they did not want any discussion and warned their members not to receive or listen to me. In different localities I found a few, after preaching unto them the gospel, that promised to be baptized the next time I came, but they had not the courage to do so. Still some obeyed.

In 1874 it looked like everything was blocked against me, having nothing, neither any show whatever of getting assistance. I made up my mind to hire out to work in the vineyards on the Lake of Zurich, and partly engaged myself to the owner of a large vineyard, telling him if I did not come in two days (as we never know what will happen) he should not look for me any more. He agreed to it. When I got home and told my brother what I was going to do he promptly said, "You must not go; you are not able to stand the kind of hard work you would have to do. I know what it is. I have gone through it myself." I answered, "What in the world shall I do then?" He remarked, "I can not understand why your church in America does not sustain you any better than that. It is a shame," and just at this moment a letter came from Brother Avondet, at Geneva, who was sent on a mission to Italy and France a few months before myself, requesting me to come to Geneva, and counsel with him, describing his situation as similar to mine. I did not have a cent, somebody loaned me the money to go. That settled my working for that man in his vineyard. I went and found him. We talked the matter over

and he said that he had written to Brother Ursenback to loan him some money for a certain length of time, which he received. We rented a room with a bed, went around and found some old Brighamites, which left the church, talked with them, boarded with a butcher. He was very favorable and would have liked to join the church, but he had left his wife some time ago, and was living with another one. He wished to know if we would accept him on this condition. Certainly we could not do so, and that settled it. We went to a Brighamite meeting, but the presiding officer, a Frenchman, raised a racket, and came nearly throwing Brother Avondet out-of-doors, which he would have done if he had been alone. I said, "Don't waste your time on such a brute." Then we went to a newspaper office owned by Englishmen, who printed the *Continental Herald* and *Swiss Times*, and desired to have an article published as a challenge to the Utah elders then in Switzerland, which was gladly accepted without pay.

This is the challenge:

Inasmuch as for several years some men, who claim themselves to be followers of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (better known as Mormonism) sent out as missionaries under Brigham Young, the Pope of the Rocky Mountains, Utah Territory, America, have preached not only in the United States of America, but also very near in every nation in Europe, that polygamy was instituted by said Smith and that it was and is a true doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. We found ourselves necessitated to make it known to the public that Joseph Smith never founded that doctrine, never preached and never practiced it; and that this doctrine of polygamy is not and was never a doctrine of true Mormonism, and is contrary to the standard works of the church; namely, the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants. We feel it our duty: "First to cast off this stain from Joseph Smith and the original church of Mormonism. Second: We feel to do all that is in our power to warn the people from such impostors and this abominable doctrine, and we therefore challenge these men to prove in public that Smith was the founder, and that it is a doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

(Signed)

JOHN AVONDET,
J. L. BEAR,

Missionaries of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

I went back to Zurich, and Avondet said he would join me in a week. As he came he asked for me to write for both of us to Brother Joseph and the Bishop, asking to be released from our mission, or be supported with means to carry on the work, as we could not stand it any longer without proper aid. We also sent our reports to Brother Patterson, in England, missionary in charge, and mentioned our situation. He answered us that if we could get no assistance to come over to England till the Bishop would send us money to get home. In the meantime Brother Avondet was boarding with my brother, and then we traveled around some, and as I had the address of one of my wife's relatives named Taylor, who belonged once to the Utah Church, we hunted him up. He could speak French as good as German, as he traveled in France a good deal. We convinced him, I baptized him, and we ordained him an elder and gave him the oversight of the Swiss members, but he was also very poor in this world's goods and getting aged, so it was impossible for him to get around much. Then we went back to Zurich, and Affoltem, held several meetings out in the woods, with the few members there, and were greatly blessed.

The answer came from America that conference had released us and the money would come as soon as they could get it for our return. We started for England, were welcomed by Brother and Sister Taylor at Birmingham. Did not see Brother Patterson; he must have gone to America. We attended conference at Birmingham. They had preaching in a rented hall at Wallsall north. Brother Taylor took me with him, but as it was a rainy day could not expect a big crowd. Brother Cāton, and the Greenwood boys and a number of the sisters were along. We went by rail. I was called to preach unexpectedly, and after the services Brother Canton and the Greenwoods shook hands with me, saying, "Well done, brother; we prayed for you and our prayers were answered." "Brother

Taylor wanted me to preach," said Brother Caton, "but I said, 'No, call on Brother Bear,' and now you have preached the identical sermon I would have preached, very near word for word, and it was fine." Brother Taylor also took me to another place, where I had to preach.

In the fall I also received a letter from my wife, telling what straitened circumstances they were in. They had a failure of crop altogether on account of a drought, bought flour, and oats for the horses on credit, potatoes all gone, cows so poor they could hardly walk, and she didn't know what to do, hoping for me to come home as soon as possible. I think we stayed in England about six weeks before our money arrived; then we sent back Brother Ursenback's money. As the time of our departure arrived, and we were seated in a train, a young man (brother) who had just joined the church a little time before, entered the car with two packages of French grapes, and handing them to us said, "It just struck me a little while ago, to bring you these; you may need them on the water."

We left Liverpool on the 9th of December on the steamer *Ohio*, of the Red Star Line, and had most of the time a rough sea. I got sick, but not the regular seasickness at all. Had a very high fever and got worse day by day, my throat and mouth getting almost closed up. My tongue got glued to the roof of my mouth, my lips getting glued together with a burning heat. I had the paper sack with the grapes close to my head, and pulling my lips apart, I pushed a berry in my mouth. Oh, how cooling it was; how it softened my parching lips and loosened the tongue from the roof of my mouth! And so I continued with my berries day by day, whenever I found it necessary to keep my lips and tongue apart. It lasted many days, and I took no other food whatever, neither desired any. But those grapes saved my life; without them I should have perished.

Now, who was it that inspired that young man, brother, to bring those grapes in such a hurry? A minute later and the train would have been gone. God was surely watching over me through my guardian angel. I acknowledge again his hand in my behalf. Brother Avondet stood the journey well, not one moment sick. I had no appetite to eat, but got along fairly.

We encountered fearful storms, huge waves, as high as forty feet came rolling along with terrific force, crashed over the deck, cracked in two some of the iron pillars on which the lifeboats rested, and out into the sea went pillars and boats, while other pillars broke off below the deck floor, and so made a big hole in the deck. Three lifeboats were gone, and a portion of the iron railing around the deck was gone, all the sails torn in shreds. It sounded, when you were down in the ship, like the ship was assailed by a hostile fleet, who hurled their terrible balls of iron at it. An elderly colored man was on board the vessel, and he said that he had crossed the Atlantic seven times, but never encountered such a storm as this. The ship was in a pitiable condition when we reached Philadelphia on the 22d of December. On the cars I was still sick; could not eat anything. At Saint Louis, Brother Avondet and I parted, he taking the train to Omaha and I to Saint Joseph. Arrived there late in the night, and then a ten-mile walk, arriving at home at eight o'clock in the morning of December, 1874; found my folks all well, and what a joy to meet one another again.

My wife had saved a few potatoes to make me a meal, when I would come home, and she had a little bread left yet. As I knew they were in straitened circumstances, I saved the few dollars which we received from the Bishop over our carfare, counseling us to buy some warm clothes for the journey. I saved my share for my family, and well it was I did. I went to the miller and paid him for the flour and oats they owed him

for and bought some more. I had just come home at the right time to keep them from suffering, and our thanks went up to the throne of grace for His goodness and kindness towards us. The struggle was hard to keep straight in temporal matters, but we took it patiently. The bitter cup to drink was not empty yet. In about ten days one of the horses died, and the cows were so lean and weak it was hardly possible to drive them to the creek for water. Having no money to buy another horse, we had to do without it until spring, when we got a good one for fifty dollars. How we paid for it I can not remember. During the rest of the winter we were clearing land to raise a crop, for in two years it went back to the owner. We walked every morning when the weather permitted, two and one half miles with our tools and dinner pail, to work till nearly sundown. Then being tired and worn out we walked home and did the chores there. In all my life, I never could fool my time away, neither in temporal nor spiritual labor. Thank God that I had parents who taught me to work and to pray, and to be honest with everybody and a burden to no one. I never was sorry that I had to do this from my earliest childhood. Then, idleness is the beginning of all crimes. Occasionally we went to meeting in Saint Joseph. Brother Burlington being then president of the branch, made me occupy the pulpit whenever I came.

We also made cord wood on shares, about one and a half miles from home, and one day as we cut down a large white oak, in felling it a sapling got under the trunk of the oak and kept it from falling to the ground. I could see the danger of cutting the sapling as the butt end of the sapling would surely strike me, when the falling of the oak would give it a swing. I studied and hesitated, and finally resolved to cut it down, as it had to be down. And, lo, by the last lick, I found myself lying on the ground a few rods away, stunned. As I came to myself, the blood was streaming down my face,

the butt end of the sapling had struck me on my left eye in the eyebrow. I took my handkerchief and tied my eye up, telling my partner to hitch up, as we would have to go home. As my wife removed the bandage, the children looked, then burst into loud crying, for the open wound was so large that you could lay your finger in it. Well, I call this another narrow escape.

Some of the Saints in Switzerland and myself kept up a regular correspondence. They missed me very much, hoping I would come back as soon as possible.

In 1878 we were offered a good sized farm to rent, about three fourths of a mile away, and we thought we might better our condition in renting, instead of clearing the land for others, and so we rented it. Some time before this I got a sunstroke while working in our own field at home, as we still kept that, and the neighbors there hauled me home, as we did not have a team there. The children also did get chills and fever every other day, so we were again in a fix. My brother-in-law was the least affected. Well, I got worse and worse, and soon my wife got sick; the girls were still able to tend to the kitchen. Neighbors were far apart. A German and his wife came down sometimes, and he told my brother-in-law that there was very little hope for me to live. My wife got some better and was able to get around again. Sometimes the spirit of prayer came over me, and I felt a little strengthened, and I pled with my heavenly Father, yea, he who had so many times delivered me out of trouble. I did not plead for life but for relief from my sufferings; yea, with weeping and weeping I pleaded with my God in the name of his only Begotten, and that night I slept some and dreamed that I was in the old country preaching the gospel. Well, that was more than I could understand and believe, but I recovered without a doctor. My wife was taken down again, the children still had the chills, especially the older boy.

Now, here comes the greatest trial in my life, so to say. I now did catch the fever and chills, and my wife was getting worse all the time. Sometimes I was afraid she would die, then I pleaded with my heavenly Father to spare her. I went into the barn, where no one could interrupt me, and prayed, pleaded and wept. I could not believe that she would have to go, could not believe that the Lord would take her away from me, but alas, my hopes were blasted, my faith was in vain. My prayers were not answered. The ears of the Lord refused to hear me, and a few days before her death, as I was laying on the other side of the chamber with a heavy fever on me, after a severe shaking, I could look over at her, and I saw that her end was near. I went over to her and said, "Are you going to leave me?" She answered, "Yes, I have to leave you." "Oh, my God what shall I do when you are gone? It's too much, it's too much for me to lose you." She answered, "The Lord will take care of those children; you go and preach the gospel." The day after she died, November 7, 1878, her youngest child being but seven months old. I wish to state here also that she desired me to take that first mission to the old country.

On the day of the burial several of the Saints from Saint Joseph came, Brother Caffall, one of the Twelve, preached the funeral sermon. Brother Kinnaman, of Stewartsville, was with him. I laid on the floor with the chills again. Sister Niedorp, of Saint Joseph, came over to me saying, "Brother Bear, will you not go to the funeral?" I said, "I can not get up alone, neither can I wash and dress me." So she helped me, washed my face, and put on a clean shirt and my clothes, then the brethren lifted me into the wagon, and so we went.

Oh, what sad days I had after; tired of life! Oh, how I missed her; such a true, loving wife she was. We went hand in hand through our short pilgrimage in this world. I brooded and brooded over it; no more happiness, so it seemed, and indeed I can not forget her.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 295.)

She had never thought to find out what doctrine John referred to. He smiled amusedly at her ready defense with scripture, and then confessed that he had come near bringing them home the night before, but a neighbor sent them to the hotel, and said he would settle the bill.

Though Mrs. Burton was not at all apprehensive of them turning out to be angels, she did not relish the thought of being inhospitable to strangers, they never had been,—so she relented and said if he wished to bring them home, or felt that it was his duty to do so, she would prepare dinner. She set before them the best she had, but she received them as strangers rather than as ministers.

Elder Mills was not with them. He was to follow in about two weeks. Mrs. Burton's brother came with them and was much interested in their explanation of the Scriptures. Perhaps she would have been too had she heard. The conversation was between George and Elder Cook. Mr. Burton had very little to say but was sufficiently interested to continue to attend the meetings.

It will be remembered that this was 1873, and although the Reorganization was twenty-one years old, it did not move with the rapidity then that it does now. Prejudice ran high. It was indeed an independent editor who would give or even sell space in his paper to insert an item in favor of the Latter Day Saints.

Only a few, comparatively, even in the Middle States, knew of the restoration of the gospel, the apostasy, and the Reorganization; much less those living on the extreme eastern border of America, and under the British flag, as Mr. and Mrs.

Burton did, whose literature pertained to their own country.

When Mr. Burton came home from the meeting Sunday evening he told his wife that he believed her brother was going to join them. She was almost dumbfounded. She felt hurt, provoked, angry, and sorry altogether. She talked with her brother on Monday, but he did not relent; when he left the house she had a good cry, and thinking she would have to write to his wife, and his folks something about what was carrying George away, she concluded that she would go Monday evening and see for herself. Mr. Burton was getting too interested to miss a meeting, and from that very evening she too became interested, and at once gave Mr. Burton her consent to bring the strangers home to stay all night if they wished to. In reality, the sermon had suggested so many questions that she wished to have a talk with them. All through the week she heard the elder speak of the one way, the one true church, and that too being the way she was not in, her pleasant dream or vision would loom up before her.

After learning that they as a people were antagonistic to polygamy and the kindred evils practiced in Utah, and were of a separate faith and organization, and were closely adhering to Bible doctrine, both Mr. Burton and his wife thought perhaps it might be the gospel that they had unwittingly prayed for; at least they would give it a thorough investigation. The more they searched and delved into it, the more reasonable and scriptural it appeared; nor could they let it rest; it seemed to fasten itself upon their thoughts, so they reasoned, read, and prayed over the matter until they were convinced that it did not originate with man; there was divinity in it. They both saw that it was truly greater light on the Scriptures. They had prayed for greater light, for the true gospel, now this had come to them with the promises—on condition of obedience—gifts, blessings, and powers of the gospel

as preached in the days of Christ and the apostles, with the same church organization, and they felt that it was their duty to obey; that they must be baptized by those holding the authority delegated by Christ through the channels of revelation. Yet these conclusions were not attained until they had passed over the same path, or the same experience that hundreds of others had, commencing with the thought that these preachers were honest and sincere, but they had got into the wrong church, and if Mr. Burton could have some good talks with them, he could doubtless show them their errors. This opportunity was, as the reader has seen, granted; they were invited to the house frequently, but they were not so easily converted. Mr. Burton found that to be fair and honest he was compelled to yield every point. It was with Elder Daniel S. Mills that the long, pleasant talks were had—the other two remained but a week, then passed on to new fields. How kindly and gently he dealt with their prejudices, not condemning what they had, but showing the beauty of what they had not. They were not required to renounce any Bible truth that they had, or any part of the gospel of Christ, but to their surprise they found that they had very little of the principles of the gospel. They had faith, repentance, and baptism (by immersion), resurrection of the dead and the judgment, consisting in eternal bliss or eternal burning. Of officers in the church they had a pastor, a deacon, and a clerk. Meager, indeed, when compared with the officers that Christ set in his church for the work of the ministry, and the perfecting of the Saints; and as for the gifts of the Spirit, there was no claim made to any. Then came the thought, why leave their own church? Why not believe the message and take to themselves in their own church? But reading and reasoning soon showed that it was impossible. If one was the true church of Christ, the other was not, and what profit was it to remain in a wrong church? Besides, the gifts were not promised, nor could

they be attained short of entire obedience, which would constitute them Latter Day Saints.

And again they saw how similar this gospel was to that of eighteen hundred years ago, when Peter the apostle



ELDER DANIEL S. MILLS.

preached to the great multitude gathered at Jerusalem, among whom were devout men out of every nation under heaven. But the gospel made the same claim to one that it did to an-

other, in that the apostle said, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." So Mr. Burton was convinced that he must begin all over again. Predestination was the only point that he was not fully satisfied on. When Elder Mills left the house a day or two prior to his baptism, he said upon leaving, "I see I have not satisfied you upon that subject, but I will advise you to make it a subject of prayer, and the Lord will give you the knowledge you desire."

The 7th of December dawned dull and gloomy, and the rain fell heavily. Mrs. Burton felt gloomy also, knowing that Elder Mills was soon to return to Alameda County, and Mr. Burton had not received the knowledge that he desired, and she did so wish to be baptized before he left. After breakfast the rain ceased to fall so heavily, and Mr. Burton went out to feed his horses. While out at his work, the promise or statement made by Elder Mills was verified. When he came in he told his wife that he had received the light that he desired, and added, "Now, I am ready to be baptized if you are."

"Yes," she said, "I am ready."

"Then I will go hitch up the horses, and go over for George while you finish your work and get your clothes ready."

She did not stop to make much of a finish of the work, but was ready when he came from the barn to the house and went along with him for George, who was waiting to be baptized with them. Both Elder Mills and Elder Cook, who had returned from Long Valley, were then lodging at Mr. Carmichael's, who lived near the creek, and thither they went. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Page had also become interested in the work, and since she had expressed a desire to witness a baptism by immersion, they called to let them know, and they too were present.

Elder Cook administered the rite of baptism, and Elder Mills confirmed Mr. Burton and his wife by the laying on of

hands, and Elder Cook confirmed Brother Davison. Quite a number were interested, and investigating, and, now that the ice was broken, others soon followed, prominent among whom were our good friends, Mr. Carmichael and his wife, who took their stand again for the truth, and two days later a branch of some nine or ten members was organized, called the "Jefferson Branch," of which Joseph F. Burton officiated as priest, being ordained that same day.

All who had obeyed this restored gospel were greatly interested in it, notwithstanding their previous study of the Bible, and religious life, the whole plan of salvation as revealed in the word of God seemed new, when viewed in this new light, and they must needs learn it all over again, as though they had not been Christians. There were no gifts or blessings or promises made, or enjoyed by a people in the dispensation of Christ that were not for his people in this dispensation. But all that was had and enjoyed in those days was restored and had in his church at the present day. That the channel of communication was open between the eternal God and his children. That he spoke again from the heavens, as formerly, to both servants and handmaidens; that unknown tongues and prophecy were enjoyed in the social meetings of the Saints; that were living prophets and apostles in his church, in these days as formerly. This with all it implied, was a new light, and one felt in very deed that he had been transplanted from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, yet as babes they could not grasp it all at once. There was much to learn. Therefore, though it was the month of December, and characterized in California by rain and mud, it did not hinder in the least from attending meetings almost every evening. They were held in the dwelling houses, none nearer than two miles, and sometimes five miles away, on dark nights. But so sweet was this precious

new truth, that no such trifles would deter them from assembling where the Spirit of the Lord edified and taught.

All except three of that little branch of the Church of Christ were as babes in the work—had not heard of it until it came to them—and although they believed and rejoiced in what they believed, they could not yet claim the knowledge that Jesus promised, namely, “If any man shall do his will he shall know of the doctrine.” Mr. Burton had been convinced of the truth from the words of God found in his own Bible. He would not at first accept the teachings from Latter Day revelations. He rather stumbled in his mind concerning living prophets. He said he would not deny any of those things he did not know about. If they were true they would be unfolded to them in their time.

Now I will copy from his own writings as found in his diary. He first spoke of the day of his baptism, and by whom, and said:

After this I sought earnestly for a testimony, but received none until near three weeks had passed. I had attended a temperance meeting in the evening, and coming home late, found all the family in bed, asleep. I thought as all was quiet, I would once more supplicate our Father for a testimony in reference to the latter day work, that in its strangeness we had obeyed, because we loved it, but now wanted the promised evidence of its divinity. I bowed in prayer, but all I could utter was “Lord have mercy upon me, and show me the truth,” or words to that effect. I went to bed and was soon asleep. I dreamed my brother John and I were on the road to Hollister and as night drew on we had stopped for the night at an adobe house, were in bed in a room that had two doors, one by the head and one by the foot of the bed; while lying there the room got very dark, and the darkness increased until it caused an intense feeling of horror, so that I thought I must surely die. Just then a man who was standing at the head of the bed, but unobserved by us, said: “This always precedes a vision.” Then the darkness slowly passed away, and the room became lighter and lighter until it was filled with a beautiful, mellow light—very clear. Then a woman came into the room through the door at the head of the bed, carrying in her hand a lighted candle in a candlestick. She passed through the room, then came back and went out through the door by which she entered. I spoke to my brother, being very indignant that a woman should come into our room, but looking up towards the ceiling, I saw a hand holding a spear-head, with a few inches of the shaft attached. They appeared very

beautiful, with a halo of brightness surrounding them, greater than the light of the room, which I thought was as light as could be. While looking with much pleasure at this, the same woman entered the room again, with the same lighted candle and candlestick. Again I felt indignant, but as she passed by the bed, I sat up, and after she had gone through the room I found myself holding my hands together, and upon opening them—as one would open a book—found I was holding the spear-head. It dropped into seven pieces lengthwise, the first piece off one side, the second piece was the full length from the tip of the spear to the end of the staff: the other side fell into five pieces. As I sat examining these, the man who spoke before said: "These are the seven prophets of the last days, two have been, i. e., one was and one is." I then thought this: "Joseph was, and Joseph is. It is forty years since Joseph came; if the other five each have forty years it will be two hundred years yet till Christ comes, and that is too far off." The man answered my thoughts by saying: "Why do you murmur and wonder in your thoughts? Behold, the other five come quickly."

I awoke; the day was just dawning. I was happy and satisfied that God had sent to the world a great light. That Joseph was his servant and that Joseph is our prophet. May God ever keep us in the light till the bright millennial dawn; that we may ever be with our Lord.

The writer does not find the interpretation of the dream in his diary, but remembers well that when telling this dream or vision, he would give the interpretation that came to him at the time, like this. The room represented the world; he and his brother the religious and irreligious inhabitants. The world was in darkness when Christ came and lighted it by his presence. The woman with the lighted candle in her hand was the church in those days, and it was the religious instead of the irreligious man that had indignation because of her. Her going out was the first apostasy after Christ's time. Her coming back with the same light was the restoration of organization of the church in 1830. The second going out and speedy return was the latter day apostasy after the death of Joseph the Martyr, and the reorganization under the second Joseph, in the which was shown him the seven prophets of the last days.¹ He continues:

¹By the division of the spearhead it would seem to indicate that the five that were to come would occupy the same length of time as that of the first two, but it would not follow that they would succeed each other in the church. We read that there are to be two prophets at Jerusalem just prior to the end, who shall be slain. We read also that a prophet shall lead the lost tribes down from the north country, when they come to Zion.—E. B. B.

During the day, doubts came into my mind respecting the above being a testimony from God, and after worrying myself about it until towards evening, I went apart, to the foot of an old oak tree, where I used to go for secret prayer. I there made known to the Lord my feelings, and in my agony or great desire to know the truth of the matter, I said something as follows: "Lord, if thou wilt make known unto me whether the vision or dream I had was of thee, then whatsoever thou wilt command, I will do, thou helping me. But if I receive not, and this people, or doctrine, is wrong and I continue in it, at the judgment thou mayest not condemn me, for I have asked and you have not told me; I have sought, and you have not made known."

I arose and went to the house. The shades of evening were gathering around us. I took the lamp off the kitchen table, and went into an adjoining room and sat it on the table, and for some cause looked directly over my head towards the ceiling, when there was the hand and the spearhead clear and distinct. No doubts now. I thought I should sink through the floor. Oh, how unworthy I felt then! Could I doubt more? No. Emma also had this confirmed to her.

It was the last day of December (I think) when the foregoing took place. When Mr. Burton told his wife his dream in the morning, he requested her to ask the Lord to confirm it to her, if it was from him. Her request was, if what had been shown to her husband was a vision or inspired dream given for their instruction, that he would grant to her her hearing for one day, and that upon the coming New Year's Day, when the members of the branch would be together, so that it would be a confirmation to the people, as well as to themselves.

All the members of the Jefferson Branch had previously been invited to spend the New Year's Day at Brother Carmichael's (he being president of the branch), and eat a turkey dinner. Mr. Burton, with his wife and children in the wagon, called and took Mrs. Page along with them—she was then Sister Page. She had not been with them but a few minutes till she said: "Why, Sister Burton, you have got your hearing?" Mrs. Burton had been administered to several times, that she might have her hearing restored. She smiled and asked the sister if she thought she heard better—she knew herself that she had heard since her first waking in the morning. The reply was: "I don't think anything about it; I know it,"

or words to that effect. All that day the sister was being congratulated from time to time by first one and then another on having her hearing restored. She answered in a quiet and pleased way, but made no demonstration of feeling about it, for in her heart she did not expect to retain it any longer than the one day, neither did she then say anything to them about having asked it as a testimony, until going home, when Sister Page spoke again of her feeling so glad that ultimately the hearing had been given. To which Mrs. Burton replied:

“Are you sure I have heard well to-day?”

“Why, yes; we all knew it, and you knew it, too.”

“Yes; I knew I had heard, but I could not tell just how loud the people had spoken.”

“We did not speak any louder to you than to any other.”

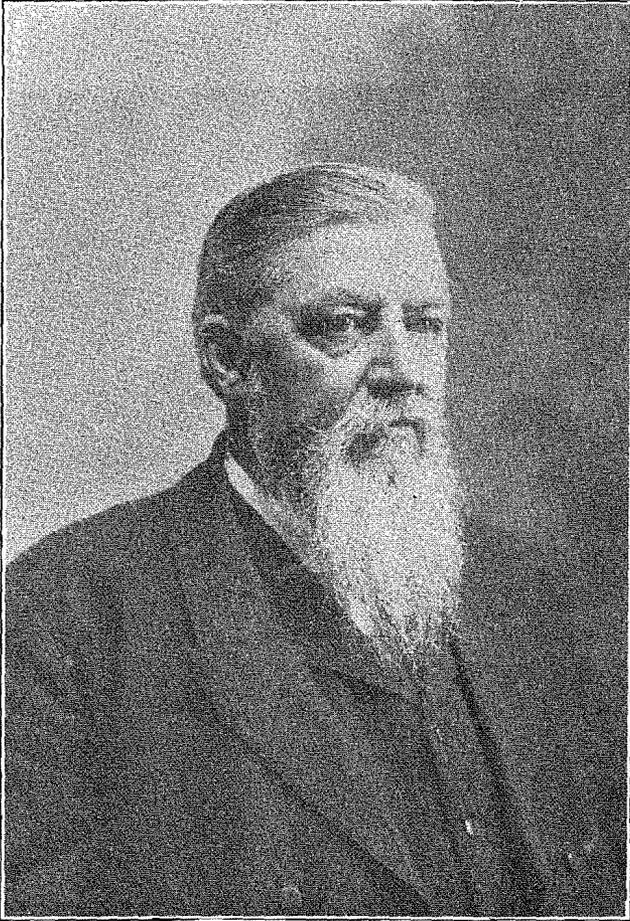
“Well,” said Mrs. Burton, “now I will tell you that I asked of the Lord my hearing for this day, as a confirmation of a testimony that Joseph received, so when you hear his dream or vision, you will know that it is true.”

Mr. Burton officiated as branch priest. President Carmichael enjoyed preaching to and teaching his infant branch, and all enjoyed hearing him. Mr. Burton accepted one appointment to preach, while he was a priest, but was so soon done that he was fearful about trying again. On the first day of the following May, Mr. Burton was ordained an elder at the Santa Cruz district conference held at San Benito (sometimes called Mulberry), under the hands of Elders Alexander H. Smith, Daniel S. Mills, and Hervey Green, Pres. Alexander H. Smith being mouth.²

In a short time after this district conference, there was a two-day meeting held at Watsonville. There was quite a large gathering of Saints and elders. Among other appoint-

²I will here state that from the first meeting of Elder Burton with Pres. Alexander H. Smith a warm friendship sprang up between them, that remained with them to the end of their lives.

ments; there was one for Elder Burton, Elder Hervey Green occupied the stand with him. He started out well, spoke a few minutes as if he were an experienced preacher, but



PATRIARCH ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

he soon found he was in too deep water, commenced to flounder, and sat down. The congregation was disappointed and he was much embarrassed. Brother Green arose to fill the time and added not a little to his embarrassment by saying: "When

a boy starts to go to school, he is expected to commence with the A B C's, not to start out the first day in algebra," which was very good counsel, but not very soothing to the sensitive feelings. In speaking of it to his wife he said he felt as if he would sink through the floor; that he was utterly disgraced. After meeting, when all were outside the church, Bro. Alexander Smith, seeing how very depressed he looked, came up to him and said in his genial way: "Don't feel so badly, Brother Burton, you are not the first elder who has failed in his beginning. What you want to start you preaching is a rub up," at the same time passing his hand up the back of his head in a very ruffling manner, and bringing his hand down on his shoulders with a friendly shake; and laughing, he left him.

He occupied the stand in Jefferson Branch once after that, not satisfactory to himself, yet it could not be called a failure. For the benefit of the reader, who may not be acquainted with the customs of the Latter Day Saint elders, I will say that they do not write their sermons, but speak as the Spirit giveth utterance on whatever subject is presented to them, previously informing themselves upon it according to opportunity.

Again the Sunday came around, when according to appointment Elder Burton was to preach, and upon this day there were a few of our neighbors came who were not in the habit of attending; in fact, some who had never heard our elders, and President Carmichael was, of course, anxious that the work should be fairly represented and was inwardly much perturbed and excited. As they were moving about taking their places, Elder Burton chanced to hear him say to a brother, "Here are these strangers, and the appointment is for Brother Burton, but he can't preach!" Upon hearing that, Elder Burton soliloquized: If I can not preach, I better find it out and give up my license. However, he did not give up his appointment, and very fearlessly preached a good sermon. The

Saints were surprised and delighted, and the president was satisfied. When telling his wife of the remark he heard, she said: "Do you not remember that Brother Alex. said you needed a 'rub up' to start you preaching?" After that he knew no failure. The remark that Brother Dana made of him in regard to the liberty he enjoyed while on his first little mission to Santa Maria was, that it was like pouring water out of a pitcher.

Again I copy from his diary:

May 4, 1874. I was ordained an elder by Brn. Alexander H. Smith (mouth), Daniel S. Mills, and Hervey Green. That night I dreamed I was at the foot of a large hill or mountain, say 1,200 or 1,500 feet high, smooth and covered with yellowish grass. There were two men with me, one on each side, one holding to my right hand, one to my left hand. They kept a little in advance of me. We were very happy. About midway up, I got so accustomed to climbing that I walked along abreast without assistance, although we kept our hands joined. As we neared the top, I became still more happy. Finally we got to the top. I thought one of my companions made a remark complimentary of my traveling qualities, and then told me to look around. I turned, and from the foot of the mountain extended a vast plain, the horizon of which did not dip, but appeared to be extended perfectly level, and the horizon was only bounded by my sight. The plain was covered with villages, cottages, fences, orchards, and long roads crossing each other at right angles, a beautiful plain. After viewing it a while he said, Let us go on to the temple. I turned and saw a magnificent building fronting the plain. There seemed to be an infinite number of minarets, towers, and steeples; and a wide open porch with several steps in front.

Walking ahead of us I saw Alexander Smith, Daniel S. Mills, and Hervey Green going into the temple, talking or chatting together as they went. As I got near the building, I was more struck with the remarkable workmanship and beauty of it. Gradually it faded from my view, and I was awake, feeling that indescribable peace and happiness which accompanies such scenes.

At one time, when he retired to the old oak, his bower of prayer, and knelt beneath its spreading branches to commune with God, and entreat him for a more definite knowledge, that the work he had entered into was all it purported to be, he had made this statement: "If the Lord will show me beyond a doubt that this is the true church, I will preach this gospel as long as I live." And now since that testimony had been given,

and confirmed to both, as well as to those who were present upon New Year's Day, he felt that he was under obligations to perform his part of the covenant. Just simply preaching occasionally in the branch did not satisfy him as doing his part; he wished, and in fact felt under obligation to devote his whole time to the work, but his then present circumstances were such that he must remain at home and work the place or his family would have no support, there being no allowance granted to the elders' families in those days, and he was ever turning the thought in his mind how he would dispose of his grain ranch and get a few acres of ground on which he could raise fruit and vegetables, which, with chickens and eggs, would make a very good living with far less work. He then could soon get his family in position so they could do much towards maintaining themselves. His little son, though young, was a real worker, and was willing to work.

One evening as he and his wife were slowly wending their way home from a prayer meeting, he seemed to be in deep thought. His wife supposing he was meditating on some grand and beautiful truth and the principles that were continually opening to their view, remained quiet for a time, then said: "What are you thinking so busily about?" Imagine her surprise when he said: "I was just wondering if I had better ask the Lord to give me a thousand dollars." She laughed softly and said: "Are you not rather extravagant in your figures?"

"No; I have been figuring on it for some time, and I do not see how I can do with less; besides, it is just as easy for the Lord to give me a thousand dollars as one, if he chooses to do so, or if it is necessary for me to have it. I do not wish to 'consume it on my lusts,' so to speak, but I want it to help me get in a position to preach this gospel; that is, to give my whole time to it. I can not sell the place as it is for anything worth while, since I have no title to give. I must build a good

barn and granary, and fix the house and paint it, then there are several debts to be paid."

Meantime he did what he could where he was. February 7, 1875, he baptized Eugene Holt, his first son in the kingdom, and during all the intervening years Eugene has proved himself a son indeed, looking after the interests of his spiritual father, caring for his place and his stock while he was at the Islands, without any remuneration, and thus he has aided him much in getting a home. May God bless him.

February 22, same year, he baptized Hiram Holt and William Carmichael, all three at San Benito. On February 29 he left home, in company with Elder Roswell R. Dana, of Livermore, for a preaching trip south, the objective point being La Graciosa, near Santa Maria, where Newton W. Best had located. They tarried in Long Valley one day, held one meeting. Another day's drive took them to Indian Valley, where they tarried four days, held four meetings, and visited and talked with the people. Some seemed to be interested. Arrived at Newton W. Best's place March 4 and remained in that vicinity until the 16th and created a lively interest. Elder Burton had splendid liberty in all his preaching, and Elder Dana's fireside talks were equally as interesting. None in the vicinity had heard of the restored gospel. Elder Dana's experience in the church enabled him to give such church history as their questions would call for, and relate many instances of the power of God made manifest in his church for the benefit of those who were seeking truth, and also those who had obeyed. None were baptized, however, at that time. It was all so new and marvelous they wished to think about it a while. Again, it was in the hurried season of plowing and planting. The people had turned out well to attend the meetings, but could not continue to do so long, besides the semiannual conference was to be held at Washington Corners the first week in April, and both elders wished to attend; so with a promise

from Elder Burton that he would return soon, they left on the 16th day of March. They found doors shut against them where they had preached on their way down.

Mr. Burton attended the conference in April and baptized on the 11th of April, Willis Drake, John H. Creamer, Mary Ann McQuiz and her son Erwin.

Tuesday, May 4, he started again for La Graciosa; his wife accompanied him. The little band of believers were rejoiced at his coming. He visited among the people and preached both in the schoolhouse and in dwelling houses. One of these discourses was on the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, at which occasion he enjoyed good liberty, and had a full house of attentive hearers. After preaching the following Thursday, he requested all those desiring baptism to rise to their feet. Nine stood up. Friday morning the candidates were baptized and he confirmed them in the afternoon of the same day, the Lord blessing him abundantly with his Spirit in the confirmations. But since the Spirit did not indicate that he should ordain any to the Melchisedec priesthood he deferred organizing a branch until some one of the presiding authorities should accompany him. On the following Sunday he baptized and confirmed one more. Seven of those who were baptized were heads of families. Among them was an elderly Baptist minister, formerly of Kentucky, J. R. Jeffries, and also Newton W. Best and wife, and Charles H. Best and wife. He left the Saints rejoicing in their newly found faith and arrived at home on the 20th.

The success that crowned his efforts on this trip out among those who had not heard of the latter day work, made him more anxious to give his whole time to so glorious a cause, and one that brought such joy, wherever it was received. He had previously hired \$500 and had the lumber hauled and improvements well under way for putting the place in a condition to sell, at the same time offering it for sale. Bro. George

Davison was a carpenter by trade, and he and Mr. Burton did the work of putting up the buildings. It was now into the second year since he had received the gospel, and during that time everything on the ranch increased rapidly, as though a blessing was upon them. About the time the improvements on the place were completed, with the exception of the painting of the house, there were tidings wafted from the south that good lands could be bought cheap in Los Angeles County, now Orange County; a tract of government land had been opened between the Santa Ana and the Los Bolsas Grants, where a better living could be made on twenty acres than in San Benito on one hundred and sixty. A newly baptized brother, J. G. Walker, was going down to see the country with a view to locating. He had his double seated wagon covered for the trip; and drove two horses. He invited Mr. Burton to go with him, which invitation was accepted. On the afternoon of the same day they had left Mr. Burton expecting to stay at Long Valley all night, Elders Alexander H. Smith, Daniel S. Mills, and Russell Huntley drove up to Mr. Burton's with the hope of overtaking them before they got started, for all three of these elders wished to go also. Mrs. Burton had Frank start at 4 a. m. on horseback to notify them to wait for the elders, whose light team would be left in Long Valley until their return. The trip was made and they arrived home again July 16. It was on their return trip from the south that the Santa Maria Branch was organized on July 11, 1875, J. R. Jeffries, presiding elder; Newton W. Best, priest; Charles H. Best, teacher; ordained by Alexander H. Smith, assisted by Joseph F. Burton and J. G. Walker.³ Brother Walker was well pleased with

³The Santa Maria Branch was disorganized by J. R. Jeffries, February 22, 1880, on account of a number moving to the Newport Branch, including the priest and teacher. Was again organized October 14, 1880, by Joseph F. Burton, district president. J. R. Jeffries, president; John Hauk, priest; J. Bennett, teacher; T. Raper, deacon; J. Bennett, clerk. John Hauk ordained priest, and T. Raper deacon by Joseph F. Burton, J. Bennett ordained teacher by L. Hemmenway.

the southern country and determined to go with his family in the fall. But Mr. Burton did not like the low, level country, with its dense fogs, its rank, damp weeds and wilderness of willow trees. And on his return home from his long, hard journey, most of which had to be made on foot, his home in the hills where the air was light and pure, and the grounds comparatively free from weeds, looked so good to him, he resolved not to sell at all, and added one thousand dollars to the price of the place so no one would buy it, saying to his wife: "Now if anyone comes and offers me cash for the place at that price, I will know that it is right for me to go, whether I like the country or not." He did not abandon the thought of giving his time to the ministry, but of selling the place.

During the six weeks that Elder Burton was on his trip south his family had not been idle at home; but set to work to do their best at fixing up the house and tidying up the place. From their three hundred laying hens, she sold sixty dozens of eggs at a good price, and had bought paint and other necessary articles. Brother George had painted the house on the outside, and as much as was paintable on the inside. He had also made a bookcase, a smooth stand, and a rough lounge. The stand, chairs, bookcase, and mantelpiece were artistically painted, and the lounge was neatly and comfortably upholstered and curtained, which made the room look homelike and cozy. And his son Frank, a boy though he was, had exerted himself to make the grounds around the house and barn clean and tidy. When all was done, awaiting the return of the husband and father, his little seven-year-old daughter Addie said in her lisping way: "I'm afraid father won't know this nice looking place when he comes back, and will go right on past." It is seen that he did not go past, but these little improvements made it more than ever the dearest spot on earth, even the foothills that he always loved, seemed to have taken on an additional charm, and he felt quite secure in it, since he had added

the extra thousand, more especially because he had no title to give the buyer. But not so his wife; she had received what she considered a knowledge that they were going south, and that too before they had heard of "gospel swamp." In her dream she saw a stranger come into the yard, whose countenance was more illuminated and pleasant than the average man. He met her husband as he came from the barn and told him to hitch up his horses and take his family and what things he needed and "go to a place that I will show thee." She saw her husband and in fact the whole family make all haste to obey the order. The wagon was loaded, and when ready to start, she saw that it had a white canvas covering. She also saw that it went south past Long Valley, but saw no more.

Not many weeks passed after Mr. Burton's return when Brother Meeder, of Santa Cruz, who wished to purchase a farm for his granddaughter and her husband, learned that Mr. Burton's place was for sale, went with his grandson-in-law, Mr. Hines, to look at it. Mr. Burton went with them all over the ranch, showing them the land, and where the lines were, but saying no words either of recommendation or discouragement, knowing that Brother Meeder was not a stranger to the various qualities of California lands. The sun had nearly made his day's journey from the eastern range of hills to the western, when the men returned from their tour of the ranch. The two men sat down on the woodpile, where the house threw a friendly shadow across it, to talk over the pro's and con's by themselves, and as they talked they looked admiringly at the band of fowls, hens, and turkeys—between three and four hundred—scattered over the stubblefield, picking up their evening meal of scattered grain. Mr. Burton had gone to the barn to care for the horses, while his wife busied herself about getting up as good a supper as a country without vegetables or meat market could afford, substituting rich

cream, sweet butter, and fresh eggs, which their friends from the city partook of with a relish.

Nothing was said during the meal concerning the place. Their conversation was concerning the work of the Lord in Santa Cruz. When Mrs. Burton had finished her house work, she and her husband excused themselves, and just as the moon was lifting her full, round face above the hill, took their milk pails, and went to the corral to milk the cows. It had been so much their habit to talk to the gentle creatures, and pet their young heifers, that they seemed like a part of the family, and it made the tears start to think of parting with them.

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER CHARLES DERRY.

(Continued from page 316.)

We remained in dock several days, and I witnessed an evil on board showing the degradation of both sexes of these consecrated emigrants which I fear the holy water will not wash out. On the 20th we were towed out into the River Mersey and remained at anchor. A poor Irish woman was on board whose husband is in America. He had sent her means to take her and her children to him, but perhaps her expenses had been greater than she expected. She had not means to pay her children's passage and she had stowed them down in the ship's hold. The emigration officers suspected there were stowaways on board, and in searching had found the woman's children. They were about to put them off, when my attention was attracted to a woman in the dense crowd on deck, crying violently and tearing her hair and pleading with the officers to leave her children with her, but they had no pity. I went down among them and inquired the cause when I was told the above particulars. I made a hasty estimate as to the sum required from each of the seven hundred passengers to free those children, about two pence each. I then went to the chief officer, and requested the privilege of appealing to the emigrants on behalf of the woman and her children. When in his Irish brogue, he said, "You may as well try to draw blood from a turnip," but he consented to let me appeal. I mounted the poop deck and made an appeal. I told them I had but one farthing left, but I gave it for a starter. The first mate of the ship came to me and told he would give ten shillings, and proposed to go with me to each berth and gather what we could. We did so and obtained sufficient to pay the children's fare.

Afterwards one of the officers came to me and inquired

where my berth was. I told him in the steerage. He said, "Would you not like a cabin passage?" I told him I would, but I had no means to pay for it. He said, "Go, and fetch your things, and I will give you a cabin passage, for you will not like to be with those Irish in the steerage." I did so and had the pleasure of a second cabin, and I recognize the Father's hand again.

On the 21st of June, 1864, we were towed out of the River Mersey. The morning was fine, but I was not well. I drank a little sea water. I prayed for a safe passage. Numbers soon became seasick. I was not. It rained hard that night.

The crew was composed mostly of Prussians. They are a base lot. They delight in insulting the women on board, and there are women who are a disgrace to their sex. The first and second mates are English. There a few English among the crew.

We are now fairly under way and I am thankful to God for his tender mercies all through my mission, and again in opening the way for my return. The thought of home is sweet to all, but much more so to one who has been so long absent from his loved ones, but even that sweetness and joy is increased when he is conscious that he is returning to them without a stain and with an unbroken vow still lingering upon his lips. Were it otherwise with me I could never see my wife and children again. I should feel that I had forfeited all right to their love. I have not been above temptation, but I thank God I have been above yielding to it. I take no honor to myself; I know I am faulty, and in God is my strength.

The name of the vessel is "*The James Foster, Junior*," belonging to the Black Ball Line. I have left my native land for ever unless it shall be the will of the Lord that I should return in the interest of his work. I have the satisfaction to know that while to human eyes I have accomplished little, I have left no means unused within my power and knowledge to es-

tablish the cause of truth, unsullied with error in the British Isles, and I leave without any regrets, except that I was not able to accomplish more good. I have endured many privations; have breasted the most bitter opposition; not open and manly, but covert and cowardly, stabbing in the dark; and have borne the contempt of those I came to bless, and that, too, when there was no human being to stand by me. I have never allowed the standard of truth to be trailed in the dust, nor have I knowingly stained that spotless banner, but I have borne it aloft to the best of my ability. For all this I give my Father the praise for his sustaining power and his boundless love. Without it I must have utterly failed.

Most of those who have received the truth have stood nobly by me, some few have forsaken the path of holiness and wallow in the mire of their former filth; and while the true have been poor, they have been generous and always ready to lend a helping hand. I have made mistakes, but not willingly, and I know God will be merciful to my weakness of judgment. One great means, under God, in sustaining me in this mission was the fact that I knew I had a wife and children at home who bore me up before the throne of grace continually, whose letters encouraged and strengthened me, never bearing one word of complaint, and when the great day of awards has come, that wife and those children will receive the glad, "Well done!" for their patient endurance and willing sacrifice.

June 22. All is well. I do not mix with the people, but try to be friendly. I get along without trouble. We were almost becalmed to-day, scarce a ripple on the ocean's breast, the sky looks dappled and forebodes a storm, but the sails flap idly against the masts.

I had a view of the Isle of Man.

I saw two young ladies on board who seemed to be alone. I ventured to speak to them. They are bound for Detroit—the end of my pass. They are quite ladylike. I offered my

services whenever they need such. I told them I would treat them as my daughters. They expressed their pleasure at having my protection. Their name is Hendricks and of Irish nationality.

June 23. Some are seasick and many keep to their beds. It rained in the night. I love to inhale the sea breeze. It is still rainy. Later, we have a fine wind.

The 24th, we have a side wind. We are still in the Irish Channel. The ship rolls considerably. Difficult cooking. Progress slow. Many are sick.

The 25th, I am better than on yesterday. Morning fine. A few English and Scotch on board. Many are wishing they were at home again. We put off the Irish Channel pilot to-day. We gave him several lusty cheers. We are now on the open sea with a good stiff breeze. The Irish seem very pious. They attend to their prayers regularly—cross themselves solemnly, and the moment they rise from their prayers some foul oath, or profane word will drop from their lips. I heard some talk about Brigham Young, but I said nothing about religion for I feel it would be like casting pearls before swine.

It is hard to please all. If we are making good progress, some complain that it makes them sick. If slow, there is a general murmur. If we are any off the course there is great complaint. Some on board, who have not paid full fare, have to work it out and have a hard lot. I saw a man struck down like a dog. One woman charged another with stealing her brooch, that caused a terrible feeling. A good deal of selfishness is manifest. In fact, this ship's company is the world in miniature.

On the 28th we had meat, potatoes, vinegar, and mustard. I read my Bible for instruction. The more I read it, the more I love it. I read Shakespeare for amusement. The people are recovering from sickness. We are slowly moving. I have a violent cough.

June 29. This is my Alice Amelia's birthday. She is fourteen years old. May God grant her many happy returns of the day, and his blessing be with them all. I received good instruction from the proverbs of Solomon. I think this book especially adapted to instruct the young of both sexes.

June 30. Hazy morning, but we are making fair progress: yet about one point and a half out of our course. All hands ordered on deck between the hours of ten and three. It is thought there are thieves on board. It would be strange if there were not in such a motley crowd. One young man singled me out as a companion; he is English; seems gentlemanly; is married, but has left his wife behind until he can earn means to send for her. I discover lots of travelers who have paid no passage at all, and are never called upon to do duty. I try to shun them, but they are anxious to form acquaintance with every human on board, but the Irish seem to be their common grazing ground. This is not pleasant reading, but it serves to form one of the episodes in a voyager's tale, especially on an Irish emigrant vessel.

July 1. Still hazy. We are making moderate time. To-day the cook pointed me out as an example to the rest of the company for not encroaching upon anyone's rights at the cooking galley. Many were guilty of removing some one else's vessel, so that they could get theirs into the galley first. There is a great deal of hog nature manifest in many human beings. A man was put in irons to-day for smoking in the steerage. We were almost becalmed; indeed the vessel did not seem to move except by the natural swell of the ocean. It seemed like a sea of glass. Several vessels are in sight in the same condition. The people enjoy themselves with music and dancing. Some are in the hospital sick with fever. I passed the time reading. I read a work called, News from the Invisible World. There are many very strange things that are narrated there, and vouched for by people of standing in the business and literary

communities. If they are true they give evidence of spiritual existence in living men and beyond the grave, and I know nothing in Holy Writ that would conflict with the presentation in that book. It is not necessarily a defense of spiritualism.

July 2. A fine morning. Six ships in sight. A sailing ship at sea is a beautiful sight and aptly represents human life, tossing on the limitless ocean of time or duration. Now riding proudly and majestically upon the mountainous waves and the next moment apparently engulfed between two mountains, and anon emerging from its apparently watery prison and dancing triumphantly upon the tranquil bosom of the ocean. "Such is life."

On the 3d I saw some whales sporting on the surface of the water and spouting streams of water to a great height. These monsters of the deep have their part to play in the great economy of nature, but we can not understand all the purposes of the great Creator.

On the 4th we had a breeze. Every heart is light and cheerful. My friend Marcus Bailey gave me five biscuits, which is quite a pleasant change from the ship's fare. I would be at home and celebrate our Nation's birth. There was a fight on board.

On the 5th there was a heavy wind and rain last night. The yards are square and the ship as steady as I could wish, and it rides gallantly over the waters. A passenger was placed under duress because he would not obey the steward. The steward had no right to command him to work. The first mate ordered him released. This afternoon we were becalmed again. I suffered for lack of water, and to-day we had beef, pork, mustard, and vinegar. I suppose to prevent scurvy. A leading man among the Catholics was preaching to the people, endeavoring to show the infallibility of their church. He was quite an orator and seemed to be intelligent. I requested the privilege to review his remarks. It was granted.

I showed that truth was infallible, so was the Holy Spirit that inspired to declare that truth, but the apostles were fallible or Christ would not have warned to watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation. I wrapped my views up in as few words as I could. The lecturer got very warm, and instead of meeting my arguments he tried to arouse their prejudice. The people acted like the troubled waters surging with anger, as his words appealed to their prejudice. I said to him, "Sir; if it will appear to be an honor to you to seem to have the best of this debate I will withdraw," and I retired to my cabin. Soon a Scotchman came to me and said, "Sir; your arguments were too subtle for that man; a little more and they would have pitched you into the sea." However when they had cooled off they treated me with great respect all the rest of the voyage.

July 6. A little child died and was lowered down a plank into the sea, there to remain until the sea gives up its dead. Every head was uncovered and reverently bowed during the funeral. There is a case of smallpox on board. God has promised me his angels shall be on my right hand and left to protect me, and I seek the fulfillment of that promise. A Southern or Confederate blockade runner passed us to-day and hoisted a Southern flag, but we did not return the compliment.

July 7. We spoke a vessel. We are doing well and are happy. Later two men were put in irons by the steward for not going below to clean up, when called upon. If he would ask the men in a proper manner they would comply, but they will not submit to be driven as slaves. The people are incensed at his course.

July 8. Almost a calm. The people were discouraged. I told them we would have wind soon, for the dappled sky indicated wind or a storm. We had a heavy wind through the night.

July 9. Still onward. It tries the nerves to lie awake and

hear the wind and the waves in a continuous roar, and the shouts and clatter of the sailors in a storm, but I look to God, and let me say it is comforting that there is a loving and merciful God, who cares for you and loves to hear and answer prayer.

July 11. We passed the "Banks." Our progress was slow until evening; then we had a brisk wind. I am not well, but I kept on the deck all I could.

On the 12th two more men were put in irons and brutally used by the steward and first mate. Two of my cabin mates wanted to quarrel with me, because I allowed a steerage passenger to put his things into my bag. I attended to my own business.

July 13. Quite unwell, I took a good drink of sea water and it helped me. We are on the "Banks" yet I am told. Very little wind, that not much in our favor. The steward only put oil enough in the lamps to last a little while. Two men spoke to the first mate and he ordered the steward to fill them up, so we had a light all night.

July 14. I hear of robberies going on and I suppose that was the object of the steward trying to keep us in the dark, while he was carrying on his thieving operations. Another child died this morning.

July 15. A wild night. Passengers called up to assist the crew. Very rough this morning; the roar of the wind and waves is terrible, but I have no fear. We are on the banks of Newfoundland, the wind continued until 9 p.m. I besought God to preserve us and bless my family. The sun went down like a large ball of fire. From this I predicted a fine day tomorrow. The moon shone beautifully in the deep blue sky, which was spangled with its bright galaxy of stars, shedding their silvery light and all reflected in the deep blue ocean. In was a beautiful sight, and such a contrast to the terrible din and darkness of the night before. Well might the sweet singer

of Israel exclaim, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Again, "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." Again, "Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them."

July 16. Fine morning. The wind is low. I fear a calm. I read a history of England. It is amazing to see the march of knowledge through seas of blood, but the end is not yet. My fears are realized. We are becalmed.

July 17. Wind arose about twelve last night and we are speeding on.

July 18. This is my brother's birthday. He is forty years old to-day. May God bless and grant him many happy returns of the day, for he is worthy. Yesterday the sea roared like a great seething, boiling caldron, of infinite extent, and the vessel rolled in a fearful manner. I went up on deck; the scene was awfully grand. Men were dashed from side to side of the vessel as though they were mere balls, and in the midst of the storm of wind the sails were torn to shreds quick as the lightning's flash and with the report of a gun, and in the height of the storm I could see tiny specks of ether blue, like beautiful oases in the dark and cloudy desert, and then God's bright sun of promise shone and poured its rays of hope into every heart. The grandeur and beauty of nature can nowhere be seen to greater advantage than on the trackless ocean. At night on deck I sang, "Do they miss me at home?" and "The old arm-chair," and was cheered as a good singer. I suppose the songs were timely and appealed to their hearts' dearest sympathies, so they did not notice the lack of melody.

July 20. I am not well. Ache all over. A young sailor told me this morning that my singing last night made his two hours at the wheel pass away very quickly and carried his mind back home. I am glad to have lightened one heart, if it is only for a brief space.

July 21. I am very sick. My strength is gone. I was never so prostrated in so short a time. The doctor has ordered me to the hospital. He says I will recover sooner there, for I will have better attention. My system has been out of order for some time. The doctor came to see me to-night and questioned me as to my calling. I told him I lectured on religious subjects. I did not think it prudent to tell him what church I belonged to, for I thought it would not impress him favorably, as I supposed he was a Catholic. He expressed his sorrow that I had no bed. I told him I was used to "roughing it," and I could do better with my coat and blanket here than down below. He said he would do what he could for me. Several sailors were interested in my behalf; the boatswain took great pains to help me. I have a severe bilious attack.

July 22. I am better, thank God, but my bed is hard and I could not rest. Doctor said we would likely be twelve days before we reached New York.

July 23. My head is like a lump of lead; I have a high fever. I have bad dreams, but I try to think of better things. My opinion of the doctor grows beautifully less, for I see he is a lewd man, and I pray God to deliver me from this cesspool of corruption. Brn. Edmund C. Briggs and Alexander McCord hold a conference in Salt Lake City to-day according to appointment. May God bless and prosper the work there and everywhere.

July 24. I am some better, thank God. There is but little wind, but I am told the first mate says if it continues we will be in New York in two days. It has increased since 12 o'clock.

July 25. Becalmed again, and gloom clouds every brow. I am thirty-eight years old this day. I give thanks to my Creator for his continued mercies. I desire to live worthy of them. My Lizzie and children remember and pray for my safe return. My mother remembers me, too. May God comfort her aged heart, and she yet have pleasure in her once

wayward boy. May God bless my brother, and his wife and children for ever. I pray God to bless my family with the comforting assurance of my safe return. Thank God, my life has not been all a blank, yet there are spots in it that I look upon with shame, although I know that in his boundless love he has forgiven my sins. My desire is to live worthy of eternal life.

A family in the second cabin said to be robbed of twelve pounds and ten shillings. I had a shirt stolen. A sailor is suspected. I left the hospital to-day, but I am very weak. I made a cake of boiled rice and flour, but it was not well baked. We made good headway to-day, but not always in the right course. Since I have come aboard I have read with great pleasure my last year's journal, the four Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles. The more I read them the more I love them, and while my heart was filled with joy at the truth revealed, my eyes gave vent to tears as I read the trials, travels, and sufferings of Jesus and his apostles. Besides the above I have read other books, but none bring the light and comfort which the Scriptures bring.

July 27. I am much better, thank God. The morning is fine, but the wind is against us. I read the epistles to the Romans to-day and rejoice in the truth there taught. I can fully realize that salvation *is the gift of God* and not brought about by the righteousness of the fallen man. From the sacred word I learn that according to the foreknowledge of God we are chosen to come in the different dispensations to do the work essential for the accomplishment of his eternal purposes. May I be able to do my part and gain the reward—eternal life.

July 28. Fine morning, but little wind. No land in sight; I need patience. I sold my two bags and a blanket for five shillings and six pence, and a pocket knife, so I will not be entirely penniless when I land. I wrote a poem:

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HOME.

Did you ever leave that fairly land you love to call your home,
 Away on distant shores to stand, or as a pilgrim roam—
 To battle with a world of sin without an earthly friend
 In all your toils to sympathize or lend a helping hand?

If not, you can not realize the blessedness of home.

Did you ever feel her burning brow upon your throbbing breast—
 To whom your holiest vow, she whom you love the best?
 Or have you seen those scalding tears plowing that burning cheek,
 Or read the anguish of her heart, anguish she could not speak—
 Because her brightest guiding star was wand'ring far from home?

Did you ever give your smiling babes the last, the parting kiss,
 Then tear yourself from wife and them—from all domestic bliss—
 And traverse mountains, seas, and plains to bless your fellow-man—
 Then hear them direst curses hurl and spurn the gospel plan?
 If not, you scarce can tell the worth, the blessedness of home.

But if your lot has thus been cast for God and truth and heaven,
 And willingly forsaken all to spread the sacred leaven,
 To build God's kingdom on the earth and bless the pure in heart,
 Keeping yourself from every stain, and acted well your part,
 You've learned to know the real worth and blessedness of home.

And He who looks with pitying eye upon his suffering ones
 Will ne'er forget the sacrifice made by his faithful sons;
 Nor will his daughters be forgot—a crown awaits them all
 In that celestial home of light, he'll crown both great and small,
 And each will then enjoy the peace and blessedness of home.

I wrote part of a letter to wife, so that I can mail it when we land. I read Paul's letter to the Corinthians, wherein he sets forth the unity of the church of Christ, adorned with the gifts and graces of the gospel, and especially charity, the greatest excellence that humanity can be adorned with. Weather cold.

July 29. Foggy all night, kept bell ringing at intervals. We are doing pretty well. Wind not altogether favorable. Food not good. Many are complaining. Cold weather in our favor. I am troubled with diarrhoea. A deputation applied for more and better food. Captain promised it.

July 30. Calm all night. Second cabin in confusion by the

cry that smallpox is on board, and that all must be vaccinated. Declared to be a ruse to give the doctor a chance to make money. Very foggy all day.

July 31. My head light. Many refuse to be vaccinated. I shall submit to orders, but have no faith in vaccination.

Monday, August 1. Yesterday was the seventh Sunday I have been on the water. We have a double allowance of water to-day; we must be nearing New York. One of our would-be fine men has been threatening to report officers and crew in the papers, and they find he has been stealing flour. I find it good to honor the law wherever I am, and trust in God.

August 2. Good wind. A number of vessels in sight, but no land. Foggy most of the day. Pilot came on board. We are glad to see him. Federals are besieging Richmond. God give them strength to overcome, and establish peace on the basis of right and liberty. I have a bad cold and cough. I drank sugar and vinegar. Very stormy to-night.

August 3. Fine morning. We were aroused by the lion-like voice of the first mate crying, "Up! Sleepers! Throw your beds overboard!" This good news set every heart aflame with joy. We gazed with pleasure on the promised land. Columbus was no more joyous than I was to see my adopted land. We passed the doctor—saw various forts and ships, but soon the gloomy news spread that we must be quarantined. One of the most disgusting sights I witnessed to-day. A great many who had received their rations last Saturday now demanded more. They were put under oath as to whether they had money or not. Many swore they had not. The mate then threw provisions in among them, and they scrambled for it like hungry hogs. He then ordered a sailor to give the second cabin passengers some who had not asked for it, yet had fared no better than the others. The sailor kindly gave me a double allowance, though I had not asked for any. It thundered all night.

August 4. I feel better, thanks to my heavenly Father.

Doctor came on board. Would not set us at liberty. We were vaccinated to-day. Many cried bitterly because they could not go ashore. Some women put in the boat for fighting. A male passenger fights with a woman. He is a great brute! She took an oath by the Holy Ghost that she would kill him. My heart was sick of the disgusting scenes. Some women's husbands had come to meet them, some had brothers and sisters whom they had not seen for years. As they met they wept in each other's embrace for joy and I wept with them.

August 5. I arose early from the wooden box with my coat for a pillow. I washed from head to foot. I heard the vessel that started twenty-one days before us bound for the same port had not been heard from. We were all searched for the money that had been stolen some days ago.

August 6, Saturday. We have passed the doctor and are going ashore. Castle Garden is the immigrants' landing place, or perhaps more correctly, the place they go after they land. It is a rotunda in form, large and airy, on the banks of the river, capable of accommodating two or three thousand people, perhaps for a base shelter. In the center is a square railed off where the clerks register the names of the immigrants, their nativity and destination; also if they have been here before. They exchange tickets here also for the different railways going into the interior. The walls are adorned with advertisements for recruits for the war. The immigrant can stay here until his friends fetch him away, or an opening is found for him. My friend, Marcus Bailey, loaned me two dollars. I gave him my address, so that when he became settled, he could write me and I would pay him.

On the 7th I wrote Bishop Rogers requesting him to send me means to Detroit to help me from there home, as I find myself afflicted. Detroit, Michigan, is the terminus to which my "pass" conveys me. I saw a boat load of wounded soldiers;

some were badly wounded. Heads bound up, arms in slings, and wounds of various natures, but the poor men were glad to get back alive. War! thou art a cruel thing! Child of evil—born of envy—nursed by hate and cruel ambition, and fostered by pride and lust and greed! Earth and its inhabitants will rejoice when thy cruel reign is over, and those demon passions which gave thee birth and fostered thee are for ever destroyed. We met with another scene of excitement and scramble when we went to claim our luggage. Having secured mine I assisted the two young ladies before mentioned to obtain theirs; then we crossed the ferry to the Erie Railroad depot. Waited there until 8 p. m., when I went on board an emigrant train followed by the two young ladies. The car was filthy indeed. The young women seem to repose the utmost confidence in me, and I treat them as I would my own children. They have conducted themselves as ladies all through the voyage, keeping themselves aloof from all evil and low associations, and I take pleasure in aiding them all I can by advice and such aid as they need.

August 9. A young man got out of the cars and was left behind at one of the stations. The country looks beautiful after so long and tedious a voyage. I am very weak; the least exertion unmans me. We arrived at Dunkirk about 5 a. m. of the tenth. Here we met a lot of land sharks, each claiming a lot of honesty for themselves and branding the rest as thieves. Went on board a steamboat bound for Cleveland, Ohio. Had a good voyage. Weather hot.

August 11. We land at Cleveland about 5 a. m. and I go on board the *Morning Star* bound for Detroit, Michigan. Here I found a bed, lay on it all day, and had a good rest. We did not leave Cleveland until 8 a. m., so I enjoyed my bed all the night and was greatly refreshed. This was the first time I had slept in a bed for fifty-six nights.

On the 12th we landed at Detroit about 6 a. m. I went to the

post office and finding no letter from the bishop I took off my coat and sold it to the steward of the boat for six dollars. I bought it second hand at Wolverhampton for six shillings, so I did not lose by it; it was a very good coat. I stayed at a hotel for thirty-five cents. I had suffered from toothache for several days.

On the 13th I went by train to Kalamazoo, Michigan. I met with a Congregational minister. He saw I was sick. He inquired what church I belonged to. I told him. He said he thought Mormonism was all wrong. I told him I was satisfied it was of God. He wanted to talk with me, but I was in too much pain to reason with him. When we arrived at Kalamazoo he kindly carried my valise to a hotel, and told me he would have given me money but he was short himself. I thanked him for his kindness and good desires. His name was Pattison. I did not stop at the hotel but started on foot to Otsego, the distance being sixteen miles. Being too weak to carry my valise I left it in care of the landlord at Kalamazoo. On my way to Otsego I requested the privilege of resting in a house by the wayside. The lady of the house bade me welcome. She saw my condition and, like a kind angel, she prepared for me the most savory meal I ever ate, and bountiful too. It consisted of beautiful, white, light biscuits and delicious strawberries and cream, all fresh and sweet as the nectar of the gods. The lady told me her husband had fallen in the fratricidal war now going on, hence she was left a widow. I suppose my appearance reminded her of the hardships he had undergone for the sake of his country. Her kindness will never be forgotten. I felt to bless her in the name of the Lord. After resting and being refreshed, I wended my way slowly towards Otsego and found a family named Wasson, I believe formerly members of the church, but now Adventists, and I think related in some way to Sister Emma Smith Bidamon. He, Mr. Wasson, received me kindly and told me I could stay with him as

long as I pleased. He kindly shared his bed with me. We talked on the gospel; he seemed to look with favor upon it.

On the 14th I bade him and his family farewell, and I found near Otsego the family of Joel Hall, a member, but he was not at home. Sister Hall kindly welcomed me and requested me to stay with her until her husband returned from Illinois. I gladly accepted the invitation, for I needed rest. I wrote my wife, Brother Joseph, and Isaac Sheen. The Hall family seem a fine family. Two fine daughters, aged eighteen and twenty years, and two boys thirteen and fourteen, all patterns of industry. Sister Hall sent the boys and team with me to fetch my valise from Kalamazoo on the 15th, and although my head and teeth pained me I had a good feast of apples on the trip. Sister Hall is kind and courteous, having good government over her children. She said she never remembered them quarreling but once. It is good to see a happy family.

August 19. This is my George Nephi's birthday. He is twelve years old. May God bless him and help him to fit himself for a life of usefulness, and give him wisdom and grace that he may be an honor to the church and to his family, and never forget his duty to the angel mother who has nursed and cared for him from his helpless infancy until now. I am weak, but I assisted the Hall boys to get hay.

August 20. I am well rested, and my good living is improving my appearance very much. I visited and preached in the woods to some old Latter Day Saints named Cutler. They were pleased to hear the truth.

Sister Hall told me of a family in Vermont who had twelve pair of twins, all raised to be men and women, and when they met at the old homestead they dined at a long table in the hall with their parents at the head. This must be a pleasant sight.

I received a letter from Isaac Sheen inclosing ten dollars. May God bless the donor.

August 23. Brother Hall has not yet returned and I am anxious to get homeward. So I bade Sister Hall and family farewell. Sister Hall kindly baked me some beautiful biscuits to eat on the way; they were well seasoned with good, sweet butter. May her kindness be rewarded by Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my servants, ye have done it unto me." Sister Hall sent the boys and team to Kalamazoo with me.

I arrived at Plano, Illinois. Brother Morton was the first to greet me at Plano, and he gave me a royal welcome. As I had no coat he gave me a white linen one. May I be worthy of that other "white linen robe" woven for the faithful by the Savior's righteousness. I visited Brother Sheen, who received me with great kindness, as did also his family. I also met William J. Walker, who preached the first gospel sermon I ever heard. He has just returned from Utah.

On the 24th I met the bishop at his home, and here I saw for the first time Zenos H. Gurley, senior. We slept together and had a good time talking of the kingdom of God. His whole heart and soul are in the work.

On the 25th we went to Brother Manchester's at Newark, and stayed all night on our way to Mission, LaSalle County, Illinois. On the 26th, we arrived at Mission. Attended conference. Here I met Sister Blair and Sister Edmund C. Briggs, and if I could only see one more little woman and the children, I should feel at home and my cup of joy would be full. Elder Gurley prophesied that if the Saints would lay aside their levity and direct their minds Godward, we would receive great blessings before the close of the conference. We had prayer meeting at night, in which the Spirit of God was manifest to a great degree in tongues and prophecy. I remembered my vow before the Lord that if he would spare my life to return home, I would praise him in the assembly of the Saints. My heart was full of gladness.

Last night there was a terrible thunderstorm, and a barn near where I slept was struck by lightning.

On the 28th I preached the gospel. Many outsiders present, both inside and out the church.

This afternoon a report came that the Indians were marching on Omaha, and that they had killed all the people they met to within five miles of that place. This unnerved me, and I wept and prayed God to deliver my family from the power of the destroyer. Father John Landers, filled with the Spirit of prophecy, told me not to trouble, "All was well with my family" and Sister Landers told me, "The God that preserved Daniel would preserve them." I received the comforting assurance they were not in danger. I preached again at night and was greatly blessed. At night we had prayer and testimonies to a late hour. The reports were exaggerated, but the Indians are restless.

On the 29th I returned with Brother Gurley to Plano. I attended a bishop's court. John Gaylord was cut off for teaching false doctrine and persisting in it.

On the 30th I went to Sandwich and in company with Brother Gurley went to Galesburg, Illinois. Here we parted and I went to Burlington, Iowa, and from thence by steamboat to Fort Madison, and by train to Montrose.

August 31. Crossed the river to Nauvoo in a skiff. Bro. Thomas Hougas, of Mission, gave me an overcoat, and Brother Hayer gave me a new pair of boots. I needed them. These acts of kindness were done while at Mission. May God bless these kind brethren.

September 1. Brother Solomon Tripp and another man took me across the Mississippi River in a skiff, and I went by train to Keokuk, thence to Eddyville and thence by stage to Mount Ayr. I arrived at Manti about 7 a. m. of the 3d, where I was kindly received by Bro. William Matthews and family,

very tired indeed. On Sunday, the 4th, I preached twice at Manti in Bro. William Redfield's house. On the 5th I was not well. Brother Redfield gave me three dollars and Brother Wilcox took me on my way, then paid my way to Plum Hollow, where I was heartily welcomed by Bro. John Leeka and family. Here I rested for the night.

On the 6th. Memorable Day! Day of my return to my wife and children, in fulfillment of God's promise after an absence of one year and nine months lacking four days. May I live to praise his name for ever! Mr. William Leeka brought me to Tabor and paid my fare by the stage to Glenwood. I found my wife in the same little log cabin twelve by twelve on the outside, happy as a queen, and she and my daughter, after they had recovered from their first transport of joy, sang me "The wife's welcome." It was the sweetest music that had ever saluted my ears. My George was herding sheep for Brother Putney several miles away. Brother and Sister Brittain and Brother and Sister Wellbourne all greeted me with a hearty welcome, and now I realize I am at home, for the presence of my wife and children make any place a home for me! Their presence is my sunshine, and their voices the music of my life. How sweet indeed is that sacred word *home!* I thank my God for preserving me, spiritually and physically to this hour. It is due to him that I return to my wife and children unstained by the lusts of the flesh, and that I look upon the sweet faces of my wife and children without any secret qualms of conscience. His hand has preserved me, his Spirit has guided, and his word has been my wall of defense.

(To be continued.)

LOCAL HISTORIANS AND THEIR WORK.

Chapter 21.

HISTORY OF EASTERN, WESTERN, CENTRAL AND NORTHERN MICHIGAN DISTRICTS, BY JOHN J. CORNISH.

(Continued from page 373.)

1893.

We have about the same number of ministers in the field as in the year just ended. Some new places were opened and several members were added by baptism. Brn. Charles G. Lewis and George D. Washburn did some preaching in a local way, in East Jordan, Boyne City, Advance, and other places. They had good congregations in some of those places, and at Boyne City Brother Washburn baptized one, and had several others believing in the gospel. Later he baptized three more at Boyne City.

An editorial in the *Herald* says:

A line from Bro. E. C. Briggs from Detroit, Michigan, speaks well of the labors of Brethren Cooper, Cornish, Barr, Grant brothers, Willard J. Smith, and F. C. Smith, Scott, Pender, Peterson and Davis; all of whom seem to be doing well in the field.

The first five named are laborers in the Northern Michigan District: also Francis C. Smith; the others are working in other parts.

John J. Cornish in the early part of the year did some work in Burnham, Manistee County, South Boardman, Kalkaska County; Kingsley, Grand Traverse County; Boyne City, Charlevoix County, and also opened up the work at Elmira, Otsego County, baptizing four in the latter place.

Levi Phelps went to Bennington during the year, spending two weeks, and baptizing two, but becoming sick returned to his home.

Bro. William Dowker, of Bay Port, also did some local work in and around Bay Port, his home.

John A. Grant, Robert E. Grant, Robert and William Davis, also Richard W. Hugill, did considerable work all through the eastern district near their homes, and all were blessed in their labors.

Bro. James H. Peters, of Coleman, is trying to keep the work moving in his home town. He baptized three there lately.

John A. and Robert E. Grant are having lively times at Frenchtown, among the Disciples, and other denominations, who are lecturing against us. Saints generally on the defensive.

Elder Robert E. Grant held a discussion with a Baptist minister named McIntire, in Cass City, and scored a victory for truth.

Two-day meetings were held at Pigeon River, Hay Creek, Five Lakes, Buel, Frenchtown, South Boardman, and Farwell, all of which were well attended, and good was done.

The work began in Hillman, McKinley, Fairview, and Comins, by Brn. Fred H. Brooks and Robert Davis, each doing some preaching and baptizing.

Jacob Kaplinger was called and ordained to the office of elder June 25, 1893, at Freesoil, Mason County, Michigan.

In August and September of this year, Brn. Robert E. and John A. Grant received much persecution among the Disciples near Frenchtown, but it brought out many to hear, who would not likely be willing to hear otherwise. These brethren defended the work well.

Francis C. Smith opened up the work at Lake Ann, near Inland, where he had preached and baptized eighteen. Brother Smith has labored faithfully in those parts and made some fine openings.

Elder Francis M. Cooper went to Boyne City and did some

preaching and baptized four persons. He also preached in South Boardman, Elmira, and East Jordan.

The conferences at Huron Center and Freesoil were well attended and spiritual.

Brn. John K. Soper, George D. Washburn, and John J. Cornish baptized thirty-four persons in and around Freesoil from October 22 to November 17, 1893.

The opposers in and around Freesoil, especially the Methodists, are fighting hard against the Saints. One Rev. B. S. Mills has lectured against us; also a reverend gentleman from Manistee. John J. Cornish has made replies as opportunity presented.

Bro. John L. Bear preached among the branches mostly.

The fragments of two branches which were disorganized at Bay City and West Bay City sometime ago, numbering fourteen members, were organized into a branch by Francis M. Cooper, December 14, 1893, and known as the Valley Branch, with Francis M. Cooper president, Cyrus Smith priest, and Henry J. Badder teacher.

The Gilmore Branch was organized September 4, 1893, by John J. Cornish. Richard B. Campbell, having been ordained June 25, was chosen president. Bro. Thomas McGuire was ordained and chosen deacon.

Elder John L. Bear did work in the following named Counties: Sanilac, Huron, Midland, Clare, Isabella, Mecosta, Osceola, and Lake.

During the year Brn. Francis C. Smith, baptized 53; Andrew Barr, 5; William Davis, 20; Francis M. Cooper, 7; John J. Cornish, 69; others have baptized some, besides some additions by the local ministry. Altogether the year was a successful one.

Chapter 22.

1894.

We start out on the beginning of a new year, having had rather a severe winter, in which our work has been hindered some by reason of snowdrifts, blockades, etc., which hindered many from attending as many meetings as they would have done otherwise.

Conference gave us the usual number of ministers, and all seemed alive to the work. There was a good desire to hear the gospel upon the part of many, while others, as usual, did not want to hear anything of our claims.

In some instances people wrote for our men to come and preach the gospel to them, while a few did not want us in their midst.

The Michigan *Christian Advocate* for January 6, contained a lengthy and bitter article against the church, especially the branch at Freesoil. John J. Cornish and local men there tried to make answer, but the paper would not permit any reply to be published.

The Rev. Andrew Brodi, of Manistee; Rev. W. L. Laufman, from Ludington; Rev. J. R. Bowen, from Ionia; also the Reverend Reid, of Freesoil, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, delivered several lectures against the Saints. Replies were made, as much as could be done under the circumstances. While some would not hear our side, yet a large number came to hear both sides of the arguments, and the result was many were added to the church at Freesoil.

Bro. Francis C. Smith opened the work in Joyfield, baptizing some, also kept a watchful care over the work already begun at Inland and Kingsley, preaching in and around these places occasionally.

On February 18, the church at Coleman was dedicated. Of this Joseph Smith says:

DEDICATION.

Something over a year ago, the Saints at Coleman, Michigan, decided to build a house for worship, and in pursuance of the design, a committee consisting of Brn. J. H. Peters, Gordon Blaisdell, John Moxon, Russell Yeager, and J. Cole Moxon were appointed to carry the design into execution. Different sites were examined and one chosen; three lots somewhat centrally located were selected, the owners of which donated one, the other two being paid for at forty dollars per lot... The site is a good one... The house has been occupied for services about two months, when all things being ready for dedication, Bro. J. H. Peters sent an invitation to Pres. Joseph Smith to be present and assist in the dedicatory services, fixed for February 18, 1894. Meetings had been held during the week preceding by Elder J. J. Cornish, and an interest created; so that when the editor reached the little town on the morning of Saturday, the 17th, he found that a goodly degree of anticipation and attention had been aroused. Bro. F. M. Cooper, of Bay City, had been wired to come and assist, and he preached on the evening of the 17th.

A prayer and testimony meeting was held on Sunday morning from 9 o'clock to 10.20, in charge of Brn. R. Davis and Jacob Kaplinger, of Freesoil; at 10.30 Bro. F. C. Smith opened the services and Bro. J. A. Carpenter, of Beaverton, preached to a house full, almost all of whom were members of the church.

At 2.30 in the afternoon Bro. J. H. Peters, branch president, was in charge, who gave out the hymns and led in opening prayer; and the sermon of dedication was delivered by Pres. Joseph Smith. The house was filled to repletion, many standing in the aisles and vestibule, and room at the end of the building.

At the close of the sermon Bro. F. M. Cooper offered the prayer of dedication, with feeling and fervor of devotion.

There were present from Beaverton, Brn. J. A. Carpenter, Waters, Sylvester, Bennett; from Farwell, Campbell, Stoddard, Pyre, Welch, and several others; from Gaylord, Richard Hartnell and wife; South Boardman, Bro. John Hanson, Sister Jamison; Boyne City, George Washburn; from Brinton, Jonathan Tanner; Fork, James Beckley and wife, Brother Thompson and others; with others from different points in the State.

The branch at Coleman has eighty-one on its record of names; but some are scattered away from the place, leaving a working majority at the home center. The burden of work in erecting the house fell on Brn. J. H. Peters, John Moxon, and Russell Yeager; Bro. Gordon Blaisdell having died, and Bro. J. Cole Moxon having moved to Missouri, before the building was done... In regard to the work in the mission Bro. Cornish states: "The work at Boyne City began about a year ago; George Washburn being the first, the Saints there now numbering about thirty. Boyne City is the county seat of Charlevoix County, and is the place where nearly all the disciples of Mr. J. J. Strang settled after the dispersion from the Island; but few of them remaining there; some of whom have united with the Reorganized Church.... The work began at

South Boardman, about five years ago; Brother Cornish meeting with strong opposition from the Methodist Episcopal, Free Methodist, and Baptist churches. There have been some thirty baptized there in the face of much and strong opposition, coming principally from the Free Methodist and Baptist brethren. But whether as the result of opposing the truth or other causes, the former denomination has gradually lost ground until the Free Methodists hold no stated meetings, nor have any considerable following. The branch has bought lots and is preparing to build a meeting house in the spring, to be ready for the district conference in the summer.

About six years ago Bro. J. J. Cornish and others began work in Free-soil. The work was opposed, as usual resulting in a discussion between Brother Cornish and Reverend Snyder, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of six nights' duration; twenty-eight being baptized into the fold at the close. Rev. B. S. Mills, whom Brother Scott met at Sherman, twelve miles away, lectured against the work there until he drove himself out of the field, and left the coast clear. There was not much done after the first, until last fall, when the work revived, through the opposing forces; men being brought in there from other places to lecture against it. The result so far has been an addition of thirty-three, five from the ranks of the Methodist Episcopal people.

Some six years since work was begun in Brinton, encountering trouble in obtaining a house to hold services in. This was overcome by the brethren buying a vacated store building, moving it, and repairing and refitting it for worshiping uses: it is neatly seated and is a comfortable place.

Beaverton is a new place not yet down on the maps, but here work has been done: Brn. F. C. Smith and J. A. Carpenter being the ones that have bestowed the most labor there. Some additions have been made by members moving in, while some five or six have been baptized. So close has been the opposition at this point that a citizen (not a religionist) being somewhat aroused, offered a building site and some lumber to help build a house.

Whittemore, Isoco County, has been made the scene of effort; begun about eight years since. A branch has been organized; some twenty-five baptisms have occurred, a building about thirty by forty feet is being built, and is now so far advanced that meetings are being held in the basement, plastering yet to be done. No debt for it is yet incurred, and the committee has some forty dollars yet in hand. A sisters' aid society has provided much of the money towards the erection of the house.

Brn. Cornish and Cooper are quite pleased with the outlook in their fields, and propose to keep things moving if they can.

Excellent spirit prevailed during the meetings at Coleman. The editor spoke Monday evening, the 19th, and meetings were to be held the rest of the week from the 18th.

Brother Cornish stated that Bro. F. C. Smith has been doing a good work in his field, having baptized about sixty since the last General Con-

ference. Brother Smith is calculated to do an excellent work if he continues to maintain his integrity and energy.

Brn. G. D. Washburn and F. H. Brooks, local laborers are doing well in the work in Brother Cornish's field, having baptized some twenty-five each since conference.

Brn. J. K. Soper and R. Hugill, and others of the local force are accomplishing much, and are worthy of commendation.

Bro. C. G. Lewis, of East Jordan, though somewhat hindered, is keeping the branch together where he lives and bids fair to make a good record at an early day.

Bro. R. Davis, although eighty-two and quite infirm, is still urging the battle forward, so much as he can. He will spend the rest of the season in Eastern Michigan.

There are about seventy of the church members in Bay City, but the names are not all on the branch record by reason of local causes, the effects of which have not yet been overcome. Bro. F. M. Cooper is hopeful; proposes to build up rather than tear down. . . .—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 41, pp. 129-131.

On Robert E. Grant's return to where he has been laboring last year, Applegate and vicinity, he found that some of the ministers of the other denominations had lectured against the Saints, had gone from house to house warning the people against the work of our people, which caused many to turn away, and not listen any more to the gospel; while a few were still willing to hear, and some were baptized.

Beginning May 14, a debate was held at Gilmore (in a country place south of Farwell about six miles) between John J. Cornish and M. D. Rogers, of the Disciple Church (formerly) but on account of some difficulty with his brethren he united with the Church of God, Cornish affirming the work of the church, and Roberts affirming his Church of God.

During the discussion, Bro. Francis C. Smith wrote:

Cornish-Roberts debate is moving on grandly. Those who cheered the opposing party are changing some the other way; good order, and interest is getting better, large crowds. We have had bad weather almost since the start. Elder Rogers is rather abusive in his language, which makes the truth to shine the more. Everything goes well so far, and we hope for a glorious victory for the right.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 41, p. 343.

Brother Cornish says that through one of his speeches he was so filled with the Holy Spirit, that he felt there was a

heavenly messenger standing by his right side, and immediately after his speech was over for the evening, Elder Francis C. Smith walked up to the stand and said: "Brother Cornish, I saw a heavenly messenger standing by your right side during your last speech."

When the doctrine of the Saints' church was under investigation Mr. Rogers repeatedly demanded of Cornish that he show the hole where the spirits got into the pit, or prison, if there was a privilege for salvation after death for those who had no privilege in this life.

Elder Cornish made no reply to this until at last Rogers demanded of Cornish that he take a minute or two of his time to tell where the hole was where the spirits got into the prison! looking right at Brother Cornish, while waiting for the answer. Elder Cornish arose, looking right into Elder Rogers' face, and raising his right hand pointing to him, said in a firm, yet powerful voice, backed up by the Spirit of God, "You reject this gospel, sir, and you will find the hole quick enough," and quietly sat down. Rogers turned pale,—the congregation were awe-stricken—a perfect silence reigned for several seconds, while those words seemed to ring in their ears and reecho. After a while Elder Rogers rallied, and in a rambling manner, finished his time. Elder Rogers in about two months afterward died.

The debate was a success. Two were baptized the next day, and a few days later six more were added by baptism.

Elder James A. Carpenter, of the Latter Day Saints, and M. D. Rogers, of the Church of God, arranged for a debate to take place at Beaverton, following the above-mentioned debate between Cornish and Rogers. So M. D. Rogers came to Beaverton and lectured against the Saints in the latter part of May, and on the first of June held the debate with James A. Carpenter on church propositions as prearranged. During the discussion Rogers said: "If they are called of God and are

his, why does he allow me to follow them up and beat them out? I defy them and their Mormon God!" Immediately after the debate he went home, was thrown into a fever, took his bed and never left it alive. He died about two weeks after the debate.

On July 11, 1894, a branch was organized at Boyne City known as the Boyne City Branch, by James H. Peters and John J. Cornish, Brother Peters presiding, and John J. Cornish secretary. Elder Hugill having moved to that place from Five Lakes, he was chosen president of the branch; John C. Goodman, teacher, and Charles Lusk, deacon; Malcolm Campbell, secretary.

During the last few years a few Saints who resided at White Rock, had for a meeting place, a room fitted up by Bro. Richard Rossor, in his home, and preaching was had in it by Robert Davis, Andrew Barr, Thomas Rawson, John J. Cornish, and others. But in this year (1894) the brethren thought they needed a better place and purchased a dwelling house, twenty by thirty feet, and fitted it up (Brother Rawson doing the work), and had a nice, comfortable place for worship. Those at White Rock belonged to the Saint Thomas Branch.

Through Brother Rosser's obedience to the gospel he was wonderfully blessed, being healed of an affliction with which he had been afflicted for years. Himself and wife were faithful members.

Bro. Willard J. Smith was looking after the interest of the work in Detroit; Bro. Edmund C. Briggs helping some there.

Bro. Robert E. Grant in a letter in the *Herald* says:

Let us make Michigan hum with old Jerusalem's best news for one year, and see what the outcome will be. For my part I never felt more encouraged than now.

He was laboring in Canboro, and other points in Huron County. Brother Cornish also opened up the work in East Fremont, baptizing some and doing a good work.

Bro. John H. Hanson, of South Boardman, was ordained a priest, and did a little preaching and baptized five at South Boardman.

Elder Levi Phelps had been working at Flint, Swartz Creek, Durand and vicinity, and baptizing some. Under Brother Phelps' administration we record the following case of healing of cholera infantum:

In the spring of 1894, while laboring in the city of Flint, I went three or four times to a place several miles away, called Swartz Creek. About one and a half miles from this village lived a brother in the church by the name of Harvey Nichols; his wife and son, also one of his daughters, were members of the church.

I held services in his house, also in a hall in the village. On my second or third visit there, shortly after I arrived at the brother's house, a ten-year-old son of a neighbor by the name of McLeod, came and told Sister Nichols that his mother wanted her to come over as soon as possible, as their baby was very sick. The sister went over and found the child in a critical condition.

The mother of the child said to the sister, If this were your child would you send for a doctor? No, said Sister Nichols, I would not; but perhaps you had better send for one. The woman then said to the sister, Why not send for a doctor if this were your child?

The sister then explained to her about administering to the sick, and after she had made all plain to her, she exclaimed, I believe God has the same power he always had and can heal my child!

The sister advised her to send for her husband, who was working for another man not far away.

In less than one hour after the sister returned home, the little boy came again, telling Sister Nichols that his father wanted the elder to come over to their place; so I went over, and on entering the house, Mr. McLeod said, Elder, I don't feel like trusting a doctor to heal my baby, but would rather have you to ask the Lord to heal it. I have read in the Scriptures how he healed the sick and I believe he has the same power now, and will answer prayer when offered in faith, and so have sent for you to come and pray for my child.

This man was not a member of any church at this time. As I looked upon the little sufferer as it lay upon its mother's lap, I felt to sympathize with the parents. It looked as though death had already laid its icy hand upon it, the Spirit came upon me in power, and the little one was healed instantly. Shortly after this Mr. McLeod moved away and I did not get their testimony in this case of healing; but I have the testimony of Sister Nichols and the daughter, which is as follows:

"We testify that we know that the above stated case of healing is true."

"AUGUSTA NICHOLS,

"EMMA J. NICHOLS,

"Witnesses."

During the summer and fall Brn. James H. Peters, Robert E. and John A. Grant, James Burch, Francis M. Cooper, and William Dowker did good work in Bay City, having the district tent there nearly all summer. Nineteen were baptized.

Bro. Fred H. Brooks did good preaching at Hillman, and on the second of September baptized eight persons. This roused the ire of the people and a few evenings later, while he was preaching in a schoolhouse, a mob from the outside threw an egg which struck him on the forehead. Of that occurrence Brother Brooks said, "And while I do not believe that is a legal argument, I will admit it is a strong one, when a man's sense of smelling is good."

Robert E. Grant was chosen president of the eastern district.

James H. Peters, being now high priest, John J. Cornish resigned the presidency of the northern district in favor of Brother Peters, who was chosen president of the same, and is also bishop's agent.

The Saints at Huron Center, Huron County, have commenced to build a church; also in Applegate, and Fremont, Sanilac County, two churches are nearly completed; and so far as done, no debt hanging on any of them.

James H. Peters and John J. Cornish assisting, a branch was organized at Joyfield December 30, 1894, known as the Joyfield Branch. Bro. Amos Berve was chosen presiding priest of the branch; Bro. George Lee Cole, teacher; Bro. Charles Sherman chosen and ordained deacon, and made deacon of the branch. They are in good working order.

At the General Conference of 1894 provisions were made for the ordination of Edward Delong to the office of seventy.

The work opened at Burdickville, Leelanau County, by Francis C. Smith, who did considerable preaching in and around that part of the country. It was followed up by Robert Davis in 1895, and others later.

Elder Fred H. Brooks has baptized about thirty in and

around Hillman, Montmorency County, during the early part of this year, and during the summer months.

During the year Elder Levi Phelps opened up the work, and did considerable preaching in Flint. Elder Edward Delong came later and also did some good preaching.

Over three hundred have been added to the church by baptism during the year, as follows: John L. Bear, 7; Francis M. Cooper, 11; James A. Carpenter, 21; Levi Phelps, 20; Andrew Barr, 8; William Davis, 11; John A. Grant, 11; Robert E. Grant, 43; John J. Cornish, 69; David Smith, 74; and Francis C. Smith, 54; besides some baptized by local brethren.

Thus ended an exciting, lively, and prosperous year for the church, in the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts.

Bro. James Davis, son of Brother Robert Davis, was ordained to the office of priest, July 2, 1894, at South Boardman, by Elders John J. Cornish, Francis M. Cooper, and John L. Bear.

During this year a branch was organized at East Fremont. The work began at this place in 1890, by Willard J. Smith.

CURRENT EVENTS.

PREPARED BY INEZ SMITH.

March 4, 1911. Branch organized at Ward, Iowa, by Elder John Smith.

March 28, 1911. Branch organized at Andover, Missouri, by Elder John W. Wight.

April 19, 1911. Elder Frederick T. Mussell ordained a high priest at Bevier, Missouri, by Elder Joseph A. Tanner.

May 30, 1911. Wichita, Kansas, Branch organized by Elder J. Frank Curtis.

June 3, 1911. Joseph Roberts chosen bishop of Lamoni Stake at a conference held in Lamoni, Iowa.

June 4, 1911. Amos Berve ordained a member of the Lamoni Stake High Council, under the hands of Elder Richard S. Salyards and Elbert A. Smith.

June 4, 1911. Gomer R. Wells ordained a member of the Lamoni Stake High Council, under the hands of Elders Elbert A. Smith and Richard S. Salyards.

June 4, 1911. John Midgorden ordained a member of the High Council of Lamoni Stake, under the hands of Elders John F. Garver and John W. Wight.

June 4, 1911. Richard J. Lambert ordained a counselor to the bishop of Lamoni Stake, under the hands of Elders Elbert A. Smith and Richard S. Salyards.

June 4, 1911. Oscar Anderson ordained a counselor to the bishop of Lamoni Stake, by Elders Richard S. Salyards and Elbert A. Smith.

June 11, 1911. Elder Thomas A. Ivie ordained to the office of high priest, at Cameron, Missouri, by Elders George H. Hilliard, Temme T. Hinderks, and Isaac N. White.

June 11, 1911. Elder Jay C. Elvert ordained to the office of high priest, at Cameron, Missouri, by Elders Temme T. Hinderks, George H. Hilliard, and Isaac N. White.

June 11, 1911. Elder David E. Powell ordained to the office of high priest, at Cameron, Missouri, under the hands of Elders Isaac N. White, Temme T. Hinderks, and George H. Hilliard.

June 11, 1911. Church dedicated at Fall River, Massachusetts, Ulysses W. Greene preaching the dedicatory sermon.

June 18, 1911. Elder George F. Barraclough ordained to the office of high priest at East Saint Louis, Illinois, by Elders Isaac N. White and Russell Archibald.

July 8, 1911. Bro. and Sr. James B. Barrett sail from Vancouver en route for the Sandwich Islands.

July 11, 1911. Peter A. Dey, for many years president of the State Historical Society of Iowa, died at Iowa City.

July 12, 1911. Elders Gomer T. Griffiths, Richard Baldwin, Thomas U. Thomas, Hans N. Hansen and wife, and Bishop and Mrs. Roderick May sailed from New York for Europe.

July 16, 1911. Branch of thirty-five members organized at Mapleton, Kansas, by Elder Isaac N. White.

August 18, 1911. Elder Oral E. Sade ordained to the office of seventy at Moline, Illinois, by Elders Frederick A. Smith and Heman C. Smith.

CONFERENCES.

January 14, 1911. Nineteenth Annual Conference of the Sheffield District convenes at Clay Cross, England, Thomas Taylor presiding.

March 25, 1911. District conference of Southern Missouri District convenes, Elders James C. Chrestensen and Arthur M. Baker, presiding.

April 6, 1911. South Sea Islands Mission conference convenes, Elder J. Charles May presiding.

April 15, 1911. Annual conference of Manchester District convenes at Manchester, England, George W. Leggott presiding.

April 15, 1911. Annual conference of Birmingham District convenes at Birmingham, England, Elder William Ecclestone presiding.

May 6, 1911. Western Maine district conference convenes at Stonington, Maine, Elder Ulysses W. Greene presiding.

May 20, 1911. The one hundred and third conference of

the Southern Indiana District convenes with Union Branch at Wirt, Indiana, Elders Hyrum E. Moler and Jacob Halb presiding.

May 27, 1911. Conference of Clinton, Missouri, District convenes with Fort Scott, Kansas, Branch, Elders James Moler and Washington S. McCrae presiding.

May 27, 1911. Pottawattamie District convenes with Hazel Dell Branch, Elders Columbus Scott and John A. Hanson presiding.

June 3, 1911. Western New York District convenes at Buffalo, New York, Elder Holmes J. Davison presiding.

June 3, 1911. Western Wales District convenes with Skewen Branch, John G. Jenkins and Henry Ellis presiding.

June 3, 1911. Conference convenes at Fanshawe, Oklahoma, Eastern Oklahoma District, Elders Hudson R. Harder, James F. Curtis, and Lee Quick presiding.

June 3, 1911. Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana District convenes at Coldwater, Michigan, Elder Frederick A. Smith presiding.

June 3, 1911. Kewanee district conference convenes at Joy, Illinois, Elders Oral E. Sade and Joseph Arber presiding.

June 3, 1911. Little Sioux district conference convenes at Sioux City, Iowa, Elders Sidney Pitt, senior, Levi Gamet, William A. Smith, and Joseph Lane presiding.

June 3, 1911. Des Moines District conference convenes at Des Moines, Iowa, Orman Salisbury, Clement Malcor, and Elmer O. Clark presiding.

June 3, 1911. Kentucky and Tennessee District meets with Oakland Branch, Elders Hyrum E. Moler and James R. McClain presiding.

June 4, 1911. New York District convenes at Niagara Falls, New York, Elders Ulysses W. Greene, Hyrum O. Smith, and Alma Booker presiding.

June 10, 1911. Eastern Iowa District convenes at Muscatine, Iowa.

June 10, 1911. Florida District convenes at Pleasant View

Church, Elders William A. West and Samuel S. Smith presiding.

June 10, 1911. Southeastern Illinois District convenes at Dry Fork, Elders Francis M. Davis, John F. Henson, and George Jenkins presiding.

June 10, 1911. Gallands Grove conference convenes at Dow City, Iowa, Elder Charles J. Hunt presiding.

June 10, 1911. Northeastern Illinois convenes with Mission Branch, Elders Francis M. Cooper and Frederick A. Smith presiding.

June 10, 1911. Montana District conference convenes at Bozeman, Idaho, Elder Amos J. Moore, presiding.

June 10, 1911. Far West District convenes at Cameron, Missouri, Elders Isaac N. White, Temme T. Hinderks, and E. L. Henson presiding.

June 10, 1911. Mobile District conference convenes with Bluff Creek Branch, Elders Francis M. Slover and Oscar O. Tillman presiding.

June 11, 1911. Northeastern Kansas District meet at Scranton, Kansas, Elders Samuel Twombly and Warren E. Peak presiding.

June 17, 1911. Northern Michigan meets with Bellaire Branch, Elders John J. Cornish and J. C. Goodenough presiding.

June 17, 1911. Spokane District convenes at Spokane, Washington, Elders John W. Rushton and Amasa J. Smith presiding.

August 5, 1911. Central Nebraska District convenes with Round Park Branch, Elders William E. Kester and James C. Crabb presiding.

REUNION.

April 14-17, 1911. Reunion of the New South Wales District, at Bullahdelah, New South Wales.

DEBATES.

May 6, 1911. Elder William M. Aylor and J. W. Chism of the Christian Church, commence a public debate at Fitzhugh, Oklahoma. Eleven sessions.

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