

SERMONS AND ARTICLES

Memoirs of T. T. Hinderks: Compiled by Walter H. Cryer

Foreword

Throughout the many decades of religious development and persecution, history permits us to clearly see that the hand of God has ever hovered over the humble followers of the lowly Nazarene; testifying that he is a loving Father rather than some remote being ready to pour the phials of consuming wrath upon his erring creation.

It was this thought that drew my mind to the many veterans of the Reorganization who, though perchance enfeebled by the imprint of fleeting years, are still zealously alive in the spirit of the work, strengthened by reminiscences of God's association with them in the early days of their ministry. The church came into existence in these latter days only through the consistent faith and experiences of a young man. We all love to recount the angel's visit to Brother Joseph, and so should we esteem of equal value the rich experiences of those noble men of God who followed in his footsteps.

The biography of Elder T. T. Hinderks will undoubtedly be of inestimable value to many good souls within the church, and, I trust, the means of bringing many without to a closer investigation of the latter-day message.

For this purpose is the ensuing sketch prepared, and may God, in his benign way, add his blessing, so that the lesson portrayed in the life of our brother may indeed resound to the glory of Zion.

CHAPTER I

Early Life—Leave Germany for America

The revealments of nature in all its aspects have ever been a source of awe and reverential admiration to mankind. The little prairie flower, plucked by the hand of a toddling child, bears an irrevocable testimony to the world of divine creation and

unfoldment. "Consider the lilies of the field, . . . they toil not, neither do they spin." Yet the very essence of their existence is provided through the tender watchcare of a loving Father.

Similar in many respects to the life of a flower is the existence of man, God's greatest achievement. The lily, subjected to the ravages of a destructible force, withers and dies. Man, with his free agency, has the right of choice. If he violates the laws of his own creation, he must suffer; but if he heeds the wise counsel of an inherent ego, he can flower into a beautiful character, sacred in the sight of God and his fellow men.

On a beautiful autumnal day of October, hallowed by the golden benediction of Mother Nature, it was my good fortune to become intimately associated with a venerable old brother in Israel, Elder T. T. Hinderks, father of the Maple Grove (Stewartsville) Branch. As we sat talking together, my spiritual insight saw not the age-worn frame of my brother, but a character likened unto the Man of Galilee, who so loved the world that he gave his life in service.

The modest demeanor of the grand old man enamored me, when I stated the purpose of my mission. A wistful look came into his eyes, as he said: "Several times I have been asked to write an autobiography, Brother Cryer, but I have not been able to get around to it. I have had some glorious experiences in the gospel, and if you think they would help others, I will do my best to recount them."

I moved a little closer to our brother, and together we gently and reverently drew aside the curtains of the present and looked back upon the vivid picture of a life spent in the service of our Lord and Master. Let us view this life picture in his own words.

I was born in east Friesland, Germany, in

the year 1855. My parents were God-fearing people and members of the Baptist Church.

In the spring of 1865 my oldest brother, Henry, was drafted into the German army. This was a hard blow to my father and mother. Next my brother Casper joined the navy, as he had made up his mind to be a sailor. This was still worse for mother, as



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she was very much afraid he would be drowned.

While my brothers were away from home, my parents did much praying. At that time my father did not belong to any church, but finally he united with the Baptist Church. This caused great rejoicing in our home, which was a little farm provided with a few buildings.

It was customary in that part of Germany to have lunch at nine o'clock in the morning; tea was served in the afternoon, and supper later in the evening.

One afternoon father came home and sur-

prised my mother by saying: "Mother, I have had a revelation from God. We will have to sell out and go to America." At first mother could hardly consent to this, as we were fairly comfortably fixed. But father persisted. "It was plainly shown to me," he said, "and besides, that will give us a chance to get Henry out of the army, and possibly Casper from the navy." Then my mother said, "Well, if God has revealed it, and it is his will, he will open the way for us to sell out and go." So father presented the matter to us children also, and we all greatly rejoiced, for we loved our parents and believed every word father said.

Now, before he had received this experience, father had always believed that if God had revealed himself to those in times past he could do so today. So we advertised the place for sale and soon found a purchaser.

At this time, the fall of 1865, my brother Casper came home on leave and decided to give up life as a sailor and go with us to America. I was at this time ten years old.

CHAPTER 2

Settle in Iowa—Interested in Religion— Meet the "Mormons"

In the spring of 1866 we loaded up and emigrated to America. Our objective was Burlington, Iowa. We located at Danville, about twelve miles from Burlington, some time in March. We had crossed the ocean in a small steamer, and it took us thirteen days to make the journey.

At Danville we settled down on a small farm. Our beginning was quite humble. We were strangers among a strange people and could not speak the English language. There was only one other German family in the neighborhood.

In 1871, when I was sixteen years of age, I joined the Baptist Church: Just at this time I had quite an unusual experience. The Baptist people advocated that they believed God forgave sins and all would be well. That puzzled me, and I could hardly believe it. Although but a boy, I prayed much, so I asked the Lord to send an angel to tell me if my sins were forgiven. I was then a farmer

boy, busy plowing in the field, and when I got to a place where no one could see me but God, I would go on my knees and plead for forgiveness and mercy.

One day after dinner I had a pleasant experience, and I have reason to believe that it was the Spirit of God that came over me in peace—heavenly peace—permeating the soul so that I could not help but sing and rejoice in God and Christ, for I really believed my sins were pardoned.

My brother Casper was working in Burlington as a sawyer in a lumber mill. In 1872 I heard that the Mormons had come to Burlington, in charge of Elders J. R. Lambert and John Lake, of the Quorum of Twelve.

Our Baptist minister came out to Danville once a month to preach, and he told me about the Mormons and said they had taken a few of his members away. Being young in years, and with the experience I had had, I believed I was safely anchored in the Baptist Church. This talk of the minister only formed prejudice in my mind against the Mormons, but father was a very broad-minded man when it came to religion.

One day I saw an old Baptist with whom I had become acquainted, but who had since joined the Mormons. This was Brother John Bauer. I said to father, "Here comes one of those old Mormons. Shut the door, and don't let him into the house." But father said, "My boy, you don't want to talk that way. If he is in the wrong, I will try to prove it to him." "Well," I said, "I am going out." I went out into the field to work, but that man stayed all the afternoon. When I got home at night, I was somewhat curious to know what had happened. I said to father, "Well, what did that old Mormon have to say?" "We talked about the Bible," father told me, "and he believes what is in the Bible."

I thought that strange, but did not pay much attention to it until one Sunday my brother Casper came over from Burlington and said he had heard Elders Lambert and Lake preach, and they had given him some tracts.

You will remember that the early tracts had references. Casper said to father and mother, quite enthusiastically, "We have some preachers in Burlington who say they have the old Jerusalem gospel."

I hardly knew what to think about that, as my brother said the Mormons believed in the gifts and blessings just like those in the days of the apostles. But it struck an interesting chord in my mind, and so I had a talk with him, although I did not say very much. I could read English, so I took the tracts upstairs, and before I began to investigate I, childlike, went to God upon my knees and asked him for sufficient wisdom and light to discern between truth and error, and I had a pencil and tablet and was going to mark the errors. As I read, it just seemed as though the scales fell from my eyes; and the deeper I went into the tracts, the more I was convinced that the gospel the Mormons were advocating was true.

Something kept prompting me to go and hear these Mormons preach. So I told father and mother I would like to go to Burlington some Sunday and hear these people preach.

There was an old Baptist lady who was also interested in the Mormons at this time, and she asked her husband to take her to hear them. The husband was prejudiced at that time, but he promised to take her the next Sunday. I went with them. As we listened to the sermon in the morning, I thought, Well, that is fine; and it made me feel good. It was an eye-opener to me, for it said that God was true and just, and that his gospel did not change.

The Mormons were going to have a prayer meeting that afternoon in a private house. We attended that meeting. Brother John Bauer had charge. Next to me sat a young married man whom I knew, as he had previously been a Baptist but had recently joined the Church of Latter Day Saints. His name was Otto, and he was considered a fine fellow.

After the customary opening remarks had been made, the meeting was given over to the Saints. A few prayers had been offered when this man Otto arose. He was trembling

all over, and I thought that possibly he was worked up because I was there. Soon he started to speak in an unknown tongue. This was the first time I had heard anyone speak in an unknown tongue.

While this young man was speaking in this strange tongue, I had a peculiar experience. I was seated directly against the wall, and you may imagine how surprised I was to hear a voice at the back of me say: "This is my Spirit, and my servant is speaking under the influence of my power." This was all new to me. I was sitting against the wall, so I could not see anyone, but the voice was very distinct and plain. It came with such conviction that I had no room for doubt.

I sat through the meeting with Sister Hovenga (the Baptist lady), and we both rejoiced. We began to see that God had restored his work upon the earth and had brought back the old gospel once enjoyed by the primitive church.

Another meeting was appointed, to which we were permitted to go. This lady's husband was still prejudiced, but he stated he would take us along, but that he would go to his church. However, in the afternoon he came over to where we were and wanted to arrange for a time and place to meet when the meeting was over. While talking to us, he took sick very suddenly with acute bowel trouble. So great was his agony that his cries could be heard outside. This happened just before the prayer meeting began. The Saints took him into a bedroom, and the Spirit said to the presiding officer, "Go and anoint that man with oil and lay hands upon him, and he will be healed."

The old brother, John Bauer, went in and said to this man Hovenga, "The Spirit says I should anoint you with oil and pray over you." The pain was so great that he had no reason to refuse, for he was quite anxious to obtain relief. When the elder took his hands off his head, this Mr. Hovenga was instantly healed.

These two experiences, together with the prayerful investigation I had made of the work, convinced me, and I made up my mind to be baptized, and made arrangements to

this end with the presiding officer. The Baptist lady also gave in her name for baptism, but her husband waited awhile, although from that time on he went with us to the meetings.

Elder John Bauer was well acquainted with my father. He was a very scholarly man and bright-minded. He said to me, "Temme, tell your father that you want to be baptized next Sunday." This I did. Father and mother both said, "We have nothing to say against it if you think it is right, and are sure of yourself. So go ahead." I was glad to hear that.

CHAPTER 3

Becomes a Latter Day Saint

On the twenty-fourth day of November, 1872, Mrs. Hovenga and I both went to Burlington and were baptized. A wonderful change came into my life that day.

When I went into the waters of baptism, many people heard of it, and several of the Sunday school scholars in the Baptist Church stood upon the bank of the Flint River, which empties into the Mississippi at Burlington, where the baptisms took place. I was the first of the two to be baptized, and when I came out it seemed to me that everything looked grander than ever before; almost like a new earth, all the surroundings had so wonderfully changed to my vision.

We went to the home of Brother Bauer and were confirmed. At the confirmation I did not notice any special change in my make-up. After going home my brother Casper said to me, "Now you have joined the Latter Day Saint Church, and they claim that the gifts of the gospel are the same today as in the days of the apostles, and the Bible says everyone has a gift. What is your gift?" I told him I did not know. He said to me, "You are an honest boy and have told me the truth. I just do not believe they have it. I am afraid that this is just all talk and there is no power there." I said, "Casper, there is one thing I can tell you. I have never in my lifetime felt such a heavenly peace as since I have been baptized. I certainly have been

wonderfully blessed with a peaceful influence from heaven."

CHAPTER 4

His First Public Prayer—Experiences Protection of the Holy Spirit

Prejudice was very high against the Mormons in this part of the country at this time. Danville was populated mostly with Baptists, and Sister Hovenga and I were the only Latter Day Saints there.

Shortly after our baptism, Sister Hovenga's husband came into the church.

The folks made all kinds of fun of me because I went to the two old people's home and held prayer meetings with them. Up to this time I had never prayed in public, and as I considered my make-up was not that way, I listened to their prayers.

One night we three met together after I had been in the church several months, and old Brother Hovenga says to me: "Brother Temme, won't you pray for us tonight? We would like to hear you utter a short prayer." The words of our Master came to me then, "Wherever two or three meet in my name, there will I deign to be." I thought I could not pray openly, but finally, to please these old people whom I loved and respected, I made an effort, and that is where I received one of my first endowments.

While upon my knees praying, it seemed as if the very heavens opened, and light came upon me. My tongue was loosened. When I had finished, the old folks said that it was the most wonderful prayer they had ever listened to.

This gave me courage, and was quite a testimony to me that God was, and that the church I had joined was indeed his church, because his promise was that whosoever accepted his doctrine and obeyed it should know for himself. And this was one of my testimonies. So I greatly rejoiced. I went home singing that night, and went to my brother Casper and told him of my experience, but it did not affect him very much.

This experience occurred in the summer of 1873, so I made up my mind that I would

continue in prayer. I made a solemn resolution never to go to bed until I had gone out somewhere and offered a prayer to God, asking him to direct me, granting me wisdom to defend the truth.

My brother and I were working hard that summer. Casper cut several cords of wood which had to be hauled to Burlington. That was my job. When the early fall came, August and September, I would haul that wood to Mr. Perkins, president of the C. B. & Q. Railroad. When I came back in the afternoon, I would load up the wood, grease the wagon, and have everything in readiness for the morning. About sunset I would stroll off to a big hill at the end of the house, and go upon my knees, calling upon God for help and wisdom and understanding, and also that he might bless me with his Spirit.

About this time another incident occurred in my life that I can never forget if I should live to be one hundred. There was a big stump behind the hill. One night, just as it was calm and quiet, I went there and knelt in prayer. I had uttered but a few words, with my face towards the east, when I heard in the distance a peculiar noise coming towards me. At first I did not pay very much attention to it, but felt that I wanted to continue in prayer. The noise came closer, and as it came nearer it increased in power, and when it got to be about twenty yards from me it so increased in volume that it seemed the earth was tearing up. I got frightened and called upon the name of God and said, "Lord, do not forsake your child at this time." I could see nothing, but heard a noise. It was such an unusual noise. When it got within ten feet or so of me I said, "I can not stand this any longer. Help me, Lord!" So I got up to run home. Just as I said those few words, a power from heaven came over me, and rested upon me strongly, and almost before I realized it the words came out of my mouth, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I bid ye depart." Then all was calm and quiet again. Thus had the Adversary tried to thwart my prayer.

When that power rested upon me, I could understand how the servants of God felt

when they bade the dead to arise. Under that influence I felt that I could undertake any task. I was glad God came to my rescue. As I was young in years and experience, I could not fully understand why this should be.

I kept up my prayers, and one night after I got home from Burlington, as it began to rain somewhat drizzingly, I thought that it would not be wisdom for me to go to the big hill. Father had a good-sized granary about seventy-five yards from the house. I went to the granary, although it was pitch dark. I commenced my prayer, but I had said only

a few words when something got hold of the door, opened it as wide as it would go, and slammed it shut. I thought the door would split. Then for the second time I heard that audible voice, saying "Fear not; it is the power of darkness!" Again I rebuked this power and finished my prayer.

After this experience I went to my parents and said, "Father and mother, would you object to reading a chapter from the Bible at nights and having family prayer?" They were willing to do this, so from that time on we had our prayer at home.

(To be continued.)

Interesting Incidents Connected with the Establishment of the Church

By Charles Fry

No. 19.—THE FIRST MISSIONARIES SENT OUT



BISHOP CHARLES FRY

During the first six months of the church's activity much local preaching was done, and many persons had been converted to the faith. In October, 1830, a revelation was received designating four men as the ones to undertake the first distant mission.

These men were Oliver Cowdery, P. P. Pratt, Peter Whitmer, jr., and Ziba Peterson. They were directed to go "into the wilderness, among the Lamanites," which was westward.

Preached to the Indians

These men soon after started out on this important mission—how important they little knew—taking their journey westward, preaching by the way as they found opportunity. They stopped to visit an Indian tribe near Buffalo, New York, and spent part of a day with them, giving them an account of their forefathers as recorded in the Book of

Mormon. The Indians received them kindly, and their message with consideration.

Find Elder Rigdon at Mentor

Traveling on, these pioneer missionaries came to the village of Mentor, nearly two hundred miles west of Buffalo. Here they found a man who formerly had been an instructor and friend of P. P. Pratt in the Reformed Baptist Society. This man, Sidney Rigdon, was then pastor of a church in Mentor, where he was preaching as an independent minister. Having been dissatisfied with the Baptist faith, Mr. Rigdon had some time since joined with Alexander Campbell in the new movement which brought into existence the Christian or Disciple Church, but still being unsatisfied, had also withdrawn from that. Finding no church which taught the gospel according to the Bible as he understood it, Mr. Rigdon resolved to preach that gospel independently.

Mr. Rigdon Contests the Doctrine

Thus was Elder Rigdon engaged when found by the new missionaries. He received them kindly, but gave little credence to their message. He permitted them to preach in

most of us have largely forgotten questions of justice and of judgment. And men go through this world complimenting themselves on achievements in the field of business that one day will bring up recollections of events, that will make us say: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother in that we saw the disaster that came upon his family through the business that *we* helped to keep alive; we saw the anguish of the soul of the man whose house was taken from him through the foreclosure of the mortgage, and when he besought us, we would not hear." But one day God will be heard.

We may go through life excusing ourselves for this thing and that. But when the fever of passion has died away, when the mad scramble for property and for social esteem has ceased; when we (when the God that is in us) have an opportunity to speak, *then*

the Book of Life *will be opened*, and judgment will take place. It will take place automatically, with certainty, and in righteousness. For then there will be a certain and true comparison of what *was* done with what *ought* to have been done. We may go through this life without knowing ourselves and excusing ourselves for things we ought *not* to do or even *condemning* ourselves for things we have a right to do. But there we shall know as we are known, and see as we are seen.

It becomes every man, therefore, to judge himself, so that he will not want to hide himself from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne. But that the great day, when all must be judged, whether they will or not, will bring them the satisfactions of "Well done," and the pleasure of entering into the joys of the Lord.

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CHAPTER 5

Begins His Ministry

In 1874 my brother Henry, who is now dead, and his wife were baptized into the church.

At this time the church officials at Burlington suggested that we have regular prayer meetings in one of the homes at Danville, but we were unable to do this, as we had no officers among us.

We went to Burlington on Sundays and did not miss a meeting.

On one of these occasions the spirit of prophecy rested upon Elder John Bauer, and turning to me he said, "The Lord has called you to the office of teacher, that you might hold prayer meetings in the country for the benefit of the few."

I was ordained to the office of teacher in the year 1874 by Elders John H. Lake and John Bauer. I was somewhat reluctant to accept this responsibility, as I did not feel worthy; but I thought, Well, this is a small office, so maybe the Lord will give me strength. As the elders placed their hands

upon my head to ordain me, the Spirit of God rested upon Brother Bauer so much that he trembled, and he began to speak in prophecy, outlining my life's work. He stated that I should hold places of much responsibility in the church before my work was finished. This rested heavily upon me, and I thought, O Lord, is it possible that I, a poor worm of the dust, can ever occupy along these lines? But the prophecy has since been fulfilled to the very letter.

Succeeding my ordination we held prayer meetings on Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday afternoons, unless some one came over from Burlington to preach for us. We received many special blessings. It seemed that God in his mercy knew all the persecution we had to contend with from the Baptist people, for he blessed us greatly with his Spirit when we got together. So, many times in our prayer meetings it seemed that Sister Hovenga was overcome for a time, as we had to lay her on a bed. It just seemed that the heavens were opened unto us.

Prejudice grew more bitter among the Baptists, as more members were taken from

their church. They would not face us, nor talk with us, but rather did everything against us they possibly could.

Here is an incident in my life which should be of special interest to the reader: One week-day evening we had a prayer meeting at the home of old Brother and Sister Hovenga. I opened the meeting. Sometimes I would read a part of a chapter and then



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make a few comments on it, and then we would sing and pray and testify. Now the Baptist people had not, up to this time, attended any of our meetings; but just as I got ready to open this meeting, there came rushing in five or six of the Baptist people, and one stranger whom I did not know.

I was wonderfully surprised to see them come into the prayer meeting. They sat down; the stranger sat opposite me, and I noticed he was watching my every movement. During the meeting Sister Mary Hinderks, Henry's wife, said, "Let us pray." We got

upon our knees, but the Baptist people kept their seats. She prayed, and after the prayer we sang another hymn. Then Sister Hinderks arose and spoke in an unknown tongue. I felt the power of the Spirit of God that was there, so I prayed within myself and said, "Lord, give her also the interpretation of that tongue." It was quite a lengthy tongue, and when she got through the Spirit of God rested upon me so that I gave the interpretation of that tongue in German to the people present. This was my first experience in interpreting an unknown tongue.

As soon as the meeting was over, I expected to shake hands with the Baptist people and the stranger and invite them back, but they rushed out as if possessed, and did not say a word.

(The reader should keep this particular experience in mind, for later in the narrative important reference will be made to it.)

CHAPTER 6

*Instructed by Spirit to Move Zionward—
Aided by Heavenly Messenger*

In the early part of 1876, during one of our week-night prayer services at the home of old Brother and Sister Hovenga, I was blessed with the spirit of prophecy, the Lord instructing the few Saints at Danville to sell their property and move to the land of Zion.

After the meeting was over, the Saints gathered around me, asking me to explain the full meaning of the message that had been given. Up to this time I had never seen a Book of Mormon or Doctrine and Covenants and did not know where the land of Zion was located. At first I thought the Lord intended that we should move to Palestine, where the New Jerusalem was to be, and it worried me for a while. Then the thought came to me to write to Brother Joseph, the prophet, who was at Plano, Illinois, at that time. This I did, setting out the prophecy word for word, as near as I could recall. In time I received a nice letter from him, stating that it was the Lord's wish that we move towards the land of Zion. He suggested that we move to Stewartsville, Missouri, as he had

made a survey of the land there and was anxious to see a number of Saints locate in that part of the country.

We sold our property, and my brother Henry and I went to Independence to look over that country for a farm home, but that part of the country did not suit Henry, as it was too hilly.

Acting in harmony with the advice given us by Brother Joseph, we came out here [Stewartsville] in the fall of 1876 and purchased property, as that part of Missouri suited us. We bought one hundred twenty acres at first, and later contracted for more, just north of the highway around the Maple Grove Church.

In 1877 my father died. He had been baptized into the church sometime previously, but mother was not a member.

There were a number of German Saints located in this part of the country when we moved here. They were holding services in a little house at a little distance due east of the present location of the Maple Grove Church.

We had a large attendance at all the services, and soon our numbers so increased that we had to move to a larger building, and began to consider building a church of our own. Before the church was built, we held Sunday afternoon preaching services at a schoolhouse known as the "White Dove." This building is still standing, although it has been rebuilt.

In the spring of 1877 we organized the German DeKalb Branch. The organization was effected on Wednesday, April 25, with six members present, by Apostle T. W. Smith and Elder James Kemp. At this meeting I was called and ordained to the office of priest, and my brother Henry to the office of teacher. The Lord stated through the Spirit of prophecy that if we lived faithfully, he would bring in people from other directions, and that the branch would grow and be greatly blessed.

Shortly after the branch was organized, a large number of Lutherans, Methodists, and Baptists attended our services regularly, and it was not long before they were baptized.

So our numbers increased steadily, in harmony with the prophecy given.

In the White Dove Schoolhouse each Sunday afternoon, a German minister, pastor of the German Methodist Church of Cameron, held preaching services, and we were given an appointment to follow him as soon as he finished his sermon.

These meetings were conducted in German, and it was up to me to represent the church, as my brother, Henry, who was the only other member of the priesthood present, would not undertake to talk. One Sunday afternoon I walked from my home to the schoolhouse, feeling very blue. My mind was entirely blank, and I had no subject ready. When I got there in time for the services to begin, I had no one to open the meeting for me. There was no trouble in getting the American brethren to assist, but everything had to be done in German that day. So the whole burden fell upon me. In my discouragement I prayed, "O Lord, you know my needs. I am here to represent you, and I depend upon your mercy." While I was whispering this prayer, the time came to open the meeting.

There was a large crowd present that day. After the opening hymn I offered the prayer, and I prayed earnestly to God to bless us that day. After singing another hymn, I arose to lay out the line of thought I had decided to discuss, when all at once such a pleasant, sweet feeling came over me that it seemed to lift me from my feet for the time being. When I began to talk, new thoughts came to my mind, and the Spirit of God rested upon me in much power and liberty. Never before had I been blessed in my preaching to such a degree.

A little after I had commenced preaching, I noticed that a middle-aged lady came in and sat towards the rear of the congregation. After the meeting this lady came to me and said, "I wonder who that person was standing at your side in the stand? He was a stranger to me, and as soon as you finished that wonderful sermon he disappeared." With thankfulness in my heart I said, "Surely the Lord has sent an angel to help

me in my time of need." Tears came into the lady's eyes, and she said, "Yes, that is true. I want to be baptized." I baptized her that evening.

CHAPTER 7-

Ordained an Elder—Witnesses Healing by Laying on of Hands—Directed by the Spirit

In the summer the Lord called me to the office of elder, and I was ordained by Elders T. W. Smith and J. M. Terry on June 27. The first person I baptized after my ordination to the Melchisedec priesthood was my own mother.

In the fall of 1877 a man by the name of Pearson came to Stewartville and wanted to locate a farm in or around Zion, and he begged me to go to Independence with him. I consented and went with him.

It took us about two days to get there by lumber wagon. When we reached there, we went to the home of old Brother Etzenhouser, who lived on the east side of Independence on a farm. We found that his boy was down with typhoid, and he died on the night of our arrival. We did our best to comfort the old folks.

After the funeral of Brother Etzenhouser's son, we went up to the town and met Brother John Brackenbury, who was then president of the Independence Branch. Together we went to his home, a little place in the east side of Independence. On our arrival there, we met Brother Lamphier, and for a while we remained outside and made ourselves acquainted.

Once in a while I could hear some child heaving inside the house, as though it were struggling for breath. Finally Sister Brackenbury came running out, crying that the doctor had just left her son and had given up all hopes of saving his life, as the lad had a growth in his throat which was choking him. She asked her husband and Brother Lamphier to administer to him once more.

Brother Brackenbury was an elder, and Brother Lamphier a high priest. Brother Lamphier turned to me and asked if I held

the Melchisedec priesthood. When I told him that I had just recently been ordained an elder, he asked me to assist in the administration. I said to the two men, "Well, brethren, I am the presiding officer of the German DeKalb Branch, and I have never uttered a prayer in English. It would be impossible for me to pray for the child unless it were in my mother tongue." Brother Lamphier smiled a little and said, "The Lord can understand all tongues." He anointed the child and called upon me to confirm. I commenced to pray in my humble way, in German, and the child heaved so that we could hardly hear the prayer. All at once I felt the Spirit of God coming to our rescue, and I had wonderful liberty in presenting the sick child before the Lord. When I said, "Amen," and took my hands off the child's head, he slipped off his father's lap and ran across the room to his mother saying, "Give me something to eat."

He was entirely healed through the intervention of the Lord.

This was my first experience in administering to the sick. The boy was Charlie Brackenbury, one-time photographer in Lamoni, who died in recent years.

Soon after this event I left Mr. Pearson in Independence and returned home.

One Sunday afternoon, during a prayer meeting, a prophecy was directed to me that I should go back to Danville and preach the gospel, as there was a special work for me to do at that place.

To me that prophecy looked as dark as midnight. I could not understand it, knowing that the people there were prejudiced. I hurried out of the meeting and sought seclusion, saying to myself, That can not be just right. While I was thus meditating, the Spirit of God said to me, "I, the Lord, have a people there, and they will obey my gospel."

When I reached home my wife told me that she had received evidence that the prophecy was true, and she appeared to have much confidence in it.

So I decided to take the Lord at his word. I had no light myself, and it looked dark to

me, as the people would not come near us while we were there before.

We were handicapped financially, and I had to borrow the money for railroad fare. I took the midnight train to Danville, but I did not sleep, as I was wondering where I would get an opportunity to preach, as the people there had shunned us before.

When I got off the train, I started out on foot to a house some five miles north of Danville to some people I knew, and where I thought I could stay. When I had walked about three quarters of a mile, I saw a man coming towards me. The closer I got to him, the more I wondered who he could be. When we got near enough to distinguish each other, he stopped and addressed me, saying, "Well, are you just in fresh from Missouri?" After telling him that I was, he asked if it was my intention to do any preaching in Danville. I told him I would like to if I could find a suitable place. "Well," he said, "you can use my house to hold services in."

This man was one of the five Baptists who had come to the prayer meeting we held some years before in the home of old Brother and Sister Hovenga, and he was one of the most bitterly prejudiced in Danville. He had threatened to drive the "Mormons" into the Mississippi River if they made any converts.

It was a shock to me when he told me I could use his house for preaching purposes. He also offered to announce throughout the neighborhood that services would be held the following night.

At half past seven I was greatly surprised to find the house full of Baptists. I preached to them and made an appointment for the following night.

The next day I had a visit with my host, a Mr. Hamann, and then he told me about the prayer meeting we held several years before when the five Baptists and a stranger came rushing in. I inquired after the stranger, and he told me that he was a young man just over from Hamberg, Germany, who had been educated in many different languages. The Baptists had taken him to the prayer meet-

ing, as they had heard that the Latter Day Saints spoke in unknown tongues and they thought they would be able to prove by this educated German that we were frauds.

The young man's name was Elbert Maine. After the meeting the Baptists hurried out and surrounded him, asking, "Did you understand anything that lady said who pretended to speak in an unknown tongue?" Mr. Maine thought a little while; then he said, "I do not know these people, nor do I believe there is a God or a Devil, as I am an infidel of the worst kind. But if this young lady who spoke in tongues, and the young man who gave the interpretation in German, know nothing of the Hebrew language, then there is a power present I can not understand. The interpretation was given word for word."

This impressed old Mr. Hamann, for he went on to say, "That set me studying, and I said to myself, 'Is it possible that we are fighting against God and his truth?' From that time on I had a desire, when you moved away, that you should come back so that I might hear the gospel in its fullness."

The Lord fulfilled the prophecy to the letter, for I baptized this man and his wife and many others from the congregation of the Baptist Church. This made the Baptist minister angry. He said to me, "I have a few members, but you have taken the best of the membership away from me." These people later moved to Stewartsville.

Great and marvelous are the workings of the Lord!

(To be continued.)

In the deep unwritten wisdom of life there are many things to be learned that can not be taught. We never know them by hearing them spoken, but we grow into them by experience, and recognize them through understanding. Understanding is a great experience in itself, but it does not come through instruction.—*Dearborn Independent*.

The ancient prophets uttered many prophecies concerning the setting up of Zion in the last days, the gathering of the people of God through the gospel, and the coming of the Lord.

Idea of Zion Also Found in Book of Mormon

The Book of Mormon also sets forth the idea of Zion. Jesus himself when speaking to the Nephite people said:

And verily, I say unto you, I give unto you a sign, that ye may know the time when these things shall be about to take place, that I shall gather in from their long dispersion, my people, O house of Israel, and shall establish again among them my Zion.—(3) Nephi 9: 86.

This agrees with the Bible teaching both in regard to the gathering and the establishment of Zion. The Lord goes on to say, speaking of the Gentiles in that day:

But if they will repent, and hearken unto my words, and harden not their hearts, I will establish my church among them, and they shall come in unto the covenant, and be numbered among this the remnant of Jacob, unto whom I have given this land for their inheritance, and they shall assist my people, the remnant of Jacob;

And also, as many of the house of Israel as shall

come, that they may build a city, which shall be called the New Jerusalem;

And then shall they assist my people that they may be gathered in, who are scattered upon all the face of the land, in unto the New Jerusalem.—Book of Mormon, (3) Nephi 10: 1-3.

Ether who lived many centuries before Christ came, prophesied regarding America, "that it was the place of the New Jerusalem," and "that a New Jerusalem should be built up upon this land." He also prophesied that the old Jerusalem in Palestine should be built up again "a holy city unto the Lord."

Church Has Task of Building Zion

It is not strange, therefore, that in the beginnings of this church the Lord revealed his purpose to establish and build up this city called the New Jerusalem, Zion, in order that a people might be prepared for his coming, which is drawing near. He has designated the place, and has set before his church the task of building up to the perfect standard which he has set forth in his law given in the latter-day revelations. It remains for every man to live up to the requirements to the utmost of his ability.

Memoirs of T. T. Hinderks: Compiled by Walter H. Cryer

CHAPTER 8

Sees a Heavenly Vision

The Pleasant Grove Branch (English) had been organized northwest of the Maple Grove Church and southwest of the English DeKalb Branch. The DeKalb Branch had no elder for some time, and Elder Charlie Faul was the presiding officer of the Pleasant Grove Branch, but he was absent a good deal of the time on business. When sickness came, the Saints in these branches called on me quite frequently to administer. It was nothing unusual for me to be called out of bed at night to go to the home of the sick.

One night, after my wife and children were in bed, I remained up a little longer than usual before locking the door. When I did eventually lock all the doors and retire, and while lying on the bed meditating over the

day's work, I heard some one walk on to the south porch. Immediately the thought came to me that some one was sick and had sent for me to administer, so I made ready to get out of bed when some one knocked. While I was trying to get out of bed, the door was opened and a personage came through the doorway. As it was dark, I could not see him very plainly, but he seemed to be of middle age and medium size. The personage walked up and stopped in front of the bed. Then it seemed as though a little whirlwind accosted me, and the next thing I knew I was standing about four feet above the floor with the personage standing beside me. When I looked down upon the bed, I was surprised to see my body resting there beside my wife, yet I was in the air with the personage, feeling fine and without any fear. Soon the messenger spoke, bidding me follow him.

In this vision I saw myself walking with the personage up a hill in a northwesterly direction. We walked quite a little distance. Occasionally something drew my attention on each side, but the personage hurried me on. We went straight south for a little while, and then southeast, and after we had traveled in this direction for quite a while I heard music, the loveliest music, far sweeter than any mortal being has been able to express. When I heard that music, I fell upon my knees and said to my guide, "Let us go there and hear more of that." He said nothing, but led me along farther until presently he stopped and said, "You can not now go any farther." Then he said, "Look." I looked in the direction he indicated, where the music was coming from, and I saw a city so clear and bright that it seemed to be built of crystal. I pleaded with my guide to take me into the city, but he said gently, "No; you can not go there at this time, as we must return." This disappointed me, as I so much desired to go into that beautiful city. When we reached my earthly home and saw my body resting beside my wife, it seemed that another small whirlwind came over me, and the next thing I knew I was in my natural body again. This was the only time I was carried away in the Spirit to this extent.

CHAPTER 9

His First Sermon in the English Language— Another Beautiful Testimony

In 1882, on account of sickness, I moved from my farm property to the town of Stewartsville, about four miles distant, where I had previously purchased a couple of lots and built a home.

The General Conference of 1883, at Kirtland, assigned me to do some missionary work in Kansas among the German settlements. Apostle T. W. Smith was more or less responsible for this appointment.

At first I did not like this very well, as I did not feel strong enough to take up missionary work, but I thought it would be best for me to go. I left home in June with Elder J. T. Kinnaman, who was appointed to labor among the English population in Kansas.

While in Kansas City we met Brother Alexander H. Smith, who was on his way to a district conference held at Greschen Branch, Clay County, north of Clay Center. We accompanied him, and while there we were to complete our itinerary.

We arrived at this conference on a Friday night. Saturday we went to a large schoolhouse, where the conference was being held. There was a large delegation of Saints from the Northwestern District in Kansas.

In the afternoon, while the president was arranging for speakers to occupy during the conference, Brother Alexander Smith got up and made a motion that T. T. Hinderks address the congregation that evening. This surprised and disturbed me, as I had never preached a sermon in English, and thinking that I would be able to sidestep this appointment very easily, I arose and said, "Brethren, I have never preached a sermon in English. It would be impossible for me to do so. I am sent here to minister to the German Saints." Alexander then got to his feet and said, "Brother President, I will go as security for Brother Hinderks." So this settled it so far as I was concerned; they would consider no one else.

While at this conference I stayed at the home of Brother and Sister Sannamar. When we returned from this meeting, Sister Sannamar was preparing supper. I said to her, "Sister, do not prepare any supper for me. I am requested to preach this evening, and I am up against it; so I prefer to fast."

Night came, and as time for the service neared the brethren told me they did not expect a very large crowd. I was to be assisted in this meeting by Brother Kinnaman. This suited me nicely, for as I had never preached a sermon in English, I thought I would introduce myself to the congregation, apologize for my inability to occupy, and then turn the meeting over to Brother Kinnaman.

When we reached the schoolhouse, I was surprised to see the building crowded, a large number of the Saints coming from a distance, some from so far away as a hundred miles in western Kansas. There were just as many on the outside as within. I thought to my-

self, It is too bad Brother Alexander does not preach this evening.

Brother Kinnaman opened the meeting, and after the second hymn he introduced me to the congregation. I remember I took for a text that evening, the words of the Apostle Paul, "God is no respecter of persons . . ." As soon as I got to my feet, I seemed to forget myself, and no thought of turning the meeting over to Brother Kinnaman entered my mind. I stood in a halo of light throughout the whole meeting, and had no trouble at all in speaking the English language. It was a repetition of the spiritual shower I had in the little schoolhouse at home that Sunday afternoon. I had splendid liberty, so much so that when I got through Alexander came to me and said, "Brother Hinderks, you did fine." I said, "No, Brother Alexander; it was not I. It was God. He helped me to-night. I could never have accomplished it of my own accord."

CHAPTER 10

Build and Dedicate a Church

In time the question came up about building a church. Money was not plentiful, but lumber was cheap, and workmen could be hired at a reasonable wage. So we appointed a committee, as the little schoolhouse would not hold our numbers any longer.

We took subscriptions and collected about one thousand dollars. One Brother Daries donated a lot to the branch for the church to be built on, and one hundred and fifty dollars besides. He was the wealthiest among us. My brother Henry gave half an acre of land to be used as a cemetery.

So we began to build. It seems that in those days we took things more seriously than now. Everything that was done in connection with the church was looked upon in a sacred light. We hauled lumber to the lot, and before one board was taken from the wagon we held a short prayer meeting, invoking our Father's blessing upon our efforts, that his name might be glorified and his people blessed.

In the fall of 1884, we finished the build-

ing. Apostle Alexander H. Smith preached the dedicatory sermon, and the prayer was offered by Elder Mark H. Forscutt. Brother Alexander said he had dedicated many churches during his ministry, but that he had never been in a church elsewhere where he was so greatly blessed with the Spirit.

After the building was finished and dedicated, we had fifteen dollars left in the treasury. No debts at all. We had commenced to build in the spring and completed it in the fall.

We had no German Book of Doctrine and Covenants and Book of Mormon at this time, so I had to use the English editions and translate as I went along—read a few lines in English, and for the benefit of the congregation translate them into German. At times I was so blessed by the Spirit of God that I could take those English books and read extracts in German without hesitancy, and at other times I would have to use a dictionary.

In 1884 General Conference was held in Stewartsville. Among other leading men of the church present at this conference was Apostle Jason W. Briggs. He came over to my house several times and told me about some of the conditions in Nauvoo.

He got me to doubting a little about some of the things of the Reorganization, and I got to the point where I thought I would make it a subject of prayer, for the Lord knew I wanted to do right and be with the right people.

Sometime after the conference was over, I had the following dream:

I was at the Maple Grove Church and was to preach there at the eleven o'clock hour. While I was on the platform, getting ready to open the meeting, the door on the east side opened, and Brother Joseph came in accompanied by another man, a stranger to me. This was a pleasant-looking man, about middle age. I walked up to the prophet and said, "Well, Brother Joseph, I am glad you have come; you are just in time to give us a good sermon. We are all glad to see you." I had been associated with Brother Joseph quite a good deal, and knew he lost no time in introducing his friends to each other, but

this stranger stood behind him and Joseph did not say a word about him. I thought this strange, and as the prophet walked down the aisle, shaking hands with different ones, I went up to the stranger and said, "I guess I will have to make myself acquainted with you. T. T. Hinderks is my name." The stranger looked at me and said pleasantly, "My name is Wonderful."

This struck me very forcibly, and I mused, "Wonderful. Who can this man be?" He followed Brother Joseph down the aisle, and when they got to the front of the building he raised his right hand and laid it on Joseph's shoulder. Then he turned to me and said, "This is the true Prophet of God." He continued, "Do you see that over there?" pointing on the east side of our building, where there was a rock about three quarters of a foot square. The rock was rough in places, but in the center of the rock there was resting a piece of pure white marble, a square piece placed in the solid rock. He asked, "Do you see that?" I said, "Yes, sir." Then he said, "That piece of white marble resting in that head of rock is the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. It shall never be moved."

I was then president of the branch, and this personage, "Wonderful," spoke to me regarding some duties he wanted me to attend to, but I can not remember them now.

When he finished speaking I awoke, but that dream or vision is just as plain to me this morning as it was when I had it that night. It was an answer to my prayer, and convinced me that I was with the true church.

CHAPTER 11

Publish a German Hymn Book

Shortly after the church was built, the Saints insisted that arrangements be made to print a German hymn book, and they appointed my brother Casper and me to undertake this work, to compose and translate hymns as we had opportunity.

This was hard work, and it took a lot of time to prepare. However, nothing is hard when you enjoy the Spirit of the Master. I

always carried with me a tablet and pencil, and sometimes while we were in prayer meetings the Spirit would enlighten me so that I could compose two or three verses of a hymn. Sometimes I would sit down and try to translate, but found it hard; at other times the Spirit of God would come over me so that I could translate fluently. We would translate a few lines from the English and sing them in German.

After much hard work and perseverance, we completed the work, and on November 21, 1890, the *Zion' Harfe* was printed.

As our young people began to grow up and take an interest in the work, they insisted that we change some services from German into English, as they were more accustomed to talking in English on account of their school work and associations.

At first we met the young people half way, dividing the services. Sunday school was conducted entirely in English, and eventually as the years went by, more services were held in English, until today a German meeting is seldom held in our community.

So ends the life history of Elder T. T. Hinderks, as told to the writer.

For some fifteen years, in addition to his pastoral responsibilities of the German DeKalb Branch, Brother Hinderks was appointed and worked efficiently as president of the Far West District. Later he was ordained to the office of high priest, and still later he for many years served as a member of the Standing High Council of the church, a position calling for men of much wisdom and high integrity.

In recent years our brother's ministrations were handicapped by steadily failing health. Even in these times, his influence meant much to the church and community, for many sought him out for counsel.

On October 21, 1927, the date of my last interview with him, he was in a very enfeebled condition, the result of many ailments. Due to the state of his health, I did not deem it wisdom to press him too closely for details and dates. What I wanted pri-

marily were those vital experiences he enjoyed in his ministry. This was the purpose of my mission, and it was accomplished as the foregoing sketch portrays.

Temme T. Hinderks passed from this earthly realm on the 14th day of January, 1928, at the age of seventy-two years. He left behind him his dear companion and several children, many grandchildren, and a large concourse of friends whose love and confidence he had long since won.

"How beautiful it is for a man to die on the walls of Zion! To be called like a watch-worn and weary sentinel, to put his armor off and rest in heaven."

Thus we are permitted to see that throughout the life of Elder T. T. Hinderks the Christ spirit emanated. In his ministrations as a disciple of our Lord and Savior, he was ever humble and faithful. Though at times perplexed because of existing conditions, not

once did he forsake the path of duty, the road which led to the beautiful city he had once seen in company with a heavenly messenger.

As a fitting climax to this sacred picture of service to humanity, I feel to quote the words of a hymn our departed brother always loved to sing:

How gentle God's command!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

His bounty will provide;
His Saints securely dwell;
That hand that bears creation up,
Will guard his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burdens at his feet,
And bear a song away.

LETTERS AND CONTRIBUTIONS

The Highway of God

By Sarah E. Poe

To stop running to and fro and to think about the footsteps of Jesus is a blessed recreation. Somehow it awakens love in one's heart, refreshes his mind with joy, and soothes his soul with peace to contemplate the good works of Jesus and to follow him with the mind's eye in his journeyings back and forth through the Holy Land. It is a Holy Land. The paths worn smooth by the Christ and his followers have made it so.

Can you not see him, masterful yet kind, clothed with the dignity of the Father, a dignity which even as it forms a barrier between itself and uncouth things, offers no barrier to good things, to every call for blessing, to every thought of God? Do you not discern the radiance of his presence surrounding you with the sunlight of heaven? Listen with the multitude that waited for him. Can you not almost hear his soft footsteps? Blessed feet of Jesus! How the people listened for his coming!

If you follow his footsteps, you will find many unexpected bypaths; you will come to modest dwellings, to the homes of the proud and rich, to the dwelling places of publicans and sinners, to the council chambers of scribes and Pharisees. You will at times leave the thoroughfares and go over the hills and out into the wilderness, his blessed sanctuary of prayer; you will find the imprint of

those feet in the damp sand along the shore, and many times they will lead you to the humble abodes of fishermen.

In every step a blessing is written. Throughout every journey, those whom he met were blessed with wholeness, holiness, peace, courage, and love. There is a legend that flowers blossomed where Jesus walked. Flowers bloom for everyone who keeps to the highway of God. It is a wonderful highway, definite, shining, straight. It is the way of truth, the way of divinity, the way of Christ. It winds upward, ever upward, becoming clearer as one progresses in truth. The fruits of the Spirit adorn it on each side, and in many places the blossoms of love, kindness, and good deeds extend across the highway. You walk gently and softly in such places; and you will find that if you would proceed, you must free yourself from the burdens of worry, fear, impurity, and personal attachments and bondage. Every pilgrim on the way has centered his mind on God, and in many ways service is opened to him whereby he may prove his love and loyalty to the teachings of the Christ.

There is harmony along the way, the harmony of joyous, singing hearts, and sturdy, marching feet. There are signs to guide one, placed along the way by the Master and eternally illumined by his example. One sign is "Love one another"; a second, "Judge not"; a third, "Give up all and follow me"; another, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." One that means much in the attainment of righteousness