

The Saints' Herald.

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Miss Baughman 1879

"I SAW ANOTHER ANGEL * *, HAVING THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL TO PREACH TO THEM THAT DWELL ON THE EARTH * *, SAYING; FEAR GOD, AND GIVE GLORY TO HIM, FOR THE HOUR OF HIS JUDGMENT IS COME."—REV. 14: 6-7.
 "SANCTIFY THEM THROUGH THY TRUTH; THY WORD IS TRUTH."—JESUS; JOHN 17: 17.
 "HEARKEN TO THE WORD OF THE LORD, FOR THERE SHALL NOT ANY MAN AMONG YOU HAVE SAVE IT BE ONE WIFE."—BOOK OF MORMON; JACOB 2: 6.

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RETROSPECTION.

Feeling somewhat melancholy, shrouded is the day in gloom,
 Silently I sit reflecting in my lonely little room.
 Friends, companions of my girlhood, with their merry faces bright,
 Mingled with a peal of laughter come again before my sight.
 But, alas! how quick they vanish, like a fairy phantom sped;
 Still, in vain imagination, lingers yet their noiseless tread.
 Thought, like lightning, asks the question, Why have you been scattered wide?
 I re-ope some letters lying on the table at my side.
 Clear and plain, they solve the question, written in a well known hand,
 Posted at some distant station in a far off foreign land.
 They are Missionary's letters to his wife and children dear;
 Sketches of long years of travel and the cause that brought us here.
 They are headed, "Wife and children;" Months and years their rounds have rolled,
 Since the parting word was given, since I did my home behold.
 Home; what joy, what untold pleasure, does that little word contain;
 God alone the secret knoweth, shall we ever meet again.
 Proud ambition could not tempt me, thus to stay from those I love,
 'Tis to do my Master's bidding, He who lives and reigns above.
 'Tis no easy road to travel; opposition holds the sway;
 Proselytes are few in number; Satan seems to gain the day.
 Strong indeed the current rages; up the stream 'tis hard to row;
 Shall we turn, glide smoothly downward, God forbid! No! never, No!
 History tells the world's destruction. Noah was a preacher too,
 Sent of God to warn the people, but his proselytes were few.
 Faithfully he filled his mission, but they heeded not his word;
 'Till their danger was apparent, and the voice of storm was heard.
 As it was in bye gone ages, as in faithful Noah's day,
 They will spurn the warning given to them in the latter day.
 But, 'tis true, Jehovah speaketh, signs are seen in every land;
 Tokens of His second coming, and the time is near at hand.
 Bitterly my spirit mourneth o'er the wickedness of man,
 Careless of their soul's salvation, heeding not the gospel plan;
 Sick at heart, I turn my footsteps from the city's busy throng;
 Wend my way far up the country, thinking as I move along;
 On this life, its cloud and sunshine, joy and sorrow which it gives,

'Till I reach the looked for dwelling where my youngest brother lives.
 I receive a hearty welcome by himself, and children dear;
 But where is the wife and mother, for alas she is not here?
 To a lonely spot I wander, where a deathlike silence reigns,
 Piloted by little children, while I follow in their train.
 Cautiously their footsteps treadeth, though their little hearts are brave;
 Weeping as they tell the story! 'Uncle, this is mother's grave!
 Yes, that narrow mound containeth, a beloved brother's wife;
 Left her children, nine in number, on the troubled sea of life.
 Ah, my heart is filled with sorrow while my prayers to heaven ascend;
 Comfort, Lord, these little children; guide them to their journey's end.
 Bless their father with thy spirit, lead him in the paths of truth;
 May he meet again in glory the companion of his youth.
 As I journeyed o'er the mountain, through my mind the lesson ran,
 Earthly ties are quickly severed, life indeed is but a span.
 Swells my heart with great emotion, while my spirits in me burn,
 Shall I stand through every trial? Shall I from my duty turn?
 All is still, no sound approacheth, humbly then I bow the knee,
 Pray for grace to fill my mission, to support and strengthen me."
 Well, I'm rhyming off the letters; but perhaps 'tis not in vain;
 For I think that I feel better 'mid this gloomy wind and rain. M. R.
 NOVEMBER, 1876.

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD, AS SEEN IN VISION.

In sleep, or in waking hour, I can not tell,
 I saw and realized what I shall try to relate;
 and, though some years have elapsed, what was seen and heard during that eventful hour remains vividly impressed upon my mind, as if heard and seen but yesternight.
 I had slept and was consciously awake, and approaching a building apparently, eighty feet long by fifty in width, the walls of which were about twenty-five feet high from the top of the foundation, which was raised some five or six feet from the ground, and of stone roughly dressed by the mason's hammer, though jointed and faced at the edges. The front was to the east, and as I approached it from the north-

east I had time to note that in the outside of the building no attempt had been made by the builders at ornamentation; except that along the sides were a series of pilasters standing out from the main wall a few inches, though forming a part of the wall, the bases of which were finished in square work, pedestal and pediment; the tops in capitals rich and peculiar in style, but which I can not describe.
 At the front a flight of nine, wide, stone steps reaching nearly across the building, led up to the entrance; this entrance being an open porch about sixteen feet deep and thirty wide. Two finished pillars stood at the outer edge of this porch supporting, with the walls at either side, three arches. These pillars had square and solid finishes at the base, but rose from their bases round and smooth, to their caps, which were very richly carved in square designs; the arches which they supported the inner and outer feet of, were exactly circular, and formed of cut stone, and were only a few feet below the ceiling of the porch. The inner side of the porch formed the outer wall of the assembly room, and was richly paneled between the open doors, one at either side of the porch opening straight into the building from the front, and apparently three and a half feet wide and nine or ten feet high.
 As I passed up the steps I seemed to know that the Saints were assembling for some purpose, and yet I felt no care nor responsibility respecting the nature of the assembly, any more than to be there with the rest. I found three or four brothers standing at the right, or north end of the porch, conversing in low and quiet tones together. I joined them for a moment; and while standing there I saw numbers of both brothers and sisters come up the steps and pass across the porch and into the open doors, the brothers to the right, the sisters to the left. Some I knew, some were strangers whom I had never seen before. Some, of both men and women, who came briskly up the steps and walked freely across the porch went no further than the doors; when for some cause that I could not see, they stopped, and either turned immediately round and walked hastily away, or turned hesitatingly, slowly and sadly and with frequent backward glances, went away as if overcome and distressed.
 While standing thus a shadowy fear came over me, that as I saw some turned away, for reasons that I did not know, and as I then supposed by some one standing at the doors, so I might not be permitted to go in; and in my perplexed and doubting frame of mind, I turned from the brethren with whom I was

chatting and walked slowly toward the door upon the right, thinking that if I saw the least sign that I was not to go in, I would turn at once away, as if I did not care to enter. As I came near to the doorway, to my surprise, I saw neither sentinel nor usher, neither door shutter, nor bolt, lock nor hinge, nothing but the open door way with door jams, lintel and threshold smooth and free from any indication of there ever having been a shutter with which to close the opening. My surprise was increased when, being permitted to pass in, I found no one inside having charge of the door or aisle; nor anything to betray the mystery of turning those back that had gone away.

I went carefully in, taking my hat off as I passed the door way, and walked about a third of the way up the aisle which led the entire length of the room, ending against the side of the pulpit platform. A dim and mellow light shone in the building, though I saw no windows; nor did it seem as if the light came from the sun shining out of doors, for none came in at the open doors. There were two aisles, one at either side of the room, a trifle wider than the door way, dividing the seated portion into three parts; the seats were similar to some styles of church pews, or slips, finished in dark, heavy, polished woods, and at the two sides running level from end to end, and across the room, except at the two sides of the pulpit platform where they were placed lengthwise, facing the pulpit. The middle row of seats were in parallel lines with those at the side, and level with them for about two-thirds of the way from pulpit to the door, when they rose in a circle, arc down, until the last one was raised five or six feet. At equal distances apart, and at the outer side of the inner row of seats, were four pillars supporting the roof.

The pulpit platform was very elaborately finished, and contained a seated apartment, richly furnished; two small circular tables, one at either side, chairs at the sides, and an orator's desk, all of a similar material and finish as the seats, only much more exquisitely carved and colored. The walls were, apparently, painted, and finished in pictured designs, that at the back of the platform much more elaborate and complicated than those at the sides; the ceiling, also, was richly decorated; the cornices profusely so, with carven imagery, scroll and counter-scroll, reaching along the sides, and down the corners, and along the walls in places, corresponding to the pilasters upon the outer surface. In suitable niches, and on brackets carved and embellished, were pictures and statuettes, the pictures representing scenes in the life of the Savior, the Apostles of the New Testament, and of the Book of Mormon; the statuettes the figures of covenant leaders of both continents, ancient and modern.

I had, however, only time to catch a hasty glimpse of all that is so briefly described, when a sort of metallic, ringing sound from the left hand door, and a kind of flashing light diverted my attention, and I looked across to the other side, but saw nothing.

I had hardly time to renew my survey of the walls and ceiling when I was fairly startled by a repetition of the sound already referred to, this time at the door on the right through which I had come; I turned in my seat and saw a man standing at the doorway facing it

as if to come in, and in the door-way itself, two crossed swords, much like the old fashioned broad swords, only a trifle broader; the hilts rested against the door jams, one at either side, about two and a half feet from the floor, and the swords crossed each other, edge down, with their points resting against the opposite door jam about the height of a man's shoulder from the floor. The hilts were plain, the guards like the common sabre guard, the handle part of dark material; the blades polished till they shone like silver, with a golden tinge. As the man stood for a moment, the swords shook a little, as if held in the hand of a person nervous from excitement, and from them as they shivered, a pale, shimmering yellow light seemed to flash, or flow.

The man turned away with a sigh, and with a sad face; the swords remained just a moment, but before the footsteps of the repulsed man had reached the outer edge of the porch, they were drawn back apparently into the door jam itself, turning upward as if upon a hinge formed at the hilts. I looked the door jams all over after the swords were withdrawn, but there was no sign nor trace of any opening in which the swords might be hid; nor was there an evidence of the existence of the swords to be seen.

I turned to renew my survey of the room and as my eyes became more accustomed to the peculiar light, I discovered new and wondrous beauty in the workmanship and finish of the whole. I had, as it seemed, come early; for the arrivals were more frequent, the intervals between them shorter and shorter; the room was filling up on both sides, and in the centre; the dropping of the swords in either doorway was also more frequent, the light flashing from them more continuous; while now and then, from some cause, the falling of them seemed like a crash, as if they were clashed furiously together, at which the light seemed to blaze throughout the room and corruscate along the emblazoned imagery of cornice and column like yellow lightning. I sat in wonder, but not in fear, for within was complete quiet; I began to contemplate the arrangements of the pulpit, where now a page, a lad of some sixteen years of age, was moving to and fro arranging something upon the stand, the tables, and chairs.

A sudden loud clashing of the swords in the doorway just behind me, together with a vivid flashing of the strange light caused me to turn my eyes again in that direction; a man was standing outside the doorway, with his teeth shut tightly together, his hands clenched, and eyes blazing with fury and disappointment; before him were the crossed swords, quivering as if instinct with life, and endowed with emotion; the polished blades had changed their hue from the silvery, golden tinged glitter to the color of a golden flame, while the light that scintillated from them flashed over and filled the room to the remotest corner, flooding seat and pillar, pulpit and altar, niche and statuette, picture and scroll, with its terrible brilliancy. The man turned away, the swords were withdrawn, but in an instant he came towards the door quickly, and was almost in the room with his right foot touching the threshold, when with a crash that sent the blood surging through my veins with the shock, the swords fell before him, sending a flood of flame and light over the room again;

he turned again away, and stepping back a few paces, he started toward the door the third time with determination, despair and fierce rage pictured in his face; and again those terrible swords, now white and glowing like molten gold, fell before him, striking fire from their clashing crossing, shaking the building with the fierceness and suddenness of their fall, and filling the doorway from top to bottom and from side to side with their quivering, eager motion; putting before the enraged and desperate man seeking an entrance, a wall of flaming swords and seeming fire. I shall never forget the fearful expression of baffled desire and helpless rage depicted in the face of the man thus barred out.

I watched him depart, and though many came; some coming in, some being prevented and going away, I saw only the one who tried more than once to enter. It seemed that when a person came up who was to come in, no stir, nor change took place at the door; but when some one came who was not to come in, the swords dropped lightly into place across the doorway, striking slightly together as they fell. If the one thus stopped from coming in, at once turned away, the swords were withdrawn, without noise or light; but if they remained standing, as if waiting to come in or to question why they were thus stopped, the blades of the swords would begin to blaze and quiver with motion, and light would begin to emit from them, similar in appearance to the flame from a hot, briskly blazing wood fire; and the longer the person stood there, the more energetic would be the shivering motion of the swords, and the more vivid and intense would be the light flying from them, until in some instances, as in the one described, the room would be illumined with the light, which resembled that which heralds the rising sun seen as it comes unclouded from the shades of night; or like the glow at the setting of the sun.

I saw some enter whom in my waking every day hours I knew were deemed not meet for a membership with the faithful; and I saw some rejected who are deemed most worthy.

Some walked briskly in, some slowly; none who entered seemed to take any heed to whether there was any thing to stop or hinder them; while some walking slowly and gently would find their way barred with the crossed swords, they having fallen into place gently and noiselessly; others, coming quickly, would be met suddenly by the fall of the swords with a clash and noise, as if sprung into place by the stroke of a nervous and impatient hand; and if entrance were insisted upon, or seemed to be, the crossed swords began to glow, moving up and down, quivering as if with emotion and life, and light would emit from them as from the burnished plough-share set in the sun.

My waking eyes have never looked upon workmanship so complete, so fit, so richly elaborate in design and finish, so profuse and yet so grandly harmonious as that of the room I have so poorly described. The outside of the building was massive and solid, a building only impressive because of its solidity and strength; without a spire, and yet perfect in proportion, design and finish.

It faded from my sight, as sublunary things began to obtrude themselves upon my conscious being; but the impressions made upon my mind will never be effaced. Well may we

believe that the "Flaming swords that turn every way to guard the way of the Tree of Life," still stand as prescient sentinels at the open doors of the Temple of Eternal Peace, and dispute with the fierceness of awakened wrath the entrance of human or devilish design and work.

NOTES ON THE LAMBERT AND WILLOUGHBY DISCUSSION.

TAKEN BY ELDER E. T. DOBSON.

THIRD NIGHT.

WILLOUGHBY:

We cheerfully take up the negative of this question again. The weapons the brother uses against us, we think, are very feeble. We admit that he has given us quite a speech on the destruction of the wicked, but *we* are not *annihilationists*. We will notice a few things which the brother has said.

The question reads: Resolved, That man is conscious between death and the resurrection. But from the remarks of the brother, one unacquainted with the question would not know what he is talking about. We will take up the thief on the cross. We may find something here that has some bearing on the subject. He claims that the thief went away somewhere with Christ. Have we any evidence that the thief went anywhere? "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Not "my ghost." He had been instructing his disciples about his kingdom, and the thief undoubtedly knew something about it. The Savior says, "My kingdom is not from henceforth." The thief said, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Lord, have you not told us how the man went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom? Now what was his promise to the thief? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, to-day, shalt thou be with me in paradise." The phrase "to-day," "this day," and like expressions were common in that day. Is it best to take the brother's notions of paradise, or shall we take King James' translation and say we believe in that paradise? He refers us to Paul, in 2 Cor. 12, where Paul is speaking of paradise. He has been throwing this out at us time and again, telling us we dare not touch it, that it could not be refuted. We took the position that Paul was referring to Christ, whom he met on his way to Damascus. We just thought we would apply it there in order to get the brother to take a position on the passage of scripture, which he had failed to do; not because we believed it; we did not say we believed it. Some do believe it, however, and we merely asked the question if it might not be applied there. What do we hear Paul say? Paul says he was caught away in his vision to the third heaven, paradise. Now Peter speaks of the old heavens and the old earth passing away. "But the heavens and the earth which are now . . . are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." "Nevertheless," he says, "we . . . look for a new heaven

and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Here is the *Bible third heaven*. What about paradise? Did he prove where paradise is now? It was in the garden of Eden. Paradise will be again when all things shall be restored. Paul, was it not visionary, the third heaven that you saw? Certainly it was? "We look for a new heaven and a new earth," says Peter. Here is the third heaven that Paul saw; it is in the future. Paul saw it only in vision.

Our opponent has labored long and hard to show that man lives after death, by telling us that Moses and Elias appeared upon the mount, *in a vision!* Here are the fanciful notions upon which he predicates his faith. Sure enough, how could they appear there, if not their *ghosts*? This is the fruits of Modern Spiritualism. "Tell the *vision* to no man," says Christ. Ah! then it was only a vision. Does he predicate his faith on visions! We do not predicate our faith on such *fal-de-rol*. [This is the exact expression].—E. T. D. The transfiguration was not *real*, it was merely *visionary*; no more, no less. What, then, does this prove about "man conscious between death and the resurrection?"

He has been talking about spirits in prison. Had he read aright he would have seen that it was the same Spirit that preached to the Antediluvians, that raised Christ from the dead that Peter was talking about. I don't believe in probation in the spirit world.

Turn to Revelations, eleventh chapter, there you will learn when the thief will come into Christ's kingdom. "And there were voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever." It is when Christ reigns upon the earth that the thief comes forth to be numbered in his kingdom. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. He is only the God of the *living*, therefore the dead must be raised. Then we go where Jesus is. Now we will read one passage to show what Christ does say in regard to the disciples going to him at death. John 13:33: "Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me; and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go ye can not come, so now I say unto you."

He has been taking H. C. Thurman by the heels and thrashing him over our head, trying to disgust us with Mr. Thurman's chronology, but he can't do that. Am I a Dunkard? Do I believe in baptizing three times face forward? I am not responsible for Thurman's chronology.

But to return. Daniel saw the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heavens given to the saints of the Most High. Do we want anything better than this? I shall be contented to wait till that time. I shall not chase around after ghosts. Let us see what the Bible says about the condition between death and the resurrection. We will turn to a Bible man. Isaiah 38:3. When Hezekiah found he must die he wept sore. Remember a messenger had been sent to Hezekiah to tell him he must die. He weeps, and prays that his life might be spared a little longer. He did not think of going to paradise. What an idea! A prophet of God! I don't suppose Hezekiah knew there would be any such people as Latter Day Saints. If our opponent had been there he would have said,

"Fear not, Hezekiah, you are going to a better place." Don't believe Hezekiah had learned the philosophy of the age, that when a man is *dead* he is *alive*. But says Hezekiah: "I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the *gates of the grave*. . . Behold, for peace I had great bitterness, but thou hast in love to my *soul* delivered it from the pit of corruption; . . . for the grave can not praise thee, death can not celebrate thee. . . The *living*, the *living*, he shall praise thee as I do this day." [I have given only the essential parts of these quotations].—E. T. D.

We will now turn to something more definite. Psalms 115:17. Hear the Psalmist David's testimony.

"The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence."

A dead man can not praise the Lord, for he don't know anything. Live men praise the Lord, not dead men.

Psalm 114:3, 4: "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth: *in that very day his thoughts perish*."

Remember this is the Psalmist David talking. The marginal reading is, "No salvation." Why cannot man save man? He could pull him out of water and save him from drowning. Why could he not help? Because he returneth to the earth; his thoughts perish. What does man know when his thoughts are gone? [Turning to Bro. Lambert]. There is proof that man is *unconscious* between death and the resurrection. Facts, truly, are stubborn things. The brother almost made *me* believe in spirits. I do believe there is a spirit influence. There is another spirit of life which comes from God and remains with man as long as he lives. If ghosts had component parts, could they not be seen? The brother tried to make you believe the Savior believed in ghosts, but he didn't quite prove it. Man returneth to the earth. In that day his thoughts perish. We ask again, How much can a man *know* when his thoughts are gone? Where is the testimony that man really does remain conscious after death?

We will turn to the sixth Psalm, then we will leave David's testimony. Fourth and fifth verses:

"Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake! For in death there is *no remembrance of thee*; in the *grave* who shall give thee thanks?"

Yes, David was a "Soul-sleeper." After all, I say he was a Soul-sleeper. This is astonishing, isn't it? Remember he wanted his soul saved. Why? Because after death there "is no remembrance of thee." We can not remember, then, unless we are delivered from this death. The brother is affirming that man is conscious between death and the resurrection. We are affirming that man is *unconscious* during that time.

Now we turn to Job 14:20, 21. "Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away. His sons come to honor and he knoweth it not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them."

There, Job, your reputation is gone. You are an old *Soul-sleeper* too. Better kept still, Job. Job does not seem to have men floating around everywhere after death. "If a man die, shall he live again?" is Job's inquiry. Yes, but as he is dead, he must have a resurrec-