

powerful way, and we are rejoicing in the promises of the Lord to that people, now moving toward fulfillment.

They are a remnant of the seed of Jacob, as shown by the sacred book, and lest we be puffed up and wise in our own conceit, we had better read the terrible predictions of what the Lord says is to transpire after the sign is given—the sign wherein knowledge is to come to them, and their partial blindness is to begin to be broken. We will find it in the yet only partly fulfilled prophecy of Micah 5: 7-15. Also quoted by Nephi, in immediate connection with same reference given:

"The *remnant* of Jacob shall be *in the midst of many people* as a dew from the Lord."

"The remnant of Jacob shall be *among the Gentiles*, in the midst of many people as a lion among the beasts of the forest."

Then follows a prediction of a destructive plague which is to cut off the horses of the land; also the cities and strongholds are to be thrown down, and the fine art sculpture-work, standing images and the like, are all to be destroyed; and the Lord says he will "execute vengeance and fury" such as has not been heard. Let Israel be warned, and stand in holy places.

SEILING, Oklahoma.

JAMES E. YATES.



HISTORY OF THE HYMN "ANGEL MESSAGE."

BY JAMES L. EDWARDS.

IT IS with some degree of diffidence I write you in regard to a hymn in Zion's Praises called, "The angel message." But having heard from so many, telling of the comfort and blessing received by hearing it, and the Spirit that appears to accompany its singing, and that its use is becoming more general, I thought it might be interesting to my brothers and sisters to know the little history there is attached to it; and likewise in this public manner, to thank my dear heavenly Father for whatever of inspiration I may have received in writing it.

One morning, some years before writing the song, my wife, upon arising from bed, asked me the meaning of the word *Eureka*.

I replied, "Why do you want to know?"

She said, "Never mind; tell me the meaning of the word."

I answered, "It is a Greek word, and means 'I have found.'"

She then related a dream she had a few hours previously. I will give it in her own words:

"I was in a very large room where there were many Saints sitting on chairs arranged as they would be in a Sunday-school, that is, the scholars on the two center rows of chairs were facing each other, and you were on a chair back of mine. During a pause in the proceedings, you arose, leaned over my shoulder, called me by name, and putting an open hymn-book into my hand, said, "Sing *Eureka*." I turned to look at you. Your face was beaming with happiness, and I perceived you had the Spirit in great measure."

This is the gist of the dream. My wife recognized many of the Saints present, one of whom remarked to her how happy I appeared to be.



JAMES L. EDWARDS.

"I wandered long in darkness, yet sought the narrow way,
And my life was like the surging of the sea;
But now I am rejoicing in this the latter day,
Since the precious angel message came to me."

I wrote the dream, as I do nearly all things of a spiritual character, and for a long time I would search through every hymn-book that came within my reach to find a hymn called "Eureka," but failed to find it.

Long after my wife's dream had been forgotten, I wrote the hymn as now found in Zion's Praises (No. 206), with the addition of one stanza which has been left out, which was as follows:

"My former teachers told me if I only would believe,
That pardoned all my sins would surely be;
But I found they were mistaken, no more can they deceive,
Since the precious Angel Message came to me."

Before I sent the poetry to the *Herald* I noticed that the first three words of the piece were, "I have found," or *Eureka*. Then the dream came to my mind, but I could not understand it, as I was only sending it to the *Herald* as a simple piece of poetry, with no thought of it ever getting into a hymn-book.

In sending an offering to Graceland College through Bishop E. L. Kelley, I inclosed the piece of poetry, asking him to please hand it to the editor, and in acknowledging my letter he said in effect, "I have done as requested, but you never know what these editors will do, what they will publish, or what they will consign to the waste-basket."

In a note sent to the editor with the poetry I had given the piece the name "Eureka," but adding, "You have the privilege to give it any other name you may think more appropriate," not mentioning anything of the circumstances of my wife's dream.

In a short time it was printed in the *Herald* under the heading of "Original Poetry," with the title, "The angel message."

I thought little more of it until in a time of peculiar and severe trial some two or three years later, when everything seemed to be covered as with a dark pall, a letter came from a dear brother, named Charles L. Sessions, which I will take the liberty to write extracts from.

"KALKASKA, March 9, 1903.

"MR. JAMES L. EDWARDS,

"*Dear Brother:* I have thought to write to you for a long time, but did not have your address until lately, when I wrote to the Herald Office for it.

"I became acquainted with your name by your writing 'The angel message.' I put a chorus to it and had it printed twice and it has 'thrilled the multitude' and will yet make the whole world ring. It is grand. Most of the Saints in this part of the vineyard have become familiar with it, and I have rejoiced in spirit many times on account of having it printed and put before the people of our conferences. So I trust you will forgive me for making use of it without first consulting you.

"I have just received two thousand copies of it, with four others from the *Glad Tidings* office. So if you receive this letter all right I will send you some of the songs.

"I will wait to hear from you before I send the songs, so as to be sure you will get them.

"From your brother in the gospel,
(Signed) "CHAS. L. SESSIONS.

"To my heart there comes like an angel song,
 A glorious glad refrain,
 If you heed it not, like a sweet, lost chord,
 We can never hear it again.

"That song might have thrilled the multitude,
 Might have made the whole world ring,
 But the moment is passed and we weep sad tears,
 For the song we did not sing.

"But, brother, we will not weep sad tears because we did not
 sing this one. "C. L. S."

The letter from the brother was like the oasis in the desert. It cheered, strengthened, and comforted us, and we realized that the Lord was watching over us and had sent us a blessing to tide us over a season of gloom and depression, and if this should ever meet the eye of the brother (whom I have not heard from in some years), I wish to thank him again from the depths of my soul for the great joy brought to us by his thoughtful, loving, Christian act.

I answered the brother's letter and he sent us several hundred copies of the songs. Some time later when I read that the church was about to enlarge the Hymnal, I sent the poetry to Bro. H. R. Mills, together with several choruses, asking him to bring it before the Hymnal committee. He kindly arranged a chorus and made music for it, discarding the music I had written it to be sung to, viz: "I have found a friend in Jesus," for which I thank him in the name of all Saints through all coming time who may be comforted by the elevating and touching music of "Eureka."

My song was too late for the Hymnal and was given a place in the school song-book, Zion's Praises, as was indicated in Sr. Edwards' dream, by the arrangement of the seats as for a class in Sunday-school.

I have found the glorious gospel that was taught in former years,
 With its gifts and blessings all so full and free;
 And my soul is thrilled with gladness, and banished are my fears,
 Since the precious Angel Message came to me.

Chorus:

Then praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
 Abundant mercy, oh, how free!
 In joyful song Thy Spirit doth accord,
 Since the precious Angel Message came to me.

I wandered long in darkness, yet sought the narrow way,
 And my life was like the surging of the sea;
 But now I am rejoicing in this the latter day,
 Since the precious Angel Message came to me.

Chorus:

My once blind eyes are open, my sins are washed away,
 And the kingdom I can very plainly see;
 No more do fears and doubtings my trusting soul dismay,
 Since the precious Angel Message came to me.

Chorus:

Now for celestial glory, in the presence of the Lord,
 I will work and watch and humbly bow the knee;
 No longer faith, but knowledge, in true and sweet accord,
 With the precious Angel Message bro't to me.

Chorus.



✓ AIM OF CITIZENSHIP.

BY J. S. KNAUSS.

Clothes do not make the man, my boy,
 Nor jewels make the lady;
 Such things the vilest oft employ
 To gild a life that's shady.
 The Scripture text should be your guide,
 In modest life or greater,
 Seek righteousness with manly pride,—
 Rewards will follow later.

Be sure in everything you're right,
 No matter who may censure;
 You'll win a name with honor bright
 In every just adventure.
 Don't let the glitter of quick gains
 Cause rectitude's suspension;
 Remember character and brains
 Are all true fame can mention.

In avocations you pursue
 Forget not the injunction,
 Deal as you'd have the others do,
 And so avoid compunction.
 If these few precepts you'll obey,
 In high or lowly station,
 You'll be the citizen of the day,—
 The bulwark of the nation.

BISMARCK, North Dakota.



✓ INSPIRED DREAMS AND VISIONS OF MODERN TIMES.

IV. A REMARKABLE CASE OF HEALING OF WHICH THE ELDERS ARE GIVEN FOREKNOWLEDGE.

BY CHRISTIANA RASMUSSEN.

I HAVE enjoyed reading AUTUMN LEAVES, and of the wonderful dealings of God with his people in these latter days. I know the gifts of God are for us to enjoy, if we will live for them and exercise faith as we should. I have been permitted to see many things that have increased my faith in God; and, for the benefit of others, I will relate a remarkable case of healing where I was present, and to which I was an eye-witness.

About seven years ago a sister in the Hazeldell Branch, where I then lived, was taken very sick. The doctor was sent for, and he succeeded in relieving her at the time; but in the night she grew worse. I was taking care of her. Her husband and I united