

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

### PREFACE.

In undertaking to write this biography, it has been with the fear that it would be but a skeleton unclothed, or as the "Letter without the spirit," a form of words, a record only, especially so in regard to the portion that pertains to his spiritual career, his work in the church, and the dealings of God with him. Had he written the work himself he might have illuminated many pages by giving the exercise of his mind, his impressions at certain times, that may not have been known to any but himself. I may have been able to have done even better had I been blessed with my hearing while living with him in those years, so I could have heard the exercise of his mind as given to others in conversation.

But as it is, I must confine myself mostly to what was given to me personally.

I should never have undertaken the work, had I not been urged to do so by dear friends. And in compliance with their wishes, I will do what I can, however imperfect.

I can say that thus far it has been a pleasing task, to lose myself to the present and live in the happy past.

E. B. B.

### BIOGRAPHY.

Joseph Farish Burton was born in the township of Yarmouth, Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, April 9, 1838. He was the fifth son and seventh child of the Rev. William Burton; a worthy minister of the Baptist denomination, who married Miss Sophia Cutten, of Onslow, Nova Scotia. Twelve children were given them.

Having given the childhood life of Elder Burton to the readers of *Zion's Hope* I date this work back to the time of his leaving school in the early part of his fourteenth year.

He acquitted himself creditably at school; he seemed to go right along, without being much puzzled about anything, much less about figures; they were what one might call his hobby, so that at the above early age he had gone as high as he could in the academy.



ELDER JOSEPH BURTON AND WIFE.

Many changes had taken place in his father's family since the death of his mother, and the coming of the new mother with her two little daughters. His two grown up sisters, Hannah and Mary, were now married; his brother William was clerking in Boston; David was teaching school; and John was apprenticed to a blacksmith. The family were about to move to Saint Johns, New Brunswick. He did not wish to remain longer under the parental roof, and made known to his father that he wished to follow the sea, and to enter at once upon that life. His father consented, and obtained a berth for him as cabin boy, with his brother James. I find this entry in one of his books: "I left Saint Johns October 9, 1852, in the bark *Argyle*, Captain James Burton. My first voyage."

This voyage was to Glasgow, Scotland. On his return to Saint Johns, where the family then lived, he entreated his father to permit him to leave the *Argyle* and seek a berth elsewhere. But since he could not give any reasons for wanting to leave, other than that he did not want to go in her any more, his father deemed it not wise to consent to the change; first, he would feel better to know his son was with his brother; and again, he did not wish to encourage shiftlessness. So the lad went on board, and sailed for Glasgow again; but inwardly resolved that he would leave the vessel before she left port again. And he was true to his resolve. He had purposely omitted to bring his washing on board until they were nearly ready to leave, then went on shore with the pretense of getting it.

The kind hearted old lady who did his washing had taken a motherly interest in the boy, and when he told her he wanted to hide till the vessel had sailed, she locked him in the room of her house till there was no danger of his being sought for. But he need not have feared; the officers of a ship are too busy

on the day of leaving port to see if all are on board; that is their own lookout. The captain is never on board till the last minute, having to clear his vessel, and pay bills, seek a pilot, or tug boat, as the case may demand. It was never known what the captain thought or said when he learned that the "boy" was not on board.

The bark was chartered for Boston, where she arrived in due time, and from thence sailed for Saint Johns, but never reached that port.

William Burton had fallen sick in Boston, and took passage with his uncle to Saint Johns, where his father's family then lived, but never reached home. The bark encountered a heavy gale when almost in sight of home, and foundered; all on board perished.

Some time subsequent to the foundering of the bark, her hull drifted ashore, and the remains of one man were found lying in a berth, but too far decomposed to be recognized. It was supposed at once to be that of the sick man, which supposition was confirmed by the initials on his shirt.

Mr. Burton had not received any word from his brother informing him that his son Joseph had not crossed the Atlantic with him, probably because the captain expected to be home in a short time, and would see him in person. Therefore, when the loss of the bark was known to him, and also that his eldest son William was on board, he was prostrated with grief, thinking that his two sons, as well as his brother, had perished with the ship. And his grief was rendered more poignant because he had insisted that Joseph should remain with his uncle.

The kind old Scotch woman who hid the runaway cabin boy, also permitted him to board with her till he found another berth; he wished to wait for a home owned vessel, and had not long to wait till one came that was owned and manned by men of Hantsport. Hantsport is situated on the Avon River,

some thirty miles above Blomidon. It is, and ever has been, a sort of sailors' home. Shipbuilding has been carried on there right on the river, for many years; ships of all rigs are built, owned, and manned right at home. The rise and flow of tide is in the neighborhood of twenty feet; so that ships of all sizes can navigate the river at high water; and there is sufficient water in the channel, even at low water, for large steamers to lay at anchor. The river is altogether free from rocks, and has such a sloping, sandy beach, that the work of calking is done without the necessity of a dry dock. Vessels drop away from the wharf, and let the tide leave them broadside on the beach, high and dry. When one side is calked, she is winded around at the next tide, and has the other side calked.

Windsor is a much larger town, seven or eight miles farther up the river; and owns a never failing plaster quarry, at no very great distance away, that for more than a half a century has kept up a lively trade with New York, and other marine ports. The deep water sailors, as those are called who are not coasters, will take a load of plaster to New York, and charter for some foreign port across the Atlantic and bring something back to the States again; then, if there is not a paying charter in the market, the home owned vessels will take a run down home, get calked, cleaned, and fixed up for another voyage; go to Windsor and load with plaster, and back to New York again.

Such was the ship in which our cabin boy secured a berth; and under the command of Captain Abel Coalfleet. But not as cabin boy this time; he took an advance step to hand-before-the-mast. When he reached Hantsport, he learned that his father and family were living there. That the *Argyle*, and all on board were lost before reaching home, and his brother Will also, and that his father was mourning him as lost. He has-

tened home to disabuse his mind. It was a happy day to the griefstricken father when he saw his young "Skipper Joe," as he called him, standing before him alive and well. He did not reprove him for running away; he recognized the hand of Providence overruling for his preservation. And while shaking him most cordially by the hand, said, "Well, Skipper Joe, you may take your own head for it after this, and sail with whom you please, since by obeying your own impulse, you have saved your life."

From that time on, he continued to sail under ship masters who lived in Hantsport, yet visited many foreign ports, also the West Indies. This young seaman had climbed the ladder of promotion rapidly; from "before the mast," to able seaman, then second mate, and mate when nineteen years of age. In this year, 1857, he was mate under Captain Coalfleet.

This captain had left the bark in which he had been sailing, and with his crew went to Canning Cornwallis to superintend the rigging of a large new schooner, the *Forward*, that he was to take charge of. One afternoon, when work was slack, the crew went into a field where the grass was just springing up out of the moist earth, for it was early spring, and engaged in a game of ball. A young girl stood in the doorway of a dwelling house not far away, looking at the players, who played with more zest than skill, and seemed to be enjoying the recreation immensely until a young Gideon came in their midst and put an end to their game. With a hearty laugh the crew left the grounds. Years after, when Elder Burton and his wife were speaking of Canning, he said, "I was there once, helping to rig the *Forward*. One day we all went ashore to have a game of ball. We had only played a little while when a boy came and said his father would 'persecute' us if we did not get off of that soft ground; and how the sailors laughed because he said *persecute*, instead of *prosecute*."

“Were you among that crew? I was standing in the open door of a house watching that game, just for the fun of seeing sailors play ball, and saw Gid Bigelow go and say something that made them laugh heartily, and they left the grounds. But I little thought that one of them was to be my future husband.”

We next find our hero sailing as mate with Captain J. W. Holmes in the brigantine *Alpha*. Those who sail up and down the Bay of Fundy, often have to “haul up,” as it is called, for the winter, because of the ice in the bay and river. And so it was this winter of 1859. The *Alpha* was hauled up, and the crew discharged with the understanding they were to be ready to join her at the captain’s call.

During this sailors’ vacation young Burton and his chum, John Fox, proposed that they take a trip off in the country with a view to hunting a wife for themselves. They concluded to visit an uncle of John Fox, who lived on a large farm in a vicinity where neither of the young men had ever been, and perhaps they would make the acquaintance of some of the fair sex of that vicinity, and find the object of their search. But their first trip was in vain, so far as those pleasant acquaintances were concerned. They had returned, and were planning a trip in another direction when Captain Holmes notified his mate and crew to be ready to join the *Alpha* again in a day or two; that he had accepted a charter to take a load of potatoes from lower Cornwallis, commonly called Pereaux, to New York. The weather had become more moderate, and the ice was running rapidly. This was a disappointment to those young men. “Well,” they said, “we will leave that cruise till next winter.” But to anticipate, we will say that by heeding the call of duty, and joining this vessel, young Burton did find the one that winter who was to be his wife.

Captain J. W. Holmes was half brother of Mrs. Gould N.

Davison, who with her husband and family lived right in the vicinity where the vessel was to load. The next morning after their arrival, Captain Holmes went to call upon his sister, and invited his mate to accompany him. Since it was low water, and they could not get to their position till the tide came again, there was nothing to do on board. The mate therefore accepted the invitation, much to the surprise of the captain, since he had never accepted a similar invitation, being naturally very bashful. It was there he met Miss Emma Beatrice Witherspoon, and upon the first meeting said, "There is the girl that is to be my wife."

Captain Holmes had only time to get his vessel to the wharf, and well moored, ready for taking in cargo, when the weather turned severely cold, and seeing no prospect of any change, he again discharged the crew, all except the mate, who was left to keep ship. The captain went home, and the mate, Joseph Burton, boarded at the house of Captain Gould Davison. And ere he sailed again, the above named Miss Davison had promised to be his wife. And they were married the 16th of the following November, 1860. Mr. Burton had to sail again in two weeks after their marriage, leaving his bride with her parents until his return, which was in January. He then took his wife to Hantsport, where they commenced house-keeping. The five weeks that he was permitted to dwell in that little piece of paradise, passed like a happy dream; the awakening of which came when they had to bid good-bye again, the young husband to go forth on the trackless deep, leaving his girl wife, scarcely seventeen, in the little home he had made for her. He had purposely taken rooms in a house of a relative of hers, so that when he was away she would not be all alone.

In the following June, a flying visit of one week was made at home; at which time Captain J. W. Holmes left the *Alpha*,

and his mate, Mr. Burton, accepted the position as captain. Before accepting this position, he had made himself thoroughly competent for it. From the first, he had not spent his time and money ashore, as the majority of sailors did; he went to theaters sometimes, but more often to lectures, or such profitable entertainment; though his books were his chief companions, of which he always carried a good supply. But having chosen the sea as his vocation for life, he sought, as the time passed, to make himself proficient in all the duties of seafaring life. He studied the ship, and her needs, as well as navigation; so that he could tell at a glance at her spars or rigging if all was not right, and how to make it right. He was shrewd in judgment, accurate in calculations, and quick to act upon his decisions; to hesitate, and be in doubt, or undecided was altogether foreign to him in his line of business. And neither fear nor worry had place with him. With these natural qualifications, together with the study he had given all nautical matters, he was an accurate navigator, as well as a good seaman.

True, he used the "vile weed," but never was known to swear, or get in a quarrel with the sailors, or anyone else; and he regarded it as a shame to manifest anger. At the time of his marriage, and long before, he was a member of the temperance division, and an advocate of that cause. Nothing would induce him to leave his newly made home of an evening, except to go to the division. In this he had the full concurrence and encouragement of his wife. But he made no pretension to being religious. To the contrary, he had become dissatisfied with the claims of the Christian world, and was at that time trying to be an infidel; but that did not satisfy him either.

When Mr. Burton accepted the position as captain of the *Alpha*, he was without a mate; this need was supplied in the person of a retired sea captain, a coaster, yet he had sailed

to and from the West Indies many times; and being a friend of Captain Burton he may have thought, since it was his first voyage as captain, he might need some advice from one of greater years of experience. If so, he came home a wiser man.

The *Alpha* only came as near home the trip Mr. Burton took charge of her as Saint Johns, and was to take in a cargo at a port not far distant for the West Indies. This port was not a desirable place to either enter or leave. The entrance was narrow and rockbound. Coasters invariably took daylight for navigating such places and made more use of their eyes than of their compass. But this young captain proposed to go when he was ready. It so happened that they were ready for sea just about dark. The captain had cleared his vessel at the custom-house, and when he came on board told the mate to give the order to get under way.

The mate replied in much surprise, "Are you going out to-night?"

"Yes; there is a good, fair wind outside."

The mate knew that to advise the captain was not the proper thing to do, but he considered that an extreme case, and said, "Did you ever go out of this port before?"

"No."

"It is very dangerous this dark night, and I would advise you to wait till morning, so you can see the rocks."

The captain smiled, but simply said, "No danger at all, tell the men to work lively and get under way," and passed quickly to the cabin to consult his chart, and laid off the exact course through the channel. As the vessel swung around, and started on her course, the mate walked the deck in great anxiety, with his hands deep down in his trousers pockets till the good brig was safely out in the open sea.

It was also the custom of coasters, when making any of the

West Indies, to run a little to windward of the island to which they were going, lest by any mistake in reckoning they might find themselves to leeward of the island and have a hard beat against the trade wind to get up to the island. So, as the *Alpha* neared her port of destination, and the mate saw by the way the young captain was laying off his course on the chart that he proposed to run square at the island, though it was not yet in sight, he felt uneasy, and asked if it would not be wise to lay his course to windward of the island.

“Why so?”

“Well, suppose you should be to leeward of the island; it would be a hard beat back.”

“If my cronometer is correct, I am right here, (pointing to the dot made on the chart at the noon reckoning,) and if it is not correct, I do not know where I am; might as likely be to windward as to leeward; but the cronometer *is* correct, and you will see the light at 8 o'clock straight ahead.”

The mate felt troubled, but had learned by the circumstance that took place when leaving the American shore, that the captain trusted to his own judgment. So he said nothing, but was very restless.

At 8 o'clock the captain said, “Do you see that light?”

The mate fairly jumped to the rail, saying, “Where?”

“Look straight off the end of the jib boom.”

“Well, well! One might think it was a lantern hanging there.” And after reaching home he often referred to the wonderful landfall made by the young captain.

It was October when the *Alpha* arrived at Saint Johns, New Brunswick. The captain left the mate in charge and made another one week visit home, not only to see his wife, and to get a new mate, but to see an infant son also. And since he was to make another trip to the West Indies, and would probably be away most of the winter, he secured a room and

board for his wife at her father's house again, that she might not be alone in the winter time, and made arrangements for their removal before he left. They had named their son Frank Wilfred.

It seems to be a light matter to write of those comings and goings; as though it were a matter of course, and all went off cheerfully. But words would fail to portray the anguish of these separations, and the loneliness of the days and weeks that followed. They were felt as keenly by the husband as by the wife; except he had much to engage his time and attention, while she sat lonely by the hearthstone. But now, while it was far better for her, it was doubly hard for the husband, who had to leave both wife and babe.

His voyage out was successful, and with a light cargo for New York he got as far north as Cape Hatteras where he encountered a severe gale, during which the *Alpha* was dismasted. She was hove to, with the hope of outriding the gale; but the vessel was old and leaked badly, and after making all effort for several days to bear up against the gale, he was obliged to turn back for a smoother sea if they would save their lives. They were driven before the wind across the Gulf Stream into fine weather. To be compelled to turn back after getting within twenty-four hours' sail of New York, and in a disabled condition, was discouraging indeed, as will be seen by the following acrostic, which was written while drifting towards the West Indies:

Far from the loved ones I do roam,  
Roaming still so far from home.  
O, that I could with you be,  
Merry would the happy hours flee.

Joy of my life, my soul's delight,  
For thee I sigh both day and night.  
But long and lonely the time will be,  
Until your dear face, I again shall see.

Rich am I that were so blessed,  
 To secure the love of thee—the best  
 Of God's sweet creatures—though by his will,  
 Never was man so lonely, still.

Thou art ever near me, by me,  
 O how often I do see thee;

Even now, though far away,  
 Methinks I see thee every day.  
 Memory wafts me o'er the sea,  
 And once again I am with thee;

And sitting, singing, talking, laughing,  
 Never dreaming each hour's wafting  
 Dear loved ones, me back from your side,

Far o'er the boiling, foaming tide;  
 Rolling, tossing, pitching to and fro,  
 And back to a southern climate I must go.  
 Never despair, dear loved ones; there's one above  
 Keeps watch o'er ye who know His love.

How often, in this time of sorrow and loneliness, has the writer repeated the last two lines of the above, and gathered courage from them, as words of comfort spoken by his own lips.

Arriving at the West Indies, he put in to Saint Thomas for repairs, after which he ran across to the port of Arisebo for a cargo of sugar for New York, and was about ready for sea, when a gale of wind struck the island from the seaward. When the gale was making up, the English bark *Pandora* was seen dragging ashore, and had hoisted her signal of distress.

Captain Burton called for volunteers to man the boat and take him to the bark. It was with difficulty they reached the bark; and darkness was setting in. The captain gave his men orders to pull back to their own vessel as soon as he left the boat. All was confusion on board the *Pandora*. The sailors were so crazed with fear that they neither obeyed orders nor listened to counsel. Captain Burton bade them remain on the ship if they would save their lives, but they lowered the

boat, and all except the captain of the *Pandora* got in; they had scarcely pulled away from the ship when the boat capsized and all were drowned. As the two captains heard the struggles and cries of the drowning men, Captain Burton feared that his men had shared the same fate. Because of the mist and darkness, the boat could not be seen; but they reached their destination in safety.

The *Pandora* soon dragged ashore and grounded, whether on rocks or shore, the writer does not know, but the sea was sweeping over her at regular intervals. All that terrible night those two captains were on the wrecked bark, lashed first to one place about the ship, and then to another, wherever it seemed the most safe. They had to lash themselves to keep from being washed overboard by the force of the sea. Sometimes they were in the rigging, expecting that the whole hull would break up any minute, but the arm of the mighty God of Jacob was about them, and they were preserved from death.

It was a joyful surprise to both captain and crew when the captain of the *Alpha* went on board his vessel the next morning, and the handshaking was as affectionate as between father and son; for neither expected to see the other's face again.

The captain of the *Pandora* reported the circumstance to the British consul, and he to the home Government; and the result was that in the following winter, while Captain Burton was at home, he received a very cordial and complimentary letter from Her Majesty's Government because of putting his own life in jeopardy that he might save some. This letter was quickly followed by a very fine telescope. In the make-up German silver was used instead of brass, with this inscription cut in the silver, "Presented by Her Majesty's Government to Captain Joseph F. Burton, of the brigantine *Alpha*, of Windsor, N. S., in acknowledgment of his humane exertions to save

the lives of the crew of the bark *Pandora*, of Liverpool, wrecked on the 5th of April, 1862, off the port of Arisebo.”

This telescope has been in use, more or less, for forty-eight years, but is still in good condition. Through it the moon looks as though it might be a huge mirror, in which one side of our earth is reflected, the dark and light portions corresponding quite well with our land and water.

(To be continued.)

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### MORONI'S FAREWELL.

Yea, come unto Christ, and be perfected in him, and deny yourselves of all ungodliness, and if ye shall deny yourselves of all ungodliness, and love God with all your might, mind and strength, then is his grace sufficient for you, that by his grace ye may be perfect in Christ; and if by the grace of God ye are perfect in Christ, ye can in no wise deny the power of God.

And again, if ye, by the grace of God, are perfect in Christ, and deny not his power, then are ye sanctified in Christ by the grace of God, through the shedding of the blood of Christ, which is the covenant of the Father, unto the remission of your sins, that ye become holy without spot.

And now I bid unto all, farewell. I soon go to rest in the paradise of God, until my spirit and body shall again reunite, and I am brought forth triumphant through the air, to meet you before the pleasing bar of the great Jehovah, the eternal Judge of both quick and dead. Amen.—Book of Mormon.

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 400, volume 3.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Rather."

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

"Not at all."

"Are you not going to Boston?"

"Yes."

"How are you going to get there?"

"I am going to sail there."

"I wish you a good time of it."

"Thank you, sir."

So she puffed off again, with another disappointed captain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Will he do it?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With the coming of daylight the sea subsided, and all

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 35.)

Now I will copy some from a few pages written by the captain's wife at the time of their leaving Point Breeze, where the petroleum was taken in:

Good-bye, Point Breeze. Fortunately we have got a good breeze from the right point. Hope it will last till we get down the Delaware. I feel very gloomy, and a vague foreboding of evil; doubtless on account of losing our good mate; and my baby Dora has been sick ever since we left home. Poor little darling, I hope she will be better when we get out to sea, where the air will be more pure and wholesome and the weather cooler. And dear Frank is left behind again. Little three-year-old Josephine keeps well and fat. Bless her heart, how sweet she looks on the quarter-deck, standing there in the breeze, with her long, golden curls falling over her plump, dimpled shoulders. I hope she will keep well.

Our crew is not a very promising looking lot. The mate a Dane, and does not seem to know much. There is only one man of the crew that looks strong enough to pull ropes.

In the North Sea. Now for a few more sketches, since I have not been able to write since the first week out. The fair wind continued with us until we had gotten well across the Atlantic, and all went well the first week out. At the commencement of the second week I took sick; for the first three days I could not sit up, had a high fever, headache, an increasing pain in my left side, and great weakness. The only relief I had was when wrapped in a mustard poultice. The captain searched the medical works on board, but could find nothing that corresponded with my symptoms.

Indeed, the captain had his hands full. He scarcely got a minute to rest. The weather was foggy and the crew not to be depended upon. Two of them were sick most of the time. Baby sick and very troublesome, not yet weaned, and I could not lift her at all. Josie kept well, still required some waiting on. He had the care of all of these, and yet seemed to be doing something for me all the time.

At the end of those three days the captain said if I was any worse the next day he would put back for Halifax—we were then near the banks of Newfoundland. But the next day the pain abated some. There was certainly a change; but I did not know whether for better or worse. Being sufficiently free from pain to lie quiet and breathe easily, I was left to myself while the captain ate his dinner, with one little one on his lap and the other at his side.

Presently a clammy coldness began to creep over me, and increased

until it felt like a death coldness. I thought of the worst and shuddered. I had never seen anyone with the ague, and did not know anything about it.

I looked at my finger nails. They had commenced to turn black, and my fingers were white and as cold and lifeless looking as in death. I was startled; for a moment a dizziness crept over me. The thought of dying there and being buried in the sea, leaving my husband and two little ones in that forlorn condition, was dreadful. But I soon grew calm in my mind, and felt that I had nothing to fear, though I shall not attempt to say all that passed through my mind during that half hour while dinner was being eaten. Having no doubt but those indications were that I was then struck with death, I could not bear to make my condition known to my husband. So I waited till he came in, then put my cold hand in his, so that he could see the blood settled nails; for I felt so cold I thought the breath might leave me at any moment, and was almost hopelessly weak. Imagine my surprise to see something like a glad look come into his face when he looked at my hand, and exclaimed, "Oh, I know now what is the matter; you have got the ague." He had not more than said the words when a terrible shaking fit seized me. It was dreadful. In my weakened condition I thought seriously that I was being shaken to pieces. When the paroxysm would go off, as it did once or twice before leaving me for the day, I was more dead than alive, but was soon very much alive again in every nerve and fiber of my body.

The next day Dora had a chill. It was pitiful to see the poor little one, weak and frail as she was, in one of those relentless shakes. She continued to have them every day, and I every alternate day. Two of the sailors were affected in the same way, and the captain, too, had one heavy chill, and several narrow escapes. In the midst of all this the cook got sick. What a gloomy looking and feeling crowd we were, to be sure. No one presumed to laugh; no one felt like it.

Our fair wind lasted till August 30. On the 31st I got out on deck to see the land. We were near the Western or Lewis Islands. All on board were getting better.

Our course was north of the Orkneys—a group of islands at the extreme northern point of Scotland—across the North Sea, through the "Sleve," or "Skager Rock," to the "Skaw." Thence down the "Cattegat," out into the Baltic Sea.

LATER.—I do not think anyone ever found the North Sea placid; go whichever way you will, you are sure to have a head wind, and high sea. Our two weeks' beat across confirmed all that my fancy had pictured concerning it, and I am quite ready to believe it will be far worse on our returning voyage.

A "dead beat," as the sailors say, of two weeks took us to the coast of Norway. We were then in the Sleeve, wind still ahead. A forty-eight hour beat brought us to the "Skaw," the northern point of Denmark. Had a fair wind and pleasant run down the "Cattegat." It was full of little vessels, as it always is. Such short, wide looking little crafts I

never saw. How I enjoyed leaving them behind almost as easily as if they were at anchor. After leaving the "Cattegat," we had another beat to Elsinore, where we anchored about Monday, waiting for a fair wind to go over the "Grounds," which fair wind came early the next morning.

Passed Copenhagen about noon, and a fine twenty-hour run took us across the Baltic to Swinemunde, where one leaves the ocean and sails a while among the land. After entering the narrow passage to the inland harbor, we had to stop while the captain went ashore to "enter" the ship, and get two custom house officers on board before going on to Stettin.

In two hours we left the picturesque little town of Swinemunde, with its clean, green lawns, its profusion of house plants, its well kept hedges around the eaves of the house, instead of on the ground, and with a pilot we proceeded up the river to Stettin, a distance of thirty miles. In most places the river is not much wider than a canal. There were other vessels in the river, and it was a peculiar sight to see them sailing along as if through green fields. The water was lower than the land, and the grass high on either side, and though most of the hulls of the vessels were seen, the lands in the river hid the water almost altogether.

As we glided sometimes leisurely and sometimes briskly up the river, the scenery that greeted the eye was simply beautiful. Some places were uncultivated land, tall, waving grass, and bramble bushes. Then the level grain country, dotted both near and far with small towns, villages, and hamlets, all in picturesque Prussian style, mostly in thatched roof buildings and ornamental trees. Anon we round a bend, or merge from a small, wooded patch where little clumps of houses would burst to view near the water's edge, and right in the water's edge were the commodious wash houses, jotted at regular intervals through each of those miniature seaport towns. We glide along. The sun is getting low, and now shines upon one of the prettiest little hamlets that fancy could paint! Just far enough back in the green field to enhance its beauty, and obliterate defects. Four turf huts, and four or five low square frame buildings with their respective white barns, all having heavily thatched roofs as green as the fields about them, are scattered in the prettiest and still coziest manner possible. Most of the frame houses are white; the largest is laid off in broad, green bars, or plaids. How odd it looks. Another is a pinkish color and tiled roof with a foot or more of green hedge just below the eaves. These, together with ornamental trees large and small, and a jagged mountain that rose at a little distance beyond as a background completes this masterpiece among the succession of natural pictures that have delighted our sea-satiated eyes during the whole afternoon. Now the eye rests upon a large lake whose waters are shimmering in the sunlight like liquid silver. This lake is about three miles wide. We enter and drop anchor for the night.

With a strong breeze the next morning we entered Stettin before noon. When the cargo was discharged and ballast taken in, the captain proceeded by way of Swinemunde to Danzig, which is on the coast of Prussia. Danzig

is the oldest city in Prussia, and answers well in construction to that of ancient Rome.

The return voyage to Liverpool, England, was as anticipated, little other than a succession of gales of wind, especially in the North Sea, where it was not broad daylight until 11 a. m., and commenced to get dark again at 3 p. m., it being then midwinter. Day after day the *H. J. Burton* remained hove to, and was driven round and round the compass, so iced over that a rope could scarcely have been moved if necessary, but she was a worthy sea boat, and after what seemed like a never ending sea voyage, she arrived in Liverpool, on the 12th day of January, 1868.

From Liverpool he sailed to Cette, a small seaport town in France. Does the reader wish to see the billowy waves mountain high? If so, cross the mouth of the Bay of Biscay in the early spring. But oh, what a delightful change to sail in a single day from that water hill country to the coast of Portugal, where the air is balmy, and the sunshine delicious, and be borne gently along on the smooth sea towards the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, where the dangers of the stormy English channel, and the terrors of the Bay of Biscay are soon forgotten in the keen enjoyment of gliding gently over the sun-kissed waters, and in this instance in getting a view of the inhabited side of the Rock of Gibraltar, and away in the distance the snow-capped Alps. But there certainly was nothing of interest in Cette, and all were glad when sail was set again for Messina, a far more interesting place. From thence to Sicata, another port in Sicily, where a load of sulphur was taken in for Bremerhaven, a very hotbed of fever and ague! And it seized those who had been afflicted with it on the voyage out from Philadelphia. The captain, his wife, and their little daughter Dora, had their alternate days of the ague. But by the use of powerful medicine the chills were soon broken up.

But the captain's wife paid the penalty by a sacrifice of her hearing. At that time she was almost entirely deaf.

The time in this part was spent quite pleasantly. There were three Nova Scotia captains in the same port at that time; and Captain Burton having his wife and two children on board, made their cabin quite homelike, so those three captains spent a part, at least, of every evening on board the *H. J. Burton*. They said one evening, "We hope you will not get tired of us coming here. This cabin is so homelike; the small rocking chair, the wife and the little ones, with their dolls and playthings. It does not seem like a ship's cabin at all, but like a home sitting room, and makes one forget, almost, that he is at sea."

The voyage across the Atlantic to Philadelphia was very pleasant. From there the captain's wife went with her children home to Hantsport. The captain accompanied them to New York and saw them on board the steamer *Old Colony*, which would take them to Providence, Rhode Island, by the way of Long Island Sound; but circumstances rendered it necessary that she return to New York, and the captain saw her on board a packet vessel in which she sailed to Hantsport, arriving the 29th of September, while the husband and father returned to the now lonely cabin. He had no thought how lonely it would be when all were gone. His little daughter, Josephine, was a constant companion to him. When he would stay on deck what she thought was too long, when the weather was too stormy for her to be with him, she would beg of her mamma to let her go and call him down. She became so accustomed to the motions of the ship, "My ship," she used to call it because it was named for her, that she knew when to stand still and when to run; in that way she would work her way along, climb the three steps and cling to the low door, and call "Papa, mamma wants you." And if he was not really needed on deck he always came down.

He sailed to Rotterdam and was gone until the following May. During the winter his family had a serious sick time at home with first "rose rash," then measles and scarlet fever all at once, which lasted from January till March. On the evening of March 27 his little daughter Josephine took her flight from this world to that where sickness nor pain ever enters. On that same evening her father had a peculiar experience. He was at sea, on the eastern side of the Atlantic. The wind was blowing hard, driving the scud and heavy clouds rapidly across the sky. He was standing on the quarter-deck with his back against the forward end of the house, near the companion-way door—a position he often occupied in stormy weather—in deep thought as he gazed upwards where the moon peeped out occasionally, and was quickly veiled again by the driving clouds. He heard little Josie's voice as if at the door calling, "Papa, mamma wants you." He turned quickly and went to the door and was in the act of opening it before he realized that it was not a reality, that his little pet was not there clinging to the door, but that he was alone, and his loved ones were many, many miles away. Yet he could not disregard the call; he went to the cabin with an undefined expectation of finding the loved ones there. The room, with its associations of the past two years, had been desolate and lonely enough before, but at that moment it was ten fold more so. A deathlike silence reigned that was too oppressive to endure, and he went to the deck again, where the darkness and tempest were more in accord with his feelings, and remained until far in the night, pondering upon what he had seen, and felt sure that another of his little ones had been taken away. Was it a delusion? A hallucination? Or did the little one in her spirit's flight convey to him the message, she knowing the mother heart cried out for him at that time.

It was during that voyage that Captain Burton conceived the thought of abandoning the sea, and seeking for something

that would give him an opportunity to provide for his family without those long, painful separations, and had written to his wife to retire each evening at eight o'clock and bow in prayer to God to bring about this desire of the heart. He would reckon the time so that their prayers would ascend together to this end. This hour they both observed, fully expecting that some way would open so that he would not go to sea any more. He arrived in Boston early in May, the port of destination according to the charts. He had been driven before a gale of wind twenty-five hours before his arrival. The gale blew right on shore. When night came on he hove to, yet fully expected to be driven on the shore before morning. On account of the heaviness of the atmosphere he had not been able to get an observation for two days. When all was done that he could do, he went below, washed his body, and put on clean underclothes, believing he was preparing himself for his watery burial, and being much fatigued, after leaving word at what time to call him, he commended himself to God and laid down for a few hours' sleep. And by the mercy of God they were preserved and reached the harbor in safety the next morning, while another vessel was driven on shore during the night and all perished.

Their prayer had been that the way might be made clear for him to leave the *H. J. Burton* on his arrival in Boston. He was met in Boston by one of the principal owners, Mr. J. Fish, who informed him that they—the rest of the owners—had been talking of making a change, if he was agreed. That they had a man who wished to sail the *H. J. Burton* for a trip or two, and perhaps the change would be beneficial to both. Captain Burton recognized in this request the answer thus far to their prayers, and cheerfully acquiesced, settled up his business with the owners, and went home with the gladdening news that he had left the *H. J. Burton* and did not expect to go to sea any more—although he did not tell Mr. Fish that.

Captain Burton had been in his home in Hantsport but a few weeks when his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Leander Davison, who also lived in Hantsport, commenced making preparations for moving to California, and were very anxious to have their brother Joseph go with them. His wife was sick in bed at the time, and had been for several weeks, so there did not seem to be any probability of his going, though he was very anxious to do so. Mr. Davison's business took a greater length of time to settle up and get in his money than he had anticipated, therefore their stay was prolonged. Meanwhile Captain Burton's wife got well, or able to be about again, and they talked much of California. It was very evident that he must make some such change, or else he must needs go to sea again. Nothing offered in that vicinity that would give a sufficient remuneration to live about as they had been living. So the only thing there seemed to be for him if he ceased following the sea, was to go to a new place among strangers and grow up with it. The captain's thought at that time was that he would go first and make a home, or get a place for his family and then send for them. One reason for this was, that the time would be so short to make the needful preparations and raise sufficient money to pay the fare of all. For a few days the wife agreed to that proposition, upon certain conditions. But before these conditions could be determined upon, a reaction set in, and she told him that she could not think of being left behind. That if one went all must go. California was a long way off in those days, and not often heard from.

There were then only two weeks remaining of the time that Mr. and Mrs. Davison had set to leave Hantsport. Then they decided to make the effort for all to go and gave out word that they were going to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Davison, and wished to dispose of their household furniture and place, and commenced at once to sell their furniture as one and another

came in and bought. What was needed in the house was left till they should go. And Mrs. Burton did not have many idle moments in getting herself and three children ready for such a journey in so short a time. However, they were delayed a little while in waiting for a vessel on which to take passage for New York. When Captain Burton went to J. B. North, a shipbuilder, to see if he would take the place, he said, "I don't want the place, but I think that any young man who has moral courage enough to take his family and go to California and expect to make a living for them without any trade or money, or friends there to help him, ought to be encouraged. And if you can not dispose of your place elsewhere, I will take it if I can raise the money. But do what you can to sell."

He did so. But every effort was fruitless. Still they both worked with a view to going. One day when the household furniture was nearly all sold, his wife said, "Wouldn't we be in a queer fix if we can not sell the place? We could not go, nor stay either very well, without any furniture." To this he replied, "There is no if about it; we are going." Truly they worked by faith then, just as much as when they became Latter Day Saints. There seemed to be a "light in the distance," a something impelling them to go. They all were regarded as heroes, and were cheered though lamented. Some said, "I would like to be you, but *I* could not think of making such a venture."

A few days before leaving, Captain Burton went to Mr. North again, and told him it was useless to think of selling elsewhere; and the vessel on which they were going to New York was lying out in the stream and trunks on board before he got the money for the place. Yet their faith did not waver.

They had quite a serious experience on the way to New York. Perhaps Neptune did not like to part with old friends and plotted against them. The wind was blowing fresh as they neared Nantucket shoals, and kept freshening as the afternoon

wore on. It appeared that Captain M. of the *Kildare*, the vessel on which they took passage, was not accustomed to crossing the shoals on his way to New York, but frequently crossed them coming home. The shoals are much the same as a miniature subterranean archipelago. There is a channel, quite a broad one between them, and a light on each one to show the channel, yet they are so winding that unless one is acquainted he would be likely to fetch up on one, especially if it were night so the difference in the shade of the water could not be discovered. But it is quite a short cut to New York.

Captain M. had let his vessel get quite near the entrance for going over the shoals, and yet was undecided about going over, and had let much of the fair wind, and daylight too, go to waste, while he talked the matter pro and con with Captain Burton. The wind was increasing so rapidly that Captain Burton became uneasy about the safety of all on board in such a place, and on such a night as that one threatened to be, and asked Captain M. why he did not square away and get over the worst of them before dark. Whereupon the captain replied that he did not know just what to do. Captain Burton said: "There is only one thing for you to do now. You are too far inshore to fetch out around the fishing rips. You could not save yourself from getting on them." "But," said Captain M., "I thought I might beat about here till morning." "Quite impossible," replied Captain Burton. "There might be a gale of wind before morning. There is now every appearance of such, and you would be driven on shore before midnight."

Captain Burton pointed out the entrance—for he had gone in over them several times—and Captain M. gave the order to square away for the shoals, while both captains came down in the cabin to consult the chart, and hastened on deck again, leaving the chart spread out on the table. Captain Burton's wife had been accustomed to studying the charts as closely as

the captain when at sea with him, and feeling some anxiety because she had less confidence in Captain M.'s skill and judgment than that of her husband, she kept looking first at the chart, then out of the window at the lights, for though it was not dark, the lights over the shoals were all lit. She remarked to Mrs. Davison, who was delightfully unconscious of danger, that she wished she did not know so much, or else knew a little more, so she would not feel so uncomfortable. "Why," said Mrs. Davison, "is there anything to be uneasy about?"

"I don't suppose there really is, but with my knowledge there seems to be. I should judge we were almost on this shoal," pointing it out.

"Oh, I thought to go over the shoals meant to have shoal water, where the sea would not be so high."

"So it does; but in some places it is a little too shoal."

As she finished speaking there came a terrible crash that threw them across the cabin. Mrs. Davison was too terrified to speak, but her eyes said, "What has happened?"

"It is the shoal; we have struck it."

The ship raised up with the sea, and bang down she went again with force enough apparently to beat her all to pieces, but fortunately it did not. When she struck the first time all was confusion on deck. The captain just jumped up and down and swore. He had so many oaths mixed with his orders that the men scarcely knew what he did say, and did their best in swearing also. When Captain Burton heard or saw that the helm was being put up to "wear around," he knew that if she wore around the vessel would never get off that shoal; there was no time for words, besides Captain M. was so excited that he scarcely knew what he was doing. All this was comprehended in a flash, and he, Captain Burton, sprang to the wheel, and at the same time his voice of command rang out above the crashing of the sea, the howling of the wind, and the fearful cursings of the captain the words, "Hard alee!"

and instead of putting the helm up, he made it spin the other way, putting it down with all his might, which swung her low off of the shoal. When the command "Hard alee" is given, mates and men know just what to do to make ready for tacking ship; and these men worked lively, the captain himself bearing a hand with them. When the vessel was in the channel again heading for the opposite light, Captain M. came aft and Captain Burton apologized for what he had done, saying that their lives depended upon it and there was no time for words. Captain M. accepted the apology rather awkwardly. In his heart he was glad, but it was not in keeping with his dignity to say so.

It was a fearful night! There was nothing better for the ship than to beat about in that narrow channel till daylight, and that, too, at the risk of smashing into some other vessel. The two women heard a good deal of pounding and hammering going on on deck, and asked Captain Burton, when he came to the cabin, what they were doing, to which he carelessly answered that he supposed they were making things secure. Had the women known that they were making preparations to send them up in the rigging and lash them there should the vessel strike again or go ashore before morning, they would have felt more uneasy than they did. But those improvised chairs were not used; the Lord was leading them. However much Captain Burton's wife and sister liked to have him in the cabin, they felt so much safer when he was on deck, that whenever he would go below they would beg him to go back on deck. At midnight he came to the cabin, bearing on his lips the most soothing of all "salt-water phraseology," namely, "The wind is moderating." With no further trouble the passengers arrived at New York, and from there started on an emigrant train for California. This trip was made in the early days of railroad traveling across the plains, October, 1869, two weeks after the through track was completed, conse-

quently they were looked upon as adventurers. There were a number of emigrants on the same train, but only going to the Middle and Western States; but a through ticket was looked upon with curiosity. There were no commodious tourist cars, and those cars that were occupied most of the way were void of either springs or cushions, with no place to sleep except to catch naps in the sitting posture. Shake-downs were made on the floor or unoccupied seats for the children, Captain Burton's wife sat the entire thirteen nights and held her fifteen-months' babe, while the captain looked after the other two children and slept what he could. It was deemed necessary at that time to carry soldiers across the portions of the plains where the Indians were bad, for protection at the stopping places. But no trouble was experienced nor accident happened to any of the trains they were on. Upon reaching Sacramento the train was detained all day Sunday while the track was being cleared of a passenger train, wrecked between Sacramento and San Francisco. Arriving in San Francisco was something of a disappointment. Nobody knew of any opportunity of getting work of any kind. And it took too much money to live without work.

Captain Burton knew the post-office address of just one man in the State, a Mr. Newton Best. He had never met the man, but had seen his wife when she was a child, and she was a cousin of Mrs. Burton. His post-office address was Gilroy. After being in San Francisco two days he made some inquiries about distance and fare to Gilroy, and concluded to run down and see what the prospects were for settling there, expecting to be back to the hotel again by evening. On arriving in Gilroy he went to the post-office directory, but there was no Mr. Best on the list. He made inquiry of several, but no one knew of such a person; there was certainly no such person in town. He returned to the post-office just as the mail was being made up for Hollister and San Benito. He

there learned from the mail carrier that Mr. Best lived in San Benito, a distance of fifty-two miles, and that the stage was then going to Hollister, sixteen miles of that distance, and the balance had to be made on horseback. This piece of information was rather depressing for a sea captain. But nothing daunted he took stage for Hollister, then hired a broncho and mounted a Spanish saddle, and undertook the journey that wound around, between, and over the hills of San Benito, crossing the creek again and again. It was ten o'clock at night when he arrived, about as much fatigued as he ever was. Fortunately for him, and the horse, too, he was very much lighter in those days than a few years after.

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 170.)

It so happened that there were three fine claims, that is, quarter sections of government land, just above Mr. Best's claim. The next morning he and Mr. Best went to look at them, and Mr. Burton (since he is now about to settle on a farm we will drop the title of Captain and substitute Mr.) took the one adjoining Mr. Best's, and staked it off to hold it till he returned. The following morning he mounted the "broncho" and started back to Hollister. The knowledge that he was then recognized as the owner of a fine, large farm, all ready for the plow, stimulated him on that long to be remembered journey, and made him more forgetful of that hard saddle.

When he reached Hollister the stage for Gilroy had gone. The hire of his horse had taken about all the money he had with him, except enough for his car fare to the city, and he had arranged with Mr. Best—now Brother Best—to meet him and family at Gilroy next day noon with his team to convey them to San Benito. So after his thirty-six mile ride on horseback, he had to walk the remaining sixteen miles, and then lay his weary body down on the ground under the railroad platform for the balance of the night, and catch short naps between the howling of dogs and the carousing of half drunken Spaniards. Had he been a Californian he would have hunted a hay stack. Towards morning he became so cold and numb he had to get up and walk about till daylight.

It was then the third day since he left the hotel in San Francisco, and the reader may well imagine the anxiety of his wife and others of his company who were awaiting him there, their money daily running out; and the great relief it was to

see him about noon slowly ascending the big flight of stairs that led to their room, like a man bent with years, and many infirmities. As his wife watched him ascending the stairs, she had several minutes in which to draw imaginary pictures of what had befallen him, but never once thought of him taking a ride on horseback. And notwithstanding the misery he was in, all joined in a hearty laugh as he in glowing terms portrayed his experience of the past three days. He dwelt enthusiastically upon the beautiful claim he had taken up. First because he really thought it beautiful, and second as an incentive to stimulate his wife and sister for their long, hard journey. All were glad to know that they could go somewhere. Hasty preparations were made, (and since those "easterners" were about to leave the hotel, it seemed as if everyone in connection with it put in a plea of some kind to get the last cent,) and according to promise they were met that next afternoon at the station by Bro. Newton Best, and they rode in his large spring wagon, on top of a load of trunks, boxes, valises, and bedding, to Hollister. There was only room for the two women and three children on the wagon, so Mr. Burton and Mr. Davison had to walk from Gilroy to Hollister. Hollister was at that time but the embryo of a town. There was one redwood house, not bearing the trace of either paint or whitewash brush. That was dignified by the title of "hotel." It was after dark when the wagon drove into the feed yard, hard by this hotel, and the lamplight, shining through the broad cracks between the boards, looked cheery; and the savory odor of beefsteak that issued forth was appetizing to the cold and hungry travelers, who had only lunched from a basket at noon. Brother Best turned up some boxes for the women to sit on, and busied himself about putting out his team.

On account of Mrs. Burton's deafness she had not learned the disagreeable fact that their money was all expended, or that they did not have enough to pay hotel expenses, and

wondered why they did not go in at once; but supposed they were waiting for the two men who had not arrived. By the time Brother Best had a camp fire blazing, the weary men came into the yard, but said nothing about being tired. Mr. Burton was as jolly as if he were out on a picnic. When his wife asked why he did not take them in the house, he made answer in a tone and gesture of great dignity, that he could not think of taking his family into a house like that to spend the night. "But," replied she, "it is better than nothing, and I am so tired, do let's go in." She had scarcely had the babe out of her arms during the entire day.

"Oh," said he, "we can't; they won't have us there." She felt a little indignant, and wanted to know why they would not.

"Well," he said, "the truth is, we have no money to pay them."

This was a new feature in traveling; and not a bright one either. But notwithstanding that, there was much merriment over getting and eating the supper by a camp fire. Brother Best was the cook and initiator into this new phase of life; for we had been in California a year or two. People in Nova Scotia never went camping, so the rest of the party had never eaten by a camp fire or slept out of doors; and the thoughts of being compelled to sleep in a hay stack because better could not be afforded, seemed to be degrading. But despite the degradation, the supper tasted good, and the spacious bed was comfortable. It was novel, though, to look up through the broad openings in the improvised roof and see the stars shining, and to hear the horses stepping about just below, with an occasional low whinny. But the night was preferable to the long, hard journey of the next day, and until 10 o'clock in the evening, before they got to Brother Best's in San Benito, the two men walking the entire distance of thirty-six miles. Cousin Annie and her husband welcomed them to their little home and treated them very kindly.

In two weeks Mr. Burton had a little cabin of his own on his new farm, which his wife had helped him to build of "shakes." He got the shakes from a neighbor, and was to pay for them in work of building brush fence, the only work that offered while they waited for the rainy season.

By sacrificing some of their wardrobe in Hollister, Mr. Burton had procured some of the most necessary things for starting in life, "backwoods" style; and they felt very happy in going to housekeeping again. They were told that in a month or six weeks the rains would come, then there would be plenty of work with good wages, which bespoke plenty of everything needful. But the two succeeding years were almost entirely void of rain, and hard times followed, such as California had not before witnessed. During those two years there were no dainties on the table, such as batter cakes, pies, potatoes, or vegetables, sweetening, milk or cream. Wild game was their meat, but love made the feast and all enjoyed what they had. Mr. Burton got a job of work occasionally, such as digging wells or building brush fence, just enough to keep the wolf from the door.

During the first year it was all novel, so much like a play-day life that no one worried, and all had good health. The only trouble was when the work that Mr. Burton would get to do would take him so far away from home that he could not possibly walk home after work and back in the morning, and would have to leave his wife and three children alone in that strange place with no neighboring house in sight, and at first only a curtain door to their little shack. The road below the house was a thoroughfare for Greasers and Spaniards, while there were said to be grizzly bears in the hills back of them. So the wife suffered all that could be suffered from fear until she got used to it, and ceased to be afraid, and lent her energies to raising chickens and turkeys that could hunt their own feed.

Though Mr. Burton had not been accustomed to manual

labor, he spared not himself, but accepted whatever work would bring even the least remuneration. Sometimes he would feel as if he could not see his family so destitute of the ordinary comforts of life, and suggest going to a seaport and seeking a berth. But his wife would not hear to that for a moment, saying she would rather only have a crust and have him with them. So they endeavored to keep up their courage, with the promise and hope of better days when the rains came. No one supposed though that they were going to stay away for two years. Meantime the eastern strangers were becoming acquainted with their western neighbors, even though they lived miles apart. There were some children in the neighborhood, too, and Mr. Burton and his sister suggested the feasibility of getting up a Sunday school. Brother and Sister Best favored the thought. And since Mr. Best had a fair understanding of the rules of music, and was a leading bass singer, and his wife soprano, it was further agreed that while the children were together he should devote a portion of the time to teaching them to sing. All were very enthusiastic in the matter, and soon there was a small but interesting school. Collections were taken up and reward cards and prizes were procured to induce the children to come. The little redwood schoolhouse in which the Sunday school was held sat on a knoll two miles below Mr. Best's, and three below Burton's. But the whole family attended. They would sometimes walk to Mr. Best's and go with them in their big spring wagon; and sometimes all would walk. Mr. Burton and his wife took turns carrying their baby. With what eager anticipations those Sundays were looked forward to! It was the point in life; the only outing, or change, or opportunity to meet with one's neighbors, and seemed to carry with it great importance. This school continued and increased as more people gathered into the place. And after a year or so, it was no uncommon thing to see three children on one horse going to Sunday school.

At first the movement was opposed by some of the old settlers who had never known any such thing, and were afraid the easterners were bringing new fangled notions in the place that would not prove wholesome, and that very fear brought some of the parents to the school who otherwise would not have attended, to see what was being taught to their children, and what the order of it was. As the second year began to wane, Mr. Burton, who had never been accustomed to any work except that of pulling ropes, and handling cargo occasionally, and had done very little of that since he was nineteen years of age, found that his strength was giving way. Not so much from work, though it was the hardest, either handling heavy logs, or digging deep wells, or grubbing willows for a change—but from so much walking and carrying heavy burdens, and having insufficient food; and while the hot sun bronzed the faces of his neighbors, it only bleached his; and he grew whiter and thinner, having very little appetite.

In the month of July of that year, 1870, he took out his papers of "Declaration of Intentions," to become an American citizen. For though born on the continent of America, he was a British subject. The writer has not found his certificate of citizenship, so can not give the date. In December of 1871 the rainy season set in in good earnest, bringing with it a renewal of strength and energy. Mr. Burton's claim gave evidence of being a very fertile piece of land, and promised an abundant harvest if only the seed were sown. So with the coming harvest for security, he acted upon the advice of his farmer neighbors, and got seed, a team, and implements for farming, also six month's provisions, since he would not be able to go away to work. It was a happy and healthy change to be able to work at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Davison remained in the neighborhood for over two years, though he did not take up any government land. He was a good carpenter, and could get work elsewhere.

The crop of wheat that Mr. Burton's claim produced, exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The grain was some of the best in the country. So large and plump, and free from rust, and mustard and other seeds. And the second year gave a volunteer crop of choice wheat hay. With the sale of both those crops, together with the live stock and poultry that was raised on the place, he and his family began to live again.

But changes had come. Mr. and Mrs. Best had moved to Santa Barbara County, and Mr. and Mrs. Davison were keeping hotel at Tres Pinos, and others had moved into the neighborhood. A Mr. Albert Page bought Mr. Best's place. After a while it developed that Mr. Page was a second cousin of Mr. Burton, so they were quite at home with each other. And among other things Mr. Burton had gotten himself a far more roomy and respectable looking house.

In the fall of 1872 Mrs. Burton looked out of her front door one afternoon and saw a man walking across from the house where Ebenezer Burton lived (who had recently married a California girl), towards her house. Ebenezer was with him. She knew he was a stranger, because Ebenezer was pointing out places to him. They were half a mile or more away when she first saw them, but as they drew nearer she said, "That man walks like my brother George, and it is him, too!" To say that she was surprised and overjoyed would be putting it mildly. Then oh, such a talk about the dear home folks, and of what was going on in the neighborhood, and especially in the church, was a treat they had long desired; but it made them more hungry for their church privileges than ever. George was a member of the Baptist Church also, and a Christian worker, and became a great help to the pioneer Sunday school. He, too, was something of a musician, and took Mr. Best's place in teaching the children to sing. His was a tenor voice.

Presently Mr. Burton and his brother-in-law began to agitate the question of getting up a Temperance Division. And

ere long that, too, was a reality. But still there was no preaching, and that they felt to be a crying need. Then they wondered why a home missionary could not be sent to that part of the country, and talked of writing home to their former pastor and making their wants known. But after much deliberation as to whether a Baptist minister would be sustained, seeing there were none others of that denomination, they concluded to pray for the Lord to send a minister. Then none of the various denominations meagerly represented would be responsible for bringing him there, and all would join in sustaining him. Mrs. Burton proposed that they ask the Lord to send a Baptist minister. But Mr. Burton said they would ask the Lord to send them the gospel, and perhaps they had better let him do the choosing as to whom by. So they prayed and waited. But not long till a stranger drove up to the house one day, having a patent for digging postholes; and since it was near noon, he was invited to put his horse out and stay to dinner. During the conversation he informed them that he was a preacher of the gospel, and wished to locate in that part of the country; was driving through to seek out a place before bringing his family. He was a large, well built man, of pleasant mien, and they judged by his talk that he was a real live preacher, and thought perhaps the answer to their prayers had come. Mr. Burton then told him they had been praying for the gospel, and perhaps he was the man by whom the Lord was going to send it to them, which information seemed to be very pleasing to him, and perhaps aided him to decide to bring his family, of wife and two daughters, and locate at once.

They learned before he left the house that his name was Riddle, and he was of the Disciple faith. But since they had left it to the Lord to choose, they did not intend to turn aside from *any* until they had investigated. This was early in the summer of 1873.

He soon commenced regular services in the schoolhouse. Mr.

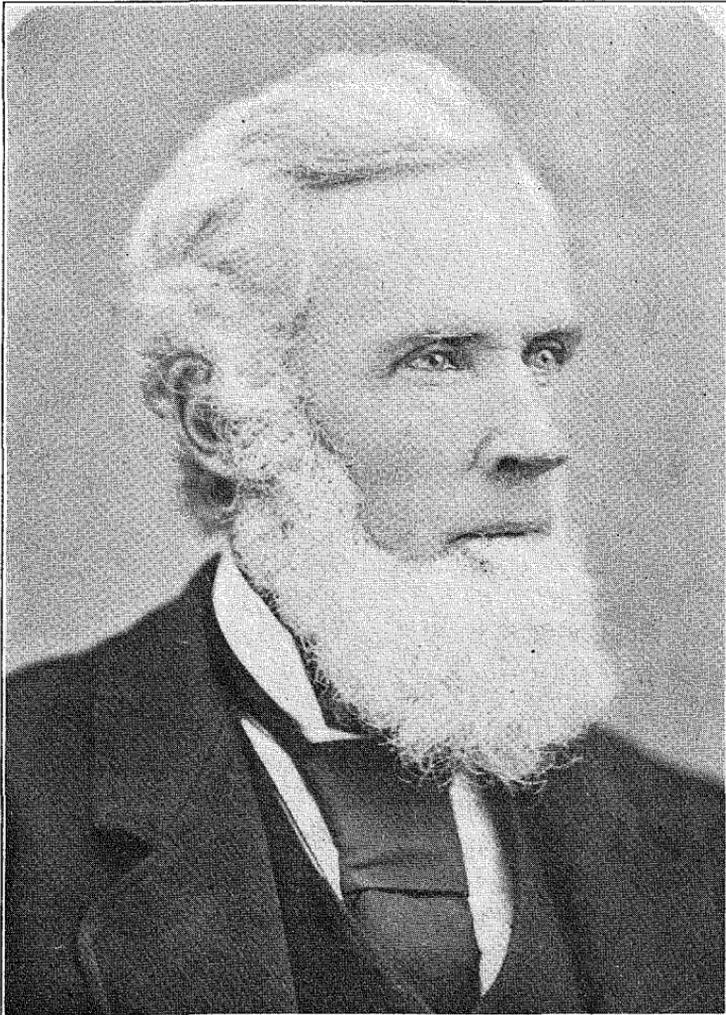
and Mrs. Burton felt quite disappointed in the force of his sermons, but thought that he might not feel quite at home yet, and would probably do better after a while. Since his place was seven miles beyond Mr. Burton's the family were always invited to stay to dinner on Sundays, which gave an opportunity to investigate his claims. He was very anxious to prove to them that he had the gospel that they had been praying for, and that it was their duty to believe it. But the more they learned of his faith and belief, the more fully they became persuaded that he was not the man that they were looking for. His preaching was like his belief, viz, the letter without the spirit; and Mrs. Burton added that it was not an interesting letter either.

The summer had nearly slipped away, and they supposed that he had given up all thought of their accepting his views sufficiently to worship harmoniously with him; for they had never thought of leaving their own church. But it seemed that he had not, as he put the question to Mr. Burton in plain words: "I am tired of waiting for you to offer yourself for baptism; you ought to do so."

He appeared very much disappointed and sorrowful when Mr. Burton said, "No; you must pass on, and we will still continue our former prayer; and wait for some one to bring the spiritual food that we desire." Shortly after this he moved from the vicinity.

Mr. Burton and his wife then conceived the thought that perhaps they were not making effort enough; that they ought to show their faith by their works; instead of sending a man to preach the gospel, the Lord would send his Spirit among them if they met together and worshiped him, and thus bring about a condition of spiritual life and enjoyment, a religious interest in the community. At least they thought they might meet once a week with those who so desired, and pray for divine favor. Mrs. Burton's brother, George Davison, and two

of their Methodist friends, were very much in favor of the suggestion; namely, a union prayer meeting. Two brethren of



ELDER JOHN CARMICHAEL.

the Disciple faith made several objections, but eventually gave in. There were only ten who would be likely to assist in carrying on the meetings, four Methodists, three Baptists (Mr. and Mrs. Burton and her brother George), two of the Disciple

faith, and a Mr. John Carmichael, that no one in the community at that time knew where to place. He claimed to be a staunch believer in Bible Christianity, but would oppose the faith, creeds, and practice of every denomination claiming to be Bible Christians; and that, too, in a way that would cause an unbigoted man to feel that his own foundation in regard to churchology was not so well founded as he thought. The truth was that he, Mr. Carmichael, had received and preached the restored gospel in its purity in England, and like many other good, honest souls, had migrated to Utah—in good faith that Brigham Young was the true successor to the man who had suffered martyrdom for the gospel that God had made him an instrument in restoring—expecting to find there the pure in heart. But he was disappointed, then became dissatisfied and disgusted, and had sought the solitude of the mountainous regions of northern California until a year or two previous to the time of which I write, when he came to San Benito, to wait in silence and see what the Lord would do for his people, who had been disappointed like as he had been. He knew that the gospel had been restored in its fullness. But how could he teach it to others when his own hopes had been so rudely blighted? These items of past history were not known in the community where he lived at that time, and he was regarded as a religious enigma. But one thing was plain, at least to Mr. and Mrs. Burton, and that was, that he knew more about the Bible than did his neighbors, themselves included. And they were anxious to enlist his cooperation in their religious enterprise. Therefore Mr. Burton called upon him and they had a long talk. The result of the interview was not exactly satisfactory to Mr. Burton, though he affirmed that there were many good things said. But since he, Mr. Burton, had never heard of the restored gospel, he was not in a position to grasp his friend's thought. However, he promised to attend the meetings, but did not seem to be very sanguine as to any bene-

fit being derived from them. It soon became plain to the observer that there was not much union in the meetings, and that each one had, apparently, expected his neighbor to drop his own peculiar views and worship in harmony with his.

There was a peculiar instance experienced by Mrs. Burton in one of those meetings, that perhaps will not be amiss to reproduce here. While engaged in prayer, she made the request so often made by those who are seeking a revival in the religious circle, namely, that "The Lord would grant them a Pentecostal season; that the time might not be far distant when such should be enjoyed even in that place." She had no sooner said the words than the inward monitor, with whom she had often argued a point, put questions and suggestions like this:

"What is a Pentecostal season? Is it not speaking in tongues and prophesying? Was that what you intended to ask for?"

"No; I did not mean exactly that."

"Then hadn't you better take it back?"

"I admit that I did not intend to ask for that kind of a Pentecostal season; I meant that the Spirit of the Lord be poured out upon us, and sinners be converted; but should not object at all to witness a genuine Pentecostal season. No. I shall not take it back."

"But do you think the Lord could answer that prayer when such things are not had in these days?"

For a moment she felt inclined to think that she had spoken unwisely, or unadvisedly; but quickly a clear thought came to her thus:

"It is not enjoined upon any to find ways and means by which our prayers are going to be answered. The Lord has told us to *ask* and has set no limit. The rest is his to look after."

At that the prayer was ended, for every other thought had fled. That was her last public prayer as a Baptist.

The various opinions upon different thoughts presented in the meetings constituted a theme for conversation among the

neighbors during the week; which gave our friend, Mr. Carmichael, an opportunity to talk on the principles of the gospel without seeming to seek it, which was just what he desired in regard to Mr. and Mrs. Burton, knowing that they were hungering and praying for the gospel; and many a good long talk was had at their house, which opened their eyes to some truth that they had not before perceived.

The meetings came to a very abrupt termination, and in this wise: One of our Methodist neighbors, whose turn it was to lead the meeting, read the good old hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," when one of the Disciple faith arose and opposed the singing of such a hymn; that it was not truthful, there being no Holy Spirit to come, etc., etc.

When those two were beginning to get too interested over the matter, Mr. Burton made the proposition that another hymn be selected if that one gave offense, or caused disturbance in the meeting; and that the subject be dropped for the evening; and he invited all to come to his house the next evening and discuss the matter. This discussion resulted in the conclusion that a union prayer meeting could not be carried on under such division of opinions, and so it was abandoned.

On a certain evening early in the month of November of the same year, 1873, there was a consultation held between two Latter Day Saint elders who had been preaching in a settlement called Mulberry, about twenty miles below where Mr. Burton lived, and feeling that their work was done there, for the time at least, were at a loss to know whether to push the work still farther up among those rugged hills that border the "San Benito," or go back to the vicinity of San Jose, from whence they had started; that being the home of Elder Daniel S. Mills, who was presiding authority in that portion of territory called the Santa Cruz sub-district. Elder John R. Cook, and Priest J. Henderson were laboring in the district with him. Being unable to decide in his own wisdom, Elder Mills

said, "I will inquire of the Lord to-night and decide in the morning." In answer to his request he was instructed to go on farther; that there were people up among those hills praying for the gospel, and he, the Lord, would go before them and prepare the hearts of the people to receive them.

In some instances the aim and life work of Mr. Burton and his wife were so blended in one, that to record but one side, that is, his experience without that of his wife, would leave the record incomplete. Therefore the writer thinks it proper to record a dream or vision she had the following morning; and will give it in her own words:

I opened my eyes after a prolonged morning nap, and saw the sun that had gotten above the mountains, shining brightly through the window. Yet I did not bound out of bed. Whether I closed my eyes again and dreamed, or dreamed with them open, I can not say. It seemed to me that I saw the sun shining all the time; but the scene was changed. I found myself standing on a conical piece of ground, and being steadily raised higher and higher; that is, the ground on which I stood. When high above the level of the earth I looked and saw the blue canopy only a little way above me, and wondered if I should come in contact with it. When about an arm's length from it, I saw a cleft made in it, as though some one on the upper side had drawn the point of a sharp knife across it. Immediately one side of the opening rolled together upwards, and the other side rolled together downwards, leaving an opening large enough for anybody to go through. While this was taking place I said: "The heavens roll 'together as a scroll' sure enough." In a moment I was standing waist high above; or through, the opening, looking about into boundless space. Nor did my vision come in contact with any firmament beyond, as when the eye sweeps the distance here, but penetrated on and on through the unbounded reddish, grayish space. I heard a voice say to me, "See the road to heaven!" I then beheld, immediately in front of me, a narrow road, with high, heavily built walls, on either side watch towers at regular distances. It extended at right angles to where I stood, and terminated in a beautiful shining city, not very far away. There were up-hill places all along, but they were followed by stretches of level road. I also saw that none could enter that city who were not in that road, since the walls of that road embraced the city also, without any break in them.

"If that is the road to heaven," I soliloquized, "I am not in it."

I then saw two broader roads, one on either side of this high-walled road, with very much lower walls made of stuff that had the appearance of "adobe," and quite easy to scale. These, or the one on my left, but

right from the city, ran parallel with the narrow road for a while, then branched away from the city, out around it, but in the light, while the one on the right from me, but left from the city, was soon without a wall, forked and branched in various directions, crooked, rough, and led downward into darkness.

On realizing that I was not in the "road to heaven," I naturally wondered how I could get there. I thought a person could climb up these lower walls into these "other" ways; but those high walls never could be climbed over. And I wondered where or how far back the beginning of it was, and turned my head to look in that direction. I seemed to know that it was not very far back, but vapory clouds rolled between and obscured the entrance.

The scene changed, and I was looking upon the room again with the sun shining brightly in it. I sprang out of bed, being in a very happy frame of mind, notwithstanding I saw myself outside the road to the beautiful city, and told my husband that I believed I had had a vision.

The following Saturday afternoon when Mr. Burton entered his house after a drive to the store some three miles below, he startled his wife by the news that there were two *Mormons* down at Jefferson. Jefferson was the name of their settlement, which settlement consisted of a hotel, a store including the post-office, a schoolhouse, blacksmith shop, two dwelling houses, and two or three barns, all nicely whitewashed.

Mrs. Burton repeated the words, "*Two Mormons!*" and asked what they were doing there. "They want to hold meetings; they had one last night, but so few knew of it that there were not many out. They are going to have one this evening."

Mrs. Burton remarked that she did not know that they made any pretensions to religion. Supposed they wanted to make *Mormons* of the people, and added that she hoped that her husband would not encourage them by attending the meeting.

"Well, I do not know about that," he replied. "I was thinking of going to-night."

"Why, Joseph Burton," was all that she could say, and stared at him to see if he really meant what he said.

"Why not? It was your brother George that told me about them; he was at their meeting last night, and is quite inter-

ested in what they have to say, and had a long talk with the elders. You had better get ready and go too."

"*Indeed I shall not,*" she answered very indignantly; and when she learned farther that they had just come from Mulberry, where they had made thirty converts, she called to mind some of the evils told them by the stranger who rode on the cars with them when on their way to California, she expressed the thought with a degree of emphasis, that they had ought to be driven out of the place before they got a foothold. Mr. Burton expressed astonishment that she should feel so towards a people with whom they had no acquaintance, and reminded her that they had been praying for the gospel, and that the apostle said to prove all things and hold fast that which was good. And it followed that she spent the Saturday evening alone with the children, which was a break in their record. Mr. Burton often exchanged work with his neighbors, even in those days, which took him away from home more or less; but Saturday evening, of all the evenings of the week, was looked forward to as one of enjoyment. As a result of early parental training on her part, everything in the humble home was put in its best order for Sunday, and the husband and father never spent that evening away from home from choice. So she did not relish the situation. Upon his return she gathered from what he said that he was not very much interested, yet he thought he would go again in the morning, since they had appointments for morning and evening. She did feel badly to see him driving away that bright Sunday morning in his double seated wagon, with span of horses, but would not accept the invitation to go, for she really believed it was not right to encourage them by increasing their numbers; not that she thought there was any danger of anyone joining them.

• Before leaving the house Mr. Burton turned to his wife and said, "Suppose I bring the preachers home to dinner?"

• To which she replied somewhat curtly that such a thing

could not be supposed. That she was not in favor of having Mormons at the house.

“They get hungry, if they are Mormons,” said her husband; “besides, they are strangers, and you know what the Bible says about being careful to ‘entertain strangers.’”

“Yes,” she replied, “and I also know that it says, ‘If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him godspeed.’ If we do, we are partakers of their evil deeds.”

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#### HERE AND NOW.

Here, in the heart of the world;  
 Here, in the noise and the din;  
 Here where our spirits are hurled  
 To battle with sorrow and sin—  
 This is the place and the spot  
 For knowledge of infinite things;  
 This is the Kingdom where thought  
 Can conquer the prowess of kings.

Wait for no heavenly life,  
 Seek for no temple alone;  
 Here in the midst of the strife,  
 Know what the sages have known.  
 See what the perfect ones saw—  
 God in the depth of each soul;  
 God as the light and the law;  
 God as the beginning and goal.

Stand not aloof nor apart,  
 Plunge in the thick of the fight,  
 There in the street and the mart,  
 That is the place to do right;  
 Not in some cloister or cave,  
 Not in some kingdom above,  
 Here on this side of the grave,  
 Here should we labor and love.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 295.)

She had never thought to find out what doctrine John referred to. He smiled amusedly at her ready defense with scripture, and then confessed that he had come near bringing them home the night before, but a neighbor sent them to the hotel, and said he would settle the bill.

Though Mrs. Burton was not at all apprehensive of them turning out to be angels, she did not relish the thought of being inhospitable to strangers, they never had been,—so she relented and said if he wished to bring them home, or felt that it was his duty to do so, she would prepare dinner. She set before them the best she had, but she received them as strangers rather than as ministers.

Elder Mills was not with them. He was to follow in about two weeks. Mrs. Burton's brother came with them and was much interested in their explanation of the Scriptures. Perhaps she would have been too had she heard. The conversation was between George and Elder Cook. Mr. Burton had very little to say but was sufficiently interested to continue to attend the meetings.

It will be remembered that this was 1873, and although the Reorganization was twenty-one years old, it did not move with the rapidity then that it does now. Prejudice ran high. It was indeed an independent editor who would give or even sell space in his paper to insert an item in favor of the Latter Day Saints.

Only a few, comparatively, even in the Middle States, knew of the restoration of the gospel, the apostasy, and the Reorganization; much less those living on the extreme eastern border of America, and under the British flag, as Mr. and Mrs.

Burton did, whose literature pertained to their own country.

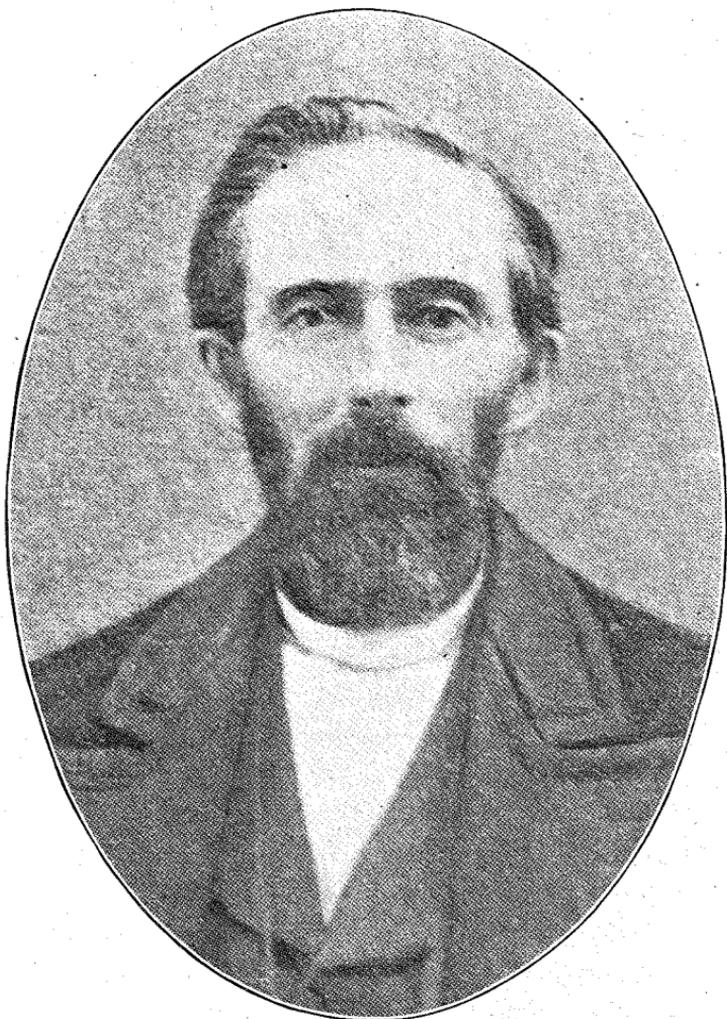
When Mr. Burton came home from the meeting Sunday evening he told his wife that he believed her brother was going to join them. She was almost dumbfounded. She felt hurt, provoked, angry, and sorry altogether. She talked with her brother on Monday, but he did not relent; when he left the house she had a good cry, and thinking she would have to write to his wife, and his folks something about what was carrying George away, she concluded that she would go Monday evening and see for herself. Mr. Burton was getting too interested to miss a meeting, and from that very evening she too became interested, and at once gave Mr. Burton her consent to bring the strangers home to stay all night if they wished to. In reality, the sermon had suggested so many questions that she wished to have a talk with them. All through the week she heard the elder speak of the one way, the one true church, and that too being the way she was not in, her pleasant dream or vision would loom up before her.

After learning that they as a people were antagonistic to polygamy and the kindred evils practiced in Utah, and were of a separate faith and organization, and were closely adhering to Bible doctrine, both Mr. Burton and his wife thought perhaps it might be the gospel that they had unwittingly prayed for; at least they would give it a thorough investigation. The more they searched and delved into it, the more reasonable and scriptural it appeared; nor could they let it rest; it seemed to fasten itself upon their thoughts, so they reasoned, read, and prayed over the matter until they were convinced that it did not originate with man; there was divinity in it. They both saw that it was truly greater light on the Scriptures. They had prayed for greater light, for the true gospel, now this had come to them with the promises—on condition of obedience—gifts, blessings, and powers of the gospel

as preached in the days of Christ and the apostles, with the same church organization, and they felt that it was their duty to obey; that they must be baptized by those holding the authority delegated by Christ through the channels of revelation. Yet these conclusions were not attained until they had passed over the same path, or the same experience that hundreds of others had, commencing with the thought that these preachers were honest and sincere, but they had got into the wrong church, and if Mr. Burton could have some good talks with them, he could doubtless show them their errors. This opportunity was, as the reader has seen, granted; they were invited to the house frequently, but they were not so easily converted. Mr. Burton found that to be fair and honest he was compelled to yield every point. It was with Elder Daniel S. Mills that the long, pleasant talks were had—the other two remained but a week, then passed on to new fields. How kindly and gently he dealt with their prejudices, not condemning what they had, but showing the beauty of what they had not. They were not required to renounce any Bible truth that they had, or any part of the gospel of Christ, but to their surprise they found that they had very little of the principles of the gospel. They had faith, repentance, and baptism (by immersion), resurrection of the dead and the judgment, consisting in eternal bliss or eternal burning. Of officers in the church they had a pastor, a deacon, and a clerk. Meager, indeed, when compared with the officers that Christ set in his church for the work of the ministry, and the perfecting of the Saints; and as for the gifts of the Spirit, there was no claim made to any. Then came the thought, why leave their own church? Why not believe the message and take to themselves in their own church? But reading and reasoning soon showed that it was impossible. If one was the true church of Christ, the other was not, and what profit was it to remain in a wrong church? Besides, the gifts were not promised, nor could

they be attained short of entire obedience, which would constitute them Latter Day Saints.

And again they saw how similar this gospel was to that of eighteen hundred years ago, when Peter the apostle



ELDER DANIEL S. MILLS.

preached to the great multitude gathered at Jerusalem, among whom were devout men out of every nation under heaven. But the gospel made the same claim to one that it did to an-

other, in that the apostle said, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." So Mr. Burton was convinced that he must begin all over again. Predestination was the only point that he was not fully satisfied on. When Elder Mills left the house a day or two prior to his baptism, he said upon leaving, "I see I have not satisfied you upon that subject, but I will advise you to make it a subject of prayer, and the Lord will give you the knowledge you desire."

The 7th of December dawned dull and gloomy, and the rain fell heavily. Mrs. Burton felt gloomy also, knowing that Elder Mills was soon to return to Alameda County, and Mr. Burton had not received the knowledge that he desired, and she did so wish to be baptized before he left. After breakfast the rain ceased to fall so heavily, and Mr. Burton went out to feed his horses. While out at his work, the promise or statement made by Elder Mills was verified. When he came in he told his wife that he had received the light that he desired, and added, "Now, I am ready to be baptized if you are."

"Yes," she said, "I am ready."

"Then I will go hitch up the horses, and go over for George while you finish your work and get your clothes ready."

She did not stop to make much of a finish of the work, but was ready when he came from the barn to the house and went along with him for George, who was waiting to be baptized with them. Both Elder Mills and Elder Cook, who had returned from Long Valley, were then lodging at Mr. Carmichael's, who lived near the creek, and thither they went. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Page had also become interested in the work, and since she had expressed a desire to witness a baptism by immersion, they called to let them know, and they too were present.

Elder Cook administered the rite of baptism, and Elder Mills confirmed Mr. Burton and his wife by the laying on of

hands, and Elder Cook confirmed Brother Davison. Quite a number were interested, and investigating, and, now that the ice was broken, others soon followed, prominent among whom were our good friends, Mr. Carmichael and his wife, who took their stand again for the truth, and two days later a branch of some nine or ten members was organized, called the "Jefferson Branch," of which Joseph F. Burton officiated as priest, being ordained that same day.

All who had obeyed this restored gospel were greatly interested in it, notwithstanding their previous study of the Bible, and religious life, the whole plan of salvation as revealed in the word of God seemed new, when viewed in this new light, and they must needs learn it all over again, as though they had not been Christians. There were no gifts or blessings or promises made, or enjoyed by a people in the dispensation of Christ that were not for his people in this dispensation. But all that was had and enjoyed in those days was restored and had in his church at the present day. That the channel of communication was open between the eternal God and his children. That he spoke again from the heavens, as formerly, to both servants and handmaidens; that unknown tongues and prophecy were enjoyed in the social meetings of the Saints; that were living prophets and apostles in his church, in these days as formerly. This with all it implied, was a new light, and one felt in very deed that he had been transplanted from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, yet as babes they could not grasp it all at once. There was much to learn. Therefore, though it was the month of December, and characterized in California by rain and mud, it did not hinder in the least from attending meetings almost every evening. They were held in the dwelling houses, none nearer than two miles, and sometimes five miles away, on dark nights. But so sweet was this precious

new truth, that no such trifles would deter them from assembling where the Spirit of the Lord edified and taught.

All except three of that little branch of the Church of Christ were as babes in the work—had not heard of it until it came to them—and although they believed and rejoiced in what they believed, they could not yet claim the knowledge that Jesus promised, namely, “If any man shall do his will he shall know of the doctrine.” Mr. Burton had been convinced of the truth from the words of God found in his own Bible. He would not at first accept the teachings from Latter Day revelations. He rather stumbled in his mind concerning living prophets. He said he would not deny any of those things he did not know about. If they were true they would be unfolded to them in their time.

Now I will copy from his own writings as found in his diary. He first spoke of the day of his baptism, and by whom, and said:

After this I sought earnestly for a testimony, but received none until near three weeks had passed. I had attended a temperance meeting in the evening, and coming home late, found all the family in bed, asleep. I thought as all was quiet, I would once more supplicate our Father for a testimony in reference to the latter day work, that in its strangeness we had obeyed, because we loved it, but now wanted the promised evidence of its divinity. I bowed in prayer, but all I could utter was “Lord have mercy upon me, and show me the truth,” or words to that effect. I went to bed and was soon asleep. I dreamed my brother John and I were on the road to Hollister and as night drew on we had stopped for the night at an adobe house, were in bed in a room that had two doors, one by the head and one by the foot of the bed; while lying there the room got very dark, and the darkness increased until it caused an intense feeling of horror, so that I thought I must surely die. Just then a man who was standing at the head of the bed, but unobserved by us, said: “This always precedes a vision.” Then the darkness slowly passed away, and the room became lighter and lighter until it was filled with a beautiful, mellow light—very clear. Then a woman came into the room through the door at the head of the bed, carrying in her hand a lighted candle in a candlestick. She passed through the room, then came back and went out through the door by which she entered. I spoke to my brother, being very indignant that a woman should come into our room, but looking up towards the ceiling, I saw a hand holding a spear-head, with a few inches of the shaft attached. They appeared very

beautiful, with a halo of brightness surrounding them, greater than the light of the room, which I thought was as light as could be. While looking with much pleasure at this, the same woman entered the room again, with the same lighted candle and candlestick. Again I felt indignant, but as she passed by the bed, I sat up, and after she had gone through the room I found myself holding my hands together, and upon opening them—as one would open a book—found I was holding the spearhead. It dropped into seven pieces lengthwise, the first piece off one side, the second piece was the full length from the tip of the spear to the end of the staff: the other side fell into five pieces. As I sat examining these, the man who spoke before said: "These are the seven prophets of the last days, two have been, i. e., one was and one is." I then thought this: "Joseph was, and Joseph is. It is forty years since Joseph came; if the other five each have forty years it will be two hundred years yet till Christ comes, and that is too far off." The man answered my thoughts by saying: "Why do you murmur and wonder in your thoughts? Behold, the other five come quickly."

I awoke; the day was just dawning. I was happy and satisfied that God had sent to the world a great light. That Joseph was his servant and that Joseph is our prophet. May God ever keep us in the light till the bright millennial dawn; that we may ever be with our Lord.

The writer does not find the interpretation of the dream in his diary, but remembers well that when telling this dream or vision, he would give the interpretation that came to him at the time, like this. The room represented the world; he and his brother the religious and irreligious inhabitants. The world was in darkness when Christ came and lighted it by his presence. The woman with the lighted candle in her hand was the church in those days, and it was the religious instead of the irreligious man that had indignation because of her. Her going out was the first apostasy after Christ's time. Her coming back with the same light was the restoration of organization of the church in 1830. The second going out and speedy return was the latter day apostasy after the death of Joseph the Martyr, and the reorganization under the second Joseph, in the which was shown him the seven prophets of the last days.<sup>1</sup> He continues:

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<sup>1</sup>By the division of the spearhead it would seem to indicate that the five that were to come would occupy the same length of time as that of the first two, but it would not follow that they would succeed each other in the church. We read that there are to be two prophets at Jerusalem just prior to the end, who shall be slain. We read also that a prophet shall lead the lost tribes down from the north country, when they come to Zion.—E. B. B.

During the day, doubts came into my mind respecting the above being a testimony from God, and after worrying myself about it until towards evening, I went apart, to the foot of an old oak tree, where I used to go for secret prayer. I there made known to the Lord my feelings, and in my agony or great desire to know the truth of the matter, I said something as follows: "Lord, if thou wilt make known unto me whether the vision or dream I had was of thee, then whatsoever thou wilt command, I will do, thou helping me. But if I receive not, and this people, or doctrine, is wrong and I continue in it, at the judgment thou mayest not condemn me, for I have asked and you have not told me; I have sought, and you have not made known."

I arose and went to the house. The shades of evening were gathering around us. I took the lamp off the kitchen table, and went into an adjoining room and sat it on the table, and for some cause looked directly over my head towards the ceiling, when there was the hand and the spearhead clear and distinct. No doubts now. I thought I should sink through the floor. Oh, how unworthy I felt then! Could I doubt more? No. Emma also had this confirmed to her.

It was the last day of December (I think) when the fore-going took place. When Mr. Burton told his wife his dream in the morning, he requested her to ask the Lord to confirm it to her, if it was from him. Her request was, if what had been shown to her husband was a vision or inspired dream given for their instruction, that he would grant to her her hearing for one day, and that upon the coming New Year's Day, when the members of the branch would be together, so that it would be a confirmation to the people, as well as to themselves.

All the members of the Jefferson Branch had previously been invited to spend the New Year's Day at Brother Carmichael's (he being president of the branch), and eat a turkey dinner. Mr. Burton, with his wife and children in the wagon, called and took Mrs. Page along with them—she was then Sister Page. She had not been with them but a few minutes till she said: "Why, Sister Burton, you have got your hearing?" Mrs. Burton had been administered to several times, that she might have her hearing restored. She smiled and asked the sister if she thought she heard better—she knew herself that she had heard since her first waking in the morning. The reply was: "I don't think anything about it; I know it,"

or words to that effect. All that day the sister was being congratulated from time to time by first one and then another on having her hearing restored. She answered in a quiet and pleased way, but made no demonstration of feeling about it, for in her heart she did not expect to retain it any longer than the one day, neither did she then say anything to them about having asked it as a testimony, until going home, when Sister Page spoke again of her feeling so glad that ultimately the hearing had been given. To which Mrs. Burton replied:

“Are you sure I have heard well to-day?”

“Why, yes; we all knew it, and you knew it, too.”

“Yes; I knew I had heard, but I could not tell just how loud the people had spoken.”

“We did not speak any louder to you than to any other.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Burton, “now I will tell you that I asked of the Lord my hearing for this day, as a confirmation of a testimony that Joseph received, so when you hear his dream or vision, you will know that it is true.”

Mr. Burton officiated as branch priest. President Carmichael enjoyed preaching to and teaching his infant branch, and all enjoyed hearing him. Mr. Burton accepted one appointment to preach, while he was a priest, but was so soon done that he was fearful about trying again. On the first day of the following May, Mr. Burton was ordained an elder at the Santa Cruz district conference held at San Benito (sometimes called Mulberry), under the hands of Elders Alexander H. Smith, Daniel S. Mills, and Hervey Green, Pres. Alexander H. Smith being mouth.<sup>2</sup>

In a short time after this district conference, there was a two-day meeting held at Watsonville. There was quite a large gathering of Saints and elders. Among other appoint-

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<sup>2</sup>I will here state that from the first meeting of Elder Burton with Pres. Alexander H. Smith a warm friendship sprang up between them, that remained with them to the end of their lives.

ments; there was one for Elder Burton, Elder Hervey Green occupied the stand with him. He started out well, spoke a few minutes as if he were an experienced preacher, but



PATRIARCH ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

he soon found he was in too deep water, commenced to flounder, and sat down. The congregation was disappointed and he was much embarrassed. Brother Green arose to fill the time and added not a little to his embarrassment by saying: "When

a boy starts to go to school, he is expected to commence with the A B C's, not to start out the first day in algebra," which was very good counsel, but not very soothing to the sensitive feelings. In speaking of it to his wife he said he felt as if he would sink through the floor; that he was utterly disgraced. After meeting, when all were outside the church, Bro. Alexander Smith, seeing how very depressed he looked, came up to him and said in his genial way: "Don't feel so badly, Brother Burton, you are not the first elder who has failed in his beginning. What you want to start you preaching is a rub up," at the same time passing his hand up the back of his head in a very ruffling manner, and bringing his hand down on his shoulders with a friendly shake; and laughing, he left him.

He occupied the stand in Jefferson Branch once after that, not satisfactory to himself, yet it could not be called a failure. For the benefit of the reader, who may not be acquainted with the customs of the Latter Day Saint elders, I will say that they do not write their sermons, but speak as the Spirit giveth utterance on whatever subject is presented to them, previously informing themselves upon it according to opportunity.

Again the Sunday came around, when according to appointment Elder Burton was to preach, and upon this day there were a few of our neighbors came who were not in the habit of attending; in fact, some who had never heard our elders, and President Carmichael was, of course, anxious that the work should be fairly represented and was inwardly much perturbed and excited. As they were moving about taking their places, Elder Burton chanced to hear him say to a brother, "Here are these strangers, and the appointment is for Brother Burton, but he can't preach!" Upon hearing that, Elder Burton soliloquized: If I can not preach, I better find it out and give up my license. However, he did not give up his appointment, and very fearlessly preached a good sermon. The

Saints were surprised and delighted, and the president was satisfied. When telling his wife of the remark he heard, she said: "Do you not remember that Brother Alex. said you needed a 'rub up' to start you preaching?" After that he knew no failure. The remark that Brother Dana made of him in regard to the liberty he enjoyed while on his first little mission to Santa Maria was, that it was like pouring water out of a pitcher.

Again I copy from his diary:

May 4, 1874. I was ordained an elder by Brn. Alexander H. Smith (mouth), Daniel S. Mills, and Hervey Green. That night I dreamed I was at the foot of a large hill or mountain, say 1,200 or 1,500 feet high, smooth and covered with yellowish grass. There were two men with me, one on each side, one holding to my right hand, one to my left hand. They kept a little in advance of me. We were very happy. About midway up, I got so accustomed to climbing that I walked along abreast without assistance, although we kept our hands joined. As we neared the top, I became still more happy. Finally we got to the top. I thought one of my companions made a remark complimentary of my traveling qualities, and then told me to look around. I turned, and from the foot of the mountain extended a vast plain, the horizon of which did not dip, but appeared to be extended perfectly level, and the horizon was only bounded by my sight. The plain was covered with villages, cottages, fences, orchards, and long roads crossing each other at right angles, a beautiful plain. After viewing it a while he said, Let us go on to the temple. I turned and saw a magnificent building fronting the plain. There seemed to be an infinite number of minarets, towers, and steeples; and a wide open porch with several steps in front.

Walking ahead of us I saw Alexander Smith, Daniel S. Mills, and Hervey Green going into the temple, talking or chatting together as they went. As I got near the building, I was more struck with the remarkable workmanship and beauty of it. Gradually it faded from my view, and I was awake, feeling that indescribable peace and happiness which accompanies such scenes.

At one time, when he retired to the old oak, his bower of prayer, and knelt beneath its spreading branches to commune with God, and entreat him for a more definite knowledge, that the work he had entered into was all it purported to be, he had made this statement: "If the Lord will show me beyond a doubt that this is the true church, I will preach this gospel as long as I live." And now since that testimony had been given,

and confirmed to both, as well as to those who were present upon New Year's Day, he felt that he was under obligations to perform his part of the covenant. Just simply preaching occasionally in the branch did not satisfy him as doing his part; he wished, and in fact felt under obligation to devote his whole time to the work, but his then present circumstances were such that he must remain at home and work the place or his family would have no support, there being no allowance granted to the elders' families in those days, and he was ever turning the thought in his mind how he would dispose of his grain ranch and get a few acres of ground on which he could raise fruit and vegetables, which, with chickens and eggs, would make a very good living with far less work. He then could soon get his family in position so they could do much towards maintaining themselves. His little son, though young, was a real worker, and was willing to work.

One evening as he and his wife were slowly wending their way home from a prayer meeting, he seemed to be in deep thought. His wife supposing he was meditating on some grand and beautiful truth and the principles that were continually opening to their view, remained quiet for a time, then said: "What are you thinking so busily about?" Imagine her surprise when he said: "I was just wondering if I had better ask the Lord to give me a thousand dollars." She laughed softly and said: "Are you not rather extravagant in your figures?"

"No; I have been figuring on it for some time, and I do not see how I can do with less; besides, it is just as easy for the Lord to give me a thousand dollars as one, if he chooses to do so, or if it is necessary for me to have it. I do not wish to 'consume it on my lusts,' so to speak, but I want it to help me get in a position to preach this gospel; that is, to give my whole time to it. I can not sell the place as it is for anything worth while, since I have no title to give. I must build a good

barn and granary, and fix the house and paint it, then there are several debts to be paid."

Meantime he did what he could where he was. February 7, 1875, he baptized Eugene Holt, his first son in the kingdom, and during all the intervening years Eugene has proved himself a son indeed, looking after the interests of his spiritual father, caring for his place and his stock while he was at the Islands, without any remuneration, and thus he has aided him much in getting a home. May God bless him.

February 22, same year, he baptized Hiram Holt and William Carmichael, all three at San Benito. On February 29 he left home, in company with Elder Roswell R. Dana, of Livermore, for a preaching trip south, the objective point being La Graciosa, near Santa Maria, where Newton W. Best had located. They tarried in Long Valley one day, held one meeting. Another day's drive took them to Indian Valley, where they tarried four days, held four meetings, and visited and talked with the people. Some seemed to be interested. Arrived at Newton W. Best's place March 4 and remained in that vicinity until the 16th and created a lively interest. Elder Burton had splendid liberty in all his preaching, and Elder Dana's fireside talks were equally as interesting. None in the vicinity had heard of the restored gospel. Elder Dana's experience in the church enabled him to give such church history as their questions would call for, and relate many instances of the power of God made manifest in his church for the benefit of those who were seeking truth, and also those who had obeyed. None were baptized, however, at that time. It was all so new and marvelous they wished to think about it a while. Again, it was in the hurried season of plowing and planting. The people had turned out well to attend the meetings, but could not continue to do so long, besides the semiannual conference was to be held at Washington Corners the first week in April, and both elders wished to attend; so with a promise

from Elder Burton that he would return soon, they left on the 16th day of March. They found doors shut against them where they had preached on their way down.

Mr. Burton attended the conference in April and baptized on the 11th of April, Willis Drake, John H. Creamer, Mary Ann McQuiz and her son Erwin.

Tuesday, May 4, he started again for La Graciosa; his wife accompanied him. The little band of believers were rejoiced at his coming. He visited among the people and preached both in the schoolhouse and in dwelling houses. One of these discourses was on the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, at which occasion he enjoyed good liberty, and had a full house of attentive hearers. After preaching the following Thursday, he requested all those desiring baptism to rise to their feet. Nine stood up. Friday morning the candidates were baptized and he confirmed them in the afternoon of the same day, the Lord blessing him abundantly with his Spirit in the confirmations. But since the Spirit did not indicate that he should ordain any to the Melchisedec priesthood he deferred organizing a branch until some one of the presiding authorities should accompany him. On the following Sunday he baptized and confirmed one more. Seven of those who were baptized were heads of families. Among them was an elderly Baptist minister, formerly of Kentucky, J. R. Jeffries, and also Newton W. Best and wife, and Charles H. Best and wife. He left the Saints rejoicing in their newly found faith and arrived at home on the 20th.

The success that crowned his efforts on this trip out among those who had not heard of the latter day work, made him more anxious to give his whole time to so glorious a cause, and one that brought such joy, wherever it was received. He had previously hired \$500 and had the lumber hauled and improvements well under way for putting the place in a condition to sell, at the same time offering it for sale. Bro. George

Davison was a carpenter by trade, and he and Mr. Burton did the work of putting up the buildings. It was now into the second year since he had received the gospel, and during that time everything on the ranch increased rapidly, as though a blessing was upon them. About the time the improvements on the place were completed, with the exception of the painting of the house, there were tidings wafted from the south that good lands could be bought cheap in Los Angeles County, now Orange County; a tract of government land had been opened between the Santa Ana and the Los Bolsas Grants, where a better living could be made on twenty acres than in San Benito on one hundred and sixty. A newly baptized brother, J. G. Walker, was going down to see the country with a view to locating. He had his double seated wagon covered for the trip; and drove two horses. He invited Mr. Burton to go with him, which invitation was accepted. On the afternoon of the same day they had left Mr. Burton expecting to stay at Long Valley all night, Elders Alexander H. Smith, Daniel S. Mills, and Russell Huntley drove up to Mr. Burton's with the hope of overtaking them before they got started, for all three of these elders wished to go also. Mrs. Burton had Frank start at 4 a. m. on horseback to notify them to wait for the elders, whose light team would be left in Long Valley until their return. The trip was made and they arrived home again July 16. It was on their return trip from the south that the Santa Maria Branch was organized on July 11, 1875, J. R. Jeffries, presiding elder; Newton W. Best, priest; Charles H. Best, teacher; ordained by Alexander H. Smith, assisted by Joseph F. Burton and J. G. Walker.<sup>3</sup> Brother Walker was well pleased with

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<sup>3</sup>The Santa Maria Branch was disorganized by J. R. Jeffries, February 22, 1880, on account of a number moving to the Newport Branch, including the priest and teacher. Was again organized October 14, 1880, by Joseph F. Burton, district president. J. R. Jeffries, president; John Hauk, priest; J. Bennett, teacher; T. Raper, deacon; J. Bennett, clerk. John Hauk ordained priest, and T. Raper deacon by Joseph F. Burton, J. Bennett ordained teacher by L. Hemmenway.

the southern country and determined to go with his family in the fall. But Mr. Burton did not like the low, level country, with its dense fogs, its rank, damp weeds and wilderness of willow trees. And on his return home from his long, hard journey, most of which had to be made on foot, his home in the hills where the air was light and pure, and the grounds comparatively free from weeds, looked so good to him, he resolved not to sell at all, and added one thousand dollars to the price of the place so no one would buy it, saying to his wife: "Now if anyone comes and offers me cash for the place at that price, I will know that it is right for me to go, whether I like the country or not." He did not abandon the thought of giving his time to the ministry, but of selling the place.

During the six weeks that Elder Burton was on his trip south his family had not been idle at home; but set to work to do their best at fixing up the house and tidying up the place. From their three hundred laying hens, she sold sixty dozens of eggs at a good price, and had bought paint and other necessary articles. Brother George had painted the house on the outside, and as much as was paintable on the inside. He had also made a bookcase, a smooth stand, and a rough lounge. The stand, chairs, bookcase, and mantelpiece were artistically painted, and the lounge was neatly and comfortably upholstered and curtained, which made the room look homelike and cozy. And his son Frank, a boy though he was, had exerted himself to make the grounds around the house and barn clean and tidy. When all was done, awaiting the return of the husband and father, his little seven-year-old daughter Addie said in her lisping way: "I'm afraid father won't know this nice looking place when he comes back, and will go right on past." It is seen that he did not go past, but these little improvements made it more than ever the dearest spot on earth, even the foothills that he always loved, seemed to have taken on an additional charm, and he felt quite secure in it, since he had added

the extra thousand, more especially because he had no title to give the buyer. But not so his wife; she had received what she considered a knowledge that they were going south, and that too before they had heard of "gospel swamp." In her dream she saw a stranger come into the yard, whose countenance was more illuminated and pleasant than the average man. He met her husband as he came from the barn and told him to hitch up his horses and take his family and what things he needed and "go to a place that I will show thee." She saw her husband and in fact the whole family make all haste to obey the order. The wagon was loaded, and when ready to start, she saw that it had a white canvas covering. She also saw that it went south past Long Valley, but saw no more.

Not many weeks passed after Mr. Burton's return when Brother Meeder, of Santa Cruz, who wished to purchase a farm for his granddaughter and her husband, learned that Mr. Burton's place was for sale, went with his grandson-in-law, Mr. Hines, to look at it. Mr. Burton went with them all over the ranch, showing them the land, and where the lines were, but saying no words either of recommendation or discouragement, knowing that Brother Meeder was not a stranger to the various qualities of California lands. The sun had nearly made his day's journey from the eastern range of hills to the western, when the men returned from their tour of the ranch. The two men sat down on the woodpile, where the house threw a friendly shadow across it, to talk over the pro's and con's by themselves, and as they talked they looked admiringly at the band of fowls, hens, and turkeys—between three and four hundred—scattered over the stubblefield, picking up their evening meal of scattered grain. Mr. Burton had gone to the barn to care for the horses, while his wife busied herself about getting up as good a supper as a country without vegetables or meat market could afford, substituting rich

cream, sweet butter, and fresh eggs, which their friends from the city partook of with a relish.

Nothing was said during the meal concerning the place. Their conversation was concerning the work of the Lord in Santa Cruz. When Mrs. Burton had finished her house work, she and her husband excused themselves, and just as the moon was lifting her full, round face above the hill, took their milk pails, and went to the corral to milk the cows. It had been so much their habit to talk to the gentle creatures, and pet their young heifers, that they seemed like a part of the family, and it made the tears start to think of parting with them.

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from volume 4, page 475.)

In the morning Mr. Burton was told by the gentleman that they would accept his terms and take the place. They made a payment and left early. When they were gone Mr. Burton and his wife sat down and looked at each other with a peculiar smile, not knowing whether to be glad or sorry, but feeling that the Lord was overruling for them. Presently Mr. Burton said:

“Well, the dear old home must go.”

“Yes,” said his wife, “and you have the thousand dollars that you asked for, and a sheer gift too.”

“So I have. Thank the Lord.”

Then speedy preparations were made to go south, in company with Bro. J. G. Walker, who had proposed to go immediately after the semiannual conference to be held at Washington Corners in September, but waited awhile for Elder Burton and family.

Mr. Burton attended the conference and was appointed president of the Southern California District by Apostle Alexander H. Smith, who was president of the Pacific Slope Mission. During that conference Mr. Burton first spoke in an unknown tongue, which seemed to him to be a seal to his ministry, and which gift he often enjoyed in after years.

Elder Roswell R. Dana joined the company for the south, making three canvas-covered wagons, one single buggy, and two boys on horseback. Bro. George N. Davison accompanied them as far as Santa Maria and vicinity. They left San Benito October 20. The company went prepared for camping. The journey was uneventful until the evening before they reached Santa Maria. The tents had been pitched earlier than

usual that afternoon, because of commodious grounds having been found. Another camping wagon, containing two men and two women, was already on the grounds. While kneeling around the campfire in prayer before retiring for the night, a Spaniard rode upon the grounds at a moderate gait, looked at the other campfire (I believe the people had retired), then walked his horse over to where Messrs. Burton's and Walker's company were, dismounted, and stood holding the bridle in his hand until prayer was over. All this was seen by the one who knelt facing the road. It was somewhat startling to the rest of the company when rising from their knees to see this dark visage peering at them. The men walked up to him and asked him what he wanted and where he was going. He replied first that he wanted to light his cigar at the campfire, which did not seem very satisfactory to the campers, as he had passed one fire. Then he said that he was going to Santa Maria for a doctor. He seemed to talk aimlessly and was doing more looking than talking. There was an organized band or gang of Spaniards at that time, that had been raiding the country, robbing and plundering. They seemed to know everybody's business. Sometimes they traveled all together, and sometimes by twos and threes; therefore the men of the camping party were somewhat menacing in their manner. They gathered about him, and if he stepped back a little, they stepped nearer, until he left. It was supposed that he was sent as a spy and would soon return with others with him. Brethren Dana and Walker got their "Henry rifles" ready for use and went to bed with them right at their hand. Mr. Burton carried no weapons, and shortly after retiring was sleeping soundly; but not so his wife. She and Mrs. Walker had visited the other campers, and the theme of conversation had been the tragedy enacted at the "Tres Pinos," wherein Mr. Leander Davison had lost his life, and it was not so far in the past but that the rehearsal of the event had entirely

unnerved her. The moon threw shadows of the trees across the tent in a swaying manner, like that of people moving about. She could not hear, but lifted up the tent cloth sufficiently to peer out. All was quiet, still she had brought Vasquez and his band so vividly to her mental view, while talking about them, that it still seemed that they were lurking about. Being unable to endure it any longer, she awakened Mr. Burton, told him her fears, and that she could not pray with any faith, and requested him to ask some testimony of the Lord that she might feel more composed, and have more faith. Presently he said:

“Have you been asleep yet, Emma?”

“Since we were talking?”

“Yes.”

“Why, of course not; it has not been more than a minute since I ceased speaking.”

“Is that all? I thought I had been asleep a long time. However, you need not have any more fears: a personage stood by me just now and said, ‘Fear not; no harm shall come unto thee, nor any that are with thee. I have sent thee forth. Be faithful and thou shalt receive a crown when my Son visits the earth again.’”

With such consolation she forgot her fears, and soon both were asleep and slept till morning unmolested.

The little branch at Santa Maria, the fruit of Elder Burton’s first missionary work in company with Roswell R. Dana, hailed their coming with joy. Their halt embraced a Sunday, which was enjoyed by all. Some ten days later, December 5, 1875, the company drove into Newport, then called Gospel Swamp, and camped in Bro. Ether Knight’s yard. After a week’s stay in a tent, all moved into a house owned by Russel Huntley, to stay until they got located for themselves.

The Newport Branch then consisted of eleven members who formerly belonged to the San Bernardino Branch, and was

presided over by Elder John Brush. Their meetings were held from house to house. Elder Brush was an aged man and had suffered much persecution in earlier days.<sup>1</sup> He was with the company of Saints who were driven out of Missouri, when some crossed the frozen river in their bare feet and left blood in their tracks, and he was more fearful than hopeful when this force of elders arrived, lest in the prosecution of the work it would stir persecution; but Brother Burton affirmed that he had not been ordained and sent there to keep still. He must do his duty and leave the results in the hands of the Lord. J. G. Walker was an elder, too, though not under conference appointment. The place seemed ripe for the work, and the Good Spirit was with the workers. There was some little opposition at first, of course, but nothing to speak of. The neighbors commenced attending the meetings almost from the first, and a great interest was awakened, and before spring several had entered the waters of baptism. Elder Burton remained in the immediate vicinity of Newport during the winter. He had bought thirty-five acres of land, and had a house built and had sunk an artesian well. In the early spring Elder Daniel F. Mills, who was then president of California, if I mistake not, came south in the interest of the gospel work, and also to seek a location. Elder Mills seemed always imbued with the spirit of the latter day work and imparted the same wherever he went. The interest in the meetings had been good, but at his coming it took on a greater impetus. The branch then numbered twenty. Brother Mills said it would number a hundred before the year was out, and it did, but all were not new converts. Some moved in from Santa Maria and other places.

It was Elder Burton's greatest pleasure to receive those who

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<sup>1</sup>Elder John Brush was one of the "Diahman boys," under Colonel Lyman Wight, who came to the aid of Far West in October, 1838.—H. C. S.

were looking for homes in the vicinity; to take them with their families into his house; then to drive over the country for days, perhaps, with the newcomers, hunting a suitable location, so heartily did he enter into the spirit of the work. It was his greatest pleasure to help some one, altogether forgetful of self interests, as the following instances will show.

Before the first crop on the new place was in, their money was exhausted. Their son Frank, then about fourteen years old, had worn his shoes out, and was plowing in his bare feet. The ground was damp and cold, and besides that, he had that day plowed up one or two snakes, harmless, but not nice to step on. So when Mr. Burton came home that evening, his wife told him of it, and said something must be done to get Frank some shoes. They had previously agreed not to run a store bill under any consideration. They still had their tent. Mr. Burton said a man had asked to buy it that very day, and in the morning he would take it to him and it would bring more than enough to get the shoes. The next morning he started off with the tent. There was an old brother who had no home, staying around among the Saints, mostly at Sister Knight's, who to her credit was always willing to share her home with the homeless, though she had a houseful of her own. Mr. Burton had not got far out of sight of his own house when he met this brother, who hailed him and said:

"I was just going to your house to see if I could not get your tent to live in this summer. I have a job of work on some land near here, and if I had your tent, I would be all right."

"Yes, of course you can have it," said Mr. Burton, "I have it in the wagon now, and if you will tell me where you want it I will go and set it up for you." When it was all fixed up Mr. Burton drove home with a face fairly radiant to think how pleased and happy the poor old brother was. His wife saw him drive into the yard looking so well pleased, and seeing that the tent was not in the wagon, concluded that he had sold it

and got the money, so she met him at the door with a corresponding smile and said:

“Well, I see you have sold the tent, and suppose you have the money.”

“No,” he said, “I did not sell it.”

“Where is it, then?” her heart beginning to sink with the suspicion that he had either loaned it or given it away.

“I hope you will not feel badly about it, Emma. I let Brother Coons have it.” He then explained what had occurred. She did feel so badly that she could not keep the tears back. She could not blame him, and yet the tent was their only resource, as she then thought. But man’s necessity is God’s opportunity, and is often the means of calling forth greater faith than would otherwise be exercised. It was so in this case. She had not told their circumstances or their need to anyone except her Father in heaven, yet before the day closed the money that she needed and had asked him for, was placed in her hands by another willing servant of the Master, Elder Daniel S. Mills. These instances lead us to recognize the fatherhood of God, in that he takes cognizance of his children in all the minute details of life, and we are brought nearer to him than when one regards him with awe as the God of heaven, the all powerful Creator of all things. Gratitude in his children begets greater love, and love casts out fear, therefore both Father and children are brought nearer together.

Almost immediately following our location in that southern vicinity, Saints from the surrounding country began to gather in, seeking homes. Most of them were young Saints; that is, young in the work, and full of zeal, and the spirit of the gospel. Both preaching and prayer meetings were held regularly during the week, and also on Sundays, with steadily increasing interest. At first meetings were held from house to house, Mr. Burton’s being the most frequent resort, since in building he had made one large front room for that purpose. Members

were being steadily added to the branch, both by letter and by baptism: consequently the congregation soon outgrew the seating capacity of dwelling houses. Then a bowery was erected to do service until a church could be built.

The California semiannual conference of September, 1876, was to be held in that place, and Pres. Joseph Smith was expected to be in attendance. It was a busy time, making preparations for the meetings. The Saints were nearly all new settlers, and poor in this world's goods, but they were rich in faith and cared not for this world's goods so long as they made each other comfortable. The thought of the privilege and pleasure of seeing and entertaining their beloved prophet was an incentive to their best efforts. While the sisters busied themselves with household preparations, the brethren renewed the bowery, furnished more seats, cleaned the grounds, and had all in readiness for the morning meeting.

Perhaps the enemies of our faith thought it not enough, and that we ought to honor President Smith's coming by having a brand new bowery. On Friday evening, about one hour after his arrival at Mr. Burton's house, we looked out the window and saw the improvised tabernacle in flames. All were sorry to lose one whole day's meetings; but apart from that it made very little difference. The material was handy, and the brethren built another in time for the next evening's meetings. The Saints hailed Bro. Joseph Smith's coming with joy, and those not of our faith looked on with curiosity. They wished to see a prophet, thinking he must necessarily look different from other men. There was a large and interested congregation for the Sunday services. The people seemed to forget their curiosity in their interest in what was being said. His text was, "Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? and who shall dwell in thy holy hill Zion?" (Inspired Translation.) During the day Brother Joseph baptized four or five persons. President Smith's visit was of short duration. He left in a few

days, in company with Daniel S. Mills and Elder Burton, for San Bernardino.

Elder Joseph C. Clapp had been holding meetings in the bowery both before the coming of President Smith and afterwards. He had collided with Reverend Doctor Hand, of the Disciple faith, who was at that time giving the people of a community, not far distant, his views of Mormonism. When he refused to meet Elder Clapp publicly, the latter appointed a short series of review meetings to be held in the bowery. A cordial invitation was extended to all, both far and near, to attend the meetings. This was to be the first experience of this community of Saints in hearing the faith compared, and defended in that particular way, and all were very enthusiastic in regard to it.

But however deeply interested one may be in spiritual things, and however little the temporal things may be valued in comparison, the temporal things will command their share of attention, and so it was this time. Both Mr. and Mrs. Burton knew that more meetings meant more visitors to entertain, and she kept turning the thought in her mind, "What shall I set before them?" The larder was empty and there was no bishop's allowance in those days. Mr. Burton gave the most of his time to the ministry and the work pertaining thereto. The church had no salaried ministers and there was little coming in, except Frank's wages for short jobs of work, as opportunity offered, when out of school; and the small yield of corn from the place.

The Saints were kind and often sent in such eatables as were appreciated, but there was nothing regularly, and the wife was often put to her wit's end to get up a presentable meal for visitors. In this the supply was made equal to the demand. It seemed necessary upon several occasions for them to make choice between "seeking first to establish the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness," and trust to the promise that

the necessary things of this life should be added; or to embrace the opportunity offered of adding them at the expense of leaving the things of the kingdom until a more convenient season. When Mr. Burton would be home fixing up the place and a good opportunity of getting work a week or two at good wages offered, it would be immediately followed by a call to some part of the district, which seemed urgent. It was not always easy in such circumstances to know what was the first duty. From a human standpoint the decision would be to provide for the family. But the Master had said to the ministry long years ago, "Seek first to build up the kingdom of God, and to establish his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you." And in these last times he had said, "This is a day of sacrifice and of warning." In view of these injunctions and believing that the Lord took the children of the ministry into consideration also, they always came to the same conclusion; that it was their duty to take the Lord at his word, knowing that he who made the promise was also able to fulfill, knowing that though those perishable things that are so convenient in this life, will soon pass away, and if through the "warning" one soul is saved, it will far outweigh the little sacrifices, which were so willingly shared by the children. Surely the Judge of all the earth will do right.

A house of worship was soon built, paid for, and dedicated to the work of the Lord, and God manifested his pleasure in it. There was a continued hallowed influence within the walls, felt by those who entered. The Spirit of God was poured out upon that people in a degree that perhaps few small branches of the church have experienced. There was no lack of preachers; Elders Brush, Mills, Huntley, Burton, Walker, and Dana were residents of the place, when the church was built. Others, hearing of the work of the Lord in that branch, came from other parts of the country to see, hear, and enjoy and impart, some as visitors and some to remain. The church was crowded

to overflowing every Sunday that first summer, and many stood or sat beneath the open windows. Many strangers from the neighborhood, and so far as five miles distant, attended at times. The Spirit of the gospel rested on the elders when they preached, and the prayer meetings were feasts to the soul. One prayer meeting a week was not enough, there were two regularly and often more. These prayer and testimony meetings were such as we are led to believe were enjoyed by the early Christians, in that in nearly every meeting there was speaking in unknown tongues, interpretation, visions, and prophecy, and the singing, which was congregational, was no small part of the worship. In all spiritual lines Elder Burton was ever in the lead. He entered into the latter day work with his heart and soul. His mind was undivided, therefore his whole being was filled with light, and he had the beautiful gift of imparting to others. When he would rise to his feet in prayer meeting to testify, all present would feel the influence of the Spirit. In these days love filled the heart of each, and all were one.

A neighbor made the remark, "I do not understand your people. There is no revival going on, and yet as regularly as the Sunday comes, a crowd goes over to the reservoir for baptism."

Yes; for months scarcely a Sunday passed in which baptism did not take place. And upon each of two occasions, once by Elder Daniel S. Mills, and once by Elder Burton, fifteen were buried in the liquid grave before the elder left the water.

Among the bright pictures of these days, that are still vivid in memory, is that of an evening preaching service. Elder Burton occupied the stand. I can see again the crowded house and the rapt attention given to the speaker, while by the power of the Spirit of God he presented the glorious gospel of Christ in its beauty—its grandeur! Divine inspiration lighted up the subject, and the countenance of the speaker, like a halo of light, as if the "gates of heaven were ajar" and its glory had

flooded the house. Strangers listened with bated breath: a thrill ran through the audience. The words were not according to their understanding. Never in the writer's experience has she listened to one speaking in an unknown tongue, and realized to the same extent that she was tasting of the powers of the world to come. Awe was depicted on the countenances of those not of our faith, who having attended preaching services only, had never before witnessed the manifestation of the gifts of the gospel. When meeting was over, they with the Saints seemed inclined to linger, as if they would fain prolong the spell. About that time Elder Burton uttered a prophecy from the stand that two from that branch would go out on a mission. They would go north, and during their mission, four new branches would be built up, two reorganized, and others strengthened.

During the two succeeding years the interest in the branch continued, and the increase also. Elder Burton took short preaching tours around the country, sometimes alone, and sometimes with others of the local elders, until he had preached in all the settlements, both far and near, but did not enter the cities, because he had not the means to open meetings in these places.

He and Elder Roswell R. Dana took an extended trip up the coast, visiting Ventura, Santa Barbara, Santa Maria, and La Graciosa, Guadalupe, and on to Lumpok. A few were baptized in Santa Maria and La Graciosa.

On some of Elder Burton's shorter preaching tours he had passed through "Pleasant Valley" (a place about half way between Los Angeles and Ventura) and had held a meeting or two in the schoolhouse on the evenings of the nights he remained in the place, which meetings were very well attended.

Being thus encouraged by the interest of the people he left home the 5th of March, 1878, in company with Elder Russel Huntley, who accompanied him with the intention of remain-

ing in that vicinity to establish the work, if there were any who wanted the restored gospel preached at Los Neitus and Compton. Arrived at Pleasant Valley about dark of the third day. Stayed all night at a Mr. William Walker's, where they were treated very kindly, but were not invited back to dinner. They started out about the middle of the forenoon to see the trustees about getting the schoolhouse to preach in. The trustees granted them the use of the house. Then they drove around, giving notice of the meetings. Since they had no invitation to dinner they drove into the field, where their horses might get some feed. After a season of prayer they spent the time in reading, talking, and perhaps napping the latter part of the afternoon. When they returned to the schoolhouse Elder Burton cleaned the lamps and made the house as tidy as possible for the meetings. In searching the lunch box they found a piece of dry bread which furnished each with a piece about three inches square.

Elder Huntley preached that night on the signs of the times. After meeting was over, all passed out and left the elders in possession of the house. It was probable that each thought they were making their stay somewhere else and did not inquire. Elder Huntley was much older than Elder Burton and felt this neglect much more keenly. Elder Burton, after putting away his horses, fixed the wagon cushions and his own coat to make Brother Huntley comfortable, and then spread the lap robe over him and took his position by his side, so as to share the lap robe. The old gentleman then relented a little and said in a comical way: "I don't mind sleeping on the floor, only I know that my bones will make dents in the floor and the trustees will be sure to make a fuss about it," which caused a cheerful laugh. They both went to sleep and did not wake nor move till morning. Both were surprised that they felt so much refreshed, as if they had slept on a comfortable bed. They arose and thanked God, went to the brook

and washed their faces, and felt cheerful and well. About the middle of the forenoon they drove to Mr. Sisson's. These people were good, old-fashioned Baptists, and they had treated Mr. Burton very kindly when he stayed all night with them on a previous occasion. They had a grown up family, one a married daughter, who seemed to be quite interested in all that was said at home and in the stand. While getting dinner she said to Mr. Burton:

"Where did you stay last night?"

"In the schoolhouse," was the reply.

"Where did you get your breakfast?"

"Breakfast? I don't think we had any."

The woman looked at him in surprise and said, "Well, where did you get your supper?"

Mr. Burton continued in his jovial, smiling way, "I don't remember being any place to supper last night."

By that time the woman had become too deeply interested to go on with her work, but stood in the middle of the floor, looking right at them and said, "When did you eat last, anyway?"

"We had a very nice breakfast yesterday morning at Mr. Walker's."

"And you have not eaten anything since yesterday morning? Well, that is too bad—a disgrace to the place."

Here both Mr. and Mrs. Sisson said, "Do not let this happen again; always come here if not invited elsewhere."

They stayed at Mr. Sisson's that night, then were invited elsewhere, preaching each evening until the 20th. Elder Burton speaks of having good liberty in preaching. Baptized one in that vicinity, Mr. Sam Walker, after which they returned home.

On April 2 of the same year, Elder Burton left home in company with Daniel S. Mills and Russel Huntley to attend the April semiannual conference to be held in Oakland, Alameda

County, and to labor for a season with Brother Mills in the Northern District. I find by his diary that they held meetings in Oakland, San Francisco, Santa Rosa, Penn's Grove, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Willow Creek, San Benito, Stockton, and Sacramento. Elder Daniel S. Mills, writing to the *Herald* from Oakland, 1878, says: "Bro. J. F. Burton is with me for the season, and is becoming mighty in the gospel."

It was at the time of that visit to Sacramento, that he—Elder Burton—had a very remarkable vision. He was to preach Sunday morning of May 26 in a place near Brighton, Sacramento. It being a country place, he started out early in the morning for a walk in a field near by, for prayer and meditation, and there became rapt in vision and unconsciously fell to the ground. He wrote the vision briefly the following morning to his wife, and from that letter I now copy. He says:

I was blessed with instruction such as I never had before; I saw, and heard that as iniquity was abounding in the land the days were near when empires and kingdoms should fall, and governments be dissolved, and the artillery of warriors, pistols of communists, and daggers of assassins would deluge the earth with blood. The angel of the Lord would be sent forth with instruction to smite the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and they should break their bars. Fire from heaven should be sent upon the earth, sweeping with a terrific roaring, crackling noise through the cities, towns, and over the earth. I saw one sent from a beautiful city—a servant. The Master gave him a palm branch in one hand and on the other arm was written in bright, golden letters, "Bind up the law, and seal up the testimony." And as he went I heard a shout that resounded through, and filled the vault of heaven: "Come home. Come home! Come out of her my children! For her destruction is come." It was from one mighty and strong, and as the servant went forth he gave a small leaf from the palm to such as heard the message, for none of all the inhabitants of the earth heard it except the children. I saw them confronted by a crowd, apparently of hundreds of men, angry, savage, and determined not to let him pass. But as he neared them, they opened the way through the midst of them, and it was as though a great chain extended through the gap on either side which restrained the evil men; and the servant went through as calm as a child, only shouting his message of binding up the law and sealing up the testimony. No power on earth could harm or hinder him. There followed in his footsteps the fearful destructions of the first part of the vision, and the earth was covered with plague, pestilence, war, flood,

fire, and all the evil ever spoken of, and still the servant on his errand traveled until I saw that in his circuit he neared the beautiful city again. He was met by the Master; oh, what a welcome! and by the side of the servant was a little form looking continuously into the face of the servant and exceedingly happy. I saw then that there were a great many servants coming in, having finished their missions. They were to stay out until by giving each child outside the city a leaf from their palm, they had given all away, then they were to return. And as the servant and the little form by his side returned, the Master looked sweetly on them, and placing a crown upon his beloved brow said: "My Father told you he would give you a crown if faithful. He now fulfills his promise. Enter!" I heard dimly, as afar off, music; oh, so sweet! it drew nearer and nearer. We looked to see it, *you and I*. The atmosphere opened, thousands upon thousands of angels accompany the king, the Lord of glory! A voice by my side said: "Those who remain shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye."

This vision was written for publication by Elder Burton January 2, 1879, and published in the *Herald* of March 1 of same year, but I have copied from the letter because it was written while in the Spirit. It is more brief and yet contains all except the dark war cloud of smoke, and the noise of heavy artillery, and clashing of arms that appeared in the western part of Asia, and rolled westward until it enveloped all Europe.

From Sacramento Elder Burton came south by rail, arrived May 31, to the delight of the entire branch, as well as that of his family. His genial face, his counsel, and his influence had been missed in the meetings. He ever seemed to be the light of the prayer meetings, and was greatly blessed in administrations to the sick. It was the exception instead of the rule, when sick persons were not immediately healed.

June 19 finds him starting from home again for Pleasant Valley, where he held meetings, also on the Canejo, returning home again on the 28th.

The Spirit had often spoken to the Saints of Newport Branch, admonishing them to liberate the elders' hands that they might go forth with the gospel, and admonishing the elders also of the commandments of the Lord to spread the gospel farther and wider. The will and intention was good,

but the proper sacrifice was not made by all. They thought they would be better prepared after a while. The unity of the Spirit bound them together, and it was hard for them to leave and go forth in the hard world, but while that little band of Saints were enjoying the abundance of spiritual blessings, a cloud was rapidly making up in their temporal horizon, that was soon to burst upon them like a cyclone, scattering both people and buildings.

The land on which the Saints had located, Elder Burton included, was then known as the strip of government land between the boundary lines of the Los Bolsas, and the Santa Ana grant. It had in years past been an overflow tract, from the Santa Ana River, and was considered as being of little value. But when the Saints bought out the thriftless squatters, cleared the land, built houses, planted gardens and small orchards, vineyards and alfalfa patches, and by testing the depths found that artesian wells could be had anywhere on the flat, and numbers of them were set to flowing; that tract of land came to be a place to be desired and the greedy millionaires who already owned immense tracts of land in southern California, overlapped that little green patch and numbered it with their broad acres. And the settlers were drawn into an expensive lawsuit. "Might" won instead of "right," and those who could not come forward with their "first payment" to the owners of the grant, for lands they had already paid for, lost their homes. Elder Burton bought the first five acres on which were his improvements at \$35 per acre, and made the first payment, intending to buy the rest as soon as he had made all the payments on that much, but before that time could come the Santa Ana Grant Company put in their claim for the disputed tract, causing a prolonged litigation between the two companies which did not end until the year 1889.

It may seem strange to some of my readers that the Lord would allow the people he had owned and blessed to be wrong-

fully dispossessed of their homes. But it is simply a repetition of what has befallen the church in all ages of the world. Jesus said of the Jews: "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but you would not." In the last clause lies the cause of all the scatterings of God's people. They accept and rejoice in his blessings, but are slow to heed the warnings and admonitions, and he permits their enemies to come upon them, and their being scattered causes the gospel to be preached wherever they go.

When the sad time of scattering came, by the edict of the United States Marshal, it was a trying time to the Saints. Here I will quote some that was written by Elder Burton's wife upon that occasion.

In my grief and perplexity because of the strait in which we were placed, not knowing whether we could raise the money in the given thirty days or not, I remember distinctly while pouring out my distress and questions "reminding" the Lord of the past, according to the word, I presented to the Lord how we had had no choice in the matter of going to that place, only to do his will, and believing that he had heard and answered prayer, had committed the matter to him, and with the best judgment and understanding we could exercise had followed what we believed to be his directing or overruling hand in selling our former home, had received evidence on the way that he had sent us forth, and since settling there we had not sought our own, neither to build up ourselves, but had continually sacrificed for the benefit of the work, and now was all to be lost, and we be homeless? If so, in whom could we trust, and wherein was the benefit of faith?

While thus upon my knees before the Lord, a feeling of the greatest assurance came over me. Wordless as it was, it was more powerful to convey knowledge than any words could have been, and I was satisfied that all would be well. In entering this complaint and reminding the Lord of our righteousness (?) I forgot that we had made one great mistake, that of not keeping the law. When we had received the cash in hand for our place we did not send the tenth to the Lord's storehouse. But in his goodness he prepared the way before us so that little by little the payments were met until all was clear again.

Elder Burton held a prominent place in the "Land League" that the settlers had organized with the endeavor to protect themselves, and was the one that was sent to San Francisco in 1879 to hear the case. Before returning from that trip, he attended a prayer meeting in Oakland, in which Sister Vernon spoke to him thus: "You, brother, have seen and felt sorrow that none know of, and more than anyone supposes, but very soon your joy will be full, and your heart have perfect joy, and you shall sit down in the kingdom, with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, for you will overcome and be with the redeemed of the Lord." This I find in one of his books as taking place Sunday, July 27, 1879.

During the summer quite an interest had been created in the Azusa, also Laguna Canyon. Some had been baptized in both places. September 24, 1879, he writes to the *Herald* thus:

September 13 we organized a branch in Laguna Canyon, called Laguna Branch, Brother Hemenway presiding. We had an excellent time there Friday evening, Saturday, and Sunday. While there William Thompson and wife were baptized at the beach in the Pacific Ocean. The roar of the surf on the beach, beating a solemn accompaniment to our voices in singing and prayer, and as we looked out on the great expanse of waters, so terrible and destructive in its anger, we breathed a silent prayer that those who had just started out on the voyage of eternal life might be kept clear of the rocks, shoals, and breakers that cause destruction of so many, that they might

"Anchor their barks in the center  
And be safe from the rocks on the shore."

Our land case was decided against us by Judge Sawyers, and now is appealed in the Supreme Court. In the meantime we must make terms with the Land Company. They seem to be quite liberal, and anxious for us to stay on the land. Probably our people will make some terms and stay until the final settlement of the suit.

Perhaps I ought to digress somewhat and speak of another enterprise that for a year or two occupied a portion of both time and money of the Saints of that branch; Elder Burton included. There was a tradition among the old settlers of a rich gold mine in the hills not far distant. Some persons in

traveling over those mountains had picked up some flat quartz rock, said to be richly embedded with gold. The brethren, who were but children in the kingdom, thought and dreamed of it until they persuaded themselves that the Lord who had so richly blessed them in spiritual things had kept that mine for his people. Why not? There was much work to be done in the church that needed money. And they would enrich the church when they found this mine. Forthwith there was a mining company organized, and each one paid his dues and took his turn in prospecting. Even the aged president of the branch became very enthusiastic over the matter. Thus they followed the delusion for a year or two, but learned in time that that was not the true financial side of God's law. That it was simply a trick of the adversary to break up their steadfastness in the service of God, seeing that the love, and unity that prevailed among the Saints had walled him out from their midst, so that there was no opportunity to sow the seeds of strife, jealousy, and anger. At length the scheme was abandoned, sorrowing for the loss temporally and spiritually.

(To be continued.)

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### LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave;  
 There are souls that are pure and true;  
 Then give to the world the best you have,  
 And the best will come back to you.

Give love and love to your heart will flow,—  
 A strength in your utmost need;  
 Have faith and a score of hearts will show  
 Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,—  
 It is just what you are and do;  
 Then give to the world the best you have,  
 And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 87.)

During the months between September, 1879, and September, 1880, I find Elder Burton at different times at Compton, Elmonte, Azuza, Tustin, Newport, and Laguna Canyon, with one visit to the Canejo, baptizing some in all these places except Tustin and the Canejo. The greatest interest was in the Azuza. Here I might indulge in a pleasant instance that took place in the early part of his work in that place. He had preached but a few times in the hall. On a return trip he called on the Baptist minister, and after a pleasant talk the minister invited him to fill the pulpit on Sunday. Elder Burton accepted the invitation and preached a good sermon without mentioning the latter day work. The minister had not informed his congregation who would preach to them. There was an elderly lady present who, though never having seen or heard Brother Burton, had been foremost in crying down the "old Mormons" as she called them. When meeting was dismissed she said to one of her Baptist sisters, with whom she had found much fault for attending meetings in the hall, "That is the best sermon I ever heard! I wonder who he is?"

The lady smiled and said, "Why that is the 'old Mormon' that you have been talking so much about."

The old lady looked greatly surprised, and seeing the laugh was on her, she said, "Well, he is a good man anyway, and I am going to hear him again." After that she was among his most attentive hearers and stanch defenders.

There were several places in his routes where there was no opportunity for getting food for either man or beast for long distances, unless one had good money. Money was not always

in the elders' pockets, therefore Elder Burton generally carried his lunch basket, and slept by the wayside at night. His wife accompanied him at times, and more than once felt a sense of awe to see with what reverence he took off his hat and asked God's blessing upon the little lunch that was set out on the wagon seat.

On one occasion, when coming from San Bernardino, he got to the camping place for the night earlier than usual; the next day's drive, or a part of it, would be over a barren plain where there was simply a track, no real road, neither habitation, trees, nor grass. It so happened that he had nothing to feed the horses. They seemed quite fresh, so he concluded to drive on over the plain in the cool of the night, instead of stopping, but about twelve o'clock they began to lag, and at length stopped, and were trembling. He saw they could not go any farther. What should he do? He was only about half way across the plain. More than once he had called upon the Lord for help for his horses, when they were sick or afflicted; so he got out of the wagon, knelt down on the ground, and there alone called upon God for help, asking him to send him some food for his horses. This little respite had rested his horses some, and they seemed much stronger. He was surprised to see how cheerfully they started. He had not gone far till he saw a bundle of something near the track. He stopped, and got out to see what it was, and found it to be corn enough for a feed for two horses. He recognized the answer to his prayer, and thanked God. He unharnessed the horses and let them eat, then drove to his destination. It became quite a proverb among the brethren that there was no need to give Burton money; if he needed feed for his horses or anything else, all he had to do was to pray for it.

On the morning of September 28, 1880, Elder Burton, accompanied by Elder Hemenway, left home for another trip

north as far as Santa Maria, intending to be gone until the November conference, preaching by the way in all the towns and villages where he had previously preached. They arrived at their destination October 7. They visited among the brethren and preached in Santa Maria, LaGrasiosa, and Guadalupe.

The Santa Maria Branch that was organized in 1875, was by vote disorganized in February, 1880, for want of officers. Upon this trip, on October 14, 1880, Elders Burton and Hemenway ordained John Houk, priest; J. Bennett, teacher; T. Raper, deacon; and J. Bennett was elected clerk, and the branch was reorganized with J. Jeffries president.

They arrived home again October 24.

After they came home Brother Hemenway said, "Do you know, Brother Burton, what my object was in wanting to go with you on this trip?"

"To work for the Master, see the country, and get acquainted with the Saints, I suppose."

"Yes, all that; but there was another reason. I had heard much from you about the Lord providing for you, when out on these little missions, and I wanted to see something of it." His tone conveyed the feeling of being not exactly satisfied.

"And you are not satisfied?"

"Not exactly," he said, laughingly.

"Did you take anything with you?"

"No, I purposely did not take anything."

"And did you lack anything?"

"No."

"Who supplied your wants?"

"Well, Sister Burton filled the lunch box up pretty well before we started; that lasted till we got among friends, then we ate at their tables."

"Did you expect it to drop down out of the clouds?"

“No; I did not expect it that way, but in some way that we might know the Lord had provided it.”

“His promise to his servants is that he will go before them and prepare their way. Do you remember the place where they were so bitterly opposed to the work, and yet received us kindly and gave us supper, breakfast, and bed?”

“Yes; that was rather out of the ordinary.”

“That was the only time we needed anything out of the ordinary, yet the missionary has varied experiences. They go forth to prove the world, as well as to preach the gospel.”

During the year 1880 he made several trips to Hueneme, Ventura County, making the Canejo, Pleasant Valley, Springfield objective points on the route, holding meetings a week at a time in some of these places. But what a joy it was to get back to the home branch again, where the hearts of the Saints were united in a bond of brotherly love greater than the writer has witnessed elsewhere. After a meeting with these Saints a time or two, he invariably went to the Laguna Canyon, for his home coming was not really complete until he had met with the Laguna Saints, his children in the gospel.

There was one Mr. R. G. Livingston living in Hueneme, the leading merchant in the place, and of good reputation. It was at his house that Elder Burton made his headquarters. Both Mr. Livingston and his wife received him kindly and secured the hall for him to preach in, becoming interested in the message brought to them.

About the last day of January, 1880, Mr. Livingston was thrown from his buggy while his horse was traveling swiftly. He struck his back on a hard, jagged piece of ground and was badly hurt. His injuries were internal. As soon as practical after he was brought home, and the doctors had done what they could for him, though they shook their heads discouragingly, Mrs. Livingston wrote to Mr. Burton, stating the critical

condition of her husband, and asked him to call the Saints together and have a season of prayer for him. It was Saturday, February 4, when Mr. Burton received the letter. Immediately upon reading it, he and his wife had a season of prayer. Then, according to previous intentions, he went to Laguna Canyon to stay over Sunday, leaving word with the president of the branch at Newport, Elder Peter M. Betts, to notify the Saints of Mrs. Livingston's request and to observe the same on Sunday morning.

At the Laguna word went speedily from house to house that there was to be a special prayer meeting at Brother Goff's that evening. Because of its being an unexpected meeting and on Saturday night, and the distance of many miles lay between the dwellings, it was very near nine o'clock when all got together. About an hour had been spent in earnest supplication to God, when upon rising from their knees, a little lad about twelve years old, Sherman Goff by name, stood up in their midst and said, "Brothers, your prayers are heard. Mr. Livingston is healed," and sat down again.

There were two or three persons present, relatives of Brother Goff, who were not members of the church of Jesus Christ, who made this remark: "How do these people know whether the man is dead or alive? He was in a very critical condition when the letter was written, and that was four days ago; he may be dead and buried for aught they know. This will be a strong test for them and we will see how it will turn out."

But the Saints accepted the witness of the Spirit, and rendered fervent thanks to God for his blessings. Mr. Burton wrote down the testimonies to be sent to Mr. and Mrs. Livingston. How was the case with Mr. and Mrs. Livingston during this interval? He was a great sufferer. Physicians were called and did what they could for him; then held a consulta-

tion, after which they told him it was not in their power to save him; that it was only a question of time, and advised that if he had any business to settle to attend to it at once, since a few days was all that he could live, limiting the time "until Sunday."

So the lawyers were sent for, and in great weariness and fatigue on the part of the sick man, and sorrow and anxiety on that of his family, his business was all settled, even to arrangements about his burial. When the doctors and lawyers were gone, the nurse and attendants were dismissed to gain a little rest, his wife only remaining at his bedside; he said as he turned a sad, weary look upon her, "Is it possible, that it is all over with me in this life? That I must go and leave you? How I wish Mr. Burton was here with us now. I somehow feel that if he were here, it might not be so."

"I have not given up hopes," replied his wife. "You know that the doctors gave you till Sunday to live, and if nothing has happened to the letter it will reach him before that time, and if it does I have great faith in results."

This was the same Saturday on which the letter was received by Mr. Burton.

About ten o'clock in the evening he fell into a deep sleep and slept all night. Upon waking Sunday morning he called for his clothes, and got up and dressed himself. On Monday he walked out to the store and back. Mrs. Livingston gloried in the latter day faith, and when the letter reached her from Mr. Burton, telling her of the testimonies received in the meeting, she was in no way backward about reading it to the many who came to see for themselves if Mr. Livingston's sudden recovery were true; consequently the circumstances were well known all through the place even before Mr. Burton reached them. He (Elder Burton) manifested that his faith was in God, and not in himself or his presence, by filling the

appointments in the Azuza, and San Bernardino, where he baptized some and reorganized the branch by appointing officers; elder, priest, teacher, and deacon, before going to Hueneme. He arrived on the 26th, his wife accompanied him, and from the lips of Mr. and Mrs. Livingston they learned what is above written of him. The people of the neighborhood heard that Elder Burton was expected, and fearing the results, had visited Mr. Livingston with the purpose of frightening him out of the thought of being baptized. They told him if he joined the Latter Day Saints the most of his customers would leave him. He was then standing in his store, and before making answer, he cast his eyes about the shelves of his store as if making a mental calculation of what they contained, then in a quiet way said, "Well, let it be so. I have enough here in my store to last me and my little family twenty years, so every last one of them can leave if they want to." Seeing he could not be moved, they said no more.

As Elder Burton passed through Pleasant Valley on his way to Hueneme he made a short call at Mr. Sisson's. Mrs. Sisson was in Sacramento. Mr. Burton left an appointment for Sunday and passed on to Hueneme. On Saturday he returned—Mrs. Burton stayed at Mrs. Livingston's—only six persons were in attendance; that was his last meeting in Pleasant Valley.

On Saturday, while Mr. Burton was away, Mrs. Livingston was having a talk with Mrs. Burton about the principles taught by the Latter Day Saints, and asking about her experience in the church, and was in no wise dissatisfied with what she learned. Among other things Mrs. Livingston said, "Are you not very much persecuted, and looked down upon by other churches?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Burton, "but we do not care."

Mrs. Livingston seemed quite amused, but said farther,

“Does it not make you feel badly when people say such evil things about your people, and won’t associate with you?”

“Not at all; that is, not for ourselves. We feel bad for the people who do not know any better, but for ourselves we are so happy in the knowledge of the true gospel of Christ, and all the good that it brings, it gives us the inward preeminence. Do you suppose that the Apostle Paul, or Peter, or any of those ancient worthies felt badly when they were persecuted and driven from place to place? No! they knew the power of God was with them, and they went on preaching the same gospel, and so it is with us.”

On Tuesday, March 1, Mrs. and Mr. Livingston were baptized into the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Friday, March 4, Elder Burton and wife left Brother and Sister Livingston rejoicing in their new faith, and in the knowledge that the Lord had manifested his approval of their act.

Elder Burton and his wife arrived at the Canejo, the afternoon of the same day, and stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Gries. Next day being Saturday, notice was given of the meetings in the schoolhouse for the evening, also for Sunday morning and evening.

Tuesday evening after Elder Burton had preached on the restoration of the gospel with excellent liberty, he gave liberty for anyone who desired more information to ask questions. There was present a Mr. Howard Mills, who had lost his voice, and who had not spoken aloud for four years. He being a Christian gentleman, and deeply interested in what he had heard, arose and went near the stand. While in a whisper he was asking some questions in regard to the restoration of the gifts and power of God—for he had heard of Brother Livingston being healed—his daughter, the village school-teacher,

wrote thus on a slip of paper, "Ask Mr. Burton to lay hands on you and restore your voice." She passed the paper to her father, who made the request, to which Brother Burton replied that the power to restore was not his; but rested with God, that he would not lay hands upon him there, but if he chose to accompany him to the house of Mr. Gries, at the close of the meeting, he would administer the ordinance to him. Mr. Mills did so, accompanied by his daughter, and a Mr. and Mrs. Danforth, of the Adventist faith, at whose house Mr. and Mrs. Burton had been kindly entertained at a previous visit. (In Beatrice Witherspoon these people are mistakenly called Wilson, but Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of the Adventist faith had removed from the Canejo and Mr. and Mrs. Danforth lived in the same house. Mr. and Mrs. Burton had been entertained by both families.)

After some conversation with Mr. Mills, disabusing his mind of the thought that any man held the power, all knelt in solemn reverence, as if in the presence of God, while Elder Burton offered an earnest, candid petition to the Father of all, and the source of all such gifts and blessings as was then desired. During that prayer Mr. Mills's nominal faith in God as a hearer and answerer of prayer, was converted into a reality. He was administered to.

It being near midnight, the friends soon departed. Early next morning Mr. and Mrs. Burton started on their journey towards home without knowing the result of the administration, nor did they know until they passed through the place again March 19 and learned the following from Mr. Mills himself, who greeted them and took them to his own house for the first time, where they were treated most kindly by himself and two daughters. This is what they said in regard to his voice:

"After retiring that night I felt a peculiar sensation in my

throat, and from that time my voice began to return; it was weak at first, but by the following Wednesday (three days) it was restored so that I could shout, i. e., call out. I would try it when by myself but did not let the family know it until Wednesday, when I started out to work as usual. I was on a big farm wagon and called to the colored man: "Tom, bring me the shovel." He laughed when telling how frightened the man was. He knew it was Mr. Mills's voice, and thought it must be his ghost calling to him.

Mr. Mills and his daughter recognized that his voice was restored by the power of God, and did not hesitate to give God the glory. Mr. Mills said that while the prayer was being offered he was made to realize as he never had before that the one praying was talking with God, whom he knew heard him. We learned from what the daughter said to Mrs. Burton that he fully intended to be baptized, but he made the mistake that others have made. He had a cousin in Hueneme, a lady who was very wealthy and very aristocratic. He evidently did not wish to go contrary to her wishes, and while thinking to win her he lost, and was never baptized, though he always acknowledged the power.

The occurrence created no small stir in the vicinity, and in fact wherever Mr. Mills and the circumstances were known, even in Minneapolis, Minnesota, Mr. Mills's former home, to where he wrote a full account. He also wrote of it briefly to a friend in Santa Barbara, and it was published in the *Weekly Press* for April 30, 1881:

The following letter received by E. L. Paddock, of this city, contains intelligence of one of the most remarkable cures of the country. Mr. W. H. Mills, is well known in this city, and is a conscientious, reliable gentleman.

"NEWBERRY PARK, VENTURA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, April 21.

"*Friend Paddock:* On the 6th of March last, Reverend Mr. Burton, of Los Angeles County, preached at our schoolhouse and so impressed me as a man of faith, that I went to the house where he stayed after service, and asked him to pray for me, that my voice and health and strength

might be restored. You know that I have not been able to speak aloud for more than four years. There were a number of persons present. He placed his hands upon my head and prayed that God would give to me speech, health and strength. The next morning my voice was stronger than it had been for years, on Tuesday I spoke aloud, but with some effort and could use my voice but little. Each day my voice increased in strength and volume till the following Monday when it came out full and strong as all my neighbors and many others know for I was closely watched to see if any answer would come to the prayer. All I can say is I fully believe my voice was restored by the divine power and in direct answer to prayer.

“Yours truly,

“W. H. MILLS.”

A greater feeling was stirred up against the work in Hueneme than in the Canejo. It was but a repetition of history. That a notable miracle had been done, they could not deny, but that it spread no further they consulted together and closed their houses for preaching, so that when Elder Burton returned to Hueneme he could not obtain the hall nor the school-house. As soon as Elder Burton came into the place, notices were published in different places forbidding him the use of the houses. A Mr. King had been lecturing against our faith and people. And when Elder Burton could not obtain any public building in which to reply, Brother Livingston offered his store. So he and Brother Rodger, who was then with him, tacked notices close by those forbidding the use of the school-house, that they would review Mr. King's discourse at R. G. Livingston's store. The store was large and by moving a few goods boxes, and show cases, it was rendered very commodious. There was a fair audience, good attention, and good liberty. The next day Brother Glaud Rodger preached two discourses, they both did some talking, and the effect was that the tide of feeling was turned in their favor. The following day Elder Burton baptized a Mrs. Lybrook, a widow with a grown family, some of whom with Brother Livingston's family followed later. The union Sunday school removed Brother Livingston from the superintendency and Sister Livingston from being

teacher, and they tried to get the post office from them. Some few of the customers left him at first, but before the year was out, he had a greater run of customers than he ever had.

The writer of this biography has not made much mention of home affairs. They were perplexing at times, and in the February just past there came a crisis. Land bills had to be paid. The oldest son, Frank, was going away to work where he would not be home at nights as heretofore. Dora, who had been run over by a heavy roller, could not stand a whole day of sitting at school, and a Mrs. Green, a relative of Mr. Burton's, who lived in Los Angeles, was alone most of the time and wanted just such a little girl as Dora. Dora was ambitious for the change. The sisters suggested to Sister Burton that she break up housekeeping and travel with her husband. The singing was such a help to the meetings, and drew many who would not otherwise attend. A good sister who had no little girls of her own would like to have Addie, the only one left, to stay with her and go to school. That seemed to be the only thing there was to do. Then by selling their cow they could raise what was needed. So it came about that the family was scattered and the house shut up, and Mrs. Burton traveled with her husband, though the house was there for them to go to when in that vicinity.

About this time, i. e., shortly after the healing of Mr. Mills, Elder Burton and his wife took a trip to Hueneme, for though there was no place to hold preaching services, they wished to visit the few Saints, hold meeting, and cheer and strengthen them.

On their return, as they passed through Pleasant Valley they called on their friends, the Sissons, having learned that Mrs. Sisson was at home and was no better. She had been to Sacramento to see if she could get any relief from the distressing affliction that was thought to be asthma. Just prior

to her going, when she bade Mrs. Burton good-bye, she fell on her neck and wept, saying perhaps she never would come back alive, and the leave taking was as affectionate as between mother and daughter. They still were very friendly. How changed, she being bloated to twice her natural size, and her shoulders raised and her head sunken between them. There was a peculiar gleam in her eyes, and a shrinking, ashamed expression that was unmistakable. They only stayed a few minutes, but during that time she had one of her fearful paroxysms of coughing. Her strangling was dreadful to witness, beating the air with both hands, and so black in the face that it seemed as if she would never get her breath again. As Elder Burton drove from that place, he and his wife talked over her condition. Mrs. Burton said: "What a pity she does not know the cause of her trouble and be administered to, for it would be so easy for her to be healed." Elder Burton said they would have prayer for her. She and all the household had always treated them well, and though she could not endure the name of Joseph Smith it did not make any difference with her feelings towards them. So when they got to their camping ground, in a shady place by a running brook, they retired from view of the road and both offered prayer for her. They had not been home many days till a letter came from Mrs. Livingston running thus: "Mrs. Sisson is healed. Did you administer to her as you passed through the valley? She denies it, but the neighbors say you did, or they believe you did, for they saw your horse standing at the gate the day you passed through the valley."

Thus it will be seen that the Lord did not leave himself without a witness in either of these two places where the gospel had been preached in plainness and power, for he confirmed the word by signs following. But like it was in the days of the apostles, the rulers of the synagogue closed their doors against the servants of the Lord.

Why? Because they thought if they allowed this to go on the people would become the followers of that new sect that "is everywhere spoken against." Then where would be the congregation of those who preach for hire?

These were not the only notable cases of healing under Brother Burton's hands. The writer could speak of many. The first time he administered alone after his ordination was to a little girl, daughter of Brother and Sister Albert Page, who had fallen and broken her collar bone. It was in the afternoon when he administered. The child had suffered intensely while being taken up and laid on the bed. She was so afraid of the return of pain she would not allow them to touch her after she was administered to, though she seemed soothed, and being wearied with pain and crying, soon fell asleep and slept quietly during the night. In the morning, when they attempted to make her more comfortable, her mother commenced very carefully. The child looked up in surprise and said, "It don't hurt."

And again when passing through Peach Tree Valley on his way to his home, in San Benito he felt impressed to turn off the road and drive down to where a sister in the church lived, whose husband was not a member. When he went to the house he found the neighbors assembled and standing about her bed, expecting soon to see her pass away. She had been bitten by a deadly poisonous tarantula the night before, and was then past speech. Elder Burton at once got some oil, poured some on her head, and anointed her forehead, and laid his hands upon her head and prayed for the Lord to rebuke the effect of the poison. As soon as he had taken his hands off her head, she sat up, and clapping her hands cried, "Glory to God, I am healed."

On May 1 the district conference convened at Newport. Elder Glaud Rodger, under date of May 4, 1881, wrote for the *Saints' Herald*:

We have just closed a conference of three days duration, during which time we enjoyed ourselves. The good Spirit was with us; and the many testimonies borne confirmed our faith that the good Lord was with this people. We had much good instruction from the president of the district, Brother Joseph F. Burton, and our friend, and brother, Daniel S. Mills. I am happy to say he feels well, improved in bodily health, and strong in spiritual faith and hope. May his days be long and useful, a champion for truth.

I have been over the greatest part of this district and find confidence on the increase, and former troubles passing away. Many openings for preaching though laborers are few. Brother Burton is an agreeable companion; humble as a child, and full of zeal for the Master's cause; generally liked as a pleasant preacher, and his administrations are greatly blessed.

It was during this conference or immediately after it that Brother Burton felt impressed that the time had come to open the work in Los Angeles. As yet he had not held any meetings there, nor were there any Latter Day Saints in the town. Some five or six members were living at Green Meadows, six miles distant. The three brethren, Daniel S. Mills, Gland Rodger, and Joseph F. Burton talked the matter over and concluded to make a prolonged effort. Since there were no Saints in town, they concluded to camp and board themselves. Mrs. Burton would accompany them and attend to the domestic side of the enterprise, and help with the singing, etc. This proposition was made known to the Newport Branch after the evening meeting of May 8, with the suggestion that all who wished to help plant the gospel work in Los Angeles could come forward and lay their offerings on the stand, which suggestion was readily responded to; one following another in quick succession till \$47.50 lay on the stand. This amount was afterward added to by Laguna Saints, also Sister Rebbick of El Monte, Sister Walker of San Neitus, and J. Stump of Green Meadows, until the amount swelled to \$77.00.

Elders Joseph F. Burton and Gland Rodger arrived in Los Angeles on Thursday, the 10th, and succeeded in hiring Teck's Hall on Main Street for one dollar a night.

This hall over a hardware store was very commodious for their purpose, having two anterooms off from the entrance, one of which was used for a kitchen and dining room; and the other for a sleeping room for Elder Burton and wife. Elders Rodger and Mills secured a room in a lodging house close by. By Friday night the work of preparing the hall was completed. During the day Elder Burton's wife arrived, together with three young people from among the good singers of Newport Branch. Those were to stay over Sunday, both to swell the numbers and the vocal music for the opening sessions. On Saturday, while Elders Burton and Rodger tramped over town and suburbs putting up posters, Brother Charles H. Best arrived at the hall, bringing with him Daniel S. Mills. He also brought some dishes, an oil stove, some cooking utensils, and a generous quantity of cooked food, and bedding for those who were to sleep in the hall.

Daniel S. Mills preached on Sunday, morning and evening. The congregation was small, not over twenty, and during the week there were even less. Most of them had the appearance of having just dropped in; without a purpose. But there was a group of women, from three to six, who seemed interested. They would come in just as meeting opened, pay strict attention, and quietly and quickly withdraw before anyone could speak to them. Invitation was given to any who wished to ask questions to come to the hall any time through the day. None came, however, until Friday, when those present were cheered by seeing a portion of those interested women coming up the stairs, five of them. They were all Germans. They came to ask for baptism. It was learned that the elderly lady, Mrs. Bosshard, had received the true gospel in the old country, Switzerland. She was very zealous in the work; not only teaching it to her own family, but to her neighbors; and was the means of bringing many into the church. She had mi-

grated from the old country to Salt Lake, expecting to find Zion. Before she had been there very long she said to her family, "This is not the true church. I hope I will live to see the true church organized again; but if I do not live to see it, and you do, I want you to join it." Subsequently they moved to Los Angeles, California, and when they saw by the posters that Latter Day Saints were holding meetings on Main Street, two of her daughters, Mrs. Wili and Mrs. Adams, and Miss Poline Wili came to hear and see whether it was the Salt Lake people, or if possibly it might be the true church. After hearing, they reported to their mother what they heard, and she, believing it was the true church, came herself. The result was they came for rebaptism; the old lady rejoicing, and thanking God that he had permitted her to see that day. On Saturday, May 21, the old lady, Mrs. Catherine Bosshard, her daughter, Mrs. Poline Wili, and a friend, Mrs. Catherine Westphal were baptized by Elder Joseph F. Burton. On May 22 Mrs. Minnie Ebinger, another daughter, was baptized. And on Monday, May 23, Mrs. Hermina Adams and Miss Poline Wili were also baptized, all by Joseph F. Burton. Two of those sisters were widows, one unmarried, and the husbands of the other three were not religious. No others offered themselves for baptism, and it looked for a time as if this little flock were going to be left without a shepherd. Yet the elders still prayed and hoped that the Lord would send some one who could act in that capacity.

Sunday, the 29th, was to be the closing of the services. Elder Burton preached morning and evening with good liberty. When about half way through the evening sermon some strangers came in; a man, woman, and three children. Although strangers to everyone present, they seemed perfectly at home and listened as if they believed and enjoyed it. At the close of the meeting they introduced themselves as Brother and

Sister Schnell. They had just arrived on the early morning train from the East (Colorado, I think,) had taken rooms at a hotel and left their traveling incumbrances; but before removing their wraps asked if there were any Latter Day Saints in town. They were told that there were some holding meetings a little way up the street. Notwithstanding they all were very tired, they started out at once for the hall; Sister Schnell affirmed they could find them. Upon getting opposite the hall, although they knew not the place, they heard the voice of a preacher, and listening a moment said, "That is a Latter Day Saint preacher." They came upstairs. Brother Schnell was a priest, and what was far better for the little flock, who had so joyously taken their stand for Christ and his church, without any appearance of having a shepherd—was that he and his wife were also German; therefore the elders felt confident that the same loving Father who had so graciously provided for them, would continue his care for the work. There could be no complete organization. Brother Schnell for president and teacher, and Sister Adams for secretary was all that could be had. Meetings were held regularly in the houses of those Saints, the traveling ministry meeting with them from time to time. Brother Rodger, who remained in that vicinity, took an especial interest in the young branch. Writing the *Saints' Herald*, from Green Meadows, under date of June 10, he speaks of good meetings at that place, and that six had been added to the Los Angeles Branch. With those additions, material was furnished for a complete organization. Thus was started the good work in Los Angeles that for years has, under different presiding officers, gone steadily forward. The aged mother of those German sisters was gathered to her long home some years ago, but the sisters still remain and have not abated in their interest, nor generosity towards the work. Sister Adams's little son Fred, who was blessed by

Elder Burton at the time of her confirmation, is now not only an elder, but the bishop's agent of southern California. He partakes of the faith and zeal of his mother, Hermina, and his grandmother Catherine.

Elder Burton's next move was to San Buena, Ventura County. He with his wife and Elder Daniel S. Mills left Los Angeles, Thursday, June 2. Held two meetings in the Canejo the following Sunday, preached Monday, and went to Huene-me, found Brother and Sister Livingston jubilant notwithstanding the petty persecutions of their neighbors. Prejudice was raging.

On Wednesday Brother Burton and Brother Livingston went to San Buena Ventura to secure a hall. Thursday afternoon the four, that is, Joseph F. Burton and wife, Daniel S. Mills and R. G. Livingston returned to San Buena Ventura. On their way over Mr. and Mrs. Burton were looking up some hymns for the evening. In turning the leaves over Mrs. Burton's eye rested on "The pure testimony," and she read this verse to Brother Livingston:

"The pure testimony poured forth in the Spirit  
Cuts like a keen, two-edged sword,  
And hypocrites now are most surely tormented  
Because they are condemned by the word.  
The pure testimony discovers the dross,  
While wicked professors make light of the cross;  
But Babylon trembles for fear of her loss."

It was so applicable to Brother Livingston's recent experience, that he brought his fist down on his knee with emphasis, saying, "That gets away with everyone of them."

They put up at the Occidental Hotel at Brother Livingston's expense, and went over to the hall at an early hour. It was Mr. and Mrs. Burton's custom to sing a few of their favorite hymns before meeting, as a drawing card. Hers was not one of those gentle, sweet voices, but was strong and full, and was sure to make a noise when she sang which could be heard in

the street below. Quite a number of men had gathered in. It seemed that the female portion of the town was rather afraid to venture in. On hearing a woman's voice three came in, but on seeing that the hall was being filled with men they quietly withdrew. Daniel S. Mills preached on the signs of the times, and if the Lord helped the preacher he did the singer also. When the hymns were announced she arose and stood before that hall filled with strange men and sang the three verses each time with only the help of her husband with no more embarrassment than if she were singing a lullaby in her own sitting room.

The hall was engaged for Saturday evening and Sunday, so they returned to Hueneme and the effort was not followed up.

On July 14 Elder Burton and his wife left their southern home for a cruise up the coast as far as San Benito, to visit with the Saints who received the gospel when they did, and see again the old home among the beautiful hills, which they had left six years ago. Their journey was an exceptionally pleasant one, a continuous picnic. Their wagon was light and easy riding. Mr. Burton, who believed in being comfortable as far as he could, had bought bows and enameled cloth and covered the wagon. They ate their meals beneath the trees, and slept on the new mown hay where there were no Saints. They spent the days in reading, talking, and enjoying the scenery. No meetings were held on the way until they reached Santa Maria. They abode there a few days, strengthening and building up the young Saints. Thence on to San Benito, where on July 27 they reined in at the big gate of Brother Albert Page's place and were received with open-armed hospitality. There was so much to talk of that one scarcely knew where to begin. It was a great pleasure to meet again the brothers and sisters with whom they had received the gospel. These things had drawn them more closely together, causing

them to feel that they were brothers and sisters indeed. A pleasant visit was had with their once friend, but then brother, John Carmichael. It was by him, during one of those interesting talks, that the Australian mission was first mentioned to Elder Burton. Elder Burton had been speaking of the growing desire with both himself and wife to go to Nova Scotia and acquaint their kinfolk with the glad news of the restored gospel, when Elder Carmichael looked inquiringly at him and said, "How would you like to go to Australia?" Mr. Burton replied that that could not be, because he was only an elder. He supposed that the church would not send a missionary there with less authority than a seventy. Brother Carmichael's reply was mirth provoking, but after some words of pleasantry he said, "Laying all jokes aside, I am of the impression that you will be sent to Australia." While Mr. Burton dearly loved to travel and see new countries, the great desire of his heart and that of his wife's also was to take the gospel to Nova Scotia, and for that they had prayed that the way might be opened. He so expressed himself. Brother Carmichael said, "Well, go to Nova Scotia first and Australia afterward." Neither of them were aware how soon it would come to pass. Their plan was to raise the money if possible, and go on their own expense as visitors; but to obtain the sanction of the president of the church to preach and teach. The amount that would be required looked to be greater than they could hope to obtain, but the Lord always has resources sufficient to answer the consistent, righteous prayers of his children.

A few days before leaving San Benito, on return trip, Elder Burton met Elder Haws, of San Francisco, who was traveling through the school districts with Bancroft's globes and other things needful for schools. The territory he had engaged included San Bernardino and San Diego counties. He did not

wish to go further south than Los Angeles County, and he offered Mr. Burton those two lower counties and a portion of Los Angeles County if he would faithfully visit every school district and school therein. Mr. Bancroft's terms were sufficiently liberal to encourage anyone to accept.

This unexpected offer made the visit loom up to the mental view as a reality. Mr. Burton readily agreed to accept the offer, providing he could get a release from the presidency of the district. As Elder Haws was going as far south as Gospel Swamp he would see them there. When they arrived at the home branch, Newport, and met and talked the matter over with Brother Rodger, he too recognized the hand of the Lord in opening the way for the gospel to go to Nova Scotia, and encouraged Mr. Burton to accept it, as also did his presiding officer, though neither he nor the brethren would release him from the presidency of the district.

He accepted the offer, and since they had already broken up housekeeping his wife accompanied him, taking with her a sufficient number of the "New York Eclipse" dress cutting systems to do some canvassing also.

For the most part it was a solitary road; and when it bordered the line between California and Mexico, it seemed to them as if they had the world all to themselves, so very rarely were there any signs of human life visible. It was not a favorable locality for travelers, as that ridge of mountains abounded with fastnesses. It was a favorite haunt for cowboys and banditti, with their spoils from California, but we were neither fearful nor lonesome. There was no timidity in Mr. Burton's makeup, and his wife partook of his courage. They took their gospel lunch box along, and as usual dined by the wayside.

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 300.)

Many times there was no friendly habitation in sight. Perhaps they were the only ones who traveled that road unarmed. Even the school-teacher in those scattered school districts carried a revolver by her side. Upon their return home, which was near Christmas time, when profit and loss were counted, the figures showed that the sale of Mrs. Burton's dress cutting systems had a little more than offset their expense, and the school enterprise had given them sufficient returns to cover the last payment for their land, and all other indebtedness, and some over. Now it seemed the time had come to make their long talked of visit to Nova Scotia and it was not long till their plans were outlined for a mission to their native land, sanctioned by the president of the church. They were to start in time to attend General Conference, which was to be held that year, 1882, in Independence. The way opened up almost daily, and they began to lay aside money that came to hand, for their intended mission. Though none of the Saints were very well off many helped from sheer goodness, and because they had relatives in Nova Scotia, whom they desired should hear the angel's message.

Yet notwithstanding the great desire to once more visit the dear old home of their childhood, parents, brothers, and sisters, these preparations were not consummated without many a heartache. They must needs sell their three horses, the wagon, the one remaining cow. To sell their driving team made the tears come in Mrs. Burton's eyes. The horses had been their daily companions in all their travels, and the light, handy little wagon had been their home for the past year or

more. But that was much easier borne than the thought of leaving the children so long. They anticipated staying one year, which was more of a trial to the mother than she had anticipated. However, the girls seemed quite content. The youngest daughter, Addie, was very pleasantly situated in Los Angeles, where she had the best of school advantages, such as could not be had in their own neighborhood, and where she could be with Dora more or less every day. Her ambition was to fit herself for a teacher, and her school advantages compensated in some degree for the absence of parents, but not so with Frank. There was little indeed of brightness or pleasure held out for him, except that found in faithfully serving his employer, and turning his earnings into a place for himself, but before their return a new star had risen on his horizon which brightened his life then and ever after.

After the sad good-byes had been said, and their faces turned towards the east, their journey was fraught with much of interest and pleasure; enhanced greatly by the expectation and realization of meeting for the first time with the Saints in General Conference. They left home the latter part of March, 1882. Mr. Burton had been actively engaged in the ministry, though not giving all his time to the work, since September, 1875, making six years and six months; in which time he had preached the gospel in nearly all parts of southern California; had baptized one hundred and seventy persons; organized branches of the church in Santa Maria and Laguna; made the start in Los Angeles with twelve sisters and two brothers; reorganized the San Bernardino Branch, and completed that of Newport.

After remaining in Independence during the conference they spent one week in Lamoni, and a few days in Boston, and arrived in Kentville, Nova Scotia, on May 4. They had not notified their people of the exact time of their intended arrival, and in reaching the railway terminus found it was ten miles

short of their destination and although it was in May, there was snow lurking in nooks and corners, the ground was frozen and did not thaw that day in spite of the bright sun in the middle of the day. Fortunately there was a young man in town going through Delhaven, and who for two dollars took them the rest of their journey. They were kindly received by parents, brothers, and sisters, and made their home at first under the parental roof.

During the first call on Mrs. Burton's oldest sister, Tanza, and her husband, Robert Newcomb, he received them with all the cordiality of a kind-hearted man, making them feel very much at home by saying, "I don't want you folks to feel as though you must keep your mouth shut when you come here; talk all you want to. If we can not defend ourselves with the Bible in our hands, why—well," laughingly, "we are worse off than I think we are."

Elder Burton's reply was, "That is right; hold to the Bible."

"We will do that," said Tanza. The same cordiality was extended by her brother, Holmes J. Davison and wife. They had felt deeply grieved, hurt, and humiliated when they learned of the departure of their sister and brother-in-law from the Baptist Church, and had sought through letters to show them what they believed was their error.

The pastor of the Baptist Church in Delhaven lived some four miles distant, and having duties elsewhere was present at the Sunday morning meeting only, during the first two weeks after Elder Burton's arrival. Both Elder Burton and wife attended all their meetings, and took part in the prayer meetings, which were held on Sunday evenings, and once during the week. They enjoyed talking of God's goodness and power with their friends of long ago. Each meeting became more interesting, and more largely attended. But when the pastor, the Reverend Sidney Welton, heard of the new interest, and who it was that was drawing the people out, he came, and

came to stay. Had this hired shepherd to whom the flock looked for instruction in the ways of righteousness given them the same counsel that the spiritual teachers of old gave, namely, "Try the spirits whether they be of God"; "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good"; "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them," the revival that was prayed for might indeed have been had, but the returning pastor's counsel to them was "Keep away from them. Do not hear them. Stamp them out."

On the first day of his returning among them, he visited every house and succeeded in turning the people's feelings against the missionaries. It seemed evident that the people had requested their pastor to meet Elder Burton in a public debate. He came in to Deacon Davison's quite early in the morning saying that he "could not stay ten minutes, just ran in to challenge Mr. Burton for a public debate concerning his faith and church and to make necessary arrangements." When this proposition was promptly accepted, he seemed not to be in so great a hurry. He sat down and commenced to ask questions. At noon the talk still went on; Deacon Davison went out quietly and put his horse in the barn. Late in the afternoon he withdrew his challenge, and made ready to leave, and when he could not be induced to hold to the challenge, Elder Burton challenged him, but all to no avail.

He drove immediately to a sister of Mrs. Burton's, Mrs. L. Sanford, who had received the Californians as brother and sister, but believed that they were very much astray. She did not doubt for a minute that their minister could show the falsity of their faith. She had not attended any of the above prayer meetings, therefore had not heard what had been said by Elder Burton. While in conversation with him on the subject she said: "Why do you not get Mr. Burton to meet you

in public and compare his faith and doctrine with the Bible, and show the people where he is false?"

He informed her that he had intended to do so, but after an all day's talk with Elder Burton, had changed his mind, and after giving a few reasons that were not at all satisfactory to her, he said: "The truth is, he claims to be called of God, and you can do nothing with him."

The sister was greatly surprised by these words and said: "What is there bad about that? Do not our ministers claim to be called of God?"

"Oh, yes; called to the ministry, certainly; but not in the way he does."

Pleading urgent business elsewhere, he departed, leaving the sister more perplexed than before. It dawned in her mind that there were reasons other than these the minister had given for not having the debate, and she resolved to think and investigate for herself. Up to that time they had been kindly received by the people, but immediately after it seemed as if the very air was full of false reports, and nothing seemed to be too ridiculous to be reported and believed; but notwithstanding all that was brought to bear against the work, it did not deter the few who desired the truth. They continued to investigate the doctrine presented, holding fast to their former statement to Elder Burton, that he could not give them too much Bible, though it required deep thought and reasoning on their part before they could assimilate the commandments and doctrine with the Bible.

When Elder Burton had been denied the use of the Grange Hall, in the upper district, he sought and obtained Minas Hall, about three miles below, known as Blomiden. After making arrangements to commence meetings on the evening of the fifteenth, he and wife paid a visit of three days to George Davison, in Scotts Bay. The visit was enjoyed by Brother Davison in a manner that only Saints who have been isolated

for six years from brethren of like faith can. Elder Burton commenced meetings in Minas Hall, continuing until about fifteen discourses were delivered, in which the doctrine of Christ was presented, and the false doctrine of polygamy shown up, also showing the difference between the Reorganized Church and what is known as the Mormon Church, of Utah. The bible evidences of the Book of Mormon were examined. During the time between meetings, a continuous fireside investigation was kept up with the home folks, or when visiting elsewhere. The meetings were well-attended throughout, and with very few exceptions good attention was given. The counsel of the pastor did not altogether annul the curiosity of the people; they wanted to hear, and there was scarcely a meeting but what more or less of the Baptist congregation was in attendance. There is reason to believe that some beside the few who were baptized were much interested, but pride, prejudice, and public opinion were too strong.

How well the writer remembers the powerful sermon that drew the line of demarcation. The doctrine of Christ had been plainly shown up, and this night Elder Burton's text was: "Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son."—2 John 9. The power of the Spirit attended the word, and there were few indeed who did not see the position. It brought a full and ready conviction to the minds of those who were honestly investigating. Robert Newcomb came out of the house a new man; all his doubts, fears, and prejudices had fallen from him like an outworn garment, and he saw the kingdom. His wife, Tanza, was also well persuaded in her own mind. Their eyes were opened to see that the church wherein they were loyal members was "abiding" in but a very small portion of the doctrine of Christ, therefore there had been a transgression somewhere, not in individuals, but in the church laws and

ordinances. They chose to cast their lot in the church of Jesus Christ, where the laws, ordinances, and officers were the same as in the days of Christ. But others who saw the light, but did not wish to receive it, came no more to Brother Burton's meetings, save to the baptism which took place the following Sunday, June 4, just one month from the time of arrival in Delhaven. Brother Holmès J. Davison and wife and Robert Newcomb and wife were the first fruits. A few days before the baptism, the rumor of it seemed to fly in the air, and every effort was made by the church members to persuade them not to leave the Baptist Church. But they had taken their position understandingly, and neither prayers, tears, nor angry words could move them. The scene of wild excitement and confusion that followed the announcement made by Brother Holmes J. Davison at the close of the Sunday morning meeting, that there would be baptism at 2 p. m. in the ocean near Brother Robert Newcomb's place, has not a parallel in the history of the Baptist Church in Nova Scotia, yet their curiosity to see what the ceremony would be, and if anything miraculous nature would take place was so great, that the whole neighborhood for miles around came *en masse* to the baptism. Since the bulk of this crowd of people were bitter enemies to the latter day work, Elder Burton felt impressed to appeal to the courts of heaven for protection from mob violence, and had a season of prayer before leaving the house, that the Lord would quiet the people, and no trouble might ensue. Then with the candidates, he walked through the crowd to the water's edge; they falling back sufficiently to make way for him to pass. When he was seen by a certain young man he called out: "Bring along your tar and feathers," and oh, the pity of it! he was one who was thought to have been eminently pious. Once again he made an effort to incite to evil doings, but was sharply rebuked by one who made no claim to piety. There was no further disturbance and the

occasion was unusually solemn and impressive, differing in no outward form from what would be witnessed at their own baptisms, except the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, which took place in the house after the sermon. Standing room was at a premium in the house during the sermon, but all was as quiet as could be, held spellbound, apparently, under the power of the Spirit that accompanied the preaching of the word. Some hung their heads lower and lower, not so much as lifting the eyes. A little commotion took place in the adjoining room, when the confirmation was about to take place, for all wished to see as well as to hear, but as soon as the elder commenced to speak all was quiet. And here again no opposing influence had power to stay the flow of the Spirit or embarrass the servant of God in the discharge of his duty. The people listened with bated breath. At the close of the meeting the people passed quietly out, Elder Burton cordially shaking hands with all who were near enough.

It might have been fancied that the trouble was about to pass away, but the week following proved to the contrary. The pastor issued an edict excluding those of the converts who had formerly been members of the Baptist Church from taking any part whatever in their meetings, or in the Sunday school, not even to pray. The neighborhood was in a ferment of anger and evil surmises and vindictive rumors. Tar and feathers were still threatened and added to that a "running bonfire."

After the baptism of these believers, Elder Burton held meetings in Robert Newcomb's house, both preaching and prayer meetings. During a certain week, Elder Burton received word that he would be waited on by a certain party immediately after the prayer meeting, and something very brilliant and interesting would take place. Later he was informed by a disinterested person, who seemed to be in much

trouble about the matter, that the plan was that two men should catch Mr. Burton as soon as he came out of the house, and a third would throw coal oil all over him and set it on fire, then they would run him up the road.

The prayer meeting was much disturbed that evening by those three persons dancing about on the well curb, kicking and stamping, pounding on the outside of the house near the window, shouting and calling ill names. When the meeting was over Elder Burton requested the Saints to remain inside till he went out alone among them. It was not easy for the two brethren to comply with that request, they had much rather been foremost in going among the mob, but they loyally complied with his wishes. Whatever those angry men saw in that calm, peaceful looking man to give them such a fright is not known, but he had no sooner stepped outside than they fled, running as if a pack of wolves were at their heels, until they were out of sight of the house, and nothing was heard afterwards of a "running bonfire."

But the spirit of persecution continued, and became more intolerant as others accepted the faith. Those who were formerly the most intimate friends of the family and the most noted for their piety and Christian demeanor, now drank deepest into the spirit of persecution so that when Mrs. Lee Sanford was baptized, it was the women who endeavored to incite the people to "rise up as an army and drive Elder Burton and his wife out of the place." Through it all the servant of God heeded not their anger, or their threats, but "calm as a child" he went right on with the work, "shouting his message" that would "bind up the law" and "seal up the testimony." Even when warned by a friendly stranger not to travel alone, (or with just his wife) in the nighttime, he did not desist when it served his purpose better to go, and the power of God like a great chain retained the evil men.

Now it must not be supposed that because Elder Burton

was so fearlessly devoted to the work of the Lord, and had such power with God in prayer, that he was the sober, long-faced type of Christian who never laughed himself or thought anyone else ought to. To the contrary, he enjoyed a hearty laugh, his face was almost always beaming with smiles; and to say funny things was as natural to him as to breathe. Mrs. Gould Davison noticed their indifference to what was being said about them, and said to her daughter: "You don't seem to feel bad at all about those evil things that are said about you and about your religion, and I am surprised to see both you and Joseph just as jovial as if everybody liked you."

"Why, of course, why shouldn't we be glad and joyous? Did not Jesus say to rejoice and be exceeding glad when men should revile, persecute, and say 'all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake'? I never realized the force, nor the comfort of these words till I became a Latter Day Saint."

Sister Tanza Newcomb made this remark: "These evil reports that the very air seems full of, is a great testimony to me. I could not believe before that all the evil things that were said about Joseph Smith were false. I thought there must be some grounds, other than his religious views, but now I am quite ready to believe that it was just religious persecution, that he was as innocent of offense as we are."

Shortly after those in Delhaven were gathered into the fold of Christ, Elder Burton went to Scotts Bay, where Brother George N. Davison and family lived, and while visiting them, he secured the Advent church and held five preaching meetings; then the house was claimed by others. The visit was very enjoyable to Brother George. It was so restful to talk with one of like faith, after an isolation of six years. It will be remembered that he received the gospel in California, together with Elder Burton. He was not sent to his native land as a missionary, yet he preached a few times, and talked much on the theme that was of such interest to him. He was

often much discouraged because none believed his report, nor accepted the gospel, but he wrought better than he knew, for the work so dear to him. The great desire that other members of his family should receive the fullness of the gospel was ever in his heart, and when he saw some yielding obedience thereto, it gave him joy unspeakable. He lived but a few months to enjoy that knowledge. His happy spirit took it flight while he was sitting in his own armchair. He probably knew the end was near, and turning his face upward, said: "Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the work established in this place." With this he closed his eyes and passed from his earthly tabernacle into the better land without so much as a deep-drawn breath. Thus ended the life of one who received the restored gospel unhesitatingly, and was faithful unto death. I have anticipated that these few words might go down in history to the memory of Elder George N. Davison, and now will return to my narrative.

After returning to Delhaven, a few more services were held in Brother Robert Newcomb's house, in which the gifts of the gospel were exercised to the comforting of the young Saints.

On June 22, Elder Burton left the little band of rejoicing Saints for awhile, and went by rail to Halifax, where lived the aged mother, brother, and sister of Brethren Newton and Charles Henry Best, whom Brother Burton had baptized in California. Their mother had a great desire to learn more of the faith that her two sons had espoused than could be conveyed to her by their letters. He was very kindly received, and by invitation of those good people, his wife joined him a week later. Elder Burton made what efforts he could, assisted by Mr. Rupert Best, to get a hall, or place for preaching, but to no avail. Mr. Best's people were very kind, and were attentive listeners while he explained the matter, the faith

of the Latter Day Saints, so that her mind was at rest concerning her sons. The sister at whose house they stayed, often remarked to the wife that they greatly enjoyed hearing Elder Burton pray; of how it seemed to bring God and heaven nearer to them; especially was this the case with the good mother who never missed coming in at prayer time.

They remained over two Sundays. Upon one of these days they were escorted by Mr. Rupert Best to a real homelike Baptist church, where Mr. Best was acquainted. Being early, they were able to get a seat in the body of the church about three rows from the stand. At the close of the first hymn, the pastor said: "I see there are several clergymen present; some are strangers. I make choice of this one sitting in front of me," inclining his head slightly towards Mr. Burton, "to offer the opening prayer."

The prayer was offered with the same fervor and spirituality that usually attended his supplications. Possibly it was more heartfelt than the congregation was accustomed to hearing, for there seemed to be an interest created towards him.

As soon as the meeting was dismissed, the pastor made his way directly to him, scarcely stopping to greet his people whose hands were extended. Being acquainted with Mr. Best he first addressed himself to him, saying, while shaking hands, "What friends are these you have with you this morning?"

Mr. Best, who had not had sufficient time to give the introduction of his own accord, said, "It is Mr. Burton, of California, son of Reverend William Burton, and Mrs. Burton."

Whereupon the reverend gentleman shook hands most cordially, expressing himself as pleased indeed "to meet the son of Brother William Burton," and added, "I see you are following in the footsteps of your good father."

"Yes," replied Elder Burton, "I am following in the footsteps of my father."

Before more could be said the pastor interposed a "God bless you!"

"My father," continued Mr. Burton, "was born and raised an Episcopalian, but when he heard the Baptists preach, and learned of their belief and teachings, he left the church of his father, and united with the Baptists, because he believed it to be a greater light. So with me, I was a member of the Baptist Church, but when I found a church wherein I found a greater light, even the fullness of the gospel, I left the Baptists and united with the church wherein was greater light, and I am therefore following the footsteps of my father."

"Pray tell me," said the reverend gentleman, "where do you think you have found a greater light than in the Baptist Church?"

"In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which church I now represent."

"I am sorry for you, my friend, that you should give any credence to such a delusion," etc.

Quite a number had gathered around, apparently waiting for an introduction, but with that their pastor withdrew and passed out.

Not being successful in obtaining a place to preach, Elder Burton visited some families of former friends, talked, and distributed tracts, and returned to Hantsport, where he remained about three weeks, visiting friends and relatives, talking doctrine, explaining his faith, and stirring up the people generally. Some were for and some against, yet all were quite friendly. Preached twice at the railway station, where, be it said in honor of the Hantsport boys, there was no noise or disturbance. After this they returned to Delhaven, to the great joy of the little band of Saints, as well as the missionaries, who now made their headquarters at Holmes J. Davison's instead of his father's, Deacon Gould Davison. Elder Burton now decided if possible to open the work in Canning,

where the Reverend S. Wilton lived. He hired a hall, and preached three evenings, returning to Delhaven during the day.

One more meeting was held in the hall at Blomiden, and others at Brother Robert Newcomb's, while he was making ready to drive to Yarmouth, his birthplace. He had bought a horse and buggy with the money that was laid away for that purpose before leaving California and on August 15 they started for Yarmouth with only a few dollars in their pockets, about enough to feed their horse, there and back. The first night out was spent at the house of a friend, Mr. Henry Barden, whose wife was a sister of Brother Newton W. Best. The third night they were in Bridgetown and spent the night at the home of a cousin of Elder Burton's whose name was Cutton, before she was married. A younger married sister from Burwick chanced to be visiting with her. These cousins had never met before; nevertheless they enjoyed their visit, the two sisters being personally acquainted with their uncle, William Burton, were pleased to meet his son.

Items from the land of California always furnished a theme for interesting conversation. After an hour or two the younger sister seemed wrapped in mystery and said:

"Cousin Joseph, are you the man we have heard such dreadful accounts of as going about tearing the churches to pieces? I was in Aylesford last week," she continued, "and while there I met Mrs. ——— who used to be a member of the Cornwallis Baptist Church, while she lived there. Well, she had a great deal to say about a man lately from California—a Mormon—who went about tearing the churches to pieces and leading away all the members that he could. She had not been to the place herself, but had heard it from those who had. Now what grounds were there for such statements?"

"Cousin Mary," said Joseph, "suppose a Baptist minister came to this place and preached what he believed to be the

gospel of Christ, preaching in private houses or public halls, and people of another denomination came and heard him. Some became convinced that what he taught was Bible truth and requested baptism at his hands, would you say that he was tearing churches to pieces?"

"Why, no! Certainly there would be nothing wrong in that."

"That is all that I have done. I came to this country to preach the gospel of Christ, hoping that the people would believe and obey it. Some have done so. I have never disturbed anybody's meeting; have never preached a sermon in in anyone's church; have done nothing more than preach and teach the gospel of Christ as I believe it, and as the Bible justifies that belief."

"What is the gospel that you preach? Wherein does it differ from any other that Christian people should leave their own churches and join yours?"

This question paved the way for an explanation of the gospel, and the Spirit accompanied the gospel truth presented. All were much interested.

"Why that is good Baptist doctrine," said she, "but you seem to have a better understanding of the Scriptures than many others. What salary do you get?"

"The same that the apostles and elders got in the days of our Savior. They did not preach for money; neither do I."

She thought trusting for his daily bread was a very uncertain way, and on learning that he was not stationed at any particular place, gave him a pressing invitation to fill the vacated pastorate of the church in Burwick, assuring him a good salary, for they were all well off. "Of course you would not say anything about your belief in the Mormons."

Elder Burton said smilingly, "Do you think your people would like to hear me preach the restoration of the gospel with all its primitive gifts and blessings? That God had

called apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, and set them in the church as he did in former days?"

"Oh, nonsense, Cousin, you need not teach that."

"Then I could not preach at all and you will have to get some one else to take that fine salary."

When leaving the next morning the good man of the house put a dollar in Elder Burton's hand, and a generous feed of oats in the wagon for the horse. Elder Burton drove direct to the house of his brother-in-law, Reverend James A. Stubbart of Deerfield, and was kindly received and entertained by both Elder Stubbart and his wife. During the week or ten days' stay in Deerfield there were many long talks on the Bible, church, and doctrinal matters, and both Elder Stubbart and his wife gave up the first thought that their brother had been deluded or duped. They saw that he had Bible evidence for the position he occupied, but since so many good people had lived and died in the Baptist Church, they saw no reason why they should change; not discerning the dispensation of the fullness of times, when all things shall gather in one in Christ. Though Elder Stubbart said with much vehemence: "I tell you, Joseph, that there are no such good times in the Baptist Church now as there were forty years ago; the spiritual life has all gone out."

A short call at Yarmouth convinced Elder Burton that none of his relatives or former friends in that place were disposed to receive the gospel. Some would not even receive him. One niece, Mrs. Sophia Reid, was the noble exception—God bless her! Later a cordial visit was had with Elder Burton's brother, James, and family. Personally he, James, had given his brother Joseph a good welcome home.

On Tuesday, August 29, they started on the return trip, feeling sad and disappointed, and with only a few cents. Some things had been very depressing in their nature. Fortunately there was plenty of hay all through the country, and

no one thought of taking pay for a feed of hay. They had learned the location of several of their relatives along the route, so that they had lodging places for the night. Yet they learned to thank the Lord that he had taught his disciples to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and that it had special reference when out on their mission among strangers. They could offer that prayer now from the heart, yet there was something required on their part. They must put themselves in the way to receive and even that was a cross. They settled in their minds that where a big gate was closed, they would not seek hospitality at noontime and they about always found one open. All they asked was a feed for the horse and a place to sit out of the sun and rest while the horse ate his feed. It was the hospitable strangers that asked them to eat.

They stayed over Sunday in Burwick at the house of a Mr. Bishop, a brother-in-law of Mr. Best, and preached in the evening to a few of the neighbors who came in. They arrived at Holmes J. Davison's, Delhaven, Tuesday, the 5th, one week out.

Elder Burton remained in Delhaven and vicinity, preaching Sundays either at the hall or in the houses of the brethren, and also holding prayer meeting on regular evenings till November 1, then made another start, expecting to go to Cape Breton. Up to that time the weather had been mild and open, and the years of California life had caused a forgetfulness of the kind of winter that would soon set in. The first day's drive to Hantsport was all right, but before the close of the second day there was a decided change; the weather turned bitterly cold, the ground was frozen, and by the time they reached Ashdale a fine, frosty snow was pelting them in the face, driven by a fierce wind. A friend of Elder Burton's who had been a ship owner with him in former days, gave

him a letter of introduction to his friend in Ashdale, assuring him that he would find a warm welcome there. He said he was not a member of any of the churches, but was a very liberal minded man, and would enjoy a talk. Elder Burton found the gentleman's residence and reined up to the house, and when the doctor answered the bell he did not invite him in though the storm was exactly in the face of the wife who sat in the buggy, but read the introduction at the door, handed it back, feeling greatly annoyed at his friend for giving such a writing. He plainly told Elder Burton that as a Latter Day Saint he would not have him in the house. Then the elder asked if he knew of anyone who would be kind enough to give them shelter from the storm for the night; there were no hotels in that sparsely settled village. "Yes, the man up there on the hill would very likely let you stay there." All this was seen by those in the house on the hill, and as soon as the house was reached the man of the house, past middle age, came running out with bare head and commenced unbuckling the harness, almost before the horse had come to a stand, saying: "Take your wife in the house out of this storm. I will attend to the horse."

"But," said Elder Burton, "wait till I tell you who we are."

"It doesn't make any difference who you are, you are cold, and perhaps hungry. I saw that man turn you away from his house, but you won't be turned from here."

Only those who have been in like circumstances can realize how that hearty welcome was appreciated by the missionaries. The following day was not propitious for continuing their journey, and the good man of the house, Mr. McDonald, suggested that they remain over Sunday, at least. He went with Elder Burton and interceded in getting the hall for preaching Sunday afternoon. The local minister occupied in the morning, and there was an entertainment on Saturday evening. Four young people from the house where Elder Burton was

staying attended the entertainment, so the meeting for Sunday afternoon was well advertised, and being termed a "Mormon" added to the interest.

Elder Burton attended the morning service, in which the local minister had a good deal to say about the new arrival, which was not of a pleasant nature, and warned his congregation against going to hear him. But their curiosity to hear what a Mormon would say got the better of them. It was their first opportunity to hear one of that name. They expected he would say something about wives, and there was a large congregation, and the spirit of inspiration and revelation was present in an usual degree, while the elder discoursed on Matthew 24. The people evidently forgot who they were listening to; they leaned forward in their seats with all the expression of eager attention. And the elder became so rapt in his subject he heeded not the passage of time, and continued until the twilight had deepened perceptibly. He received many a cordial handshake as he passed out of the house. Mr. McDonald was deeply impressed with the sermon.

"Besides the good sermon," he said as they walked home, "I commend you for not alluding to the abuse you received this morning."

"We can afford to pass such things by, for the sake of our Master, and his gospel and the joy that it brings."

On the following day, Monday, our host made ready to drive over to Rawdon, and invited Elder Burton to accompany him, which invitation was gladly accepted. While in Rawdon, five miles from Ashdale, he received a testimony that his work for the present was in that place and the Lord would open the way before him. His wife, who remained in Ashdale, received a similar testimony to the effect that they were not to proceed on their journey, but to remain there, or in that vicinity, and the Lord would build them up; consequently they cheerfully acceded, and the first fine day they bade a kindly farewell to

those hospitable people, with fervent thanks for their kindness, commending them trustfully to God. They wended their way to South Rawdon. Mr. Burton seeing a young man at work near the road asked him if he knew a place where he could hold meeting that evening.

“Yes,” said the young man, Walter Haley, “I think you can have a meeting right here in our house.” Being close to the house, he went in to ascertain, and was followed out by his mother, who kindly invited us to come into the house and wait until evening. Elder Burton suggested that his wife better go in, and he would drive around and give notice of the meeting. It was a farming country, and sparsely settled, yet the farmer’s big kitchen was well filled with attentive listeners. At the close of the meeting a married son of Mrs. Haley’s, who was called Sam, promptly got up and took his hat and passed it around for a contribution. Elder Burton wished him to desist, saying that it was not the custom with his church, and he had not come for money, but to preach the gospel of Christ. They did not know what to think of such a departure from a time-worn custom. Good Mrs. Haley invited them to stay all night. She gave a general invitation to make their home there whenever they chose and to hold meeting also. Many a good meeting was held there. May the Lord reward them for their kindness.

The following Sunday Elder Burton preached in the school-house at Hillsdale. Quite an interest was awakened both in Rawdon and Hillsdale before the first snowstorm of the season set in. When it came it found the missionaries on the road. It was not a driving storm, but the air was dense with the falling snow. They knew they were taking their last buggy ride for that season, and made an extra effort to get to Mr. Haley’s because of the big barn in which to store their buggy, as well as the good welcome they always found there.

Mrs. Haley’s husband was an old man and very feeble; she

had two grown-up sons at home, but no daughter, so Mrs. Burton made herself at home with the housework, which was enjoyed by herself and appreciated by the motherly housewife, who was about sixty-five years old.

While the storm continued the missionaries were in a quandary to know how they were to get from place to place. Their money was exhausted long ago. Mrs. Burton sold dress cutting systems occasionally; which kept the horse shod and met most of their incidental expenses. The farmers were very comfortable in their houses and barns; they traded their produce for flour and groceries, spun and wove most of their winter clothes, so did not need much money, and it was a scarce article. Elder Burton and wife felt their embarrassing situation, and took it to the Lord in prayer, but it was no use worrying then, for they could not have traveled had they been prepared to do so. In talking over the matter of buying a sleigh, with the family, Walter knew where one could be had for six dollars. Two was all they had. Elder Burton said: "I guess the Lord will have to help us out, for I do not see how we can help ourselves."

When the snow had ceased to fall, and the roads were broken, Walter went to the post office for our mail. A letter was brought from Hiram L. Holt, and when opened there was neatly folded in the letter four dollars in paper money. It did seem like an answer to prayer, being just the amount that was needed to get the sleigh. It was recognized as a manifestation of the Father's care in providing for the needs of his children, by the good people of the house, as well as by the missionaries. On the morrow the sleigh was bought and the missionaries were again in a position to travel. There were few days that winter that they were not on the road some portion of the day, holding meetings in Rawdon, South Rawdon, Hillsdale, Ardoise, and Ashdale. There were some

interested in all these places, so when not preaching, the elder was reasoning from the Scriptures. It seemed to be a very opportune time to open the work among those farmers, for in winter there was not much work to be done.

As Christmas time drew near, Elder Burton and wife returned to Delhaven and there was a family gathering at Brother Robert Newcomb's to spend Christmas. It was a very happy gathering, notwithstanding the little wave of sadness in sympathy for Brother George's widow, who, with her two little girls, were present. Brother George had passed to the better land in November.

On the following Sunday, Eva Newcomb was baptized. There were six children blessed during that visit, and some excellent meetings held in Brother Newcomb's house. January 9 they started on their return trip to Rawdon and continued the work. On February 4, 1883, Mrs. O'Brien and Mr. Sam Haley was baptized; the first in South Rawdon, afterwards others followed. On February 11, Holmes J. Davison met with the Saints of Rawdon. Elder Burton preached in the morning in Brother O'Brien's house. Holmes J. Davison was ordained an elder and preached the evening discourse. He was called to the Melchisedec priesthood at the time of his confirmation, and a beautiful prophecy was given concerning the good work he would do. He remained helping with the work until the 15th.

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from volume 5, page 476.)

On Friday, February 16, notices were posted in South Rawdon as follows: "The Reverend W. J. Ancient will deliver a lecture in the parish church on Tuesday, the 20th, at 7 p. m. Subject Mormonism, or the (so-called) Church of eJsus Christ of Latter Day Saints. All seats free." The Reverend Ancient was a clergyman of the Church of England.

His church was crowded on Tuesday evening. Elder Burton was present and took notes. At the close he asked the privilege of replying on Friday evening in the same house, but was refused. He was prepared for that and gave notice that he would review the lecture in the hall on Friday evening and extended a special invitation to Mr. Ancient. He was present, and among the very early arrivals, taking a seat close to the stand. This was Elder Burton's first gospel combat, and he met it successfully. Besides refuting the errors presented by Mr. Ancient, he improved an opportunity he would not otherwise have had of presenting the gospel of Christ in its fullness to that large audience. The reverend gentleman looked amazed. He evidently was not expecting to hear the elder advocate the gospel of Christ as taught in the days of the apostles, and the array of scriptural evidence presented, sustaining his position, must have made the very small portion of the gospel that was embraced in Reverend Ancient's creed seem lonesome. At least he felt uneasy for his flock. The speaker had scarcely sat down when his opponent was on his feet pleading with the people "not to be carried away by what they had heard, but to think and weigh the matter well, remembering that Christ was the same to all." That

they had enjoyed their own religion, and hold to it trusting in Christ to save them.

In view of covering up what had been said by Elder Burton, the Reverend Ancient made a second attack and was promptly replied to by Elder Burton. The discussion showed the people that the Saints held a biblical position, which sectarianism could not successfully meet or overthrow. It was reported that Mr. Ancient's brethren requested him to desist before their church should lose prestige. But (using the language of Holmes J. Davison), "The old beaten paths, trodden by the respectable populace, held a charm too sacred to be relinquished for the cold waves of persecution, even though eternal life was at stake, and so they have plodded on in darkness, superstition, and doubt, while the grand opportunities for spiritual development were passing by." It was a grand victory for the Saints and those who were investigating, and was soon followed by other baptisms. Elder Burton continued to hold meetings nearly every evening of the week, and often three times on Sunday—at some of the various places he had opened.

By March 5, nine had been baptized, all heads of families. Some from the Baptist and some from the Methodist denomination. While those good people remained in their different denominations they could not see alike, and each believed his church or creed was the chief means of salvation, but in embracing the church of Christ it became easy to see alike. Heretofore one had held to one part of the gospel, another held to another part, each selected and formulated a creed or articles of faith and belief according to the various views held, or private interpretations of the Scriptures. But when they embraced the gospel of Christ, there were no "parts," isms, or schisms; they accepted the grand whole with no man's interpretation upon it.

On March 16 the Saints, with Elder Burton and wife, met

at the house of Brother John C. Burgess of Upper Newport and the first branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was organized and called the Upper Newport Branch, consisting of nine members. Brother John C. Burgess was chosen as president and ordained an elder. J. W. Dimock chosen and ordained priest, and Alfred Wood teacher, who also acted as deacon. Brother Burgess also acted as clerk. This branch was afterwards named the South Rawdon Branch, and is so called to this day.

Up to this time Elder Burton had not taken any notice of what was said or written against him or the cause by his Baptist brethren. About this time there appeared an article in the *Christian Messenger* (the Baptist Church's organ), from the pen of the Reverend Daniel Freeman. The article was beneath the dignity of a Christian gentleman, much more one who claimed to be an ambassador for Christ. It was erroneous—and I might be justified in saying false—from beginning to end, and cuttingly misrepresenting. Elder Burton now felt it his duty as a defender of the cause to make reply. He did so by the pen and sent it to the editor of the *Christian Messenger*, but it was returned. He then, being in South Rawdon, went in person to Halifax where the paper was published and saw the editor, but to no avail. He then visited three other editors, and met with the same success, so it had to be endured, as many another false accusation has had to be by the followers of Christ. Meantime Elder Holmes J. Davison, who was then in Delhaven, was not inactive. He at once gave notice that he would review the article in Minas Hall upon a certain evening. He did so, to the astonishment as well as entire satisfaction of the friends to the latter day work; because had been in the work only nine months, and only one month had passed since he was ordained an elder, and was alone. This instance called to the minds of some, a dream related by Elder Daniel Freeman, the very man whom

he was now contending against, in a conference meeting, saying, as he pointed to Holmes: "I saw that young man standing on the walls of Zion. He was alone and in a hard place, but was fighting gallantly for the cause of truth." So sure was he that his dream was of the Lord that he insisted on Deacon Davison sending Holmes to Acadia College to take a ministerial course. And the first time that young man's sword was unsheathed in defense of the cause of truth it was against the very man who had foreseen it in a dream. But Elder Freeman was entitled to forgiveness, since he did not know whereof he spoke; he simply reiterated what he had heard. He had never heard any of our people, neither had he read anything in their favor. True, it would have been more wise and just to have informed himself; but people seldom do that, especially in a religious persecution. He was very angry because of the loss of some of the most influential members of the Baptist Church, in Delhaven, some of whom he himself had baptized during the years that he was pastor of that church; and he was therefore blinded to reason and justice, classing all as believers in the teaching and practices of Brigham Young, of Utah. Seeing no reply to his first article, he wrote again about two months later and sent it to the *Western Chronicle*, a local paper of Kentville, Cornwallis, to which Elder Burton promptly replied and took it to the editor, George Woodworth, who gave it place in his paper, saying that he did not regard any religion, but believed in fair play. God bless him for even that!

On March 27 the sleigh and fine string of bells were stored away in Mr. Haley's barn and the buggy brought into service again and the faithful horse was still driven from place to place. There were lots of good homes now through all the Rawdon country, and Mount Uniache was added to the field of labor; but the missionaries never forgot good Mrs. Haley, who was the first to take them in. The latter part of March

was the time they had at first intended to start on their return trip, so as to take in the General Conference held on the 6th of April, in Missouri. But both Elder Burton and his wife felt that their work was not done. They knew it would be a sad disappointment to the children. But when they asked them if they would be willing to spare them another year, they not only gave their consent (after expressing their disappointment) but so great was their love for and their faith in the latter day work that they imparted of their little moneys, that they could ill afford, to help their parents in the work. So with a little homesick heart throb to see the dear ones, they settled themselves for another year's work, feeling that would be a short enough time in which to cover all the ground they wished to.

The usual rounds of meetings were continued in the Rawdon country, where the Saints were rejoicing in their new faith, but the old, old gospel, till May 7, when Elder Burton paid another visit to Delhaven, stopping a few days in Hantsport. On reaching Delhaven they met another sister of Mrs. Burton's, Mrs. Eliza Beach, whom they had not seen since their arrival. She too became interested in the latter day work, and was baptized on the 22d. George N. Davison's widow intended to have been baptized on the same day, but her mother would not give her consent, though she did later on.

The next ten days were occupied in holding regular meetings at Brother Robert Newcomb's, and in visiting the Saints and assisting Brother Holmes J. Davison to move to the "Bluff," near Hantsport, near where his wife's family lived. This move made the little band of Saints feel lonely. They were sorry to lose him and family, and sad to see the dear old homestead pass into the hands of strangers. It was the banner place of all Delhaven, both for beauty and for choice fruits, but the farm was too big for Holmes to care for if

he ever expected to do anything but local work for the Master. But in sorrowing for the loss of those, they had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Beach settle in Lower Pereaux. Sister Eliza had been baptized and soon her husband and Sister Mary Ann Davison followed.

On May 11, Elder Joseph Lakeman, one of the Seventy, of Grand Manan, came to Delhaven by invitation of Elder Burton, who wished the new-born Saints, who were in a manner isolated from the world, where the gospel was best known, to have the testimony and teachings of another besides himself, knowing that it would confirm and strengthen or rather rejoice them. Consequently the very next day after Brother Lakeman's arrival, Elder Burton went to Canning to see if he could secure the hall again for Brother Lakeman; but he was refused. He preached Sunday at Brother Robert Newcomb's and in the evening there was a very excellent testimony meeting in which the gift of tongues was manifest and Brother Robert Newcomb was ordained priest by Elders Lakeman and Burton. He also preached in the hall at lower Pereaux. On Wednesday they went to Hantsport, but no hall could be obtained, so Brother Lakeman preached at the railway station, as Elder Burton had. On Monday they went to Rawdon by way of Ardoice, and stopped and had meetings at Brother Dimock's, one of their favorite stopping places. They, Brother Dimock's folks, were very kind, had been the first in that section of the country to receive the gospel. They were leading members of the Baptist Church, and his wife met with much persecution from her family, but she remained steadfast in her belief in the latter day work, and at the same time was so kind and gentle towards them that she soon won their better feelings.

Brother Holmes J. Davison and wife arrived at Brother Dimock's the same afternoon. All the families of the Saints and friends were visited during Brother Lakeman's short visit,

and meetings were held in the house of Brothers Dimock, Burgess, Obrine, and Mrs. Haley; Elder Holmes J. Davison taking his turn in the preaching.

On Thursday, 31, Brother Lakeman started on his return trip.

Elder Burton continued to open new fields, that he included in his preaching rounds, one in the early part of the summer was in Grainhill, in the vicinity of Mount Uniacke, if my memory serves me rightly. After Brother Lakeman's visit he crossed over the Avon River to places called Somerville and Riverside. Upon the first visit he drove around by way of Windsor, and fulfilled his promise to visit the mother of Jacob A. Anthony, of San Francisco. Then he went to Riverside and obtained permission from the trustees to hold meetings in the schoolhouse. This being Saturday, he preached Sunday morning and evening with good attendance and attention. He put up at a Mr. Joseph Fielding's, whose family were residents of the "Bluffs" near Hantsport, and acquainted with both Mr. and Mrs. Burton's parents and family. Also preached Monday evening. Tuesday went to Somerville and secured the hall for Wednesday evening and returned and preached at Riverside Tuesday evening. Visited some old acquaintances on Wednesday and went early to the hall and found it locked. But Elder Burton was not easily daunted; he went and got the key that let him into the dirtiest hall he had ever entered. All the lamps had been taken away, and he had to buy some candles while his wife with a broom pushed some of the dirt back against the wall. When her husband returned they arranged the benches, cut up the candles and stuck them in different places, but it was the darkest and most disorderly meeting they ever held in Nova Scotia. None invited them home with them, so they drove to Riverside, but Elder Burton did not give it up, but held several meetings there during their two-week stay, and drove to Riverside each time

between meetings, and were always kindly cared for at Mr. Fielding's—at whose father's house Mrs. Burton remembers to have attended a meeting or funeral when she was less than seven years old. They visited Riverside several times while in the mission and held many well-attended meetings. Made many friends, both to themselves and to the cause, but none were baptized.

On July 20, while passing through Hantsport, Elder Burton and wife stopped to see his stepmother, who was very low with consumption. After making their call, and when about to resume their journey, the sick woman said “Oh, Emma, stay with me just one week.” So while her husband continued his journey, the wife took up her position at the side of the sick one, taking all the care of her during the daytime and until late in the evening, then others would take her place for the night. This was a restful change for the three tired daughters who were taking all care of her, except when a neighbor would come in, her son and her daughter's husband being at sea. Elder Burton returned in a few days and just one week from the day of their call, death released the sufferer, but not until her son Fred had returned from sea. They remained until she was laid to rest in the city of the dead, where also lay Elder Burton's father and two little daughters, Jennie and Josie. Leaving this silent city on the hill with feelings of sadness because of those two little graves being so far from them, they entered again their missionary work. When Fred was bidding them good-bye, he with many thanks to Mrs. Burton for the care of his mother, left a ten-dollar piece in her hand, which seemed to her at that time to be almost a fortune. God bless him!

Continued meetings in the vicinity of Rawdon. August 19 he baptized two more in Rawdon. On the 24th preached at a miners' town of Mount Uniacke and stayed all night at a Mr. Dunsmore's. On the 28th they started a second time

for Cape Breton. This time by way of Parsborough, which took them around the east side of the Basin of Minas. The first day's drive took them to Shenacadie, where they stayed over night at the home of Mr. Snider, the very house where two sailor chums stayed twenty-three years before when they went wife hunting. Started early next morning and got to Saint Andrews by noon; took dinner at the house of a son of Brother John C. Burgess, and stayed at Ransey all night. Thursday, the 20th, got to Truro at noon, and in the afternoon drove through Onslow, the birthplace of Elder Burton's mother, Sophia Cutler. He made a call at a relative's, who pointed out the house in which she was born and lived her girlhood. Not being invited to stay over night, they drove on feeling just a little lonesome, because of inhospitable relatives. The money they had was a very limited amount for so long a journey, consequently they could not afford to put up at a hotel, and had driven through the town feeling that a place would be prepared for them. Passing one place after another they at length drew near a good-looking farmhouse, and as they got opposite that house a damsel came out and called, "Supper!" to the men who were working on the other side of the road.

"They are calling supper," said Mrs. Burton. "Hadn't we better go in?"

"No," said her husband, as if undecided at first, then added more decidedly, "This is not the place. The gate is shut, and there is not much of a barn."

"You are going to take our old sign," said his wife, "where there is a gate open and a good barn?"

"Yes," he replied; "and more, where we see the barn door open as well as the gate and a man standing ready to take our horse, will be the place for us to stop. Come, Brown," he said, gathering up the lines, causing our steed to quicken his pace. He was trotting of quite lively down the hill, imme-

diately at the foot of which was a strip of hedge fence inclosing a young orchard. The house and barn of the orchard were hidden from view—as also an open gate leading to the yard—until we were opposite to it. Mrs. Burton chanced to see both the barn and the open gate first, and said:

“Here is your place!”

“So it is!” was the reply, at the same time drawing the line just in time to “fetch in” through the gate without losing headway. And there, as surely as I write these words, was a real farmer’s barn. The large doors to the barn floor were open, revealing the abundance of hay that crowded the lofts, and a man standing as if waiting for some one and continued to stand while Mr. Burton drove in. His position was just where one would naturally stop to unharness, and as Mr. Burton drove up near to him, he stepped up to the horse and commenced to unbuckle the lines as naturally as if he had been expecting him. Elder Burton told him that he was a missionary on his way to Parrisboro, and would like to stay all night, etc., with him, if he would keep us.

“Yes,” he said, “I will keep you willingly. I think I must have been waiting for you. My work was all done in the barn for the night, yet I felt strongly impressed that there was something more for me to do before shutting the doors, and while I stood trying to think what it was, I saw you drive into the lane, and then I knew it was to put your horse away.”

There was no doubt in the mind of Elder Burton that the Lord had gone before him and prepared the heart of this good man to receive his servant, as well as to indicate to the servant the place to which he should go. This man’s name was Fleming Corbet. He informed his guests that his wife was at a neighbor’s, but would be back soon, and for Mrs. Burton to go into the house and rest till she came. How clean and homelike everything was! There was a lounge in the living room, and a half hour’s rest upon that was more appreciated

by the tired traveler than any company could have been. The drive had been a long one that day, and her very flesh seemed all a-quiver from the jarring of the wheels on the gravelly road. The lady of the house was, on her return, quite surprised to find company, but immediately set about getting them some supper. They had eaten at five o'clock. While the missionaries were eating, word was sent to Mr. Corbet's father's house, which was quite near, that they had as guests a missionary and his wife from California, and for them to come and spend the evening. The father's people also had a lady visitor from Truro, and soon all came in. There was no embarrassment on either side. From the time they entered the house the conversation flowed pretty freely, especially with Elder Burton and the old gentleman. While they were talking as lively as old friends, and laughing heartily, the young lady from Truro turned to Mrs. Burton and said,

"Your husband says he is a Latter Day Saint; it must be some new religion. I have never heard of them. Is it like the Salvation Army?"

"No," she replied; "it is not at all like the Salvation Army. It is simply the doctrine and faith of the New Testament in every particular." A little conversation revealed the fact that they in that little inland town had not heard of Joseph Smith, nor the latter day work in any way, not even the word "*Mormon*." Mrs. Burton saw they were trying to hear what the elder was saying while carrying on a conversation with her. So when the ladies expressed a desire to hear their faith, she called her husband's attention, and told him of their request. All present expressed the same desire. He entered at once upon the task of setting forth the gospel adhered to by the Latter Day Saints, and continued for three hours, with the exception of a few questions asked at times by the different ones of the company. All expressed themselves as being much interested, as well as astonished that such wonderful events

as the gifts of the gospel were taking place on the earth. The old gentleman declared that talk to have been the best sermon he had ever heard, and he thought the longest one. They expressed a great desire to hear more, and the elder felt sorry that it was not practicable to stay longer or to visit them again. They must needs start early in the morning in order to make FARRSBORO that night. They arrived at the house of Brother John W. Layton and Sister Ida at eight o'clock in the evening. Were cordially received. Remained there from the 21st of August to the 12th of September, during which time Elder Burton hired the rink hall at one dollar per night, and preached five evenings. Here for the first time in his mission, he did not have good liberty in preaching. He concluded that the rink hall was not a fit place for the Spirit of the Lord to enter. Meetings were noisy and disorderly; but before leaving they quietly repaired to the beach of the deep blue ocean, and there in the placid waters of the Bay of Fundy baptized Brother John W. and Sister Ida Layton. There was no congregation, it being on Wednesday afternoon. At the house they were confirmed, and their little son Laurie was blessed. The following day the missionaries started on their journey, rejoicing because two more of those whom they had gone to Nova Scotia to take the gospel to had entered the fold, and rejoiced in the knowledge they had received. And also because Brother John, being a blacksmith, had done a good job of ironwork on their buggy, shod the horse all around, and gave them some money for their journey. They ever looked back on the visit with Brother and Sister Layton as being the most pleasant during their stay in Nova Scotia. It was the season for blueberries that grew in abundance only a little way over the hill, and the two sisters were like children again as they picked the large, luscious berries, and chattered and laughed; but the eating was even better than the picking. The day before the baptism Brother and Sister Layton had

a call from the Baptist minister and the deacon. They were becoming suspicious of what might take place, but were not able to offer any logical, scriptural reason to deter them.

One day's drive from Parrsboro took them to Amherst, at a house of Mr. William Cutler, a cousin of Elder Burton's. He had several relatives residing in Amherst, and the following Friday all the relatives were invited to visit with them, together with some others, whom he had promised to meet there if possible. Among the company was one, Mrs. Freeman Quigley, a very dear friend to Mrs. Green, of Los Angeles, who had written her to be sure and meet Elder Burton and his wife if they went to Amherst. The drawing room was spacious, and while Elder Burton and his relatives were enjoying their visit together, Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Quigley withdrew to the further side of the room, the latter wishing to hear about her friend in Los Angeles. One word brought another until they were into a good, earnest, gospel talk. She had learned from her friend that we were Latter Day Saints. She was very much interested in all that was said. A queer dream she had recently had kept recurring to the mind of Mrs. Quigley, while they were talking. And she fairly started, when in answer to her question if they were intending to remain in Amherst and hold meetings, Mrs. Burton said, "No"; they were traveling through the country to Cape Breton, and came a long way out of their way to come here to Amherst to see some people who were here. Then she told her dream, in which two strangers, a man and a woman, were prominent figures, the man carrying a small valise. The woman had ministered to her comfort and bathed her wounds in clear, cold water, and when in the dream she had asked the woman who they were and whither going, the woman replied, "We are strangers traveling through the country, and have come a long way out of our road to see

you." And added, "You both remind me so forcibly of the two I saw, that it seems to me you are the same."

When Mrs. Quigley learned that they were going to remain in Amherst over Sunday—that was Friday—she at once extended the invitation to come with her after meeting Sunday morning. They were staying nights at a Mr. Rockwell's, a mile or two out of town. One Mrs. David Lawson, a member of a family—Moxon by name—with whom Elder Burton was well acquainted, had met the elder and his wife in Hantsport a month or two previous. She gave a cordial invitation to visit her and stop all night when they passed through Amherst. She was sure her husband, who was a minister of some kind, Christadelphian I think, would like to have a talk with him. Having Saturday at their disposal, the missionaries drove out to her place in Westmoreland. Fortunately, her husband was away when they arrived. Mrs. Fish, another sister, met them at the door, and entertained them until her sister, Mrs. Lawson, could leave her work to come in. Mrs. Burton could not hear, but she was very quick to feel coolness or cordiality, and she was aware that something was the matter, though Mrs. Fish was very friendly, saying simply that her sister was very busy getting ready for visitors. Presently the hostess came in, looking worried indeed. Her face was very red, she had fought a hard battle with herself, but she was honest enough to tell just what the trouble was. After returning home she had learned that her husband would not like to talk with Elder Burton at all, would not like for his people to even know that he had had such a person in his house, and now this day of all others was the most unfortunate one that they could have come. Her husband would be home about four p. m. with a number of his most aristocratic members. She was very sorry, but she had no choice in the matter, except to send them away very much against her wishes; but her better judgment told her that they must not be there when he

and the company arrived. Elder Burton begged her not to distress herself, they would withdraw at once. She had a half-grown son who was present from the time of their arrival, and seemingly had taken a liking to Elder Burton. As they were taking leave he said, "I am ashamed, after inviting strangers, to send them away again."

On Sunday morning they drove into town and put the horse in the stables, and walked to church with small valise in hand, just such a valise as Mrs. Quigley had seen in her dream. It was a Baptist church that they attended, and gave their undivided attention to the preacher—the Reverend Mr. Steel. While they stood for a moment just outside the church with Mrs. Quigley, the pastor came hurriedly towards them, saying to Mrs. Quigley, "I have been making all haste to get here to meet these strangers before they leave the house. I see they are friends of your, Sister Quigley. I want an introduction." After a few questions he kindly invited Elder Burton to call at his study on Monday, if he had time.

It was then Elder Burton's intention to return to Mr. Rockwell's Sunday night and start on their journey early Monday morning. But so great was the interest manifested in the latter day work by this new-found friend and her household, and so great her desire to make herself acquainted with the contents of the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, that they prolonged their stay until Wednesday. The missionary had no extra volumes to leave with her, and so by the very urgent request of both Mr. and Mrs. Quigley, supplemented by their two very interesting children, they decided to stay. Mrs. Quigley was administered to on that day for an affliction of her eyes, and received a permanent blessing. And again I say, that neither time nor distance can obliterate the brightness of that visit. It was so refreshing in the midst of their gospel warfare to find here and there some who were of cultivated mind and influential in the church to which they

belonged, who did not antagonize additional bible truth. In a word, who were Christian, not in word only, but in heart.

The friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,  
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

That long and tedious journey of six days through a strange and sparsely settled region of country would have seemed longer and more tedious, were it not that they, like those of old, while journeying to Emmaus, beguiled the time by talking of the things which had just taken place. Sister Quigley was not baptized at that time, but both she and her daughter May have been members of the church a number of years. They reached the Straits of Causo in six days and found that their three days' stay in Amherst was providential. They arrived the very day the large steam ferry crossed on which they could take their horse and buggy. Had they been a day or two sooner, they would have had to wait there until it came, at an expense that they could not have met. I must not pass on without speaking of the kindness we received at places we stopped, both noon and nights, at the hands of the French Catholics. Sometimes their people and the missionary could scarcely make themselves understood, and the fare was most plain, but it was given heartily, and appeased the hunger. It was such a quiet country place; so seldom that ever a stranger passed through, that the peasant could not think of such a thing as taking money for a meal's victuals, which was fortunate for the missionaries. It was deep twilight when the steamer arrived at the island, and quite dark when the horse was harnessed and ready for another start. Elder Burton had learned that the town of Margaree—to which he was going, was at the western end of the island. There was but one road around the island, so when he drove up from the wharf he turned to the left and he knew that he was on the road to his destination. The day had been cold, windy, and cloudy, but as the sun set the sky became clear and starlight; so as he

drove along the road he could see the shacks that those French peasants lived in were not large enough to accommodate strangers, and presently there were none at all. They drove on aimlessly, their position seemed so ridiculously forlorn that both the missionary and his wife laughed outright. They were too joyous at having been so fortunate in getting across the Straits of Causo to be blue about anything. All along during that six days' drive he had made inquiries about the crossing, and no one knew anything about it. As they advanced, all the modern improvements had been left far behind; they felt as if they had been driving back into the eighteenth century, and little thought to find a good-sized steam ferryboat at the end of such a journey.

While on board the ferry, Elder Burton had learned that there was a small town about three miles distant from the landing. When he thought he had driven all the three miles there was still no town in view. But presently they met a pedestrian from whom he learned that the town was still another mile ahead. It was cheering to know that there was a little piece of the living world so near, whether it would benefit them or not.

"I reckon somebody will have to keep us," said Elder Burton.

"How much money have you now?" The purse was brought forth, revealing two or three lonesome quarters.

"That will be enough to pay for a bed at the hotel, and for the horse, and buy oats enough for the next two or three days, will it not?"

"Then let us drive up to the hotel and order a room. We can go without supper, and breakfast too. They at the hotel will not know but what we have had supper, for it is near bedtime now.

This proposition was agreed to, and the remaining distance was made with a more satisfied feeling, because of having

a purpose in view, besides being relieved of the suspense and anxiety that nightfall always brought.

The large lamps on either side of the front door indicated the location of the hotel, and Elder Burton reined up to the door with a purpose that would indicate that money was no object. Their appearance was not poor, neither in person nor outfit; a good, substantial horse, a well-built, shiny buggy, and an unusually attractive lap robe, that they had brought from California with them. Consequently they were conducted to one of the best furnished upstairs rooms, which was slightly warmed by the friendly stovepipe from the sitting room. Mrs. Burton was fairly trembling with cold. How hard it was to tell the kind landlady that they did not require any supper; since they had only eaten a cold lunch for dinner. The stovepipe failed to give the desired heat, and she retired at once, thinking to get warm beneath the covers; but it seemed only to increase the shivering, until the mantle of slumber settled over her, causing her to forget that she was both cold and hungry.

In the morning both affirmed that they felt just as well as if they had eaten supper. They had intended to get away before breakfast was ready, but had slept too long. The breakfast bell rang before Elder Burton had brought the horse around. When the lodgers went in to breakfast Mrs. Burton took up a newspaper—the only one she had seen since leaving Amherst—and was looking over the contents while waiting for Elder Burton to drive around to the door. The lady of the house came in to know if she had heard the bell.

Yes, she had heard it, but she did not intend to go in to breakfast. This was said without raising her eyes from the paper; so the landlady felt to be dismissed and withdrew. But she soon returned and said: "Did I understand you to say that you were not going to have breakfast? Or are you only waiting for your husband to come in?"

“You understood me correctly. I am just waiting for my husband to drive around to the door. We are going away early this morning.”

She looked at the speaker a moment, then turned and went out, and another lady entered who seemed to be equal in authority, and put about the same questions, and received about the same answers. After while she said to Mrs. Burton: “Are you well?”

Then Mrs. Burton looked up and answered, “Perfectly well, thank you, but we have not money to pay for our breakfast. My husband is a missionary. We are on our way to Margaree from Cornwallis, and have been on the road longer than we expected, and our money is well-nigh exhausted. We only had enough to pay for our room and our horse and provide him with oats for the next two days.”

“If you really have not any money,” she said, looking at her lodger as if she had a fear that it was only a trumped-up story, you shall not go away hungry. We will *give* you and your husband your breakfast.”

Mrs. Burton thanked her heartily, saying they would gladly accept such kindness. While the two were consulting together in the kitchen a boy came in from the barn and said that the stranger was going away without breakfast because he had no money; and that he bought a bushel of oats for his horse and had only ten cents left, and that he was a minister. Then by a little questioning they learned that we had eaten nothing the night before, and only a very little dinner. They made an extra plate of toast, and boiled three apiece of the largest hen eggs, and unusually large cups of tea. I don't think it necessary to try to tell how comfortable and happy that breakfast made the homeless missionaries feel. The other lodgers had eaten and left the house before those two sat down at the table, so they enjoyed a social talk with the two women and an elderly gentleman who seemed to be their father.

When taking the parting hand, Elder Burton left them with a fervent "God bless you and reward you for the kindness you have shown us this morning!" It has ever been looked back to as a bright spot in life's journey.

(To be continued.)

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### THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny  
 But a little cloud appears;  
 There's never a life so happy  
 But has its time of tears.  
 Yet the sun shines out the brighter  
 When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing,  
 With a rose in every pot;  
 There's never a heart so hardened  
 But it has one tender spot;  
 We have only to prune the border  
 To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant  
 But has bitter with the sweet;  
 There's never a path so rugged  
 That has not the print of feet;  
 And we have a Helper promised  
 For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises  
 But we know 'twill set at night;  
 The tints that gleam in the morning  
 At evening are just as bright,  
 And the hour that is sweetest,  
 Is between the dark and the light.

There's never a dream that's happy  
 But the waking makes us sad;  
 There's never a dream of sorrow  
 But the waking makes us glad;  
 We shall look one day with wonder  
 At the troubles we have had.

—*The Spectator.*

## BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 80.)

The morning was clear and fine, and the sun shone with a genial warmth. Shipping of all rigs and sizes on both sides of the straits, that had been storm bound for two days, now shook their sails to the breeze and started out on the waters again, presenting a very cheerful appearance: Each seemed to say, "I have had a good breakfast and feel thankful and happy!" The missionaries were in a mood to enjoy it all. The island was high and mountainous. The first day's drive lay around the base of the island, with the ocean on the left; and on the right was the rough, rocky hillside of the island. The inhabitants were mostly French, and very poor. The men had nearly all deserted the island—and gone to the Eastern States, and women only were in the potato fields, just finishing their potato digging, most of which was done by hand. They were down on their hands and knees scratching away the dirt like badgers. Shoes must have been a luxury almost unknown, as none were seen in wearing.

Farther in there were larger towns, better looking places, and more English speaking people. The missionaries were kindly cared for and fed at noon by English people, and at night by a French family where the two young women could speak English. The following day, the last day of their journey, took them away from the seacoast, for they must needs get to the other side of the island. The road wound around and over some of its hilly parts, through ravines, and across narrow rivers, on such rickety old bridges that they scarcely ventured to breathe hard for adding a little too much weight for safety. It required good navigating to keep the wheels

from dropping between the well-worn planks that were laid lengthwise. The day was overcast and threatening, but the air was still. As the afternoon waned they realized that a storm was near, and also that they could not reach Margaree before dark. "Brum," the faithful horse, was tired and could not travel as fast as he did in the morning. The outlook was not cheering. There was no moon to lighten the dark clouds, but they hoped for the best. Just before night set in they met a man, and stopped to make inquiries, and learned that the road was good and no more bridges, nor inhabitants either, along the intervening five miles before reaching Margaree. Had the informant remembered to have stated that the road was fenced on either side, and ditched too, and after awhile there would be a river flowing parallel with the road for a half mile or so, it would have saved the strangers much anxiety of mind. However, they started on, feeling quite secure.

Presently every ray of light disappeared—swallowed up in the gloom. Oh, how densely dark it was! Added to the cloudy sky was a thick fog that rolled in from the not far distant ocean. The light stripes in the laprobe could not be seen, much less the horse,—all was dense blackness.

When about half the distance had been left behind, the rain commenced to descend in sweeping torrents, right in their faces. Presently the rush and roar of a river was heard above the rain; it kept getting nearer and nearer, until it seemed to be right in front of them. They knew that they were going towards the ocean, and wondered if they had gone astray in the darkness, or had passed through the town of Margaree, while the people slept, and were driving right into the ocean. There was nothing to do but go on until the horse indicated danger, by refusing to go further. The situation was terrifying! Ere long Elder Burton discerned by the

hearing that the noise was that of a river running parallel with the road. The heavy rain in the mountains was increasing its volume, and whether it would overspread the road or not he could not tell. As a usual thing, Mrs. Burton was possessed of a goodly degree of faith; but in the thick darkness it seemed to have forsaken her, and she wondered if they would ever see daylight again. When the weary horse, dazed with the force of the rain, would sway from side to side at times, she wondered if the next step would plunge them into the seething waters, and if there was anyone on the island who cared enough about hearing the gospel message to compensate them for all they were enduring to take it to them.

Gradually the rush and roar of the river grew fainter, indicating that it was becoming more distant, and she breathed easier. Now, if they were spared from a collision with some belated traveler, they would probably reach their destination sometime. Those three hours of darkness seemed so very long that even Elder Burton began to entertain grave fears that the people of Margaree had put out their lights and gone to bed and he had driven through the town.

The force of the rain was spent, and the fog was lifting a little, when to their great joy they saw a light in the distance—not far distant, either. Elder Burton had sent a message on ahead and the people were looking for him; but since he did not know the house, he stopped at the first light, and was told that his aunt lived in the next house, just a little way farther. His relatives were very comfortably situated, and when once in the light of the large, warm room, the terrors of the last three hours vanished like a dream.

His arrival was in good time, for the morning revealed an abundance of snow in the mountains, and on some of the lowlands, which reminded them that their stay must of necessity be short, for winter came early on that island. It set in in

good earnest the year before on the 5th of October—it was then the 29th of September. It was not unusual for the people to dig their way through the snow when they opened the door in the morning. So while Elder Burton made every exertion to impart the gospel light, his wife worked energetically to earn means to defray their expenses back to Rawdon, and the Lord blessed her efforts, and blessed the gospel efforts, too; at least blessed the speaker in presenting the gospel. The writer always regarded those sermons preached in Cape Breton as being the most powerful of Elder Burton's preaching. He procured a hall and worked all one day making seats for it, but had good congregations, as many as a hundred sometimes. Ministers came and took notes. None obeyed the message brought to them. Two of Elder Burton's cousins made the statement that they would obey if he were going to remain awhile with them, or if they had any hopes of being visited by an elder in the future. But knowing what persecution they would have to endure to the cutting off of their resources for a living, they had not courage in their isolated condition to breast the opposition. For while many were interested, those whose iron heel was felt by the poor, were waging war against it.

Before leaving the island, a strong testimony of the truth of the restored gospel was related by an elderly man who manifested a deep interest in the faith and doctrine presented. It was as follows:

When I was a young man I was doing teaming between here and Saint Marys—a seaport town—and upon this occasion I was driving home in the night with an empty wagon. It was a lonely road, through woods mostly, with no inhabitants. It was getting along towards midnight when I overtook an old man, and asked him to get in and ride. He did so. I inquired if he had come from the village back yonder, and if he had heard the new preacher. Then he commenced to talk; said all of the churches were wrong, and showed it by the Scriptures in a way I had never heard before. He seemed perfectly familiar with it all: and also said that the same gospel that was preached in the days of the

apostles would soon be preached on earth again; also that the same church [probably the narrator had forgotten the exact words of the stranger, for the restored gospel had been on earth twelve or fourteen years, though not very extensively preached] that Christ left would be restored, with apostles, prophets, and all its gifts and blessings, and that I would live to hear it preached in this island. "And when you hear it," he said, "you may know it is true; but the people will not receive it; they will be very angry instead, and turn and fight it." And I had forgotten the whole circumstance for years, until I heard you preach: then it all came back to me, and I am satisfied this is what he had reference to. He rode with me sometime, expounding the Scriptures, seemingly from beginning to end, in astonishing clearness and rapidity. Then he said, "I have ridden far enough now, and will get out."

I stopped the horses and let him get out, without thinking of where we were, until I had started again. When alone I began to wonder who it could be that was such an able preacher, and yet not known. There were not so many people in the villages on this island in those days that a stranger would come and go unknown to the residents. He was not in the garb of a minister, nor did he claim to be one; and again, where was he going on foot at that time of the night, and on that road? it was not one that diverged into different ways, but was the one road through an uninhabitable region of country, and the only road between the two seaport towns, or settlements. And again, if he were going to the village ahead, why did he wish to get out while so far from it? He was no nearer any habitation when he alighted than when overtaken. The more I thought over the circumstance the more strange and unnatural it appeared. And as I recalled his words it dawned upon my mind that he spoke with more than man's knowledge.

I was accustomed to driving over that road in the night, and was not a timid man in regard to anything tangible, but with those evidences of having come in contact with the supernatural, I became frightened, and gave the horses the whip, and drove as fast as I could until in the vicinity of home.

This man spoke with all confidence in regard to the truth of the work, and seemed to be having a hard fight within himself, but let the opportunity pass without obeying. However, his mind seemed somewhat relieved after having borne that testimony. It seems by that testimony that Elder Burton's taking the gospel to Cape Breton was planned for a long time before he ever thought of it. That it was one of the "times before appointed" which God had "determined."

Their stay on the island was limited to nineteen days, during which time Elder Burton preached seven times to a well-

filled hall of attentive listeners; then the hall was closed against him by the minister, an Episcopalian. In that isolated place the minister's word is the people's law, so they meekly submitted. But the fireside preaching could not be hindered, and the time was improved, especially among his relatives, who were quite numerous in that vicinity. Being a great lover of his father, Elder Burton took much pleasure in visiting the scenes of his boyhood, and his birthplace. The home was not there, but the cellar was, and the farm also. Elder Burton's grandfather, William Burton, was, I understand, among the first settlers on that island. He came direct from England, near the year 1797. The British Government granted him a certain number of acres of land, which proved to be fertile, and as time passed were divided up among his nine sons and three daughters, with the exception of the oldest son, William—but second child, born in 1801,—who left the island in early manhood and went to the mainland, where he married and wrought his life work. Of him please allow me to copy an extract from Reverend I. E. Bill's Baptist History of Nova Scotia, under the caption of

REVEREND WILLIAM BURTON.

The impression made upon the people by the life and ministry of William Burton was deep and abiding. His educational advantages were very limited, but his Maker had given him an intellect of more than ordinary capabilities, molded to grasp as it were by instinct the deep things of God. A superficial mind, however highly educated, in the presence of William Burton was as the light of a taper in the blaze of the morning sun. In some of his intellectual excursions into the great range of imperial thought, he towered so far above his comrades, that he was called by many of distinction, "The Chalmers of Nova Scotia." He was one of our best preachers—clear, peaceful, and imaginative. Called in early life to the ministry, he became the pastor of the little church at Parrsboro, where he was ordained. Thence he removed to Yarmouth, and as narrated in the preceding chapter labored there for nearly twenty-five years. For upwards of forty years he stood as a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion. Zealously and earnestly contending for the faith "once delivered to the Saints," and affectionately beseeching men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. His Creator

had endowed him with physical power, and mental energy of a high order, and these in the bloom of his manhood, under the influence of sovereign grace, he consecrated to the work of the ministry.

The late Reverend Joseph Dimock—of precious memory—was the instrument employed while on a missionary tour through the Island of Cape Breton to lead young Brother Burton to the cross of Christ (he was reared in the Episcopal Church, but at that time joined the Baptists), and those who knew him in those bygone days well remember with what ardent love and burning zeal he went forth without purse or scrip to proclaim the message of life eternal to perishing sinners.

We first saw and heard him in the spring of 1790 at an association at Nictaux. The young preacher's voice was like the sound of a trumpet, his pulpit talents were of no common order, his ministry was in the demonstration of the Spirit and in power. In the same year he visited Yarmouth by request. The church there was delighted with his piety and gifts, and were unanimous in calling him to become the coadjutor of their aged pastor—Harris Harding. On October 3, 1830, he removed to Yarmouth; and with much harmony and fellowship during nearly twenty-three years of spiritual prosperity, he continued the fellow laborer of Father Harding.

In 1851 he tendered his resignation as a copastor, but was retained until 1853, when he obtained his resignation and removed to Saint John, and for a short time had the pastoral care of the church in Portland. But not feeling satisfied with his position, he returned to Nova Scotia and accepted the pastoral care of the church at Hantsport and Falsmouth, where he remained until his death, which took place April 26, 1867. Our brother was highly esteemed in the denomination for his fidelity to truth. Long will his memory be fondly cherished in the hearts of the people of these provinces.

But to return to my narrative. While Elder Burton visited and talked with his relatives, his wife made a thorough canvass of the town with her dress cutting systems, and so successfully, too, that by October 19 they were able to take the steamer at Port Hood, off Cape Breton, for Pictan, of Nova Scotia, which, though it cost six dollars, shortened the distance of wagon travel by three days, and gave the most direct route to Rawdon, where they arrived at the hospitable home of Brother and Sister O'Brien October 23.

When within a few days' drive of Rawdon, a sense of relief came over both Elder Burton and his wife. They spoke of it almost simultaneously, as if an unseen burden had been lifted off their shoulders. They had accomplished that long-

anticipated and somewhat dreaded journey, without accident, or being stormbound anywhere. Though late in the season, all had gone well with them. They were sorry that none had yielded obedience to the demands of the message sent to them. The "stranger" had testified many years previous that they would not, yet the message of the restored gospel must be preached to them, as a witness, and they both felt satisfied that they had faithfully performed their part. The result remained in the hands of the Lord. As they talked the matter over, they congratulated themselves on being permitted to obtain sufficient on the trip to come back a little more comfortably, and more independently, too, than when they went, in that they could drive up to a house and ask for accommodations and pay for them.

"I wonder," said Elder Burton, "how much we are out financially by this trip?" He had noted in his diary when leaving Rawdon that he had seven dollars in his purse, and looking in again found it contained just seven dollars. The wife had a few less dress cutting systems.

They were joyfully received by the Saints of South Rawdon, Hillsdale, and Ardoice. Thence on to Delhaven, where they had another season of rejoicing. In all these places the Saints, and many who were not members, but friendly, for both the people's and the work's sake, had made them most welcome. Now that all the places mapped out in their minds before leaving California had been visited, and the people preached to, and many other places besides, Elder Burton felt that the burden of his work in that mission was accomplished. Some of the seed sown had fallen on good ground and resulted in building two branches of the church, one in South Rawdon and one in Delhaven. The latter consisted entirely of members of Mrs. Burton's father's family: one brother, three brothers-in-law, and one niece; others having believed and been baptized since,

but none except the children of those who were then baptized. It seemed indeed that it was to her kinsfolk that they were sent.

Elder Burton's mind was made up to return to California in the following spring, and to start in time to attend the General Conference en route. That was to be held in Stewartsville, Missouri, that year. Yet he put in a busy winter, opened up one new place, viz, Mount Uniack, where he preached a number of times and made many warm friends.

In all those places, during these two years, with the exception of Delhaven, Mrs. Burton led the singing and was often the sole singer. This was because Elder Burton considered the singing a part of the work. They made use of the Saints' Harp, in which many of the hymns were given by inspiration, and are peculiar to the latter day work; the tunes of which were beautiful, many of them altogether new to the people, and both pleasing and interesting. The elder and his wife made it a practice to sing several hymns before it was time to go into the stand to open the meeting, and in that way the gathering congregation was kept from becoming restless or disorderly, even though they were only boys and young men. It was remarked by more than one, "I go as much to hear the singing as the preaching." It was part of the Lord's work, and he sent his aid in that as well as the preaching.

One instance stands out in bold relief, and the ringing tones of the song seem still to reverberate in the caverns of memory. It was Sunday morning, the first meeting in Hillsdale. The congregation was small, and consisted of middle-aged men, with the exception of two young girls. There was no singing before meeting that morning, for the elder was talking with one of the men, the leader of the Baptist meetings in that vicinity, one Mr. Burgess. He was used to singing and brought his book. Elder Burton said, "I see you have your hymn book, and I suppose you and your people will help us

in the singing. We have some hymns that most people are familiar with."

"Oh, yes; we will help you in the singing."

"Here is 'Nearer, My God, to Thee'; you all know that." Meantime Mrs. Burton had been looking over the congregation and noted the peculiar expression each wore, as though they regarded the preacher and his wife as escaped lunatics, and they had taken their lives in their hands to come into the house, especially the two big schoolgirls, who sat very close together in the far corner of the house—a schoolhouse—and when Mrs. Burton looked towards them with a friendly nod and smile, thinking to inspire confidence, it only astonished and amused them, without giving to her the least gleam of recognition. She felt a sense of dreariness; perhaps a tinge of homesickness. When they arose to sing, the words of the dear old hymn seemed to appeal to her feelings. Regardless of the presence of anyone, she entered upon the song with the true spirit of it, as though she were indeed communing with God; adding stress of feeling in the clear, full tones of the high notes. Before she had finished the first two lines, he who had agreed to help in the singing, and the only one who made any attempt, had closed his book and his gaze was riveted upon the singer, while she sang alone the whole three verses—and wished there had been more. While eating dinner at this brother's house, who had kindly invited them home with him, he said smilingly, while looking from one to the other, but addressing the elder: "I thought I knew 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' but before your wife got through with the first verse I concluded I had never heard it before." And my neighbor remarked that he was disappointed at not hearing anything about wives in the sermon, but he would walk a mile any time to hear that singing.

In the winter time, while in Delhaven, a brother-in-law, Mr. Elisha Beach, returned from sea. His wife Eliza had been

baptized while he was away, and the overwrought neighbors, especially his relatives, tried to make her think that her act would cause a separation, but she had no such fears. And when he was baptized, it kindled their anger afresh, and they were determined to mob the missionaries and drive them out of the place, lest the remaining brother-in-law, Mr. Lee Sanford, should be baptized also. He believed and defended the work.

So one afternoon as Elder Burton and wife were returning from Lower Pereaux, where they had been visiting Brother and Sister Beach, Elder Burton went into Brother Toomer's store to see him about getting the hall for preaching Sunday evening. In doing so he walked right into an angry gang of men who were there to organize a mob. Mr. Toomer and one other man were doing what they could to dissuade them. Elder Burton remained and talked with and to them for more than an hour. They were very angry; it seemed as if they would have liked to have torn him to pieces, but they did not touch him. They had first been to the justice of the peace and asked him how far they could go in making it "hot" for the Mormons before the law would take hold of them, and what the law would do. His reply was, "You do the first thing towards molesting either of those two people, and you will see what the law will do." One man threatened Elder Burton if he preached in the evening. He preached, however, in three different places, and on Sunday and a time or two during the week before leaving for Rawdon.

Arrived at Brother Dimock's January 18—a two-day drive from Delhaven. Meanwhile Brother Dimock had learned of two Latter Day Saints at Montague, near Halifax, and on January 24 Elders Burton and Dimock went to visit them and see if there was any opening for preaching. They found Brother and Sister Whiston, elderly people who had held firm to the faith all alone for many years. They had been bap-

tized by Elder Robert Dickson, of the first organization. Though cut off from all intercourse by intolerant relatives and neighbors, they had maintained their integrity to the faith once delivered to the Saints. What a joy it was to meet again those of like faith.

After a visit with those aged Saints, the brethren went on to Halifax; called on Elder Burton's cousins and other friends. Thence to Dartmouth. They found no opening to preach, stayed all night at a Mr. Hooby's. Next day went out to Saint Margaret's Bay country. They could not get the schoolhouse, but preached Saturday evening at a Mr. Hornish's, and Sunday afternoon and evening in the Methodist Episcopal church at Glen Margaret. Monday went to Hammond's Plain, stopped at a Mr. Hubley's, and found all sick. They administered to them. They stayed all night and next day went to Sackville. Got the hall and preached in the evening. They remained two days at Sackville, and arrived at Brother Dimock's again in the afternoon of the 30th. They were feeling a degree of satisfaction, both because they had visited, cheered, and defended those aged Saints, and because the gospel message had been briefly delivered in three more new places, and much fireside preaching had been done. During the next three days, Elder Burton preached at Brother Dimock's in Ardoice, at Brother O'Brien's at South Rawdon, and at Brother Burgess's at Hillsdale—the snow was fast disappearing, and on February 6 Elder Burton and wife went in their buggy for a good-bye visit at Somerville and Riverside. Had a good visit at Mr. Fielding's, who had so kindly kept them during their many visits to Somerville. May God reward them. They were near the kingdom, but failed to enter.

Returning from that trip, Elder Burton went once more to Burwick, to visit Mr. H. Borden and Mr. Bishop, who were brothers-in-law to Brother Newton W. Best. Thence to Pereaux, but he was led to take a different route. Instead of

going to Delhaven, first he went through Medford and stopped at Lee Sanford's. It was February 14, but warm, and the mud was almost hub deep in places. Brother Lee Sanford and his little daughter Ada were sick. Before Elder Burton arrived, Lee's wife, Sophia, wished with all her heart that he was there to administer to them, and in the fervency of her faith she made this statement: "If Joseph Burton is a true man," these words included all that he represented, "he will come, for he is needed." In less than two hours after, she looked out the window, not expecting to see him, for that was not the direction from which they were wont to come. She did see him, however, reining his horse from one side of the road to the other, picking his way cautiously through the deep mud. Like the Saints anciently, who had been praying earnestly for Peter's release from prison, when he came they were afraid. Sophia was not afraid, but was so astonished she could scarcely credit her own eyesight. He administered to both, and remained all night. Next day Ada was well and her father seemed to be improving. He had been sick for a few days.

The following Saturday Elder Burton continued his journey to Brother Robert Newcomb's, in Delhaven. Immediately after meeting at Brother Newcomb's the following day, Sunday, he baptized Mary Ann Davison, Brother George's widow. A short time after this baptism, Mrs. Burton was shown in a dream how the Lord had stood by them and protected them from the power that sought to destroy them, until they had gathered in all the fruits of their labors that were then ready. All was now gathered in, and the Lord admonished them not to return to that place any more. They were about to start to Rawdon, had intended to return once more before leaving for California, but understood by the dream that they were not to do so. They bade a final good-bye to the Saints, and left on the 25th of February. They had been two days at

Brother Lee Sanford's, who seemed to be improving each day, and they thought would soon be about again, but in a few days he grew worse, and died March 7, peacefully trusting in Jesus.

On March 8 the first conference of Nova Scotia was organized; Holmes J. Davison, president and clerk. Snow had come again, and it was a stormy, blustery day, but a very happy one for the Saints. Brother and Sister John W. Layton came from Parrsboro, and Brother Holmes J. Davison from Horton. They, together with those of Rawdon and vicinity, made a cheerful gathering. There were also many friends.

Reports were given from two elders, one priest, and one teacher. The Spirit of the Lord was with the Saints. The preaching was good and the prayer and testimony meetings were splendid. Tongues, interpretation, and prophecy were enjoyed. Sadness came with the parting, yet it was a joyous parting, on the part of the Saints, because of the new joy they had in the gospel, and their new aim in life; to the missionaries, because they had been permitted to lead them into the way of those new joys, and also because they were soon to return to their waiting children. By Wednesday all the visitors had left Rawdon, missionaries included. The latter to spend a few days in Hantsport and at Brother Holmes J. Davison's, in Horton, where they were met by Brother Robert Newcomb and wife, who were detained from attending conference on account of the death of their brother-in-law, Lee Sanford.

Elder Burton and wife would gladly have visited Sister Sophia in her bereavement, but as learned by Brother Newcomb, the warning was timely,—Lee's relatives were trying to make themselves and others believe that Elder Burton was the cause of Lee's death, and were getting up quite an excitement. His presence would only have added fuel to the flame.

With the sale of his horse, buggy, and sleigh, Elder Burton realized nearly enough to take them to the General Conference,

and Brother Holmes J. Davison came to the rescue and completed the sum by buying all the remaining "dress cutting systems." He saw that there was one chance to more than double his money, and two chances to lose it all. I believe he had the benefit of the two chances, but he will get his reward all the same. Yes; there are rewards in store for all the Saints and many friends of Nova Scotia, for their liberal hospitality in giving the best of what they had, and making the missionaries welcome during their stay, and the work among them pleasant, notwithstanding the spirit of persecution. In the early days of the church the Lord said, "No weapon formed against this work shall prosper," and the statement was verified in the clerical leaders of that place; but I prefer not to talk of judgments.

Nor have I given space for any of the pleasant or amusing instances that are ever recurring in everyday life of even an itinerant minister. I might be pardoned for citing this one. It was in Rawdon. A man who had declared himself convinced of the truth of the restored gospel, as taught by Elder Burton, and that said he intended to be baptized, had for some reason unknown to anyone delayed for a week or two. His wife had also requested baptism as soon as her husband was ready. They both were converts from the Methodist persuasion, and it seems that he was afraid of the "much water," though he said nothing about it at the time. One day Elder Burton was at the brother's house. He and his son went into the cellar by way of a trapdoor through the floor, and getting an empty flour barrel, filled it two thirds full of potatoes and turnips. They pushed the barrel ahead of them, two or three steps upward, so that the chimes of the barrel were nearly level with the floor, then said:

"Brother Burton, will you give me a lift with this barrel?"

"I will," he said, and quickly laid his book aside and going to the cellarway stooped down and clinched the barrel by the

chimes, lifted it up, set it on the floor, and went back to his book. When the brother gained the floor his face was radiant with smiles. He was a man of small stature and thin flesh. He said:

“Do you know, Brother Burton, why I asked you to lift that barrel up?”

“I suppose because you wanted help.”

“No; that was not it. I could have brought the turnips up in the basket, as I always do, but I wanted to know how strong you were in the arms, and I find you are a strong man. Now I am ready to be baptized.”

The thought was so absurd that Elder Burton could not refrain from a merry peal of laughter. The wife, who had heard him, came into the room and simply said:

“Why, Alfred, is that all the faith you’ve got?” Her countenance expressed far more than her words.

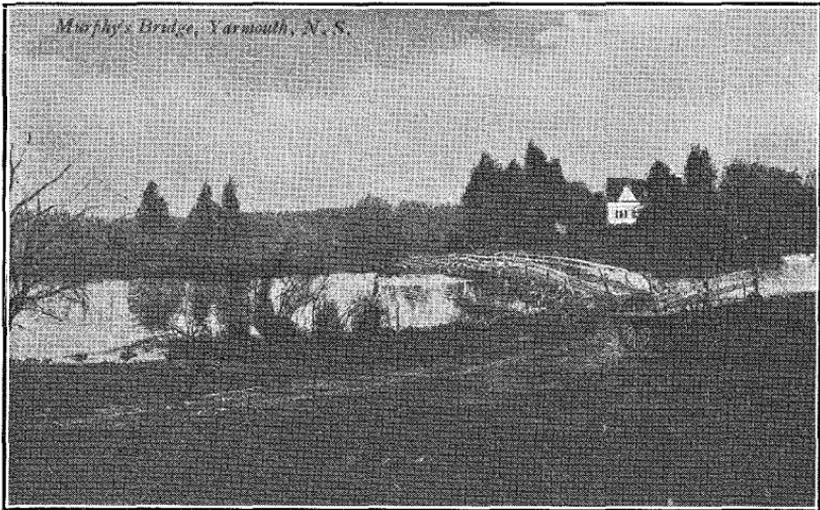
“Well,” he said, “I did not want to be drowned.”

Perhaps it is not needful to add that he was safely baptized the following Sunday. A few months afterward this same brother became ailing, not to say sick, and went to the doctor for some medicine, who gave him some with plain instructions how much to dilute each dose, saying that a teaspoonful of the unadulterated would kill a man. Upon reaching home he poured out a portion ready for use, and put it in a separate bottle, and put the bottle of unadulterated in the opposite corner of the same shelf. One day he sent one of his sons, though only a lad, to bring him a teaspoonful of his medicine. The boy did not know of the two bottles, and happening to see the one on the far end of the shelf, took his father a teaspoonful. In a very little while after the brother had swallowed the dose he began to feel very unpleasant sensations all through his body. As they increased he bethought him of the medicine, and upon inquiring of the boy, found that he had gotten it from the wrong bottle. He looked up at his wife with the

expression of a drowning man, and said, "I am a dead man."

"No; you are not. What church do you belong to?" said she. "Where is your faith? Did not the Lord say, 'If you drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt you'?"

He was standing in the kitchen; he started for the door, and by the time he got there he commenced to vomit, and was sure he had vomited it all up before he stopped, and was soon all right again.



Birthplace of Joseph F. Burton.

On March 25 Elder Burton and wife left Cornwallis for Digby, on their homeward journey, but would be several days yet in Nova Scotia, where he had preached in twenty-one different localities, and had made and baptized twenty-three converts. He also found a small Book of Mormon, one of the first edition, in his father's library, bearing the almost obliterated name of "Edward Perry, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia." From Digby they left their straight line of travel and took a run down to Yarmouth for a short good-bye visit with his brother James, and Sister Mary Stubbart, who had insisted on his coming once more. This he was pleased to do, for he wished

to see their faces once more, and also to take a farewell look at the romantic little spot of his birth. How beautiful it looked then! A mound of purity, white as a fleecy cloud, and glistening as with a sprinkling of diamonds. All Yarmouth wore the same beautiful white mantle from the heavy fall of snow two nights previous.

He, with his brother James, visited "Old Zion," as the church was called, where his father preached so many years, and the city of the dead where lay his mother and brother David, and some others of the family. He also visited some of the business men, who had been schoolboys with him, and renewed old acquaintances. Those who resented him at his first coming now received him cordially. But this pleasant visit was limited to three days; then they returned to Digby and took steamer for Saint Johns; thence to Boston, where they spent a most pleasant week with the Boston Branch.

After leaving Boston, they made a twenty-four-hour call in Elizabeth, New Jersey, at the home of Mrs. Burton's brother, M. H. Davison. Her father and mother were staying there also. When they got settled down for their long trip in the cars, they enjoyed many a long talk on mission work and missions, including that of Australia. They recalled what Elder Carmichael had said: "First Nova Scotia, then Australia." Said Elder Burton, "There has been no one sent to Australia yet; so perhaps we had better see if we can make up our minds to accept if we have the opportunity." She had been thinking of home, children, and rest.

(To be continued.)

#### ERRATA.

In the January installment of the foregoing article page 63 for *Daniel Freeman* read *David Freeman*; page 69 for *Shenacadie* read *Shubanacadie*; same page for *Sophia Cutler* read *Sophia Cutten*; same page for *Brown* read *Brum*; page 73 for *William Cutler* read *William Cutten*.

## BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 194.)

The Australian Mission was a very unwelcome interposition. It made her feel tired. She wished to put the subject too far to be considered; and her reply was to the effect that it was in no way likely that he would be appointed to that mission, since he was only an elder. Other arguments were, he would not like to go alone; she would not like for him to; they could not leave the children again and for so long; they could not take them, so it seemed quite out of the question. But notwithstanding the obstructions that appeared in the way of taking such a mission, the subject would not down. Still in their mental calculations they could not make any provisions for it, so concluded that it would not come to them. But it did, and the day the appointments were read, there was with Mrs. Burton a continuous tugging at the heartstrings; the pulling one way was to stay with the children and let the husband go alone; the other was to go with the husband and leave the children. The latter she could not think of, and the former was just as trying. It seemed sometimes as if her heart was being drawn asunder. How she dreaded to take away the joyousness of the home-coming by telling them of the appointment. But the Lord always makes a way to carry out his commands—and one of his great commands is, “Go ye into the world and preach the gospel.” In the working of his church is brought about the time and place of going and the ones who are to go.

There was a great difference in the feelings of Elder Burton and his wife in regard to the mission. He was the one sent, and being intent upon doing the Master’s will, did not claim any choice in the matter, only rejoiced that he was accounted worthy to be intrusted with this mission, and felt sure the Lord

would make provision for it. But the wife was not sent; it was left to their option, whether she would go or not, and the harassing thought with her was, What is my duty in the matter?

The children had gathered to the hometree, with their Aunt Libbie and Uncle Will Rockwell, and all had been busy for some weeks painting, papering, and putting the house in living order. So the homecoming was very joyous. But many days had not passed till the children saw that mother was in trouble. When she told the nature of it, the first exclamation was, "Oh, mother! You said you would not leave us again!"

"Neither will I," was the response, and yet she did not see

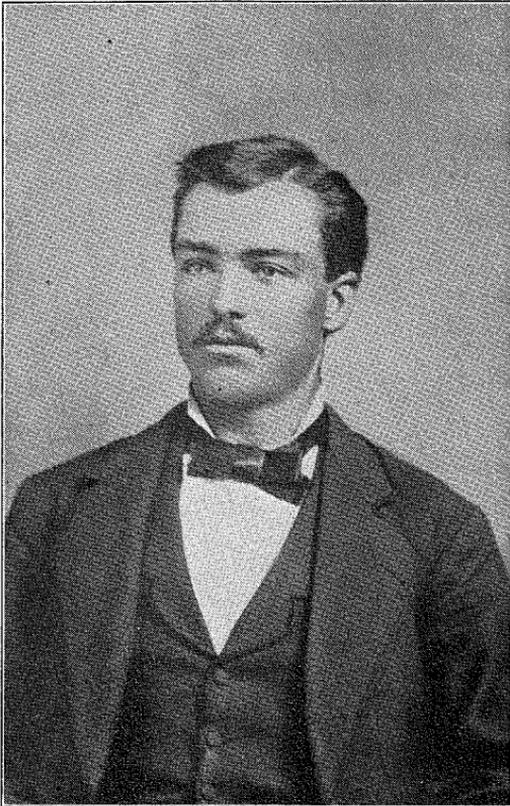


ADDIE BURTON.

her way clear for some time. Fortunately there were not sufficient funds in the treasury for an immediate journey, and during the five months of waiting, things worked themselves out. From the many plans that were suggested, and talked over, the result was, daughter Dora was claimed by Captain Howland's oldest son, Joseph, and married on the second day of October. Frank had a similar happiness in view and preferred to be homeless for a while, rather than leave his fiancée with whom he would soon make a home of his own. So the little home was sold to obtain money for daughter Addie's ticket to Australia. The brother who made the purchase made one payment and gave his notes for the balance, payable at three future dates. It was a great cross and sorrow to sell the home, and also to leave their son without a home to go to. It was only made possible by the knowledge that it was the only way open to them to fill the appointment and take the mission. Even with that knowledge, the wife could not give her consent to the sale until the Father had reasoned the matter with her in a night vision. The vision (though she was not sleeping) has been written in her autobiography, therefore will not be repeated here. It was a remarkable experience; one that she has ever regarded as the Gethsemene of her missionary life, for after that experience it was not hard for her to go anywhere that her husband was appointed.

During the waiting of those months, Elder Burton had visited all the Saints, and all the branches where he had hitherto preached; except those in San Benito County. All was in readiness a day or so before the bishop's agent in San Francisco notified them that the money was on hand. They had given up possession of the house and place and were staying at the hospitable home of Elder Peter M. Betts. The time had well nigh expired and they had about given up going that month. On the morning of the 18th of November, while the young people were delighting themselves with the thought that they would

have another month together, Mrs. Burton by a sudden impulse arose and went upstairs, and packed her big trunk. When the lid was pressed down and locked, she said: "There, that will not be opened again until it is opened in Australia." The



FRANK BURTON.

children said, "You will have your work for nothing; you will have to go to the bottom of your trunk two or three times before the month is out. The horses were harnessed to the double seated wagon and the children accompanied by a son and daughter of Brother and Sister Betts drove out to Santa Ana for the Eastern mail, for they were looking daily for a letter from Bishop Blakeslee. How radiantly happy their

faces were on their return without any eastern letter, only one from San Francisco. They were a merry group as they alighted, neither Elder Burton nor his wife, nor Elder Betts and his wife could wait till they came in the house, but met them first outside the door. Frank said, "No letter from the East. This is one from San Francisco, and to-morrow it will be too late to get to San Francisco before the boat starts for Australia. All stood still while his father opened the letter and read, "The money for your passage has arrived. Make all haste to get to San Francisco. The steamer will sail Sunday, 23d. Bishop's Agent Thomas J. Andrews." What a reaction! The shock was like that of a merrily sailing ship running against an iceberg. Every vestige of merriment instantly disappeared, as they filed slowly and wordlessly into the house, as if it had been a house of mourning.

A few minutes sufficed to gather up their shattered senses; then each one must work with a will to be ready to start before daylight next morning. What a blessed thing is work! While the mind is occupied to its fullest extent, the tears and the heartaches must be left at bay! When evening was come, and the preparations all completed, the time, thought most precious, hung heavily upon them. The sadness and gloom was too deep for conversation; the young people went to the organ to cheer themselves with some singing, but their voices failed.

There was very little sleeping done during the night, and while yet in the small hours the lights were relighted, and all were astir. Sister Betts and family were getting breakfast and putting up lunches.

On account of the shortage in funds, they were going to Los Angeles on the emigrant train.

The light of the morning was beginning to increase as the train pulled out of Santa Ana. How welcome the increasing

light was, to the hearts that were so full of sorrow at the thought of leaving dear ones for such a length of time.

Australia was a long way off in those days, and all seemed to be uncertainty as to their ever meeting again. Daughter Dora had gone to her new home in Green Meadows, and on account of the suddenness of our departure, and the changing of train time that very morning, they failed to see her, which was an additional sorrow especially to her sister Addie and



DORA BURTON.

to both mother and daughter that ride to San Francisco was sad and gloomy, as though the sunshine had all gone out of

their lives. But after their arrival in San Francisco, and mingling with Saints and friends, the cloud lifted.

On account of the nonarrival of the English mail the steamer did not start till Monday, which gave opportunity for a pleasant visit in San Francisco. On Monday at 2 p. m., November 24, 1884, all were on board the steamer *Australia* as she swung away from the wharf and moved quietly down the harbor. A large company of Saints stood waving their good-bye. It was with peculiar feelings that those three watched their native land recede from view. A foreign mission was to them an experience altogether new. But one soon learned that there are kind hearts everywhere and life is about the same wherever one may be. Above all, the same God and Father to hear and answer prayer the world over. There are no foreign lands to him.

The first few days out were very pleasant, then there was one day of heavy storm, and very high sea. The storm abated but the sea continued heavy until they reached Honolulu. Though their stay at that pretty little place was but a few short hours, it was an agreeable change. The sights that greeted the eye were all so new and strange, and with all so delightful, one's spirits mounted to the highest round of the ladder. The scenery as well as the dress of the natives was so fairy-like, and just at the dawn of day made one feel as if it were a pleasant dream.

The next two weeks were as smooth and pleasant as a voyage could be, in which all sorts of sea games were indulged in by the officers and passengers, a number of about two hundred, all counted. Among these games was an egg race, and for the sake of the sequel that will appear later I will give the particulars of one instance. The missionary's wife, about forty years of age and one hundred and fifty pounds in weight, was chosen to run with a slight young girl about sixteen years old. Each had a hard-boiled egg in a tablespoon to be held at arm's

length ahead of them as they ran. The one who reached the stretched line across the deck, without dropping the egg was the winner, but to drop the egg spoiled the game. The missionary's wife noticed that the egg held by the girl was slightly battered all over while that given to her was probably freshly boiled and of course ready to roll at the first cant of the spoon. She said nothing. Their arms were placed in position, and they started for the goal; they kept abreast for a few seconds, then the missionary's wife gradually pulled ahead and by the time two thirds of the distance was covered she was full three steps ahead, and both parties were being cheered by the officers, when down went the rolling egg and immediately the holder of it stopped, but the younger party put her finger over the egg to hold it in its place, and finished the race. Upon encountering the stewardess a few minutes later, but while yet all aglow from the race, Mrs. Burton remarked, "If that egg had only stayed a little while longer I would not have lost the race." Her answer was, "You lost it gloriously; it was far more creditable than an unfair winning."

Besides these entertainments there was occasionally an evening concert or dance. On Sundays, the captain and doctor read the Episcopal services from the prayer book, since there was no clergyman on board. Sunday afternoons there was a general muster and review of officers. Then came a short stop at Auckland. After leaving that port, the weather was rough and cold for a few days and the passengers took to their rooms, and made themselves as comfortable as they could. Those who were not seasick either read or slept, and so the time passed until the morning of December 20, when Sydney Heads loomed up to view. Sailing up the beautiful harbor of Sydney was exciting. The day was simply glorious, being mid-summer in Australia. Steam launches, sailboats, and rowboats with men, women and children dressed in holiday attire and carrying white parasols came down the harbor to meet

the steamer and wave their greetings to loved ones on board. How cheering it was! Did not seem like a strange land at all. The people looked just as other people looked, and the missionaries partook of the gladness of the hour, yet the gladness gradually faded away when one group after another of the passengers were met by their friends and left the ship. There were none in all those happy crowds to speak to the missionaries. Elder Burton had gone on shore to find some of our people if he could. The chief engineer, at whose table the Burtons sat and who showed them every respect (this officer is similar to the captain in his capacity), was the last officer to leave the ship. He apologized for doing so, but he had waited long and hoped their friends would soon come. As he left the ship the wife and daughter sat alone on the deck that had so recently been filled with merry passengers. They felt all the loneliness of being in a foreign land. Of course some of the lesser officers, waiters, and stewardess were on board, but these were the only witnesses of their forlorn situation. The cause of this was that the steamer had arrived three hours before schedule time, and those living far out of sight of the harbor had not heard of her arrival. Presently Brother Morris came on board—not at that time a brother but a friend with the Saints, and the first one Brother Burton baptized in Australia. He went in search of Elder Burton while the wife and daughter were escorted by Sister Ellis to her home.

The following day Elder Burton and wife, accompanied by Sister Ellis, set out to search for a house, or rooms to rent. Brother Ellis had no spare rooms and they were the only Saints in Sydney. They found some at Glebe Point over a plumber's store, and not too far away from Brother and Sister Ellis. The place was haunted with rats and the floors needed some fixing. In two days the holidays would commence, so two or three hands were set to work and by the afternoon of the 24th of December—just one month from the day they left

San Francisco—they were in and felt so happy to have a place they could call home. They spent a pleasant evening going from shop to shop, gathering in supplies to last over the holidays. How cheery the house looked upon their return, for both rooms were partially lighted from the big street lamp that stood just opposite. Their supplies were not at all Christmas-like but they enjoyed them with a keen relish because of the situation,—to get up in the morning and get their own breakfast, and sit down to it all by their cozy selves, was a delightful change from the months, aye years, of being constantly in the presence of others. Here they spent a happy week, after which Elder Burton left his little home, and took steamer for Newcastle and Wallsend. We will leave the wife and daughter to enjoy their happiness or lonesomeness, as they found it to be, and follow the missionary in his travels. He arrived in Newcastle January 1, 1885, and went to see Sister Webster. She was the one Saint in Newcastle, lived alone, and was well on in years, but staunch in the faith. Her house had been a haven for all missionaries. A few hours of pleasant converse with her, then on to Hamilton and called on old Brother Williams. Thence to Waratah and met Brother and Sister Morietta, got to Wallsend by night and put up at Brother Gregory's. Next day visited Brothers Lewis, Haworth, and Ead. The next day he with Brother Haworth went to the town, and got a hall for preaching, and put up notices. Next day being Sunday he held meetings in the morning at Brother Gregory's, in the afternoon at Brother Haworth's, and preached in the hall in the evening. His visit in that vicinity was brief. He simply wished to meet the Saints, learn the state of the mission that far, and see where it was most favorable for the work, to locate.

It was thought at first by Brother Ellis that Wallsend was, but now they were in a measure settled, and Mrs. Burton had opened a sewing room, so they all agreed that he had better remain for a while and see what could be done in the city

towards reviving the Saints, who were few and scattered, but were pleased to see a missionary. He held a few meetings across the bay, where there were three members, and preached Sunday afternoons outdoors on the "Domain," where several others held forth at the same hour, and where crowds of all classes of people are continuously surging to and fro during Sunday afternoon. Whichever speaker they liked best they stopped longest to listen to. He usually held a pretty good crowd. One day they were agreeably surprised by seeing Brother E. J. Haworth coming up to the front with little Walter by his side. On February 17 he baptized John Morris, the young man who met us at the steamer and who was soon to be married to Brother Ellis's daughter.

On February 26 the two brethren, Ellis and Burton, went on a second visit to Wallsend and vicinity. And by holding meetings in the Saints' houses and visiting and talking with them, brought about a greater degree of unity among them. They had sacrament on Sunday evening at Brother Haworth's and preached in the hall in town in the evening, having good liberty and a good congregation.

They were back to Sydney again by the time the steamer *Australia*—the one the missionaries went out in—had arrived in Sydney on her trip from America. The Burtons being so hungry to see some one from their native land, or some familiar face, concluded to go down to the boat, as many others did. They would at least see the chief engineer and the stewardess. And those were all they did see of persons that they knew. The captain had gone ashore, the engineer's wife was with him. He seemed equally as pleased to meet them as they were to meet him, and jokingly commended Mrs. Burton on her Australian appearance and attire. When they were leaving Mrs. Burton invited them to call, giving her address, and added, "We are not nice, but comfortable." Whereupon he said, "You might have been nice, if I could have found you.

My wife was going with me and I advertised for you in two papers, wanted you to come and go right into the house and live and take care of what was there."

She thanked him for his kindness and the confidence he manifested, saying she would scarcely expect so much from a stranger (for they had plenty of this world's goods). He replied: "I would not have had the slightest hesitation to have entrusted all with you." Such was the outcome of and sequel to the egg race. Honesty is always the best policy.

The writer fails to find any report of labor left on record from the time of Elder Burton's return to Sydney with Brother Ellis in the latter part of February until the 10th of April. But she has knowledge of his preaching several times in the "Domain" in Sydney, on Sunday afternoons, as he had also done before going to Newcastle and Wallsend—and in the Odd Fellows Hall in the evenings, and also of visiting and holding meetings at times across the bay, at North Shore, where a few Saints lived.

On the 10th of April Elder Burton went again to the Saints of Newcastle, Hamilton, and Wallsend, and between April 11 and 19 he held nine meetings, one in the Mechanics Institute, where he preached many times afterwards. Then the record is silent again and the writer will give events from memory without furnishing exact dates. Elder Burton had been away some two weeks, when by urgent request of the Wallsend Saints, he wrote to his wife and daughter to come to Newcastle on the Friday night boat. This was glad news, for it had been a very lonely and distressing two weeks to the ones left in Sydney. The "war scare" was getting wrought up to the very highest pitch, and the city authorities were making rapid preparations for defense. The wife and daughter were trembling in fear lest they should hear that the harbors were barred in by the lines of torpedoes, as was much talked of and daily expected. Therefore it was with a deep sense of

gratitude that they shut up their rooms, and in company with Brother Morris boarded the steamer at 11 p. m. for Newcastle. Arrived at 4 a. m., thence to Wallsend by stage and bus, and were met by Elder Burton, and conducted to the house of Brother E. J. Haworth. How different the world seemed then! No trouble in it. On the Sunday following there were several of the Saints' children baptized by the branch president, Brother Haworth. Among them was his son, Walter. Feeling that three were too many visitors, Sister Haworth by their request kindly permitted them to do light housekeeping in a part of her house, and cook on her stove. She was one of those sisters who was never perplexed by any amount of intruding. They all were most kind, and every few days there would come a basket of food, ready prepared, from the different families of Saints. May the good Father not forget it in the day of reckoning. When the national excitement between England and Russia had subsided somewhat, Elder Burton returned to Sydney and brought their trunks and household utensils, while Mrs. Burton and daughter sought out a house to rent, and engaged it. When all was fixed, they went to dressmaking in good earnest, while Elder Burton traveled and preached from Nambucca on one hand to Victoria on the other.

Between the last that was recorded by him and July 30, when the record commences again, I find the following:

July 1, 1885, Wallsend, New South Wales, Australia. Hearken to the voice of thy God and as thou hast thought that thy words have not been heard but by a few, and that they were lost, know thou this—many have heard thy voice and the seed of truth has been sown in many hearts, and sealed and nourished by my Spirit, and will bring forth fruit unto my glory by my son Immanuel. As the stars, moon, and then the sun lightens the darkened earth, so shall thy days be. Thy voice shall increase, and thou hast been very hungry after knowledge in righteousness, so shalt thou be filled with light, for my Spirit shall be with thee and lead thee on to know the things of the kingdom, until thou shalt emerge from starlight into the brightness of my glory. Live nearer the word of wisdom, if thou would have this blessing. Thou needest not fear, for thy name is known, and is recorded in the council of heaven, and

soon thou shalt hear from me by my servant, and then thou shalt know thy position which shall not be less, and thou shalt stand with the high priesthood in Zion. Thy days shall not be lessened nor fail. Therefore fear not, but be faithful in lifting up thy voice fearlessly in proclaiming truth, and I will be with thee, for I am thine, and thou art mine.

The first two persons baptized by Elder Burton in Wallsend on June 28, 1885 were Brother George Lewis, who is now Bishop Lewis of Australia, and his sister, Abigail.



BISHOP GEORGE LEWIS.

On July 30 Elder Burton started on a trip up the coast to Nambucca. He went by water as far as MacKey Heads, and on foot from there to Nambucca Heads, where he was met by

Brother William Ballard on horseback, with another horse for him to ride to Argent's Hill, where he found a good home at the house of Brother and Sister Argent. He spent over a month in that vicinity, preaching and building up the Saints. He baptized five, and returned by land, visiting all the places where Brother Glaud Rodger had traveled and labored, and arrived at Brother John Wright's at Forester in September. After a brief visit with Brother and Sister Wright, he again returned to Wallsend by way of Newcastle. On Thursday, October 1, 1885, Elder Burton left Newcastle again for Queensferry, Victoria, arrived at Brother McIntosh's October 6.

I fail to find any more ministerial notes for Australia, except an item here and there, the number of meetings attended, sermons preached, baptisms, ordinations, etc., and regret to say that from this on I shall only have a few letters written to the *Herald* and memory to guide me.

Elder Burton had been in the vicinity of Queensferry and Hastings but a few days until he saw that those places were more ripe for the gospel than in New South Wales, and proposed to remain there for a season. The Saints at the Ferry, among whom were two grown-up daughters of Brother Stewart's, insisted that he should send for his wife and daughter to come and visit them, a proposition that he readily agreed to. So they stored their household furniture in Brother Ammon Lewis's house and went to Victoria by steamer, arrived in Melbourne on the 15th day of November, 1885. Were met there by Brother Burton, who had rooms engaged in the Coffee Palace. The next day being their twenty-fifth anniversary, they concluded to spend it in Melbourne. A most happy event it was.

As the memory of that most pleasant day in Melbourne rises to view, the writing ceases for the time, and the writer holds up her left hand and gazes with tearful eyes on a once pretty keeper ring that was placed on her finger on that day more

than a quarter of a century ago, by the loving hand that now has for nearly two years been still in death. The gold band that she in turn placed on his finger on the same day was buried with him.

From Melbourne they went direct to Hastings, and were most cordially received by Brother Jones and his good wife (who was then a Catholic, but later on was baptized by Elder Burton). Brother Jones, like the good men of Galilee, was a fisherman, and in a day or two he took the Burtons to Queensferry in his big boat. From Queensferry Elder Burton wrote Brother Blair under date of November 25:

I arrived here last October 6, from New South Wales, and commenced meetings with the brethren of this place and at the Mills, four miles distant. I also accompanied Brother McIntosh in his boat eighteen miles to Tooradin twice; preaching twice each visit, but failed to interest the people sufficiently to warrant another visit until they get more hungry than they are now. From there I went to Hastings, and there found quite an interest already existing, for Brother Evan Jones lives there—the only Latter Day Saint in the place—and by his wise instruction, upright deportment, and Christian life, has created a favorable impression on the minds of the people of the village, and prepared some for obedience to the gospel, so that all I needed to do was to confirm his teachings. I found one ready for baptism upon my arrival—a Mr. McGeek. After a few discourses and visiting with Brother Jones, five others wished to follow Christ in baptism. Sunday last we had excellent meetings; preaching in the morning and baptism and confirmation in the afternoon: and preaching in the evening. For the last six months I have been especially blessed in my mission work by the presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

The Saints in America have been praying for us, and our God has heard them. There is great power in true prayer.

In our confirmation meeting last Sunday we enjoyed an excellent spirit; the room seemed to be filled with the Holy Spirit. All present felt happy, and in different degrees received of the divine Spirit. In the evening, preaching on the restoration, I felt exceedingly happy; and as the evidences accumulated in the discourse my heart burned within me, and as thought flowed as fast as utterance could be given it, the truth of the restoration, and also of the word of God was confirmed by the Spirit with such an assurance that there seemed to be no place for doubt. My whole soul was filled. How happy—how full of love to God and Christ as my Redeemer; how anxious for sinners to see the beauties in Christ's life and ways: and that they should obey him, and enter the kingdom: how I wanted the power of the hosts of heaven to beseech men to turn

to God: and loving Christ, keep his commandments, that they might receive the blessed gifts of the gospel here, and life eternal in the world to come.

If professing Christians would only know how far below the privileges of Saints they are living, I think they would gladly rejoice in the great restoration of the gospel so plainly foretold by Christ, and the apostles and the prophets of old. But how shall they know? Patience, brethren; the light that dawned on the world in 1830, is permeating all classes of society in all Christendom. A mighty shaking is taking place; there will be a sifting time. Then all who are in Christ will be gathered in one, both in heaven, and on earth. We better remain in him. . . .

One of those baptized on Sunday was Brother Jones's son Evan. A fine young man who will be a help to the work here. All the others were married persons. I am glad to say that the work is prospering in Australia; slowly but we hope surely.

According to promise, Elder Burton returned to Hastings, his wife accompanied, daughter remained at Queensferry. Sister Jones made room in her large family to accommodate them, and they were kindly received. The writer regrets that she has no items of that interesting stay of three weeks. But this she knows, that until the branch was organized Elder Burton retired daily to a wooded piece of ground, not far away, for prayers and communion with God, and his wife retired to her room at the same hour for prayer also, each praying that God would bless their labors to the establishing of the work in that place, and to the bringing in of many souls. Indeed the word and work were blessed. The word was preached in power and many good meetings were enjoyed, also long gospel talks.

January 21, 1886, Elder Burton reported the organization of the Hastings Branch some few weeks previous. He hoped also to be able to organize the Queensferry Branch.

Sister Burton, writing from Queensferry same date said:

We have been refreshed and blessed with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Hastings. Truly the power of God accompanied the preaching of the word. . . . The first Sunday in January, the Hastings Branch was organized, consisting of eleven members. Brother Evan Jones, whom Brother Gillen baptized and ordained, was chosen presiding elder, and Brother Wooley was ordained priest, and Brother McGurbe ordained teacher. . . . At the sacrament meeting there were three confirmed, nine children blessed, and two administered to. Then was prayer, testimony,

tongues, interpretation, and prophecy. Those present (though not of us) were deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, while the Saints rejoiced with a joy they could not express. Now the good work is started in Somerville, a settlement about seven miles distant from Hastings and at the "Bass," also about five miles from Queensferry. The Saints at the Ferry are renewing interest in the work. All seem to be interested, and the work is moving on in Victoria, as fast as could be expected with only one missionary.

Sister Burton writes again from the same place under date of February 2, 1886, of which we give but an extract:

We were made to rejoice last Sunday during the reorganization of the Queensferry Branch. This branch had not been in working order for a long time. After all the difficulties had been settled and the officers appointed, Elder Burton assisted by Brothers Reed, McIntosh, and Stewart, was ordaining Robert Eden as a branch priest, when the Spirit was poured out in a marvelous manner and he (Elder Burton) received what he termed the baptism of fire. Those present bore witness that his face shone while he spoke in tongues, and gave the interpretation, also prophesied, and seemed as though he could not cease. The Spirit filled the whole house and was felt by all present.

The work here in Victoria is all alive; that is, the four places where Elder Burton had been laboring. The little branch at Hastings that was built up since our arrival less than three months ago . . . is rejoicing in the gifts and blessings of the gospel. Not tongues and prophecy only, but light, knowledge, faith, love, and healing. To God be all the glory.

I again copy from the "History of the Church in Australia." In his report to the General Conference of 1886 Elder Burton wrote:

Since my last report I have labored in the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria, the greatest distance between the places visited being about eight hundred miles. All the branches organized by my predecessors in the mission have been revived, and are now in fair working order, except the Bungwahl Branch . . . and Sydney Branch. There has been one new branch organized—the Hastings Branch. I have held over two hundred services, some of them being prayer and testimony meetings and others preaching meetings, either on the streets, in private houses, or public halls, as circumstances would permit. There have been thirty-two persons baptized, some by the elders and some nineteen by myself. I have also ordained four priests, one teacher, and attended to the ordinance of confirmation, blessing children, and administering to the sick.

I also held a discussion two evenings with a Christadelphian. [This discussion was held at Sumpton, near Wallsend, where laurels were won for the cause of truth. His opponent had so little to say in his closing speech, he only occupied about half his time.] . . .

It is gratifying to me to be able to report to you that God has confirmed his word by tokens following the believer here as elsewhere, and I have been blessed by the divine Spirit in all my ministerial duties more than ever before. . . .

The Burtons returned to New South Wales in April of 1886. They took up their abode in the house of Brother Ammon Lewis, of Wallsend.

Toward the latter part of May, 1886, Elder Burton, writing to the *Herald*, says:

You will see that I am back from Victoria. While there I was much blessed of the Master in all ways needed. Generally I had excellent liberty in presenting to the people the truths of the gospel. Many are investigating our faith. Thirty-six have united with the church, and others are near the kingdom. . . .

The ministry are capable and able, and if they are faithful, will keep the Saints together, edifying them and also adding to their number. There are some excellent Saints there and some young men who may be a great help to the work in Australia. [This impression has been verified in J. H. N. Jones, and others.] . . . I am engaging the "Hall of Science"—a Freethinker's Hall—in Newcastle for a week's service.

These meetings in the Hall of Science were commenced on May 27 and held five evenings in succession, but the day previous, i. e., May 30, the Hamilton Branch was organized in Brother Broadway's house. Henry Broadway was ordained elder and chosen to preside. Brother Dickenson ordained priest, and J. Purvis ordained teacher. Altogether nine members. Two of those members were baptized by Elder Burton. The others, one of Newcastle and the rest of Hamilton, had been numbered with the Wallsend Branch.

Between May 4 and July 11, Elder Burton held twelve meetings in Hamilton, four preaching services, and eight prayer and testimony meetings, and at Wallsend between those dates had preached on the street six times and together with the branch officers held nineteen prayer and testimony meetings.

On July 11, he wrote from Wallsend again:

There is quite an interest in this region at present. Many are investigating, and I can hardly suppose that all the seed sown should have fallen

on thin soil, or rocky ground. We had the best meeting last Sunday in this branch that we have had since I came here. Last Friday I had the pleasure of baptizing a Utah elder—a fine young man—Brother William Clark. He has been investigating our position ever since I came here. We had an excellent meeting at the confirmation, in which he was ordained an elder by voice of the branch, to which I also gladly acceded, and the Spirit bore witness.

In a few days after the above writing, Elder Burton, accompanied by his wife and daughter, took passage on a small schooner from Newcastle to Forester. What a trip that was! A high sea and no wind, the little craft rolled and tumbled in the most distressing manner possible. They all three were too seasick to lift their heads; it was the first experience of the kind to Brother Burton, who had followed the sea for twenty-six years. There were no mattresses to lie on, only the hard boards, and the aching of the bones was greater misery than the seasickness. On the third day out they reached the bar in front of Forester harbor. The long rollers were breaking merrily over the bar, but not so high as those in front of San Francisco—a little tug came out to tow the schooner in. Just as they crossed the bar, over which they had bobbed about like egg shells, Brother Wright ran up alongside with his big steam tug and picked the missionaries off, and was at his own landing in double quick time. And ah, what a change from that dreadful place with its foul odors, to the clean, cool, restful house, with its kindhearted inmates, and the soft, balmy air, breathing purity everywhere. Mrs. Burton expressed herself as feeling as though she had just got to heaven. Greater kindness or more liberal hospitality could not be shown by anybody than was by those two kindhearted Saints and their family.

Elder Burton commenced preaching in the schoolhouse right in the little milling village on July 21. His first text was, "Behold the Lamb of God!" By August 10 he had preached fifteen sermons, had baptized and confirmed fifteen on the eighteenth, and on the twentieth the branch was organized. Brother John Wright was chosen as presiding elder. Brothers

Mills, Seaberry, and Taylor were ordained priest, teacher, and deacon respectively; services were continued and also baptisms. Writing from Forester, August 30, Elder Burton said:

I have been here six weeks holding services, and visiting with the people, and in company with John Wright visited Brother McLaughlin at Wingham, thirty miles from here, where Brother Glaud Rodger had the contest with the church of England clergyman, and afterward I, with Brother Sidney Wright, went to Laurieton to see Brother J. Rodger and the Saints there, held a few meetings there and returned to this place and learned that while away some of the clergy had been trying to keep some of the people from the delusion—as they thought. I met one of them for five minutes and he was called away, a boat was waiting for him. I have baptized twenty-eight persons since I came here six weeks ago, and organized them into a branch called the Forester Branch. And so, of course, the Adversary, and all who choose to be his servants, are not idle. Some timid ones who thought to obey are waiting to see how it will all turn out, for to them strange stories of wrongdoing have been told. I have generally very good liberty here in explaining the word, and sometimes as the Spirit presents those truths so plainly before me, I become enraptured of them myself, and feel exceedingly happy, as in the demonstration of the Spirit of God. His word flows forth like a river, deep, placid, fervent and sure; what a knowledge accompanies such a demonstration of God's goodness, when the Holy Spirit presents to our mental views the beauties and grandeur of the heavenly kingdom; it carries such a weight of knowledge that can not be erased, I think never. . . .

After writing the above, a Mr. Phillips, a Church of England minister, came in the neighborhood and just at dark sent me word that he wanted to meet me before the public, to give a reason why some of his church members had left him to join me. We met at 7.30, and I did what I could to defend the proposition, "The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is the true church of Christ in organization, faith, and doctrine." Bible as evidence.

We were to use fifteen minutes each, but he seldom used his time, as he wished to hear. We continued from 7.30 to 10.45. After my second speech in affirming the organization and first principles, he, on rising, admitted what I had said, and turned the question on "the necessity of immersion as baptism." We had a "prayer book" along, and when showing from it that "dip" was the mode, we used it especially after he admitted that Christ, and the eunuch, went into the water. Then by adding their "dip" we clinched the argument. None of our folks were injured in the discussion.

The following report of the discussion occurred in the *Manning River Times* for September 4, 1886:

Theological Discussion at North Forester.—A public discussion took

place on Monday night between the Reverend R. H. Phillips of Taree, and Mr. Joseph F. Burton a traveling missionary of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in California. The subject was, "That the Church of Latter Day Saints was the true Church of Christ in organization, faith, and doctrine"; and the common version of the Bible was taken as the standard of evidence. Each speaker was allowed 15 minutes and the debate lasted from 7.30 till 10.45 p. m., a crowded audience being present. Mr. Dunn occupied the chair. Mr. Burton has been in the colonies about two years, and was through the district about a year ago. He is now on his way to Nambucca where a church has been formed. At Forester he immersed twenty-four persons both sexes in the river, and organized a branch containing thirty members. Since his arrival in the colonies he has baptized about one hundred persons. His wife and daughter accompanied him on his tour. The church represented by Mr. Burton is entirely opposed to Mormonism, and takes the Bible as its standard of faith, but believes the Book of Mormon to be what it is represented to be. . . .

(To be continued.)

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"We struggle through life, with its sorrows and cares,  
 Before us its struggles, around us its snares,  
 And often the heart would adrift cast its load,  
 And leave it for ever alongside the road;  
 Though many the shadows that meet o'er the way  
 Across it falls often a hope-giving ray,  
 And the clouds disappear which so dark o'er us bend  
 At the magical touch of the hand of a friend.

"It lightens our cares and it strengthens the weak,  
 The hue of the rose it brings back to the cheek,  
 The chords of the soul that were silent so long  
 It strikes with the notes of a wonderful song;  
 The grasp of a hand that is honest and true  
 Refreshes the mind like the orient dew,  
 And it seems like the blessings of cycles descend  
 When we feel the soft touch of the hand of a friend."

## BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 350.)

The Burtons arrived at Nambucca at about noon of the third day after leaving Forester. It was an initiation trip of varied thrilling experiences in modes of travel.

At Nambucca they were met by four Saints, Sisters Ballard and Scrivner, also two young men, sons of Sister Ballard, who rode the eighteen miles on horseback to meet them. One of the sons led an extra horse for Elder Burton to ride on, and young Brother Argent had a double-seated wagon for the visiting sisters, who found that their thrilling experience was not yet at an end. The way to Argent Hills was mostly a graded road, over a succession of long, steep hills, and having no brake to the wagon, the weight of it compelled the horses to go down hill on the round run, dashing around sharp curves in the road that almost threw them out of the wagon. But all arrived in safety and found an open-armed welcome from all.

Their home was with Brother and Sister Argent and family; but the time was liberally shared with the Ballard family. From those places they visited all the Saints. It was a most pleasant stay of nearly three months. The Saints were revived and strengthened in their faith and good works, all the hubbly places in the branch were made smooth, eight very promising young people, some of each sex, were baptized, and two heads of families. The Saints were encouraged and helped to make a start for building a church of their own. Up to that time meetings were held in the dwelling houses of the Saints, the nearest of which was two miles distant, and the farthest Sister McKay's, was four miles, but no one of the locality thought of hitching up a horse for such a short distance, so more than

once in the summer season Elder Burton walked the four miles, stood and preached and walked back, and once without even stopping for dinner. During that stay at Argent Hills, Elder Burton had a newspaper discussion with one of the clergymen.

In that place also the word was confirmed by signs following, the power of God was made manifest through the elder and his wife. Besides those instant healings that took place, there was another token that the Lord was working with, or for, both the elder and his people, and since it was rather out of the ordinary, I will give it place.

When the missionaries were preparing to start on their return trip, there was some talk as to conveyances. They must need go two days in wagon before they could take the stage. The wife and daughter were to go in the same conveyance and with the same driver that brought them from Nambucca, but with their valises there would not be room for Elder Burton, and the distance was too much for him to ride on horseback. So Brother George Ballard proposed to take him in a two-wheeled gig. It was the season of the year when the corn was young and tender, and the weeds grew apace. The late, rainy day or so had given them such a start that when Brother Argent looked at his field the weeds had gained the day, he concluded that he must plow it all up and plant over again. So when George Ballard's father heard that he proposed to go with Elder Burton he said, "George, it will not be wise for you to leave your corn just at this time; your corn will be overgrown with weeds before you get back."

George's reply was, "I have no one to care for but myself, and I shall go with Elder Burton, if I lose my crop for the year. I will have plenty of opportunities to raise corn, but I never expect to have the opportunity of having a two-day talk with

Brother Burton. Besides, I wish to render them all the assistance I can till they are safely on the stage."

Brother George was a single man, about twenty-three years of age, and a good Latter Day Saint. It was a beautiful morning when they drove out from Brother Argent's yard. The parting had been tearful, and there were sad hearts left behind. The missionary women felt a greater degree of security in going over those hills because Brother George was along instead of a small boy, for then neither driver would have been acquainted with the road, or the places of stopping. All went well with them, and when bidding good-bye to join the stage, Brother George put a one-pound note in Mrs. Burton's hand. She quickly passed it back to him, saying:

"No, Brother George, I can not take this, for you will need it to hire help to clean out that corn field when you get back. He refused to take it back. Then she thanked him and said fervently:

*"May the Lord reward you fourfold and more."*

The next morning after his arrival home, he went to look after his corn field. None of the family had been to see it. In writing to Elder Burton he said: "I expected to see nothing but weeds. Imagine then my surprise after I got where I could look down into the valley and saw a fine stand of corn and not a weed among it. The caterpillars had taken all the weeds and left the corn." He recognized the hand of the Lord in the preservation of his crop, and there poured out his soul in thanksgiving. He added: "Yes; tell Sister Burton that four times the value of that done for you would not have paid for the work done by the caterpillars, and I do not think they have harmed a stalk of corn."

On December 23, 1886, Elder Burton wrote from North Forester as follows:

We got back here about the first of the month, leaving the branch at Nambucca in excellent condition spiritually, and with an addition of ten

to their membership, added during our stay among them. . . . Shortly after our arrival there, I baptized eight more and the following week went to the Manning to see what we could do. We were all the week there before we could get a meeting. About twelve or fourteen present; three of them ministers. After I had preached they fired questions at me for a time, trying to cover the main issues, Inspired Translation, Book of Mormon, polygamy, etc. I wanted the leading one to meet me on the stand, to a comparison of faith and doctrine.

No; he would not. I found no difficulty whatever in answering their catch questions, and next evening I had a good houseful, and excellent liberty on restoration.

More questions, without the least difficulty in answering them. The next day, in talking to some of the leading men of the town, Taree, they stated that I had answered fairly all the questions they would give me time to, and that they were satisfied that I was not a polygamist, and knew what I did believe, which was more than they could say for the others.

In the same letter Elder Burton speaks of a clergyman coming to North Forester and challenging him for a debate on the Book of Mormon, which challenge was accepted, and arrangements made; but after an hour or two of talk on the faith of the Latter Day Saints, he backed down. Elder Burton then offered to meet him on any, or all the principles of faith he represented, but to no avail. There were some in the village of North Forester, who had attended the meetings, who could not themselves successfully controvert what they heard, but thought perhaps their minister could, and since the one who had come would not debate, they sent for another to come and lecture on baptism; sprinkling versus immersion. Elder Burton was present, took notes, and replied in the same place the next evening, of which he writes: "No harm was done by the lecture to correct the mode of baptism." At the close of the letter he said: "A grand land this for about fifty or more elders: it would then be to the Reorganization what England was to the former church." The union Sunday school that existed in North Forester was remodeled shortly after the branch was organized to a union Sunday school indeed, and became the most interesting Sunday school in the mission.

The dawning of the year 1887 found the missionaries still in Forester, where they remained until the nineteenth. Preached in North Forester on January 2, and at a place called Failpood on the fourth and fifth. Back to Forester, again and preached twice on the ninth. On the sixteenth confirmation and sacrament meeting, in which Sister Burton spoke in tongues, and before twenty-four hours had passed they again repaired to the waters for baptism. At seven-thirty of the seventeenth there was confirmation again and blessing children, in which meeting Elder Burton spoke in tongues. The eighteenth at seven-thirty he replied to W. Thomas, "An explanation on tongues."

January 21, 1887, arrived in Newcastle from Forester, having been away from Newcastle since July 18. He had baptized fifty persons during this time, confirmed them, and blessed about forty children, preaching, discussing, etc.

January 23 finds him holding meetings again in Wallsend and Hamilton branches where he continued until March 6, holding twelve meetings at Wallsend, four of which were in the Mechanic's Institute, and two on the street, and the rest at Brother Broadway's. Elder Burton, with his wife and daughter, then returned to the colony of Victoria. It was evidently during the month of February, while at Wallsend, that he wrote his report to the General Conference for 1887, which gave the sum total of his work during the previous conference year. I quote from the "History of the church in Australia."

He says, "The work on this continent is progressing as well as can be expected under the circumstances. There has been, since last report, an increase in membership of seventy-nine. Seven of these had been baptized by the local ministry. I have confirmed the greater part of them, blessed upwards of thirty children, administered to several persons for various afflictions, and nearly always the Lord has bestowed the blessing asked for, sometimes markedly. There have been two branches organized, Hamilton and Forester; three elders, five priests, one teacher, and one deacon ordained. Some of the old branches are suffering from the evil doing of some of the members, and it seems difficult to either

discipline or convert them. But generally the branches are in excellent order. Diligent and faithful officers and Saints are having a marked influence on their neighbors. The New Forester Branch includes, with one exception, all the Protestants in the community (and one Catholic). This is largely due to the wise instruction and upright life of Elder John Wright and companion. The local ministry in the branches are doing excellent work, and some of them are holding services outside their villages every Sunday. When sending last report I was in the colony of Victoria, and since last May have labored in this colony (New South Wales) and expect to go to Victoria again in a few weeks. The view of the future for the work in this land is brighter and better than it has been since my arrival here.

In pursuance of his above-mentioned intention of going to Victoria, Elder Burton with his wife and daughter left Newcastle, March 21, 1887, and arrived in Melbourne April 4, and in Hastings April 5. This time they rented a cottage in the village of Hastings and went to housekeeping. It was a home, cozy and comfortable, where the brethren could gather and talk with the missionary as long as they pleased, which sometimes reached away into the small hours of the night.

The good work was continued in Hastings until April 21, then a short visit to Queensferry. Brother Jones kindly took them across the bay in his fishing boat. It was a fine sail. After a most pleasant visit with Saints they returned. Elder Burton preached in the hall in Hastings from May 15 to June 5. In the meantime he organized the Hastings Sunday School, and continued preaching services till June 24, with good prayer and testimony meetings interspersed. The latter were held in the homes of the Saints. Writing from Hastings July 7, he speaks of a lecture delivered by a Reverend J. Bailey Sharp, of the Church of England. The lecture was headed, "Among the Mormons," purporting to be what he saw in a visit to Salt Lake City. He spoke about ten minutes or less from notes in his diary. Then for one hour and three quarters he retailed slander and scandal. Elder Burton was present and took notes and gave notice of reply for the next evening. In this letter he says:

Before we started for our reply a few of the brethren gathered to our rooms and we together invoked our God for his Spirit that evening, that we might be so Christlike as when reviled not to revile. We had an excellent spirit with us and felt clear to defend the innocent, and strong to maintain the truth. The neighborhood after Mr. Sharp's lecture was like a flock of sheep frightened by wolves. After the reply they were as quiet as though no wolf had been seen. The lecture was on Friday evening, the reply on Saturday evening and Sunday morning. I baptized three persons. . . . The work is all alive in this district, and calls from every quarter for the word. We want about fifty elders at once in Australia; everything is working on for the great consummation of all things as fast as possible.

On the evening that Elder Burton was to reply to Elder Sharp's lecture, his wife was aware that some of the brethren had gathered in the front of the house, and that they were going to have a season of prayer. She was hurrying to finish a bit of work in order to join them. Having finished, she started with hurried steps to the room but by some means did not look into the room though the door was open—until she felt confronted by a force that detained her. It was like coming in contact with a wall of wind that was not blowing. Standing there for a moment she looked into the room and saw the brethren engaged in earnest prayer. She scarcely dared to enter. The room was filled with a power, a faith that could be felt, and believing that the Spirit had deterred her, that she might not disturb their devotions by rushing in, she tiptoed softly to the nearest chair and knelt.

July 18 finds Elder Burton in Moolap, after returning to Hastings; he wrote of his visit thus:

August 5, I am just in from Moolap, a settlement five miles beyond Geelong, one hundred miles from here (Hastings) where we found a people hungry for the bread of life. Visited and preached in houses and halls for two weeks or more, baptizing eight persons. Among the number was the Methodist local minister, the Sunday school superintendent, and the organist. Day and night Brother Ashton Woolley (who had been there about a year ago and sowed the seed), and myself were employed in explaining the things of the kingdom, while the people listened with wondering countenances as the words of Christ and the apostles reached their ears with clear light and meaning, untarnished by the darkness of uninspired interpretations and comments.

About this time Elder Burton had tidings of some trouble in the Newcastle District, and for the good of the work found it necessary to make a short trip to that district. He left Hastings September 1 and arrived in Sydney on the fifth at 10 a. m., and left Sydney for Newcastle the same night at 11 p. m. The trouble existed in the Hamilton Branch. After seeing it satisfactorily settled, he made a flying visit to Forester, that haven of rest, peace, and quiet, to be refreshed in body and spirit. His stay there was about ten days, in which he baptized five.

Left Forester on the twelfth and got to Newcastle on the fourteenth. During this visit Brother Gregory, who had been seriously injured in a mining accident, was administered to frequently and upheld by the prayers of the Saints. The neighbors thought it strange that he should recover when another man, not so badly injured, died soon after. Brother Gregory still lives.

October 17 Elder Burton started for his home in Hastings and arrived at midnight on the twentieth. How cheery it was after the long ride on the "fish wagon" from Krenkston in a cold, drizzly rain, to open the door of home, and find a warm room and a cheery fire burning in the whitewashed fireplace, and find a warm supper waiting for him. He was in need of all this warmth and comfort, for he had taken passage from Sydney to Melbourne on a second-class car, where there were neither springs nor cushions nor laprobes. He left Sydney on the eighteenth, and got to Melbourne the twentieth. The cars were not like the American cars, but had narrow compartments. The doors opened at each side of the compartment. There was no such thing as getting out of the cold draft from a door when a door was opened. He ever spoke of that ride as being the coldest he ever took. As a result the cold he had already had become intensified, and so fastened itself on his

bronchial tubes that he could not speak audibly for some time. However, on the twenty-second he with wife and daughter went to Queensferry to see Brother Stuart, who was bad with cancer. On the thirtieth baptized Georgie Stuart and Mrs. Griffiths. On the thirty-first we came home to Hastings, leav-



THOMAS W. SMITH.

ing Addie to be company and assistance to the daughters of Brother Stewart who were nursing their father. On November 10 Elder Burton, though far from being well, went to Geelong, and on the twentieth organized the Leopold Branch. William J. Trembath, elder; James D. Craig, teacher; Richard H. Trembath, clerk. He returned home November 23.

Since Elder Burton's arrival in the Australian Mission, he and Elder Thomas W. Smith, who was president of the whole

South Sea Island Mission, but who was still in Tahiti, had kept up a regular correspondence. Elder Thomas W. Smith was intending to visit Australia so soon as his work in the islands would justify him in doing so. The Burtons had urged his coming and had looked forward to that event with pleasing anxiety. Elder Smith and wife arrived in Sydney November 26, and in Hastings, Victoria, about the middle of December, in time to celebrate Christmas with the Burtons. It was a happy family that occupied the pale green house, and Elder Burton could now let his tired throat rest from preaching. Sister Smith rendered cheering help to the prayer meeting. She and Sister Burton worked together in a most harmonious way in their domestic affairs, as well as their missionary work. There were social, cheerful days, enjoyed by Saints and missionaries, with a seasonable merriment interspersed. The district conference convened at Hastings on December 30. There were visiting Saints from all the branches in Victoria. It was a very pleasant and profitable season.

On Saturday evening Elder Burton told his wife that he had been informed by Elder Smith that on the morrow he was to be ordained to the office of seventy. The ordination took place in their dwelling house, where a number of Saints had gathered. Before Brother Smith laid his hands on Elder Burton's head, he prayed in his simple, matter-of-fact way, when desiring some special favor, that the Lord would permit an angel to be present and assist in the ordination, since there was no man present holding the proper authority to lay on hands with him. During the ordination Brother Smith spoke with much feeling and liberty and evidently by the spirit of prophecy. Among other statements was one that he, Elder Burton, was about to return to his native land, but would not remain there long. He would again cross the ocean, and that he would do a greater work than that which he had done (which was fulfilled in the Society Island Mission). While eating supper that

evening Brother Smith laid his knife and fork on his plate and looking at Elder Burton said: "You had some experience during your ordination that you are keeping back; now I want to know what it was." Then he testified to having distinctly felt two pairs of hands on his head at the time. The ordination took place January 1, 1888.

In his report to the General Conference of 1888, Elder Burton asked to be relieved from the mission. He said:

It is more than three years since I landed in Sydney. During this time I have assisted in restoring the three branches organized by my predecessors and have organized four others. There have been one hundred and forty-five baptized; I have confirmed the most of these, ordained five elders, nine priests, two teachers, one deacon, blessed seventy-seven children, administered to the sick, and attended to all the duties of my office as well as I have been able, not sparing myself when duty called. But the exposure, out-of-door preaching, and the changeable weather of these colonies, have resulted in a throat affliction which for sometime hindered me from preaching, but by the blessing of God and ordinance I have been much relieved; still, I deem it wise to change to a more equable, warm climate, that my recovery may be permanent; therefore I request you to release me from this mission, that I may return to southern California, where with God's blessing I may resume my labor in full.

Feeling confident of his release under the circumstances, Elder Burton and wife proceeded to make their good-bye visits in the mission. They went from Hastings to Geelong in February, that being the extreme end of the mission in Victoria. After a pleasant and profitable stay in which Elder Burton instructed the Saints in the things of the kingdom, both militant and triumphant, the sad good-byes were said, and the missionaries returned to Hastings, where they were joined by Brother and Sister Smith and all proceeded to Queensferry, Mills, and Mount Eden. The memory of those visits remains undimmed. I will quote a few lines from a letter written by Mrs. Burton from Hastings, March 15, 1888:

We have just returned from our good-bye visit with the Saints of Queensferry Branch, dear, kind-hearted, loving Saints! How our hearts ache to leave them! I can not realize that I am never to meet them again on the shores of time. It is sad to part with those we love, and

yet I would rather that than not to have known them. We have been mutually benefited by each other's society, have we not, dear Saints? We are making all haste to be ready to leave Victoria by the first of April, and before many months pass, I hope to see our native land.

The few remaining days spent in Hastings were pleasant, but filled with work; a few words from a later letter will give the situation.

April 8. We have bid good-bye to Victoria, and are now on board the steamship speeding our way to New South Wales. Brother and Sister John Grayden wished to be with us as long as possible so they accompanied us to Melbourne. . . . They with Brother Smith and some Melbourne friends stood by us till all others had gone ashore and the men began to take in the gangway. Brother Grayden was the last to leave the ship, just as he was the first one to meet us on the jetty, to help us with our baggage whenever we came home from Queensferry.

Though Brother and Sister Smith remained in Victoria a few months longer, they were cared for by the Saints; so the pale green house, where so much light and warmth had been diffused, was empty.

A few weeks' stay in Wallsend and vicinity, then the Burtons moved on to Forester, where most of the remaining time was spent, and where also they had some of the best meetings of their mission. The Sunday before the last one spent in Forester was one long to be remembered in that mission. Elder Burton took occasion to preach his farewell sermon to the people of Forester, for the next Sunday would be during conference. His sermon was like a summing up of gospel truth as taught in this latter day dispensation, and showing the scriptural evidence of this truth. His discourse led him to speak of how the gospel won its way eighteen hundred years ago, and of the marvelous outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. His wife had felt the unmistakable evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit as soon as she entered the house, and as the preacher spoke of the Holy Spirit descending like a mighty, rushing wind, filling the whole house, and those who were therein, it carried her in spirit to the scene, and so

vividly too, that for the moment it was as though she were really present with them. She became so filled with the Spirit that she was about to rise to her feet and give utterance to it; but remembered that it was a preaching meeting and sought to reason herself quiet by saying, "It is not wisdom to speak and thus interrupt the servant of God, while preaching the gospel," for the Spirit was with him. But before she was aware of it, she was on her feet giving utterance to the surging power within. Never did the gift of tongues rest upon her in greater force, neither had she ever spoken with greater assurance, though she knew not the words. Elder Burton stood silently while she was speaking, then gave the interpretation, which was:

The same gospel that Peter preached on the day of Pentecost is now being preached in your midst by one having the same authority to make the same promise that Peter made to the people on that day, and the Spirit that was poured out upon the people on that day is this day made manifest in your hearing; therefore those who hear the words, and witness this manifestation, will be as much without excuse in the day of judgment as were those on the day of Pentecost, who saw, heard, and believed not.

After giving the interpretation, the preacher said:

That is the point I intended to have made, but the Spirit has testified it in my stead, and in even stronger terms perhaps than I would have used.

Then he continued his discourse, not so much in reasoning of the part as evidence of the present work, as in showing the complete harmony which existed between the latter day gospel and that in the days of the apostles. He endeavored to fasten upon the minds of the congregation, not more than half of which were members of the branch, the great importance and the glory of the latter day work. Both the tongue and the interpretation made a solemn impression on the people, and they listened as if spellbound during the remainder of the service. When all was over, they passed slowly and quietly out, as if reluctant to leave the place. It had been announced the

week before that Elder Burton would preach his farewell sermon on that day, and a larger number of people came from across the river in boats than had before attended at one time, and some came from a distance in wagons.



JOHN W. WIGHT.

During the following week the Saints from various localities gathered to Forester for conference; among them the recently arrived missionaries from America, Elders John W. Wight and Cornelius A. Butterworth; also Brother and Sister Thomas W. Smith from Victoria, and all enjoyed the conference. Shortly after which came the sad parting.

It was a dull, cloudy, windy morning before the light of day had dispersed the gloom, when a tearful band marched solemnly from Brother Wright's house to the wharf, where a miniature passenger boat, in reality a steam fishboat, was bobbing about on the slightly disturbed waters, which indicated a rough sea outside the bar, and took the parting hand at the water's edge. Doubly sad was this parting for Elder John Wright and family, because their son Sidney was going, in company with the Burtons, to America. By the time the little ship was ready to pull away from the wharf, daylight was making inroads in the morning fog, and before she rounded the point, they had a clear view of the quiet little village of North Forester, and of the comfortable, hospitable home of Brother and Sister Wright, just as the sun was gilding it o'er.

On arriving at Newcastle, they made a flying visit with Sister Ann Webster, and with Brother and Sister Broadway, and others at Hamilton. With Brother Merriett at Warrata, and the Saints of Wallsend, and then took the overland—a train route scarcely completed to Sydney, where in a few days they took passage in a fine American steamship, *Alameda*, and arrived in San Francisco August 4, 1888. Thus ended their work in Australia. As has been said of Elder Burton, "He never advertised," and his natural modesty kept him from doing himself justice in regard to his work. When writing of it, he gave others all the credit he possibly could, even anticipating in some instances, especially of his work in Australia, where the power of God wrought with him mightily. His work there was one of the latter day marvels. On his arrival in those colonies, he found just need of missionary work. The work which had been done by his predecessor, with much labor and sacrifice, was fast drifting back. No preaching anywhere, and only two of the branches that had been organized were holding meetings. Those were prayer and testimony meetings.

He found but one member in Hastings, but in three weeks' time spent in that place there was a branch built up of eleven members, ten of whom were baptized by Elder Burton. In North Forester, where he found but two members, he, in six weeks time had baptized twenty-eight, all new converts. True, in both of these places, the members that were found there were good-living people. Brother Jones never failed to drop a word in season, and he personally lived his religion, that is, he was a good neighbor, had no bad habits, was always kind and cheerful, and ever ready to render a good service where he could. Brother Wright was a man of few words, but his life was a continual sermon. In his house he was devotional. He was a man of business, and had a large family; but all were seated at the table at very nearly the same time, the bell announced the time, and all bowed their heads while the father offered a short prayer of gratitude, praise, and invocation, and none left the table, not even the baby in the high chair, till all had finished eating and had returned thanks. His hospitality knew no bounds. His house was headquarters for all ministers who visited the place, irrespective of creed or denomination. But these same people lived when other missionaries were there, both before and after Elder Burton, therefore all had the same advantage. The key to effectual missionary work is that the missionary be thoroughly in earnest himself. To let the people know that he has come to them with a God-given message of life unto life, and that he is in duty bound to deliver that message and make it plain to their understanding, then they are at liberty to choose for themselves whether they will accept or reject. The writer is aware that the work done is through the power of God, and gives God the glory. There are certain requirements to be complied with in order to obtain, and retain, the converting power. The credit that is due Elder Burton is, that he faithfully performed his part in those

things. He was prayerful, and all absorbed in, and devoted to his work. He spent no time in light reading; that was altogether foreign to his work and interest. He fearlessly preached the gospel of Christ, the restoration being his theme of themes. His preaching was like as he described the flow of the Spirit: deep, calm, placid, not interrupted by the fashionable snags called anecdotes that turn the ears of the people from the truth into fables. The same Spirit that converted, also brought all the dissatisfied members and branches into harmony, and none were lost, but all enjoyed a greater measure of the Spirit than heretofore, according to their own testimony.

(To be continued.)

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The ideal of God regarding man should be our first duty, and to express that ideal was the work of the Master; God was humanized in him, that men might be "divinized." You can not sin without influencing others in your sin; you can not do good without influencing others in your goodness. The life of the convent and the monastery is an everlasting disgrace, a stain upon the history of mankind, for man can not isolate himself. Those men, who in the fullness of their youthful energy, and the indomitable will of their manhood, will slave for the advancement of the race, they only have moral value, even though at times they have failed and have known the bitterness of defeat. God made you for that.

JOHN W. RUSHTON.

## BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from volume 6, page 454.)

He made no apology for the claims of the gospel, but delivered it as a message of life unto life or death unto death, and opened the doors of the church to receive any who might feel inclined to enter by baptism.

Space will not admit of mentioning all the kindnesses shown to the missionaries by the good people of Australia. All were kind and generous according to their means. And God, the righteous judge, will remember them in the great day of reckoning.

The number of persons baptized was one hundred and twenty-eight—mostly adults.

Since last writing I have found some notes by Elder Burton called "History of Mission" and will give them, though they cover some ground gone over by the writer.

Conference commenced in Hastings yesterday, Saturday, December 31, 1887. To-day, January 1, Brother Thomas W. Smith ordained Joseph F. Burton to office of seventy, and Thomas W. Smith and Joseph F. Burton ordained Edward McGurk, elder; Evan G. Jones, priest; James C. F. Rennie, deacon; blessed Edward McGurk as bishop's agent; and Evan G. Jones, sr., as president of district. Afterwards prayer and testimony meeting. Tongues, prophecy, and warning were given.

January 2, Thomas W. Smith and wife, Emma, Addie, and I went to Queensferry, remained until the twenty-sixth instant, holding meetings, etc.

Two were baptized at Hastings by Thomas W. Smith.

Returned to Hastings Tuesday, February 7.

Thursday, February 9. Thomas W. Smith and wife, Emma and I left home for Moolap. Brother McGurk took us to Frankston. Got to Melbourne at 10 a. m. next day, on the steamship *Edina* for Geelong.

This was one of those helpful visits that used to be had years ago among new Saints, where the gospel was the continuous theme. There was much to be learned, and all were eager to learn, and meetings were freely interspersed. The writer well remembers one of those meetings in which she was made the

recipient of an unusual degree of the illumination of the Spirit in gospel lines, i. e., to reason, talk, and show up the great advantage of being in possession of the light that the restored gospel had brought to earth, and she felt that she, too, as being one with her husband, had received an advance step by his recent ordination. But to return to the history, he continues thus:

February 25 conference at Queensferry, left Queensferry March 12, 1888. April 1, preached my farewell discourse at Hastings, getting ready to leave for California. Left Hastings April 5, and arrived in Newcastle April 11, 1888. April 16 met with the Wallsend Branch and settled difficulties. April 19, in the presence of Brother John G. Dickenson, and Pervis released David T. Williams from the priesthood because of his teaching contrary to the church doctrine on gathering, church government, etc. Left Newcastle for Forester Tuesday, April 24, in schooner *Ettie*; arrived early Wednesday morning, twenty-fifth. Baptized Sister Seaburg April 28.

I left Forester on horseback May 8 for Argent's Hills, Sidney Wright going with me as far as Taree. From thence by stage. Got to Argent's Hills, May 11, and stayed there till May 29, thence to Lauriton June 1, remained there four days—got back to Taree on the fifth and to Forester on the sixth.

The record is silent again until July 9. During which time the conference was held in Forester, and the new missionaries, Brothers Wight and Butterworth, arrived.

One important feature of the conference was the division of the mission into districts. Elder Burton continues:

Left Newcastle July 9 for Sydney—where preparations were matured for our homeward voyage. Left Sydney Wednesday, July 11, 1888, for San Francisco, on steamship *Alameda*, Sidney Wright accompanying us. Arrived in Auckland, Sunday, July 15, and left again Monday. Tuesday, July 17, we crossed the meridian, therefore Wednesday, July 18, was Tuesday, July 17, again making two Tuesdays in that week, by picking up the day that was dropped on the way out. And on Friday, July 20, we stopped at Tutuila, exchanged mail, got some trinkets from the natives and some native fruit. And Monday, July 23, we crossed the equator. Friday, July 27, got to Honolulu at 4 p. m. and left on Saturday, July 28, at 10 a. m.

On Sunday, July 29, Doctor Harris held services in the ship's saloon. Steerage passengers allowed to attend. He lectured in the evening on Japan. Arrived in San Francisco, Saturday, August 4, 1888. All well.

Sunday preached in Lincoln's Hall at 7.30 p. m. Monday met Brother

Heman C. Smith. Emma and Addie and Sidney Wright left San Francisco for Los Angeles Thursday, August 9. I stayed with Brother Heman C. Smith. August 30 left Oakland and arrived in Santa Rosa at 5 p. m. Met Brother Charles Hawkins, superintendent of the county poorhouse. Brother Heman C. Smith and I went home with him. Held meeting at Sister Cooper's. Friday, September 7, returned to San Francisco. Saturday, September 9, went to Washington Corners, or Irvington, stopped at Sister Joyce's. Monday, September 9, went to San Jose, met my sister Maggie Houghton, had a pleasant visit with her and two daughters. Monday went to Hollister to Brother Range's, then on to San Benito with Brother Page, arrived at Elvina at dark, heard Brother Daniel S. Mills preach, Friday 11th, and got to San Benito Wednesday and visited Sister Carmichael. During the week visited with Brother Creamer the old homestead, Mr. Shields and Mr. Blosser. Sunday, sixteenth, held meetings at Bear Valley and in a schoolhouse at San Benito.

Visited during the following week till Friday, 27th, when conference of Central California District begun. I preached Sunday morning. Heman C. Smith and Daniel S. Mills did the rest of the preaching. Good meetings; two baptized.

Elder Burton's voice and throat were still weak, so that he could preach only once in a while.

Left San Benito September 25 en route for San Francisco. Stayed all night in Hollister at Brother Range's, next night in San Francisco, at Sister Knight's. September 27 left San Francisco for Alila. Got to my brother Ebenezer's at 9.30 p. m. Visited with Sister Austin. The twenty-eighth went to Tulare, twenty-ninth visited with Brother and Sister Clark. Met also Thadd Houghton—Maggie's son—a fine young man thirteen years of age. Preached the thirtieth at Pixley and attended Saints' meetings in the evening at Brother Green's. Left for Los Angeles October 1 and arrived at my daughter Dora's near Los Angeles at 10 p. m. October 10 went to the Swamp, met many of the Saints. Arranged with Brother Clapp to take my place back, and pay him two hundred dollars for improvements he has put on it. Got back to Dora's October 13. Borrowed fifty dollars from Henry W. Mills of Los Angeles October 15, and thirty dollars from Brother Stephen Penfield October 17. (These, together with a portion of the last payment made up the amount), and on Thursday, October 18, I bought my place back again from Lewis F. Clapp, paying him \$200—and getting the deed in Emma's name.

October 19 the conference of Southern California District begun. I preached that evening. A good time all during conference, which adjourned Sunday night.

Frank and wife and babe moved into our old home Wednesday, October 24, 1888. On Friday, November 6, Heman C. Smith and I went to Laguna. I stayed all night at Brother Hemmenway's. On the morning of Saturday, twenty-seventh, left Laguna Canyon for Los Angeles,

where I remained until November 8. Emma and I went to San Bernardino and put up at Brother David L. Aldridge's. I visited the old Saints in San Bernardino Valley with Brother Gibson. Among whom were Sisters Van Luvan, Lytle, James, Brother and Sister Sparks, and Sister Potter, who was ninety-seven years old. November 24 attended and presided over branch meeting in San Bernardino. All the officers released.

Tuesday, November 27, another branch meeting was held, when Brother Heman C. Smith was elected branch president; Alonzo E. Jones, Alfred B. Wise, and Jasper Wixom, priests; James Baldwin, teacher; and Caston Hendrickson, deacon.

Emma and I went to Beaumont to visit Brother and Sister Newton W. Best, also Brother Jeffries. Preached on Sunday, and returned to San Bernardino December 5. On December 6 Doctor Aldridge examined my throat and said the chords and muscles were very badly congested and that I must cease preaching for a year at least.

Friday, December 14, 1888, Brother Joseph Smith landed in San Bernardino. On Sunday, December 16, Brother Joseph Smith preached the dedicatory sermon, and Brother Daniel S. Mills offered the dedicatory prayer, dedicating the new chapel in San Bernardino to the service of God. Brother Joseph preached, also in the evening, and on Monday evening.

We spent Christmas at the Swamp with Frank and Annie on the old home place. Dora and her two little ones and Addie came from Los Angeles. Sidney Wright was boarding at Brother Betts's. He, Brother and Sister Betts, Peter and Mary Betts, and Brother and Sister Penfold, made up the company, and a most pleasant time was had. We continued our visit with the children until December 29.

Saturday, the twenty-ninth, we returned to San Bernardino and took up our abode in Hiram and Nellie Holt's house. January 7 went with Brother Joseph to Beaumont, where Brother Joseph preached in the hall at 7.30.

On January 11 Brother Newton W. Best took Brother Joseph and I over to San Jacinto, where we stayed all night with Brother Schade. Thursday, January 26, Brother Joseph and I left San Bernardino for Newport, stayed all night at Brother Crain's, Pomona, next day arrived at Newport. Preaching there and lecturing at Santa Ana.

February 15 we got to Los Angeles. Brother Joseph preached there on February 17 and 24. On Tuesday, February 26, we were called to Newport by a telegram received by Brother Joseph, announcing Brother John Garner's death at 8 a. m., same date. Wednesday, February 27, we went to San Bernardino with the corpse. On Thursday, February 28, the funeral took place. Saturday, March 2, I went back to Santa Ana with Brother Barr. We left Newport Monday, March 4, for Los Angeles. Sunday, March 5, visited Brother Green. Wednesday, Brother Joseph and I left Los Angeles again for San Bernardino. Stopped all night at Brother Eye's at Covina, and Thursday, March 7, got to San Bernardino.

On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, being March 15, 16, and 17, we attended the district conference in San Bernardino,—Heman C. Smith presiding. On Tuesday, March 19, 1889, I married Andrew W. Thompson and Nancy E. Leonard.

April 9, 1889, at 1.30 p. m., I was made and decreed a citizen of the United States in Judge Campbell's court at San Bernardino, Brethren Wise and Aldridge being my witnesses; Brother Joseph Smith also being present.

This new birth of Elder Burton into citizenship of the United States of America, and to which the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator of the church stood him as godfather, took place on his fifty-first birthday.

April 30, Hiram L. Holt and I went with his team on a preaching tour to Pomona; got to Samuel L. Crain's at night.

May 1 we went on to Brother Brown's, thence on to Covina. Met Brother Eye and Sister Earl, then back to Pomona; spent the night at Brother Brown's. May 2 gave notices for meetings in McComas's Hall—no one out. May 3 visited Samuel L. Crain's. Hiram preached to a few in the hall. Stayed all night at Brother Brown's. May 4 got a message to go at once to San Bernardino for Sister Burton was very sick. I took train and got to San Bernardino at noon. Found Emma very sick indeed. Brother Joseph Smith and I at once administered to her.

Mrs. Burton had been sick for a week before her husband and Hiram Holt went to Pomona, but she would not give up. The morning her husband and Brother Holt started on their trip she felt very much worse on account of the extra exertion of helping him make ready. Before starting he and Brother Holt administered to her, in the which she was told to fear not for the Lord would care for her and all would be well. She felt better after the administration, and her husband went about the Lord's work without a doubt or fear. She was not left alone, for Sister Nellie Holt and the two children were in the other part of the house. When night came on her cough was bad and she had great difficulty in breathing. During the night her daughter Addie, who was living at Sister David L. Aldridge's, was shown her condition. She saw her mother laboring for breath, and two women standing over her. There-

fore, as soon as practicable in the morning, Addie walked over to see her mother, who had remained in her bed. Addie could not think of having her mother left there alone and returned for permission to remain with her, but instead Brother Aldridge went in his surrey and brought her to his house. As soon as they arrived Doctor J. W. Aldridge came in and examined her lungs and said, "You are a pretty sick woman. There is a bad pneumonia in the left lung; you must go to bed and be doctored, and not get up for a week." Being next door to the doctor's, he was in three or four times a day, giving her all the attention that a doctor could. The whole family was most kind, and Addie the tenderest of nurses, besides she was administered to by Brother Joseph Smith and David L. Harris. She was improving rapidly until in the night of the third, when she had a relapse. It was then that the doctor phoned for Elder Burton, for there seemed little hope of her getting well again. Not until May 17 was she able to leave the house and go by rail to their son Frank's at Newport, where Frank and wife were untiring in their kindness. Will quote again from Elder Burton's notes.

March 17 Emma and I went out to the Swamp to Frank's. I preached on Sunday. We went on Saturday, twenty-fifth, to Dora's at Los Angeles. Learned that Brother Joseph left Los Angeles on May 22 for San Francisco, en route for the East. I preached on Sunday in the hall in the city.

Elder Burton felt lonesome when Brother Joseph left California. They had spent many happy days traveling and visiting together. Each found in the other a congenial companion, and their pleasant association was often recalled by Elder Burton.

In June I received an offer from Mr. Frank Marsh of one thousand dollars a year to work in a government office [with the added proviso that he could act as president of the Los Angeles Branch. E. B. B.] I wrote to Brother Joseph to know if I had better accept, and received an answer about July 28 saying I had better not accept a situation in Los Angeles to take me out of the ministry.

Remained in Los Angeles at Dora's until June 27, when we, Emma and

I, returned to the Swamp, stayed all night with Brother Van Fleet's folks at Downey, and got to Frank's at the old place June 28, Thursday. July 2 we went to Laguna to Sunday school association and reunion. Remained there until Tuesday, July 9. On Sunday evening, in company with Heman C. Smith and Daniel S. Mills and Daniel Garner, I witnessed great power in administering to Daniel Garner and self. I spoke or sang in tongues and interpreted a psalm of praise to God for his goodness.

Elder Burton says very little of the matter here, but in relating it to his wife said: "It was a remarkable instance of the power of God with men. I saw Heman C. Smith, an apostle, clothed with the power and authority of the ancient apostles. I expected to hear him rebuke the affliction of Brother Daniel Garner and see him made straight and well, and felt sure that if he had said the word, it would have been done. Ah, but when men are clothed upon with that spirit and power, they know how far to go, and when to stop." Elder Burton was entirely healed upon that occasion of throat trouble that had caused him to leave the Australian Mission. Right here I will say, a deep and lasting friendship sprung up between Elders Joseph F. Burton and Heman C. Smith that grew and ripened with the intercourse of years, that was unclouded in life, and strong in death. It was one of the great desires of his heart, when nearing the brink of the dark waters, to once more look into the face and clasp the hand of this brother, and also that of his first born in the gospel, Joseph E. Holt.

August, from fourth to eleventh, finds him in Los Angeles in company with Daniel S. Mills. On the fifth he, Elder Burton, blessed Sister Adams's little daughter, Viola Violet, after which they returned to the Newport Branch, and attended prayer and testimony meeting in Laguna Canyon on August 17 and 18. Thence to Beaumont, San Bernardino, and back to Newport August 29, and on to Los Angeles. About that time, while Elder Burton and wife were yet at daughter Dora's, they received a very kind invitation from the brethren and Saints at San Benito to make them a visit and spend the winter in their vicinity. They availed themselves of the invi-

tation, being desirous again of meeting with the Saints with whom they had heard and obeyed the gospel, and the more readily so, because the invitation was accompanied with the price of a railroad ticket for each. Before starting, they paid a short visit at Newport with son Frank and wife. Took train at Santa Ana September 12 and arrived at Brother Page's house in San Benito Thursday, September 19, having stayed a few days with Brother Range's folks in Hollister.

Found Sister Page quite sick. Elder Burton preached in Jefferson schoolhouse Sunday at 3 p. m. Prayer and testimony meeting at Brother Page's in the evening. Sister Page was administered to and much blessed by the administration. This was a glad meeting with those dear Saints, though they sadly missed their friend and brother, John Carmichael. Elder Burton visited, and talked almost continuously until October 3, when he and wife went in company with Brother Page to Elvina to prepare for conference. For some reason they could not have the use of the large, commodious schoolhouse that they anticipated getting. So they accepted the offer of Brother John Root's wagon-house and stables. These had been built for accommodating a number of horses and big wagons, but were not in use. With a thorough cleaning and arranging seats, this building made a very commodious place for the conference. The stables off at one side served as sleeping rooms for the camping Saints. Conference convened Friday, October 4. Among other business of conference, a Sunday-school teachers' union was organized. Brother Kingsbury, superintendent; Sister Bettie Smith, assistant superintendent; Ava Smith, secretary and treasurer. On Sunday, October 6, Elder Burton baptized Nancy Alexander, Harriet Evans, Cora Lawn, and Charles Clark. Elder Burton also blessed two little children, Edna, daughter of Asa Davis, and Alma, son of David Alexander.

Excellent meetings were had all through the conference. A two-day meeting was appointed October 19 and 20, at San Benito, but was hindered by a rain and windstorm. However, a few gathered and a meeting was held Saturday afternoon at Brother Page's, an excellent meeting, where the gifts of the gospel were again enjoyed. On Sunday a fast was held from morning till night for Sister Page, Sister Creamer, and Walter Page.

Two meetings were held in the schoolhouse. It was during this meeting that Brother John Lawn was called to the Melchisedec priesthood, in prophecy, by Elder Burton, October 20, 1889.

This was the year of the heavy rains, floods, and washouts, consequently they were housed at Brother and Sister Page's nearly the entire winter and were most kindly cared for. At times they would make short trips to different places, often in rain, and always in mud, and glad enough to get back to their comfortable quarters at Brother Page's.

I now quote again from notes found in his diary:

October 31 left San Benito, Emma and I, with Eugene Holt, for Watsonville conference. Stayed all night in Hollister at Brother Range's. Next day got to Watsonville; put up at Brother Brown's and Sister Waterman's. Held three meetings on Saturday and Sunday, November 2 and 3. Excellent meetings. In testimony meetings the Spirit testified that the gospel would soon go to the Jews, and darkness come upon the Gentiles that would cause much contention and strife.

After conference we returned to San Benito, and November 11 Emma and I left Brother Page's in his buggy for the Chaloma Valley, to visit my sister Libbie. Made a stop the first night at Brother Davis's, in Long Valley, and the second night at Sister Montgomery's, in Indian Valley, and arrived at Sister Libbie's the following day late in the afternoon.

This was the first time they had visited this sister of Elder Burton's, since their return from Australia. She came towards them with open arms, exclaiming, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name that I meet you again."

The weather had been good, and the roads comparatively good during the journey, but when they had stayed one day and two nights, there was appearance of a gathering storm, so the travelers made haste to retrace their steps, and only got to Long Valley, at Brother John Holmes's, when the storm broke. A few saints gathered at Brother Holmes's, on Sunday, and Elder Burton preached at 11 a. m., and lectured at 3 p. m. on Sunday school work. After this they accompanied Brother and Sister James Smith home, where they remained until Monday afternoon, then wended their way to Brother Perry Davis's, at the head of the valley, ready for an early start on Tuesday to San Benito. It had rained all Monday night. It was a tired trio, including George, the horse, that arrived at Brother Page's late in the afternoon. Poor old George looked wistfully towards his stable, but he was not to rest just then. Before Elder Burton and wife had gotten out of the buggy, they were met with a message to come right along to Sister Carmichael's. There was to be a wedding early on Thursday morning, and fearing that more rains might make the roads impassable, it was thought best to go right along. All day Wednesday was rainy and misty. The groom to be was very restless lest there should be a pourdown on Thursday morning. A hasty breakfast was partaken of and the family started while it was scarcely daylight for Mr. and Mrs. Blosser's, the latter being the mother of the bride, Nettie May Appleton, who was united in marriage to Nathaniel Carmichael at 8 a. m., November 21, 1889. November 22 and 23 Elder Burton visited at Brother John Creamer's, and on the twenty-fourth was called to Holister to assist the elders at Brother Range's, whose child was sick. He says:

Brother Creamer and I arrived at Brother Range's about dusk and about 11 o'clock the same night the child died. It was buried on Monday at 2.30 p. m. I made a short address at the house, and at the grave. On Tuesday Brothers Holt, Lawn, and I came as far towards home as Brother Lawn's. Sister Emma Lawn and I sang in tongues. An excel-

lent spirit prevailed, and we sang Zion's songs with joy. On the following day Brother Holt and I, with Brother Creamer, came on to his place and found all well. On December 18 attended the funeral of Miss Bell Eunice Leonard.

This was the daughter of the Jefferson postmaster, storekeeper, saloon keeper, and an enemy of the church, but who in his sorrow and need called upon the Saints. It was ten o'clock at night and raining hard when a messenger came on horseback to Brother Page's, saying the young woman had died very unexpectedly, the whole house was in a panic, and no one in the house dared go near her. Mr. Leonard wanted Brother Page to start at once for Hollister, thirty miles, for an undertaker, a casket, and material for laying her out. Such an undertaking was as much as one's life was worth in the darkness and dangerous roads, and the river was up, yet Brother Page would have gone had it not been for the pleading of his wife. "But," said Brother Page, "there is no one here who can do the undertaker's work and they will have to have a coffin."

"I can do the undertaker's work," said Mrs. Burton, "and I will go at once and help them. I have prepared more than one for the grave." So Brother Page hitched two trusty horses to the spring wagon and Sister Page went also. How gladly they were received, and especially when they made known the object of their coming, and the suggestion was made that any carpenter could make a coffin from boards that could be found about the place, and covered with black material and thus obviate the necessity of sending to Hollister. They were pleased indeed. They told Mrs. Burton to go to the store and take whatever she wanted for the occasion. They never forgot that help in time of need.

Emma in helping about the preparations for funeral got sick, was healed and blessed by administration—thanks to God from whom all our healings come.

Tuesday, January 28, 1890, at San Benito. I dreamed this morning that I was visiting a government office, expecting an appointment. After visiting a few times and talking with an officer, who told me I was sure to get the position, I went one day and he, calling another officer, said: "There is Mr. Burton's commission; you direct him into his office," at the same time handing me a large sheet of white paper and saying "Your name is on it all right."

About this time news of a very distressing nature reached us from southern California. The prolonged and heavy rains had caused the Santa Ana and Santa Argus rivers to overflow their banks, and the whole Gospel Swamp, or Newport country, was under water. Many sufferers on the lowest part of that tract of land called the "Willows," had been rescued by means of a rowboat, and houses were washed from their positions.

As the winter passed and the floods subsided somewhat, and the waters gathered themselves together, they did not return to the old river bed, but made a new cut through the country, passing right over Elder Burton's place. The home was not moved out of its place, but the waters flowed through the place to the depth of from two to three feet, yet they were not sorry they had regained it, but since the house was untenantable they remained the balance of the winter in and about San Benito. Meantime Elder Burton got word from his son Frank that the disputed land had again come into market and that the Los Bolsas Company had offered to sell the balance of the seventy-five acres at twenty dollars per acre, and, river bed though it was, Elder Burton proceeded to buy it on the installment plan. By February the rains were over. The record commences again thus:

February 10, 1890. Brother Perry Davis, of Long Valley, died. On the eleventh I went to Long Valley, and on the twelfth he was buried in San Lucas. I spoke at the house and at the grave, and on the thirteenth I returned to San Benito, and remained the balance of the month of February.

Conference time was now drawing near, and since Elder Burton had been in Australia and not had the privilege of attending a General Conference since 1884, the good brethren of San Benito wished to give him that pleasure, and made provisions for him to go; Elder Eugene Holt being the leader in the arrangement. But when Elder Burton learned that the president of the mission, Heman C. Smith, was not expecting to go, the way not being provided, Elder Burton declined in his favor, saying it would not be seemly for him to go, and the president of the mission to remain; besides, he being of the Quorum of Twelve, he should by all means be the one appointed to go. Brother Holt seemed more disappointed at this turn of affairs than did Brother Burton himself, but the latter remained firm. Notwithstanding the pleasure it would have been to meet with the conference brethren, he could not accept what

did not seem to him to be his right. I am not aware that Brother Heman Smith knew of the circumstances at the time or ever afterwards.

And now that the conference question was settled, and the roads becoming dry, Elders Burton and Holt proposed to take a trip down through the country so far as Arroyo Grande, a distance of some three hundred miles down the coast range. There were a few Saints living there, who were pleading to be visited, who also hoped that there would be opportunities for holding meetings and acquainting their neighbors with the gospel message. Mrs. Burton would go in company so far as Choloma Valley, and visit with her sister-in-law until their return. Consequently on Saturday, March 1, they left San Benito and arrived in Long Valley. Drove down to Brother John Holmes's and had prayer meeting that evening. Mrs. Burton took a heavy cold that evening and had a most severe attack of la grippe, and experienced a few of the sickest days of her life. And for once, administration did not seem to give relief until the following Wednesday, when she sat up a little while, and a very little the next day. Wednesday morning was clear and fine, and all declared themselves ready to take up their journey again. They drove as far as Indian Valley and put up for the night with Sister Montgomery.

The next day they made a much longer drive, and got to Choloma, to Elder Burton's sister's, Mrs. William Rockwell. Here they all remained over one day.

On March 14 the two brethren went on to Arroyo Grande, twelve miles beyond San Luis Obispo, and arrived at Brother Ladd's late in the evening. March 15, 16, and 17 they remained with Brother Ladd. Preached on March 17 at Oakgrove, near Arroyo Grande. No opening for holding more meetings, so on the eighteenth they went on to Brother John Hawk's, in Santa Maria. Visited with the brethren of that

place till March 26, during which time Elder Burton preached twice and attended one prayer and testimony meeting.

He says:

On Sunday, March 23, in Pine Grove Schoolhouse, where I preached my first sermon in 1873. Left Santa Maria on the train to return to Arroyo Grande, having given up my seat in the wagon to Brother Lander and wife. They came to Arroyo Grande with Eugene. Got here at noon of March 26 and held services same evening in Oak Park Schoolhouse. Thursday, March 27, had an appointment in Good Samaritan Hall; but not a single person came, except the brethren who went with us from Brother Ladd's.

Elders Burton and Holt continued their journey to San Benito, making a stop of one night in San Luis Obispo, Choloma Valley, Indian Valley, and Long Valley, arriving at San Benito April 1.

The record is silent as to what took place during the month of April. And since the writer must needs draw from memory, the leading features only will be noted, which was considering and deciding how many could go from the vicinity of San Benito and Hollister to the Tulare reunion, and making the needful preparations to go. This resulted in about sixteen adults, with a few children, taking their journey of three days by wagons through canyons and mountains, and camping by night. It proved to be a very pleasant journey, without sickness or accident. A long, empty building was secured near the hall, where most of the company camped and cooked for themselves during the reunion, which convened May 2. The elders present were Daniel S. Mills, John B. Carmichael, Joseph E. Holt, John Range, Daniel Brown, Joseph F. Burton, and Ebenezer S. Burton. Possibly there were others not remembered by the writer. There was not a large gathering, but by far the most spiritual ever experienced by the writer. All enjoyed a refreshing season from the presence of the Lord. Elder Burton and wife remained in Tulare and vicinity until June 10, when Elder Burton received a telegram from Joseph

E. Holt saying, "Brother Lawn is dying; come at once." He answered by saying, "Will be at Los Pinos to-morrow night." They were met by Joseph E. Holt and wife. Got to Brother Lawn's about ten o'clock in the evening. Found Brother Lawn alive, yet very low. He had undergone a very serious operation. The brethren: John Range, Daniel Brown, Joseph E. Holt, and Joseph F. Burton, administered to him at once and three times on the following day, when he began to improve rapidly. Elders Burton and Holt remained with him three days, administering each day. Elder Burton was to labor the following year in the northern part of the district. On June 22 Elder Burton preached to the Jefferson Branch and on Monday he and Brother Eugene Holt started for the field. They stopped at Brother Lawn's at noon; found him improving nicely. Administered again and went on to Hollister and stayed all night at Brother Range's and went on to San Jose Saturday. Were entertained for the night at Brother Burgess's. His new wife treated them very kindly. On reaching Irvington the following day they met Brother and Sister Thomas W. Smith, who had recently arrived from the islands, or Australasian Mission, and were making their home at Sister Joyce's, Sister Smith being quite poorly. The brethren put up at Brother Hiram Davis's and remained, preaching interchangeably with Brother Thomas W. Smith until Sunday, June 29. Elder Burton preached in Irvington in the morning, during which time he was joined by Elder Heman C. Smith, and he and Brother Burton took train for San Francisco.

Elders Burton and Heman C. Smith remained in San Francisco and Oakland preaching until July 1, when Elder Burton returned to Irvington and San Jose until July 31. Brother Joseph E. Holt had come to Irvington on July 26, and on Friday, July 31, they made another start for the more northern part of the district. Made their first stop at Brother Young's,

near Livermore; remained over Sunday and held three meetings. On Monday, August 4, they went to San Joaquin City and got to Stockton at 8.30 p. m. After spending the night in a hotel, they succeeded the next day in finding Brother Leslie Darrow. Visited with him and Brother Nightingale's till 3.30 p. m., then drove on fifteen miles to visit a Brother Blake's. Another day's drive brought them to Brother Edwin T. Dawson's, in Ione, Amadore County. They remained there over one day, and Friday, August 8, left Ione for Sacramento. Arrived at Brother Harlow's at 4.30. The heat for the past few days had been intense. He, Brother Burton, speaks of meeting Brother John R. Cook at his home, and on Saturday, August 9, met Brother Thomas W. Smith and his wife at Sister Milgate's. Wednesday, August 13, these two brethren left Brother Harlow's at 7 a. m. for El Dorado, Brother Thomas Daley going part way with them. They got to El Dorado at 6.30 p. m., and were kindly received by Brother and Sister William Skinner.

Thursday, August 14, gave notice for evening meeting. I preached; subject, Woman of Samaria. Eugene preached Friday evening, and Saturday evening I preached on faith, still putting up at Brother Skinner's. Sunday, August 17, attended Sunday school in the morning. Eugene preached in the afternoon, I in the evening; excellent liberty on the restoration. Monday, Brother Askews insisted on us making our headquarters at his spacious house. Brothers Askews has been a successful miner, is now *the* merchant of the town, and has a good share of this world's goods, and is a good brother in the faith as well. I preached that evening at Springfield, or Cheer Mines. Tuesday Eugene and I went to Diamond Springs, gave notice for meeting for the evening. None out; no meeting. Wednesday I preached at El Dorado, on Christ's mission; had a good congregation and good attention. Thursday, August 21, Brother Askews and I went to Placerville; got hall for Sunday meeting. Advertised in one of the papers. Returned to El Dorado. Eugene preached at Cheer Mines. Had a pleasant visit at Brother Skinner's. On Sunday Eugene, Brother Askews and I went out to Placerville, according to appointment and held our meeting.

On Monday these two missionary brothers went to a place called Uniontown, where they met four Latter Day Saints, two brothers and two sisters, all of different names. They visited

among them till August 27, when they returned to El Dorado. Elder Burton says: "On our way back we visited the monument raised to Mr. Marshall, who discovered gold in the race of Mr. Sutter's Mill in Coloma—also saw the place where he first discovered the gold on January 19, 1848. The brethren, Elders Burton and Holt, continued preaching each evening at the three villages, El Dorado, Diamond Springs, and Springfield, until Monday, September 1, when Elder Burton had a severe attack of cholera. On Tuesday he was very bad; his hands became of a greenish hue. His wife, who by request had come from Irvington by rail, and good Sister Askews, worked with and for him in a lively manner. Called upon Brother Holt to administer and immediately he commenced to get better, so that by the next day he was able to dress and go downstairs. Brother Holt continued the preaching services until Friday evening when Elder Burton took his place.

On Saturday Elder Holt baptized Bertha Mabel, a daughter of Brother and Sister William O. Skinner, nine years of age.

All the meetings in El Dorado were well attended, and a lively interest was manifested, but none seemed to be ready for baptism. However, the brethren felt that they had done their part in proclaiming the words of life and salvation, and they left El Dorado on Tuesday, September 9, and went by wagon to Sacramento, one day's drive, and put up at Brother Harlow's. Remained in that vicinity one week, visiting the Saints, and attending meetings including the branch sacrament meeting Sunday afternoon. The following Wednesday they drove over to Stockton. They stopped at Brother Young's at Altamont the next night and the day and night following. Preached in the evening, and on the morning of Saturday, September 20, continued their journey to Brother Stiver's at Irvington. Preached Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 6 p. m., then on to San Jose, stopping with the hospitable family of Brother

Henry Burgess until Monday morning; thence on to Hollister, and on Tuesday, September 23, got to the ever welcome home of Brother Page, in San Benito. The cordial reception and a good night's sleep had a refreshing effect, and Elder Burton sallied forth to meet the brethren. Spent the first day with Brother and Sister Creamer, where he met Brother Sidney Wright, who had come from the southern district to attend conference. On Thursday Elder Burton visited with Brother Roy Davis, who was living on the claim that Mr. Burton located when he first went to California in 1869, and one of the most pleasant memory to him.

The Saints had already commenced to gather for the district conference that convened the following day, Friday, September 25. Elder Burton was in the chair and John B. Carmichael was clerk. Four meetings on Saturday, including Sunday school, and baptism. Three persons were baptized. John N. Twitchell, Edgar Twitchell, and Ella Rosetta McKee. Conference adjourned Sunday evening, but on Monday morning Rolf Newkirk was baptized. All these were baptized by Elder Burton and confirmed by Elders Burton, Clapp, and John B. Carmichael, after which the Saints departed for their respective homes.

After a week or ten days among the brethren of the Jefferson Branch Elder Burton desired to take a trip through Long Valley. Accordingly Brother Creamer furnished him a horse, Brother Page a harness, and Brother Roy Davis a buggy. The elder and his wife started off on their trip, feeling very grateful and happy. It is a pleasant drive down through the Peach-tree Valley. Just as the sun is sinking to rest, the usually tired horse climbs the long grade up the side of the mountain, over which is Long Valley. The broad acres of the Davis Ranch are the first whereon there is a dwelling, and these are good Saints; so the weary horse is kindly cared for, while the even-

ing is pleasantly spent with Asa and Roy Davis, mother, and family.

Visited the Saints all through the valley for a week or perhaps more, and held some good meetings, then returned to San Benito to Brother Page's.

During the year 1890 a large tract of land in northern California that had been known as railroad land had, by some legal process, gone back to the Government and squatters' and jumpers' cabins sprang up like mushrooms. There was a quarter section of the same land being held by Brother Eugene Holt, who, during the year had bought and taken charge of the "Burton Ranch." This quarter section embraced a portion of the hills that Elder Burton once owned and was still in love with. Brother Eugene knew this, and kindly gave him the privilege of taking up that piece of land. Now there could not have been anything offered to Elder Burton that would please him better than to again own those hills, and live on them. To the wife it was not so pleasing, at first. Notwithstanding the beauty of the scenery, and the delightful air of the hills, there were many objections to making a home so far from railroad accommodations. But she was greatly in need of a home somewhere, and the one down south was still a river bed. November 20, 1890, he took up the claim, Brother Holt not only giving him the possessory right, but the twelve by twelve frame cabin that he had built on it. The brethren of San Benito were much pleased to have him dwell among them, for a while at least, also believed that the claim would some day be a good help to them, so they with a will helped him to get a little home before the winter should set in, by hauling lumber, and the building of his house twenty-eight by fourteen feet. That, with the twelve by twelve building for a summer kitchen, made a most comfortable little home, which was afterward known as Mount Olivet. The brethren also helped to dig and plaster a cistern,

and Eugene hauled water to last till the spouts were put up. Meanwhile Elder Burton and his wife made their home at Brother Page's. Elder Burton now wore as a garment one of his roundest smiles. It was no hardship, but a pleasure to him to get up and eat breakfast before it was light, and start off on those cold mornings and walk a mile and a half or more, and work all day in the mud and rain.

At Christmas time the sisters of that community manifested their generosity, and made Mrs. Burton the recipient of many useful and valuable presents.

Having sent south for their trunks and what few articles of furniture they possessed, they moved into the new home on December 29, 1890. It was still in a very unfinished condition, but it was home, and oh! the restful joy it afforded! What matter if they did eat their meals by the workbench, and with a carpet of shavings all over the floor, and when night set in they were compelled to draw close to the red-hot stove to feel any of its warmth. They were as happy as children playing doll house. Elder Burton was then the sole worker on the house, as he had been for a week or so, but with getting at his work earlier and working later, Sister Burton bearing a hand when needful, the work proceeded more rapidly, so that by New Year's evening the living room, the main body of the house, was in a condition to hold a prayer meeting; and such a prayer meeting it was! Was it any wonder when the brethren and sisters had dealt with the elder and his wife with such kindness and generosity? The place was hard to get to, and the night was dark, cold, and muddy, and Sister Carmichael and family lived five miles distant; but all were present, and the verdict was, "Would not have missed it for anything." The Lord poured out his Spirit in abundance, till the room was filled with its power and light, and one affirmed that an angel was present. With the mind's eye, the writer can see even now

Elder Joseph E. Holt shaking like the leaf of a tree as he sat steadfastly looking in the face of Elder Burton while he spoke under the demonstration of the Spirit of God. All were filled with the Spirit and all gave utterance. All did not speak in tongues, neither prophesy, though both gifts were exercised. Such was the dedication of the Mount Olivet home, and the first of many spiritual meetings. It seemed indeed that the Lord by his Spirit took up his abode in the house, and great was the happiness of its inmates.

(To be continued.)

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Fair as a vision the long trail led—  
 Childhood's days from the old homestead;  
 Sweet as a promise the path led on  
 Through woodland scents of the rosy dawn;  
 Through wild flowers' bloom with dewdrops pearly,  
 Hills that circled the morning world;  
 Hopes that blossomed like roses of gold,  
 Dreams that morning suns unfold.

Past broken friendships, sweet as life;  
 Past faithless promise, hate and strife;  
 Through trackless wilds; o'er desert sands;  
 By bitter waters; dreary lands;  
 Chill disappointments, fears and care—  
 The heart cries back its yearning prayer  
 Through dust, and of years that wind and roam—  
 "Glad would I be to get back home."

But patience strengthens the weary feet;  
 Love makes the water of Marah sweet;  
 Faith bids the swarm of doubts to cease;  
 Sorrow soothes with the kiss of peace;  
 Memory's song is an old love tune;  
 Shadows grow soft in the afternoon;  
 Winds sing low in the rustling leaves;  
 Swallows circle around the eaves;  
 And the heart looks forward, no more to roam—  
 "Glad will I be when I get back home!"

—Robert J. Burdette.

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 42.)

Elder Burton remained in San Benito, finishing the Mount Olivet house, and getting the place in living order till March 4, 1891, then made a start for the northern district, leaving the wife by the hearthstone. Nor was he accompanied by any elder. He made the usual stops at Hollister, Irvington and Niles, visiting and administering to those in need, giving counsel and relief as he journeyed onward.

I will mention the blessing that one of those unexpected visits proved to be. Brother and Sister Roy Newkirk lived in Hollister. Their little boy, a babe of eight or ten months, I know not the age, had developed spinal meningitis.<sup>1</sup>

The doctor gave no hope for his recovery. When the doctor had left the house Sister Newkirk was in great distress of mind and said to her mother, "How I wish Brother Burton were here! I believe the child would be healed if Brother Burton could administer to him, but I do not know where to send for him, or if the child could live until he could get here." And being restless she went to the front door, just as Elder Burton passed in through the front gate. In her joy she fairly cried out, "Oh, Brother Burton, you don't know how glad I am that you came! I was just wishing for you to administer to my baby." He went in and administered and the child was healed. No ill effects remained from the dreadful disease, and he lived to be a healthy child. This is only one of many, but not of that disorder.

Right here I will cite another remarkable case of healing,

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<sup>1</sup>Mr. Ernest Newkirk, the boy referred to, was in the office while we were preparing this article (in December, 1913) apparently in good health. He is an electrician and was here regulating the telephone system of the office.—EDITOR.

and yet nothing was thought or said of it. It was when the Saints first settled in the Gospel Swamp country. I learned that a little child of Brother and Sister Thomas Carter's was very bad of curvature of the spine. The writer went to the house. There were several there to render assistance. When an attempt was made to raise the little sufferer to readjust the pillows, it would almost double together backwards, and seemed to be in great distress. Elder Burton was away, but so soon as he returned was summoned and administered (I don't call to mind who administered with him) and the child sank into a comfortable sleep.

Now the writer, knowing that under medical treatment these cases were incurable, had unwittingly limited God's power; she had never thought of the child being any more than soothed and relieved of its pain by the administration. Therefore when on Sunday, she saw Sister Carter in the meeting with the babe, and that she stood it up in her lap and adjusted the skirts of its clothes, she was never more surprised. She could scarcely believe her own eyes: "Is it possible that this is the child I saw but Wednesday?" "Yes," she said, "but he was healed." The mother more than once affirmed that as he grew his back seemed unusually strong.

But to return to my journal, on Saturday, the seventh, Elder Burton arrived in Stockton and remained there two days; attended sacrament meeting Sunday afternoon and preached in the evening. Monday, visited several of the Saints and attended branch business meeting in the evening. Seeing that Brother Blair was in Sacramento, he went on from Stockton on Tuesday and met Brother Blair, also Brothers Daly and Harlow at Sister Milgate's.

On March 12, 1891, in company with Brothers Blair and Harlow attended the legislative assembly.

March 13, conference convened at 10.30 a. m., Brother Blair presiding. Thomas Daly assisted; Joseph F. Burton, clerk.

Brother Heman C. Smith recommended Brothers George S. Lincoln and James B. Price for ordination as high priests. Brother Blair recommended Brother George W. Harlow. All these were recommended to the General Conference. Brother Blair preached in the evening. Joseph F. Burton preached Saturday night.

Sunday fifteenth, Brother Blair preached at 11. Daly preached in the evening. During this conference, Brother Blair presiding, liberty was used in speaking of the work in testimony during the business sessions; which made the sessions more spiritual and lively, and less of stiff formality. It seems as though new life was given to the work in California.

Elder Burton writes:

Tuesday, Brother Blair and I visited several of the Saints. He preached and I saw him to the station to take the train for Utah. Met Sister Daly this evening for the first time. Wednesday visited Sister Christene, then to senate chamber.

Thursday, March 19, 1891. Took train for Eldorado, arrived about 7 p. m., took tea at Brother Askews', and then visited Sister Patten and administered to her.

Friday, twentieth, visited Brother and Sister William O. Skinner and Sister Allen and administered to her. Wrote posters for meeting Sunday evening. Saturday got a letter from Sister Beebe to go to Ashdale Mills to administer to her. Brother James Askews drove me over there. We left at noon and got there at dusk; found Sister Beebe quite sick, paralyzed on the right side. Her son-in-law, Mr. Chapman, would not shake hands with us, nor receive us. He was very angry that we came. We got supper, and after administering to Sister Beebe went to another house about a mile away and tried to get lodgings for the night, but was refused through Sister Beebe's son-in-law, so we drove back and got to Eldorado about midnight.

Tuesday, the twenty-second. Held sacrament meeting at Brother Skinner's and ordained him. He and the Saints who are here are members of the Sacramento Branch. The district conference ordered him ordained.

At seven p. m. a wagonload of us went over to the Springfield mines to fill an appointment; quite a few persons came out, but the key of the schoolhouse could not be obtained.

This evening, the twenty-sixth, it is raining steadily, no meeting tonight, neither Friday night. Visited Brother Skinner. Saturday, a beautiful day. I had a long walk towards Placerville and preached on Book of Mormon in the evening. Sunday visited John and Cattie

Askews in the forenoon and George Askews and wife in the afternoon; had a good, long talk on gospel truth. I preached in the evening. Being Easter Sunday, I took the opportunity to preach upon the extent of Christ's atonement, good liberty. Monday, the thirtieth, visited all day and preached at night on the three glories, etc.

Elder Burton left Eldorado on his homeward journey April 1, 1891. The Saints had become interested in his Mount Olivet home and liberally supplied him with roots, vines, and flower seeds to help beautify it. At Sacramento Brother John R. Cook took him to visit Sister Lee.

April 3 he took train at Sacramento for Stockton. Put up at Brother Darrow's and preached in the evening. On Sunday preached twice and held sacrament meeting. On Monday, with Brother Nightingale, he visited Saints in town and preached Tuesday evening. Wednesday took cars for Irvington, and to Hollister on Friday, and home on Saturday. Daughter Addie was then at home with her mother. Preached in San Benito on Friday, April 12, 1891.

The following week he worked at home, putting out his vines and cuttings, making garden, and getting lumber and wire for garden fences and putting it up until the seventeenth, when he speaks of going to conference (I presume in Mulberry) and getting back the twentieth.

On the twenty-first was called to go to Brother Page's and administered to Etta Range, and there got word to go to Long Valley to administer to Asa Davis's child. Went at once and administered to the child and five others in Long Valley, returning next day, and for ten days worked at home.

May 20, 1891, Brother John B. Carmichael and I went to Long Valley, where we labored until May 26, during which time I baptized Brother Tim Cook and ordained him a teacher.

I preached on the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth at home.

On the twenty-eighth I went to the Chalone to administer to Brother McKee's child.

June 3, 1891, went to Hollister to Brother Range's to administer to the sick.

On the fourth Brother Range and I went to Santa Ana Valley.

Seventh. Preached in Santa Ana at 3 p. m. Mrs. Bell's baby died this evening. I attended the child's funeral and preached at the house; from the cemetery we went to San Benito dam and baptized Sister Bell, the mother of the child.

On the ninth went towards home, got as far as Brother Lawn's for dinner, and home at night.

At home all the week.

Thirteenth. Left for Hollister; got to Brother Range's at evening. June 15, got to Brother Lawn's and tarried all night with them. Next day got home at noon.

Wednesday found him getting ready to go away again. He left home Thursday, twenty-fifth. Got to Brother Lawn's about eighteen miles below, from where Brother Daniel Brown with horse and buggy accompanied him on the trip. This time they went by way of Watsonville, stopping the first night at Hollister, and the next at Freedom. The day following they got to Hiln's Mill and preached in the evening.

Sunday, the twenty-eighth, preached in the afternoon and evening, also on Monday evening, staying at Brother Stuart's. Tuesday, we went over to Santa Cruz, had a good visit with Brother and Sister Moses, and back in time to preach at eight in the evening.

July 1, 1891, visited Brother Kingsley in Green Valley, stayed all night at Sister Hutchins' beyond Watsonville.

July 2, Brother Browne married George Stuart and Sarah Hendrick. All night at Sister Clem's, Brother Brown's sister in Watsonville. From thence we made our way home, arriving Saturday, July 4, and preaching Sunday.

These sketches of travel have been jotted down too briefly in Elder Burton's diary to be very interesting, but they serve to show that he let no grass grow under his feet, he kept on the move and wherever he was he preached, not only on Sundays but through the week, as often as he could get any together to preach to.

Elder Burton stayed in the vicinity of home till the tenth. The little home being then put in good condition for living, he left the loved ones for a three-month cruise in the northern district, accepting the chance to go as far as Hollister with Brother Roy C. Davis.

From Hollister he took train to Altamont where he tarried at Brother Young's till July 14, preaching three times, and visiting the few Saints in that neighborhood.

On the fifteenth he went to Irvington to consult with Brother Stivers about the reunion and back to Brother Young's the same day, and tarried until the twenty-first.

On the twenty-second he left Altamont for Stockton and arrived at Brother Nightingale's. The next few days he and Brother Thomas Daly visited many of the Saints of Stockton.

Monday, twenty-ninth, Elder Burton wrote to his wife saying:

Yesterday we had three meetings here, and to-day Brother Nightingale and I are going out fifteen miles from here to bless three children and visit some aged sisters. To-morrow I am to baptize some, I do not know just how many. We had an excellent time yesterday. Brother Daly preached in the morning, I in the evening. I had good liberty and a large congregation. Quite an interest is manifested here, and I hope to get the Saints more united.

I quote from Elder Burton's letter:

Sacramento, July 30, 1891. I am just in from Stockton. I expect soon to meet Brother Heman C. Smith here. . . . On Tuesday Brother Daly baptized three in Stockton, and we had an excellent meeting at Brother Leslie Darrow's. Saturday evening I preached to a large congregation in the chapel. I felt splendid; had a calm, cheerful feeling and excellent liberty; more of the old-time fire than I have had for a long time; everyone seemed pleased. I left Stockton to-day.

July 31 Apostle Heman C. Smith, who was in charge of the Pacific Slope Mission, arrived in Sacramento. Then these, brothers indeed, united their labors. They at once commenced a series of meetings in the Saints' chapel.

During this week Elder Burton speaks of hearing Rabbi Brown lecture on the Talmud and also having visited the art museum. I quote from a letter written by Elder Burton to his wife:

Sacramento, August 9. Brother Heman C. preached this morning, then we had Sunday school and immediately after it, sacrament meeting, so we are just home at Brother Harlow's near four p. m., and while I wait for dinner I will write you. We had an excellent meeting this after-

noon. I spoke in tongues, and the interpretation, as near as I can remember was,

“Oh, the sadness of the pathway of the Saint who walks in crooked ways. Oh, the sorrowfulness of the mind of the Saint who does that which is evil. But oh, the peace of those who do the will of God, and the happiness of those who do right. The Lord loves you for your desires to do good. Seek peace and God will help you to do good, and the holy angels will walk with you while you do that which is right. But oh, with sadness and sorrow will he turn away from you if you do that which is wrong. Seek to do good continually and the Holy Spirit will be with you—God will bless you, and Jesus will redeem you. Amen!”

This was for the branch, of course, but the principles are eternal. I thought while speaking it that I could see the angel of each Saint so happy if he could stay by the side of the one he was to guide, and how sad and grieved he looked if he had to leave a Saint because he should go where the angel could not; and the thought too, that when Saints went willfully astray, they had to go alone, for neither God nor the angel would go with them. But how supremely happy the angel looked, when they returned so he could walk with them again. I felt very happy. We all felt well. After speaking, I sat down and covered my face with my handkerchief. I prayed God to bless you with the same calm Holy Spirit that you might be happy, peaceful, and the angel of your presence be ever with you. Last evening I preached; not very good liberty, but I tried to comfort the Saints from Matthew 11: 28, for the Saints here seem to be in a good deal of trouble one way and another.

On August 11 they went on to Eldorado. Will quote again from a letter written from that place.

We are having excellent meetings, Brother Heman C. does the preaching. I have only preached once here. He has excellent liberty, and the people like him very much, and so I persuade him to preach. Last night there were sixty out to hear him. Sixty is a large congregation for the place of so few Saints, and he preached the grandest sermon on repentance that I ever heard. Yesterday afternoon at church he spoke in admonition, exhortation and counsel, really an apostolic address to a few—for it was so hot that only a few would climb the hill to the school-house.

We were over to Placerville but could not get a house for meeting, so will remain here till Thursday next, then return to Sacramento. Have written to a number of the scattered Saints about the Irvington reunion on September 12. Think the Saints from here will go.

Elder Burton often spoke of Elder Smith preaching a “ringing sermon” from the text: “After the manner which they call heresy so worship I the God of my fathers,” etc.

On August 20 the elders bade good-bye to Eldorado, and returned to Sacramento. Elder Smith preached in the evening and next day continued their journey to Stockton, en route for Irvington though they remained in Stockton until the thirty-first, visiting the Saints in the day and preaching in the evening. The thirty-first found them in Irvington, only for a day though. From Irvington they passed on to San Francisco, intending to remain and hold meetings there and in Oakland till time for the reunion.

But on September 6 Elder Burton got word from Brother Harry Jones, of Long Valley, to come there via San Lucas, to marry him on the tenth. He complied with the request. Mrs. Burton and daughter were also present at the wedding, and went the same day to Irvington. Next day Elder Burton with the brethren were busy building a bower. The chapel at Irvington had burned down a short time previous. The reunion commenced on the twelfth of September. Apostle Heman C. Smith, Elders Joseph F. Burton and Daniel S. Mills presided. Four meetings a day during the reunion is all that is on record concerning it, but the writer remembers that it was an unusually spiritual and edifying occasion.

By invitation, after reunion daughter Addie went to Tulare for a visit with her aunt, and Elder Burton and wife started homeward by way of San Lucas and Long Valley, making a stop of a day and a night at the pleasant home of Brother and Sister Burgess of San Jose, and the next at Brother Cook's at Long Valley, next day visited at Sister Davis's. On the twenty-sixth baptized three boys in the Salinas River, visited and administered to Brother Holmes's children and to Sister Holmes.

Twenty-seventh held two services at Brother James Smith's, confirmed two boys and ordained Moses Holmes a teacher, and after meeting went to Brother John Holmes's and confirmed Oliver F. Holmes who was baptized yesterday.

Twenty-eighth. At Sister Betty Smith's, getting ready to leave for home, Brother and Sister Cook taking us in their conveyance. Brother Heman C. Smith with us.

October 8 Elder Burton and wife, and Apostle Heman C. Smith went to Long Valley to attend conference. The brethren of San Benito kindly provided them with horse and wagon. Conference convened on the ninth. Elder Burton was appointed delegate to General Conference. Sunday, Apostle Heman C. Smith baptized Mary Range. Daniel S. Mills preached at eleven a. m. Sacrament and testimony meeting at half past two. Brother Smith occupied the evening hour. On Monday all left for home.

Fifteenth. Went with Brother Eugene Holt to Chalone, baptized three and administered to Sister Starkey. At home two days.

On the eighteenth went with Brother Joseph Eugene Holt to Chalone to administer to Sister Lawn for diphtheria, and preached at Brother Dick McKee's house. At home again till the twenty-second. Went to Hollister with Brother Joseph Eugene Holt and got lumber for ceiling the house. Got back Friday. Was at home over Sunday and preached on the knowledge of God. Tuesday Eugene Holt and I traveled all night, from nine o'clock in the evening to four o'clock in the morning to administer to Jacob Smith's child. Administered to three for diphtheria.

Here the writer speaks from memory of the circumstance as related after Elder Burton came home. The youngest of the three children was much worse than the others. It seemed nigh unto death when they arrived, and the administration did not seem to have the desired effect. The elders stayed with them during that day. I don't remember just how long after the administration, but as the child lay in its mother's lap, he seemed to have died, and those who were standing about him commenced to mourn him as dead. Brother Eugene was constrained by the Spirit to place his hand upon him and pray. He did so, just one hand over the little forehead, and in a little while he opened his eyes, revived, and got well. The next day they administered to seven sick folks, mostly of diphtheria and came home. This was the twenty-ninth of October and

all appeared to be improving satisfactorily. I do not know whether there were any immediately healed or not, but they felt their presence was no longer needed. However, on November 3 they were called to Long Valley again to administer to a son of Moses Holmes. He died before the elders got to the house. They remained until after the funeral and held one meeting at Brother John Holmes's.

On November 12 Elder Burton and his wife left home for a trip to Santa Cruz. Got to Watsonville on the thirteenth. From that date till the twenty-fifth the time was spent with the Saints of Watsonville, Porter's Gulch, Santa Cruz, Hiln's Mill or Valencia, Santa Cruz County, preached a few times. Baptized and confirmed four, administered to four. On the twenty-fifth they went over the mountain to San Jose.

On the twenty-seventh he went to Irvington; had quite a severe attack of grippe that night at Brother Stivers', but moved on towards home the next afternoon and got as far as Brother Burgess's in San Jose.

With this brief account, closes the record of travel for 1891. The number of sermons preached was fifty-five and other meetings attended was fifty-two, number of sick administered to sixty-eight. Had I access to the letters written by Elder Burton to the *Herald* during the year of 1891, I might be able to furnish more of the results of his work, but that is known to the great Keeper of all accounts and must suffice.

I have letters before me showing that in the early part of the year 1890 the thought of sending missionaries to India was agitated among the leading quorums of the church. Elder William W. Blair writing to President Joseph Smith on June 2, 1890, said: "I am confident it would be well to send missionaries to India at as early a time as suitable men and needed means can be procured, as provided in revelation of July, 1837, etc. Brother Burton is well fitted in many ways for that field. . . ."

The First Presidency and Elder Burton had had some correspondence in regard to the matter, and Elder Burton was prepared in his heart to go, in fact looked confidently forward to the opening of that mission, because he had had a dream that gave him the evidence that he was to labor among a people of the garb of that climate, and even his wife had schooled herself to a semiwillingness to go. This thought he kept deep down in his heart until the dream was fulfilled in the people of the South Sea Islands.

From January 1, 1892, to the fourth was rainy and muddy. On the fifth they left home in their new buggy for a lengthy tour throughout another part of the northern district, making the usual stops on the way until leaving Irvington. On the ninth they visited Sister Culp at Hayward, and got to Brother John Cockerton's in Oakland, and in the evening in San Francisco. To Oakland again on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings. Preached at Berkeley in Captain Higgins's shop. Wednesday transacted some business in the city, and Thursday drove back to Irvington and to Brother Stivers'. Went next day to Brother Young's at Altamont.

Saturday set out two hundred olive cuttings, for himself, in Brother Young's garden, and visited in the afternoon at the widow Cockerton's. Sunday preached at Brother Young's in the day, and at Sister Cockerton's in the evening. Left Altamont on Monday and got to Stockton in the afternoon. Visited at Brother Nightingale's and Leslie Darrows's. Tuesday administered to Brother and Sister Nightingale, also Brother Dillman. Visited Sister Lightowler, and at ten in the morning left for Oakdale, arrived at Brother Samuel Robinson's in the afternoon. The following day published notices for meetings, and visited a Mrs. Rood. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Sunday Elder Burton preached in Union Hall. During the day he visited and talked with those who seemed to be interested. On Tuesday was

with a Mr. and Mrs. Russell, very fine people, and preached on faith in the evening.

It was a cold spell in January, and getting warmed up preaching he would chill before he got back to Brother Robinson's, so took a severe cold and sore throat.

On Wednesday Elder Burton was not able to go out. The day was cold and rainy and he was wrestling with the grippe, with throat so sore he could not speak very plainly. He tied his throat up and filled his appointment on Wednesday evening. No meeting was given out for Thursday. On that day Sisters Burton and Robinson visited an elderly Sister Copeland seven miles down the Stanislaus River.

Elder Burton's throat was so sore and cankered on Friday that he got Brother Samuel Robinson to fill his appointment for the evening. Saturday his throat was a little better, and he and Mrs. Burton visited Mr. and Mrs. David Russell by their request. They were thinking of being baptized.

On Sunday, the thirty-first, he baptized those two worthy people, and preached in the evening on the Book of Mormon. The strain of the throat was too much, and Monday he was obliged to succumb to the grippe, but still sat in his chair. On that day Sister Copeland came in to Brother Robinson's and persuaded the missionaries to go home with her to her large, comfortable ranch house, where was everything that was needful to nurse a sick person. It was a risk to face the cold, damp wind, so far, but it would be quiet after they got there, and would relieve Sister Robinson, who had a little family. So the wife wrapped him up as much as he would allow himself to be wrapped and taking the lines herself, followed Sister Copeland's wagon.

How quiet, easy, and comfortable the house was. Tuesday and Wednesday he was partly sick, obliged to keep his bed. On the third day after getting to Copeland's, erysipelas in a severe form set in, blended with the grippe. What was good

or soothing for the grippe had just the opposite effect for erysipelas, and the mistaken kindness of the good sister who considered it would be ill-treating the neighbors not to allow each one who came to the house to come to the bedroom, shake hands and speak with him, was like adding fuel to a fire, and his mind wandered. His head, face and ears were swollen to an unrecognizable proportion, while the inward fire burned the flesh, and so the anxious days and nights passed, the wife keeping her nightly vigil all alone. There was none to call upon for help. The sister was past her three score years and having many duties in the day, must not be deprived of her rest. Her husband was not a brother in the church, but he was a kind man. The wife would not give up her charge to anyone. On Friday Brother Robinson came and administered, which soothed the sufferer for a time, but neither of these maladies had reached their zenith. Brother Robinson desired to stay, but on account of sickness in his family he was obliged to go home the same day.

Saturday night, February 7, 1892, was one of horror to the distressed wife. How she talked, and begged and plead with the Lord for the life of her husband, though the unconscious body before her scarcely had a semblance of him.

On Sunday a telegram was sent to Sacramento to Brother Harlow to come and administer. Word had been sent to Brother Heman C. Smith, then in San Bernardino, and asking him to have a season of prayer for him, to which he answered, "Don't let him go. He can not be spared. A purer minded man I never knew." On Monday Brother Harlow and Brother Robinson came and together administered and the disease was broken. These brethren stayed, sitting with, and waiting on the sick man until four o'clock in the morning, giving Mrs. Burton a few hours respite. But there was much that needed to be done, while the daylight lasted, and in the evening letters

must be written to the anxious ones, so it was eleven in the evening before she lay down to sleep.

After this visit of the brethren, he steadily improved, and on the following Saturday was able to get up and be dressed and lie on the lounge. His face was still very sore; on one side a deep, thick crust covered the entire side of his face. Brother Robinson came Sunday, and administered again, a few minutes after which the crust or scab fell from his face, where it was not held by the beard, leaving a delicate pink skin over the flesh.

Each day now he steadily improved, yet was very weak. By Friday he was able to walk around a little out-of-doors. On the ensuing Tuesday Elder Burton thought he was able to take up his line of travel again. To stay longer than was really necessary seemed like imposing upon the kindness of Sister Copeland and her husband who had been untiring in their goodness, for which the missionaries felt deeply grateful. Consequently the horse, that had been as kindly cared for as the missionaries, was brought from the barn and hitched to a buggy, and they came back to Brother Robinson's at Oakdale.

Next day they visited the newly made Saints, Brother and Sister Russell, who were rejoicing in the knowledge, spirit, and blessings of the restored gospel, and the living hope that it imparts, and hungry to learn more of its precious truth.

Brother and Sister Robinson were present at the meeting in the evening. Five children were blessed. Remained for the night at Brother Russell's and the next morning started out again for Stockton. Spent the night at the home of Sister Lightowler and was on the road again at eight in the morning.

Got to Sister Cockerton's at Altamont before evening; met Brother Daly there. Elder Burton feeling the fatigue of his two days' drive, rested all day at Sister Cockerton's. The next day being Tuesday the few Saints gathered at Brother Young's on the long hillside and had prayer and testimony

meeting. Elder Burton spoke in tongues, a word of comfort to the Saints at that place.

In Irvington Brother Burton went into the post office, whereupon the postmaster said: "Are you folks on the road yet? I wish you would get somewhere and stay awhile, so we could have more rain." It was all too fine for February, but the rain soon came. The missionaries traveled some each day and arrived home at San Benito Saturday, March 5, to find that Brethren John B. Carmichael, Asa Davis, and Nathaniel Carmichael had plowed the Mount Olivet place and sowed it to hay. Sunday he preached in the schoolhouse and had sacrament meeting, and visited at Brother Eugene Holt's till evening.

The next two days they were fixing their house in order to be left awhile. Had prayer meeting at Mount Olivet Monday evening.

On Wednesday Brother Eugene took them, Elder Burton and wife, to Hollister, where they took train next morning for Stockton to the district conference. At nine in the morning Elder Burton baptized six persons, and preached at eleven.

Elder Burton preached on Monday, and on Wednesday got tickets for himself and wife to Kansas City for thirty dollars each, and left at noon for Los Angeles and visited a day or so with daughter Dora, whom they had not seen for nearly two years. Then on to Frank's, and to visit the Saints at Garden Grove. This people was still the Newport Branch, but when the Newport country was flooded they made an exodus to this tract of dry, sandy land that they had purchased near Garden Grove proper, taking their meetinghouse with them. Since that time they have built a new chapel; many of the first settlers have moved to other branches, and new ones have come, and children grown up, so the Newport Branch abides there yet, presided over by Nathaniel Carmichael.

Elder Burton also visited the Saints of Laguna Canyon,

San Bernardino and Santa Ana, preaching as opportunity offered. On Wednesday, March 30, took a tourist sleeper for Kansas City, and arrived in Independence Saturday, April 1, 1892. Mrs. Burton was indebted to a kind young sister of Lamoni for the great pleasure of attending this conference, and seeing her mother and sister. The sister at Lamoni sent her fifty dollars for that purpose, the previous December. God bless her.

At the conference of 1892 Elder Burton was appointed minister in charge of the Pacific Slope Mission. Immediately after conference Elder Burton and wife visited a week with her mother and sister at Lees Summit. On Sunday afternoon of April 17, 1892, got a brush from a passing cyclone both at Independence and Lees Summit. Much damage was done at the latter place. The visit at Lees Summit with Brother and Sister John W. Layton, Laurie, and baby Irene and Grandma Davison was a very pleasant one. On the twenty-fourth Laurie was baptized by his Uncle Joe, who returned the following day to Independence.

On April 27, 1892, Elder Burton and Mrs. Burton, with Brother and Sister Henry A. Stebbins, left Independence for California. The three days' ride home was very pleasant. Their first stop at San Bernardino was at Brother and Sister Patterson's. Visiting and administering to the sick in company with Brother Stebbins was the order for the next four days. On May 5, 1892, they went to Garden Grove, where reunion commenced the sixth, four services each day.

Elders Burton and Stebbins visited and preached in Newport, Garden Grove, and Laguna Canyon till Saturday, the fourteenth, on which day Elder Burton and wife went to Los Angeles, to Dora Howland's, whose children were sick with measles. Elder Burton preached in the hall at Los Angeles Sunday and attended prayer and testimony meeting at Sister Howland's. These two elders visited and held meet-

ings in the vicinity of Los Angeles, Orange, and Santa Ana until May 30, 1892, when they went to Beaumont, to Brother Newton Best's and visited the Saints there till Friday, June 3, when they returned to San Bernardino and remained with the Saints there until June 20. On Sunday, June 22, 1892, Elder Burton preached the funeral sermon of Edith and Marcellus, children of Brother and Sister Jasper Wixom, who died with scarlet fever. Elder Burton went to Los Angeles and on the twenty-fourth went to El Toro, held several meetings and baptized and confirmed three persons, thence to Laguna Canyon.

The twenty-eighth finds him again in Los Angeles. On July 3, 1892, the marriage of his daughter Addie and Reuben Matthews took place at Dora Howland's, Elder Burton officiating. On Wednesday, the sixth, Elder Burton left Los Angeles for northern California (his wife remaining a few days at son Frank's, caring for a newly arrived grandson), stopping at Alila to visit with his brother Ebenezer and his family, also the Saints in that vicinity.

On the fifteenth his wife joined him, and they went to Tulare Saturday, preached on Sunday, and visited the Saints in that vicinity a few days. On Wednesday, the twenty-first, they arrived at Brother John Cockerton's in Oakland. Spent ten days among the Saints of Oakland, San Francisco, and Berkeley. On July 28 they went to Walnut Creek. The following day attended the funeral of Sister Lindsey, preached the sermon, also preached at Alamo.

Tuesday, August 2, 1892, baptized and confirmed four persons. Organized a branch and ordained four persons, elder, priest, and two teachers, next day went to Oakland, and to San Francisco in the afternoon.

Put my naturalization papers in the land office. In the afternoon met Brother and Sister Stebbins at Brother Price's. Remained in Oakland and San Francisco till August 11, then went to Irvington after reunion business. On Friday, August 12, went to Hollister, found Brother Eu-

gene Holt waiting for me to go to Santa Cruz, as Sister A. Starky was sick at a place near called Telton. On our arrival, we were met by Brother Starky who told us his wife had died the evening before.

The brethren remained till after the burial. Elder Burton preached the sermon, then drove back to Santa Cruz, and had meeting at Brother John Holmes's. Back to Hollister the fifteenth, and on the sixteenth arrived at home on Mount Olivet, after an absence of five months.

Thursday, August 25, finds Elder Burton at Irvington; from that time till the afternoon of September 1, he, with Brother Darius Joyce, was busy every day making benches for the tent. On the second day they put up the tent and let the society of the Christian Endeavor hold two meetings in it.

Saturday, September 3, reunion commenced with very few in attendance. Brother Heman C. Smith came in the evening.

September 24. Left San Francisco on steamer *Santa Rosa* for Redondo, arrived early on the twenty-sixth. Got to Dora's at Green Meadows at eight in the morning and at Frank's at Santa Ana at five in the evening. Went to San Bernardino on the twenty-ninth. Conference convened on September 30, Heman C. Smith presiding, Daniel S. Mills and Elder Burton assisting. On Sunday baptized and confirmed Dora Dustin. Monday at Addie's.

October 16, Los Angeles for a while. On the nineteenth went up to Tulare. Was at his sister's when he got a telegram that Brother Cross of Stockton was dead. He left Tulare on the first train and got to Stockton at eight the next morning. He says: "Met Emma there, and put up at Sister Nightingale's, attended funeral of Brother Cross, and preached sermon October 22. Visited with Brother Samuel Robinson and the Saints of Stockton for a week or more, then traveled towards San Benito, stopping and preaching at the intervening places and got home to Mount Olivet by the time the rainy season set in." In the mind of the writer, this is the winter that Elder Burton

preached regularly in the Jefferson Branch. Brother John B. Carmichael proposed to furnish him a subject or text after he arrived at the place for meeting. Those discourses proved to be of great interest, often enlightening the speaker as well as the hearer.

The year 1893 commences with four sermons in San Benito, two in Hollister, three in Gilroy, the last of which was on February 2. February 12 he organized the San Jose Branch. John B. Carmichael, who had resigned the presidency of the Jefferson Branch on account of having moved to San Jose, was chosen president; Henry Burgess, priest. J. Swenson was ordained teacher; Charles H. Burgess, treasurer, he being ordained deacon on the eighth, and Sister Harriet A. Willett chosen secretary. Continued speaking in San Jose until the twenty-sixth, thence to Gilroy and held meetings each night of the week and twice on Sunday. Then returned to attend the district conference held in San Francisco March 3 and 4. Preached once. The next sermon was in San Benito, on March 19, 1893. The writer has no knowledge of the time in the month that he left home, en route for General Conference, but she remembers of taking him in the buggy to Tres Pinos, thirty miles down the river, to join the cars, and of the fervent clasp of his hand when bidding good-bye, while he invoked God's blessing upon her and that the angels might ever be near to guard and cheer her. And as he stepped upon the car steps, of his looking back and saying: "Be good to yourself," and of the lump in her throat that she was trying to swallow, but it would not down, and while she stood by the track by herself and saw the cars glide away, she wondered what it would be if the time ever came when she would have to abide alone without those benedictions. It seemed to her then that she could not live and endure it; but we none of us know what we can endure until the test comes. And again we think of our own strength only and do not remember that God will still

live, and will lend his sustaining strength. Were it not for that, one might well recoil from such a fate. She remembers, too, that when the cars had gone around the bend in the road, and it was no longer in sight, of going back to her buggy, of unhitching the horse and getting into the buggy and driving back twelve miles over a lonely road and of staying all night with Sister Lytle, near Brother Lawn's and going home next day.

(To be continued.)

[This beautiful and touching event in the lives of Elder Burton and wife is no doubt real, and happened sometime just as related, but Mrs. Burton is mistaken regarding the year, as Elder Burton did not attend the General Conference of 1893. He attended the General Conference at Lamoni, Iowa, in 1894 unaccompanied by his wife, and this may have been the time of which she touchingly writes.—EDITOR.]

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But why had not Pharaoh the power of interpreting his dreams? Why was Joseph the type of the "truly gifted seer?" Why did he not only dream, but had also the power to interpret both his own dreams and the dreams of others? Simply read the lives of the two. He who runs may read. In all true power it is, after all, living the life that tells. And in proportion as one lives the life does he not only attain to the highest power and joy for himself, but he also becomes of ever greater service to all the world. One need remain in no hell longer than he himself chooses to; and the moment he chooses not to remain longer, not all the powers in the universe can prevent his leaving it. One can rise to any heaven he himself chooses; and when he chooses so to rise, all the higher powers of the universe combine to help him heavenward.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

# BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON

BY EMMA B. BURTON

(Continued from page 165.)

He arrived home the first week in May, 1893. His appointment was still in charge of the Pacific Slope Mission.

May 9 to June 20, 1893, Elder Burton labored in Hollister, Stockton, Sacramento, San Francisco, San Jose, Oakland, Ferndale, and Eureka. On the tenth Mrs. Burton left him for Southern California, to visit her children.

I now quote from Elder Burton's letter written to his wife.

Eureka, Tuesday, June 20. Last Friday Brother Bradbury Robinson took me in his buggy to Ferndale to see the Saints there. We met Don, Samuel Robinson's brother, got dinner there, then went on and stayed all night at Brother Vedder's. He has a creamery, or cheese-making factory, and the next morning we went on farther and saw John Fox's daughter and her five children, also her husband who is another son of Brother Robinson. Then we went on to John Fox's.

The reader will probably remember the name as being Elder Burton's sailor chum who with him went one cold winter in search of a wife. Some two years after, he, John Fox, found her in the person of a fair young widow. Though she had two little sons she was still youthful with dimpled face, bright eyes, and long, glossy ringlets. Elder Burton wanted to make this meeting an entire surprise. Therefore when a young daughter came to the door in answer to his knock, he asked, "Does John Fox live here?" "Yes." "Is he in?" "Yes." "I am an old friend; take me right in where he is." He was reclining on a lounge. The elder stood in front of him and simply said, "John Fox and Joe Burton." That brought him to his feet with a bound. He grasped his hand and then his arm, and passed his hand all over his face, saying, "Joe Burton, Joe Burton." Then the wife came and learning who he was, held him by the other arm, repeating his name as if to make sure it was him. "And," said he,

I was delighted to see them, and to receive so cordial a reception. Then we spent three hours talking over old times. I had to come back here Sunday afternoon in the Christian church, and again last evening. I expect to go out on Saturday. They live in Rohnerville. I preached here Sunday afternoon in the Christian church, and again last evening. I had most excellent liberty both times, especially last evening, I preach again this evening, and preach near Ferndale next Sunday, and reorganize the branch which has not met for two years, and then will preach in Rohnerville next week. I am stopping at Brother Kinsey's. He is mayor of Eureka and assistant cashier of the bank there. His wife is Brother Meder's granddaughter, a strong Latter Day Saint and all alive in the work. They are very well off and have everything nice. The brethren are very anxious that I should come back after the September reunion and stay two or three months, and Sister Kinsey says to be sure and bring you.

The record shows that he preached three times at Rohnerville and stayed with his friend John Fox from the twenty-sixth to the twenty-ninth. From there went on to Eureka.

On July 1 got to San Francisco; the second met Brother Gomer R. Wells and Brother John Kaler and wife on their way to Australia. Heard them preach on Sunday morning and evening in San Francisco and afternoon in Oakland, where Brother Wells addressed the Sunday school. I preached in a tent at Berkeley on Monday evening, and on Tuesday, July 4, left Oakland for Sacramento. Brother Calderwood was away, so could not baptize him. [Brother Calderwood had met him in Eureka, if I am not mistaken, and requested him to come to Sacramento on his return, for he wanted to be baptized.]

Visited Saints, and left on Friday morning for San Francisco. Went to the railroad office and got reduced rates for the reunion to be held at Downey, Los Angeles County. All night at Brother Anthony's. Bought ticket for Los Angeles, via Redondo on steamer *Santa Rosa*, and started Sunday morning, July 9. Stopped at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara and Santa Monica. Left Santa Monica seven a. m. of July 11 and got to Dora's at ten a. m. Met Brother Hilliard at Los Angeles station on our way to Downey reunion, July 14. Preached four times at reunion and baptized three persons, got back to Dora's at three p. m. the twenty-fourth. From July 26 until August 11, Elder Burton traveled with Brother Hilliard, preached in Santa Ana, El Toro, Laguna Canyon, San Bernardino and San Jacinto, also in Newport Branch.

On Friday, August 11 several of the Saints of San Bernardino, with Emma and I and Brother Hilliard went to Arrowhead Springs, and back to Reuben and Addie Matthews' for supper and ice cream in the evening. This day's outing and evening was for a good-bye to Brother Hilliard.

Sunday, August 13, I preached in San Bernardino, and on the nine-

teenth left for Santa Ana, and preached Sunday, the twentieth, at Newport Branch. On Monday went to the old place and bargained with Mr. — to put underpinning under the house; we furnished the material, he doing all the work, and he was to have the use of the house and place until January 1, 1894.

Tuesday, twenty-first, visited Saints and preached at eight p. m. Wednesday, twenty-third, visited and held prayer meeting at Newport Branch, and Thursday preached in the same place. This date, August 24, I wrote to Emma (in San Bernardino) sending check for Bishop Baly to cash to pay fare to San Francisco. Went to Los Angeles on the twenty-sixth. Left Brother Mills very sick at Newport. Visited him and administered I believe for the last time on Friday evening. On Saturday at seven a. m., I bade him farewell, never expecting to see him alive in the flesh.

On Sunday I preached at Los Angeles, morning and evening, and visited the Saints during the week. Left Redondo, Tuesday, September 5, got to San Francisco on the seventh. Reunion commenced at Irvington on September 9; chairmen Joseph F. Burton, George H. Hilliard and Hiram L. Holt. Concluded Monday night, eighteenth—forty meetings, three baptized. Left on Wednesday for Gilroy. Began meetings on Saturday, twenty-third, in Wright's Hall. Continued all week until Sunday night. Then on Monday, October 2, went to Mount Olivet. Back to Gilroy on Thursday and left on Friday for San Francisco, and on Saturday, October 7, took passage on the *Santa Rosa* for Los Angeles. Arrived at Dora's Monday, ninth, at noon.

From this time until December 13 he labored in Southern California, during which time he preached in Los Angeles, San Bernardino, (where he attended a conference from October 20 to 22, and preached the memorial discourse of Elder Daniel S. Mills) Beaumont, Santa Ana, El Toro, Laguna Canyon and Downey. Mrs. Burton had a severe attack of asthma and pneumonia while at Santa Ana. November 30, he married Arthur Hill and Edna Heminway at Laguna, December 6, he ordained Albert Carmichael and Charles Baly elders, and Henry W. Patterson and Frank W. Burton, priests at Santa Ana, and baptized three at Downey.

He then went to the Central District, and divided his time between Alila, Tulare, and Visalia until January 2, 1894. At one o'clock took train for Niles, made short stop at Irvington, San Jose, and Hollister where he was met by Brother Eugene Holt with his team to convey him home.

He then labored in San Benito, Salinas, Long Valley, and Mount Olivet until January 20, assisted by Joseph Eugene Holt, John Holmes and others.

January 30, 1894, left home with Sue and the buggy for San Jose; stayed the night with Brother Putney near Gilroy, then on to San Jose, where for a day or so he was transacting business, after which he preached five times, baptized and confirmed one, and returned to Brother Putney's on the thirteenth and home on the fifteenth. Remained in the vicinity of home for two weeks, preparing the ground and fencing it for olive trees that he had sent to San Diego for. March 9, the trees arrived, and he got to work planting them on Monday, and worked till late in the night planting by moonlight, so as to leave Tuesday for Oakland conference. Wife accompanied him with Sue and the buggy. Got to Oakland Thursday, the fifteenth. Met Brother and Sister John W. Wight, just arrived from Australia, also Brother Mark H. Forscutt, who had arrived from Tahiti the Tuesday previous. Conference began on Friday, held fourteen sessions, an excellent spirit prevailing. Elder Burton and others were appointed delegates to General Conference.

Monday, Elder Burton and wife started on their homeward journey. Brother and Sister Wight and family preceded them on the train to Gilroy and visited a few hours with Brother and Sister Ross. The next day all four started for Mount Olivet. Since there was no train for that route, Brother George Ross went with his wagon, taking Elders Burton and Wight and the two oldest of the little boys, while Sisters Burton and Wight and the baby followed in the buggy. How they all enjoyed that drive of forty-two miles! Sister Wight was delighted with the mountains, valleys and gorges, which were at that time of the year a living green, and kept mapping out different portions as huge oil paintings, thinking each was prettier than the last, but when they got in sight of the vicinity

of Mount Olivet, she declared it the crowning piece of all. The valley was broader and more smooth, while on the left was Mount Olivet, with its towering hills for a background. On the opposite side of the valley the hills were not so high, but there were smooth, grassy, rolling hills, arranged in the most picturesque manner possible, with a lavish supply of broad-spreading, live oak trees scattered up the sides and over the tops, with a clear, placid lake at their base, reflecting trees, grass, and cattle as they grazed, or leisurely stood in the margin of the lake. Brother and Sister Wight remained a few days. Elder Burton remained until the following Monday, harrowed his orchard, hauled wood, and got ready to go east in company with Brother and Sister Wight and Sister McIntire and children. Started from Gilroy March 28. Made a short stop at San Bernardino and got to Lamoni on April 3. This was Elder Burton's first visit to Lamoni and was a very enjoyable one.<sup>1</sup> He speaks in his letter of quite a number of Saints being at the station to meet them, among whom was Sister Marietta Walker, who claimed him as her guest.

He remained in Lamoni till April 30, then took the Denver and Rio Grande route home and arrived in San Jose May 4. Attended meetings and preached on Sunday. Remained in San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister and San Felipe till the fourteenth, then went in company with Brother Putney to Dos Palos. Began meetings in Dos Palos on the eighteenth, continued one week, baptized three persons, then left Dos Palos for home, and in four more days got to Mount Olivet; found all well, remained until June 8 when Brother Page took Elder Burton and wife to Hollister, where they took train for Santa Cruz. Stopped at the home of Brother and Sister Moses. Preached in the evening at Brother Moses's, and twice on Sunday at

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<sup>1</sup>If this was his first visit at Lamoni, he certainly did not attend conference in 1893, as it was also held in Lamoni.—EDITOR.

Sister Grant's. Held sacrament meeting and blessed one child and administered to several sick persons. Preached Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. On Thursday evening after meeting, while blessing several, called Brother Orion Moses to the Melchisedec priesthood, also Brother Walter Scott and Brother Severy to the Aaronic priesthood.

On June 4 I went to San Francisco; met Brother Kelley, who is getting the gospel boat built. On Saturday, June 16, went to Santa Rosa, back to San Francisco on Monday, and returned to Santa Cruz on Tuesday. Preached Wednesday, and on Thursday, June 21, organized the Santa Cruz Branch. Brother Kelley, presiding, ordained Orion Moses, and assisted Brother Kelley in ordaining Walter Scott priest, and Fred A. Severy, deacon.

On Friday Brother Kelley and I went to Hohns Mills, Green Valley, and Watsonville to see about selling the church in Watsonville. All night at Sister Hutchins'. Brother Ira F. Kingsbury, president of branch, thought the branch better be disorganized, and the church property sold, so did all the members, some wishing to unite with the Santa Cruz Branch. Returned on Saturday to Santa Cruz.

On Sunday Brother Kelley preached twice, and Monday Brother Jarius M. Putney and I went to Hohns Mills, Green Valley and Watsonville to see about the branch matters. Met on Tuesday at Sister Clem's house and disorganized the branch, and returned to Santa Cruz. Met in Brother Moses's house and held a business meeting and received by vote those of the Watsonville Branch who wished to unite with the Santa Cruz Branch.

On Wednesday Brother Putney and I got to Gilroy, or near old Gilroy to Brother Putney's. On Friday, June 29, went from Gilroy to Dos Palos, stayed all night at the San Luis ranch, and got to Brother Hall's in Dos Palos at noon of Saturday, thirtieth. Preached until Thursday, July 4, and returned to Gilroy. The following day went to San Jose, all trains stopped on a strike. Brother Putney drove me to San Jose, arrived at Brother Burgess's at four p. m., prayer meeting at Brother Swenson's at eight p. m.

The morning of July 6 went to Oakland, to Brother John Cockerton's. Tarried that night and on July 7 went to San Francisco and saw the keel of the new boat.

Brother Mark H. Forscutt, Edmund L. Kelley and Joseph C. Clapp preached Sunday in the city of Oakland. I visited a part of this week in the city, ready to leave on Wednesday on the *Eureka* for Los Angeles. Arrived in Downey July 13. Continued with the tent during reunion, then went to Santa

Ana, El Toro, Laguna and back to Santa Ana. Baptized two at reunion and nine at Santa Ana, and on July 30 began tent meetings with Brother David L. Harris in Los Angeles, Brother Mark H. Forscutt being with us from Friday evening. Continued meetings all the week after which Brethren Harris and Forscutt had charge of the tent meetings.

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SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded  
 In agony of heart these many years?  
 Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,  
 And think you all in vain those falling tears?  
 Say not the Father has not heard your prayer;  
 You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented  
 This one petition at the Father's throne,  
 It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,  
 So urgent was your heart to make it known.  
 Though years have passed since then, do not despair;  
 The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;  
 Perhaps your own part is not yet wholly done,  
 The work began when first your prayer was uttered,  
 And God will finish what he has begun.  
 If you will keep the incense burning there,  
 His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith can not be unanswered;  
 Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;  
 Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
 Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.  
 She knows omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
 And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

—Robert Browning.

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON

BY EMMA BURTON

(Continued from page 329.)

While Elder Burton was in company with Bishop Kelley, they had talked over the matter of getting the gospel boat to the missionaries at the islands. It was found that the brother who had offered to navigate her across to the islands was too far advanced in years for such an undertaking, and the Bishop was burdened and perplexed in his mind to know how to get the boat across the ocean after she was built. Elder Burton knowing that it was in his power to relieve this anxiety by offering to take the boat to Brother and Sister Devore, could not restrain from doing so, though he was twenty-five years out of practice in nautical work. "And," said he, when telling his wife of it, "you ought to have seen the very perplexed look drop from Brother Kelley's face, and the light of gladness that took its place." And now Brother Burton left the tent, and he and his wife went to all the places where their three children were, Dora in Los Angeles, Frank in Santa Ana and Addie in San Bernardino, and visited with them before leaving for San Francisco. In the meantime visited with others at these places, did some preaching, and baptized one in San Bernardino, and on August 20 left Los Angeles for San Francisco, made a stop of three days at Alila and Tulare, thence on to the city. From that time on Elder Burton worked steadily on the boat, making all haste to get it launched before Bishop Kelley should leave for the East. Being built in a shed, it was necessary to launch before the spars or rigging could be set up. It was launched on Thursday, September 13, 1894. Bishop Kelley having arranged all financial matters, was prepared to leave as soon as he saw her afloat.

Elder Burton now assuming the position of captain, took charge of cutting and setting up the rigging, assisted more or

less by Elder Jacob A. Anthony who had been at work on the boat from the starting. One of Lloyd's boat builders, Daniel Horner, was the master builder. The boat's dimensions were as follows: Length of keel, thirty-seven feet, fifteen feet beam, six feet depth, 118 tons burden. The name *Evanelia* was given her, which in the Tahitian language means *gospel*. She was dedicated at the pier in San Francisco on Sunday, September 23. Her trial trip took place on Thursday, the twenty-seventh.

The day selected for this trial trip down the bay was one of plenty of wind and sea. A pilot was secured for the occasion. Some of the young Saints of San Francisco were all eagerness to go on this trip, thinking it would be just splendid to have a sail down the bay in this nice new boat, but when they had left the harbor, and the captain was pressing her onward, with the sea flying all over her, they were far more anxious to set foot on land once more, thinking that with every lurch and plunge she was either going to capsize or go to the bottom. "I was not frightened," said Sister Parkin, "as long as I saw Brother Burton standing at the wheel with that broad smile on his face." He gave the boat a thorough testing, and came back satisfied.

After this the *Evanelia* was left at anchor in Saucileto Bay in care of Mr. Nieman, a good sailor who was going as cook to Papeete. We were waiting the coming of Brother and Sister Hubert Case of Moorhead, Iowa. Brother Case was going as one of the helping hands on the boat, as well as a missionary to the islands. Meantime Captain Burton and wife attended the San Jose reunion.

This reunion was attended with an unusual degree of the divine Spirit. The anticipated journey of the missionaries across the ocean in so small a craft called forth fervent prayers, and a greater degree of solemnity. Before its close Brother Mark H. Forscutt uttered a prophecy concerning the great destruction of life and property, that would shortly

come to San Francisco, "when hundreds would be swept away in a moment as it were," and warned the Saints who lived there to close up their homes and move elsewhere.

Captain Burton's wife being accustomed to life at sea in all its phases, knew she could render her husband valuable assistance as she would not be troubled with seasickness. She knew, too, that she would be company and perhaps a help to the bride who knew nothing about the freaks of the ocean, so she resolved, by the permission of the Bishop, to go, not as a pleasure trip but to stand by her husband in whatever danger he might be called to pass through.

At the close of the reunion in San Jose on Monday, Elder Burton baptized two persons, then went to San Francisco and on board the *Evanelia*. Provisions were to be taken on board, also bedding, and work was to be done while waiting the coming of the missionaries.

On Sunday morning, October 14, Elder Jarius M. Putney and Sister Esther Cockerton were married by Elder Burton on board the *Evanelia* just for the romance of the place. On Thursday, October 18, the *Evanelia*, with her crew of Captain Joseph F. Burton, Brother Jephtha Scott, mate, Brother Hubert Case and Mr. William MacGrath, sailors, Brother Nieman, cook, Sisters Burton and Case, left San Francisco with pilot and tugboat to take the *Evanelia* out to sea. The tugboat towed them out over the bar, which was comparatively smooth. When over the bar, the tugboat cast off our line, gave three cheers, and returned to the harbor.

The wind though light, was ahead, and the little craft being so light, did not make much progress in getting away from the land or the outer edge of the bar. At two o'clock in the morning she was struck by a terrible squall, that threw her nearly on her beam ends. It was the mate's watch on deck. The captain sprang out of bed, ran to the companionway and called, "Keep her off!" then tried to get into his clothes with

one foot on the floor and one on the wall, so deeply was she listed over. He took the wheel. All hands were on deck, except the sisters. The captain endeavored at first to hold his little craft up against the wind, which proved to be not only a squall, but the forerunner of an oncoming gale right on shore, and the captain soon saw that she would drift on shore in spite of his best efforts, for the wind and sea were rapidly rising and in the darkness of heavy clouds and thick fog, he could not see anything by which to learn his position. There was no chance left for him but to endeavor to reach the harbor again. He judged he must be somewhere near a buoy that marked the outer edge of the bar, and making a calculation of its location, pressed his little ship in that direction to get a sight of it if possible, and in a short time they saw the buoy right ahead; from that he laid his course for San Francisco. By this time the sea was very heavy, and especially on the bar it seemed as if it would tear the little boat all to pieces. The men had been busy reefing sails, to ease her over the sea as much as possible, and yet the timbers strained, creaked, and groaned as she laboriously made her way across the bar in the midst of fog, darkness and a wild waste of angry waters. What a relief when the last heavy sea was left behind. Though the waters inside the bar were rough indeed, in comparison to what they had passed through, they seemed smooth. Day was lighting up the fog, still no land could be seen, no fog horns were heard, in silence they passed on towards the harbor. Saw nothing at all until near noon, when San Francisco harbor opened up to view with its many ships. How good the sight was, yet no stop was made there; the captain ran for Saucileto Bay where there would be no harbor dues, and between one and two p. m., dropped anchor in the bay. The captain had stood at the wheel from two in the night until that hour in the day.

The *Evanelia* was not alone in making harbor in San Fran-

cisco from that storm and it seems nothing short of God's protecting care kept so small a craft from being run down by the large ships that came also, with fog so dense that none could see another. The windstorm continued to blow right on the shore for six days.

Friday, October 24 was clear and fine, with a northerly wind. The captain remained in the harbor all that day thinking that the sea over the bar would become much smoother, but being so sheltered in the little bay of Saucileto, he had not counted on the strength of the gale, or the height of the sea on the bar; and still being fine Saturday, the twenty-fifth, and a fair wind outside "nor'west," the captain thought since he had paid the lawful pilotage and towage out of the harbor once for that voyage, he would take the boat out himself the second time.

The water of the bay was still turbulent from the heavy swell coming in from sea and it was necessary to make several tacks before passing out through the Golden Gate. When near enough, it was seen, using a seaman's phrase, that the bar was still breaking heavily. To undertake to cross those two miles of breaking bar in that mite of a vessel would to the natural mind seem like madness, and indeed he was not insensible to the responsibility of the lives he had in his care; but knowing his going forth was not for gain, but in behalf of the work of the Lord, he knew in whom he trusted and unflinchingly pressed his little bark to the encounter. It was a moment that caused all faces to blanch when nearing the first great wave, not because of fear of the final outcome, but from terror at the sight of those monster waves, so long, so high, and coming with such maddening speed as if intent on destroying all that they came in contact with. The young missionary woman was in her berth, seasick; all the rest were on deck, but could render no assistance; all except the captain stood breathless, with their eyes riveted on the wall of liquid

green that towered above their spars. When it began to press menacingly against the *Evanelia's* side, the captain, who had placed the little craft in the right position to meet it, threw his whole strength to the wheel and held it firm. In scarcely more than an instant the *Evanelia*, without disturbing the level of her deck, glided to the very top and as quickly dropped to the smooth water on the other side. In another moment another wave the same size was met and crossed with the same success. Then the feeling of terror gave place to solemn awe. To be passing smoothly over those long, billowy waves in the midst of the crashing noise of waves curling and breaking in all directions, the gurgling, bubbling sound that succeeds the breaking, and the internal bellowing of those gathering force, is beyond description. Each one on deck remained standing as the position found them, gazing on the awe-inspiring sight, as she met and crossed the first, so she did all the way across; none were curling or breaking where she crossed, though high they were, but the surface was as smooth as though a pathway had been made for them, through that perilous scene. With the captain there was no flinching nor varying in his position, and accompanying this thought is, "How easy it is for the God of Abraham to work a miracle when those with whom he is working are fully competent and faithfully do their part." If Moses had been a less competent general what disaster it might have wrought in the armies of Israel in crossing the Red Sea; or if the captain of the *Evanelia* had been less skilled in knowing just the position in which to place his ship to encounter a heavy sea, or if after the first or second of those heavy rollers had been successfully passed, he had become in the least careless in his position, we know not what the result might have been. Then comes the thought perhaps much more depends on man in God's working miracles than we are apt to consider.

The year and the season that the *Evanelia* made her voyage

the ocean was unusually tempestuous, and several sailing vessels were lost and others damaged. Though the *Evanelia* passed safely across, it was not like taking a pleasure trip, save for a few days only, and how the hearts of those on board swelled with joy and gratitude to God when their eyes beheld the trees and land of the low island of Rairoa. The sun was just lifting his bright face from the ocean rim, when all on board stood on deck and in trembling voices sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

In three days more they arrived in Papeete, Tahiti; making twenty-six days from San Francisco, not an unusually long trip for even the mail packets. Yet it seemed a long time to be cramped up in so small a schooner, seeing nothing but a wild waste of waters, and a few gales off the coast. They were much disappointed not to have met Brother and Sister Devore on their arrival; but all were kindly received by the native brethren and sisters. Also Brother John W. Gilbert who was at Papeete, but not so with the French officials.

That little ship riding at anchor in the harbor, with the Stars and Stripes waving from her masthead, caused quite an excitement in the town, not of a pleasant nature, for the French of those islands do not like the Stars and Stripes. When they learned that the ship had come with the intention of remaining, they became hostile to the proposition. The first demand was duty of one third the price of all provisions on board and whatever else was sent for the missionaries.

The captain conferred with J. Lamb Doty, Esq., the American consul, as to what steps to take to equip the *Evanelia* to be legally left with the missionaries, and upon proper information he wrote the chief of commissaire stating his desires and asking what was required of their law to place the *Evanelia* in a proper position to sail from island to island without molestation. At that time the captain was not allowed to raise

her anchor nor even to change her position in the harbor. The following is the answer to his letter:

PAPEETE, December 4, 1894.

*Captain J. F. Burton, Sir:* In reply to your letter of December 3, in which you request the authority to equip the schooner *Evanelia* for coasting, I have the honor to inform you that upon delivery of shipping articles, it is indispensable that your vessel be nationalized regularly, or admitted to wear the French flag. The regular nationalizing is only granted after a few costly formalities are complied with, which the customs will acquaint you with. The authority to use our national colors, and to enjoy the advantages reserved to French vessels for a term of one year;—which authority can be renewed—will only be granted you on the following conditions: 1st, Ownership, one half at least to Frenchmen; 2d, Declaration of ownership to be affirmed under oath before a judge; 3d, That you can present a French captain who has a license or certificate; 4th, That the crew of the vessel must be composed of at least one half Frenchmen or natives of French nationality. A certificate giving the official capacity of your vessel, a permit for navigation will be granted from the Bureau of the Inscription maritime when all of the crew will be presented by the captain, and be put on the articles of the *Evanelia*.

A. NOGUES.

This letter together with the hostile bearing of the Frenchman caused all who were interested in the mission of the *Evanelia* to feel very badly. Half ownership and captain would give the balance of power to the French in controlling the movements of the *Evanelia* and it was feared that the missionaries would be little better off for traveling than they were before, because the nationalizing would be to equip the schooner for a trading vessel, since the Government would not grant such for religious purposes. One day while talking the matter over with those present, viz, Brother Gilbert, Brother Case and Metuaore, all felt pretty blue. Metuaore was suggesting the Frenchman that he would do the nearest right, as being the best one for half owner, and also captain, but he was already captain of a much larger vessel.

Presently Captain Burton's countenance lit up, and with a broad smile he brought his hand down on his knee with an

emphasis, saying, "I have it; you are a Frenchman, are you not, Metuaore?"

"Yes."

"Of course you are, and so are all of our people here. You shall be half owner, and we will get a captain from among our own people." This was like turning on a glare of electric light. The gloom was dispersed and the house fairly rang with laughter.

"We will have just what we want, and those crusty officials can't help themselves," said the captain, and so it came about that the afternoon was spent in the most jovial manner.

Although nationalized natives were named for half the crew, it had not entered the mind of the officials nor of our people until that moment that any other than white Frenchmen could be half owner or captain. Metuaore knew of a nice man of our church who held a captain's certificate, and he happened to be right there in Papeete for a season and without a vessel, so they hunted him up, engaged him, then sought out a crew. Metuaore was so delighted that everything made him laugh, in fact all were in a very jovial mood, but it was not to last long. When all was completed Captain Burton sent a written document thus:

A PAPEETE, December 20.

*To the Commissaire Adjudant Colonial Nogues, Chef de Service Administratif. Sir:* I have the honor to inform you that I have complied with the conditions made in your reply of December 4 to my request for information concerning the transfer of the flag of *Evanelia*. I now have the honor to beg you to kindly furnish me with the necessary document to equip the *Evanelia* with the French flag in conformity with the promise made in the afore-mentioned letter. With profound respect, I am

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH F. BURTON.

In due time after the sending of the above document, Captain Burton called upon this officer to confer with him in person and upon his learning who the half-owner and captain chosen for the *Evanelia* were, he was very angry and refused to grant the French flag. Told him to take his vessel and go back to

America. Whereupon the captain informed him that he could not do that, the vessel was not his, that he was working under the auspices of an incorporated company, that he would comply with whatever the law required in order to leave her to sail or trade in those French waters, but that he could not take her back; he had no orders to do so. The officer would not relent, so the captain left him. There was no laughing that day when he came to his house where the same brethren were awaiting his coming. The captain nothing daunted visited the officer, Mr. Nogues, several times, but to no effect, though the consul informed him that if he complied with the lawful conditions they would be obliged to give him the flag, else it would become a national insult.

On Sunday, the twenty-first, the Saints fasted and held a prayer meeting. Captain Burton thought the native Saints would feel more free perhaps to be by themselves, so had the meeting for the American Saints in one of their dwelling houses. There was no manifestation by which they could judge of the outcome of the business. The appearances were for awhile that the two nations might have to settle it.

On Monday the captain had a consultation with the United States consul, then came home and wrote him (since all official business must be done in writing):

PAPEETE, TAHITI, December 22, 1894.

J. LAMB DOTY, ESQ. *Office of the Consulate of the United States of America.*

*Sir:* I wish to submit for your consideration the following facts and to solicit your valuable assistance in the very peculiar position in which I am placed through the unfaithful, but official promise or statement of one of the leading government officers of this place, in which the interests of the corporation which I represent are very materially jeopardized, to-wit; that in the month of July, August and September of this present year the corporate body which I represent built the *Evanelia* and sent her from San Francisco, California, where she was built, to this place, and desiring to use her for lawful purposes, I, on December 3, shortly after my arrival, made inquiry of the proper authorities, namely, "The Commissarie Adjutant Colonial Nogues, Chef de Service Administratif"

as to the necessary steps to be taken to receive the privilege of trading between these islands; to which I received a reply on December 4 stating that if I wished to equip the vessel for coasting, it would be indispensably necessary for me to put the vessel under the French flag, which I could do upon complying with certain conditions named, one of which was, that one half of the ownership should be transferred to a Frenchman; supposing that these promises were made in good faith I proceeded to comply with the conditions named, and on the tenth day of September passed half ownership of the *Evanelia* to Mr. Tekanan of Pepeeete (Tekanan is Metuaore's real name. *Metuaore* means without a parent,—his father had died.) Before the notary in strict conformity with the law, and in good faith and having complied with all the conditions named, I applied on December 20 by letter to the office of the Chef de Administratif for a fulfillment upon their part of the promise made in that letter of December 4 and December 21 received a reply denying me the privilege of the French flag. I therefore find myself (possibly) without a flag for my vessel, and the interests of the incorporation I represent jeopardized and am put to great expense and injury through the nonfulfillment of the declaration officially made to me by the Chef de Service Administratif Nogues, and I claim that as he without reserve promised the right of the privilege and use of the French flag upon my complying with certain conditions not of my choosing, but of his demanding (the copy of letter was left unfinished here, but the consul answered as follows:)

UNITED STATES CONSULATE; PAPEETE, December 22, 1894.

*Joseph F. Burton, Late Master of the Schooner Evanelia.*

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and its inclosures of this date concerning the schooner *Evanelia*. I shall study the questions you mention, and forward you my opinion. I am also inclined to use my friendly relations with his excellency the governor to effect if possible the repeal of M. De Chef de Service Administratif's refusal to grant the French flag to the *Evanelia*.

I am sir, respectfully yours,

J. LAMB DOTY, *United States Consul.*

Consul Doty also advised that Captain Burton with an interpreter visit the governor and present the case in person. This the captain did, and made the statement that he had complied with all the requirements of the law.

"Who is the Frenchman that is now half owner of the schooner *Evanelia*?" asked the governor.

"Metuaore" was the captain's reply. This was evidently a surprise.

"By what right does Metuaore claim to be a Frenchman?"

said the governor with a touch of asperity in his tone. Captain Burton's reply was:

"By the right that placed these islands under the French Government." The governor looked nonplussed; he had evidently not expected the natives to be considered Frenchmen in that sense. Perhaps, too, he might not have relished the thought of Metuaore being his national brother.

When the silence was becoming a trifle too long, Captain Burton asked if there was anything more required of him in order to obtain the flag. Without changing his straightforward gaze, he replied: "Nothing more," and waved his hand as a token that they were dismissed.

It seemed evident by the governor's surprise that M. Nogues was conducting the business without informing the governor. When he learned of the governor's statement he said, "We can not hinder you from getting the flag, but will make you all the trouble we can," and proceeded to do so, in various little perplexing ways, until the day after the mail packet had sailed for San Francisco, then she was permitted to start for the Paumotus, but those who had come from America were prohibited from going on her. This was the very cause of her going. Mr. Burton wished to find Elder Devore if possible and deliver the missionary boat to him. The officers now found that the tables were changed.

The man who had been a humble supplicant now stood on his dignity as an American citizen, and claimed the right of all other Americans who visited the islands, namely to go from island to island in whatever vessel he chose, provided the captain was willing to take him, and further he informed them that if those rights were infringed upon, he would appeal through the consul. So they interfered no further with his going, but still claimed that the American missionaries should not go, and there was the vessel nearly ready to start.

Again Elder Burton went to the consul to see what better

be done. His advice was that they all three, i. e., Brother Gilbert, Brother Case and wife go to the governor and get his consent to travel in the *Evanelia*, and then it would not again be interfered with, so they went and came back triumphant, and on January 18 the *Evanelia* sailed out of the harbor for Niau, but the wind being contrary they made Kaukura, and there found Brother and Sister Devore. So Brother Burton was able to relate the circumstances to Elder Devore in person regarding the gospel boat, and give it into his custody.

After a most pleasant three-day visit at Kaukura among the native Saints and with Brother and Sister Devore, the *Evanelia* sailed again with the thought of going to Niau to land Brother and Sister Case, and Sister Devore who wished to see D. M. Pohemiti, the church secretary, but the winds were too contrary. There was not time enough to beat there and get back to Papeete in time to take the next mail packet for California, so the captain received the order to square away and run for Makatea where Sister Devore wished to stop for a day, then leave Brother and Sister Case there to finish the work that she would commence in preparing the Sunday school for conference exercises.

They landed at Makatea on Sunday afternoon and in the morning D. M. Pohemiti landed there also. There being no harbor on that island, the captain and crew must needs stay on board and take the schooner around to the lee side of the island and beat about till ready to start again.

The captain was notified to be back where the missionaries could go on board again Tuesday morning as soon after daylight as possible. And all were astir on shore bright and early, but no *Evanelia* in sight. At nine a. m. she was in sight away at the end of the island, the wind was light and ahead so she had to beat, and made slow headway to the impatient waiters who had stayed one day longer than they had intended. At one p. m. the vessel was not much nearer than when sighted,

however, she was sending a boat ashore, so it was resolved to send a man off in a canoe to meet the boat and send word back to the captain to tack ship and go to the other side of the island, and those who wanted to go on board would walk across, a distance of three miles, and meet the vessel on the other side. While those who were to start on their long walk were making ready, the Saints were called together by two strokes of the bell that hung on a coconut tree. When all were assembled, a short, but very impressive service was held.

The president of the branch gave a brief address, then the natives sang, after which Pohemiti offered prayer. At the close of this Elder Burton standing with outstretched hands, made a feeling prayer, commending the young missionaries who were to remain there to our heavenly Father's special care, and pleading for the same care in behalf of those who were about to go again upon the adverse waters, and his blessing upon the Saints who had ministered so willingly to them, and after singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and shaking hands all around again, the march across the island in the boiling sun commenced.

But it seemed that the Father's protecting care which was so humbly asked in Elder Burton's prayer was readily extended to them in that a cloud—that is not always seen in those sunny skies—obscured the sun and presently a refreshing shower of rain fell upon them cooling the air. It did not last long, and the heat dried their clothes again before they reached the shore on the opposite side of the island. The travelers were weary indeed, but were not cheered by the sight of the *Evanelia*. With the shower, the light breeze had hauled right ahead again, shortly after the *Evanelia* had tacked to the other way.

However by eight p. m. all were safely on board by making two three-mile trips in the boat, but there was a dead calm all night and until the next afternoon, when about ready to clear the island it was learned that the water supply was too short

to start for Papeete, so it was ten o'clock at night before the supply was somewhat increased by a boatload of water, coconuts and two or three demijohns of water. But notwithstanding these hindrances and a three days' calm they arrived in Papeete in time to take passage home to America in the mail packet *Tropic Bird*, which sailed February 16. She, too, was becalmed before reaching Papeete.

Mr. Burton delivered the *Evanelia* to bishop's agent, "Metuaore," he to keep her in order, to collect funds to pay her expenses, and to Elder Devore, missionary in charge to use in the mission as he needs her, direct her movements as he shall have need. The agreement among them was, that when it was thought best the *Evanelia* might while sailing among the islands carry dry goods as freight, but never buffa or copra.

After the business of the *Evanelia* had been settled, Captain Burton and wife boarded the *Barqueinteen Tropic Bird* on Saturday afternoon, February 16, 1895, for San Francisco, and arrived March 20, after a passage of twenty-four days. Elder Burton says:

The following day after our arrival in San Francisco, got a letter from Brother John R. Cook of Sacramento wishing me to visit and administer to him as he was suffering much with a cancer in the stomach. That same evening being that of the Religio, a reception was given at Sister Knight's where we were stopping. I left there on the seven-thirty train Saturday morning for Sacramento, arrived at noon, and with Brother Harlow, administered to Brother Cook in the afternoon. [We remained at Sacramento, preaching, visiting, and administering until the 25th.]

Having received \$16.85 from the Sacramento Branch towards my passage to General Conference, I arrived in Oakland, stayed all night at Sister Brown's, and visited Brother Curry in Berkeley next day. Then over to San Francisco and delivered up the one half of the *Evanelia's* registry to the registry's office in custom house.

Stayed all night at Brother Kaighn's. On the 28th, left San Francisco for Irvington. Visited Brother and Sister Davis, and Sister Driver. Stayed all night at Brother Stiver's. Next day to San Jose. Stayed all night at Brother Clapp's. A reception was held there, also by the San Jose Branch. During the evening there was singing in seven languages. Sister Clapp rendered a song in Hawaiian and one in Chinese.

March 30 left San Jose en route for conference. Emma stayed in San Jose. . . .

Arrived in Los Angeles on Sunday, seven-thirty a. m., March 31, preached twice, stayed all night at Brother Earl's. Saw Dora, Joe and the children. Left on the one-thirty train Monday for Kansas City, by way of Santa Fe. During the next three days I experienced the comforts and discomforts of traveling.

April 4, arrived in Independence, put up at Brother Luff's; attended Sunday School Association. Went out to Brother John Layton's. April 6, conference commenced. I was a delegate for Forster District, Australia, seven votes. Attended most all the meetings and preached once and lectured on the *Evanelia*. After conference, visited at John Layton's, and on Wednesday morning Brother John took me, also Brethren George Montague and Hawley with his horse and buggy to Kansas City. With Brother Montague, I got a ticket for Omaha, and got to Moorhead next day at noon, at the former home of Brother Putney, arriving April 18. Brother Montague is father of Sister Case of *Evanelia* fame. Visited Brother Case's and family, and Brother Ross; and married a young couple.

On April 23, started homeward from Moorhead. After several short stops among friends, got ticket for California in Kansas City April 25, and arrived in San Bernardino the 28th. Visited there and in Garden Grove and Los Angeles.

Got word that Emma was sick at Mount Olivet, and went home May 1, staying until the thirteenth, when Emma was able to be about again. I got to San Jose the fourteenth and preached the 16th. Went to Gilroy and to Santa Cruz. The twenty-sixth, preached the funeral sermon of Sister Peterson, and back home again until June 17. Went to San Jose; met Brother Gilbert from the Society Islands, and visited during the week. Got a letter from Sister Cobb of Lower Lake to go and visit them. Went to San Francisco June 26. Meeting at Sister Anthony's. Went next day to Calistoga by rail. Mr. Gibbs met me at the station. I preached same evening in the Adventist church. On the twenty-eighth, visited and preached in the evening in the same place, and continued until July 3, preaching twice on Sunday; intended going to Lower Lake, but through a misunderstanding at telegraph office at Calistoga, I did not get the message.

(To be continued.)

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“Earth's crowned with heaven and every common bush afire with God. But only he who sees takes off his shoes.”—  
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON

BY EMMA B. BURTON

(Continued from volume 7, page 420.)

July 4. Went to Oakland and met Emma at Brother John Cockerton's and spent the day at Oakland. On Friday we went to San Francisco and met Brother and Sister William W. Blair, and was at meetings in San Francisco and Oakland, and on Monday Brother Gilbert and I took passage on steamer *Saint Paul* for Los Angeles, where we arrived on Wednesday and went to daughter Dora's and on Friday Dora accompanied us to Downey to attend reunion, which convened on July 12, 1895. Joseph F. Burton presided, William W. Blair and William Gibson assistants. Excellent meetings. Brother William W. Blair preached eight times, Joseph F. Burton four, Hiram L. Holt four, William Gibson one, John W. Gilbert two, William P. Pickering two, Charles Baly two, Albert Carmichael two. Closed July 21.

After reunion went to Frank's in his surrey. On Friday the twenty-sixth, went to San Juan Capistrano at Sister Fuller's, and preached in the hall at night. Visited Mr. Joseph Rowse, a former member of the old church, and on Saturday at noon got to Santa Ana. On Sunday, the twenty-eighth, preached twice at the Newport Branch at Garden Grove. On Monday met Brother Gilbert. He and I visited in Garden Grove until August 3; then on to Los Angeles. Ordained Brother Chester teacher. With the tent on Monday evening. On Tuesday was trying to get a lot for the new church. On Thursday left on steamer *Eureka* for San Francisco; arrived Sunday, August 11. Preached in San Francisco and San Jose and on the eighteenth in Berkeley, Oakland and San Francisco.

Elder Burton remained in that vicinity until September 5, when he and his wife went to Santa Cruz to attend the reunion which commenced Friday, September 6. On Saturday he was called by telegram to Hollister to administer to the infant daughter of Brother and Sister Nathaniel Carmichael. The child was dying when he arrived. He remained with the grief-stricken parents until after the interment, rendering them the comfort of his presence, which seemed to be much. It was hard indeed for those young parents to give up their only little daughter, the cherished desire of the mother heart. A little son was left to them.

After the funeral he returned to San Francisco (the reunion

at Santa Cruz having closed). On September 20 Elder Burton and wife with Elder William W. Blair and wife went to Santa Rosa and spent a few pleasant days with the Saints of that Branch. The association with Brother and Sister Blair during the month of September was unusually pleasant and both Elder Burton and wife felt reluctant to leave them, as they had to, at Santa Rosa, but they were en route to Lower Lake.

Made a stop of one night at Petaluma, with the mother of Brother Edward Adamson, then on to Calistoga. Preached in Calistoga the twenty-first and twenty-second and the following day took stage for Lower Lake.

Here Elder Burton commenced meetings the next day after his arrival, September 24, and continued meetings each evening and on Sunday, until October 12. The meetings were well attended and quite an interest gotten up. Five persons, all adults, were baptized on Sunday, the thirteenth.

In the years that had passed there had been a small branch in that place, but it had all gone down. Some had left the place, and some had died, others had backslidden, so there were but a few left. But with those who were to be baptized it seemed good to organize another branch, but there was no one in view for a presiding elder. Brother Grumlich who was formerly the president of the branch, was now too old and feeble, scarcely able to move about.

Elder Burton had made it a subject of prayer, and was sure the Lord would provide some one, yet up to the time he went into the waters to baptize, between ten and eleven o'clock Sunday morning, he had no thought in his mind who it should be, though he had given notice that the branch would be organized Sunday afternoon after the confirmation. The day was beautiful, and the Spirit of God seemed to rest upon the elder and the Saints as they stood on the water's edge, quite a congregation of friends and neighbors were present. When Elder Bur-

ton started from the shore with the last candidate, four strangers, a man, woman, and two grown daughters joined the company, coming well up to the front. The man made his way right to the water's edge, and reverently took off his hat. Elder Burton had not seen him until he was leading the candidate to the shore, he then looked up in his face, and knew at once that he was the one whom the Lord had sent to preside over the branch, though he did not even know that he was a member of the church. After he had led the candidate to the shore, while he himself yet stood in the water he reached forth his hand to shake hands with the stranger saying,

"Who are you?"

"My name is Fisher."

"A member of the church?"

"Yes."

"An elder?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Elder Burton, "You must be an answered prayer. I will explain after awhile."

And so Elder Burton learned from him that they lived in Lake County, at what is called Upper Lake, that they had heard of the meetings and were so impelled to attend that day, that he secured a team from the stables and started early, but not knowing the road, they had not come directly as they might have done. Was glad he had not missed all the baptismal service.

Brother Fisher agreed to accept the presidency of the branch for the time being at least, though he lived at a distance, could only meet with them once in a while. And so the branch was organized and on the same Sunday evening Elder Burton preached his last sermon in Lower Lake. On Monday evening a very enjoyable social meeting was had at the home of Sister Cobb.

Brother Fisher insisted on the missionary and his wife visiting them at Lakeport. Brother Cobb drove them over; twenty-four miles, and Elder Burton preached in the Methodist Church the same evening, and three nights more.

On Sunday, the nineteenth, held testimony meeting at the home of Brother Fisher, only Saints being present at this meeting. Brother Fisher prophesied to both Elder Burton and wife about their going to the islands of the sea.

On Sunday Elder Burton received notice that he could not have the use of the church longer since the Methodist denomination were going to hold protracted meetings the coming week. So Elder Burton concluded to fill the promise to Sister McGee to visit Potter Valley. Brother Fisher kindly furnished team, and drove them over, Sister Fisher going in company. The writer remembers that week's visit at Brother Fisher's as one of unusual enjoyment. Sister Fisher was most kind and hospitable; the house was light and cheery and the family pleasant and enjoyable, and the conversation while driving over the mountain was a fitting close to the good visit.

Arrived at Sister McGee's in Potter Valley at two-thirty p. m. and was kindly received by Sister McGee and daughters. Brother and Sister Fisher returned home on Tuesday, and on Wednesday Elder Burton commenced meetings in Centerville in the Christian Adventist church. Those meetings were commenced October 23 and continued until the twenty-seventh.

There were two Saints living at Glen Blair, Mendocino County, a Brother and Sister George Brown. This Sister Brown was a daughter of Sister Knight of San Francisco. Both she and her mother had been very urgent in their request for Elder Burton to visit them and hold meetings.

It was nearing time for the rainy season to commence, yet being so far along in that mountainous road, Elder Burton con-

cluded he would push on and make the visit. Sister McGee offered a good, steady horse and a buggy and robe, so on the morning of the twenty-eighth they left Potter Valley en route for Glen Blair, stopping the first night at Brother Hogue's in Ukiah, where they were most kindly entertained and the next morning started on their way rejoicing.

The morning was clear and bright and the buoyant air helped much in the weary climb of that northern coast range of mountains with graded roads, so narrow and so high up that it required a strong man to look downward without becoming dizzy. All day the climb was up, up, thinking many times that they neared the top, but when that was gained, it revealed another still higher to be climbed.

It was dusk when they reached the Summit House, where they stayed all night. The next day, Wednesday, it was down hill, but not all day. They came in view of the ocean before noon, and were on level ground, got dinner at Mendocino, and stayed all night at Fort Bragg with a Brother and Sister Fisher, a brother of the one they had visited in Upper Lake. On Thursday got to Glen Blair. This day's drive was over the worst roads, and steepest pitches of any of the journey, but not such high grades.

Here they were received at the home of Brother and Sister George Brown in Little Valley, about three miles beyond Glen Blair. It was by request of this sister that they had made the journey. On Thursday Elder Burton went in to Glen Blair and secured the schoolhouse for meetings and commenced that evening. Held several meetings and baptized a son of Brother and Sister Brown's. The interest in the meetings was not what it was expected to be. The nights were dark and foggy, and the road from Little Valley into Glen Blair was trying to the nerves, if not actually dangerous in places. The fog hung low over the tree tops most of the days, threatening early rains and

Elder Burton concluded to start on the return journey the next Monday, as it was very requisite to get over the mountain before the rains set in. Had good meetings on Sunday, quite well attended. Brother Fisher's folks came from Fort Bragg.

On Monday, November 10, they left for Potter Valley. They took altogether a new route. They were told they would have one hard climb but after that the road would be good and a gradual descent, and they would save one day. So they undertook the hard climb. It lasted from early morning to four in the afternoon. Here there were not so many grades. The road led right over the top of the very highest mountain. These mountains were partially bald; when going over one and seeing another very high one in the distance and away to the left, Mr. Burton saw a dark line across the very pinnacle, and calling attention to it, expressed surprise that a fence would be put over a mountain like that, and concluded it must be a seam in the mountain, then added in derision, "It is a wonder that these road makers did not put a road over that mountain just by way of variety," when lo, as the afternoon waned and they drew nearer to it, it really was a road, and they had to climb over it, and on foot too. They walked the greater part of the day, for the horse showed signs of being worn out. And oh, what a relief after crossing the summit and letting the horse breathe a while to settle down in the buggy with all those mountains behind them and have a good downhill road to Sherwood Valley, where they stayed for the night.

Next day got to Calpella and stayed the night with Edmund H. Gurley and wife; had a very pleasant visit, though his religious views were very different from when we first made his acquaintance at the Independence conference in 1882, on our way to Nova Scotia.

On Wednesday, November 19, arrived safely at Sister McGee's in Potter Valley, remained over one day and Friday went

to Ukiah, stayed all night at the hospitable home of Brother Heger and took train on Saturday for Santa Rosa. Stayed at the home of Sister Chrilla Cooper. Preached on Sunday and Tuesday evenings—Monday evening held prayer and testimony meeting.

On Wednesday went to Sacramento, arrived in time to meet the Saints in their prayer and testimony meeting. Stayed at Brother Harlow's, November 21 and 22. On Sunday, the twenty-fourth, preached funeral sermon of John R. Cook.

Got measured for boots at Brother Joenk's shop.

Tuesday, twentieth, Emma and I took train for Eldorado. Went to Brother Askews'. My throat is quite sore. Weather cloudy and rainy, so we held no meetings for a while.

On Thursday, twenty-eighth, took Thanksgiving dinner at John and Cappie Askews'. Saturday, thirtieth, commenced meetings again. Continued until Sunday, twenty-second of December. On Monday left Eldorado on the train for Sacramento, spent Christmas with Brother Harlow and family. Spent the time in Sacramento in writing, preaching, and visiting until December 29.

This closes the record for 1895. In looking over his list of sick administered to, in the year 1893 it was 178, and 129 in 1894, and 165 in 1895.

After that tiresome trip over the mountains and back, Elder Burton and wife felt as if they had earned a rest, and went to their home in Mount Olivet to spend the rainy January. Oh, how good to get home, shake the clothes out of valises and suitcases, and don some everyday clothes and old shoes, and loosen up the nerve tension and strain of always being company, and just enjoy one's self at home, sweet home. And to be again with the real home folks of San Benito, having butter and fresh eggs sent in, and buying now and again, the best porterhouse steak that any market ever produced at the least price, and taking their cozy meals whenever they chose and a buggy ride when the roads were fit!

But this state of bliss came to an end on February 14, 1896 when they again left Mount Olivet. Brother Nathaniel Car-

michael took them to Hollister, where they took train for San Jose, where Mrs. Burton remained, while the elder continued his journey, by request to Santa Rosa to perform the marriage ceremony of Brother William Newton, and Sister Chrilla Cooper. Stopped in San Francisco on the sixteenth and preached in the morning and attended prayer and testimony meeting in the afternoon.

The next day went on to Santa Rosa and officiated in the marriage of the above-named brother and sister, and returned to San Francisco next day to meet a nephew from Canada, William Alexander Burton whom he had not seen for more than twenty years. He left the same afternoon for Elmira, where he put up at Doctor Frazier's, whose wife was the daughter of Brother Putney of Moorhead, then living in Gilroy. Elder Burton succeeded in getting the Christian church in Elmira, and held preaching services each evening of one week, save one.

In his notes he speaks of having extra good liberty Monday evening, and on Tuesday evening "extraordinary good liberty" and I will here leave the beaten track and give the circumstances that led up to this extraordinary liberty. Mrs. Burton had not remained long in San Jose, but went to Irvington and made her home at the quiet house of Lizzie Driver where she commenced writing "Beatrice Witherspoon."

On Saturday night she had a peculiar dream of her husband taking his spyglass and going up in the north above the thin canopy clouds that overspread the heavens, and standing upon them raised his glass and scanned the great "upper deep." Looking straight upwards, sometimes she could see the outlines of his body very plainly, and at others the clouds would be thicker and she could just discern a dark spot that indicated where he was, as he passed gradually from the north to the east, then to the south and west, and sometimes she saw that he stood with one foot on a tuft of fleecy cloud and one on another. Did

not see him walk, but only that he was passing around, and came down in the west. She saw him coming, at first a mere speck like a bird away in the heavens; at first she was at a loss to ascertain his position, but gazing intently upon what she believed to be him, saw as he came nearer that he had hold of each end of his telescope glass and his chest rested upon it, while the rest of his body lay upon the air just as a boy laying on a hand sled coasting down a steep hill. In that way he was coming down the slope of a steep hill, but she failed to see him alight on the earth. There was quite a company of people to greet him. He had much to say of what he had seen, and turning to his wife said, "When I go again, I am going to take you with me, it is just beautiful."

It seemed that the brethren decided that he should go up at stated times, and bring them information concerning the things he saw, but the writer never remembered what it was that he saw, and this is what he said about the effect of the latter.

ELMIRA, SOLANO COUNTY, February 25, 1896.

*My Dear Emma:* Yours of the twenty-third came to me last night after I went to church, for I go early to light up and have a quiet season of meditation and prayer, and when the doctor handed it to me, I felt it was an answer to my prayer, and a testimony that I would be blessed, and oh, dear Emma, what flood of knowledge and spirit and power rested upon me, as I soared away in the clear, blue sky of God's truth, far above the clouds of error, doubt and darkness of the world; and for an hour I was fairly on fire, with the Holy Spirit as I discoursed on the restoration! The congregation was transfixed as though they were marble. How happy, how blessed; what ecstasy, what peace, what assurance; what knowledge the Holy Spirit gives us as we enjoy its privileges and powers! My whole soul and being was on fire; my face felt as in a flame, only exquisitely happy. And the truths of the message just burst upon my mind, one after another with such assurance that all present was convinced. One man—an engineer—said to another as they were leaving the house: "You never heard the like of that before nor never will hear anything greater in your life." None could withstand the blessed influence of that Spirit as in the demonstration of it I declared the word of truth; and my being yet is filled with praise to God, and my mind is happy in the gospel. As I recount the many blessings you and I have had in this work, I feel like saying, "Praise God, oh my soul, and all that

is within me praise his holy name; it is good to be a Latter Day Saint." I am only sorry that you were not with us last evening. You would so gladly have received of that good Spirit, and its beautiful power. I feel jealous to enjoy such blessings, or any that you do not enjoy with me, but if I do go up in Spirit, beyond the clouds of darkness here, I will always return to you, and bring with me the visions I have, so my heart to-day calls and longs for you so that like those of old I might impart unto you some spiritual gift, or some of the spiritual gift which I so much enjoy. It is now noon and still my face burns with the influence of the Holy Spirit.

Peace, dear Emma, peace always with you, my dear wife, my life and joy. My blessings are incomplete not shared with you. But God will ever bless you, for you bless so many. An outsider here, a stranger, told me he had read the "Voyage of the *Evanelia*" written by you and was wonderfully pleased with it, and so by your pen you reach the thousands, while my voice reaches a few, but each in our order and way are striving to do God's will, and he blesses us, and our work. I know he cares for us, and will do what is best for us because we are not only willing that he should, but desirous that he should. He will direct our steps, will guide us aright while here, and afterward receive us in his glory. Good day; my precious wife, God bless you and holy angels guard you. I will be at 570 Fifteenth Street on Thursday afternoon. Sister Frazier will be down to Oakland on Friday to conference. Kind regards to all.

Your loving husband,

J. F. BURTON.

I have given the foregoing letter entire, thinking it not amiss to let the readers have one glimpse of his great, loving heart, of the domestic side as well as the spiritual, and wherein I have not been worthy of that great love, the greater is my condemnation.

Elder Burton arrived in Oakland on the twenty-seventh and the northern California district conference convened on Friday, the twenty-eighth, Elder Thomas Daly assistant president. During that conference Elder Burton was appointed a delegate to General Conference, also to Sunday School Association.

Elder Burton continued to visit and preach in Oakland and vicinity until March 9, when he procured two tickets to Kansas City for himself and wife, and on the tenth they started on their southward journey, stopping one night and one day at Brother Ebenezer S. Burton's at Pixley, and on to Los Angeles

on the twelfth and out to Joseph G. Howland's on the electric. Visited with daughter Dora and the Saints of Los Angeles till the eighteenth, then went to Santa Ana, where Frank and family lived, then two days at San Bernardino with Reuben and Addie. Left San Bernardino March 26, and arrived in Kansas City on the twenty-ninth and to Independence same date, where Elder Burton preached in the evening. Remained in Independence till April 1, then took train for Kirtland. His wife remained in Independence.

Arrived at Kirtland at noon, April 3. In a snowstorm at 2 p. m. he entered the Temple for the first time, attending Sunday school convention. Was located at Brother Gomer T. Griffiths'. On Sunday, the preaching was by President Joseph Smith, John J. Cornish, and Alexander H. Smith. Conference commenced on Monday, opening speeches by Brother Joseph Smith, William W. Blair, Alexander H. Smith and Edmund L. Kelley. For the most part the weather was cold and disagreeable, but it was a privilege indeed to be in attendance at a conference transacting the business of the Church of Jesus Christ in the Temple built by command of God.

Wednesday, fifteenth, visited in Painsville. Thursday, went to Chicago. Put up at Sister Allen's, a sister of Francis M. Weld. Visited about Chicago the sixteenth, and on the seventeenth in the evening left for Burlington, Brother Blair on the train with us. Got to Burlington at half past five in the morning, Brother Blair quite sick. Brother Weld went on with him to Lamoni, at least there was where they intended to go. Brother Alexander H. Smith, his son Fred, and I went to Montrose. Received a telegram that Brother Blair died a little before ten o'clock that forenoon, on the train, near Chariton. Brother Alexander, Fred, and I went to Nauvoo.

Sunday, eleventh, preached in Montrose morning and evening. Fred went to Burlington. Alexander H. went to Chariton yesterday, I visiting at a brother's in Montrose. April 20, Fred and I got a brother's buggy and crossed to Nauvoo on the ferryboat, and got to Brother Don Salisbury's at night. All night there, and met Brother Lambert, Joseph's father. Next day went to Carthage, saw the jail and the spots of blood on the floor. Then to Keokuk to Brother Benjamin Durfee's, thence to Montrose and back to Nauvoo, and slept in the Nauvoo House. Saw Joseph and Hyrum's graves, crossed the river again to Montrose, and left on the train for Burlington. Attended evening meeting and stayed all night at Brother Jarvis's.

Thursday, twenty-third, visiting all day. Met Sister Schnell's mother

and sisters. LECTURED on the *Evangelia*, and baptized Sister Bauer in the Mississippi about ten in the evening. All night at James Wright's.

April 24. Left Burlington for Lamoni, arrived about one in the afternoon. Went to Brother Heman C. Smith's. Visited in Lamoni. Heard that the officials wanted me to go to the islands.

On Saturday, twenty-fifth, I met Brother Joseph, who talked of the island mission. It was concluded that I should go.

Sunday, twenty-sixth, I preached at eleven o'clock, attended other meetings, and visited several of the Saints. On Monday I visited Sister Walker, Gillen and others, also the college grounds.

On Wednesday, twenty-ninth, I was blessed by the laying on of hands and set part for the island mission by Brothers Joseph Smith, Alexander H. Smith, Heman C. Smith, and Joseph R. Lambert; Brother Alexander and Joseph as speakers. On the following day I left for Independence. Arrived about seven in the evening. Was met by Emma and went out to the farm of John and Ida Layton.

May 1 and 2 visited in Independence. On Sunday preached at eleven and Brother Hilliard in the evening.

On Monday I went to Kansas City, Kansas, to Brother Newton's who had recently arrived from the islands, and got the Tahitian dictionary. During the next few days we, myself, Emma, Sister Ida and Grandma Davison made some very pleasant visits with many of the good Saints of Independence.

On Wednesday, May 13, boarded the Santa Fe train for California and arrived on the sixteenth in San Bernardino, and lodged with Brother David Alldridge and family, visited and preached in San Bernardino, Colton and elsewhere till the twenty-second.

Took train for Orange and was met at the station by Frank and taken to his home. Found the children and their children all well. Visited with Frank and family, also at Reuben's and Addie's and at Garden Grove where I preached to the Newport Branch till the twenty-seventh.

Went to San Bernardino and married Joseph L. Martin and Regina Rohrer at Colton. Stayed all night at Brother Alldridge's. Returned to Santa Ana the twenty-eighth. Emma was at Brother and Sister Penfield's suffering with asthma.

On Sunday, thirty-first, preached at Newport Branch and at Peatlands. On June 1 the Saints of the Newport Branch held an ice cream social for the benefit of the island missionaries, eighteen dollars and five cents being received and handed to the missionary. At Frank's getting ready to go to Los Nietus.

This closes the record of notes of Elder Burton's travels and work among the people of California after his arrival from General Conference to above date.

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON

BY EMMA B. BURTON

(Continued from page 54.)

During the intervening time from June 2 till November 3, 1896, the day of sailing for Tahiti, the writer can only give a few sketches such as memory furnishes.

After making good-by visits to the children, and to the Saints of southern California, they moved northward. They went to Mount Olivet to fix up the home for a long absence. Elder Burton then owned two young horses, and the mother of them, "Sue," and one or two cows and calves. His mountain claim was mostly pasture land and whenever he went away this stock was turned into the pasture and Brother Eugene Holt looked after it, mending broken fences and keeping the spring cleaned out. He let his stock run with them while the grain was young, but when it was cut he let all come down in the stubble, and he fed them in the winter the same as if they were his own. No son or brother could have taken better care of what was left on the place, and now he told Brother Burton to take no thought or worry about the place or stock, for he would look out for them. So they packed their trunks and proposed to leave the happy, cozy, little home. When all was ready, they both knelt and commended all they possessed to the care of God and prayed that they might be permitted to return and find things unmolested. It was not without a feeling of sadness that they closed and locked the doors, and sadness to leave the Saints of that vicinity as well as in all parts of California, for though Elder Burton was willing, and even desirous to return to those warm-hearted people of the islands with whom he had made many friends while fighting the French officers, he was also deeply attached to the California Saints, and they in turn were sorry to part with him,

who had become like a father to them, and under whose hands very many sick and afflicted had been restored to health.

They took their trunks directly to Brother John Cockerton's of Oakland, and lodged all in his commodious basement where they could pack and repack to their heart's content, and where they had always a royal welcome. Oh, what happy days, and what weeks had been spent with that good brother and sister and their interesting little children. I speak of this brother and sister because we were with them perhaps more than anyone else, but all were alike, kind and accommodating, and made these missionaries welcome.

Elder Joseph Luff of the Twelve succeeded Brother Burton as president of the Pacific Slope Mission. He was already in the mission and the association of these two elders was pleasant indeed. They held meetings at various places in the northern district before the time for sailing came.

The incoming mail packet from Tahiti brought the sad news of the loss of the *Evanelia*. So sad was it that the missionary's wife wept, feeling the mission was less inviting than before, but that they must go all the same. As the time for sailing drew near, an entertainment was given them in Oakland at the home of Brother and Sister William W. Morrison, and in San Francisco at the home of Brother and Sister John Saxe. These gatherings were both pleasant and tearful. It was sad to take the parting hand of friends so dear. How plain to the mental vision even now is the tear-bathed face of Sister Lulu Morrison, while the missionary's wife, dressed in her island costume, sang, "The seaman's prayer."

Jesus, most holy One, we lift our souls to thee,  
 Plead for us, Savior, lone wanderers on the sea.  
 Watch us while shadows lie, for oh, see the waters spread;  
 Hear the heart's lonely sigh, for thou, too, hath bled,  
 Thou, that hast looked on death, aid us when death is near,  
 Whisper of heaven through faith, Redeemer, Redeemer, hear!  
 Hear, oh, hear and save us, tossed on the deep.

Another instance that is vivid in my memory is the season of prayer had in Elder Luff's room in Sister Anthony's house the morning of their departure when just the three, Elder Burton, Elder Luff and Mrs. Burton, each in turn took part, and each feeling the Spirit of God. After this Elder Burton sat in his chair, his wife knelt by the side of the chair with her head leaning on his breast, while Elder Luff with hands upon Elder Burton's head, made a most feeling prayer, dedicating him, even them, again to the work of the island mission. All was clear now; the sorrow the writer had felt about the loss of the *Evanelia* was taken away, and a feeling of peace came in its stead. There seemed nothing more for them to do and both were eager for the hour of sailing. Many accompanied them to the ship to see them off. Prominent among the many waving handkerchiefs as the ship moved away from the dock was that of Brother Luff. It was recognized by its size to still wave when the others had ceased and faces were lost to view. Side by side they stood till the shore with all it held dear was lost to view. Notwithstanding tears would respond to tears while the good-bys were being said, in the heart there was a fullness of peace and trust in God that was as food to the soul, and they retired to their room feeling content to go where the Lord wanted them to go.

I will now be guided by Elder Burton's notes.

November 3, 1896, left San Francisco on the Brigantine, *City of Papeete*. Emma and I, for Tahiti.

There were eleven passengers on the ship besides the captain's wife and little daughter, among them was Consul Doty returning from his annual visit to America.

Arrived at Tuiohae, Nukahiva Island, one of the Marquesas group on November 28.

The Marquesas Islands are small but very high. The morning of our arrival was an ideal morning, and it was really

beautiful sailing around those high, bluff points into the harbor where the eye is greeted with new sights at every glance. It was amusing to watch the natives working with the cargo that was being discharged. A flat-bottomed boat would go as near the land as it could, then the natives would wade out to it, nearly waist deep in water, a sack of flour would be laid on each shoulder, and another across the back of their head, and they would trot off to shore.

All the passengers went ashore, and by the suggestion of the captain, Elder Burton and wife went also, but strolled around the beach in an opposite direction from what the others took. Seeing a good little bamboo pole house not far distant, they went to it. It was not inhabited, but a friendly woman invited them to sit under the shade of its roof and get cool.

Consul Doty afterwards informed them that the house was the residence of the last queen of those islands, and it was also where the first English missionaries lived while at that island. No one was allowed to live in it, neither was the house allowed to decay. It was kept in repair but after the same style that the queen left it.

Left the Marquesas on the twenty-ninth for Tahiti, where we arrived December 7, 1896. We were met by the Saints very cordially and made our abode in the missionary house. Attended meeting on the eighth, and stammeringly spoke to the Saints in their tongue.

But few of the Saints were left in Papeete at that time, and no white people, as all had gone to the diving lake at Hikuera. Brother Case had been to Papeete on business but only left a few days before the arrival of Elder Burton and had left word for him to go to Hikuera the first opportunity, for there was where the bulk of the Saints were—about two hundred, almost all the islands being represented. Metuaore and Pai were left, and with them Elder Burton made the most of his time in learning the language. The Saints took turns bringing food,

ready cooked, since the stove and cooking utensils were taken from the missionary house.

They remained nearly two weeks and before leaving, Elder Burton delighted his hearers by preaching his first real Tahitian sermon. The work at the islands was so complicated I will not attempt to go into details.

I brought a small army hand press with ink, paper and type to be used as soon as we can. On Sunday, December 27, left Papeete for Hikuera on the *Teavoroa*; landed in Maketea on Thursday, the thirty-first, and on Tuesday, the fifth, 1897, arrived in Hikuera and met Brother and Sister Case.

What a crowd of people came to the shore to meet the incoming boat for they knew that Jotepa was in her! The missionaries were told to always prepare for a wetting when landing. Then if they did not get wet, there was no harm done, so when they stepped into the boat they put their rubber capes over their shoulders, and it was well they did for even that did not keep them dry, as they went on the reef; one of those curling breakers, not so very high, followed close after them. The men pulled with their might, but when within a boat's length of the landing they were overtaken and had to round up their backs, hold on and receive the intruder with as good grace as possible, not the splashes of water after the sea had broken, but the green curl of the wave crashed in on them, forcing them to bend double with its weight. Fortunately they were at the landing the next pull, and received a cordial welcome from all. A fine large church was being built; Brother Hubert Case was the chief overseer in the work. It was an every-day sight to see him walking rapidly from place to place answering calls, giving orders here and instruction there, with little Cicely sitting contentedly upon his arm. It was all the outing the little one had and she enjoyed it.

On Sunday, January 24, 1897, dedicated the new church of Hikuera, Hubert Case, Herman Jamesson and myself present as missionaries. Re-

ceived our mail February 21, the first news from home since leaving America on November 3.

From the time of arrival in Hikuera till leaving, it was a busy time and a happy experience, too, getting acquainted with the natives, their ways and their languages. One of their ways looked very strange to the missionaries. It was that they threw great bundles of cloth, and bedding in the grave when burying their dead, and took matting and pillows, and the whole family slept in the newly-made graves for a few nights.

But the pleasing sight was to see the eager and cheerful gathering of the Saints at the new chapel for Sunday school and meeting. About two hundred of the Saints were gathered there, and though the church was large, several classes must needs sit under the trees near the church. Sister Case and Sister Tapunere, were superintendents of the Sunday school, and it moved along like clockwork. There were no printed lessons at that time, so it devolved upon Sister Case who could speak and write the language well, to write the lessons for every class each week. The missionaries provided the food, and Brother Jamesson did the cooking, all five eating together, but lived in separate houses.

The island was very small, only seven miles in circumference, yet there were many more of Protestants and Catholics gathered there than there were of Saints. The latter kept up a run of debating church questions with Elder Burton, not publicly, but would come to his house, and the sight of those coming would bring such a crowd of natives, that the house, which had open sides, and the yard would be packed. There was no rest for the missionary. It was beautiful to see in the early morning the boats being got under way and sail off, a whole fleet of them across the lake for the diving.

Preaching was kept up every evening by different ones of

the natives till Saturday and the singing was done by the members of the branch that the preaching elder belonged to—no help from the others. Saturday evenings were given entirely to singing, but one island at a time. The writer well remembers what a hostile spirit it caused when Brother Burton tried to get them to all sing together. Says the leading singer of Takapoto: “Am I going to lend my voice to help another island sing? No, indeed, I am not.”

On Friday, February 26, left Hikuera for Kaukuea—where the conference was to be held in April, on the schooner *Tea-veroa*; Brother and Sister Case and Brother Jamesson with us, and many others of the native Saints, stopped at Taiaro next day. Taiaro is a small island with only two inhabitants, a man and his wife, both quite elderly people. Here the captain Mapue took on several boatloads of buffa and water coconuts. Got to Takaroa Sunday night just at dark, stayed ashore all night in Joane Tamite’s house, after much trouble in getting in. The wife of Joane was with us, but she had let a man stay in the house for taking care of it while they were away, and he had locked up all the rooms, took the keys and gone away.

Monday, March 1, all day in Takaroa, a fine island; some of the nice houses have bedsteads and spring mattresses. During Monday the people who remained on the island gave the new arrivals an aroha (a gift) of chickens, three borlagued porkers and some bread. According to their custom they called all together and in their presence presented the whole to Mapue; he received it, and turning to the people, said, “Here, this is yours, divide among yourselves,” and some of the natives made the division.

On Tuesday, March 2, left Takaroa, and on Wednesday afternoon got to Ahe. The wind was blowing hard and the breakers rolling up on the reef on either side of the narrow passage in great fury. It was a dangerous run through that narrow

passage in such a sea, but there was nothing else to be done. The wind was right inshore and the vessel was close to the reef, but the captain handled his vessel well and she fetched in finely.

As the passengers landed on that island, many of whom belonged there, and at Manitio, they did not scatter to their respective homes, but all remained standing on the shore till all were ashore, then they sang and offered a prayer of thanksgiving for God's protecting care during the voyage. This was their custom, always, either just before leaving their boats or vessels or as soon as they landed.

Remained at Ahe over night and on Thursday afternoon left and got to Kaukura and then proceeded to Papeete. Emma and I stopped at Kaukura, was lodged in the Pohimau's large, commodious house. Had it all to ourselves; that is, no one else lodged there.

By Elder Burton's experience in Hikuera he judged about what it would be at conference time, how he would be beset with people with questions of all kinds, especially relating to conference business, and when free he must rest, so he sent word ahead that he wanted a house for himself and wife. The policeman, Brother Teehu offered his, a house of two large rooms, and as often as Elder Burton and wife went to Kaukura afterwards that house was always their home.

On Sunday morning I preached, and after the morning service the Saints made us an aroha of twenty dollars. Preached again March 21, at eleven in the forenoon. Before meeting I married three couples, one of which was Teehu and Makaa, the owners of the house we lived in. March 21, 1897, at Kaukura, Emma and I stopped the use of coffee, hoping by trying to live by the counsel of God, we may have more wisdom in doing our part in the great latter-day work.

March 29. During the past week many of the Saints arrived from different islands in vessels and boats.

When one of these vessels was nearing the island the writer called her husband's attention to her, she looked so strange, seeming to have a very high deck load of something, and

there seemed to be no people on board except the man at the wheel and about three that stood near him. For some time neither could make out what the strange appearance of the deck load was; eventually it was seen that it was people with only standing room. It was the old *Punau* from Manihi. They had left the day before, having clear weather and a fair wind, expecting to make a short trip, and thus crowded on board. Besides this there was a large boat from the same island on which there was only sitting room with the feet drawn up, and in that position they remained from the time of going on board till the time they arrived, twenty-four hours later, some with a little hard bread to eat, and some with nothing. I mention this to show what the native Saints will endure to go to conference, and how great their powers of endurance are. A large schooner had been chartered by the Saints of Kaukura, Aratua and Apatiki for five hundred dollars to bring the Saints from Tupuai and take them back home again, but she did not arrive till after conference was in session two or three days. Two days before the conference commenced, the *Teaveroa* arrived from Tahiti with the word that Sister Case was too sick to take passage on her, and of course Brother Case remained with her. This was very distressing news. Though Brother Burton could talk with the Saints, and preach in their language, saying the words that he wanted to, he felt that an interpreter would be necessary for conference where different ones would be talking from all over the house, and he had depended upon Brother Case and Brother Hawkins from Tupuaro. Besides, he wanted Brother Case to consult in business matters. He felt now that he would have to lean hard upon the Lord for help, but to the great joy of all, one day before conference, Brother and Sister Case arrived on a small vessel, accompanied by faithful Pai and his wife, Tatehau, who had remained with them rather than leave them when

Mrs. Case was sick. She commenced to get better as soon as the *Teavaroa* had sailed, and so was able to take passage at a pretty big price on this smaller vessel, and was in time for the Sunday school convention, though not feeling very well. Preparations had been made for them in a part of Otare's big house. This Otare almost wept because a part of the missionaries were in the policeman's house, saying that all the white missionaries had always stayed at his house, and he wanted them all.

On Friday, April 2, Brother and Sister Case arrived from Papeete. Sunday school convention began and continued on Saturday. Sister Case was sustained superintendent of the district association, Tapa and Petero, assistants. Sister Case was also foreign secretary of convention and conference. Metuaore and Rairoa Saints arrived.

Conference convened April 6. Credentials received and I as president of the mission began business at eight o'clock in the morning. On Wednesday night, April 7, the *Punau* went ashore. No conference on Thursday or until Friday noon.

This vessel was owned by Mapui, and besides bringing such a number of Saints for the conference, she also had provisions, clothes and dishes of all kinds, and charged an enormous price, as two Chili dollars for a pewter spoon. Of course the Saints had to take them at whatever price was named, with promises to pay in shell and buffa at some future time.

The writer was acquainted with the supercargo, a young white man by the name of Harris, who came from San Francisco only a little before themselves, and being present when he was delivering some goods to the native Saints, said, "Are you not ashamed to charge these people such outrageous prices just because they can not help themselves, and do not know the prices of things?" His answer was that they never got half their pay anyway.

There being no harbor at Kaukura, vessels that remain must needs beat about somewhere near the island. The crew of this one had hove the vessel to and lashed the wheel, and all

gone to sleep; not being sufficiently far from the shore, she drifted on the reef, and was soon a total wreck. As soon as it was known, the bell was rung that pressed everyone into service, men, women and children who were large enough to carry stuff ashore. Thus a day and a half people were wading out and getting what they could and carrying it ashore, one horse only on the island. It some way got into the air that the loss of the vessel was a judgment on the owners for charging such high prices, and the owners never charged so much again.

In the afternoon of a day or two after conference began again, there was a stir, a stretching of necks, and everybody's attention was diverted. "What is it?" asked the president. "The Tupuari Saints are coming." They had landed and were quite near the conference building with John Hawkins in the lead. Elder Burton spoke to them of how many Brother Hawkins had baptized and of the much work he had done in the islands, and for all to rise to their feet as a token of respect and sing, as he and the Saints with him entered the house. This custom has been maintained ever since whenever an elder comes to the island. This they did. Brother Hawkins walked straight to the stand, shook hands with Elder Burton and those that were at the stand, and all those that were with him did the same, causing quite a sensation in the conference.

When all were seated, business was again resumed, some of which was, "Buy the Taronā lot in Papeete—French money, two thousand dollars. Move the Papanā church to Papeete for a printing office and start the press as soon as possible. The members to give for that purpose as follows for this year, each male member two dollars, female, one dollar, child, fifty cents. Committee appointed to buy church in Anaa. After conference ended, Emma and I left Kaukura for Tahiti on the vessel *Tapioi*, the Tupuai vessel, with all the Tupuai and Taronā and Tiona Saints, one hundred persons, left on Monday, the nineteenth, and got to Papeete the twenty-third.

We were four days going down; light winds all the way. The first night out, about sundown, the heavens became black with heavy clouds;

the thunder in the distance commenced to roll and the lightning to flash. Then came the hour for singing and prayer. While they were singing, I thought of the great discomfort there would be during the night, when the rain that seemed so near would descend, for all the after part of the vessel was closely packed with mostly women and children that one could not walk forward, but must needs walk the rail, along which a guard rope was placed from the main to the forerigging. The cabin was full and some in the hold. While my mind was dwelling upon these thoughts and full of sympathy for the people, the singing ceased and they called upon me to pray. The spirit of supplication rested upon me, and I asked God to have compassion upon us and command the clouds that they would not pour forth their rain upon us during the trip, and I felt that it would be done and we went to our room with a feeling of peace and gladness. No rain fell during the trip.

This incident seemed to have been more of a miracle here where the raindrops fell so easily than it would have been in America, and the natives recognized it as such and looked upon their missionary as having great power with God.

He had, during conference, been called to the bedside of Elder John Hawkins who was supposed to be dying. It was midnight. He had called all his relatives about him and bade them good-by, and was suffering much from an affliction that had bothered him for years, but now the attack was so severe he thought he must die. He was groaning in great agony. Elder Burton, Brother Case and some native elders laid their hands upon him and prayed that God would rebuke the cause of his suffering and spare him, and he instantly got relief; was at conference the next day and said he felt better than he had for a long time. Farther on in this same letter written from Papeete he says:

Emma and I are well and enjoying our blessings. Too busy to be lonesome. We left Kaukura Monday, nineteenth, and got to Papeete the twenty-third and got our stuff up from the vessel into the missionary house, Brother Hawkins stopping with us until the *Tapioi* sailed again for Tupuai, which she did on the twenty-eighth.

Brother and Sister Case were to leave Kaukura the afternoon of the same day, for Arutua and on up to the Windward Islands.

On Friday, April 30, the *Tropic Bird* arrived, but we could not get our mail till Saturday (on account of the bubonic plague scare.—Writer). On the previous Thursday I made applications for a license for the printing press—to be obtained May 1. William McGrath volun-

teered to help me with the printing, which help I gladly accepted. We cleaned out Brother Pai's old house for a temporary printing house, and got things in order for work. On May 1 I got the license for printing, which cost twenty-nine francs. I had previously engaged Mr. I. Henry to do the translating for the *Oromatua*, and on Friday, thirtieth, took him three articles for translation. William McGrath made a stand for the type case and distributed some type.

Saturday we got our mail from America.

On Wednesday, May 5, got out nearly two pages of proof. Mr. Henry corrected it. Will McGrath is sick. Got out the first two hundred copies of *Oromatua* on Wednesday, May 13, and on Friday, Emma and I got six hundred more; on Saturday, fifteenth, two hundred and fifty more. Will McGrath gone away.

On Monday, May 17, I made arrangements with Mr. Cady and Green of Seventh-day Adventists to put up and print the one thousand for ten dollars.

On the twentieth sent food and letters to Brother Hubert Case by the *Leon*.

Twenty-fifth. Got the *Oromatuas* from the printers and sent off many of them, and on the twenty-eighth mailed the last of them needed for the upper islands, six hundred and eighty-nine and had about three hundred and twenty-five left.

On June 1 mail arrived, bringing the revelation of April 9 and the request for Brother Hubert's ordination to the Quorum of the Seventy.

On June 6 we went to Tiona. Emma spoke in tongues in the sacrament meeting; I gave the interpretation. An excellent meeting. I blessed a babe also at Tiona. Returned to Taronia at five o'clock in the evening and at six I baptized Pumuatua, a boy twelve years old, and confirmed him same evening.

On Thursday afternoon, June 3, Will McGrath came back, and by Saturday had nearly four pages of the *Oromatua* ready for the press.

On Saturday, June 5, paid Mr. Peterson, of Papeete, or rather settled with him for the *Evangelia* debt, three hundred and fifty-nine dollars and sixty cents.

On Monday, June 7, I found I had not complied with all conditions of printers, as I had not made a declaration to the Procueror de la Republique, and must have a Frenchman editor. On the 8th I inquired of Mr. Bonet, a lawyer, as to my duties under the law, and sent a letter of apology to the Procueror de la Republique and also a declaration of intentions to publish a monthly paper called the *Oromatua*, Tekakahu (Metuaore) editor, myself printer, to be printed at Rue des Ramparts, Papeete, and on the tenth received a letter of acceptance of the declaration of intentions from the Procueror de la Republique dated back to cover the first *Oromatua*. Sent off seven hundred and twenty of the June *Oromatua* and began the July numbers, got four pages printed and the sixteen-page tract, Plan of Salvation or Te Ravea No Te Ora started.

By July 7 had half of it printed, the other four pages set up, and the July *Oromatua* printed. Will McGrath left us again on that day, after finishing setting up the tract. He going to Makatea. Petero, a half French and half native brother is helping me print the two thousand and five hundred copies of the tract, or five thousand more impressions to finish the tract. July 8, finished. The press now stops until more money comes in.

About August 2 Petero with wife and child, also two other brethren with their wives and children went on a preaching tour around the island. The foregoing is characteristic of the native missionaries. When they go, it is the rule that their wives and families go with them. They had the ocean on one side and the fruit growing mountains on the other. They took their fish spears with them, their pillows and matting. They could spear fish and gather fruit for the most of their food. The missionary and wife gave them a few dollars to buy bread, when they were where there was any, and they did not trouble anyone for beds to sleep in, would spread their matting on the ground and with their pillow under their head would sleep soundly, and where there were not pillows enough, a log of wood would do as well, for the pillows were about as hard. Their mission was very successful. On May 8 they baptized four children and on the fifteenth baptized a man and his wife.

On Friday, August 20, Metuaore arrived with money from Rairoa, and on Saturday Kehauri came with money from Tiki hau, so we will now start the press again.

On August 20 the steamer arrived from California. The first of the steamers brought mail ten days from Frisco. She is to receive a subsidy from the French Government and run two years on trial.

I now employ a Mr. Brault, Frenchman to set up the forms for the press for August *Oromatua*.

September 15, Tehopea and Tuterihia left to-day for Huahine and Riatea on a mission, their wives and children with them.

The rest of the year's printing was very laborious for Elder Burton and wife, who helped always with the press, also folded papers and tracts by the thousands, and had to sew the tracts. Mr. Brault lived quite near, but Mr. Henry, the translator was two or three blocks beyond town, and the post office as far in the other direction. Elder Burton attended to all errands to these places taking and bringing copy and proof sheets from Mr. Henry's and the forms from Brault to be printed at his own place. Sometimes a whole line of type would be left out, and he would have to make the corrections himself, then came

the wrapping, addressing with a pen, and carrying to the post office. So much walking, and in such heat, besides all his other work and business for the mission and marketing for the house, and writing numerous letters to different parts of the mission, and brethren that always wanted to be talked with, made his work difficult. Besides he would have to give some time to those who were almost daily arriving from the islands.

Ten o'clock is the universal breakfast hour in Papeete, coffee and bread in the morning before going to work at ten. At ten all business houses are closed till one in the afternoon. These are sleeping hours, for as a usual thing the heat is too intense during these hours for much moving about outside. But the missionary got none of these hours of rest. The native brethren in the immediate vicinity seemed to have arranged that one part of them would go to the missionary house and talk with Jotepa half of the sleeping time, and the others the other half of the time, not thinking that it was hard on the missionary. It was all from love of him, but much like killing him with kindness.

One very hot day when the missionary and his wife had been working the press unusually fast, having learned that a vessel was soon to start for the upper islands where it was not often that there was an opportunity to send mail, and they were trying to get that month's *Oromatua* to send by her, Elder Burton spoke of a pain in the pit of his stomach, or a trifle below the stomach, but he worked on till he finished. By that time the pain had increased to that extent that it seemed unbearable. He had no more got into the house, than he dropped on the floor, all doubled up with that heavy pain. Of course his wife was much alarmed. With all the help she could render him, he little by little got undressed and into bed. He only got temporary help through administration. He thought paregoric would help him, and a native was sent to the drug

store for a two-ounce bottle. He took that all during the afternoon without any effect, then hot applications were tried. That gave soothing relief for a while, but it came again and became so prolonged and severe that he vomited, then it stopped, leaving him too weak to get out of bed all the next day. His health was now broken. He worked all the time, but not with the same rush and vim as before, for a little overdoing would bring on another of these spells.

(To be continued.)

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Father, I go, 'tis thy voice bids me go  
 To carry this news of the cross;  
 Where multitudes wait, in weakness and woe,  
 Their cleansing from sin and from dross.

My lips must teach in the ways of the poor,  
 Redemption from evil and pain;  
 By mercy of Christ, "the way," "the door."  
 Accomplished in Calvary's rain.

My feet must be found in ways of the good,  
 Wherever thy Spirit may lead;  
 On thee I must wait for my strength and food,  
 And succor in seasons of need.

I carry the "truth," 'tis precious to bear,  
 To those who are struggling for life;  
 I seek not for fame, nor honors to wear;  
 But wait for the end of the strife.

I preach not for pelf, but souls I desire,  
 To crown me with pleasures of ease,  
 When angels of God, with sickles of fire,  
 Shall reap for the harvest of peace.

JOSEPH SMITH.

## BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON

BY EMMA B. BURTON

(Continued from page 190.)

The next that is on record is dated January 14, 1898, "Reported to the Twelve, bishops, secretary of the church and Quorum of Seventy. Sent by Galilee, January 15, 1898." Again:

"April 3, got to Takaroa, where the conference was to be about 2 p. m. on the steamer *Southern Cross*. Left Papeete March 29, made several stops on the way."

It was Sunday when the *Southern Cross* reached Takaroa. Weather had been heavy, and she was a day late; that caused much uneasiness with the Saints, and oh, such a crowd as met the boat at the landing! They were literally packed, and could not get ahead a step for the people that were pressing towards them to shake hands. At length an able-bodied native who was acting as policeman for the conference made his way in front of the missionaries and pushing the people except the elder aside, he backed through the crowd, making a path for them to follow and got to the conference house, for they were waiting to commence the afternoon meeting.

Conference began April 6, 1898, at 8 a. m., and continued till Monday, April 11, 10 a. m.; adjourned to Avatoru, Rairoa, April 6, 1899. There were twelve hundred and ten people (Saints) at the conference; got there in sixty-one boats and six vessels. There were thirty tables at each meal, and a feast all through the conference.

It had been resolved at the conference the previous year to send an invitation to Brother Joseph Smith to visit the islands and he be in attendance at the Takaroa conference, and thus extra attendance and preparations were with the expectation

of meeting him, for many lived too far away to get the word that he could not be with them.

In a letter written by Elder Burton from Kaukura, May 1, speaking of the conference he said :

Their feast this year, which lasted eleven days, only cost about three thousand dollars, for one thousand two hundred and ten people, as against about fifteen thousand dollars last year for nineteen days and five hundred and fifty-six people.

Arrangements were made to pay the two thousand dollars, French money, which the church owes for the land bought at Papeete last year. This debt will be all paid before October 1 of this year, by about one half of the membership. The other half not being willing to assist as they live so far from Papeete, that they seldom go there.

Our conference lasted six days, and at its close I was again attacked quite severely with neuralgia of the stomach and bowels, but by the blessing of God, through administration and the careful, watchful nursing of Emma, I got all right again, but was very weak, for the pain was severe and very weakening. But after a few days was ready to move on again.

After those feasts there is always a famine. About everything is eaten up, and the bakers that are hired for the occasion go home to Fakarava. All were detained at the island for a few days on account of the high seas. There had been a heavy windstorm for several days. The sea was too high for boats, so the native brethren went in the lake and caught fish to subsist on. The missionary's wife was not feeling at all well, and she nearly starved. At length Brother Jansson came to the rescue. He hunted up some food and cooked it somewhere and brought it to their little room. These conference feasts were productive of great fatality. The people would go without food for days before the feast, then their eating would know no bounds during feast time, then starve afterwards. Elder Burton made it his aim to do away with them as much as he could, and gradually the list of deaths at conference time grew less.

When it was considered safe to start, we went in Elder Tapu's boat, a good large one, for Aratua. The wind and sea

were behind us, otherwise a boat would scarcely have ventured. There were several boats in the company. All ran over to Takapoto and remained there till six o'clock in the afternoon. Tapu and one other man from his boat went ashore, just dropping overboard and keeping his head and shoulders above water, letting the big rollers that came upon the reef carry him ashore.

This was an anxious day for the writer. Some of the boats could not find an anchorage and so would tie up to others, and the heavy swell that rolled in would sometimes drag them past, and other times tangle them together.

At length Tapu was seen making his way from the shore with a large bundle of water coconuts, all tied together. These he dropped in the ocean and swam behind them pushing them along till he reached the boat. He was the director of the crowd and all got under way. The force of the sea had not been felt when running across to Takapoto, but when fairly out into it, it seemed at times as if the boat would be swamped, but she would always rise again and keep ahead of the sea.

At six in the morning we ran through the tide rips into the very narrow and winding channel that led up to Arutua. As soon as they were inside, they had singing and prayer, in which both the missionary and his wife joined, for indeed their hearts felt to overflow with gratitude to God for his preserving care.

They were conveyed from a boat to the shore in a canoe and were joyously received and domiciled in Tapu's new house, built to entertain Brother Joseph in. They abode there for a week or ten days.

The writer remembers that visit to Arutua as being the most pleasant of those among the islands. There was a meeting of some kind nearly every day, and yet we had many a pleasant walk around the beach, and across the island, and were presented with quantities of beautiful shells.

But not having had any mail since February, Elder Burton was in a hurry to get more in line of vessels or boats, so Tapu took us over to Kaukura Saturday, April 30, and on Sunday met a household of Saints who had gathered for diving in Kaukura Lake for pearls and pearl shells.

This lake is the most productive of pearls, but they must needs locate during the diving time on the opposite side of the lake. On Monday morning a lively little fleet of boats started across the lake, but the missionaries were not to follow them for a week. They must clean the grounds, put a niau roof over the yard that served for a place of worship and build a new niau house for the missionary and wife.

Will now quote from notes in Elder Burton's diary:

Saturday, May 7, went to the Rahui at the east end of the lake, seventeen miles in George Richardson's boat. The Saints gathered to make bufaa and dive for pearls and pearl shell. I went one day on the lake with the divers and timed several; they remained below the water from thirty to seventy seconds, got a few shell and one small pearl like the head of a pin, but the hot sun on the lake while I was in the boat made me quite sick for two days. While here I preached and conversed with native Saints and Catholics, and tried to admonish the Saints to live pure lives and put away their adulterous customs, and tried to instruct them in church government. I had a pretty good visit with them.

The Sunday after the arrival of the missionary, the Sunday school was organized for the season. They are a very peculiar people about not mixing. The Saints from each island are taught by some Sunday-school teacher from their own branch. And when an elder preaches, the singing will be carried on by those of the branch he belongs to, and not another will help them. There is no quarrel or hard feeling; it is simply a custom.

The Sunday school was large and interesting, so also the meeting. The Saints were enjoying a goodly degree of spirituality. The writer remembers one Sunday afternoon in prayer meeting when their missionary was instructing them to deal in love with one another. It was called forth by a branch presi-

dent arriving from Maketea and telling rather boastfully how many he had cut off the church because they were in sin. The missionary said, "Kill the sin, but save the man." It was a new thought to them. They were apt to forget the sin but deal vengeance on the man, and as the new thought of love sank into their hearts, some were melted to tears. Tapu was affected especially; the big tears rolled down his cheeks.

During the evenings while at this place, called Rahui, (any place is so called where they gather to dive, or make bufaa) when there were no meetings, the Saints would gather in front of the missionaries' house and sit on the ground in the form of the three sides of a square, two or three deep, the missionary and wife sat in their chairs just outside the door, and the Saints would sing for a while, then talk and ask questions on the gospel and church affairs, and thereby gain much information.

We remained in the Rahui till Saturday, May 21, when we returned to Panau, the town on the island of Kaukura, and remained with the few Saints there till June 16. Left Panau in a boat with Torohia for Tahiti by way of Rairoa.

Arrived in Tiputa on the seventeenth and on the eighteenth left for the Rahui of Otipiti on the other side of the lake, a strong head wind was blowing, so we did not get there, but anchored for the night near a Motu.

Here the brethren and a sister, too, took their spears and dropped into the lake and swam ashore on the Motu, where they speared fish and got coconuts for their supper and breakfast.

The next day Sunday, we got to Otipiti in time for the afternoon meeting. [I think there must be a mistake in the name of this place. Otipoto is in Anaa, but there may be two of the name. This is as I find it]. We arrived in time for afternoon meeting. The Saints received me gladly. Many of the Tahitian Saints at this place to make bufaa. I preached in the evening.

On Monday went to the Avatoru Branch, Rahui, a few miles eastward of Otipiti. On Wednesday, twenty-second, left for Avatoru Pass across

the lake. The morning before starting, the captain told his little boy to clean up the decks, while he was ashore. He did so by throwing almost everything overboard, our improvised stove with them.

Arriving at the pass at Avatoru, we anchored for the night and went ashore, where there were a few Saints left. They took kindly care of us. Our provisions were nearly gone and there were none on the island. No bread, but some canned food; and with the little flour we had, with Emma's help, we made a few biscuits and baked them in a frying pan.

The wind blew hard all night and the captain of the little boat thought it not fit to start in the morning. We remained till afternoon. The weather was no better. The captain rolled his head up and went to sleep on the porch of a house, thinking of course not to start that day, but the missionary and his wife talked things over. Their food would soon be exhausted. The Saints were only waiting for a boat to start for Papeete, so that they could go to the Rahui, and their food was gone too, so thought it better to start at once.

Therefore Tarohia, the captain of the boat, was awakened from his comfortable sleep to get under way for Papeete, which they did at about sundown, Thursday, twenty-third. It was a nice, smooth run while in the lee of the island, but a very disagreeable sea when beyond it. But before encountering the sea they took the precaution to reef down snug all night and all the next day. The wind continued. In the afternoon three whales were sighted at no very great distance. They had the appearance of being father, mother, and child, as one was much smaller than the others and seemed to be having great sport swimming around them, diving and blowing in a lively manner. In a minute they were parallel with the boat and uncomfortably near, when the big fellow stopped, raised his ugly head clear out of the water, and roared at us. My! I thought of Jonah and wondered if this monster would make a bite at our boat, and while yet undecided what to do, the little fellow swam across in front of him, giving him a slap across the throat with his tail. At that the old fellow put after him

and swam away from the boat and we saw no more of them.

We arrived in Papeete on Saturday, June 25, having been away two months. Remained in Tahiti. Printed the August *Orametua*, also the Sunday school books, which were finished in October, 1898.

Upon the arrival of the steamer *Southern Cross* in the first week of November, Elder Burton received a visit from one of the brethren of Anaa, bringing a pressing invitation from all the Saints for him and his wife to visit them at their island, also bringing money to pay their passage on the steamer as she would stop at that island on her outgoing trip. This met the approval of both the missionary and his wife, more especially, since the Sunday school books were now finished. They wished to take some along and organize the Sunday school. Sister Devore had not been able to visit that island after having charge of that work, so their preparations were hastily made, and they sailed on the *Southern Cross* on Tuesday, November 8.

Arrived at Anaa, November 10. Stayed at Turihora until Monday, fourteenth, went to Tamari, and on Sunday, December 4, reorganized the branch and ordained Tuema elder, Tumatau priest, Taina teacher, and Tepiki, deacon.

The following Sunday the Sunday school was organized. This was a most difficult matter. They had not had the benefit of Sister Devore's teachers' meetings, and knew nothing at all about the work. The brethren were much opposed to any but elders teaching classes, all opposed to forming classes. Wanted to sit anywhere about the room that they chose and have the teacher call out the questions. They did not like to be told where to sit; it was depriving them of their liberty. Besides it was different from the way "Tamiti" did. Elder Thomas W. Smith was the first to introduce anything like a Sunday school. He formed no classes, just let them sit down on the floor of their place for meeting and the teacher stepped about among them asking them questions.

However, the Sunday school was organized, after much talk. Their former teacher had been at Papeete, and seen how they did. He was present, so that helped. The names of the Sunday school officers have been omitted.

I preached three times in Tuuhara and thirteen times in Tamaria. On Tuesday, December 5, went up to Otipoto, held four meetings there, and preached three times and on Saturday the seventeenth went on a boat back to Tuuhara. In Otipoto held several discussions with Catholics. On

December 21 we left Anaa and arrived in Papeete, Friday, twenty-third, 1899, found all well and finished getting out the *Orametua* up to the October number, then had to stop on account of lack of funds.

Remained in Tahiti until March 28, 1899, when we left on the steamer *Southern Cross* for Takarua and attend conference. We arrived Thursday morning, thirtieth. About six hundred Saints had assembled by Sunday, April 2. I preached at ten a. m., sacrament at two p. m. We had an excellent meeting. Emma spoke in tongues and I gave the interpretation. The Saints were warned and advised to quit all sin, to repent truly, and live righteously, and God would bless them in their lands, and on the sea, their coconuts and shells, and in their homes. On Monday the Sunday school convention assembled and two profitable sessions were held. Tuesday was their "Mahana oaoa" or day of rejoicing, entertainment, some excellent pieces were recited, especially by the children.

On April 6, conference began at eight a. m. I as president, Pohemeti and Brother Jansson assisting. Teuira and Turatahi secretaries. Tehopea was very sick; did not attend conference, though on the grounds. Conference closed Monday, April 10, at ten a. m., April 9 I was sixty-one years old.

A few brief notes that I find of the island mission gives a very meager idea of the work done. Nothing of a very personal nature is mentioned except where connected with the public work in a temporal way for the church or people. None of the business of this conference is referred to, but the writer remembers it to have been one of much interest, unity and spirituality.

On Wednesday at half past two p. m. we left Avatoru for Papeete on the *Tapioi* with about one hundred natives on board. We arrived at Papeete on Friday, fourteenth, about noon and began the work of the *Orametua* at once; four hundred and fifty books are to be made of them, instead of sending them monthly; they will be retained and bound and sold to subscribers at April conference of 1900 at Papeete.

On April 27 Tehopea died at sea in a boat bound for Tiputa on the way to his home at Kaukura. There were several boats in company. All the boats returned to Tiputa, and he was buried there.

Since my return from conference I have had several attacks of stomach trouble to yield by the aid of hot cloths as formerly, but at last near midnight it ceased paining. Emma was much fatigued with constant waiting on me, she is so faithful. Her prayers in my behalf were answered.

The above item must have been written sometime in July, for it was in that month that he had that severe attack. It

commenced the morning we were leaving Tiona, where he and wife had been for some weeks seeking a little rest and respite from the constantly visiting brethren, his strength had become so impaired by these repeated attacks. The distance was five miles. We made all haste to get home, arrived just as it commenced to rain. It was warm; not a breath of air, and beds and cooking utensils had to be unpacked before we could get a bed ready for him, or heat water. All the balance of that dreadful day and until midnight his suffering was intense. He could not keep still but would sit up in bed and sometimes spring out of bed, to be urged and assisted back again by his wife who was alone with him. At times he would moan aloud, "Oh, it is dreadful!" At midnight he seemed to be sinking, and the wife ran over to the house of Pai and fairly screamed, "Pai, Pai, get Alfred and come quick, Joseph is dying!" She roused all the Saints in the little village and all came to the house. Pai and Alfred Sanford administered while all the rest were requested to go into the church near by, and continue in prayer. After the administration Pai and Alfred joined them, but the sufferer got no relief. His wife, fearing he would not endure much longer, cried to the Lord, in fact every breath had been a prayer. Immediately he vomited and the pain ceased. A few weeks after that he had one other slight attack, which was the last he experienced of it.

August 1, 1899, John W. Peterson and wife arrived on the *Tropic Bird*.

October 16, John W. Peterson and wife left Papeete in the local steamer for Hikueru, and during the latter part of October was stopped by the native governor from preaching through an interpreter under the plea that he was teaching the natives the English language. I protested through the consul, and the governor at Papeete liberated Brother John at once, so that he was at liberty to preach English or native as he pleased.

Early Saturday morning, February 3, Emma and I left Papeete on the little steamer *Eva* for a short visit to the island of Morea, arrived at the island at nine a. m., but was till 4 p. m. getting to our destination in a canoe inside the reef. Preached on Sunday and had sacrament meeting

with the few Saints on that island, and visited with the Saints four days and came back in a rowboat in the night when the trade winds were not blowing.

On February 14 Brother and Sister Peterson came from Hikueru to Papeete on a vessel, and informed me that the native Governor Galley refused him the privilege of speaking in English. I at once protested to the consul regarding the matter, and he wrote his request to the governor for Brother Peterson's release the same day.

On March 17 he met the governor, who still refused to liberate Brother Peterson.

On March 18 I received a request from the consul to meet him at eight a. m. next day and a request from the governor to meet him at nine a. m.

On the following day I met Counsel J. Lamb Doty according to appointment, accompanied by Brother Peterson, after which I met the governor alone at half past ten a. m.; was in conversation with him until eleven-thirty-five. He wished to speak of Brother Peterson and got angry when I expressed the thought that it would be to the interest of the powers to set Elder Peterson at liberty, as the natives irrespective of parties in politics viewed it as an encroachment upon their liberties. I finally told them that I had placed the matter in the hands of the consul, and would not discuss it further. He then asked me of my work in the islands since my arrival in December, 1896, and concerning traders robbing the natives, and my influence with the natives towards getting them to trade in Papeete, and not with the traders and my opinion of establishing schools in the Paumotus, and the liquor question, and about my obtaining large sums of money from the natives for my personal use. To all of my replies he expressed himself as being well pleased. I then told him that I was glad he was satisfied with my work, and I hoped the Almighty would prosper him in all his works of righteousness and good for the natives, and I was pleased that we agreed upon all the points mentioned, and I would feel very much gratified if he would grant me the one favor I desired of him, that is, that Elder Peterson should be free. He immediately granted it, with the request that he should learn the language as rapidly as possible. This ended our friendly conversation. He also stated that as far as religious matters are concerned, we would be entirely free, and that our conferences should be unmolested by him.

I then visited the consul and informed him of the success of my visit. He was much pleased and said that he was, or had been much worried over the matter. The Saints of Tarona were greatly delighted with our report. They gathered around me, and we all rejoiced together. It was Saturday that the consul wrote first to the governor, and the following day, Sunday, the Holy Spirit inspired me to say at the close of my discourse, "If you Saints will pray to God to release Brother Peterson, you may lift up your heads and rejoice," and so it came to pass.

From the time of Brother Peterson's arrival in February, and sometime prior, until the April conference, was a busy

time at Taroná in manual labor for missionaries and all, of which very little has been left on record except in letters to the *Herald*. When the missionary house that Thomas W. Smith built was moved from Papaua it was set near the church at the back of a three-acre lot. It was now moved near the front corner, and the church moved to set in line with it. The church that Brother Thomas W. Smith helped to build at Papaua was taken to pieces and floated down the river to enlarge the church already at Taroná—there being no Saints left at Papaua. The two chapels were joined endwise with sixteen feet of new building between them. This piece and the chapel at the end had a wing at each side fourteen feet wide, making a nice, large conference house. A curtain which raised or dropped at will divided the church at this point from the rest of the building, so that the church proper was not used for feasts or entertainments. Then this place was nicely fenced in with a new picket fence on the two sides next the road, with five small gates and one large one. There was also a fine, large, high flag mast made and set up from which the French flag waved upon all special occasions.

The Saints began to arrive in vessels and boats on April 1, but many did not get here till the third and fourth. Our conference was a success in every way, Mr. Cardillon the mayor, Lawyer Bonet, Prince Hinoi, and Queen of Borabora and many American and French business men attended most of the feasts and matutus, and all expressed themselves as much pleased. Elder Burton preached in English two evenings. These were attended by all the English-speaking people in the place as well as these dignitaries that I have mentioned. His subject was, "They who worship God must worship in spirit and in truth." Both efforts were among his best, and held all the people as if spellbound. The consul expressed himself as never having heard such preaching in all his life, and others felt that they had food for thought for five years.

While under the depressing influence and weakness of these frequently-recurring spells of stomach trouble, and feeling that he was not able to endure the labor of the mission; Elder Burton had written to the church in America to be released as he wished to return immediately after the coming conference of 1900, and arrangements had been made to that effect, consequently as soon as conference was over, they began to get things in order to return to America, and sailed May 1 on the brigantine *Galilee* arriving in San Francisco, May 31.

There is little or nothing said in these notes in regard to the spiritual side of the work, but it was not neglected anyway. Quite a number were baptized and many more desired to be but could not be accepted because of living with companions without having had any marriage ceremony performed. They did not recognize such as being adultery when each was true and loyal to the other. Since that way of living had been a custom of such long standing, it seemed a bit hard not to receive them into the church. It was Elder Burton's great work in the islands to bring about conditions that would bring them in harmony with the teachings of the church and with the law of God. It took all the years that he was in that mission to bring them up to that law, for it must be brought about very gradually. He must make them see the sin and the shame of their manner of living. He commenced with the elders giving them a certain length of time to repent, and marry the companions they were living with. If not complied with in the given time they would lose their license, and so step by step he drew the line each time a little tighter. The last step and the one causing the longest and the greatest struggle was that parents should discountenance their children living in adultery to the extent of refusing to take both parties into their family and provide for them, as was their custom. It would be work in vain to deal with the sin among the old, and middle-aged, and allowing the young to bring about this same condition, and the

forfeit of noncompliance with this rule was also the elder's license.

To give the reader a little idea of the peculiar notions those natives had, I will cite one instance. It was that of the man called "Big Pai." In all other ways he was as good and consistent-living man as one could find, in fact he was the best Sunday school worker, that is the best adapted to the work, of any in the islands. He was a middle-aged man that had lived loyally and consistently with one woman for years, but he gave up his license rather than marry. One day Elder Burton was talking with him and said,

"Why do you not marry — (I forget her name) and be the useful man you have the ability to be? Neither of you have any parents or relatives to oppose you."

Pai drew himself up to his fullest height, and his look and tone manifested all the indignation he was capable of expressing as he said, "Do you suppose I would marry a woman that smokes?" But he continued to live with her to the day of his death.

It was Thursday when Elder Burton and wife arrived in San Francisco and at once went to Sister Anthony's where all the missionaries find a pleasant and welcome home. Preached in San Francisco Sunday morning and attended sacrament meeting in the afternoon at Oakland. A good social meeting of the Saints after an absence of three years and three months among the natives. Both Brother Burton and his wife were spoken to in tongues by Sister Vernon, and in prophecy by Sister Hiram P. Brown.

On June 4 a reception was given the missionaries at the house of Brother Roy Davis, where the San Francisco and Oakland branches met. From thence down through the country stopping and visiting all the familiar places and arrived at daughter Dora's in Los Angeles June 20, remained there for a

season, thence on to Santa Ana, Garden Grove, El Toro, Laguna Canyon, Capistrano and San Juan by the sea, preaching at all these places.

On Wednesday, July 27, we returned to Addie's, Frank taking us in his surrey. July 23 met Brother Griffiths who informed me of his testimony that I should become an evangelical minister.

August 11 met the Los Angeles brethren in their reunion in Sycamore Grove; their meeting continued over two Sundays.

On August 12 (Sunday) received my patriarchal blessing at Los Angeles by Alexander H. Smith, Leon Gould being his secretary. Excellent meetings Saturday and Sunday. Went to San Bernardino August eighteenth and nineteenth, and on the twenty-second Brother Alexander H. Smith, Leon Gould and I went to Garden Grove to attend their two-day meeting of twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth. On August 29 left for San Francisco on steamer, arrived August 31, Friday, and began meetings of the reunion on the same day. Met there many of the Saints of the two districts. Preached on Friday evening and several times during the reunion. Was ordained a high priest on Thursday, September 6, 1900, at seven p. m., by Alexander H. Smith (who was mouth) and Gomer T. Griffiths, after which I assisted to ordain Charles A. Parkin, bishop, and John Saxe and Charles Kaighan, his counselors. I closed the reunion by a sermon from the last two verses of Ecclesiastes, a text given by Brother Alexander H. Smith.

On Monday watched the procession on Market Street, admission day until evening. At four p. m. September 10, Brother Butterfield and I left on the train for Calistoga. Got there about seven-twenty; found all well, held a few meetings in the Methodist Episcopal church, and on the twenty-first Brother and Sister Butterfield and I went over to Lone Pine, in Sonoma County. Preached there on Saturday, Friday and Sunday twice, and on Monday returned to San Francisco, and on the twenty-ninth went to Brother Ebenezer's in Visalia, thence on to Tulare, met the Saints and made some arrangements for Brother Alexander H. Smith and Leon Gould. Back to Eb's until Thursday. Rode to Tulare on a load of hay. Met a step-son of Mr. Higbee's and felt impressed that he would be an elder in the church, and told him so, and advised him to avoid the use of tobacco, strong drink and bad language, etc.

October 6 met in conference on Saturday, Brother Putney preached, Alexander H. Smith assisted, and adjourned on Sunday evening.

Went to San Jose second Friday in March. On Monday I went to Alila with Brother and Sister Putney in carriage. Met Brother Ebenezer's wife and children. Next day got to Jewetta. Met Sister John Cockerton and family. Got dinner at Brother John Clark's at Tipton, and left the following day for Los Angeles where Emma joined me and we attended conference in Garden Grove, October 26 to 28, after which we

kept house for Brother and Sister Penfold while they visited his brother Charles, who was very sick in Los Angeles.

On Friday, March 15, Metuaore arrived in San Francisco. I met him at the dock and conducted him to Sister Anthony's, where we were then staying. After dinner took him to a clothier and furnished him with suitable clothes for this climate. On the following day, Saturday, I bought tickets for him, Emma and I for Independence, Missouri, and went as far as Los Angeles, arrived at 7 p. m. Tuesday morning, Metuaore preached for the Saints in the forenoon and I at half past two p. m. Went to San Bernardino and he preached there at half past seven p. m. and Monday went on our way to conference, Metuaore enjoying all the new and strange sights on the road. Arrived at Brother John W. Layton's in Independence on Thursday evening, March 21, and remained there during the time of the conference, visiting in vicinity until conference commenced. During conference a paper was received from the islands, signed by a number of the brethren petitioning conference to return Jotefa (Joseph) to that mission.

Saturday, April 20, 1901, I was appointed to Society Islands Mission in charge. On April 24 was present at the organization of the Independence Stake.

On Thursday, twenty-fifth, Metuaore and I, in company with James Caffall, John W. Wight, Richard S. Salyards, Joseph R. Lambert, John Lake, and Heman C. Smith went to Lamoni. Met on arrival there by Brother Edmund L. Kelley and went with him to his home. It was by invitation of Bishop Kelley that Metuaore visited America and the General Conference, his expenses being defrayed by the Bishop, who kindly received him into his home. On Thursday, April 30, was present at the organization of the stake at Lamoni.

On May 2 Metuaore and I left Lamoni after a very pleasant visit among the Saints, for Kansas City and Independence. On the following day we took up our journey to California, accompanied by Sister John W. Layton and her little daughter Irene and Mother Davison who were going as far as Colorado to join Brother Layton who had gone on with a carload of furniture a day or so previous.

During the two hours' stay in Kansas City, being about noon Elder Burton essayed to take Metuaore to a restaurant for dinner, but could find neither restaurant, hotel or lunch counter where they would allow him to eat on account of his color—neither at the railway stations. Returning to the Santa Fe Station he bought a plate of food and was allowed to take it to a remote corner where he could eat. While Metuaore was deeply grieved and humiliated because of the pride and prejudice of the white people, he would not be persuaded to go and

eat with negroes, neither would he be seen walking on the street with the natty little Ceylon brother, who was three shades whiter than himself. So the world goes.

On Monday morning, May 6, we arrived in San Bernardino and remained there till the thirteenth, then on to Santa Ana.

Put up at Frank Burton's and visited the Saints till the eighteenth and on to Los Angeles till June 2 when Metuaore and I left for San Francisco, Emma remained in Los Angeles. I preached in San Francisco twice on Sunday, translated for Metuaore in the morning. On Friday June 7 Metuaore and I went to Sacramento, preached there twice on Sunday.

Saturday while Elder Burton was showing Metuaore about the grounds of the capitol he suggested that they go up in the tower.

"What do you want to go up there for?" asked Metuaore.

"I want you to have a view of the country from that high position. You can see so far and it's beautiful."

Said Metuaore: "Joseph, My eyes are full; if I should talk from the time I get home till I die, I could not tell my people all that I have seen, and what do I want to see more for?" But he did see more, for on Thursday they went to San Jose and met with the Saints in testimony meeting, and the next day went by rail to Tres Pinos, (the Spanish for Three Pines) where they were met by Brother Eugene Holt who took them in his carriage to his home at Dry Lake and Mount Olivet. After a few days of visiting that part of the country they returned as far as Mulberry in time to attend the services Sunday evening, after which Brother Henry Lawn took them to his place for the night, and on Monday Brother Lawn took them to Irvington. Had testimony meeting there Monday afternoon at three o'clock and stayed all night at Brother Stivers's. On Wednesday went to Santa Rosa, held meeting that night, and on Thursday they went to Calistoga with Brother and Sister Butterfield in their carriage. Preached there on Thursday and Friday evenings, on Saturday returned to San Francisco. Spent Sunday, preached twice and returned

to the city about midnight. In all these places Metuaore cheerfully did his part in preaching and prayer and bearing testimony, Elder Burton translated it in English, except his prayers, and having a good deal of the same spirit of the white man, he edified the Saints in all places. On Monday and Tuesday, preparations were made for Metuaore's departure for the Islands. He sailed for Papeete Monday morning June 26 on the steamer *Australia*, a happy man, but never again to appreciate his former manner of living as he had heretofore.

After Metuaore's departure Elder Burton started for the reunion to be held in Los Angeles and made stops at Pixley, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Santa Ana and San Bernardino.

On the eighteenth I visited Beaumont, then Redlands, and Brother Samuel Crain at Pomona, from him I got the *Evening and Morning Star*. On July 19, being Friday, began the reunion, which lasted until Sunday night of the twenty-eighth. Brother Joseph Smith, Brother Alexander H. Smith and Joseph Luff were among the attendants.

On Thursday, August 1, Emma and I took train for Pixley. Were met at the station by my nephew, Frank, and his mother, Susan, with the carriage, who took us to their home where we met Brother Ebenezer and all the children. There we experienced the hottest weather on Friday and Saturday of August 2 and 3, ever felt by us. On Monday we continued our journey to Irvington, after a night's rest at the hospitable home of Brother and Sister Chase, and one at our ever welcome home with Brother and Sister Burgess, only one night at each place, for we were on our way to Mount Olivet. The following day, Thursday, took us to Tres Pinos. Were met there by Brother Albert Page. In passing through Bear Valley Mr. and Mrs. Melindy insisted on our staying all night with them and he would take us to San Benito next day, for Brother Page could not stay. So the next day found us at Brother Page's, and in the evening at Brother Joseph E. Holt's, a good welcome at all these places. Held meetings out at Brother Asa Davis's on Sunday and stayed all night at Brother Holt's. We proposed to visit Sister Tillie Rockwell at Shandon before leaving for the islands. So with our own horse and buggy we started on a four-day's ride, a very pleasant journey, rendered more so because we could visit with ourselves.

However strange it may sound, it was a privilege not often enjoyed by the wife, who on account of deafness, could not take part in general conversation, and often hungered for her hus-

band's companionship even while with him. It was like a daily sacrifice, yet better than many an elder's wife who did not even have the pleasure of seeing her husband for long periods of time. After their return, and a short visit to Bear Valley, and with the Saints of San Benito, they spent a day or two at Mount Olivet fixing things about the house and place for their long absence, then left it in Brother Eugene's care as usual and went north to attend the reunion at Oakland. First stopping place was at San Jose Wednesday in time for the evening prayer meeting, a spiritual season. The gifts of the gospel were enjoyed. Thursday, took train for San Francisco.

On Friday, August 30, reunion began in Bushrod Park, Oakland. Brethren Joseph Smith, Joseph Luff, Alexander H. Smith and Leon Gould were present on that day. I went on the train with Doctor Frazier, Sisters Vira and Hattie Putney to Gilroy with the corpse of Sister Nettie Putney Frazier and buried her there in the cemetery by the side of her father. Returned same day, and on Saturday joined the brethren at the reunion. On Monday, September 2, went across to San Francisco and got tickets for Papeete for seven hundred and twenty dollars, one each for Brother Alexander H. Smith, Leon Gould, John W. Gilbert and wife and myself and Emma. Reunion closed on Sunday, September 8. On Wednesday learned that the date of sailing was postponed a week. On Thursday, September 19, 1901, sailed from San Francisco on steamer *Australia* for Papeete.

(To be continued.)

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## THE THEOLOGICAL LADDER

Faith aids the blind to see  
 Things that are now unknown,  
 And tells them to believe  
 In thoughts, on earth, ne'er grown.

Hope lights the inward eye,  
 And cheers the burdened heart;  
 It speaks of joys to come  
 That never can depart.

Love sanctifies the mind,  
 It joins each soul to soul,  
 And emblems forth our God,  
 The unrevealed whole.

## BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON

BY EMMA B. BURTON

(Continued from page 326.)

That same day we left San Francisco for Papeete on the *City of Papeete*.

Friday, September 20. Very smooth sea. Delayed by reason of some breakage in the machinery. Sunday I preached in the saloon. Fine weather all the week. Strong breeze from the southwest while passing the doldrum line. On Tuesday, September 29, Brother Alexander H. Smith preached an excellent sermon on board the ship from the text in Matthew 27: 22: "What then shall I do with Jesus, which is called the Christ?" All who heard were much pleased, except possibly a few who patiently listened to unavoidable evidence of the divinity of Christ's work.

On Tuesday, October 1, we made the land at about ten-thirty a. m. It was the island of Tikehau. We did not see Rairoa until about eleven-thirty. We sailed close to Tikehau and on between that island and Rairoa—the pass in which the Evanelia was sunk. On Wednesday at daylight we were off the lighthouse on Point Venus, and by nine a. m. were at the quay in Papeete. We went on shore (in honor of the Patriarch, John W. Peterson had a carriage in waiting to drive to Harona) and the first building we entered was the chapel in which the Saints were gathered. Here they sang praises, and offered thanks to God for his loving, watchful care over us, and for sending the patriarch and all of us to them. After their speeches were responded to, and a very friendly greeting and handshaking with everyone, children and all, we repaired to the missionary house and partook of a dinner that had been carefully prepared by the native Saints. On Thursday, we (Alexander H. Smith and I) visited Consul Doty, Mr. Henry, and Lawyer Bonet and also got our typewriters through the customhouse.

Friday, October 4, we (the new arrivals), i. e., Brother Alexander H. Smith and his secretary, Leon Gould, John W. Gilbert and wife, Emma and I, went to Tiona. We all were excellently made welcome by the Saints of both Tiona and Taronā.

Tuesday, October 8, the above-named six new arrivals, also Metuaore and wife, Pohemiti and wife and Tapuni and wife left Papeete on the steamer *Southern Cross* for Raroia. Elder John W. Peterson and wife were prevented from taking this trip because Sister Peterson was in the hospital. The second morning out we touched at the island of Anaa. Since the steamer had to discharge some cargo that would take them till the afternoon, we all went ashore, were gladly received by the islanders, who prepared dinner for us in native style; and we went on board again about four p. m. Next morning we touched at Makemo, but as there were no Saints there, we did not go ashore. The one elder that was there, Luko, came on board the steamer to meet us.

On Saturday the twelfth we all landed at Rairoa and were royally received by the church members of that island and a few from Taenga and Makemo. We held several meetings each day of the week following our arrival and four on Sundays, including Sunday school, and dedicated "Betela Noa" (i. e., Bethel, a place for sacred services, their Niau house of worship).

During the following week, Brother Alexander H. Smith was very sick for twenty-four hours. It seemed for a while as if his last moments had come, but with the remedy that Doctor Frazier provided Elder Burton for extreme pain, he was at length relieved to the great joy of us all. Word had been sent some weeks before to the Hao and Amanu branches at what time the conference would be held on that island, and for as many as could to come from those branches. While they waited for the brethren to come from those branches, they held meetings and divided the preaching among the three missionaries. On Thursday night Elia came in his boat from Amanu, bringing several from both Amanu and Hao.

On Friday, October 25, we began our conference in Rairoa in the newly-dedicated Niau tabernacle. Brother Alexander H. Smith, presiding, I assisting, Pohemiti, secretary, John W. Gilbert, foreign secretary. At this conference Brother Janssen was accepted as missionary, and Tapuni, Tepuaitu, Elia and others. John W. Gilbert as president of Fakarava Division, Taneterau, his assistant. The names of Tapuni, Taneterau and Kehauri were presented to the conference as worthy of ordination to the Quorum of Seventy. Metuaore was received as worthy of ordination as bishop of the islands, as yet to be presented to the church at Kaukura. All officers and missionaries and those who had come to them from America were sustained.

October 26, Saturday at eight a. m. we, that is, Alexander H. Smith, Leon Gould, Emma and I, Pohemiti, wife and child, Metuaore, Temaiia, wife and child, and a boy, twelve of us in a very small boat of Temarei's, started for Kaukura. The wind had been blowing all night and the sea was pretty rough but wind was fair and was moderating. We had a dangerous experience getting into the pass near Taenga, at about seven p. m. Held four meetings on Sunday at Taenga and tarried over Monday to allow the people to prepare for the trip to Kaukura, as eight more were intending to go with us, in another and larger boat, which is twenty-seven feet long and twelve feet wide.

On Tuesday, twenty-ninth, left Taenga at seven a. m. and got to Makemo inside the lake; slept ashore. Next day got to the upper end

of the lake, anchored and went ashore and cooked supper and waited until seven p. m. for the force of the tide to run out through the pass and started for Fakarava.

This was Wednesday, October 30. Arrived at Fakarava three a. m. Friday morning and left again about six p. m. A pleasant, fresh breeze all night, and next morning we saw the island of Kaukura, and about two p. m. we landed in Panau, Kaukura (a most pleasant run of between three hundred and fifty and four hundred miles). A small but very nicely plastered house with porches all around was prepared for Brother Alexander H. Smith and his secretary, Leon Gould. This house was nearest the conference building that was not yet quite finished. Emma and I were again appointed to occupy the policeman's house. During Sunday and the week following, meetings were held, each time Brother Alexander H. Smith preached, Elder Burton interpreted. Saints kept gathering in from the near islands, Sunday evening Brother and Sister Peterson came from Papeete on the steamer.

A few blessings were given after conference, and on Thursday morning we left Panau in Putoa's boat. A very rough night. Alexander H. Smith, Leon Gould, John and Lillie Peterson, Emma and I, Pohemiti and Metuaore, Putoa and three native sailors.

The latter part of the day was squally and the night was very rough. Those on deck were drenched with the sea, and at times it was difficult to be kept from being thrown overboard, but a quick run was made and in the morning the island of Tahiti loomed up to view, and at seven p. m. all landed in Papeete, a hungry crowd, and walked directly to a native restaurant. This was Friday evening. Saturday was occupied in getting fixed to live again. We had been camping since October 4. On Sunday the natives occupied at the eight o'clock preaching, but the other three services were given to the three white missionaries. Elder Burton translated for Elder Smith. On the following Tuesday we of the missionary house took a nice lunch and went by wagon, the big, covered carry-all from the livery stable to Tautua, left the wagon at the foot of the mountain where the road merged into a footpath. and climbed the mountain to see the falls. The driver took the horses back to the stable, but left the wagon. This was fortunate for the party. There were great, tall orange trees, bananas, and other fruits on the side of the track all along, and the orange-eaters

had a feast. It was a hot climb up the mountain among the trees where one could scarcely get a breath of air, but the view, and the sight of the great falls (I regret that I do not know how far the great sheet of water fell), was compensation for the effort. The party had gotten back and selected a place to spread the cloth and eat their lunch near the wagon, but the large drops of rain that commenced to fall admonished them to get to the shelter of the wagon, as quickly as possible, so their lunch was eaten from their laps. They sat there nearly three hours waiting for their horses to come back and take them home. The following Sunday evening Brother Alexander H. Smith preached in the evening in English; quite a number of English-speaking people were present.

On Tuesday, November 26, 1901, our conference occupied the morning and afternoon; at two p. m. Metuaore was ordained high priest and bishop by Alexander H. Smith and Joseph F. Burton. These special conferences were held in various parts of the mission to give Brother Alexander Smith opportunity to meet with the Saints and the Saints with him. Also to give him opportunity to see the working of the mission, and to perform the part that he was sent to do. Quite a number received their blessings, but not nearly so many as wanted them. During the next week Brothers Smith and Gould received a number of presents of shells, curios and native hats that tested their skill in packing to be able to carry them all. By having a tall tin box made in which to carry the hats, they managed to get the rest in shape to carry. On Monday, December 2, they boarded the steamer *Ovalau* for Sydney, Australia, by way of Auckland.

I must here say that the native Saints did nobly by their distinguished visitors in providing the best that the islands afforded. They even robbed their sitting hens of a portion of their eggs, if more were needed than could otherwise be pro-

vided. They themselves could see no difference between a fresh egg and one that had been sat on several days, and could not understand that anyone else should.

When leaving Kaukura the Saints of the upper island made up quite an offering of money as their share of caring for them, which with that which the Tarona and Tiona Saints brought in fresh from the market furnished an ample supply.

On the following Monday after Brother Smith had left for Australia, Elder John Hawkins and ten of the Tubuai Saints arrived from Tubuai to attend a conference, and meet the prophet's brother who was also one of the First Presidency. They were greatly disappointed because the conference was over and more because the patriarch was gone. Elder Burton was very glad Brother Hawkins had come, and made a place for him to remain with us at the missionary house, and help him revise the translating of the Doctrine and Covenants, for though Mr. Henry's translation was correct in one sense it was obvious that the translator should be one who was acquainted with the meaning of the English of it, and with the spirit of the latter-day work, to give the true meaning of many sentences. Mr. Henry said that he had never translated anything that was so hard to render the meaning of.

On Monday, December 16, 1901, Brother John Hawkins and I began the correction of Mr. Henry's translation of the Doctrine and Covenants. On this day, January 1, 1902, we had finished as far as the end of section 40 which section Mr. Henry had skipped and had not translated. We translated and corrected it as it will be in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. On this day, January 1, 1902, the brethren here in Tarona chose their officers for the year and made an aroha (a present of money), for us.

We are well. Emma and I, and Brother Hawkins are living in the missionary house. John Wilmer Gilbert and wife are up to Raroia or Hao, and John W. Peterson and wife art at the Paumotus.

On Sunday, March 10, John and Lillie Peterson left the mission in steamer *Australia* for America. On March 22, John Hawkins and I finished work on the Doctrine and Covenants and we began making arrangements for our conference.

This month we planted trees each side of the road in front of the

missionary house, and built a fence, fixed up the pathway from the house to the road, and Moe brought coral sand from Arutua to cover it. On Saturday, Wilmer and Laura Gilbert and about thirty Saints of the Takapoto Branch came on the *Teavaroa* to attend conference.

Sunday, April 6, 1902. Conference began by choosing their missionary in charge and John Hawkins as presidents, Pohemiti and Turatahi secretaries and Wilmer Gilbert, foreign secretary, Metuaore and Alfred advertising secretaries. Wilmer Gilbert, John Hawkins and Wiriamu preached. After preaching in the evening the Saints had a "himene" (a song service). Conference continued until Friday, April 11, when we adjourned about four p. m. It was resolved that the Saints borrow from Mapuhi one thousand, three hundred and eighty dollars in Chile money to be returned with interest by April 11, 1903, in buffa or pearl shell. Conference consented to repair the mission house, using the book money for the purpose. Wilmer Gilbert was appointed president of the Tahiti division. Pou Haraotea, president of Fakarava division, Putoa assistant to Wilmer Gilbert and Tepava assistant to Pou.

On Friday, eighteenth, the last of the Saints left Tahiti for their homes in the Manihi boat and the *Teavaroa*. A very few Saints left in Taronā. Uncle John Hawkins left on Wednesday, sixteenth, on Moe's boat for Kaukura via Tautira.

The question had been sprung among the natives concerning native missionaries' support, that the native missionaries did not get so much as the American missionaries. There was quite a discussion about the matter. Elder Burton pointed out the difference in circumstances that the natives did not require so much. They wore very little clothing, always went barefoot, and were accustomed to subsisting on native food, besides that they did not give hardly any of their time exclusively to missionary work; that when they were in the field in discharge of their duty their wants should be supplied just the same as the American missionary. This called for a writing:

June 27 I wrote a letter to Bishop Metuaore, showing needs of the mission for more money for missionaries, and no distinction to be allowed between native and foreign, except leading officers must be kept in the field in the order of their appointment. Translated and sent to Hotu and Lui by Metuaore.

The Saints of Niau had been almost clamoring for some time for Elder Burton and wife to visit them at their island. Up to this time there had been no opening for them to do so, but

now that the translating of the Doctrine and Covenants was done, the Sunday school books that had been printed on the mimeograph were ready for distribution (some had been distributed at conference) and the missionary felt the need of change; they embraced the opportunity. He wanted also to commence typewriting the manuscript of the Doctrine and Covenants in native tongue, and since there would only be the Saints who lived on the island, he would not have so many interruptions. In the evenings he could talk with, and instruct the Saints. A little schooner was about to sail to that island, so on Friday, August 1, we left Papeete on the *Henry* for Niau. On Sunday, August 3, we had to get to Maketea where some cargo was to be discharged and buffa taken in. We went ashore and remained till Monday afternoon; delivered new Sunday school books there, and preached Sunday evening.

On Tuesday, August 7 we got to Avatoru, on the island of Rairoa, met Wilmer Gilbert and Laura and gave them one box of oranges and a box of pineapples and bananas, and left the Sunday school books for Avatoru and Tiputa. We left there Friday, and on Saturday landed at Kaukura. Met Taneterau, Tapuni, Ioane Tamaiti and Tetuarere. Delivered new Sunday school books for Panau, fifty, Arutua thirty-four, and Apataki fifteen. Left again on same day for Niau, and arrived on Sunday afternoon August 11. We were set ashore five miles below the town end and walked most of that distance when we were met by a lad, a grandson of Pohemiti, who had come for us with a horse and the flooring of a cart with a sheet over it. No sideboards or seat, but it was hailed with gladness. We were received with gladness, and conducted to an English built and furnished home, with English accommodations for cooking. The owner being away we were to have the house all to ourselves.

We attended meeting in the evening and took part in the exercises concerning the location of the tribes of Israel, and the tabernacle in the wilderness. Preached in their Niau chapel in the day, and on Monday, August 18, 1902, began revising the manuscript of the Doctrine and Covenants with D. M. Pohemiti (who was an expert in the language). On Wednesday, twentieth, had gotten as far as one hundred and twenty pages of manuscript, and on Saturday, twenty-third, finished revising all the manuscript. I have with me, i. e., from page 1 to page 252, and from page 384 to 417. By mistake left the intervening pages in Papeete.

On Monday, August 25 I began typewriting the manuscript of Doctrine and Covenants in the Tahitian language as revised and corrected by me

with the help of John Hawkins, for all of the manuscript, and of Pohemiti for the manuscript enumerated in these notes.

Tuesday, August 20. Teaching Neri, Tufau and others to get their longitude by an altitude of the sun, morning and evening.

Wednesday, twenty-seventh. Felt very much oppressed, to-day, and found my spirit grieving, often weeping in spirit, without apparent cause here, but I think there may be cause for it in America. May God bless the children and their children. I have been so interrupted with my typewriting that I have only got to paragraph 4, section 3, to-day.

Saturday, September 6, copied translation of Doctrine and Covenants to section 17, paragraph 4, thirty-five pages. Wrote to Brother Parkin and others to go by the September steamer from Papeete.

Since Elder Burton was only to stay one more day in Niau he gave the time to the people, the whole branch called to have a farewell talk, not all at one time, but pretty near all, brought arohas and made speeches. In Temai's speech he said, "We are glad you came and made a visit among us, you have done us good in many ways, but you have condemned us, too, and that makes us feel uncomfortable," paused a little while then added, "Do you ask how you have condemned us? In this way: We have been idle most of the time since you came, and in our idle hours we have come over here many times, even many times in a day, but always found you both busy.

"At no time have we found you idle, and seeing you hard at work always, has condemned us for our idleness." If the brethren came on any business or wanted instruction or anything pertaining to the work, the missionary always put by his work, but if it was only to while away the time, he went right on with his own work with a word now and then, usually to say something cheerful or comical to cause a laugh among them.

The typewriter was a piece of furniture that was altogether new to some of them, and they seemed never tired of watching him write with it. Some would want him to tell that talking machine to say something about them, and when it would say things that they did not care for their missionary to know, it would make a great laugh among them, especially those who were not the interested parties.

After a very pleasant visit in Niau of about thirty days we left on Monday, September 8, on the little schooner *Manu Reva* for Papeete. Came to anchor Wednesday evening, at Taunoa, and walked to Taronā, three or four miles. Got to Taronā near ten p. m. as the last of the brethren were leaving the church after prayer meeting.

Oh, how good it was to get to our missionary home again; as usual after a trip at sea, we were nearly starved. It is not the custom of the natives to have any cold victuals left over, but Teau brought in some oranges and other fruit.

On Wednesday, September 24, sent four boxes of fruit and provisions to Kaukura to Brother Gilbert and wife, also sent letters, continued typewriting the translation of the Doctrine and Covenants.

On October 4 had finished to page 115 of Doctrine and Covenants and 105 of the typewritten copy. Have written to Brother Joseph asking for preface of Doctrine and Covenants, also for instruction concerning the word *you* as used in a certain paragraph.

This little word *you* was often quite difficult to translate properly. In the English it was very indefinite as to whether it means an individual, a party or a multitude, but not so in the Tahitian. If the word refers to one only it is translated *oe*, if two persons, it is *oura*, if three or more it is *outou*. Therefore great care had to be taken to give the Tahitian reader the proper meaning.

January 6, 1903. With heart filled with gratitude to God I have to-day finished typewriting the Doctrine and Covenants in the Tahitian language, and the preface by Brother Joseph, an excellent introduction to the book here. Pohemiti arrived to-day, and we will soon reread together the translation thus written and correct what errors we find.

On Friday, January 16, Pohemiti and I finished rereading the typewritten copy of the Doctrine and Covenants and on Monday, January 19, I finished typewriting the table of contents in the Tahitian. Thus the last words are written in the Tahitian ready for the printer, but I will reread it once again if possible, with Alfred Sanford.

To the reader it will appear that the correction of the translation of the Doctrine and Covenants and typewriting the same was all that claimed the missionary's time. He had spoken of little else, because to him, it was all-important work to render a correct translation of these latter-day revelations and instructions to the church. All his other work was not to be compared in importance as he viewed it to that important work,

and the responsibility that rested upon him in the matter, though his other duties were many.

When he went to the islands on that second mission he had brought a mimeograph, and outfit for printing the Sunday school and Book of Mormon lessons. Those Sunday school lessons he translated himself, taking them to Alfred Sanford for correction. He also must help in the printing, and to prepare the stencils. The heat had such a bad effect on the waxed paper that about three had to be made to each lesson.

Then he also brought one of Bancroft's large maps of the world. On one side was a map of the United States, and from it he taught the natives many things that they had not known before of different countries, of rivers, mountains, volcanoes, etc. And also he taught the sailor brethren and some that were not brethren how to get their position at sea by the sun. Although the ocean was the highway from island to island, those who traveled it so frequently knew nothing about navigation. They knew in what direction the islands lay from their starting point, and ran for them. They sighted first one, then another, and felt their way along, but often made mistakes and after suffering much would fetch up at an island a long way from where they started for. It was wonderful to see the patience exercised by the weary missionary when called upon to lay aside the work he was busily engaged in to teach or entertain the native brethren who called and desired to be taught or instructed. One of the most beautiful pictures to look back upon in the island life, was that of Saturday afternoons when the busy missionary would cover up his typewriter, pile up his books and papers, put his writing table in order, and take down his Bibles, the native and English, to prepare for his Sunday duties. It seemed at such times that a hallowed influence would fill the room and shine from his countenance, and whether an overruling power prevented or it just hap-

pened so, the writer is not prepared to say, but it did seem as if he was interrupted less during these few hours than at other times.

But Sunday mornings were not his own. It had been the custom of the natives from all time to pay their church debts, or bring moneys for all church purposes on Sunday morning, the first day of the week, and though they rather overdid the apostle's instructions, there were good reasons for not abolishing the custom, and so it had to be endured.

According to the notes I find, Elder Burton had finished the rereading of the typewritten copy of the Doctrine and Covenants on January 27, 1903. Just as it was finished some one came running saying that Hikueru had been submerged in the sea. Brother and Sister John W. Gilbert were on that island the last heard from, therefore Elder Burton hurriedly left the house to go to the water front to ascertain how the news came, and met Brother and Sister Gilbert coming to the house. They had come from the island of Hikueru in the small steamer *Excelsior* with many other refugees. They had a sad tale to tell. The island had been submerged in the hurricane of January 14 to 16. Three hundred and seventy-eight had been drowned in Hikueru. These were the people who were in the motu, as it was called, across the lake from the city. Those on the main body of the island where the city was, saved themselves in one way and another. Brother and Sister Gilbert were helped up on the short piece of a large branch of an old and well-rooted burau tree. The submerging came on gradually, which gave them time to save a few things. The sea would work over the island then recede, during which time the corrugated roofs of houses were torn apart and flying in the air like chips. Coconut trees were being broken off, and carried from place to place, some being uprooted. The natives had built a staging in some way between four coconut trees,

on which some things and some natives were saved. Brother Gilbert having a few dollars in money, put it in an old pair of shoes and tied them up as high as he could reach in a big coconut tree, and although in plain sight, it was perfectly safe. No one wanted the old shoes, and never dreamed that there was money in them.

When the storm and sea subsided there was not a building left on the island. Those that were of stone and heavy mason work were swept away as easily as the wooden buildings, and the immediate danger was over; but other dangers menaced. There was little food to be found and no fresh water. The native governor was on the island and gave Brother Gilbert liberty to appropriate whatever he found on the island that would construct a distillery that would produce fresh water from salt water. This he did, and thus for a week saved the people by this dangerous work, dangerous because with the imperfect putting together of the pipes, it was liable to blow up at any time. Hope had almost died out when they saw the little steamer coming to the rescue.

The conference for April, 1903, was to have been held in Hikuera, but now there must be a change, so without losing any time, Elder Burton called several of the elders and brethren together at the missionary home, to make arrangements for the change. It was concluded that since they did not know the conditions of the other islands, the conference would be held at Taronā, Papeete. They had opportunity to send word to several of the nearest islands the next day, and later to the other branches, so by conference time there was quite a gathering. As the news came in from the various islands it was learned that about five hundred and fifty persons lost their lives in the storm of January 14 to 16. Conference passed off peacefully, but was very sad because of the many losses, and broken families.

Tuesday, April 14. I feel very peaceful this evening, and my soul is filled with a trusting spirit in Jesus, and I feel as though some good thing has been said, or done for me in the conference at home to-day, or in the conference Monday.

April 20. I took the first pages of copy of Doctrine and Covenants to Mr. Brault to-day. He has agreed to print one thousand copies, good covers, for seven hundred dollars, French money, four hundred dollars to be paid the first, and three hundred dollars the second year.

Wednesday, April 29. John W. Gilbert and wife left Papeete on the *Eimeo* for Niau. Paid forty dollars Chile money for the two passages.

Mail on the *Mariposa* arrived on Monday, May 11. I am reappointed here and Brother Gilbert also.

Monday, May 25. Sent three boxes to Niau to Brother and Sister Gilbert, oranges, feis, a pumpkin, a cake and their mail, with some letters from us. Last week sent a case of oranges, some cookies, which Emma made, nuts, etc., to Brother John Hawkins at Arutua on the *Hitinui*.

July 31. Sent a box of food to Brother Gilbert to Apataki, also their American mail on a small vessel. Food was scarce in the Paumotus after the flood and the missionary embraced every opportunity to send food and fruit to the white missionaries in the low islands.

Monday, August 3. Sister Gilbert came from Ahe on the *Hitinui* with Hotu, left Brother Gilbert at Ahe. She was not well.

On Saturday evening of September 19 Brother Gilbert arrived in Papeete on a ten-ton boat, and is getting ready to go home to America on the *Mariposa* of October 6.

September 30. Gave Brother Gilbert two hundred eighty-nine dollars and twenty cents Chile money, for his passage to California. They left Papeete on October 6.

December 30 and 31. Made a success with the mimeograph in printing the Religio lessons from Book of Mormon written by Emma, and proof read to-day, December 31, the 244th page of Doctrine and Covenants, a part of paragraph 1, section 94. This far is printed up to-day, one hundred and fifty pages to be printed in the month of January.

We had a fine Christmas tree. Several of the leading families of white people were present. Saturday evening of January 16, 1904, the teacher and priest of the branch paid us an official visit.

This visit was at the missionary's request. The officers did not want to do so, but the missionary told them that he and his wife wanted the benefits of their visit as well as the rest of the branch, and truly it was a benefit.

Just prior to their coming we were talking about tithing, and of the statement that Brother Daniel S. Mills made to me just prior to his death, which was, "Tell the Saints to obey the law, for there is more in it than we have ever dreamed of." And while there the brethren were praying and during the evening, Emma saw by the Spirit's aid, the necessity of

keeping the law, as "God gave it to us. Not only as we may think is right, but keep it as he told us to, and then the Lord would be bound by his promise to bless us," etc.

The writer remembers well that evening, and that vivid testimony. Her mind was still imbued with the spirit of it Sunday forenoon, and asking permission of the missionary, she spoke of it in the afternoon prayer meeting. It caused a great awakening among the native Saints on the law of tithing for the Spirit bore witness to a marked degree and the subject was spoken upon by all who spoke and there were many. One sister said she felt as if she had been asleep all her life and had just waked up and that tithing meant more to her now than it ever had before and she determined to pay her tithing from that time on.

About this time a strange sickness broke out in Tiona. It started with a certain Sister TeEva. Elder Burton had been out and administered and they had sent to his wife and got medicine, but we learned afterward that she was bad again. As it was quite expensive for them to hire a team to take the missionary out too often, they had the native elders, and kept coming in for medicine and advice and each time they told of more being sick. At length when the one who usually came, came again and said they were nearly all sick in Tiona, the missionary's wife was more outspoken than he, and said, "What is the matter with you folks out there? Are you in transgression that you are all sick?"

After the brother had gone, Elder Burton sat looking straight ahead and thinking. His wife, obeying the impulse of the moment, came to him and said, "Let us go out there in the same spirit and power that Joseph the Martyr went among the people and rebuked the cholera, and rebuke that sickness."

He answered, "I have been thinking of the same thing." He proposed to go to the livery stable and get a team and return for his wife. "No," she said, "I will walk that far and we can

get a team and go right on. They did so, and found nearly all sick, not so many men as women. We talked awhile to the district president, Varoa, who was sick also.

Elder Burton commenced to administer alone, rebuking the sickness and the cause, and went from one place to another until he had administered to eight heads of families. All were at once relieved except the first woman that he administered to. Hers would not depart at once, but they received word in the morning that she was all right, and the affliction never returned to our knowledge. This was a great victory over the powers of darkness, and caused the missionaries to rejoice.

Thursday, January 28, 1904. Finished reading the proof sheets for Doctrine and Covenants in Tahitian. There are three hundred and sixty-seven pages of it, and now we only have the preface by Brother Joseph Smith and table of contents to read, and that part of the work will be done.

Wednesday, February 3, 1904. Finished proof reading the preface, title-page and table of contents of Doctrine and Covenants, in the Tahitian language, according to resolution of General Conference at Avatoru, April 8, 1899.

In May of 1899, I put the book into Mr. I. Henry's hands for translation, and in April, 1903, the translation in typewritten manuscript was put in Mr. Brault's hands for printing, seven hundred dollars (French) for one thousand copies. In December, 1901, I began reading and correcting the manuscript with John Hawkins and finished on March 22, 1902. In August, 1902, I went to Niau and revised the manuscript of the Doctrine and Covenants with Pohemiti. And in Niau, August 25, I began typewriting the manuscript for the printer, and finished January 6, 1903. Reread the remainder of the copy with Pohemiti in Papeete, and reread and recorrected again with Alfred Sanford. And in February and March Brother Wilmer Gilbert and I reread the manuscript again with Mr. Henry, and before giving it to the printer I reread it again (with Emma's help who read the typewritten copy and I followed closely along with the English). Then I proof read it all. Thus I reread the manuscript six times, and wrote it on the typewriter and proof read it. I have tried to get a good book of it.

Wednesday, February 25, received to-day the first of the bound Doctrine and Covenants in the Tahitian language, four books, sent one each to the Presidency, Twelve, and High Priests Quorum. March 1 borrowed two hundred dollars (French money), from S. Nilson for two years at eight per cent for the printer (Mr. Brault), to whom it was given as part payment on the printing of Doctrine and Covenants.

Made bargain with the captain of the Temari Moerai schooner, thirty-six tons, to take us all in, all of the natives who want to go from Papeete to Anaa to conference, for three dollars and fifty cents each, and freight to be paid on boxes that are taken ashore at Anaa, except trunks of clothes or bedding. About seventy-six people are on board including the crew, and about twenty passengers who are not members of our church. We left Papeete on Thursday, March 22, very light wind and very, very hot.

The little schooner was literally packed with men, women, and children in every available place, on the decks, in the house, or the galley, in the boat that was up-ended against the rail, and in the cabin. Wherever the passengers took up their abode when going on board there they stayed, except some eight or ten men, who slept on the cabin floor, sat during the day on the outer edge of the house with their feet hanging over. There was no room for moving about except to walk the rail. The large boat that the schooner carried to transfer passengers and freight was ingeniously lashed against the rail on her beam ends between the poop deck and the forerigging, so that passengers in walking the rail could hold to the upper gunwales of the boat. There were two berths on each side of the cabin, but no staterooms. The missionary and wife were given their choice of these. Since the missionary had been a captain for a number of years, he knew well which one to choose, that is, the forward berth on the starboard side. There was a heavy, round window that opened right out on the sea, such as are in steamers, and high enough above the water so it could stand open all the time, unless very rough. All that they could not get into the berth was within reach outside. They took their own provisions, so of course the lunch box was the nearest. They fairly dreaded the coming of mealtime, it was so disastrously un-get-at-able, they had to take the food in the bed, and sit on their feet, till they could not endure the cramped position any longer, then lean over on one elbow. Every exertion in that dreadful heat started out more of that burning, prickly rash.

Elder Burton stayed on deck all the days. Some one of the brethren made room for him to his own disadvantage. Each evening after the sun went down he helped his wife to the deck for a breath of fresh air. I say helped, because the cramped position had so impaired the use of her limbs that she had to have help. The native sisters were ever ready to receive her, and make her as comfortable as possible. Twice her seat was on a sack of oranges with a pillow on it. I give these items so that the missionaries who travel in softly-cushioned spring seats of chair cars, can draw the mental contrast with their accommodations, and those of the missionaries of the islands and be more thankful.

(To be continued.)

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#### COURAGE TO SACRIFICE

Can you lay all on the altar, brother,  
All things for Jesus' sake?

Can you give up all earthly treasures,  
From the world completely break?

Can you sacrifice friends, connections,  
The comforts of home, and its love?  
To tell the lost and the erring  
There's pardon and peace from above?

Can you brave the scoffs of the worldling,  
The sneers and reproaches of men,  
And from them draw courage and comfort,  
And rejoicing press onward again?

Can you, 'midst the fierce conflict, look upward?  
Can you cling to His sheltering side,  
And feel that through trials and sufferings  
You would be made white and tried?

Oh, work in the Master's wide vineyard;  
Be faithful, be constant, be true;  
Draw near to the presence of Jesus,  
And blessings will fall as the dew.

Though with sorrow the field you may enter,  
Returning ere long, you will bring  
Your sheaves with rejoicing homeward,  
And a welcome receive from the King. —A. Trogan.

## ERRATA

[By letter from Sister Emma B. Burton our attention has been called to an error in the biography of Brother Joseph F. Burton in the October number, page 419. It seems that the first sentence, "That same day we left San Francisco for Papeete, on the *City of Papeete*," has by some mistake, made in this office, crept into the text. It is misleading in this: the name of the vessel was not *City of Papeete*, but *Australia* as mentioned in the closing paragraph of the July number, page 326.

Also on page 434, the end of the second line after the close of the quotation, should read, "*on the house*," instead of, "*in the house*."

We regret that these or any other mistakes occur, but it seems that, with us, they are unavoidable.—EDITOR.]

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## BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON

BE EMMA B. BURTON

(Continued from volume 8, page 435.)

On Friday morning we went ashore on a small island called Meetia, owned by one of the brethren on board, Teato. There was an abundance of fruit on the island, and Teato allowed them to take off three boatloads of mixed fruit, oranges, bananas, water coconuts, vis, mangoes, and a quantity of firewood, also two pigs.

At eleven a. m. proceeded on our voyage with the best and coolest breeze we had had. That was Saturday, and we expected to have gone ashore at Anaa early Sunday morning, five days out, but lo, we were lost. No land in sight and the captain did not know where we were. He supposing we were windward of the island ran off to leeward about six hours, and we were all the time to leeward.

To be lost at sea is not a desirable situation under any circumstances, but with so small a craft literally packed with helpless people and the consequent rapid consumption of food

and water, made the thought appalling. Captain Burton, as all in the island except the brethren called him, persuaded the native captain that he could not have been to windward of the island, else he would have seen some of the islands by that time. It was then Sunday noon and being to the leeward, he might run days and weeks and not see land. So he tacked ship and commenced beating to windward, twenty miles on each tack.

Monday noon came, and no land in sight. Captain Burton knew it was a delicate matter to advise a sea captain in regard to his duty or his business, and this one was rather cranky, but lives were at stake and he felt his way along with him in the most pleasant manner, and showed him that if the vessel was where he believed her to be, and was kept on those twenty-mile beats it would take them through into the open sea north of the Paumotus group without ever seeing an island, but if he hauled by the wind and ran north he would sight some of the islands, and reminded him that provisions and water were getting low, notwithstanding the extra supply taken in at Meetia.

Reluctantly the captain did so, and Tuesday afternoon sighted Fakarava, ran closer so as to be sure of the island and their position, then squared away about sundown for Anaa, where he should be early in the morning. But morning came and that phantom island was nowhere to be seen. However, it was seen in the distance about noon of Wednesday. About midnight when near to it, Tapu came off in a large boat for the missionary and wife. The schooner had been sighted by the people on the land, and as night drew on they built a big fire on the beach as a beacon. Oh, how good it was to step foot upon terra firma again!

On Saturday, April 2, 1904, attended the Sunday school convention. On Sunday at Sunday school there were three hundred thirty-nine pupils, fifteen teachers for as many classes, and five officers, altogether

three hundred and fifty-nine persons in attendance. Monday the Saints were gathering firewood and in other ways getting ready for a feast, for Tuesday was to be the dedication of the chapel.

On Tuesday the fifth dedicated chapel, which cost eight hundred dollars, Chilean money. At nine a. m. the two governors, and staff of officers with about twelve soldiers came to the house that we were provided with, to escort us to the chapel. The congregation had been in like manner escorted to the house and stood in a solid phalanx on either side of the walk in front of the house, and sang while the leaders in the priesthood were escorted to the chapel and through this body of people: Brother Hawkins, Emma and I followed next to the governors, then Metuaore and Pohemiti. At the chapel door the governors passed in, but the soldiers remained without, after the officers and priesthood were within, as many of the Saints entered as could find standing room. Metuaore opened by singing, and prayer was by Pohemiti. I preached and Brother Hawkins made a short speech. Metuaore offered the dedicatory prayer. I then gave the building to the president and officers of the branch and their successors. Dismissed with singing and closed with prayer by Metuaore. The governors then shook hands with us and passed out, we following. In front of the house in three sides of a square were three branches who sang in turn. Then the Catholics who had gathered in a circle in front of the chapel sang a national hymn. The soldiers marched, firing off guns occasionally. Then Brother Teato made a speech, thanking the governor and friends for their kind acts, after which he said: "One cheer for the Republic of France." They all cheered, and again for the governors, the policeman, the governor in Tahiti, the judges, all the officers, all friends, and all Anaa.

The governor then led the way to the Government house, behind which were forty or fifty roasted pigs (not very large ones), and many small piles of cooked taro and bread, (This bread is just flour wet with coconut water and rolled tightly in coconut leaves, then baked in the native oven. When done it resembles so many wads of putty something less than a foot long and as large around as a man's wrist.) These were all donated by the governor and the Saints and friends.

The program was well-arranged without any help from the missionary until just that morning, when he was told that the governor and soldiers would escort some of the Saints to the chapel, and that he was going to give them some food. The Saints felt that it was such an honor to be thus noticed by the governors—though they were both Catholics—that to have protested against it at that late hour would have made no end of trouble.

At two p. m. was Religio convention. Emma chosen president, Neri assistant, and Hiti, secretary. At four p. m. adjourned to attend the funeral of Tuau. William, of Manihi preached the sermon. . . .

Saturday, April 9, 1904. Am sixty-four years old to-day. In good health and enjoying many blessings, one of the greatest being a good wife, also good health. Thank God from whence all our blessings flow.

Monday, April 11, conference adjourned to meet April 6, a. m. at Rairoa in 1905.

I knew nothing of the compliment contained in the above item till I came upon it at this present writing, and hesitated to copy it entire lest it should lead the reader to suppose that wife was better than she was. In the many years of retrospect during the past four years I have seen so many faults in that wife that I can not call her "good," yet would not misrepresent her husband in his generosity. Those dear words of his bring him so near that again I struggle with the homesick longing to live over a few of those happy, active years. What a constrast they were from this silent, self-centered life.

This conference of Anaa was splendid, all through. Never had there been a Paumotu conference so crowded with business, and so harmonious, all through. The missionary had brought with him two boxes of newly printed books of Doctrine and Covenants, and they were selling rapidly. None were taken to the conference house for that purpose; all buyers came to his house. It must not be supposed that the conference was held in the newly dedicated chapel. The natives had built a conference house after their own style. It must have been in the neighborhood of one hundred feet long. A main entrance of ten or twelve feet wide, with broad wings on either side, thatched roof and Niau matting sides, made to lift up in pieces like trap doors.

The singing and the matutus excelled other conferences. One feature was unique: Never before or since, to the writer's knowledge, did the Saints sing together. It constituted the exercise of one afternoon, and was led by Tapuni, their favorite leader. He must have drilled them after the close of the eve-

ning exercises when the officers had gone home. The different branches stood in a compact body on either side, nearly filling those broad wings of the building. Tapuni walked up and down in the center, beating time with his cane high over his head. It was something grand! Those hundred voices rose as one, and rolled forth in a tremendous swell like the rolling of a great wave. The inmates of the neighboring houses heard and then saw, for the end of the building was open, and came running to the scene. It fairly captivated the people. The Catholic priests saw this and at once got their heads together. The result of which was that these conferences must be stopped or all the people would be with them, and to this end they took action. They had not been at all pleased with the cordiality the governors, who were Catholics, extended to the Saints.

On Wednesday the 13th about fifty of us Saints left Anaa about eleven a. m. for Fakarava on the *Hitinui*, a still smaller schooner than we had gone to Anaa on. Hotu was captain, and besides these fifty there were about five boatloads accompanied us whithersoever we went. Arrived the same evening and anchored in Fakarava Lake, south pass, at Tamanu about nine p. m. and remained there till Monday, April 18.

There was no cause for staying, and a good cause for not staying, but they did not mind doing without food a few days for the sake of all being together, and having nothing to do but lie around and sleep in the day and sing nearly all night. There was no town at that landing, nor any Saints either, but the men found lots of water coconuts at a little distance inland, and helped themselves.

We left Tamanu on Monday, the eighteenth and ran up to Rotoava, the north end of the lake, where the city is, and also a few Saints. On Tuesday, Metuaore made proper arrangements and papers for the gift of a piece of land from Kehauri for a chapel.

The brethren supposed they could get plenty of flour and other food at Rotoava, since there was a store there, but they could only get one sack of flour. That among five boatloads of

people was not very much, so they all started at eight a. m. of the nineteenth for Apataki, and arrived next morning—Thursday.

Hearing that our mail was in Kaukura, the brethren were much interested in getting it for us, so Tamaiti sent his boat off at nine-thirty a. m. to Kaukura for it, about eighteen miles across.

Emma and I went ashore at Apataki and lodged in a house, and wrote up and translated the minutes of our conference and conventions. April 21 the boat returned without our mail, saying that Varoa had the mail and had taken it with him on the vessel that had gone to Niau. We remained in Apataki over Sunday—weather blowing and rainy.

Two were baptized on Sunday. Tuesday, twenty-sixth, left Apataki on the *Hitinui* and went to the upper part of the lake and anchored. The other boats went on to Rairoa and Tikehau where the people were from. As soon as we had anchored, about sixty of our people went ashore to get gulls' eggs.

About ten a. m. of Wednesday twenty-seventh, we started again for Manihi, and got there the twenty-eighth about nine o'clock in the evening. Beat all the way.

These islanders make no calculation for wind or weather, since they always have plenty of it. A nice, fair wind had been blowing all the time the brethren were lingering at different islands. He who had once been a sea captain suggested that they had better get to their destination while the wind and the weather were fine, but to think of hurrying themselves any on account of wind or weather made them smile. They lingered at each place until they had bred a famine, and coconuts were denied them, then they moved on. That is their custom. They lived to enjoy themselves. The Saints of Anaa had provided the missionary and wife with a half sack of flour and some canned meat and salmon. The wife stirred a little of this flour each meal, with coconut water and cooked it in a frying pan over a camp fire. It was smoked green and brown all around the sides, but we all thought it was fine.

In Manihi Emma and I were domiciled in the back room of Hotu's store. The outlook was pretty discouraging at first, but with about a day's work in putting it in shape and cleaning it was very comfortable. This was our first visit to the Island of Manihi, and we counted on making quite a little stay. Provisions were a scarce article there also, but in

a day or two a trader came with a new supply, then we got along finely.

On Sunday, May 1, 1904, I preached, at the afternoon testimony meeting ordained Tupakakea deacon, and on Tuesday baptized Mairoto, a boy about fourteen years old, confirming him Friday afternoon at the testimony meeting. The *Victor* arrived Wednesday with provisions, and left next day. On Sunday, eighth, we attended seven meetings.

We are anxiously expecting our March mail, as Paupari was to bring it from Takapoto on Saturday. I wanted to visit Takapoto and Takaroa, and Hotu offered to take me in the little schooner. So we got off Thursday, May 12. Emma stayed at Manihi. On Friday about midnight we arrived at Takaroa. I stayed on board till after I got some breakfast, and then went up to Metuaaro's house. On Sunday we had the usual meetings except Sunday school. There is no Sunday school or Religio here—too few members.

On Monday the day was spent in conversation on church matters. At night we all went on board the little schooner, expecting to leave for Takapoto at two a. m. but did not get off till seven a. m. We then got to Takapoto and anchored at one p. m. I met Parepare, president of that branch, and left with him twenty of the Doctrine and Covenants, and thirty with Metuaaro to be sold and the money sent to Papeete.

May 17, 1904. Tuesday at four p. m. we left Takapoto and after a pleasant night's run arrived in Manihi at seven a. m. of the eighteenth—a six day's absence. Found Emma and all the folks well. We expect to leave on Tuesday for Apataki and Kaukura. Have not the March mail yet, and here it is the middle of May.

The Manihi Saints made good use of their missionary and wife. There was a meeting or a school every day, and sometimes twice a day. While the missionary was away, his wife had appointments to teach the children the two afternoons that were not otherwise occupied. These classes were held in the church, and were attended by the sisters and even the men as well as the children, so she divided the time. The children were taught one day and the sisters the next. These classes became very interesting and the Spirit helped the teacher with the language. After the brethren returned there was quite a revival of interest. Hotu said it was a greater interest than had hitherto been manifested on that island. As a result fifteen were baptized, some were children. The Religio that had ceased for a time was reorganized. The people were all feeling well when the missionaries left, which was on May 25, at nine-thirty a. m.

A good fresh breeze was blowing, Elder Burton took the wheel and stood faithfully to his post till two p. m. At two-thirty sighted Apataki. At five p. m. made the upper pass, and tried to get in and run down the lake to where the city is, but the tide was running out too strong, so kept on for the lower pass, and there made three attempts before they were able to enter the pass into the harbor at nine in the evening.

Emma and I went ashore to sleep. Below decks of the *Hitinui* was fairly alive with largest roaches that anyone ever saw, like great June bugs. So bold were they that they assailed the food when set out ready to eat, with such ferociousness it was hard to drive them away. They would skip from one place to light down in another. And the odor of such an accumulation of this kind of live stock, is sickening and not pleasant to sleep among if one does not want his toenails or finger nails nibbled at while he sleeps. The only way one can get rid of these pests is to sink the craft till the water is level with the rail, and leave it so about a week to drown them out.

On Thursday two boats from Kaukura came in, so we leave the *Hitinui* and go to Kaukura in one of these boats. We have been very kindly treated by Hotu on all our trip from Anaa to Tamanu, and Rotoava in Fakarava, then to Apataki, Manihi, Takaroa, Takapoto, Manihi and Apataki again, all in the *Hitinui* a little schooner of fifteen tons, Hotu the captain. We have had no trouble, nor any bad winds or weather.

Faatahu, or in English, Frank, whose father was a white man, Brother George Richmond, said we could go in his boat to Kaukura. He expected to have left the next day, but the wind blew a half gale. "Don't delay on our account," said Mrs. Burton, "we can go in any weather, or sea that you can."

"I would not go in a wind like this," said Frank.

On Saturday, May 28, bright and early, all were stowed on board the boat and we started by eight a. m.

The wind was good and strong and the sea running pretty high, but Frank handled his boat with a skill that was not witnessed with the pure-blooded natives. The wind was fair, the great seas threatened to swamp the boat, but not one ever came on board. The Lord was holding them in the power of his almighty hand. The writer watched the seas until she was convinced that as they came near a hush fell upon them. They moved more gently and passed under the boat without throwing any water on the deck, and when thoroughly convinced,

spoke of it, and was surprised to hear Frank Richmond say he had been noticing that himself. He made the run in three hours, and said it was the quickest trip that was ever made from Apataki to Kaukura.

It was necessary to enter the lake through a very narrow pass, so narrow that one could almost touch the reef on either side with an oar. The wind was still fresh, and the sea breaking high, but the masterful way in which Frank handled his boat was inspiring. To our unskilled eyes we thought he had passed the chance for entering the pass, when suddenly he brought his boat about and shot into that narrow rockbound channel with no more trouble than if he had been on placid waters. The writer exclaimed:

“O, Frank, that was fine! I would not be afraid to go anywhere on a boat with you,” and by that time we were on the smooth and shallow waters of the lake.

At eleven a. m. we anchored at Motuura. There we met Neri, and several others. While Neri and the other brethren who came off in the canoe with him, were talking with the missionary, Frank stepped into their canoe, paddled ashore and soon came off with some dinner for us.

At one p. m. we left again for Panau, the city on the other side of the lake and arrived at three p. m. Put up at the policeman's house (Teehu). Most of the people were at Faro making bufaa, and others were at Rai-Tahiti diving for pearls and pearl shell. I preached Sunday, and during the week I got my passport from the French gendarmerie. It must be signed on every island to which I go, by the officials of the Government. On Sunday, June 5, I preached on the second coming of Christ, after which I baptized a Raiotea boy, Tenira.

Wednesday, June 8, 1904, left Panau for a short visit to Niau, at one p. m. in a boat with Tapu and Temare. Anchored at Niau, next morning the tenth. I went ashore and stayed at the house of Tetai until Tuesday morning.

Elder Burton's wife did not accompany him on this trip, and it was well, for they met a strong head wind, and so much so that they had to run by the wind and all were drenched with the sea when they got to Niau. Elder Burton felt really cold,

but as the sun was warm he got in a place that was sheltered from the breeze till his clothes dried.

On Tuesday morning the fourteenth we left Niau for Panu again, and anchored at half past four inside the lake. I left twelve more of the Doctrine and Covenants at Niau to be sold by Tetai. Remained at Panau until June 28, and on the twenty-fourth received our April mail. No word as to who is coming here, but I am appointed to Northern California.

In Panau food was very scarce, and very high-priced, so we got away as soon as we could. While there we spent thirty-one dollars for food and the Saints made us an aroha of twenty dollars. There were only a very few natives on that island that did not go hungry day after day. Besides this we heard that Hotu and two others of the brethren of Manihi were imprisoned in Papeete for interfering with the diving machines in Manihi.

Diving bells had been brought to the islands by permission of the Government, but all the natives knew that it was in violation of the treaty made by the Government of France with the old king of Tahiti, which was that the natives should not be deprived of the lakes, that is, the Government should hold the authority over the time for diving, i. e., no individual could dive in any lake until the Government took off the "Rahui," made the declaration that such and such a lake was open for diving, and then anyone could go who chose and the shell and pearls in them were the personal property of the natives, who could sell them to whom they pleased.

No white man could dive. But some of the traders thought that the bottom of some of the lakes were rich with the pearls that might have fallen when the natives opened the shell, which they always did while in the water, and that there must be an abundance of shell deeper down than the natives could go on account of the water pressing them so heavily, and prevailed upon the Government to permit the diving bells, though at a great cost. As the natives could not dive in them, they could not be blamed if they rebelled when these bells were brought right to their door to take their living from them.

Whether the traders found what they expected or not is not

known. They were only used one season, but the lakes were so impoverished by taking them so clean, little ones and all, that the usual three years between the diving times, produced but a meager crop. So Elder Burton wished to get to Papeete as soon as he could make the rounds and see what could be done with the Government in behalf of the natives.

I prevailed upon Putoa to take us to Papeete in his boat by way of Tiputa and Avatoru, and I would supply them with food in the passage. Tapu willingly accompanied us. There was little or no food in the island, not even water coconuts, and the prospects of being fed was an inducement.

We boarded the boat on the morning of June 28, 1904. Had a fine run and got to Tiputa at half-past eleven at night, a clear, beautiful moonlight night. While nearing the shore, one of Putoa's pigs made as if it were going to jump overboard, and the writer called out, "Take care or you will lose your pig!"

A young girl who had lived in Taronia heard the call and said, "That is Emma's voice," and by the time we got to the landing all the branch of Tiputa were on hand to meet us.

We went ashore and tarried at Taruia's house till Thursday, thirtieth. In these two days I held two preaching meetings and one prayer and testimony meeting. There was a good spirit among the Saints there. The brethren and sisters of Tiputa treated us very kindly, supplied us with food, and gave us an aroha of twelve dollars and fifty cents. On Thursday, the thirtieth, we left the Saints of Tiputa, and went to Avatoru, still inside the lake. Arrived about noon. Were met at the shore by a number of Saints and conducted to Titi's house, one not occupied. Door frames there were, and window frames about every two feet about the house, but neither doors nor windows. It being the winter season and much colder in the Paumotus than in Papeete, Emma took a heavy cold, and was sick for a day or so.

On Friday evening, July 1, 1904, I preached in Avatoru, and on Sunday, third, held the regular meetings, with excellent liberty. Administered the sacrament in the afternoon meeting, and ordained a son of Onita deacon. Tuesday morning, July 5, left Avatoru, for Tikehau and was at the mouth of the pass at four p. m., but a strong current was running out, so after repeated attempts, hove to and remained outside all night.

These South Sea Island currents are something that no one

knows anything about except those who have experienced them.

At seven a. m. tried again. The current was not so strong, but no wind to go in by sailing, so Tapu got out with a small anchor and line and warped the boat through the pass, and got to Tikehau about noon.

This little city, as those settlements are called, is, like many others, situated on the lake shore instead of on the outer shore of the island. Nearly all these islands have a pass into the lakes. The outer shores are so bold and rockbound that there is no such thing as a harbor or landing place on them. Panau of Kaukura and some others have the advantage of being gained from the outside shore at one end of the island, or through the lake whose entrance is at the opposite end of the island, but the pass is only wide enough to admit a small boat.

We were domiciled July 7 in a part of Tuterehia's house. I preached in their chapel on the eighth. Prayer and testimony meeting on the ninth, and preaching by one of the natives. Sunday, tenth, the usual preaching by a native at eight a. m. and by the missionary at eleven. At noon I baptized two persons.

This was the first and the only visit of Elder Burton and wife to the island of Tikehau. It had been long anticipated and was much enjoyed by the Saints of that island and the missionaries, too, though the wife had not gotten over her sick spell. That cold seemed to settle to pneumonia in her left lower lung, but it gradually gave way.

On Monday, July 11, 1904, we concluded to change boats, and on Wednesday took all of our traps out of the boat of Putoa, and put them in the large new boat of Teiva of Tikehau, who was going direct to Papeete.

Putoa was only going to take us down there and was glad of a chance to avoid taking the trip, so when the things were taken from his boat and he and his men supplied with food enough to last them to Panau, he bade us good-by and sailed for home.

At noon of Wednesday, July 13, we left Tikehau, and at dark outside the lake, the *Mariposa* passed us quite closely. She was bound for Papeete; would get there Thursday, and on Friday, the fifteenth, at

noon we got to Papeete, a very quick passage. I learn on Monday that our mail has gone to Rairoa. We may get it in two or three weeks.

July 19 met Mr. Brault who was much disappointed in getting only two hundred and nineteen dollars, Chile, as he expected two hundred dollars, French.

French money is nearly the same value as American money, while Chile money is only forty cents to the dollar. The writer well remembers the little scene caused by the disappointment. It is quite worth relating as some of the queer ways of the islanders, and some of the things that a missionary is subject to.

One of the most effectual ways the common people (French people) have of collecting a debt from the higher class is to hoot after them in the street. It is far more effective than going to law, and less expensive. When they are put off time and again and begin to fear that their debtors do not intend to pay, they will station themselves on the street where the most business men are, and as their man passes along the street will call out, "There goes a mean man. He owes me a lot of money and won't pay me. See the fine clothes he has bought with my money," etc., and the rabble will take it up and hoot at him for blocks, till he is so ashamed he will hurry out of sight.

The evening of the nineteenth the missionary took the heavy bag of money on his arm, and he and his wife went to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Brault. The amount that he was taking with him would make, with what he had already paid, more than what he had agreed to give the first year, for printing and binding the Doctrine and Covenants, so of course they both thought the printer and wife would be much pleased.

When Mr. Burton dumped the heavy bag on the table and poured out its contents for him to count, telling him how much it was, Mr. Brault nearly fainted, at least turned very white, and then red, and as if he would like to kill some one as he gasped:

"Is this all?"

Here let me say that Mr. Brault could talk French *only*. His wife could talk French and native, and Mr. Burton could talk English and native. So that all that Mr. Brault said in French had to be passed on to Captain Burton, as they called him, in native, yet Mr. Burton understood enough French to know what they said when not talking too fast.

“Yes,” said Mr. Burton, “that is all I have derived from the sale of the books so far.”

Somewhat angrily he said, “I worked nearly half the nights to get that other three hundred books ready and sent them so you would have plenty of books to sell to bring me much more money, and expected more.”

Now it was Mr. Burton’s turn to stand on his dignity, he said, “Why are you angry? I have already given you more money than I agreed to do the first year, and the year is only commenced. I need not have brought as much as I have, but was willing to give all that was realized from the sale of the books.”

That he knew, still it only irritated him the more, and he commenced to say something very rapidly, when his wife turned to him and said softly, “Let me talk with him.” So he subsided, sitting by the table, leaning over the money. As soon as she could get her voice, for she too was much agitated, she said:

“We know all you have said is true. You have done more than the agreement binds you to do. Yet it is not as much as we expected, for we felt sure that you would hand in all you got from the sale of books, and we are so heavily in debt that Mr. Brault worked more than half the nights till he got the last three hundred books ready and sent them to you so you would have plenty.”

“Had you not sent that box of books, I would have had more money to bring you. Before that came, the people were not only buying for themselves but for their children. But when

they saw that there were plenty, they stopped buying, saying they could get them any time. And as to your debts, that is no affair of mine.”

“I know it is not, but the truth is, we did not pay that man the hundred dollars. I know now that we ought to have paid him from the first money you gave us, but we wanted to fix the house, and felt so sure that you would have a good plenty when you came from the Paumotus that we used that (they had requested an extra hundred in advance to pay this man), promising him that as soon as you came we would pay him all. These three days we have waited for you to come have seemed like three weeks. We can not keep him quiet any longer.”

“I have brought you enough to pay that, and more.”

“I know, but we have dipped too deep, and made debts that we must pay with this money, and now we are ruined.” The tears came into her eyes as she continued, “He will not dare go on the streets, for he will be hooted at from every corner. And that is not all, you know that this is Mr. Brault’s last year for printing for the Government, which if he holds till the year is out, he is then promoted, can take his family to France free of expense to himself and gets a good situation after he gets there, but if the Government hears of him being hooted at through the streets, they may discharge him, and his four years would be lost.”

Mr. Burton was sorry for them. He knew it was great necessity that compelled her to make such confessions. He was anxious to help them for their own sakes, besides he knew it was to the interest of the work in the islands to keep friends with all the Frenchmen possible, especially those connected with the Government. He had felt Mr. Brault’s influence in his favor. He asked how much more was required to free them from embarrassment. When told one hundred and fifty dollars, Chile, he said he thought he could get it for them. What a re-

action! The load seemed to fall from them then. She told it rapidly to her husband. He wanted to know how soon.

“If my friend, Mr. Nilson has it, I can get it for you by ten o’clock to-morrow morning.”

“Oh!” they cried, each grasping his hand, “that will save us from ruin. We can never thank you enough.”

So peace was made and both parties felt happy, and in the morning Mr. Burton brought them the money.

(To be continued.)

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#### A SONG OF LIFE

Make life long by noble deeds,  
 Make it sweet by loving;  
 Walk in paths where duty leads,  
 Ever onward moving.

Life is short in point of years,  
 Bitter oft with sorrow;  
 Dim we look thro’ mist of tears  
 Toward the dread to-morrow.

It were naught if this be all:  
 Breathing, sleeping, waking;  
 Gleam of sunshine—then a pall—  
 Hearts with anguish breaking.

Were this all, oh! then at best  
 Life’s a withered flower;  
 Sweeter far to be at rest  
 From its blighting power.

We may make it what we will,  
 Grand in strength and beauty;  
 And with sheaves our bosoms fill  
 Gleaned from fields of duty.

Make life long by noble deeds,  
 Make it sweet by loving;  
 And as day the night succeeds,  
 Onward we are moving.

—G. W. Crofts.

## BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON

BY EMMA B. BURTON

(Continued from page 42.)

On the morning after our visit with Mr. Brault, I borrowed of Mr. Nilson \$153.60, Chile for him, and by July 25 gave him \$8.80, French.

To-day July 29, 1904, we received our April mail that had gone to the Paumotus, with conference news, and my appointment to northern California and Nevada, Brother Luff, president of Pacific Slope Mission. I also received a letter from Consul Doty desiring me to dismiss the Anaa conference (this must mean to abandon the Paumotus conference for the Anaa conference was already dismissed—E. B.) as the governor forbade us meeting in conference. We are having considerable correspondence about it. Up to date of July 29 the governor persistently refuses to allow us to meet in conference.

All this grew out of the jealousy of the Catholics in Anaa. The governor himself was a fairly good man, but his wife whom he adores, is a strong Catholic, and those of her denomination work with the governor through her to obtain what they desire. But he soon learned that he was being influenced beyond justice, and not granting the freedom that the Republic of France granted, so he retraced his steps as well as he could without lowering his dignity.

On Friday, September 9, 1904, David Neil a minister of the "Church of God" began meetings in our chapel, not being able to obtain a house elsewhere, continued meetings each evening till the following Wednesday evening of the 14th. I replied to him Thursday and Friday evenings.

December 10, 1904. Much correspondence with the consul about the governor trying to stop our conferences, and the closing up of the Manihi Branch which has taken place from October till November. Yesterday I sent by the consul to President Joseph Smith copies of late correspondence, eight or nine typewritten pages. The branch at Manihi was prohibited from assembling from November 17, and is not freed yet; reasons assigned are that I am Americanizing them, ordaining them Americans and gathering large sums of money from them, etc.

There were large sums of money brought to hand at Anaa, each branch doing its share in paying for the chapel, besides the Saints handed in considerable tithing, and they were buying the Doctrine and Covenants, so it is probable that those not acquainted with the business, outsiders, thought the missionary was collecting the money for himself.

About the middle of the following week the missionary and wife took a long-anticipated trip around the island, or as far as the good road went. Papeete is situated on the north side of the island. They went by wagon around the west end, all the way up the south side, and clear to the eastern end of the island. It was a fine road and a beautiful drive. One of the brethren of Tiona, who owned a horse and wagon took them, and Metuaore accompanied them. They went as far as Tiona the first night. Then they were two days from Tiona. Met with the discomfort of a rainstorm the first afternoon and that wet them through, but it cooled the air. The variety of scenery was charming. The island of Tahiti is in the shape of the figure eight and lies east and west, the western bulb very much larger than the eastern. The two bodies of land are connected by a very narrow neck. At the first going on it, it is only wide enough for a road like a causeway, then one drives into a deep shaded road, the great growth of fruit and flower trees on either side of the road shuts out the sun. Up to that distance the broad ocean has stretched away to the right, but from the time one enters that thickly-shaded road, he sees no more ocean till at the end of the island. The road veers to the northern side of the small island and is partly inland, where almost all kinds of Tahitian fruit grows in abundance. The little town is called Tautira; a small branch of Saints are there.

They were kindly received and enthusiastically entertained by one of the brethren who owned a good house with two rooms and two bedrooms. Their stay of five days was a pleasant recreation of both body and mind. Held several meetings and started on the return trip Monday, November 28.

December 23. To-day I received a letter from Pou Haroatea with the order from the Governor Mareas closing our meetings in Ahe and Manihi. He says "Article 1st. All meetings in the District of Manihi not licensed are hereby forbidden.

"2d. All who will not obey this order will be arrested by the chief of

the district, or the policeman, and punished." I sent copies of the original and copies of the translation to Consul Doty.

On Saturday, January 1, 1905, Teahi got a letter from the president freeing the Manihi Branch. On January 12 I received by Frederick M. Smith a copy of a protest sent by President Smith and Bishop Edmund L. Kelley to Allison and Dolliver, senators of Iowa in Washington.

Sunday, February 19, *Mariposa* arrived with mail from home. Brother Joseph sends an answer to Timi a Mataiea of Panau. I translated, made copies, and will deliver to him.

On Saturday, March 11, 1905, I delivered Brother Joseph's letter to Timi and two copies of the translation at Panau.

March 17. Visited the governor, E. Jullian, who informed me we could hold our conference but if there were many came to this April conference, he would certainly stop all conferences, hereafter in Papeete; that we could hold conferences in the Paumotus. That all religions should be free, but that a large exodus of people from the Paumotus Islands to Papeete would not be tolerated, but he wanted me to understand that the conference this year in Papeete was permitted by his "tolerance" (a hateful word), if I would write him a request for permission to hold conference, which I did to-day and it was delivered to him by Osmond Walker.

March 21. Received reply from governor. He could not answer me until I informed him of the nature of the services of the conference, the number of sessions and the number of the people of the Paumotus who will attend.

I wrote him same day, March 27, also more fully concerning our standing here. Master Osmond Walker translated it into French for me. On Friday, April 7, the conference folks from Paumotus, two hundred and twenty-nine, went at five p. m. to see the governor, pay their respects to him, and ask him to free them, so they could meet in conference. He said they should be free to meet in conference when they wished to, annually, but to leave a few people to take care of the property, while they were gone, so he freed them."

The writer well remembers that procession that marched to see the governor, such an exciting time while getting ready! Everyone donned his best apparel, and each took an offering of some kind. Some money was given him by the leading men, but the sisters took pretty shell wreaths and flower wreaths, beautiful shells, and various other curiosities. Then forming in proper marching order on the grounds, marched out on the streets and up to the governor's house. I seem to see them even now! What pomp and dignity Brother Jansson displayed as he marched by the side of them in the position of a general

with his army, wearing the tall silk hat that Brother T. W. Smith gave him (the only one that was ever seen in the islands). It had never been marred and was only worn upon very rare occasions.

Nothing more is left on record in regard to that mission until May 6, the day of sailing for San Francisco. Elder Burton worked untiringly to leave the mission in good shape, not only that they should have the Book of Covenants for their benefit and a year's Sunday school books ahead, but that the Saints might be free from the restrictions that the governors had placed upon them, and after he had done all he could to free them, his last resort was to have the Saints honor the governor with a personal visit and take him some presents that would please him: therefore he felt deeply gratified when they returned so elated, and with the intelligence that the governor had received them kindly and given them their freedom, besides seemed very much pleased.

I find the following item in the notes of 1904, that some may be interested in:

In 1904 this was the population of the South Sea Island Mission: Tahiti, 7,457; Papeete, 3,720; Tuhuai, 474; Tuamotu, 4,294.

In all the colonies of the Society Islands in 1904, including Raietea and the Marquesas the total population was 28,710: Natives, 26,685; French, 477; Americans, 193; English, 422; Chinese, 412; All others, 511.

The spiritual part of the mission work was not so pleasant on this second mission as the one previous, there had been some division among the Saints in some branches. All missions as well as branches and districts have their time of flourishing and of retrograding, and the island mission was not an exception. Of course there are always some causes, but it seems necessary to the permanent growth of the Saints that trials should come.

From conference time till May 6 the time was spent mostly in making preparations for leaving the mission for home in California supposing that to be his final mission to Tahiti. The Saints were sad indeed to see their fatherly missionary go without any other there to take his place. They left Papeete

May 6, 1905, on the steamer *Mariposa* with a second-class ticket. Arrived in San Francisco May 18, 1905, and as upon former occasions were warmly welcomed by the Saints. A week or two was spent among the Saints of the Northern and Central Districts. Thence to the Southern District, greeting children and friends, traveling, visiting, preaching and administering according to the ordinances of the church.

July 30, preached in Los Angeles. All night at Dora's. Emma and I visiting in Los Angeles.

On Tuesday August 1, sat on elder's court. Friday, 4th, went to San Bernardino to reunion, Dora, Emma, and I. Addie and the children came in the evening. All well. I feel very grateful to God for all his blessings, and that the children and their children are well, and in the faith that leads to life eternal. May he lead Joseph and Reuben back into the performance of their duty.

A very pleasant and profitable reunion closed with Sunday, August 13. At one of the afternoon meetings during the reunion, Brother Albert Carmichael speaking by the Spirit said, "Thus saith the Spirit unto you, Brother Burton, your work is not finished, for you must yet travel, and encourage and comfort the Saints, and as a father comfort and bless those among whom you have labored."

After reunion returned to Los Angeles, on elder's court again, remained in that vicinity until about the fifteenth then started north again, staying a few days in Bakersfield with Brother Elenezer S. Burton and family. Preached in Bakersfield twice Sunday, the twenty-seventh.

On Tuesday stopped off at Tulare, at nine a. m. was met at the train by Thadd who escorted us to Maggie's, where we stayed till Wednesday. In the meantime we visited Sister Walker and family, of Tulare. Wednesday went on to Oakland to attend the reunion. A fine reunion from September 1 till Sunday, September 10.

Shortly after reunion we learned that Addie was very poorly, and Emma went to Colton.

Elder Burton remained in the vicinity of Oakland, Berkeley, San Jose, and on up to Olivet, San Benito and Bear Valley and Hollister until November 10, then wended his way down south.

November 15, at Eb's in Bakersfield. Got telegram that Addie's little girl Dora was very sick. Took train at eleven p. m., got to Dora's in Los Angeles at seven a. m., and went on to Addie's, administered to the little girl. Reuben the father came up from Arizona Saturday. The child was spared.

Elder Burton left Colton, November 23 and from that till

December 21, his time was divided between Garden Grove, San Jacinto and Hemet.

Later on through the exertions of Sister Addie Mathews a hall in Colton was secured and Elder Burton held meetings evenings for one week. Sister Tamza Newcomb was visiting in Colton at that time, which added one more to the number of Saints to attend. Very few, outside the church attended, so the effort was abandoned. Nothing out of the ordinary transpired until the later part of March, when Elder Burton and wife left Los Angeles for Independence, accompanied by Sister Tamza Newcomb, who had been visiting relatives in California, to attend the General Conference of 1906. Made their home with Brother John W. Layton where in a few days they were joined by Brother Holmes J. Davison, wife and daughter, which made quite a family gathering, the only remaining sisters of the Davison family and one brother. This was the first meeting of those four since the mission to Nova Scotia in 1882-83.

The greeting of Saints and friends was pleasant indeed, and a few days after conference, Elder Burton and wife went to Lamoni, where a most enjoyable week was spent among the Saints in that stake. During this conference of 1906 Elder Burton was appointed the third time in charge of the South Sea Island Mission. This appointment was suggested by a revelation given for the instruction and direction of the church thus: "It is necessary that some one or more be sent to the South Sea Islands. The heaving of the sea beyond its bounds has been trying to the faith of many in that far-off region. They should be visited and comforted and encouraged. Some one of experience and knowledge of the situation should be sent, accompanied by another, who should be prepared to make a stay of years if necessary, in the mission of those islands. My servant Joseph F. Burton though aged, will be an efficient officer and representative of the faith, and choosing another

one to go with him, may be entrusted with that difficult mission."

"The sea heaving itself beyond its bounds" was caused by a hurricane that swept the islands in February of 1906. All the low islands frequently visited by the missionaries, fourteen, were swept of buildings, coconut trees, and on some even the soil was washed off, leaving only the bare rocks, and many parts of the island of Tahiti were destroyed also. One hundred and twenty-six persons were drowned from the various islands, sixteen of them were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Besides these there were five vessels lost with their crews of about forty persons, making one hundred and sixty-six lives lost. Many and sad were the letters received from the natives by Elder Burton, and great was the rejoicing when they learned that he was going back to them.

In the Sunday afternoon meeting of May 6, at Independence, Missouri, the following prophecy was given through Brother

Henry Kemp to Elder Burton:

Also to Brother Burton, stand firm and steadfast in the truth that thou hast espoused. Thy work is accepted. Thy name is had in honor and in remembrance, not only on earth among the children of men, but among the angels that surround the throne of God. Therefore, fear not; thou shalt live to complete the work assigned thee acceptably unto me, saith the Spirit and receive the crown of life promised of God to all his people.

Elder Charles H. Lake and his wife were chosen to accompany Elder Burton and his wife to the islands on this mission. So those four left San Francisco Sunday, July 1, for the storm-swept islands and impoverished Saints. The day of departure was a most beautiful day. A large gathering of the Saints of San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley accompanied the missionaries to the ship *Mariposa* early and remained on board till the gong sounded for all visitors to go ashore. Then these dear friends remained on the dock till lost to sight by distance.

Before leaving Oakland both Elder Burton and wife received several letters from Saints of San Bernardino and Colton to be read at sea, one for each from daughter Addie. The one to her father was so spiritual, so prophetic I here reproduce it.

COLTON, June 27, 1906.

*My Dear Father:* Would that I had words to express my feelings, things seem so clear to me, as though I could see way into the future. And you appear so near to me, your countenance so clear, your whole being so calm and serene, yet the weight of responsibility is present. There will be many questions to settle that will require, firm unbiased answers. Ofttimes you will almost despair of accomplishing the good you hoped to; but all through the darkest hours there is One who will never forsake you or leave you alone. When perplexed turn to him, *in faith* and the way will open for you. He will ever be near you, and as an earthly parent is pleased to have his children come to him for help and advice when in trouble, how much more pleased will our heavenly parent be. In my mind's eye I can see him, ever by your side with such a tender look of love and patience, ready to help as soon as a request is made. How near and dear he seems, and so real. If we only had the faith to always feel so, how insignificant the trials of this life would appear [here she speaks of their sisters' meetings at her house, and continues] The last two days I think I have experienced something of the knowledge of the great love and watchcare of the Father over us his children, that you for so many years have known and realized, and I do not wonder at you wishing to spend the remainder of your life doing his will. I trust that his love and watchcare will never be withdrawn from you, but all through your life you will feel its presence. It seems to me that you will need greater faith this time, or have to rely more wholly on the direction of the Spirit, or rather will need to be more minutely directed of God than before. That is just my feeling, I may be mistaken. I pray God to ever bless you, father dear. ADDIE.

There was no mistake in that feeling; it was but a foreshadowing of events that were as deeply trying as they could be.

It is recognized by all missionaries who have been to the South Sea Islands that the natives there are a portion of the "remnant of Jacob." They have many of the characteristics of the people of Bible times. One is, they never have a surname. When it is necessary to distinguish one from another of the same name, as in the Bible, it is "Jeroboam the son of Nebat," so they say, and the letter *a* sounded as *ah* implies "the son of." Another peculiarity is the change of name to rep-

resent some calamity that befalls them, and naming their children to represent some peculiar circumstance of their birth, just as the grandson of Eli was named "Ichabod" meaning "the glory has departed" because he was born on the day that the Philistines carried away the ark of God.

Another feature is that they must have a leader. When left to themselves they won't stay put. Like as the Israelites of old when Moses had left them for only six weeks they set up a worship of their own, although they had heard the voice of God from the smoking mountain, and had covenanted with him to be obedient, so this people when left without a missionary one year. A part of them had withdrawn from the branches, built themselves separate houses of worship and established an order of their own known as the Priesthood Company.

Such was the trying condition of the work met by the missionaries on their return though these, as well as they who had remained true to the faith received them, also the new missionaries, with unmistakable demonstrations of love and joy.

It was a sad sight that greeted the eyes of the returning missionaries. In place of the fine, large church and feast house, all new, the pretty parsonage or missionary house, and other cottages, cook houses, shade trees and flowers, the land was a barren waste. The buildings were all gone, and but one large shade tree left. The old burau tree that stood at the end of the missionary house, and all that was left of the fine white picket fence with its many gates, was three leaning gate posts. Pieces of roofing and boards had been gathered up and served to construct a few huts, and a long building at the back of the premises for a meeting house.

Here the Saints were assembled to greet the missionaries and sang as they followed Metuaore with lowered heads. They walked slowly and solemnly the length of the building and stood back to the stand after which prayer was offered. Then

followed speeches of reception, and answers, then came the general greeting amidst tears, smiles and sobs.

There was no missionary house to go to as heretofore, but the Saints had kindly rented a cottage near by, where all four were comfortably quartered for a while. The native Saints had taken from their own houses such articles of furniture as were needed until the missionaries could replace them. Yes, they showed every kindness that was possible for them to do. They made the missionaries the recipients of their gratitude towards all the American brothers and sisters who had sent help to them.

The San Francisco Branch had made a liberal donation, which was added to by the Oakland Branch. This money was expended for flour and canned foods for the destitute native Saints.

In behalf of the work the Sunday School Association donated a mimeograph with entire outfit for work, and here in this little cottage with its abundance of leafy green trees all about, the missionaries found themselves far more comfortable than they had anticipated. They commenced operations thanking God, the eternal Father for these unexpected comforts, viz, the shelter of a house, and that, too, with water right at the door. All books and records at the missionary house had been swept away with the flood and but few Saints had been able to save their Bibles, so there was work, constant work in every department to bring order out of chaos, get the Saints in an organized condition both as branch and Sunday school, and provide them with books and lessons, and not only that but to get them temporally located.

A large majority of those belonging to the Paumotus had left their islands and had come to Tahiti to get on higher ground, for they were still afraid of another wave.

I shall not attempt to give even an outline of the work of this last mission. It is far too complicated, too harrowing.

Although the Saints all received their former missionary with the same love that they had formerly manifested towards him, there was nevertheless a division among them. A portion had formed themselves into what they called "The Priesthood Company" and built themselves separate houses of worship, niau houses, that is, built of coconut branches. They thought they had received greater light and knowledge. It is not my purpose to censure, or even pass an opinion. The circumstances would have been trying in any case, but with the great love that Elder Burton had for that people, it rendered his position trying beyond anything that had come to a missionary in the Reorganized Church.

Such a large number had departed from the faith, among them some of the best of the people, and only one white brother was there to consult with in all the unforeseen questions that arose. It was indeed as daughter Addie saw while writing her letter to her father, he had to lean harder, trust more entirely to God's directing influence. He had a brother indeed in Elder Charles H. Lake. Though he was young in missionary work, he was a good counselor, and they never differed in a question in their whole two years of labor together to reclaim the erring ones.

Ofttimes Elder Burton's heart was torn between the two duties that were laid upon him, viz: to be a faithful representative of the church and a fatherly shepherd of that peculiar flock.

Elder Charles H. Lake was not always in Papeete to consult with. Sometimes he lived at Faaa, sometimes in Tiona, and later when a portion of the Saints returned to their own islands, he and his wife took a tour among them.

As early as practicable, Elder Burton set about having a new missionary house built and only those who have worked with natives and know how little they value time can understand the patience that one has to exercise. They will work well on a

short job, but a long one gets tedious. They knew nothing about economy, and did not worry about the high price of lumber, especially the woman, who did the cooking for the carpenters—to her it was only wood. She had permission to use the little pieces that could not be worked into the building, for firewood, but sometimes Elder Burton would come upon them when unexpected, and find a nicely dressed stick of lumber laying along the ground with one end in the fire.

“Oh, sister,” he would say, “you must not use these long sticks! See, it is all planed, ready for use!”

“Yes, Jotefa, but there were no little pieces.”

As he went along to the house with the stick that he might have the burned end sawed off, he would find all three of the men stretched out in a shady place, where the sea breeze fanned their faces, fast asleep. This was no unkindness on their part, it was simply their easy-going nature, but the occurrence was so frequent, it was wearisome. However all things have their end as well as their beginning, and the house was ready to move in just before conference, though in a very unfinished state.

During the building of the house, Elder Burton was stooping one very hot day, fixing a foundation stone. After getting it set level, he raised up. The heat had overcome him. He grew dizzy and fell backward, striking the base of the spinal column with all the force of his fall on a four-inch scantling that lay on the ground. The natives picked him up and helped him up the improvised steps, and he walked in the house and to the bed. It was a fearful bruise, forming a mass of blackened flesh, while the end of the spinal column was a deep shiny red.

He kept his bed for a few days only, but it was more than a month before he could do without a pillow in his chair. He was hurt on June 15, administered to from time to time. June 30 was the first time he went across the yard to meeting.

Shortly after his fall his memory commenced failing him, which rendered his work more trying.

It was spiritualism that deceived the Saints. They did not know it by that name, and not being able to read English they had no knowledge of other people being similarly deceived, and thought it an advance step. Their missionary still loved them, even after they had been severed from the church, and continued to labor with them and for them unremittingly until October.

Elder Burton had instructed them about the High Council of the church, and of appealing to it, and instructed them how to appeal, and what it was for, and that if they appealed their case they could choose any elder in America to act for them and told them where each one of the former missionaries lived and which were in the habit of attending conference. They went home to think it over and concluded next morning to appeal through Elder John W. Peterson. When the natives left the house his wife asked, "Why appeal? They are not aggrieved in cutting them off. You have only done what they requested individually."

"I know," he replied, "but I want my work to go before the High Council and have its judgment upon it, lest in after years fault may be found. Then, there is no man but what might be mistaken, or might err, however conscientious he may be. I believe I have done right, but I want the church's judgment on it. Then there are some of those who would have liked to have stayed in the church, but still go on with the 'pupu work.' They would not leave that, so they left the church, but I want it made plain to them that one or the other must be left. They will feel better satisfied if the church speaks upon this matter."

The High Council to which the appeal was made subsequently fully sustained him in the way he had dealt with the Saints. In his case before the High Council he was represented by his

friend and sometime companion in labor, Heman C. Smith, who at the close of the trial wired him, "Congratulations. You are vindicated."

It was in October Brother Charles H. Lake and wife were in the Paumotus when Elder Burton feeling very discouraged sat down to talk the matter over with his wife to see what he had better do next. The conclusion was that it would be best to leave them entirely alone; treat them kindly, let them feel free and easy to come and go as they used to and not fear being admonished or pleaded with, and perhaps they would retrace their steps sooner, for neither the missionary nor his wife could entertain the thought that they would not come back at all. A native Brother Tapu said, "You need never think of them being rebaptized. A white man might do that, but a native, never! It is against their nature to thus knuckle." But twelve were rebaptized before Elder Burton left the mission, and a few have been since, showing that grace had overcome their nature in these instances.

Our dear people were not the only ones overtaken and deceived by that wave of Spiritualism. I copy this note, "Te-poitu tells me that Pomare and Vernier, Protestant Frenchmen, cut off sixteen of their native preachers in Tautira for Spiritualism and three in Papenos."

As soon as it was known that those on the hill were severed from the church, the Seventh-Day Advent minister went and spent a Sunday with them, then the Catholics, then the Mormons, all seeking to gain them to their several organizations. Meeting Taneterau a few days after he said, "Joseph, you need not be afraid of us going with any of these people who are trying to get us. We are not going with any of them." And so they have remained to this present time of writing. I have not heard of one uniting with other churches. I trust when they are weary of feeding on husks, having the form without the

authority and blessings of God, they will return to their Father's house, the true church.

December 8, on Monday I began to have pain in my left side, which kept increasing. I was administered to by Metuaore and Alfred Sanford, the pain immediately left me, but left me very weak and I am so still.

Tuesday, December 10, Emma and I fasted and spent the day in solemn prayer.

How vivid is that day in the mind of the writer. It was Saturday afternoon. The week-day paper accounts and rows of figures were folded and put away and the typewriter covered and Joseph had his Bible, when the writer went in and sat down after finishing her work. The husband drew his chair close to that of his wife, almost in front. He was looking very pale and weak. After they had talked a while he said, "I would like to have a day of fasting and prayer to-morrow. I want to get nearer to the Lord to see if he will manifest if there is anything more that I can do, and I need bodily strength, too." His wife acquiesced in the proposition and said she would fast with him, and unite her prayers with his. He took her hand in one of those gentle pressures that was all his own, and they agreed to commence then and keep the fast till Sunday supper time.

They locked the doors that they might not be disturbed and had a season of prayer in which both partook. It was the most beautiful fast that memory holds. To the writer at least there was not the feeling of fasting or lack of food. They both gave themselves to prayer often, and a most beautiful spirit was enjoyed. Other than the feeling that all was well, God was at the helm, there was no definite knowledge received by Elder Burton for a day or two. In two days after his back became painful and he sent for the elders.

On December 14 I was administered to by Alfred Sanford and Metuaore. My pain all left me and I got sleepy. The brethren left and I lay down and slept, and dreamed quite vividly the following, "I was in Cali-

fornia preaching and was in trouble about something, I was not told what, but I saw Brother Charles A. Parkin, quite vividly, as all the dream was, and thought I was to have met him before, but something hindered me from doing so. When we met we both were so wrought upon that we wept. I said to him, "When I was a shipmaster I always tried to follow the instructions of the owners; just so in my church work, I have tried to follow the counsel of Jesus, his laws and his instructions"; to all of which he gave his assent as certainly the proper thing to do. Then I awoke.

He offered no comment on the dream in the notes but it seemed to satisfy him. One other little item closes the record for the islands.

December 23. Went to Tiona about 9 a. m. for Christmas—Emma and Rebecca busy filling bags with candy and fixing pictures, etc., for the tree. The tree and speeches will be in the evening.

December 25. Matutus and oaoa in Tiona. Yesterday I persuaded the president of Tiona Branch to send an invitation to the people of Faaa [those of the pupu] to come to the tree, or come on Christmas to the matutus, and if they wished they could have time given for their matutus or oaoa as they chose. As it rained at night the people did not come.

A laughable instance might be chipped in here, at least Teua the branch president's wife, thought it was laughable, the way she laughed at me for buying so much candy for a woman I did not know. Thinking there would be some at least of the people from Faaa at the tree, I, the missionary's wife, not wanting to take the candy that the children's money had bought for the tree, bought a pound and a half with my own money and put it in a large netting bag and attached a slip of paper reading thus, "Na te feia no Faaa," which in English would be "for the people of Faaa," but there chanced to be just one woman there from Faaa, whose name was Feia. So when the superscription was read, she stepped up and took the candy and said nothing to the rest about it.

At eight a. m., on Christmas Day they were all of them there except Teuarere and his wife Maui and daughter Hitiura. They spoke very nicely in their oaoa exercises, and their Sunday school exercises were entirely questions about the gifts (spiritual gifts).

While the children were handing in their Christmas offering, the missionary's wife went to the house where she was staying, and all the sisterhood of Faaa came to her one by one and gave her an offering of some ten cents, some twenty. Thus ended the last Christmas spent by Elder Burton and wife in Tiona, Tahitian Zion, the place they both loved so much. Beautiful it was for situation.

At five p. m. we returned to Taronā, all well. Sunday, December 29, the last Sunday of 1907 I preached with good liberty on the proposition of honoring the officers of the branches, and districts and others. Later, in Taronā Emma and I reasonably well. Charles H. Lake and Bertie are probably in Panau.

Sunday, January 5, at Taronā. I preached at ten a. m. This morning Reia, son of Haroatea, and Haroatea were at the services. Reia repented of the pupu work. January 12, I was not able to preach. January 29. Charles H. Lake and Alberta came from Makatea to-day.

March 1, Sunday. Many here for commencing conference. Voted to commence conference March 6, the majority being in favor. Mauna and Rebecca were married by Charles H. Lake. I preached from Job 17:17. Friday, March 6, conference began, a very peaceful and quiet conference and ended on Tuesday, March 10, at eleven a. m.

On Thursday, March 12, many of the Saints left for their respective islands, Makatea, Niau and the other islands. It all left me somewhat lonesome for I probably will not see them again.

On May 9 Charles H. Lake and wife left Tahiti for the Tuamotos, Niau, Hikueru, Amanu, etc. John Hawkins died in Faaa on May 15, 1908, at ten a. m. and was buried the sixteenth at five p. m.

June 1. The American mail arrived with some news from conference. My resignation is accepted and I am appointed to Southern California. Charles H. Lake is my successor here.

June 7. To-day while preaching, or at its close I called Tumauni to the priesthood by revelation. Preached by the Spirit from John 5:39: "Search the Scriptures." I baptized Temakihu after the morning service. At five p. m. went to Faaa and met the pupu people [they sent word for him to come]. I spoke as kindly to them as possible and did not charge them with sin; told them I knew they were deceived, and did not agree to many things that were in the pupu [they of themselves renounced many things that they accepted at first] and I asked them in their consideration of matters between us not to think that they could bring the pupu (priesthood class) into the church, for it could not be received. They asked me what plan I had to offer for their reentrance into the church. If I would tell them, they would consider it, and let me know. I answered that if they entered the church again by any other way than the door, baptism, they and others would never be satisfied. They an-

swered that they would consider it and let me know, so we (I and the two brethren that went with me) left them and returned to Taroná in the rain after dark. They afterwards wrote me that they had concluded to leave it to the courts in America.

During the following week, if I mistake not, there were two remarkable cases of healing under the hands of Elder Burton, two persons who were very sick healed immediately, and a third that was much relieved, and soon got about again. Of the business part of the last mission to the islands, I have not spoken, suffice it to say, it was a continuous overcrowding of work. As Brother Lake expressed it there was nothing but work, work, *work*. The place was overcrowded with those from other islands. Interceding with Goupil, the lawyer, to secure the land for the people on the hill, trying to get them to work and pay for it, and getting others located, and the building up of Taroná and its walls, dividing it among the people.

It, the land of Taroná, was paid for by the church, many of whom were from other islands, and each wanted a house on the land, so that when they came in boats, they could have their own house to go to. A great deal of work and talk was had, and business meetings were held on all these devices, but none fully accomplished.

As the time drew near for leaving the islands the missionary and wife went to Faaa for a last visit with those who were once their dear friends among the natives, and active workers in the church of that mission, i. e., among the most spiritual. As usual the people gathered in their church building and received them there. They were received very kindly, speeches were made by a number of the Faaa people, also by the missionary and his wife. Louis Bellais their leader was the most kind of all, when he spoke (after many others) his face assumed such a youthful appearance, so clear and almost white, and such a pleasant look that it was a strong testimony that he at least had at that time the good Spirit. Among the things he said was, that Joseph and Emma had come to them, not to find fault, or

to talk to them about the pupu, but as a good-by visit, and he did not want anything said that would hurt anyone's feelings. That they had come to them in love and good feeling and he wanted them treated the same way. To remember how they had loved them as missionaries, and that they might never see them again, etc. The writer feels safe in saying that if Lui had obeyed the dictates of his own heart that day, he would have come back to the church. He expressed a willingness to do so, and evidently some among them feared that he would.

Before leaving, the missionaries were given an aroha of \$7.10, Chili money, and some shells. When they got to the cart they came in they found it so filled with fruit and vegetables that there was scarcely any room for their feet, so they returned, feeling sorry to part from them thus, outside the true church, yet with the same love for them, as if they were indeed brothers and sisters in the faith. And if we mortals had that abiding love for them notwithstanding their error, and departure from the faith, how much more will He love them, who gave himself for them, and having loved them, he will love them to the end and save them.

[Editorial Note.—It will be interesting to note here that subsequently these “pupu” people returned to the church and since 1913 such an organization has been unknown.]

At ten a. m., July 16 we, Emma and I went to Tiona. We were met by the brethren and sisters with much weeping while they greeted us on this our last visit to Tiona for that trip at least. We had a very pleasant visit with them, and at its close received an aroha of \$12.50, Chili. Then we went to the house of Haorea and administered to him.

Three days more completed our preparations for our departure. It was a sad leave-taking. As usual the good-bys were to be said in the church. All assembled there. Those of Taronā, and Tiona and all the principal ones of Faaa and others who were at Papeete from other islands. The missionary and wife stood back to the stand but I will give it in his own words:

On July 19 we bade good-by to the South Sea Island Mission. At ten a. m. I spoke a little time in the chapel and they all filed past us, and bid us good-by, shaking hands with us.

A pleasant passage to San Francisco. Then, oh, what a welcome! The Saints had ever received us kindly and gladly, but never such demonstrations of hearty welcome. It caused the writer to think of Elder Burton's vision in the early part of his ministry when he saw a servant sent out with an olive branch from which he was to give a leaf to as many as would receive, and when all were given away, he returned with the leafless stalk in his hand and from the Master received, "Oh what a welcome!" Our arrival in San Francisco was a little less than a month from the September reunion at Irvington, of 1908. The intervening time was spent in visiting Saints in the bay cities, also Sacramento, Livermore, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Rucker, Gilroy, and Hollister. In all these places we were made the recipients of the greatest kindness.

Friday, September 4 found us in Irvington on the camping grounds where Saints were assembling. This reunion was held on the same grounds on which the conference was held thirty-three years previous when Elder Burton received his first missionary commission, i. e., his first appointment outside of branch work, under the hands of Apostle Alexander H. Smith who was then in charge of the Pacific Slope Mission, and now after thirty-three years on his missionary circuit, fourteen of these years being spent south of the equator, embracing Australia as well as the South Sea Islands, he returned with his leafless stalk and finds the son of Alexander H. Smith in charge of the Pacific Slope Mission, and an apostle, who at that reunion ordained him a patriarch, thus ending his work as a missionary. But it was plain to see that the Master had said, "It is enough." His health was failing, and continued to fail steadily during the remaining fourteen months of his life. Daughter Addie was living in Colton, and there we con-

cluded to locate. It so happened that a snug, little five-roomed cottage owned by a Mr. Castor, was for rent or sale.

Elder Burton and wife looked through the house and they both liked it so they rented it with a view to buying, for the old Gospel Swamp place had been bought, sold and bought again, and had come in value above other surrounding places, and was being negotiated for, and in two months was sold for cash, so the cottage, and lot on H Street in Colton, southern California was bought, refitted and furnished a cozy little home. Here in his last little note of 1908:

"I am not well this morning. Emma and I met Mrs. Castor at her home, and with Brother Crumley near dark last evening and paid a deposit on the purchase of the place of one hundred dollars, including the sixteen dollars paid for rent in October 6, 1908."

This narrative is now so sad, so harrowing to follow, that I cannot write for the blinding tears.

As I have lived over the happy portions of our life in writing of it, so now the sad days are equally as real, and I will draw the curtain over the days of sickness and suffering, only to say that during the time he was the embodiment of patience, never a murmur nor did he ever ask to even have his pillow changed or any such thing. Even while able to be about the house he talked very little. His wife wanted to hear some expressions from him in regard to his feelings, knowing of a certain brother who had for years caused him very much trouble, and naming him said, "You don't hold any hard feeling toward him, do you?"

"Oh, no, he answered, "I have given all that up long ago."

"You would even do him good, if you could?"

"Yes, I would do him good, if I could."

"Your way is all clear and bright."

"Yes, you need have no fears for me, I have always tried to do right. It will be well with me, it will be well with us both."

He was relieved through administration till very near the end. He also had the constant care of a physician. In fact we had the advice of three physicians, and the verdict of each was that he was worn out. The one who gave constant attention declared that he had done twenty-five years too much work in the last few years. His heart beat too feebly to force the blood through the lungs, so they filled up and shut off his breath.

When he expressed no desire to live, his wife said, "You would like to live longer, would you not?"

His answer was, "If it is the Master's will."

He expressed a great desire to see Brother Heman C. Smith and Eugene Holt. Had either of them known of it at the time, they would have come.

It seemed to her hard that he should have so short a time to enjoy the pleasant new home, yet how good it was to be in a position to render him every comfort in his sickness, and he could have his children with him. They left their work and their homes and came to help care for him until the last, and it was indeed a comfort to him.

Thus far I have not sought to eulogize the subject of this biography, but have let his work speak for him. However there comes to my mind a statement of a sister that I will record here. At the time she heard of his death, she said to a friend, "I never remember of seeing Brother Burton but once. That was at a General Sunday School Convention some years ago. The question that was before the house had been spoken to by a number, till they seemed to have gotten all tangled up, and drifting from the point at issue. At length Brother Burton arose and stood for a moment and smilingly looked over the congregation. That smile seemed to light the whole room, and produce a different atmosphere. He only spoke a few words to the question, but what a change it produced! The difficulties all vanished, and the business went smoothly on."

That same smile has been the light of many a prayer meet-

ing. None ever expected a dark or spiritless prayer meeting if Brother Burton was present. He never spoke of trials or difficulties. His theme was ever Christ and his love, therefore it always brought the light of the Spirit. He was one who naturally drew people to him, whether of the church or of the world. To him his people came with their trials and troubles and went away comforted. As a husband he was gentle and patient, ready to soothe and smooth over the common perplexities of life. Saying to his wife who felt to accuse herself:

“It is only a little cloud that has flitted across our sunshine, that it may appear the brighter afterward.”

This communion together in religious things was sweet, especially while in the islands, when cut off from the companionship of Saints, and depending entirely upon each other for such intercourse. It was their custom to kneel side by side at the lounge for the morning prayer, the morning prayer was always hers, and after prayer to sit talking together for a few moments. How sweet were those few moments of respite before the day's work commenced and the people began to come in. Those were moments of brightness and strength, for he would always have some good thought to impart, both cheering and edifying. The writer believes it was the thought of these moments, and for the sake of them, as much or more than for the people, that she was so willing to return to the storm-swept islands on their third mission there. But she found that the lounge before which they always knelt was gone, and they never seemed to get so near together on chairs. Yet they sometimes had these spiritual talks, notwithstanding the arduous tasks that were ever upon him, and from which he did not spare himself.

As I have before said, he was in his sickness patience personified, never a complaint, never asking for anything, save occasionally a drink of water. After a paroxysm of pain his wife would ask him where the pain or distress was at such

times, or what he thought might be done for him to relieve him, to which he would say :

“There is no pain, I am all right.”

And thus a good man passed away, and I the wife abide, seeing more clearly my own faults, and frequently weeping over what might have been, yet must believe that his work was done, and in love the all-wise Father took him.

(The end.)

#### EDITORIAL NOTE

Elder Burton died October 1, 1909, at his home in Colton, California. His life companion remained in this home for about four years, when in order to be nearer her children, she removed to Santa Ana, California, and there as she descends the hill of life towards the setting sun and the shadows lengthen behind her, the view of the farther shore whence her companion awaits her grows brighter and more glorious ; while her calm, gentle spirit of patience and love gladdens the hearts of all lives that touch hers.

As indicated in the foregoing the editor of this *Journal* was at different times closely associated with Elder Burton. Our association in the church and out has been quite extensive, yet I do not hesitate to say I never knew a nobler man or more consistent Christian. His memory is ever blessed, and I count it an honor to have been numbered among his friends.

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Many there were who made great haste and sold  
 Unto the cunning enemy their swords.  
 He scorned their gifts of fame, and power, and gold,  
 And underneath their soft and flowery words  
 Heard the cold serpent hiss; therefore he went  
 And humbly joined to the weaker part.  
 Fanatic named and fool, yet well content  
 So he could be the nearer to God's heart,  
 And feel its solemn pulses sending blood  
 Through all the wide-spread veins of endless good.

—James Russell Lowell.