

Daughter of the Pioneers

The Autobiography of Christiana Stedman Salyards

PART I



INTRODUCTION

This is, primarily, the life story of Christiana Stedman Salyards, who holds a place as one of the distinguished writers and teachers of the Reorganization.

The study curriculum of the church had its beginning in the suggestions and promotion of Marietta Walker and a small group of her associates, with the encouragement of President Joseph Smith. But the curriculum came into existence only as a result of the study, self-sacrifice, long hours of patient labor, and the writing ability of Christiana Salyards.

In this narrative we learn something of her remarkable family background, of how much she owed her missionary grandfather, John Landers, and of the inspiration that flooded her early years with light.

Her contacts with the church and its people grew slowly and steadily, and after some years as a teacher she was called to Lamoni in the summer of 1892 to take up what was to be her great life work. From that time she was for many years the only (later the main) writer and editor of the quarterlies which were then the basic material of Sunday school classwork. Through them

she exercised a great influence on the thinking and faith of church people. For a number of years her Bible course at Graceland College was the formal religious education of that institution.

Her written contribution to the church has been brought together and prepared in three books: *Jesus and His Message*, *Men Nearest the Master*, and *The Enduring Word*. Many people cherish these books today and turn to them for help in their study and teaching for the church.—THE EDITORS.

My Family and I

I was not reared in the church. I was twenty-three years old when I was converted to the gospel and was led from the darkness of this world into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

My ancestry was largely British. My grandmothers were both born in Scotland; one grandfather was English, and the other was born in Canada of American parentage. My father was born in England and my mother in Canada. I count myself fortunate to be an American, though I appreciate the sturdy qualities of the nationalities from which I came.

My father's mother, Charlotte Watson, was born in Edinburgh in 1800. When she was fourteen she went south into England and entered service in the household of an English earl, where her aunt held the position of housekeeper. She remained there until she was married to Barnard Stedman.

Grandfather Stedman was very companionable and appreciative of the simple pleasures of life. Waving his hand one day toward the roses that climbed up the side of a neighbor's house, he said to me, "Now I

enjoy those roses more than they do, for I can sit here and see them, and they can't unless they come outside to look at them."

He had a fine bass voice and had received some musical training. I remember that when young people gathered at our home to sing together, he would join us at the first sound of the organ. My sister would say with a smile, "Here comes Grandfather," and we would all welcome him as he came in. Whoever was in his favorite chair at the end of the organ would yield it to him, and he would rumble along with his bass voice, joining in the singing wherever he could.

Grandmother did not sing with us, but as she sat in the corner of the big kitchen knitting or sewing, she often would sing of the "Banks and braes of bonnie Doon," or "Robin Adair."

One of the pleasant pictures that lingers in my mind from the days of youth is of Friday afternoons when Grandfather came to take me home from the rural school I was teaching. After school had been dismissed a fine black horse would appear around a curve in the road, stepping majestically along, his polished coat shining like satin. In the little open buggy would be Grandfather in a white linen coat, a touch of red neckerchief showing at his throat, and a tiny black mustache completing his ensemble. In one hand he held a long, black whip, with which he no more than flicked Joe's glossy back. What a sight to cheer the heart of a homesick girl only seventeen years old! How glad I was to sit beside him and ride home the eight miles we had to go, with beautiful Joe stretching out his

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long legs to carry us so easily on our way!

My mother's mother was born in Glasgow in January of 1806, the daughter of Alexander Cairns, a linen weaver. In 1819 three children came with their parents to the New World. Christiana was in her thirteenth year.

Doubtless life in the new country was strenuous. Christiana became a deft tailoress, and often sewed or read by the light of pitch-pine knots, a practice that contributed to impaired sight in her old age. When twenty-four years old she became the wife of John Landers.

Grandfather Landers

After the close of the war the Landers went into Canada, availing themselves of inviting offers of free land made by the British Crown. They seem simply to have crossed the St. Lawrence River and to have settled in the vicinity of Brockville. There, in the beginning of the second term of George Washington as president of the United States, John Landers was born, the second son of the family.

The late president of the church, Frederick M. Smith, upon a return from a trip to the eastern states, said to me, "Whoever visits up and down the coast of Maine hears much of Father Landers," and he asked me to write what I knew of my grandfather's life. This is one of my reasons for writing in detail of Grandfather's experiences.

When he was sixteen the War of 1812 was brewing between Great Britain and the United States. To avoid taking up arms he crossed to the American side of the St. Lawrence. He went to the home of an aunt and found her in deep distress. Her husband had had occasion to cross to the Canadian side of the river and had been killed by British soldiers. Upon her request John and another young man went to find his body and bury it. They had accomplished the errand and were recrossing the river when they were dis-

covered and fired upon. John was shot in the shoulder and his companion was killed.

John was thrown into prison and lay there for some time. Then a recruiting officer visited him and offered him his choice between entering the British army and being banished to the convict colony on a distant island then called Van Dieman's Land, now known as Tasmania. He was in a difficult situation for one of his age, but he finally reached a decision. He said, "I will stand up with your men and will let the Americans shoot at me, but I never will fire on the American flag or on any man who stands under it." I am very proud of him as I write that statement. The officer smiled and said, "Young man, we will take care of that," so John was sent to Halifax, Nova Scotia; but the war ended soon afterward and he saw no service.

Grandfather Lander's Spiritual Awakening

I do not know at what age spiritual awakening came to him, but I think it was while he was still young. His father, a Baptist minister, had taught him according to that faith, but he seems not to have taken the parental teaching seriously. Something was needed to awaken him to spiritual realities, and it came in a startling way. He told me of it, describing in detail the place to which he had led the cattle one morning in winter, when the snow lay deep in the fields and the ice was thick where the cattle had to drink.

He was chopping vigorously to make a hole for them when a voice that seemed to be directly overhead said to him, "You have broken the commands of God and of a good father and are just ready to go to hell."

Amazed at the words, he straightened up and looked about him, but he was alone except for the cattle. The warning had come to him from heaven.

This experience had the desired effect. He abandoned whatever

wrongs ways he had been falling into and began a careful study of the Bible. He and a friend made it a custom to retire to a secluded spot where they could study and pray undisturbed, and the time came when his knowledge of the Scriptures and his clean life led to his being suggested for the ministry of the Baptist church.

But he had learned in his study that no man may take to himself the responsibility of preaching the word of God and officiating in the ordinances of the church without a divine call, and he refused to be ordained without evidence that he had been called of God to the ministry.

While he was working away from home, he went one Sabbath evening to a spring to fill two large wooden buckets with water for use in the kitchen the following day. Impressed to pray in that secluded spot, he knelt beside a low stone wall that partly enclosed the spring. Here he had a vision.

A Call to Service

In the vision he saw a man coming down the path that led to the spring. He recognized the Savior and in his joy would have run to meet him, but he had not power to move until but one step remained between them. He took that step and stood beside the Master, who was a head taller than John, who was a tall young man. Jesus laid his hands on John's head, saying, "My son John, you are called to preach repentance to men all the days of your life."

The vision faded away and John found himself kneeling beside the stone wall with his head resting on his folded arms, but he knew now that he was called to devote his life to the preaching of repentance to men. In time he became an ordained minister of the Baptist church and rode a circuit for fifteen years, preaching faith, repentance, and baptism to the people.

(To be continued.)

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PART II

WHEN twenty-five years old, my grandfather, John Landers, was married to Mary Ann Griffin in St. John's, New Brunswick; but his happy wedded life lasted only about four years. When his wife died and left him with two little children, he was obliged to give them into the care of their grandparents. He talked with me once of the heartbreaking experience of losing his beloved companion and the breaking up of his home. He remained single for seven years, then met a young Scotch girl, Christiana Cairns, and they were married in Brockville, Ontario.

Their long married life covered sixty-two years, the greater part of which they were inseparable companions. She became so accustomed to being associated with him in his activities that once in conversation concerning a certain couple she inadvertently asked, "Was that the couple Father and I married?" She never heard the last of that slip.

The serenity of their home life was somewhat disturbed in the early years when their first children were born. This was due to the difference in their religious views. Christiana was a Methodist and believed the children should be sprinkled at an early age, and John, being a Baptist, believed they should not be baptized until they were older.

Often he prayed in the time of their family devotions, asking that they might come to see alike in matters of religion, which called forth from his wife the stout assertion, "Well, then, you will have to be a Methodist, for I never will be a Baptist." She noticed after a time that he no longer offered the petition in his prayers, and asked him why he omitted it. He told her the Lord had answered him and that the time would come when they should see alike. That time came, and when it did they were neither Methodist nor Baptist.

A Marvelous Work

The prayer was answered in a manner neither of them could have anticipated. They did not know that a great light was even then beginning to shine in which they would rejoice together. A few years before a lad in the adjoining state of New York was earnestly debating the same question that troubled them: Which

of all the churches was right? In his perplexity the boy was moved to ask the Lord in prayer which of the churches he should join, and he was directed to join none of them, for all were wrong.

This did not imply that there was nothing of good in the various sects of the Christian church, for there is much of good in them, and they exercise a great influence in the world to the betterment of civilization. But with the lapse of the centuries since Christ taught his gospel in Palestine, and since his apostles developed the organization of his church, innovations had crept in through errors in human judgment and practice and changes had been made gradually in the organic structure of the church and in its doctrines and ordinances, until it had become divided and subdivided into many sects that held conflicting creeds and differed in what they held essential to the salvation of the soul.

Gradually, too, the churches had lost sight of outstanding declarations of the Hebrew prophets, of Christ and his apostles, and the world was unaware that the time had come for a great work of restoration to begin in preparation for the second coming of Christ to the world.

The troubled lad who sought the Lord in the quiet of a woodland retreat, and there was told to hold himself aloof from the churches of his community, was destined to have a leading part in "the marvelous work" soon to come forth. The light that came to the world through him as an instrument in the hands of the Lord was that into which John Landers and his companion were led through the preaching of the Scriptures they had held sacred for years.

In the summer of 1836 it was announced that a Latter Day Saint missionary would preach in the community in which John and Christiana lived, and when the day arrived they set out to hear him. As they went John said to his wife, "Christie, I intend to rise and oppose that man today." She stopped short in the path, threatening to go home if he persisted in carrying out his intention, but they finally compromised when he promised to be quiet unless constrained to refute error.

They went on to the meeting and heard the missionary's sermon, and John made no move to rise. When they

reached home his wife said, "John, why did you not rise and oppose the man?" He answered, "There was nothing to oppose. What he preached is true. It all agrees with the Bible."

John E. Page

The missionary who preached that day was John E. Page. In his journal he mentioned spending a night in the home of a Baptist elder, Mr. Landers, of whom he said, "I think he eventually will believe the gospel."

He said further: "I went in company of John Landers to a place called Plum Hollow, preached in a large schoolhouse, crowded full. . . . The people gave good attention. John Landers arose and said he had heard the truth. He promises he will be baptized soon. He says, 'What have I been about all my days with the Bible in my hands!' I preached again at the Stone schoolhouse, full of attentive people. I taught them the gathering of Israel. John Landers arose and witnessed he had heard the truth. I went home with him that night. Monday I went to Ebenezer Landers,' held meeting, and baptized ten, one Baptist elder, John Landers; one botanic doctor, named Lyman Stoddard; and eight others."

This baptizing by John E. Page took place on October 2, 1836, and on December 3, Christiana was baptized by James A. Blakeslee. The promise was fulfilled that she and her husband should see alike in matters of religion.

The missionary, John E. Page, was highly successful in his presentation of the gospel message in Canada. In two years of labor there he baptized over six hundred people. He and John Landers became close friends, and when finally he passed away in 1867 Elder Landers preached his funeral sermon.

How John Landers Became a Cripple

Having been baptized into the church and ordained to its ministry, Grandfather Landers traveled the same circuit he had previously covered as a Baptist preacher, but now he taught the wonderful story of the restoration of the everlasting gospel and delivered the warning message of the latter days.

His work was cut short by a serious accident that befell him as he and his wife's brother were chopping down a tree in the forest. Since the diary of John E. Page makes no mention of his being a crippled man, I think this injury must have occurred after his entrance into the church.

When the tree began to topple, John Cairns shouted to him, "Run, John!" and he ran, but something unforeseen happened that caused the tree to fall in

a direction not anticipated, and he was caught by it and crushed terribly. I know only the bare outline of what happened, but he who before had been strong and active walked from that time to the end of an unusually long life with a limp. My mother, a small child when the accident occurred, said she had a faint recollection of trailing in the dust of the road a little line of the blood that trickled from her father's wounds as men bore him home in a quilt.

No attempt need be made to surmise what must have followed the injury that laid low the head of the little family that now numbered five, for three children had been born to John and Christiana in the six years of their married life. To his physical suffering must have been added commiseration for his brave wife, who was facing approaching motherhood under these untoward conditions.

As soon as he was able, he went to work making barrel staves. In January of 1838 twin babies were born, but they lived only a few days. Later in that year the family removed from Brockville to Quincy, Illinois. John E. Page led a colony at that time to Missouri, and I think it altogether probable the Landers family was included in it, though I do not know that to have been the case.

Flight From Persecution

Many were fleeing to the West at that time from persecution at Kirtland, and the Saints of Missouri were suffering extreme intolerance at the hands of those who drove them from the state. From twelve to fifteen thousand men, women, and children fled in the inclement months of autumn and winter, crossing the Mississippi River into Illinois, where for a few years they had a respite from bitter persecution. John Landers made two trips from Quincy into Missouri to aid in transporting refugees to their new home.

In March of 1839 action was taken to select land for settlement and a place for the gathering of the church. A purchase was finally made in Hancock County, Illinois, about fifty miles above Quincy. Joseph Smith and his family arrived in Commerce in May, and there within a few years the beautiful city of Nauvoo arose and soon bade fair to become a great city, toward which many looked with expectation.

A Visit by Joseph Smith

John Landers and his family were not among those who settled in Nauvoo. Instead, they located in Henderson County, which joined Hancock County on the north. My mother used to en-

joy telling of a time while living there when she came in from school one day and found a pleasant young stranger visiting with her father. When she crossed the room and seated herself on her father's knee the visitor smiled, and she saw that his eyes were very blue and that the smile was in his eyes as well as on his lips.

The young man was Joseph Smith. Mother used to describe the new gray suit he wore and his broad-brimmed hat, and the strong, easy grace with which he walked when he left the house. Having known a number of men descended from him, I think I can visualize him as she described him—tall, strong-limbed, and athletic.

Nauvoo

A young boy who grew up in Nauvoo at that time and was intimate with the boys of the Smith family later became a missionary of the church and wrote some of his recollections of those years. He mentioned Joseph's fondness for children and of his entering at times into the sports of his boys and their young companions. He wrote: "I can see him dodging and jumping about to evade our balls or wooden spears, and I can hear his hearty laugh as there came lulls in the game."

Nauvoo at that time was the leading city of Illinois. It was of marked superiority over its environment, with well constructed houses, well-arranged farms, a university of learning, and a beautiful temple in the process of being built. In this many found great satisfaction, but Governor Ford, in his *History of Illinois*, showed that in this material prosperity there lurked a danger. He said that political parties vied in their efforts to gain the Mormon vote, and that the Whig party, disappointed in not receiving that support in 1844, determined to drive the Mormons from the state.

Even deadlier than this outside opposition was dissension that developed within the church, of which it is recorded in *Church History*: "This agitation within the church, connected with the religious and political influence used against the church from without, produced troublesome times in and around Nauvoo, and public feeling ran so high that the lives of the Prophet and others of the leading men were in constant danger."

Years of Wandering

In all their vicissitudes John and Christiana Landers did not waver in their allegiance to what they had received as the gospel of Jesus Christ, but clung to it in the purity in which they had accepted it. From some cause I am not able to trace, they suffered financial reverses and moved about from place to place as

they found opportunity to maintain their family of six children.

They had moved one time to a new home in the wooded valley of the Illinois River opposite the town of Peru, and the prospect before them seemed to have been anything but inviting. It must have been gloomy, indeed, on the day when Christiana climbed the crude stairs to the loft of the log house in which they lived and sat weeping in the seclusion she had sought. Her little boy, Henry, came looking for her and found her there.

Charles Stedman

He was followed by a young man whose head and shoulders appeared in the opening of the stairway. Asking pardon for intruding on her privacy he stated his errand. He was at work chopping wood in the forest and his boarding place was at a considerable distance. The boy, Henry, had found him at his work and had told him his home was near. The young stranger said, "I thought, ma'am, I might find board with you." At this Christiana's sense of humor arose above her depression and she answered, "Young man, if you can find a board about this place, you will do better than I can." But she took the young man into her family, dried her tears, and descended to the kitchen to make what frugal preparation she could for the evening meal.

The stranger was Charles Stedman, a young man from Prince Edward Island, who had made his way to this forest on the banks of the Illinois River. Later he and the eldest daughter of John and Christiana were married, William B. Smith officiating. They made their home in Peru, where Charles found permanent employment with a company engaged in cutting and storing natural ice in the winter and selling it in the summer in the southern cities. It was a lucrative business in that time when modern methods of refrigeration had not yet been devised. I remember that when I was a little girl father sometimes went as far south as New Orleans with ice that had been cut on the Illinois River.

Leaving Peru and its vicinity the Landers' family made a home for a time in Mendota, and John did teaming, hauling merchandise between Mendota and Chicago, a distance of eighty miles. Chicago was then growing rapidly; lake steamers connected it with the east, but railroads had not yet developed toward the West.

The family of John and Christiana began to disintegrate after the age-old manner and give place to new ones. From this time on I shall refer to them as my grandfather and grandmother.

(To Be Continued)

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PART III

Contact With the Reorganization

In 1851 a hopeful word began to circulate among the scattered Saints. In due time the Lord was to call on the seed of Joseph Smith to preside over the high priesthood of the church, the quorums should assemble, the pure in heart should gather, and Zion should be inhabited again. This message came through Jason Briggs. About the same time Zenas Gurley received this revelation: "The successor of Joseph Smith is Joseph Smith, the son of Joseph Smith the prophet. It is his right by lineage, saith the Lord your God."

From the time when word was received that the leadership of the church rightfully belonged to Joseph, the son of the prophet, the church waited for his coming. Not until the winter of 1859 did Joseph decide to accept the office tendered him. In his own writings he relates several spiritual experiences which led to his final decision. In one of them he seemed to be sowing wheat in a field; another man who was harrowing, asked him, "Why not go to Utah?"

As he paused to answer his gaze was attracted upward, and he saw descending upon him a luminous, funnel-shaped cloud that outshone the summer sun. The cloud descended rapidly and settled upon him, completely enveloping him in its radiance, and a voice said, "Because the light in which you stand is greater than theirs." It answered the question why he should not assume leadership of the group in Utah.

The Reorganization

He received further instruction which caused him to open up communication with the Reorganized Church. In 1860 he and his mother attended a General Conference of the church held in Amboy, Illinois, and he was ordained president of the high priesthood, by virtue of which ordination he became the president of the church. Grandfather and Grandmother were present at his ordination and always gave him their loyal confidence and such support as they were able to contribute. They lived at that time in Rochelle, Illinois, a half-day's drive from Amboy by team and wagon.

Father Landers in Maine

I was about three years old when Grandfather expressed to the church his desire to be sent to New Brunswick, where once he had preached the Baptist faith. His request was granted and he set out on the mission with a young elder, George Lindsley, as his fellow-laborer.

Not long after setting out on the journey he had an impressive experience. He became seriously ill when he was about seventy years old. To that time he had been addicted to the use of tobacco—a matter over which I have not ceased to wonder, knowing his devotion to the gospel. In what manner the word of the Lord came to him I do not know, but he was commanded to put away his tobacco and was promised that, if he did, his strength should be renewed and he should return in safety from his mission field. From that time he discontinued the use of tobacco, and his life was extended to the age of ninety-seven.

A quick journey brought the missionaries to Eastport, Maine, where they preached once to a large, attentive congregation and then proceeded to Grand Manan, an island belonging to New Brunswick. There Grandfather found many former acquaintances who seemed greatly pleased to see him. The missionaries at once began to preach, but prejudice was so strong that all the churches except one were closed against them, and soon that also was refused them.

But they preached in the open air, in a sawmill, and in private houses. Twice mobs collected against them, eighteen or twenty in number, with blackened faces, the men armed with clubs and led by two deacons of the Baptist church. Such demonstrations ceased, however, when fines were imposed on the mobbers by the civil authorities. Though the opposition was great, it was not long before six persons were baptized and a small branch was organized.

One of those baptized was the master of a sailing vessel, of whose conversion Elder U. W. Greene has written very interestingly. Having heard of the preachers at work on Grand Manan, he went to the island to hear for himself what they were preaching, for he had heard evil accusations against them. Having

been taken to the house where Father Landers was preaching, he entered into a discussion that lasted until time for the morning sermon. At the close of that service, the discussion began again and did not cease until time for the evening meeting, after which it continued until late in the night.

Captain George W. Eaton

In the morning the captain, George W. Eaton, announced, "I am satisfied you have the gospel, and if you think I am a worthy candidate, I should like to be baptized." The ordinance was attended to at once, Elder George Lindsley officiating. Father Landers confirmed Brother Eaton and, under the spirit of inspiration, ordained him an elder, giving him some great promises which caused the captain to wonder. Within himself he said, "That may do for you, old man, but it doesn't do for George Eaton. If God wants George Eaton to preach the gospel, he will have to tell him so."

Though he had been ordained he did no preaching but fasted and prayed much and one day while in prayer his mind was opened in a vision and he saw himself with Father Landers in a small schooner, sailing up the coast of Maine. He saw that from time to time as the course of the vessel changed the wind changed with it, so that they were able to make the whole trip to his brother's home in McGlathery's Island without shifting sail.

He was shown the critical illness of his brother's wife, saw her healed by administration, saw himself perform the ordinance of baptism, heard the words he used, and witnessed the manner in which the rite was performed. The vision passed away and, while he thought it impossible of accomplishment, he also realized that, should it come to pass, he would know he had been called of God to serve.

Early in the winter of 1866 a letter from his brother informed him of the serious illness of his wife and asked him to visit them. He complied, taking with him Father Landers to present the gospel to his people. Knowing the danger of a trip around the coast of Maine in the latter part of December, he related to Father Landers the vision that had been given him. After praying over the matter, they decided to go, trusting divine direction and protection to bear them safely on the perilous voyage.

A Miraculous Voyage

As the ocean spray struck the side of the vessel, the sails and rigging froze in the blocks as hard as ice could make them, but as it became necessary to shift their course from time to time the wind

would suddenly change. The promise was fulfilled that the wind and the waves should be at their command. Under the light of a full moon they sailed all night and on the second day, having found a safe harbor under a lee shore, all hands slept in safety. The day following was beautiful, and with wind still fair they reached their destination and cast anchor in the harbor as the Lord had promised.

Upon hearing the gospel and learning of its promises, the sick woman asked for administration and was healed instantly. She arose from her bed, waited on them, and prepared herself for baptism. As Father Landers was then seventy-two years of age, he requested Brother Eaton to officiate in the ordinance. As he stood on the beautiful sand beach and gazed upon the clear water his vision recurred to him, and as he entered the water and performed the rite of baptism he realized by the Spirit of God resting upon him that he had been called by divine power to preach the gospel. It was his happy privilege later to baptize his father, mother, brothers, and sisters into the church.

The narrative by U. W. Greene tells that Captain Eaton was of giant stature and strength, being recognized in his youth as the strongest man in the state of Maine. He was a young man of about thirty-five when he traveled and preached with my grandfather, to whom Brother Greene alludes as the pioneer missionary of Maine.

He relates that not long after the events already recorded Captain Eaton and Father Landers went to Little Deer Isle and began to preach there, the captain entering actively into the work. They encountered great persecution, the people being extremely poor and rough in those days, and only their fear of the great strength of Captain Eaton prevented their driving the aged missionary away.

Another strong man entered in also as a defender of the faith when a mob of determined men collected to put a stop to the preaching of Father Landers. This man was at the head of the mob as its leader, declaring himself to be unafraid of George Eaton or any man who walked the earth.

When the mobbers reached the house where the meeting was held, the service had commenced, and they concluded to wait until the sermon was ended. To their surprise their leader turned to them declaring, "You can't touch that man without walking over my dead body. He is preaching the gospel. I have heard that same message before, and every word of it agrees with the Bible."

The man had been on the Pacific coast for a number of years, and one Sabbath morning a man walked onto the deck

of the vessel where he was and asked permission to preach to the assembled crew. The preacher was Joseph Clapp, and the sermon made a profound impression on the man who carried the memory of it across the continent and recognized it when he heard it again as it fell from the lips of the aged servant of Christ, Father Landers. The mob he refused to lead further dispersed quietly, and a few days afterward the man was baptized and remained a firm believer of the gospel to the end of his life.

A Doctor's Determined Wife

Brother Greene told another story of the young giant preacher of Maine and the pioneer missionary who taught him the gospel. They were presenting the gospel in the eastern part of the state and were invited by a certain doctor to hold a series of meetings in his district. He promised them a welcome in his home as well as in the community, saying, "I own everything down there." The place was about fourteen miles from Lubec.

It was midwinter when they made arrangements to act upon the doctor's invitation, and when they reached his home he was out of town and his wife, upon learning they were what she called Mormons, was not disposed to be cordial to them. She not only ordered them from the house but added, "I will see that you do not have a place to stay in this settlement."

Taking their bags, the missionaries left the house and satisfied their hunger on bread and cheese in a grocery store. In the evening they preached in a packed schoolhouse, and at the close of the service explained that they had been invited there by the doctor but had not been received by his wife and were without a place to stay for the night.

As they left the schoolhouse Father Landers said, "Brother George, what are we going to do?"

"Do!" said George. "We are going back to the doctor's house."

"But she turned us out," reminded Father Landers.

"I know that very well," said George, "but if I get my foot through the crack of the door, we will stay in that house for the night."

On approaching the house their footsteps made little noise in the soft snow, and, finding the door unlocked, they entered where the doctor's wife sat by the fire.

Seeing who had entered the room she said sharply, "I thought I told you to get out of my house."

"You did," answered Captain Eaton, "but you have ordered every one in the settlement not to take us in and even have forbidden permission for us to stay

in the schoolhouse. We have no place to go; this missionary is an old man and crippled; he will die if compelled to remain out of doors tonight. But don't get excited, for we are not going out of this house until morning."

"When my boys come in I will have them throw you out," she stormed. Then Brother Eaton straightened up and, raising his great hands, said in a loud voice, "Madam, I have power in these hands to squeeze the life out of those boys, and if you set them on me it will be the sorriest day's work you have ever done."

For a moment she looked him steadily in the eye and then, changing her attitude, she asked if they had had supper. When they said they had not, she prepared an excellent meal for them, after which she made a fire in the parlor, prepared a warming pan, and put it in the bed for them. When her boys came in, they were very friendly.

The missionaries had a good night's rest and in the morning, after a good, warm breakfast, they took their bags and set out on the return trip to Lubec.

How Captain Eaton Carried the Missionary

They had gone about three miles when Father Landers' strength gave out, and he said, "George, I can't walk any longer."

Then the young giant took the old man on his back and, with a bag in each hand, carried him the remaining distance to Lubec. He often said in talking of the incident that he must have received supernatural strength, for he was not conscious of the burden, but enjoyed being able to do something for God's servant.

After fourteen months in the mission field of eastern Maine, Grandfather was summoned home by his soldier son, Henry, who desired greatly to see his father as he realized the end of his life was near. When he had been laid to rest, Grandfather resumed the work he had been divinely commissioned to do, preaching repentance to those who would hear. For some time he labored in Will County, in northeastern Illinois, assisted by Brother Nelson Van Fleet.

In one of his letters he told us he preached on Sundays, and on weekdays traveled from house to house, teaching the Scriptures and praying with families. He wrote: "I am abundantly blessed with the spirit of the Lord, which makes glad the heart, and which alone can advance our cause." The parents of Sister Rosa Pitt were among those converted and baptized at that time.

(To be continued.)

Daughter of the Pioneers

The Autobiography of Christiana Stedman Salyards

PART IV

Childhood Days

While Grandfather was engaged in missionary work I was passing through the successive stages of childhood and early youth. Some fragmentary memories of those days remain with me, and I recall the zest with which I played out in the sunshine with other children—not with elaborate contrivances but with the simple things nature provides, aided by the active and inventive imagination of children.

I remember the visits of uncles and aunts who came to see us in cumbersome lumber wagons. I cried when they went away, because I wanted them with us always, and my unrestrained grief made it hard for the older ones to part. When I reflect upon the intensity of a child's emotions I regard it as a merciful provision of nature that he cannot concentrate for a long period on one thing.

It was fortunate that I could forget when I sat down on a neighbor's peck measure and it went to pieces under me as I played with the children in the barn. Dismayed at the havoc I had wrought, I fled to my home to await the coming of the irate owner of the demolished article, but he did not come and then—I forgot about it! The errors of children are the concomitant of their youth and inexperience, and I can agree with the statement that to punish a child, say of nine years, for his mistakes is to punish him for being nine years old.

It was fortunate for me that my cousin John was a tall lad when I bit him; otherwise it might not have been regarded as a funny incident. It was at a family gathering and I was one of the little ones sprinkled about in the company of grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins.

Hemmed in by tall grownups, I saw immediately before me a pair of loosely clasped hands, with one finger standing out suggestively in line with my teeth. Acting on the suggestion, I opened my mouth, took in the inviting finger, and gave it a good, hard bite.

Tall John looked over his shoulder and down on me in amused surprise, and I looked up at him innocently, conscious only of having acted on an urge to bite. I did not understand why the company laughed as they told one another the funny thing "little Annie" had done. But, had it been another child I bit, I probably should have been regarded as innately cruel, and I might have been punished to ease the feelings of the other child's mother. And I should have failed to understand why, even as I did not understand why people laughed when John took my small attack humorously.

School Days

I started to school when I was six years old. Vigorously we students went through our morning setting-up exercises and fervently sang, "I Want To Be an Angel." We printed our lessons on slates with pencils of chalk sharpened by little boys who considered it a privilege to be assigned the task. When the teacher tapped on a small bell we turned in our seats, arose, placed our books on our heads, marched to the rear of the room, ranged in a long line, and lifting up our childish voices read in loud unison, "A prince is a king, the son of a king, or a man who rules a state." But somehow or other we learned.

When I was nine years old father bought a new home for us—one with a large, grassy orchard, with

trees to climb and a barn for our horse and cow. I had long rambles through the summer when I went with other children to bring the cows home from the pastures. Those walks through the open pasture and the wooded one beyond with my little friends of those days are pleasant pictures on the pages of memory.

The Conferences

Conference is a long word, but I knew it when I was a small girl, though it did not mean to me then what it means now. Then it meant some mysterious place to which Grandfather and Grandmother were going, or from which they were returning when they came to our home. On those occasions I heard names of places I never heard at other times: Plano, Batavia, Sandwich, Mission Branch; and I heard names of people: Blakeslee, Gurley, Howard, Rogers, Blair, and Dancer—names that meant no more to me than the remote clouds that scudded far above me in the sky.

But Grandfather and Grandmother meant something definite. For one thing they meant family prayer. When they came we all knelt in a circle while Grandfather prayed. Sometimes the prayers were very long, and once one of the boys went to sleep. Parts of the prayers we did not understand, but we could sense something of the sanctity of the hour when we were called into the presence of the Heavenly Father and commended to his care.

We were not assembled in prayer at any other time. Father had been christened when a child in England, but he did not attend any church. Mother taught us little rote prayers, which we said at her knee while we were small, but as we grew older we drifted away from her knee, and I remember distinctly the night when I almost drifted away from the habit of prayer, as if it were a thing that belonged only to the years of childhood.

(To be continued.)

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PART V

To Pray, or Not to Pray?

I may have been ten or twelve years old when I stood that night irresolute at my bedside, debating for the first time whether to go to bed without saying the prayer or to continue it. I settled the matter by deciding to say my evening prayer. Perhaps that decision was a momentous one for me. I continued from that time to say the prayer my mother taught me until my spirit awoke within me sufficiently to voice its own petitions to heaven.

The environment in which I grew up was not a very religious one. Our immediate neighbors, who attended church, were either Lutheran or Catholic, but the majority were not churchgoers. I was nine years old before I went to Sunday school. Then I went with two little German neighbors to the Methodist church, although they were of Lutheran parentage and afterward were baptized and confirmed members of that faith.

If I learned anything at all in Sunday school I do not know now what it was, but I conceived a deep respect and loyal affection for the only Sunday school teacher I ever had. She was a teacher in a rural school—a kind, gentle spinster, with whom I had no contact outside of church. In class we sat on a low bench at her feet, and while she tried to teach us some verses of Scripture that had no meaning for us, I sat and admired her green cashmere dress and the shiny kid gloves that encased her slender hands or lay in her lap.

Though I have no definite recollection of anything I learned in Sunday school, I may have absorbed more of good than I realize. I used to take books home from the library, and I learned religious songs and hymns and imbibed something of the spirit of worship. And if I was not taught religion formally in my home, I learned things there for which I revere the memory of both my parents and for which I shall not cease to honor them.

In all my experience I never have known a woman more gracious toward the poor than my mother; and my father, though a taciturn man, had a heart of kindness for those in need. He did not know the scriptural injunction, "Love ye therefore the stranger . . . for ye know the heart of a stranger," but from stern

experience he knew the heartsickness of a stranger in a strange land and was quick to respond to its appeal.

Mercy

One evening as Father and Mother sat on the porch in their chairs, and I, a little girl, sat on a low step at the end of the porch, an elderly man came by carrying a bundle on a stout stick over his shoulder. Addressing my father, he asked permission to sleep in our barn that night. Father was so deliberate in replying that I began to be very anxious, but when he had removed his pipe and had blown away the smoke, he said, "No, I am afraid of fire; I could not let you sleep in my barn; but come into my house and sleep."

Those were merciful words from one who knew the heart of a stranger! They filled me with gladness for the man waiting outside the gate, and Mother arose in all her hospitality and welcomed him, setting before him conveniences for washing himself and giving him food and drink before assigning him his bed for the night. We kept him with us for two weeks, for he was sick with ague. When he recovered he went on his way to his distant destination in the state of New York.

"The Quiet Aisle of Prayer"

My young feet did not often press those quiet aisles, and though I may have missed something the title implies, on the whole I cannot regret it deeply; for when finally I came to the church of the living God, it was with a heart free from religious bias, ready for the impress of the doctrine of his Son.

But once, when still a small girl, by some chance I was in a crowded revival meeting where fervent appeals were being made to those in the congregation to give themselves to Christ. They were singing: "Come to Jesus; come to Jesus; come to Jesus just now!" Many were pressing forward to kneel at the altar, and a little friend and I stepped out into the carpeted aisle and tiptoed to the front of the church.

Timidly following in the wake of older people, we found a place at the rail and knelt there side by side, bowing our heads as we saw others doing. And then Frankie's hat cut an unexpected caper. It slid from her head and rolled away on its stiff brim across the platform to the feet of a row of ministers who sat there. With her little red head bowed

in the attitude of prayer, Frankie was filled with confusion, and I was full of sympathetic anxiety over the recovery of the hat.

The next day I went back to school and my lessons and forgot the revival meeting. I was not religiously awake, for the time for that awakening had not arrived.

I did not deliberately plan to quit going to Sunday school, but when I was about thirteen years old I stopped going. Some trivial thing at first that then seemed great was the deterrent influence, and later others that interfered lengthened my absence into months and years. Sunday school was a thing of the past.

My world was enlarging. High school and its work were engaging my attention, and I also had to do a share of the work of our home. Mother worked with us, but the time never came when the burdens that belonged to us children were permitted to fall on her shoulders. The fact that I had increasingly heavy school work did not make me immune to working at home. The content of many a composition was thought out while I plied the dasher of the churn on the back porch. A deep inward satisfaction followed as I acquired the ability to bake the bread for the family table, and the thrills of quiet pleasure I experienced from scrubbing our big kitchen floor spotlessly clean after having swept it have never been surpassed by any ordinary accomplishment.

I rinsed that floor with much clean water, for one of my grandmothers told me sagely I never could have a clean floor with dirty water.

A Use for Sunday

When I was large enough and sufficiently strong, I took my place at one of the tubs on washday and practiced the now almost extinct art of rubbing clothes on the washboard and wringing them dry by hand.

So the days of work passed by quickly and Sunday came, resolving itself naturally into a day of rest and pleasant leisure. In the quiet hour of the morning, when the breakfast work was over and all the house was in order, I found time to read the current news of what was transpiring in the world outside of my narrow sphere. On one of those mornings I read of the invention of the telephone, regarding as a canard the item that stated that music rendered in Chicago had been heard in Peoria, Illinois, a distance of one hundred sixty miles. Today we are more credulous, ready to believe almost anything we hear in the way of the achievements of science. Men walk the beds of the ocean now, hop its wide expanse in a few hours, and soar with incredible speed beyond the clouds that veil them from our sight.

We talk easily half way around the world.

I usually spent Sunday afternoons with a book on my knee, alternately reading and watching the stream of promenaders who passed our home on a much-traveled street. Looking back on those times, I realize that it is possible for us to be in the world and not of it—to live on friendly terms with the people about us without entering into things we do not approve or enjoy.

Bands played on those fair Sunday mornings, and processions of people in gala attire set forth to picnics in the woods; public gardens opened their gates, and theaters, their doors; refined and friendly neighbors occupied their leisure in casino parties—but it was all remote from me, though I was in the midst of it. Early in life there had entered into my heart from some source a reverence for the Sabbath, and even in the years when I did not go to Sunday school or church services I did not desecrate the holy day.

Revival Meetings

At different times in those years I attended revival meetings when churches that ordinarily were but sparsely filled were crowded to the doors. I went home from such meetings in an uncomfortable state of mind, unwilling to make the public profession of faith suggested by those in charge of the meetings and not quite satisfied with myself for what seemed like a renunciation of Christ. I was not willing to go forward but was unhappy in holding back.

When I was eighteen years old I no longer withstood the appeal. I had reached the age of decision and felt myself confronted by the necessity of choosing whether to acknowledge openly that I believed in Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world and desired him to be a personal Savior to me.

It was at the time of a union revival meeting in our city. When we read the published announcement of the contemplated meetings and the name of the evangelist who was to conduct them, Mother recalled that she had known somewhat intimately a family of that name in the same place from which the evangelist hailed.

Secretly, I did not wish to go, dreading the uncomfortable feelings the revival would arouse in me; and I was relieved when the first week went by and every evening something prevented our going to church. On the evening of the second Sunday of the revival, some of our young folks suddenly decided to go; and one came into the room where I sat reading and said, "Come, Anna, we're going to the revival."

I went with them, saying nothing of the reluctance I felt. The church was an

inviting place with a spacious, high ceiling and brilliant lights. The singing was led by trained voices, and the evangelist was a man of pleasing personality. When the congregation broke softly into the old hymn:

Just as I am without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come,

something within me made instant response, and I could have given myself without reservation.

But when the invitation was given to rise and confess faith in Christ, the others of the group I was with sat still, and so did I. In the worldly town in which I lived, to make public profession of being a Christian would have been to incur ridicule, to which most young people are sensitive. But I went to the revival the next night on my own volition. The text the revivalist chose for the theme of his sermon was "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

She Stood Up

When the invitation to accept Christ was given that night, I stood without hesitation, and I attended after that to the end of the revival. Night after night I arose in all earnestness, and from the depths of my young heart I sang the glad new song:

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

But when I was removed from the environment of the revival, when I knelt alone beside my bed and prayed, I was keenly aware that my night had not passed away; and instead of experiencing the joy I had expected, I was deeply troubled. In full faith I had taken to my soul the comforting promise:

Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt comfort, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

But when I prayed in all contrition of spirit and with what faith I was able to summon, no answer came, and I was disappointed.

I had taken literally the promise that I should have the assurance from God that I was accepted by him. Peace had not come to my soul, but a deeply anxious feeling had. I began to fear I must be exceptionally unworthy, because I did not receive the divine assurance I had expected. I was not willing to go on simply believing God heard me and knew my repentance and my desire to be his child. I felt that in so serious a matter I was entitled to know from him.

I went often to my room to pray, not long prayers but very sincere ones. I

grew so quiet and preoccupied that my mother observed it and suggested I turn my thoughts to other things. My eleven-year-old sister said roguishly in my hearing, "Nan's been good for two weeks." I was trying—oh, how hard I was trying—to be worthy of acceptance by the Lord. And there came nothing to indicate that he heard my prayers or had any interest in me.

Mother got out the big family Bible and tried to teach me what her Latter Day Saint parents had taught her, and my Methodist grandmother from the corner where she sat sewing joined in with something about the Trinity and the Godhead that only added to the confused condition of my mind; so I worried along until one evening near the close of the revival an opportunity came to disclose my perplexity to the evangelist himself.

"Something Wrong"

My cousin Jennie and I had arrived in the church early, and he came down at once and engaged her in conversation, urging her to rise that night and confess her faith in Christ. She maintained stoutly that she could believe in Christ without rising in a revival meeting. I sat a silent listener as they debated the matter, inwardly longing to unburden my heart to him for relief.

Finally he turned to me, saying, "Let me see; I believe you are one of our converts." I answered eagerly that I was, and then he said, "And you feel better, don't you?" My opportunity had come, and I blurted out appealingly, "No, sir; I think I feel worse." He gave me one cold, surprised stare and turned away, saying, "Well, there is something wrong." Under his unsympathetic tones I shrank back within myself to find my way as best I could through the darkness to light.

There was, indeed, something wrong, and five years later I learned what it was. I found it was not in the girl who was not satisfied with sweet, religious emotionalism but who required something more authoritative than the assurances of men that she was accepted of God.

When the strain of the revival was over I settled down again to my work. I had been graduated from high school soon after my seventeenth birthday and had become a schoolteacher, so I was busy. Though I did not unite with any of the churches of our city, I was conscious of a change in myself. I felt that I was a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I made a sincere effort to live a life consistent with what I had expressed publicly.

(To be continued.)

Daughter of the Pioneers

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PART VI

My First Contact With the Church

In the years when I was growing up Grandfather and Grandmother Landers often moved about. My father's parents were living with our family at that time, but a little house was built beside ours, and my mother's parents came there to live. Mother was happy to have them where she could give them the care they needed. I was still young enough to read and enjoy the stories written by Perla Wild in the *Zion's Hope* I found in their home.

I remember vividly an incident that occurred one cold day in winter. Just as the family was being seated at the table at noon Mother handed me a dinner pail partly filled with vegetable soup, saying, "Here, Annie, take this to your grandmother." I took the pail and started out on the run, bareheaded and with sleeves rolled up above the elbows, but just as I rounded the corner of the house, I slipped on a glare of ice and in an instant was extended full length on the walk with the vegetable soup deposited on my outstretched left arm.

Ruefully I gathered myself up and re-entered the house showing Mother the red spot on my arm, but she felt so keenly the loss of the soup she had intended for her mother's table that she wasted little sympathy on me. She refilled the pail and I went more carefully on my errand and delivered the soup to my appreciative grandmother. I realize now, as I did not then, that despite attentions of that kind my grandparents would not have been happy in the environment in which they were placed. They must have had a heart hunger for association with the Saints and for opportunity to talk of the wonderful story of the restoration of the gospel. They were in the midst of a people engrossed with affairs of a lower order, whose minds were unreceptive to great spiritual truths.

They moved about and finally found a home in a small branch of the church in Blue Rapids, Kansas; and their children, who gladly would have cared for them, were forced to accept the situation. They

were living there happily when a young cousin and I went to visit them in the summer vacation following the experience in the revival meeting of which I have written.

Our visit took us first to Beatrice, Nebraska, and after spending some time there we went down through the Otoe reservation into Kansas. I had read Indian stories when a little girl until often I was afraid to step out of doors. It was interesting to see Indians on the platforms of some of the stations, most of them quiet, peaceable men in the ordinary garb of farmers.

We went by rail to Marysville, Kansas, and there took a surrey ten miles over the rolling prairies to Blue Rapids. As the day neared its close we skimmed along with the fresh breeze of evening fanning our faces. We were drawing nearer and nearer to Grandfather's house.

We found it down on "the flats," where the Little Blue River made a horse-shoe bend. There the streets presented quite a country-village aspect, with tiny houses bordering on narrow footpaths instead of sidewalks. I went in to reconnoiter the little one pointed out as my grandparents' and found them at their evening meal.

We arrived on Wednesday and after we had refreshed ourselves we went to prayer meeting. We walked the aisles of prayer that night in what was to us a strange little church in marked contrast with the spacious one in which I had avowed my faith in Christ six months before. This building was a small, low structure of one room. The boards of the walls ran up and down and had never been touched by paint so the building was black from weathering. No stretch of liberality could concede anything attractive to this house of prayer.

A Wonderful Experience

But a wonderful thing happened that night in that unpretentious little church. Grandfather was seated in the front row directly facing the rude pulpit, and Grandmother and we girls were across the room from where he sat so I had a direct view of his face as he arose to speak. I observed a pure whiteness over-

spread his countenance as he began to speak in a language I had not heard before—a thing that in itself was strange because he knew no other than his native tongue.

When he sat down the people knelt in prayer for the interpretation of what had been said through him, and when they had resumed their seats the man presiding said he was ready to give it. A portion of what he said seemed to be directed at my cousin and me, as we were the only nonmembers present. He said, "And you, my handmaidens, if you will come down in the depths of humility and be baptized . . ." I do not remember the rest.

At home no comment was passed on what had transpired in the meeting, and as we all were weary, we soon retired. But my cousin and I discussed the unusual thing we had heard. As a last word I said, "Well, Grandfather never told us a lie in his life, and he wouldn't act one. I believe he was sincere in what he did, but as for that other man, I don't believe a word he said. They needn't try to 'handmaiden' me." Then we went to sleep.

In a day or so we went on our way to visit other relatives, intending to return and complete our stay with our grandparents later, but I was called home by the illness of my mother and our time was cut short. Poor Grandmother was sad at parting with us, fearing she never would see us again. She faintly broached the subject of our baptism, but we both felt reluctant to be baptized, being quite unprepared for it. We talked aside regretfully, unwilling to grieve her, but we both felt relieved when we got away without having been baptized.

Under a Guiding Hand

In those early years I memorized these lines of poetry:

There is never a life of perfect rest,
And not every cloud has a silver crest.
But there is a Power, unseen and true,
That out of the struggle is leading you;
In patience and faith to the Father cling.
You are the subject, and God is king.

I had come to a crisis in my life, though at that time I did not realize it, and that Power, unseen and true, kept me from entering a path that would have precluded my doing the work in life that has been assigned me, for I probably should never have joined the church. Here I shall follow the advice of the canny Scot who suggests that, while we may confide our inmost thoughts to a bosom crony,

Still keep something to yourself'
Ye hardly tell tae ony.

(To be continued.)

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Part VII

First Teaching Position

When I was twenty years old I went to teach school in the little town where my father was superintendent of an extensive ice plant. At the same time an attractive young stranger came to that town and we became interested in each other. But the opposition of the men of our family broke in on the dream of youth, and the young stranger went away.

At the time of his going I was given a significant dream, which I understood only in part. In the dream I seemed to be walking along on the main business street of my home town, and a little behind me in a group of men was the one to whom I have referred. When I reached a certain corner I turned and began the steep ascent of a street that led upward six blocks to the crest of the bluff it climbed. I looked back and saw my friend disappear from my view as he continued in the low path I had been following.

I have walked many years in the way that leads upward, but, as I have already stated, I probably wouldn't have entered it had I not been guided by the Power, unseen and true, that directed my way. I must have been in a very real danger when that guiding power intervened. I had gone upstairs one morning to tack down a carpet in my brothers' room and was on my knees at work when a distinct impression entered my mind to go away at once to my uncle's home, fifty miles distant. I anticipated a protest from my mother because of her health, but she offered no remonstrance to my going; so I packed my bag, dressed for my trip, procured a maid to take my place in the home, and boarded the eastbound train. The next train from Chicago brought in the one I so longed to see. We had passed each other on the way.

I was completing my third year as a teacher in the school I have mentioned, when one day my mother confided to me her anxiety over the separation of her parents from all of their children and her fear for them when winter should come. It flashed across my mind that I could go to them, and after a little conversation, it was decided that I should do so when my school had closed.

The School

This may be the place to write a little about the school to which I had devoted myself for three years. On the morning when first I stepped on the platform there were about forty-five students, but the small town was growing because of the employment afforded by the ice business. The school grew also, so that the average daily attendance during a large part of the second year was ninety-eight.

I still enjoy thinking over those busy years when I learned to bear the yoke of close application to my work. There was plenty of it waiting for me in later life, and those early years were in a way a preparation for what was to come. But often, as I stepped on the platform on the morning of a new day and looked into the upturned faces of a hundred children, I felt a thrill of keen enjoyment, and those young voices, raised in happy song, afforded me a pleasure seldom equaled by more pretentious choruses. I cherish the memories that cluster around that schoolroom.

Going to Blue Rapids

The agreement with my mother was carried out, and when school closed in June, 1884, I set out for Grandfather's home. I left on Mother's birthday, and she stood smiling and waving her hand as we drove away to take the train in Princeton, Illinois. In our family we always celebrated the anniversary of her birth by having strawberries. Her mother had instituted the custom, and we thought the day could not pass without the birthday treat. But that year not a berry was to be had in town, and it seemed that Mother and all the rest of the family were destined to go without. In Princeton, however, I found several boxes of berries and added fine, luscious cherries to fill out a half crate of fruit, which I sent home by Frank, my father's teamster. And here I cannot forbear mentioning an incident, because of the pure neighborliness and good will it manifested. A man who lived across the street from my home brought from a near-by town a couple of boxes of berries for his family, and in the dusk of the evening his wife carried Mother a small serving of the scarce fruit with a large serving of neighborly kindness. Then Frank arrived with my gift of fruit, and I feel confident

Mother reciprocated Mrs. Kellogg's generosity.

I did not go directly to Grandfather's home, but visited some relatives on the way. It was then I had a dream which I did not understand at the time. In it I seemed to be standing in the doorway of a building to which a few people were coming in small groups of two or three. I seemed to be unobserved as they passed me and went up a short stairway. One man came alone on crutches. He, too, passed me and began to ascend the stairway, but when he had passed the fourth step he swung his crutches about under his arm and went up well and strong.

I looked after him, wondering what had happened to cause the change in him. I decided to go up the stairway and find out where the people were going and what they were doing. I ascended the stairs and saw a long table spread with a white cloth; the people seated on both sides of it were eating, but I saw no food on the table.

Back of the table at a distance I saw a great mass of people, looking down intently at those eating at the table. I found a place and sat down with those eating. Then the dream closed. I wondered a little over it and then let it pass, but after I had come into the church I understood its meaning. I was near the entrance to the church to which a few people were coming; they took the steps required by the gospel of Christ: faith, repentance, baptism, and the laying on of hands, and continued in the way commanded by him. The crippled man was healed in conformity with the promise, "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

The white table at which the people were eating represented the table of the Lord, and there was no visible food on it because they were partaking of spiritual food—the bread from heaven. The great mass of people in the background represented the world. They were not mocking, or ridiculing, or persecuting, but they were watching us very intently.

Experience With the Church

I did not reach Blue Rapids until August 20, 1884. It was Grandfather's ninetieth birthday; Grandmother was then seventy-nine. A thunderstorm the night before had washed the streets clean; the morning was bright and cheery; and the merchants were opening their doors and lowering their awnings for the day. A young woman with me, whom I had met in the latter part of my journey, volunteered the information that the Reorganized Latter Day Saints among whom I was going were just like the Utah Mormons. She called them Mormons and said she knew all about them since she had played with their children and been in their homes.

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I answered that my grandparents were people who would not be connected with anything wrong, and that I was acquainted with their church publication, which carried on its first page a quotation from the Book of Mormon: "There shall not any man among you have save it be one wife." I added, "I shall go among those people and keep my eyes open and shall find out for myself what kind of people they are." I never saw the young woman again.

I was twenty-three years old at that time. I had come to the humble home of my grandparents for a purpose. I may safely say now what I did not know then—that I had been led to it for a purpose. It is apparent to me now the Lord directed me there to reveal to me the gospel of Jesus Christ so that the joy of it might enter into my life and bless me, and that through me others would also be blessed.

I went to my grandfather's house, knowing I should have to live more frugally than I had been accustomed to. I knew I should have to live in a tiny three-room house without modern conveniences. I knew I should have no young associates—only the companionship of two very old people. I went knowing these things and prepared to be content. I assumed the duties of the small household quietly and happily, feeling as I drank in the peace and quiet of that tranquil home the truth of the words, "Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."—Proverbs 15: 17.

I had decided before going that I would attend the Methodist church and had noted the location of it as I passed. Instead, I became a regular attendant at the Reorganized Latter Day Saint meetings. Grandfather was pastor of the little flock, and one evening when the weather was too damp for him to go to the church, the small group came to our house for prayer meeting.

I was the only one present not of the church, and when he said, "Let every one feel free to speak, whether he belongs to the church or not," I knew he wished I would express myself with regard to the church. After a time I did so. I told the people I knew they were good and kind to my aged grandparents, but I did not know whether their church was what they claimed it to be. I said, "You believe the Book of Mormon, but the world discredits it. You believe Joseph Smith was a prophet, but the world says he was an impostor. I do not know the truth in these matters. If I knew your church to be the true one I would join it, but I do not know, and I wish to be careful and not make a mistake."

When I had finished, one of the group suggested that they offer prayer, and they

knelt and prayed that this one who was willing to walk in the light might be led into it. Then the meeting was dismissed, but the man who had offered the prayer lingered to ask me if I knew there is promise in the Bible that we may know individually of the truth of the gospel. I answered that I knew little about the Bible, and he went away without telling me more.

I went at once to Grandfather to ask if there is such a promise in the Bible, and he pointed out to me the words of Jesus in John 7: 17: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Like one of old I kept the words of that promise in my heart and pondered them.

Decision

I have stated that I arrived at my grandfather's house on the twentieth day of August. On the twenty-seventh day of October, 1884, I was baptized. It has always been a source of pleasure to me to know I opened my heart with ready acceptance to the appeal of truth. Jesus said: "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me." I had not been able to hear the Shepherd's voice in the church where I confessed my faith in him five years before, and because I could not hear the voice for which I listened I had not followed further with those professors of religion. I was still listen-

ing to hear the voice of truth before I would enter the path pointed out by the Reorganized Latter Day Saints.

As I look back to those days I can visualize Grandfather and Grandmother in their rockers side by side, he reading the *Herald* and she listening intently. When he had finished, he would read from one of the books of the church, or they would rock softly and sing together familiar old hymns or talk over their experiences in the earlier days of the church. Not knowing the value of the information they could have given me, I asked no questions, for it was all foreign to the life I had lived up to that time.

Soon after my arrival in their home one of the missionaries of the church visited the branch and sold their nearest neighbor a copy of *The Braden—Kelley Debate*, newly published by the church. The neighbor lent the book to Grandfather to read, but the print was too fine for his eyes, and I offered to read it to him. The debate plunged me into questions too ponderous for me to cope with, because of my ignorance of the Scriptures. I said to myself repeatedly, "I can never settle these questions in my own wisdom." As I reached this conclusion again and again the words of Jesus would recur to me, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself."

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Daughter of the Pioneers

The Autobiography of Christiana Stedman Salyards

Part VIII

Baptism

Gradually the resolution fixed itself in my mind that sometime I would put that promise to a test. I understood that the next step for me to take would be baptism into the church. I do not know how long I might have procrastinated had it not been that a two days' meeting was held in our branch in October. At the close of that meeting I was baptized.

We went down a little woodland path to a secluded spot on the banks of the Little Blue River. The sumacs were red that morning and the maples were yellow and brown, for it was the beginning of a bright, beautiful day in Indian Summer. We stood on the pebbly shore of the river with its clean, clear waters. On the opposite shore great trees stood like quiet sentinels and witnesses of what was being transacted. Another candidate was baptized before me.

As I stood there in the water, the old cry that had been in my heart five years before arose again. I covered my face with my hands and lifted my heart to God in a wordless appeal. My petition could not find words to express itself and I simply looked up to the Invisible One in earnest desire.

For a moment I stood there with bowed head, oblivious to all else but the one great cry in my heart. Then I uncovered my face and the officiating elder took my clasped hands in his left one as he raised his right hand to heaven and said: "Sister Annie, having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." Then he laid me under the water and raised me again out of it.

"Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you!" Those were words of great import to be spoken by the farmer who stood with me in the water. When and how had he been commissioned of Jesus Christ to baptize?

In his personal ministry in Palestine, Jesus had sent forth a body of men upon whom he had conferred the authority to baptize. They had acted under that authority and had conferred it upon other men who followed them; but in the dark ages of the history of the church that authority had been withdrawn, because God ceases to recognize a church and to work with it when it no longer keeps his commandments.

It was an important feature of the Restoration that authority to act for God should again be conferred upon the church, so a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light and conferred upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery the authority to baptize persons in water for the remission of sins. He said there was another priesthood that had power to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Spirit and that this would be conferred upon them later, which promise was fulfilled. Therefore, after the rite of baptism in water had been performed, we returned to Grandfather's house for the ordinance of the laying on of hands for the baptism of the Holy Spirit; for it is written in the law of the church: "On as many as ye shall baptize with water, ye shall lay your hands, and they shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."—Doctrine and Covenants 39: 6.

Jesus spoke of this baptism when he said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Not only must we be baptized in water, but a new life must enter into us from the Spirit of Christ, and that life must continue in us, preparing us for the kingdom of God.

Wondering

When our guests had departed and quiet had settled down again on our little household, I said wonderingly within myself as I went about my work, "Is this all there is in it?" For I did not yet know what I so earnestly desired to realize. I began at once, on the afternoon of the day of my baptism, to study a book of tracts I had bought from the elders. I was trying to help myself to understand the doctrine of the church. And I went often to my small room and offered brief prayers, always asking the Lord to let me know if the church I had identified myself with was his. I had joined it in faith, trusting the promise that I should know the truth, and for this I prayed steadfastly.

I recall that one evening I went on an errand to the house of a neighbor, and out in the darkness of the night I paused a moment and, with my arm upraised to protect my face, I leaned against the corner of the house and presented the appeal that was constantly in my heart—the prayer for light and knowledge from God.

A Memorable Prayer Meeting

Two weeks passed, and the weather grew colder. On the second Sunday of the month, November 9, there was a light fall of snow, and my grandparents did not go out in the cold to attend the evening service at the church. Only five persons were there that night, and the meeting was changed to a prayer and testimony meeting. I listened eagerly to the evidence offered to the truthfulness of the latter-day work.

It seemed to me I had never been in so satisfying a meeting, and when I had run home through the cold, frosty night I sat on the edge of Grandmother's bed and told her all about it, saying, "O, Grandmother, it was the best meeting I ever was in." Then I went to my little cold room and retired.

Baptism of the Spirit

I was just falling asleep when I was awakened by a power that permeated my whole being until it seemed that every particle of my body felt its searching penetration. It increased in intensity until it seemed that my physical body could receive no more, and I heard myself sigh aloud. At the same time a voice spoke in my heart the familiar words, "His pardoning voice I hear."

Then the power that had filled me began to decrease until I was again in my normal condition, but I was so wide awake that I lay for three hours, thinking over what had occurred and wishing I could go at once and tell my grandparents of it. I knew what had happened to me. I knew that the promise of Jesus had been fulfilled and that now I could say the gospel had come to me not in word only but in power and demonstration of the Spirit. My earnest prayers had been answered, and I knew I had entered the way of truth.

I knew also that there rested on me a new responsibility, and I arose from my bed and knelt before God saying, "Father, you have heard my prayers and have given me to know the gospel is true. Now help me to be always faithful to what I know." After three hours of wakefulness I finally slept. When I told of my experience the next morning as we sat at the breakfast table, my dear old grandfather said gently, "Yes, yes, child, I know what that is. I have felt it more than once, and more than ten times."

Winter in Blue Rapids

My time could not all be given to reading and study. As the cold of winter increased, I had to spend considerable time keeping the little home comfortable. We went into winter quarters in the living room and used the small kitchen we vacated to store wood for our one stove. The extreme frugality we practiced was a revelation to me, and I ought to have

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written home about it, but I allowed Grandfather and Grandmother to order the affairs of their household as they always had done.

We did not suffer that winter, but my little bedroom became so unbearably cold that I went into the living room to sleep on the day bed. We three lived all winter in that one room, but we were comfortable. We were well, warm, and had plenty to eat. Perhaps my greatest trial was making the morning fires. Someone had delivered to Grandfather wood that was not well seasoned, and it did not burn readily. I spent at least an hour every morning getting the fire started.

The Vision of the Roses

I had not been in the church long when I began to hear dissatisfaction expressed over some who, though enrolled as members, never appeared at services or manifested interest in the work. Some advocated drastic measures, and the steps to be taken were discussed. I felt concerned over what my attitude should be if action in the matter was taken. I felt that I should not be neutral, but the course I should take was not clear to me.

One night as I slept there appeared before me as in a dream a bouquet of beautiful white roses, which I understood was to be carried to the church and placed on the pulpit. As I looked at them, admiring their freshness and purity, I noticed on the right hand edge of the bouquet a small number of black roses. They were not withered or drooping, but were black in color. They stood up as fresh and crisp as the white ones.

Thinking they did not belong with the white roses, I put forth my hand to remove them, when a voice at my left shoulder arrested me: "Let them alone; the white roses will shine in the daytime, and the black ones will shine in the night." I withdrew my hand, though it was not at all clear to me how black roses could shine at night.

Later one of the apparently indifferent members of the branch made a trip into western Kansas. When he came back a young woman, the wife of one of his nephews, came with him to visit relatives. One day she was brought to call at our home, and in the conversation that ensued Grandmother asked the young woman if she belonged to the church. She replied, "No; I never even heard of it until Uncle S--- came out and told us of it."

Instantly the vision of the roses flashed across my mind, and when the callers had gone I said to Grandmother, "I saw one of the black roses shining in the night." Uncle S---, apparently indifferent to the church at home, let his feeble light shine out in the darkness of the benighted world.

John Cairns, Missionary

While I was with my grandparents they received a very comforting message that concerned John Cairns, the only living brother of my grandmother, who had held himself aloof from the church from the time of the Nauvoo debacle. I have already mentioned that he was baptized, confirmed, and ordained an elder in one day in Canada by James A. Blakeslee. That was in 1834 when he was about twenty-five years old and the church was in the fourth year of its organization. A sturdy young Scotsman, John entered the missionary field in Canada laboring in the territory between Kingston and the Bay of Quinte. One he baptized was Jehiel Savage, a successful Methodist minister, who readily received the restored gospel and entered actively into the work of the church.

In the spring of 1842 John Cairns moved with his family to Nauvoo and was there received into the high priests' quorum. When a Presbyterian minister of Quincy, Illinois, challenged Joseph to meet him in debate Joseph replied that he would send some of his boys; Josiah Ells and John Cairns were the ones he selected to go. Josiah defended the church in the debate, and John followed as the speaker in a grove near by. On that occasion Governor Ford of Illinois sat on the platform with the young preacher and commended his effort.

In the summer of that year Reuben Hedlock and John Cairns sailed from New York to Liverpool on a mission to the British Isles. There John was appointed to visit the principal cities of England and Scotland. He spent six months in London, traveled in the north of Ireland, and held two debates with a socialist in Dundee, Scotland. The result of his labors was a revival of interest in the work and many additions to the membership of the church.

He was in Kilmarnock, Scotland, when word came of the tragic death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. He hastened at once to his native city, Glasgow, where a hall had been draped to express the bereavement of the church. There he delivered a memorial sermon to an assembly of about one thousand persons. He continued in his mission field until March, 1845, when he returned to America with a company of Saints. He had been absent about three years and he found conditions much changed in the church at Nauvoo.

Trying Times

There must have been "very disturbed" conditions, as some have written who went through those trying times. Urged to go by those without and counseled to go by designing men within, many

set out on a memorable trek across the great western plains, of which heart-rending things have been written. A considerable number went but not the whole church. Scattered abroad were many who never had been in Nauvoo; some who had started out in the trek to the distant west returned and united with the church when it was reorganized. The widow and children of Joseph Smith retained their home in Nauvoo, and there his sons grew to honorable and respected manhood until the time came when they were called to enter actively into the gathering of the scattered flock.

Further Disappointment

Upon his return from Europe in 1845 John Cairns took in the situation in Nauvoo and withdrew from the church. In later years he stated his reasons in a letter: "Becoming satisfied that there had been a vast departure from the faith, and looking on the self-styled authorities as shepherds I could not trust, I quietly removed with my family to St. Louis." Knowing him as I did, I am not so sure he was quiet when he returned from his foreign mission and found the church in the turmoil of those troubled years.

Still a young man he founded a lucrative business and gained a creditable standing in the city, serving for a number of years as a member of the city council and for a time on the board of health. Ever eager in quest of knowledge he availed himself of his opportunities to store his mind with valuable information. I have been told that missionaries of the church, passing through the city found hospitality in his home and were helped on their way financially, but he could not be induced to enter again into the cause in which he had found such deep disappointment.

Perhaps his prosperity and the enjoyment of his civic activities had something to do with his attitude toward the church, but the time came when reverses swept from him all material gain. The year before I went to Kansas he visited in our home, and I look back with appreciation on the benefit I derived from association with him. I never heard him mention his former connection with the church, but every Monday he bought a copy of the *Chicago Tribune* from the newsboy on the westbound train, and that evening, when others had retired, I read to Mother and him the sermons of prominent pastors of Chicago congregations. This was my first real introduction to the consideration of religious matters.

(To be continued.)

Daughter of the Pioneers

The Autobiography of Christiana Stedman Salyards

Part IX

Accepted by the Reorganization

From our home Uncle John went to live with his daughter in Hannibal, Missouri. She was a member of the Reorganized Church, and there he renewed acquaintance with Elder John Taylor, whom he had known in Glasgow, Scotland. Elder Taylor was pastor of Hannibal branch and Uncle John attended its services. He found there the same spiritual power that had attended the church he had joined in his youth in Canada.

He asked to be received into the Reorganized Church, and his letter of application was forwarded to the presidency of the church in Lamoni, Iowa. President Joseph Smith, who as a growing boy in Nauvoo had known him, answered, "Take the man in and ask him no questions." He was received into the church on his original baptism, and that was the good news that came to us while I was with my grandparents in Blue Rapids.

I have seen the picture of a bark stranded on a lonely shore at nightfall; beneath it were the lines:

Each wave that we danced on at morning
ebbs from us
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone.

The pleasures and activities of life were all past for Uncle John, but the shore was not bleak when he found rest and peace in the church he had loved and served in his youth. But the vanished years in which he might have continued his service could not be recalled.

Early Spiritual Experiences

I have been told that the little black church has long since disappeared from the flats in Blue Rapids and that only a hole in the ground marks the spot where stood the tiny house that sheltered my grandparents and me that outstanding winter of my life. The Little Blue River arose at some time in a flood that did a work of devastation, and when a new building was erected it was in the better part of the little city.

As I had sat in that obscure little church in prayer meetings the Spirit had come and burned in my heart, and I sat in silent wonder, not understanding until I read the words of the men with whom Jesus walked to Emmaus: "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked

with us by the way." I had other experiences which made me aware that I had entered into a spiritual life.

I was a guest one evening in the home of a family of Saints. They lived in a house that was built partly of logs. Alone in the living room while supper was being prepared, I picked up a small Bible that lay on a stand near me and began to read in the first chapter of the first letter of Peter. In the closing verses I read: "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."

The words came with such a power that it seemed as if they were spoken directly to me: "This is the word *which by the gospel is preached unto you.*" As I read I was able to understand the startling emphasis with which the Spirit spoke in the heart of Martin Luther, "The just shall live by faith"; also in the heart of Joseph Smith, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

The whole environment under which I entered the church was calculated to impress upon me the truth so important for a young person to realize—that the beauty and glory of this world are transient and destined to pass away and that lasting beauty and glory are in the realm of spiritual things. The virtues the gospel of Christ would instill into our spirits are those that survive the passing of time. This is the beauty that does not know decay or change, the beauty with which we will adorn ourselves if we are wise.

I was young at this time and enjoyed beautiful things as all normal girls do. Just before leaving home I had bought an expensive silk dress, but I never wore it during my stay in Blue Rapids. When I began to understand the principle of equality the gospel teaches, and when I read that the Lord is not pleased to see some of his people very poorly dressed and others in rich attire, I said I never would buy another silk dress. When silk came into common use I modified my attitude somewhat, but I still think it is better to clothe ourselves in the mantle of generous love for our fellow creatures than to robe ourselves in garments of beauty that adorn only our physical bodies.

"The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour." It lives on in glory and power and makes Christ the one altogether lovely and the chief among ten thousand.

Putting on the Armor

My stay in Kansas came to an abrupt end. I went home with what has been termed "a humble set of values," a realization that "the simple, homely, unpretentious things of life are the most important."

I was called home by telegram. Father was sick. I went in March, and my sudden departure was made easier by the fact that my grandparents were with friends in Clay Center and remained there until the arrival of spring permitted them to go back to their little home.

In my Illinois home, spring budded and bloomed into summer, and June had come before Father was able to take his first drive. It was a great event in our family. We went to bed that night with lighter hearts than we had known in many months. We believed health and strength were coming back to Father and happiness to us all.

But the quiet of the June night was broken suddenly by hoarse cries and shoutings on the streets. We sprang from our beds to see a ruddy glare on the southern sky. Father knew intuitively what it was. It was a catastrophe he had dreaded and had guarded against.

Father's Career Finished

The cry was "Fire! Fire!" and he knew it was at the boatyard. Either the immense icehouse or the steamboat, on which the owner had just spent more than twenty thousand dollars, was burning. He was right. The "Joe Fleming" was ablaze and burned that night to the water's edge, set afire by a youth half crazed with drink.

What did the burning of the "Fleming" mean to us? It meant that the owner of the ice plant decided not to buy another steamboat but to hire his towing done. It meant that one man less would be required in the superintendency of his ice work. Father resigned in favor of my brother.

Father's working days were over. Many a family knows the pathos of the time when "the prop that doth sustain the house" suddenly is removed, when the one to whom the whole family has looked as a source of strength is shorn of power to do, when he who has sturdily borne the burdens of life can bear them no longer.

Those who have had the experience know what readjustments must be made as those burdens are transferred to other shoulders. They know what lessons must be mastered by the young as they learn to be leaned upon and by the old as they learn the equally hard lesson of leaning upon others. We learned those lessons in the days when Father could no longer work.

(To be continued.)

Daughter of the Pioneers

The Autobiography of Christiana Stedman Salyards

Part X

Defending the Faith

I chose to go to a school in Dixon, Illinois, and I had hardly been enrolled in my classes when I was made conspicuous by my religion. It happened in American colonial history class. I had been asked to recite on the purported revelations of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson. I stood waiting to be excused when the professor asked if I believed Mrs. Hutchinson was inspired. I said I did not believe so, and then, like a bolt from a clear sky, came a question I had not anticipated: "Do you believe any man since the days of Jesus Christ and the apostles has been inspired?"

I have read somewhere that, should a French woman and an English woman come unexpectedly to a mud puddle, the French woman would take in the situation at a glance, skirt the puddle with her twinkling toes, and reach the other side without a trace of mud on her dainty shoes; but the English woman, without hesitation, would plow straight through.

I think I was like the English woman when I was called unexpectedly to answer the question, "Do you believe any man since the days of Christ and the apostles has been inspired?" Without hesitation I answered, "Yes, sir."

Professor Scott looked at me with his keen black eyes and then put his question again, stating it very slowly and distinctly as if to help me to take in its meaning, and again I answered without hesitation, "Yes, sir."

He looked at me a moment more searchingly than before; then he took a step forward, leaned across the intervening space of an empty seat and asked with strong emphasis, "Who, since the days of Christ and the apostles, has been inspired?"

I had been wondering since entering the school if, among so many young people, there was not one Reorganized Latter Day Saint besides myself. Now I took one quick glance over the room to see if I could catch a look of recognition in any face, but there was nothing to encourage me. I saw only the blank look of surprised interest in the dialogue between the professor and me.

I turned back to him and said, "I suppose there is not another person here who thinks as I do, but I believe Joseph

Smith, the man whom the world despises today, was a prophet of God."

For a moment he stared at me, and then, recovering himself, he said, "You may be seated." I sat down nervous and quivering from the scrutiny to which I was being subjected.

I was no more than seated when a student on the far side of the room began waving his arm and snapping his fingers to attract attention. He asked, "What was that she said? I did not hear what she said."

I do not know what it was that stung me, but something did, and I came back to my feet to say, "If Mr. B or anybody else wants to know why I believe as I do, let him come and ask me. I think I can assure him it is not through ignorance." I said that because I knew there were those who regarded Latter Day Saints as a body of ignorant fanatics, and I knew their religion to be a challenge to the best intelligence of men.

Professor Scott was making his way across the room to answer the inquiring student. He looked over his shoulder to tell me it was not customary for a member of the class to take the floor without recognition from the teacher, but his manner was very kind and he also said, "I am glad Miss Stedman is in the class, for heretofore we have been at liberty to abuse the Mormons to our hearts' content. With someone to take their side we may learn things we have not known before."

Then it was noon, and the class was dismissed. As I walked down the long halls to my room, I passed groups of students congregated at the door of the dining room, waiting to go in. Word had preceded me; I saw covert looks and heard stage whispers of "What did she say she believes?"

A few days later Professor Scott announced that he would like to have me stop at his desk. When I did so, he asked if I would review an article on Mormonism he would bring me. I answered that I would, and then I put to him the direct question, "Do you know there are two churches, entirely distinct, called by names almost identical, and both known as Mormon?"

When he said he did not know it, I said, "I wish you to understand that the church of which I am a member has no connection with Utah, but has its headquarters in southern Iowa."

"I have heard," he said, "of a people who lived in Plano, Illinois, some years

ago who were known as Mormons." I told him they were people of my church, who had removed as a body to southern Iowa and had their headquarters at Lamoni.

I was very late to dinner that day, and so was Professor Scott. We became so interested in our subject that we could hardly end the discussion. Making our way along the halls and down the steps, we halted frequently to give undivided attention to what we were discussing. I was deeply interested in presenting the church in its true light, and he was interested as a teacher of history in following a clue to something he had not known before.

Discussions of the Book of Mormon

I carried him copies of the *Herald* and other reading matter, and when I went home at vacation time I started back with my mother's Book of Mormon, but in some way it was lost on the journey. However, he followed up the clue he had received from me and informed himself somewhat concerning our church.

As the class in history neared the story of the expulsion of the church from Nauvoo I grew very anxious. I thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. I had been in the church only about a year and a half, and the greater part of that time I had been an isolated member. My only opportunity to learn had been by reading the *Herald* and studying the books and tracts published by the church, but my interest was so great that I had applied myself and had gained some information, for which I was thankful in my hour of need.

The Solomon Spaulding Hoax

The day of the discussion arrived, and, as was to be expected, the young people of the class told the stories they had read in encyclopedias and histories pertaining to the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and the establishment of the church. One of them told the story of the *Manuscript Found*, a romance written by Solomon Spaulding, which had disappeared from a printing office to which it had been intrusted, and which was assumed to have been stolen.

It was claimed by some that this manuscript had been made the basis of the Book of Mormon, and witnesses were produced who testified that they recognized certain expressions and proper names peculiar to the Book of Mormon as having been in the story written by Solomon Spaulding. The college students had read these stories and repeated them in the class discussion. They repeated also the assertion they had read that the Book of Mormon teaches the doctrine of polygamy. I was the last to be called

upon. Then the professor turned to me saying, "Now, Miss Stedman, what have you to say?"

I arose and told our version of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and the beginning of the latter day work. I explained the Spaulding story by telling the class that within the last year the manuscript of that story had been found most unexpectedly in Honolulu, Hawaii, in the possession of Mr. L. L. Rice. It had come into his possession when he bought out a printing office in Ohio many years before and had removed a large collection of books and manuscripts to Hawaii.

In looking through those old pamphlets and papers Mr. Rice found a faded manuscript which proved to be the "Manuscript Story" of Solomon Spaulding. He deposited it in the library of Oberlin College, Ohio, to be read by anyone who might wish to examine it.

Concerning the manuscript he found Mr. Rice wrote: "Two things are true concerning the manuscript in my possession: First, it is a genuine writing of Solomon Spaulding; second, it is *not* the original of the Book of Mormon. My opinion is, from all I have seen and learned, that this is the *only* writing of Spaulding, and there is no foundation for the statement of Deming and others, that Spaulding made another story, more elaborate, of which several copies were written, one of which Rigdon stole from a printing office in Pittsburgh."

I told the class that President Fairchild of Oberlin College had furnished the officials of the Reorganized Church certified copies of the *Manuscript Found*, that it had been printed and placed on sale that all interested persons might read it and know there is no foundation for the story that it was the origin of the Book of Mormon.

The Question of Polygamy

I cited the class to the teachings of the Book of Mormon on the matter of polygamy, which it plainly denounces.

I told them Joseph Smith had been dead eight years before the Utah church brought forth the document that taught polygamy. I told them also that Joseph Smith's three sons were members of the Reorganized Church.

At the close of an interesting period the professor asked the class to show by uplifted hands how many had learned things they did not know before, and I think every hand went up. He closed the session by giving them a piece of good advice, warning them to make it a rule not to judge a person before having heard his side of a matter—"for," he said, "you might condemn someone as good as yourself, if not better."

(To be continued.)

Spiritual Growth Through Stewardship

(Continued from page 13.)

will remember some of our fundamental teachings in their times of need. God is very kind and just; if he has given them greater responsibilities, he has also given them greater opportunities. I have often felt that the good which may lie within our own children arises out of what has been divinely implanted within them and nurtured by good Christian family relations.

DO WE WANT to build the kingdom? Do we want to achieve it? Well, we can, and more than that I think we are achieving it. There is imposed upon women of the church a tremendous responsibility. Many years ago when we held meetings in the lower auditorium of this Stone Church the women brought into the treasury of the church every dollar they could save as a result of work, faith, and sacrifice. Week after week these monies were brought to the bishop to help pay off the church debt. Then one day when a banker said to me, "I don't see how your church ever pulled out of the condition it was in, and when I talked to you at the time I don't believe you knew how it could be done either," I said, "There is just one thing—I knew something about the sacrifices and devotion, particularly of the women of the church. I knew that if we were given time there would be brought into the coffers of the church the monies necessary to pay off our debt, because I know of that underlying purpose and that devotion and spirit of consecration which would bring to the church release from its bondage. I knew that because I knew the people and of their consecration."

I knew people in the little branch where I lived in Minneapolis who would give anything and everything they possessed to save this church. There are people of that caliber in the church today. God has said that there is a way of equitable distribu-

tion of funds, and that distribution comes through compliance with the financial law. One is never required to give out of his needs if he complies with the law. He gives a tenth of the increase which has been made possible through the God-given talents to the person; the tithe comes only out of increase, and ultimately surplus, too, arises out of increase.

Even the abilities that man has to create the increase or the surplus are God-given. In and of ourselves we can do nothing, but with these talents which are God-given we can move together in their utilization to build his kingdom.

"The Lord called his people Zion because they were of one heart"—and so we move forward in the spirit of love. "The Lord called his people Zion because they were of one mind"—the mind which directs the will to do and to achieve, the mind which directs the soul in discipline through compliance with the financial law. That's the foundation of the financial law—to discipline one that he may have strength. So we move forward to a condition of righteousness because there are those in the church who recognize the spiritual motivation of compliance with the financial law, who recognize that it is indeed the process by which there can be liberated a spiritual force and power which can change the tide of world history if we choose to take that course.

As we move forward in the accomplishment of all the objectives of the church, which objectives are set forth in that definition, we reach out among our brothers and our sisters to lift them above the levels of poverty. In so doing we accomplish the great and eternal purposes of the church. In the home there is opportunity for teaching, for consecration, for worship, for participation in the stewardship plan. Its purpose is to release humankind from the bondage of sin, war, and destruction. It builds the soul of man and liberates the forces which will make possible the establishment of Zion.

Daughter of the Pioneers

The Autobiography of Christiana Stedman Salyards

PART XI

Two Catholic Friends

My roommate was a devout Catholic, and through her I became acquainted with two young girls, sisters, who had been left orphans when they were children. They were separated, and one was reared by Catholic people, while the other was cared for by a family belonging to the Methodist Church. The older girl, about eighteen, had begun correspondence with the sister and had proposed that they attend school together, her object being the conversion of her sister to the Catholic faith. In this she had succeeded so far as to have Lucia taking instruction from the parish priest, preparatory to admission into the church.

Lucia told me about this on the first Sunday morning after my arrival at the school. She was sick in bed, and I went in to see her. As we talked I told her of the latter day work and how I had become acquainted with it, not omitting to tell her why a restoration of the gospel was necessary. She listened to me, but before the girls came in from church she said warningly, "Miss Stedman, you may say those things to me, because I have been a Methodist, but don't say them to May."

Lucia completed her course of instruction under the tutelage of the priest, and the day was set for her baptism. Jennie and I were invited to attend the service, and hurried to the church very early one morning, but the rite of baptism had been performed before we reached there.

From the small room where Lucia had been baptized before a private altar we went to the priest's house, where May and Lucia were to have breakfast with him, as they had come fasting to the baptismal service. There we spent a pleasant half-hour while breakfast was being prepared. Noting from my attitude that I was not a Catholic, the priest inquired afterward about me and asked the girls to bring me down to him so that he might talk to me. I agreed to go and was looking forward with interest to the interview, but May and Lucia suddenly left the little room that had been home to them, and I never went to visit Father Green.

Other College Friends

I had in school a friend who had voluntarily sought me out and asked to be enrolled at the table where I sat in the dining room. It seems she had not heard of my religious belief, and one morning we were on our way to the Congregational Church which she attended. When I made a reference to my church and something of our faith she answered very bluntly, "Well, I don't believe it."

We went on in silence after that, speaking only occasionally and with constraint. I was neither angry nor indignant, but regretful that I was misunderstood and reluctant to lose the friendship of a really fine girl. I sensed her disappointment in me, whom she had sought out for a friend, but she had been so abrupt with me that I could not make explanations, and we went to church and returned with repressed feelings, embarrassing to both of us.

My friend remained aloof for some time, and I endured it in quietness, though I felt it deeply. Then to my surprise she informed me one evening at the table that she had brought my mail from the office and had it in her room. It proved to be a package that contained Lucy Smith's history of the life of her son. The surprise I had felt was increased when my friend permitted me to tell her about it and even to read some extracts from the book. After that we saw each other often and it was with genuine regret that I told her good-by when she went away.

I had another pleasant acquaintance at school, whom I met only at the dining table. One day I was preoccupied and ate in silence until he broke in on my thoughts with "What makes you so cross today?"

"I am not cross," I answered, "but we have been discussing the Mormon exodus from Nauvoo, and I am a Reorganized Latter Day Saint."

My statement must have been a shock to him, for he laid down his knife and fork and regarded me fixedly for a moment before he said, "Well, I am surprised that a young woman of your good sense should belong to such a church as that."

"What do you know about my church?" I asked. "Have you ever known any of our people?" He said he never had.

"Have you ever heard any of our elders preach?" I asked, and he said, "No; I never have."

"Have you ever read any of our literature?" I pursued, and he answered, "No; and I don't want to."

Then I said: "Do you think you are a competent judge of my religion? You have never known any of our people; you have never heard any of our ministry preach; you have never read any of our literature."

He looked at me a moment thoughtfully and then said, "I don't know that I am," and we resumed our dinner.

Afterward in one of our conversations I told him I had brought a little booklet from home, intending to give it to Professor Scott to read. (It was *The Voice of Warning*.) He asked me to let him read it before giving it to Professor Scott, and I agreed to do so. I waited until he asked for it, saying he was waiting to read it.

One Sunday I gave it to him when we met at the table at noon. He took it with a contemptuous "H'm . . . looks like a dime novel!" I assured him he would find it quite unlike a dime novel when he read it. One day he told me how far he had progressed in reading it, and we discussed the subject matter he had covered. He appeared to be growing interested. He kept the booklet so long that I asked him to return it so I might give it to Professor Scott, but he said, "Wouldn't you just as soon give it to me? I should like to have it."

I gave it to him, and a few days later I put a little note under his breakfast plate—"Good-by, Mr. C." I never heard of him again.

Impressions

In my early youth I read these words of Thomas Carlyle: "She who but sweeps a room according to God's law makes that and the action fine." They often have been an inspiration to me to work thoroughly. They embody a truth that lifts work above the plane of drudgery and makes it something worth the doing.

It had been my good fortune in my childhood and youth to pass through the successive grades of a good city school, and I did creditable work at the normal school. Some of the examination papers I handed in came back to me with words of commendation added to the good grades I had made. I prized this highly, feeling that for the only Reorganized Latter Day Saint in the school to make good grades reflected honor on the church.

The good impression I made in that school was deepened when a group of young Reorganized Latter Day Saints of Lamoni, Iowa, went to Highland Park

Normal College in Des Moines and had as one of their instructors, Dr. Clifton Scott, who had formerly taught at the normal school in Dixon, Illinois. Through those young people Professor Scott was able to extend his acquaintance with the church, and twice he made week-end visits to Lamoni, partaking of the fine hospitality of the Mader home. I feel sure he never failed to speak highly of our people so long as he continued to teach, but he died not many years after his acquaintance with the people of Lamoni began.

The story of my experience in Dr. Scott's class had still another sequel. Years later Elder Ammon White was holding a series of meetings at Trenton, Missouri, and one evening at the close of the service a man came from the rear of the tent straight to the speaker's stand to ask if he might see the Book of Mormon.

He explained that when he was a student in the normal school at Dixon he had heard a girl defend her religious faith, which included belief in the Book of Mormon, and it had so impressed him that he had always after that desired to see the Book. This was his first opportunity. He remembered my name and Brother White recognized it, though I had long before changed it by marriage.

Back to Work

At home again I worked in the same department where I had already spent three years, and from which I had resigned to go to my grandparents. I returned with no other anticipation than to devote myself to the work of teaching school and caring for my parents. My reception by the patrons of the school and by the community in general was cordial, but in the group the Congregational Church had organized in my absence there was no place for me, although I indicated my interest by attending services. Then a new pastor came to the little church flock in our town—a man of ability and energy, who worked with his own hands to erect a church building. He also organized three other groups of the Congregational church in near-by localities. He preached good sermons to the people who filled the little church on Sunday evenings. He preached the need of repentance and right living, and his hearers would have been benefitted had they heeded his admonition and yet it was an incomplete version of the glorious gospel he presented.

Differing Philosophies

This pastor invited me to come to Sunday school, and when I went he asked me to work in the primary department, which pleased me well. As one of the teachers I attended the weekly study

period for preparation of the Sunday lesson. One evening the lesson text included Peter's statement that Christ went and preached to the spirits in prison. The assistant pastor who was in charge suggested that the dead to whom Christ preached were men in this life, spiritually dead, but I called attention to the fact that some of them had been disobedient in the days of Noah and that Peter clearly referred to such as they when he said: "For this cause was the gospel preached also unto them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live unto God in the spirit."

Not long after, the pastor's wife expressed the conviction that there was no hope for people who heard such preaching as her husband's from week to week and did not receive it.

I tried to show that those who die in their sins go to a place sometimes referred to as the prison house, where they may be disciplined and brought to repentance, and that one phase of the work of Christ was to bring the prisoners and those who sit in darkness out of the prison house.

But she could not immediately see the reasonableness of such a policy or the beauty in love so infinitely patient and all-embracing that it will labor throughout the ages to accomplish ultimately the great redemption of the human race.

Heaven

Mother and I were on our front lawn one afternoon looking at her flowers, and she plucked a faded blossom and threw it away. It landed on the sidewalk directly before a tall Swedish fisherman, who came reeling down the street. With a lurch he bent to retrieve the discarded flower, but Mother exclaimed, "Wait; I will give you a fresh one!" As she spoke she gathered a beautiful pink cluster and gave it to him.

Before placing it in the buttonhole of his rough blouse, he gazed upon it, murmuring: "Beautiful! Beautiful! As I was once."

"Why do you spoil yourself?" I asked, and he answered in one word, "Drink."

Then, turning to my mother, who stood looking on with a kind of smile, he muttered, "When I get to heaven, may I meet you there." And touching his old cap he staggered down the street.

"When I get to heaven!" Many take for granted that our entrance into heaven is sure, regardless of how we live here. Others are sure that people like the poor, besotted, fisherman are destined to be lost eternally. To me it is far more logical to believe that the Great Father, whose Son taught that he is kind even to the unthankful and the unholy, will discipline his children, purging the dross from their souls so that the gold in them may be saved.

First Contact With Lamoni

In 1886 my mother made a wise move that had a bearing on my future. She located my grandparents in Lamoni which had been made the headquarters of the church about five years before. There they had many old acquaintances, and made many new ones so that their last days were spent in pleasant associations. About this time the government granted them a small pension for the loss of their soldier son and they were able to live comfortably and have some necessary household help. Still they had to call on Mother when Grandfather slipped on the ice and wrenched his shoulder badly.

Such was the case one Sunday afternoon when I sat alone reading the letters in "Mothers' Home Column" of the *Herald* edited by Sister Marietta Walker. As I read I felt a desire to write to her, although I had never met her.

Beginning With a Letter

I acted on the impulse and wrote the letter, seated beside a hard-coal burner with my foot on the fender and a writing pad on my knee. When I finished I crossed the room to a library table and addressed the envelope, enclosed the letter, and stood with it in my hand.

Then a most unexpected thing happened. There descended upon me in a great degree that power of the Spirit which I had first experienced after my baptism into the church. It completely filled me. Not understanding why this had happened I cried out within myself, "What have I done? The Lord does not do such a thing as this without a reason!"

The next morning I mailed my letter, fearing it was destined for Sister Walker's wastebasket, for I had a very humble opinion of my abilities and a high regard for Sister Walker and her position in the church.

A letter soon came in reply. She said: "I have heard of you through your grandparents and your mother and it has been my intention to write to you, but I have been hindered by the press of other things. Now you see how the Spirit of the Lord takes up what we neglect to do or are prevented from accomplishing."

How blind I was not to see even after what she wrote that the Lord had taken up the matter and had moved me to write her, but I did not connect her words with what I had experienced as I stood with the letter I had written to her in my hand. From that time Sister Walker maintained a correspondence with me, from which I gained much encouragement.

(To be continued.)

Daughter of the Pioneers

The Autobiography of Christiana Stedman Salyards

Part XII

Meeting Marietta Walker

On my summer vacation I went out to Lamoni and there met her. She came one Sunday to Grandfather's house to see me, and as there were other callers in the little house we went outside to talk, seating ourselves on the side of a woodpile. There she opened up to me the things she wished to accomplish, most of which were far beyond my comprehension. I listened with interest and willingness to do whatever was in my power, though I had no idea what I could do or where I would fit into her plans.

That summer for the first time I had the pleasant experience of meeting with young people of the church. In Lamoni they had organized The Students' Society that met once a week for study of the Book of Mormon. From that time I spent my vacation in Lamoni. After the first summer I took the place of the post-mistress while she was on her vacation. I went home in August in time to attend the teachers' institute of our county.

The Use of the Tracts

Once as I was preparing to go to the institute I was debating whether to take with me a package of tracts the Herald Publishing House had given me. I feared I might not have courage to give out tracts. As I debated there came into my mind a text from which I had heard Elder Henry Stebbins preach a sermon: "Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God shall send thee flax." "Well, I'll take them," I said, and placed the tracts in my bag.

At the boardinghouse I shared a large room with two other teachers. Walking home from town on the first afternoon of the institute, we passed one of the many churches of the city, and the other girls asked each other to what church she belonged. Then they turned to me and asked if I was a member of any church. I replied, "Yes, I am a Latter Day Saint."

An animated conversation followed, the girls asking many questions and I answering as best I could. When we reached home I brought out my tracts and Bible and placed them on our study table, where they could be referred to in the many brief conversations we had.

Our hostess saw them there, and one evening she came up, ostensibly to bring fresh towels but in reality to ask if she might take my Bible down to show it to her husband, who was one of the instructors of the institute.

At the close of the institute the girls who had roomed with me came asking if they might have some of the tracts to take home, and our hostess hurried forward, saying, "Don't give them all away; I want some too." So I gave away all of my tracts without having to solicit anyone to receive them. Then I remembered the text, "Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God shall send thee flax."

The Call to Help

One Saturday morning Mother and I were at work in the kitchen when she said to me, "Annie, Sister Walker says someday you will help in her work." Such a thought had never entered my mind, and I answered, "O Mother, I couldn't do that. Sister Walker thinks I know more than I do." Mother agreed with me saying, "I told Sister Walker you couldn't do it."

Just then the mail train from the west whistled as it went through our village, throwing off the mail sack. I took my hat down from the nail and started for the post office. As I was walking briskly along under the hot summer sun, a voice spoke in my heart. It said clearly, "I have called thee in righteousness and will hold thy hand."

Astonished and not understanding why it should be said to me, I exclaimed within myself, "What is that said to me for?" I did not connect it with what Sister Walker had said to Mother, so far from my mind was the thought that I ever should have work of that kind to do.

Had I understood, it would have been easier for me to decide what to do when Sister Walker began writing to me, asking me to come to Lamoni to teach. As it was, I had a hard struggle within myself in trying to make up my mind what to do.

On the one hand was Lamoni with the many associations that made it attractive to me. On the other was my pleasant home with my aging parents, largely dependent on me. And there were the children of my sister, with whom I played every night. What heartaches I suffered after my frolics with those little ones as

I walked home in the dark and thought of leaving them in an environment not favorable to them.

The Decision to Go to Lamoni

Nature itself seemed to conspire to make it hard for me to reach a decision. It seemed to me the hills that enclosed our little valley had never looked so beautiful as they did that autumn. Morning after morning when I awoke I looked upon them from the window of my room and saw the maples and oaks standing out like huge, flaming bouquets of yellow and red against the darker background of foliage. It was very hard to leave, but after praying earnestly I decided to go.

The townspeople held a farewell gathering the night before I left. A revival meeting was in progress in the church, but it was cut short and the people gathered in and filled the room. They gave me gifts and commended me for my work among their children and sent me on my way with their good wishes.

I kissed my father's cheek at the station and boarded the train, a very sad girl, my somber feelings intensified by a cold rain that began to beat upon the windowpane.

I was making a very real sacrifice. I was laying on the altar my best gift, my father and mother and my sister and her little ones. And He who withheld not from us his own Son knew my sorrow and sympathized with me in the pain I suffered; he sent me a word of comfort.

As I gazed on the rainbeaten window, I became aware that something was being said to me in my heart. A still, small voice was speaking there. It had spoken once; it spoke again; and then I turned my head as if to listen more intently, and I heard the voice I was beginning to know. I heard clearly the message it spoke: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it again."

I recognized the voice and realized that the Lord was seeking to comfort me, and I went on my way cheered and uplifted in spirit. Those comforting words were completely fulfilled in the years that followed. Had I known it, I was but going before those for whom I was grieving in the separation. My heart would have sung for joy could I have known the day I left them what the Lord would bring to pass.

Serving at a Loss

I went to teach in Lamoni at a financial sacrifice, my monthly salary being ten dollars less than I had received in the school I left. I went from a commodious, well-equipped room with adequate janitor service to a room improvised from one end of a lumber office. It was crowded

and had few of the conveniences belonging to a schoolroom. The janitor had first to do his work at the main school building and then hurry half a dozen blocks to take care of us. He came in very late one morning, demanding of me rather truculently, "Missus, can you tell me where is de ashes-scoop?" from which I gathered that he thought I was responsible for the care of the coal shovel.

The schoolroom had no vestibule and the children tracked in snow and mud. When it rained hard, muddy water ran across the room to the opposite side. But we were patient with those conditions, for Lamoni was a young, growing town. At that time there was but one sidewalk in town aside from those in the business section—the one that led from the Brick Church to the railroad station, where it connected with those that led uptown.

Living With Marietta Walker

I lived in Sister Walker's home that year. She was carrying a considerable burden of work at that time, furnishing copy for *Zion's Hope*, the *Mothers' Home Column*, and *Autumn Leaves*, a magazine she had inaugurated in the interest of the young people of the church. She also maintained an extensive correspondence that reached all parts of the church.

Typewriters had not then come into general use, and she did all her writing with pen and ink. She allotted me the fourth page of the *Hope*, and I prepared her copy for the office. Contributions sometimes came in that contained excellent thought but were in writing difficult to decipher; it was my work to make them as legible as possible for the compositors, who worked directly from the original copy.

Day after day, late into the night, and Sunday as well, because she was deaf and could not hear preaching, Sister Walker gave herself with tireless energy and complete consecration to her work. That year she published her book, *With the Church in an Early Day*. I remember that strong urging was necessary to bring her to have her picture taken for the frontispiece, for, with all her energy and the many projects she initiated, Sister Walker was a modest woman.

Her activities were varied, for she was a homemaker as well as an editor. In her black silk dress she presided with dignity over the Sunday school, and in her blue calico dress she looked well to the ways of her household.

Something important was evolving that year—something that would greatly affect me, though I was not aware of it and went about my own work. Sister Walker had frequent consultations with R. S. Salyards, son-in-law of Brother Joseph,

who had recently come from the East and was assistant editor of the *Herald*.

In the spring of 1891 the General Conference of the church was held in Kirtland, and so deep was Sister Walker's interest in what they had planned that she went to Conference. There Brother Salyards called a meeting over which he presided and the Sunday School Association was formally organized.

The school year came to a close, and I went into post office work for the fourth time. In August I went home to Illinois. While I was still in the office, Brother David Dancer, business manager of the Herald Publishing House, came to the window one day and offered me a position as proofreader, but I told him I had decided to go home.

I had been offered a promotion in school there with a considerable increase in salary, but the financial consideration was not what induced me to go home. It was because of my father's wishes. I could not turn a deaf ear to them; so I went, though my heart remained in Lamoni with the church.

Death of Grandfather Landers

In January, 1892, my grandfather died at the age of ninety-seven. Brother Joseph officiated at his funeral. Grandmother, who for more than sixty-two years had been his inseparable companion, could hardly make up her mind to be left behind. She took to her bed quite determinedly, but finally had to give up and recover sufficiently to remain with us four years longer.

The *Herald* carried editorial comment on Grandfather's passing. Someone who knew him personally wrote of his early years in the church, giving an account of his "unremitting labors in word and doctrine, and in all good works," and of his having brought many to the knowledge of salvation.

Founding of the Sunday School Association

A General Conference was held in Independence in 1892, and the Sunday School Association held its first annual convention at that time. A motion was introduced to adopt the International Sunday School lessons for use in the church schools, but Elders R. S. Salyards and F. M. Sheehy took strong ground for lessons produced by our own church. Sister Walker was not there, but she was quoted as saying there was a young sister in Illinois who could do the editorial work. Formal action was taken on the publication of lessons setting forth church doctrine.

Sister Walker began writing to me, as did E. A. Blakeslee, who had been elected superintendent of the Sunday School Association with Sister Walker

as his assistant. They asked me to write the lessons, and I was forced to decide whether to remain at home and devote myself to my parents or to go to Lamoni and take up work in a new field.

Had I understood the leadings of the Spirit on the occasion of my writing to Sister Walker the first time when it spoke in my heart, "I have called thee," my duty would have been plain, but I did not understand the meaning of what I received, and I was between the school board, asking if I wished to continue teaching, and the officials of the Sunday School Association, asking if I would edit the new quarterlies.

Another Decision to Make

My perplexity was increased by my mother's failing health. Day by day she grew weaker, and I asked myself in despair, "Can the Lord require a girl to leave her sick parents?" I dropped down on a chair beside my mother's couch one morning before I left for school and said, "Mother, I don't know what to do. I must answer these people, and I don't know what to say."

Understandingly she looked at me and said, "I think you ought to go." When I came in from school that evening she had a solution for the problem. I had a brother at work in Chicago whose wife was about to join him. Mother suggested that she should go to Chicago with my sister-in-law and enter a hospital for women. I said at once that I would pay her expenses, and she decided to go.

Taking Up a Life's Work

Mother went to Chicago, and I went to Lamoni. I began my work on the Monday after the Fourth of July, 1892. I felt unequal to making the start alone, and Sister Walker arranged with Brother J. A. Gunsolley, superintendent of Lamoni public schools, to assist me during his summer vacation.

We began to work in Sister Walker's large, pleasant living room, our writing table in the middle of the room. We were supplied with writing materials, a worn Bible dictionary, King James' Version of the Bible, the Inspired Version, and a quarterly I had brought from the Congregational Sunday school to be used as a guide in laying out lessons.

Working very slowly, because the task was so new to us, we completed one lesson and laid it away. We finished a second and were part way through a third when one day Brother Gunsolley failed to return after lunch. I ventured to go on without him. But he did not come the next morning, and Sister Walker said, "If Jerry does not come this afternoon, we will go to see him."

(To be continued.)

Daughter of the Pioneers

The Autobiography of Christiana Stedman Salyards

Part XIII

The Ability to Plod

We found Brother Gunsolley ill with malaria, and he said that, when he did recover from the attack, he would need his vacation time to prepare next year's work in school. There was no alternative; I had to go on alone. I sometimes wonder that I had the temerity to undertake the task. Perhaps one of my qualifications was the ability to plod. I have said sometimes that if I could write a set of beatitudes, one of them would be "Blessed are the plodders, for they shall get there."

But the work I had undertaken required more than the ability to plod. Perhaps few people in the church realize how clearly the hand of the Lord was manifest in the rise of the religious educational movement in the church, in which the Sunday School Association led out. It was not accomplished by human ability alone.

One of my good friends, Brother David Dancer, expressed the opinion that I was making a serious mistake in giving up a good position in school to enter upon an enterprise he fully expected to fail. Sister Walker told me he said, "I am sorry to see that girl give up her school; this will fail and she will be out of work, and her father and mother need her help."

It may be he remembered that eight years before a committee had been appointed to prepare Sunday school lessons. Three persons, apparently well qualified to do the work, had been chosen, but nothing permanent materialized, and now a lone girl's undertaking the task did not look promising.

But Brother Dancer did not know, and perhaps no one else knew clearly, that this time the movement was of the Lord, and that he was pledged to hold the hand of the one chosen for the work, however weak in her own strength she might be.

Good Response to the Quarterlies

The first issues of the quarterlies were finally ready for publication, and Sister Walker said, "We will publish one lesson in the *Zion's Hope* and invite comment." The result was that immediately we had a subscription list of eight hundred and a request for a lesson for

younger children in addition to the senior lesson that had been published. Complying with the request, we published an intermediate lesson with suggestions for primary teachers.

In November, 1892, the first quarterlies made their appearance, and the subscription list grew quickly. Soon we were sending them out by the thousands, and quarterlies took their place as permanent publications of the church.

The Sunday School Association built up its own treasury, asking no financial assistance from the church. In a few years it was able to make contributions to other projects of the church. The only persons who took financial risk in the beginning were Sister Walker, who pledged to the business manager of the Herald Publishing House her property to make good the loss, should the quarterlies fail, and the young editor, who relinquished a lucrative position for what, from a human point of view, was an uncertain venture.

A Family Home in Lamoni

In the midst of the General Conference of 1893 held in Lamoni, I received a letter from my mother which contained a most surprising communication. She wrote that they had an opportunity to sell the home in Illinois and that Father wished to do so and to join me in Lamoni. The surprising thing was this expressed desire of my father, for his life had been spent about the water.

Now he was contemplating leaving all his old associates and coming to a little inland town, Lamoni. The Father's hand was leading him. They came and we built a new home on the lot Grandfather had given me. We brought Grandmother home from Kansas, and our little family was assembled. I was the only able-bodied one of the four, for Grandmother was very old; Father was a semi-invalid; and Mother had never been strong.

When we built the new house, we made a quite common mistake. We exceeded our resources, and I was worried about how to meet the deficit, for it took all my earnings to provide the current expenses of the family. Then a way opened up.

Teaching at Lamoni High School

When school opened in September an assistant was needed in the high school. I made application for the position and obtained it. Then I procured a maid for

my mother and went back to teaching. I taught large classes that year, ate a lunch at noon, and reached home about five o'clock in the afternoon. After resting a while and having supper, I got out my writing materials when the kitchen table had been cleared and wrote on my lesson work until ten o'clock.

Sometimes the typesetters would catch up with me. Then I would run by the Herald office on my way to school and hand the foreman of the composing room the copy I had written the night before. Throughout the school year I kept this schedule, writing every night and all day Saturday, but I succeeded in clearing our home of the debt, and a weight was lifted from my mind.

It was not always easy to concentrate on my work, for there were sighs of weariness, and moans of pain, and other distracting things as I sat writing in the midst of household activities. I recall an incident that touched me at the time it occurred, and the pathos of which lingers with me still. Grandmother, who must have missed very sorely Grandfather's daily reading to her, came close to me one day as I bent over my work, saying, "Annie, can't you tell it out loud?" Of course that was an impossibility, but she was very happy when I read to her a newly published story, *Titus, a Comrade of the Cross*.

Added to the disabilities of the other members of the family, I contracted rheumatism as a result of being caught out in thunderstorms twice within a week. For a time kind friends took me back and forth to school and Mother lifted my right foot into bed at night, for the rheumatism settled in my knee. I remember distinctly how grateful I was when I awoke one morning, having slept through the whole night without having been awakened by pain.

Father's Baptism

Within a year after he came to Lamoni Father was baptized into the church, a thing I never had anticipated. He lived nearly five years after his baptism and many times received relief from suffering through the rite of administration. There were times when administration did not bring relief, but spiritual blessing strengthened him to bear with patience what was not removed. I bought for him copies of the New Testament and the Book of Mormon in large type, and I treasure the memory of Father in his old age bending over their pages gathering in the precious promises written there.

Marriage

In June, 1895, I was married to Richard S. Salyards whose wife had died several years before. Some of my friends

thought my public service in the church would come to an end when I married but time proved they were mistaken. My husband was an ardent seeker after knowledge, and his penchant for good reading brought within my reach excellent matter from which I gleaned useful information as my work developed. Even with this I never ceased to call on the Lord for spiritual guidance and understanding, and he remembered his promise, "I will hold thy hand." Neither did he forget the promise he made me when I was leaving home the first time to go to Lamoni, when the voice of the Spirit said to me, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it again."

Family Joys and Sorrows

My father lived two and a half years after my marriage, and two years after his death my sister in Illinois, having been left a widow, came to Lamoni to live with my mother. With her came three of her children, but the eldest, a daughter, went to live with my younger sister in Des Moines.

The sister who came to Lamoni to live had cherished from childhood the desire to be baptized into the church, and she had consistently refused to become affiliated with any other. Once, when she was a little girl visiting our grandparents, she had cried to be baptized, but Grandmother had not felt at liberty to permit it, since Father was not of the church. When she had been living in Lamoni two years she and the three children with her were baptized, but the eldest, not being with them, was not baptized.

Because of her environment this oldest child became a member of one of the local churches, but on the occasion of her first visit to the family she said, "Aunt Annie, I am not satisfied. I have always wanted to belong to your church."

She came home at intervals to visit us, and finally when she came two hectic spots burned in her cheeks, ominous warnings of what was coming to grieve our hearts. That summer was exceedingly trying to us, as we saw her steadily declining, notwithstanding our efforts in her behalf.

A Third Baptism of the Spirit

One Wednesday evening I was alone in my home after having spent all day with my sick niece, Alice. My husband had gone to the adult prayer meeting, and our young folks to the young people's prayer meeting. I lay down momentarily on a couch, racked with distress over Alice's illness.

The thought occurred to me that I could pray as acceptably at home as in the church, and I slipped to my knees beside the couch and began praying, "O Lord, if I have been praying wrong, and

you are going to take Alice, bring her into the church first." I prayed thus, knowing it was her strong desire to be baptized.

As I prayed there descended upon me that great power I have felt only three times in such a marked degree. The first time was in my grandfather's house after my baptism; the second time was when I wrote my first letter to Sister Walker; now it came as I prayed for Alice. I arose from my knees and lay down again on the couch, struggling with my emotions.

When I had gained control I arose and went into the kitchen and attended to my work; then I went down to my sister's. She stood on the porch waiting for me, and I felt intuitively that she had something to tell me. When we had entered the house and seated ourselves, she looked across the room at me and said, "Alice is going to be baptized."

"When did she decide?" I asked, and my sister answered, "About fifteen minutes ago." It was at the time when I felt the Spirit in power as I knelt in prayer for the sick girl.

The next morning she was baptized. That evening, on my way to the church, I stopped in and found her lying down. She said she had a bad pain in her side, but she added fervently, "O Aunt Annie, I am so happy." One week from that day she died.

Have I not reason to love and praise a Heavenly Father so faithful to his promises, so rich in his blessings? My father, my sister, and her children—the ones I was so loathe to leave as I went from my home to enter upon my assigned work in the church—all moved near me and accepted the gospel. Even through the sorrow of losing Alice I could feel the touch of divine love.

An Experience in Public Speaking

In the spring of 1909 I was about as busy as I could be preparing for General Conference when I was requested to appear as one of the speakers on a program under the auspices of the women's department of the church. At first I asked to be excused, but under an impression that I ought to do as requested, I changed my mind and was placed on the program.

Then, about the opening of Conference, my mother became ill with pneumonia, and I slept for two weeks at night on a couch at the door of her room to care for her. Twice I was asked if I would be able to fill my place on the program, and I could only answer that I had not been able up to that time to give attention to it, but I would do it if I could.

Time passed until there remained but two days before the time appointed for

the program. Then I found an hour, from eleven o'clock to noon, and I worked on the paper I was to present. The next day I had another free hour and finished my writing. When I had my large Conference family seated at supper about the extended dining table, I dressed myself for the evening.

I was seated with the other speakers on the platform, awaiting time for the meeting to begin when an overwhelming sense of my littleness came over me. This panicky feeling made me desire more than anything else to slip down the back stairway and flee to the seclusion and privacy of my home. The feeling did not pass away but remained with me to the end of the program.

I was the last speaker on the program, and my spirits had reached a very low stage when my turn came. I stumbled awkwardly on to the speakers' stand and looked out over a sea of faces. Although I was acquainted with many of the people present I was so dazed that I recognized but one—a doctor of our town and not a member of the church.

But there was only one thing to do; I had to fulfill my part in the program. I had nearly finished when I looked down, and there at the end of about the fourth row from the front sat my husband with the happy glow of a smile on his face. I completed my address and retired, and in a few minutes the meeting was closed.

Then there was Fred M. Smith, saying nothing but looking at me through solemn black eyes. And there was F. M. Sheehy, bustling down the aisle, saying something complimentary about somebody. I never dreamed he meant me, but he did. I hurried home, changed my dress, and went down to my mother's. Word had preceded me. Some college boys who boarded there had made their appraisal of the evening's program. They rated me high, but I thought they were biased in my favor. The next morning a friend called me and told me of complimentary things her Conference guests were saying about my effort. Then the activities of the General Conference took precedence, and the women's program was a thing of the past.

I feel sure the Lord held my hand in that experience, though I have never understood why I suffered the mental depression I endured. But the happy look on my husband's face has remained with me throughout the years. Richard approved me, and I trusted his judgment. He told me that, as I stood there, so plainly dressed expressing the thoughts I did, he said to himself, "Not very stylish, but she's all there."

(To be continued.)

Daughter of the Pioneers

The Autobiography of Christiana Stedman Salyards

Part XIV

Holding My Hand

For thirty-five years I wrote the senior grade of quarterlies, and for years the intermediate and primary grades. I also maintained a department in the *Exponent*, a monthly periodical published in the interest of the Sunday school. At one time I wrote three grades of lessons, worked with a committee on a fourth grade, and furnished my copy to the *Exponent*.

Those were busy years when I was in the prime of my strength. In addition to my editorial work I had other activities and responsibilities. For four years I was superintendent of the Lamoni Sunday school, and for twenty of my happiest years I was in charge of the primary department, where about eighty children were divided into classes.

An incident I love to recall occurred in that department one time when the Easter season coincided with the General Conference of the church. Knowing the teachers would enjoy the session in the upper auditorium that morning, I released them and took the children to their room, seating them in their little red chairs so that they all faced me with the blackboard behind me.

Then I presented a little program I had in mind, weaving together the beautiful Easter stories and songs, and sketching on the board three crosses, one higher than the others, on which Christ died for us all. We closed with the bright resurrection stories.

Some days later, as I waited in a downtown market, a quiet little boy from my class came in. When he saw me, his diffidence vanished, his face lighted up, and he walked straight to me, saying, "You know, the more I heard last Sunday the more I wanted to hear." What a tribute to the power of the stories of Christ to thrill young hearts!

No doubt I was helped in my work many times when I did not realize it, but on several occasions I was distinctly aware of receiving the divine help implied in the promise, "I will hold thy hand," which was spoken in my heart when the voice of the Spirit called me to service in the church.

Production of Quarterlies

One Monday morning early in February, 1902, I sat down at my writing

table to begin work on three grades of quarterlies that had to be completed by the middle of March. General Conference was approaching and I needed to clean house and make other preparations for Conference guests, so I had only six weeks in which to write thirty-nine lessons.

The copy I had just handed in had required three months, and I had only half as much time for the work on which I was entering. Glancing over the text to be covered, the material seemed very difficult and, burdened by the sense of the shortness of time I could allot to it, I bowed my head and sent up a brief petition: "Lord, I cannot accomplish this without your help." Then I set to work to do my utmost to finish the difficult task.

A little mental arithmetic showed me that I must turn off two sets of lessons each week, a senior, an intermediate, and a primary in each set, and I must keep up that stride for six successive weeks.

Fortunately, our lessons at that time were based on the plan of uniformity, and when a senior lesson had been studied out and written, the preparation of the lower grades was a matter of selection of material from what had been gathered and the work of expressing it in language and form suited to each grade.

Working industriously, I was gratified when I turned off two sets of lessons the first week. I did the same the second week and again in the third week. Then I began to suffer from eyestrain and a constant dull pain in the back of my head, which compelled me to relax frequently and rest my eyes.

I wrote with a pen at that time, and one day I turned from my table and lay down on a couch in the room for one of my brief rests. Our little son and a playmate were on the floor, making trains of their building blocks and pushing them around over the carpet. No other persons were in the house.

After a brief rest I went back to work. The sheet I had written last lay where I had left it, and I took it up to read it in order to make a proper connection. To my surprise I did not recognize the contents of that written sheet. The penmanship was undeniably my own, but I did not recall ever having had the thoughts expressed there. In my unremitting effort to accomplish my task I had forgotten the prayer I had sent up to the Lord when I began, and I said in my amazement, "I hope I am not losing my mind."

I went on week after week, working assiduously and laying away my two sets every week. Then there came a time when our district conference convened, and I said to myself, "I do not see how I can do my stint this week," for conference would begin Thursday afternoon, and as a matter of course, I had to go to conference.

I set to work to do the best I could, beginning with the senior lesson as usual. As I neared the close of the lesson I found to my dismay that it was much too long, and my dilemma was that there was not time to rewrite it.

There was enough in what I had written for two lessons, and suddenly that fact dawned upon me in a new light. I had sufficient for the body of two lessons; I had but to find a good stopping place, cut the lesson in two, provide each with a proper heading and introduction and close it with suitable questions.

Answered Prayer

I completed my weekly stint by utilizing every hour outside of the conference meetings. I finished my thirty-nine lessons by the middle of March and put my house in readiness for General Conference in April. When all was done I remembered the brief prayer I had offered on the morning when I began my protracted effort. In my report to the General Sunday School Convention that year I acknowledged the help I had received in time of need.

Turning to the *Herald* of 1902 to verify some of the statements I have made, I noted that the Association that year donated five hundred dollars toward the payment of the College debt and appropriated another five hundred to the treasury of the General Church. The quarterlies, starting without capital, had maintained themselves and were able to make the contribution that has been specified. Incidentally, I may remark that the church recorder reported to the Conference that 2,325 persons had been baptized that year and the church membership was nearly forty-seven thousand.

I had been writing for ten years, putting a crook in my back from which I now suffer much discomfort. That year Wallace N. Robinson, visiting in my home during General Conference, saw the handicap under which I was working and reported it to the Sunday School Convention with the suggestion that a desk and typewriter be supplied me. The equipment was furnished, though I remember with a wry smile that someone asked if I needed it. Probably few people realize what strenuous application is necessary to produce written lessons.

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I do not remember just when I began to teach a Bible class at Graceland College, but it was at the personal request of President F. M. Smith. I began with the creation of the human race, avoiding the plain teaching of Genesis 1 and the findings of archaeology that there had been animal life on the earth before Adam was created.

I avoided Genesis 1 because I could not explain the discrepancy between its teaching that there was life on the earth before the human race was created to occupy it and the teaching in Genesis 2, where the Hebrew account of the creation of man is given. Charles Foster Kent, in his *Heroes and Crises of Early Hebrew History*, page 35, says an old Sumerobabylonian tablet agrees with the Hebrew version that man was created before other living things.

One day a boy came into the class, who asked pointed questions on that period of history. The vexing question was awakened again in my mind and continued to trouble me as I pondered upon it. One morning I was making a fire in the kitchen stove to begin the work of the day. My husband was away from home on some business for Lamoni Stake. As I worked I thought about the question.

A Solution for a Perplexing Problem

I was just about to strike a match to the kindling when three words were spoken in my mind clearly and impressively: *The Glacial Period*. I laid down the unlighted match and hurried to my desk to write down the three words that I might consider their significance later.

Following the clue that had been given me, I studied the conditions that prevailed during that great world-winter when icecaps, forming first at the poles of the earth, spread over large portions of it to the depth of a mile or more and when arctic temperature extended over the unglaciated regions. I read the statement of a leading scientist that whoever would inquire into the origin of the human race must consider the findings of the glacialist.

I considered the statements of foremost men of science that no traces of man are found before the glacial epoch, though they do appear during the closing stages of that world-winter. It seemed to me that the protracted condition of extreme cold had caused the extinction of animal life that had been previously on the earth, and that it had left an empty world for occupancy by the human race and contemporary animals. In my mind there was no longer a discrepancy between the first and second chapters of Genesis.

I suggest that the great Deluge which destroyed all but eight persons after the race of men had been on the earth 1,656

years may have been caused largely by the thawing of some great glaciers that still remained. Not only did it rain for forty days and nights, but "the fountains of the great deep were broken up." The language suggests that some of the icebergs which supply water to the great deep were actually broken up.

Another question often arose in my mind, one for which I could find no answer. The question was, "When the Lord made Adam, why did he not make Eve also?" Why did he not make her directly as he had made Adam instead of forming her from the flesh and blood of Adam?

One hot day in summer I retreated from the kitchen for a brief rest and picked up a book my husband was reading. Something raised the old question in my mind, and with it there came a mental illumination in which the question was answered, and the answer was one I never could have thought out in my own powers of reasoning.

The explanation was that Adam was a type of Christ, and as his side was wounded and his blood was shed to give life to his human bride, so the side of Christ was wounded and his blood was shed to give spiritual life to his church, his spiritual bride, for the church is that body of people who believe in and avail themselves of the atonement, made for them by the death of Jesus Christ.

Death of Loved Ones

In 1910 my sister, who had been living with my mother, died after a lingering illness, and two months after she was laid to rest my mother collapsed. Then, leaving our daughter to take care of things at home, I took my writing table, typewriter, and books down to Mother's house, and kept my lesson work while I took care of her. Mother and I were alone through the day, but the young people came home after their day's work was done.

Nine months passed in this way, and then Mother died. I was then fifty years old and had been mainly in charge of my parents for twenty-five years.

A Portable Office

In the fall of 1914 I went to the home of my niece, who lived on a farm twelve miles from McGregor, Iowa. She was approaching motherhood for the first time, and as she had no mother who could go to her, I packed my books and typewriter and went to be with her. In my spare time I wrote on my lesson work. I was writing a series of lessons on the church in the wilderness and the Reformation. I was handicapped by not having books of reference to supply me with historical data. The husband of my

niece sold farm products at the home of a retired lawyer, whom he told of my predicament, and from his library the lawyer sent me a copy of D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation*. Equipped with this excellent historical work and the Three Books I was able to prepare my lessons.

At Home in St. Joseph

In 1918 we left Lamoni, the dear old town where we had lived for nearly thirty years and where so many happy memories are centered. My husband had been appointed president of Far West Stake, and it was necessary for us to move to St. Joseph. At the same time our younger son was advised to go to Arizona for his health, and as it was impossible for his wife to accompany him I again packed my books and typewriter and went with him. I had written lessons in the home of my niece, looking out on snow-covered fields; now I wrote in the torrid heat of Phoenix. I spent only four months there; then our son entered a sanitarium in New Mexico, and I came home to St. Joseph.

However, my handicaps were not yet at an end. My husband's mother, who was quite advanced in years, came to live with us, and one night when an electrical storm put out the lights in our apartment, she fell in her room and never walked again. Fortunately, I was able to obtain excellent help for half of each day, but the remainder of the day and night I had the entire care of her, my husband being employed in Independence during the week and coming home only on week ends.

Grandma died in Independence at the close of 1924, and I again turned my attention to writing.

Books

I was free for two years to devote myself to the affairs of my household and to my writing. In the meantime the Sunday School Association had been absorbed by the church school department, and in 1927 its officials asked me to relinquish the editorship of the quarterlies and write a book of lessons on the life of Christ. So I wrote the book, *Jesus and His Message*. It was well received and sold readily. Almost immediately I began to write by request a series of lessons on the history of Christianity. These lessons were used for church school study. *Men Nearest the Master* was the next book I wrote. In 1942 I devoted what time I had left from my household duties to writing *The Enduring Word*. All of these books have been widely read and need no lengthy description here.

(To be continued.)

Daughter of the Pioneers

The Autobiography of Christiana Stedman Salyards

Part XV

A Gentleman in Color

On one of my trips to Lamoni, when my home was still in Illinois, an incident occurred which I take great pleasure in remembering. I was transferring from the Rock Island line to the Burlington at a place where the earth's formation was such that the Rock Island train could pass below and the Burlington above it. One building served to accommodate the stations of the two roads, one on the first floor and the other on the second with a long staircase extending between them.

On a very warm day in June I was toiling up that long stairway, carrying some heavy baggage. Men passed me, all intent on their own affairs, when someone came up behind, and a hand reached out and took my heavy luggage. It was a black hand. The man who relieved me of my burden stood waiting for me when I reached the upper floor. This gentleman was coal black, but his features were good and he had the general appearance of a man of culture. I noted in particular the fine texture of his suit and the glint of a gold watch chain.

I thanked him for the help he had rendered me and we went our different ways, but the brief meeting with that man and the friendly spirit of it have been one of the pleasant incidents that my memory retains.

A German Immigrant

On another occasion in midwinter I was making the same journey. I was going to Lamoni because word had come to me that Grandfather was near death. Mother was already with him but she was almost worn out; so I had been excused from school for two weeks and was going to be with them.

I transferred that time to the Burlington Road in Rock Island, and as I sat waiting for my train I noticed a young man passing in and out. From his general appearance and manner, I thought him to be a foreigner. When I had taken my seat in the train he entered and sat down two seats ahead of me.

The conductor came in, glanced down the car, and saw he would have to work quickly. He took the young foreigner's ticket and handed it back, saying, "You're on the wrong train; get off at the next station." He spoke very rapidly and went on.

Perplexed, the young man tugged at his coat, asking "I gotta go oud?"

"Of course you gotta go oud," snapped the conductor, without looking around, but vigorously punching tickets.

The young man subsided, the conductor went on, and I closed my eyes in reverie over my own cares. I was aroused by the sound of voices and opened my eyes to see that the young man had gone across the aisle and had awakened a sleepy man who, with his family, occupied two seats turned together. The half-awakened man knew no German and the young foreigner knew little English, and so they made no headway in solving the young man's predicament.

Again he subsided and again I closed my eyes, but I could not rest; for I knew what the trouble was, and I knew I could tell the young man, though not in very precise language, for I did not know the German word for *station*, which was not in my vocabulary. But after a little time I stood up and reached across a vacant seat to touch the young man in the back.

He turned quickly and I told him what the conductor had said, that he must get off at the next station. Snatching at the hope that he had found a friend who might be a guide to him, he inquired eagerly, "*Und vo kommst du?*" I answered him that I would remain with the train. In a few minutes he left to find his way amid the complexities of our American life and language.

I have always been glad that I was able to speak a helpful word to that stranger in a strange land.

Church Personalities

On my first visit to the little town of Lamoni Brother Joseph was absent on one of the many journeys he was called to make in those active years. I thought he was old then, but from my present viewpoint he was young—only fifty-five. I met him unexpectedly one morning in

the Herald office, and there were no misgivings on my part, for he was friendly, cheerful, and unassuming.

Many years afterward, as I was going to my mother's in the thick, soft darkness of a summer night, a bulky form loomed up before me in the road. It was Brother Joseph, striding home to Liberty Hall. He probably never knew he passed me, but I was distinctly conscious that I had been momentarily in a pure presence.

When he had given up Liberty Hall in preparation for moving to Independence, he lived for a time in the house next door to ours. One evening, as I was starting out for my mother's home, I saw Brother Joseph as he sat reading in his brightly lighted living room. The shades were not drawn, and I stood for a moment to admire the fine picture he made.

A unique place among those I remember and honor is held by a woman who came to Lamoni at a time when I was in Illinois. On my return I was attracted by her bright face and cheerful demeanor, and I inquired who she was. I was told she was Mrs. David H. Smith, affectionately known as "Aunt Clara" throughout the Smith family. When I knew the story of the cloud that had overshadowed her early married life, I felt a deep respect for the courage with which she had surmounted it.

Elbert A. Smith and his mother had come to Lamoni. When finally he was called to a place in the First Presidency of the church, I had the same feeling I experienced when I met Brother Joseph. I had not thought of Elbert in that office, but when I heard of the appointment a quiet assurance made me know that it was right.

When I lived with Sister Walker we sometimes went down the railroad track to her farm, now an adjunct of Graceland College. As we walked she would point out the spot where she hoped to see a college built. It was then a cornfield, but in time her wish was fulfilled.

Memories of Early Lamoni

I first visited Lamoni in the summer of 1887. When we arrived at Bethany Junction and looked out on a rather bleak prospect, I remarked that it surely must be the jumping-off place. After a wait of some length we boarded a passenger coach, attached to a freight train, and so reached our destination.

Following to its termination Lamoni's one sidewalk, except those in the business section, we came to the Brick Church, which I capitalize here because all the life and activities of the community were centered in it and what it stood for. Grandfather's little house was next to it

by the generosity of a good sister, who permitted it to be built on one end of the lot on which stood her own modest dwelling.

Fred and Israel Smith as Boys

Looking out the doorway one afternoon I saw three boys loitering about the church. Two of them wore campaign hats (it was an election year). These two boys were Fred and Israel Smith, and I think they were feeling very patriotic as I challenged the closest one, saying, "Who comes here? A young Republican?" He answered me very stiffly, as if I had knocked a chip from his shoulder.

One Sunday after prayer meeting a friend and I were invited to go home with Carrie Smith, Brother Joseph's daughter. It was a hot day, and Brother Joseph and his wife, Bertha, were out on the lawn in their rockers with little Lucy in a low chair at her mother's side. Across the pasture fence were Fred, Israel, and Hale, beating about in the tall grass as if looking for something. A little later Fred came with a flower in his hand, which he respectfully presented to his sister, Carrie. The memory of this courteous gesture lingers in my mind among my first impressions of Lamoni.

Dream of a City

While I was still living with my father and mother in Illinois I had a very encouraging experience one night. As in a dream I seemed to be borne through the dining room and living room into the open. Then I was lifted from the earth and saw far away in the east a city, high and lifted up.

I had read of that city, but when I saw it there before my eyes, I exclaimed, "There is a city." Then a voice behind me spoke, as it spoke to the apostle who, with nearer and clearer vision than mine, looked upon that heavenly city. To John the voice said, "Write." To me it said, "Sister Annie, I have known you and loved you; I shall take you there."

Thinking it meant I was to be separated from my parents, I began to cry, thinking, "They can't live without me."

The voice behind me spoke again, assuring me my father and mother would be cared for, and repeating, "I shall take you there." Then the dream closed.

I was far from the holy city at that time, both in point of time and in preparedness to enter it. I am nearer by many years, but how well prepared to enter there only He knows who is merciful to our weakness and just in all his rewards. It is written: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life and may enter through the gates into the city."

The crucial questions with me, as with all are: "How well am I keeping the commandments? How fully am I entering into the spirit of the heavenly life?"

The spirit of that heavenly kingdom was impressed upon me in one of the most uplifting experiences I have ever been privileged to receive.

Heavenly Music

Whether asleep or awake I cannot say, but one night I heard a chorus of angel voices singing. At first they were far away, but they grew more and more distinct as they came nearer. Finally they seemed to be in the room, at the ceiling above me. Then I could distinguish what they were singing:

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot
cease.

When I had heard, the voices grew fainter and fainter until they had died away, and I said to Richard, who awoke at that moment, "I have just had the most beautiful dream of my life!"

Love is the theme in the music of heaven—the pure love that binds together all the children of peace.

There was a sequel to the dream that confirmed it as a divine presentation of this fundamental truth. Meditating upon the dream, I was impressed that, should I relate it in prayer meeting the next Sunday, the congregation would afterward sing the hymn I had heard the angels singing.

But on Sunday I sat silent in the meeting and did not tell my beautiful dream. When the time arrived to close the meeting, the pastor, J. A. Gunsolley, arose and said: "We will close our meeting by singing the second stanza of Hymn 711 (S. H. 107), and the congregation stood and sang:

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot
cease.

Richard and I turned and looked at each other. I had failed to do my part, but the pastor and the people were doing theirs.

Callie B. Stebbins

I have read the statement, "He is rich who has many true friends," but I can say that he is rich who has one such wise, understanding, sympathetic friend as I had during the thirty years I lived in Lamoni. Interwoven through all the memories of the activities of the old Brick Church is that of my friend, Callie B. Stebbins, a most intelligent and diligent worker.

She would not have me enumerate her virtues or her accomplishments, but I shall relate what I can remember of a meeting in which she and I and several others sat down in the primary room of the church to adjust a matter in which some feelings had been injured, and from which bitterness might easily have grown. I remember her attitude of friendly forbearance, and at the close of the meeting Brother Garver remarked that he felt as if he had been in a prayer meeting.

The old Brick Church has gone, but the spirit of it and the memories it calls up are immortal. I say of its passing, as I said of the little old church on the flats of the Blue River in Kansas:

O the outward hath gone, but in glory and
power,
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour.

Conclusion

A body of ministers, about to separate and go to various fields of labor, were given the excellent suggestion that they should not seek to exhibit their own intellectual attainments in their preaching but to speak a simple word for Jesus Christ.

There is a poem that offers the thought that it may be glorious to write for the few great minds, who are like the distant stars that come in sight once in a century, but it is better to write an earnest line which may lack the impress of culture but will reach into untaught hearts and cause a clear faith to shine there.

The narrative I have been writing is now completed. It goes out with no claim for literary merit, but as a simple word for the goodness and power of God I have felt in my own life. It testifies that God lives and works now as in ages past and that he, who in olden times spoke through the prophets and in the meridian of time through his own Son, speaks in these latter days to all who are willing to hear. "God is, not was; he speaks, not spake."

(The End)

(Note: Sister Salyards was occupied with literary interests and activities, especially relating to the church, as long as health and strength permitted. In her long life she gave a distinguished service to the church. Following the death of her husband, R. S. Salyards, Sr., in 1944, she continued for a time in her home in Independence. As her health declined, she consented to take up her residence at Resthaven, a church home, where she spent her last days. She passed away on April 16, 1951.—THE EDITORS.)