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“Obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion.”

HEMAN C. SMITH, EDITOR.

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ELDER JOHN L. BEAR.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOHN L. BEAR.

(Continued from volume 4, page 455.)

She was never sick in her life before to any extent; her oldest brother died at Weber, thirty-five years old, her older sister died in New York, 1860, on the journey to Utah, twenty-nine years old, and she was forty-three. Barbara, my eldest daughter, now took care of Lillie the baby, and she was a splendid nurse.

As I went once to Saint Joseph on business I went to see Bro. and Sr. Steffe and in our conversation Bro. Steffe said: "You ought to take another mission to the old country." I answered: "Well I can not see how in the world I could do that now with those children." Well, he talked and his wife also, that I should get some places for them to be taken care of. But it was dark to me; I could not see it clearly; but it made me study about it; then it was like a voice in my heart speaking, "Remember what your wife said to you upon her deathbed, 'Go and preach the gospel, and the Lord will take care of those children.'" Consequently I made up my mind that I would. I wrote to Joseph and Bro. Blair about it and they approved of it. In the spring of 1880 I bought my brother-in-law out.

There was no difficulty to get places in town for my two eldest girls, neither the boys. Two of my neighbors who were friendly with me begged me to let them have the boys, promising they would treat them kindly and send them to school. The boys were willing to go; so there were two left, Mary, four years old, and Lillie, two years old. It seemed nobody wanted Lillie, so Sr. Hartman Nesser, of Stewartsville, heard of it. She was also interested in the Swiss mission and wished me to go, offering to take care of my baby like it was her own, while at the same time she had several children of her own.

So that settled this case, the Bishop was to give her \$25 a year, surely little enough, and let it be understood, that they were poor themselves. I had a notion to take Mary with me, as I feared she would have the hardest lot, and very likely be knocked from one place to another, but her older sisters coaxed her not to go, scaring her by saying she would get drowned in the ocean, and they said to me, that they would take care of her; but they had to take care of themselves, so I was again in a dilemma. Some one then offered to take her, but I did not like the place. I tell you it was a hard struggle for me, as I was afraid the child might be abused, made to work at what she would not be able or understand how to do. I was not mistaken in my feelings; it just happened as I thought it would; but her sisters did do what they could for her. When she was ill-treated in one place, they took her to another, clothed her, and went also to see the youngest one, as they went to see the boys also. Then I went to Plano, where the spring annual conference was held, where I was appointed to Switzerland and Germany and ordained to the office of Seventy in the First Quorum.

Left Plano April 20 for Chicago; happened to meet some brethren on the street who assisted me to buy a ticket for Europe. The Bishop had furnished me the money. Took the steamer *Devonia*, of the Cunard line, April 24, at 3 in the afternoon. I had a short visit before at Bro. Joseph Squire's, in Brooklyn, and with another family of Saints living there also, and they gave me some very useful things for the journey, and Brother Squires went with me to the pier. As the steerage was filled with merchandise, I could go second cabin without paying any more, which was much more comfortable. Had a comfortable trip across the mighty deep, passed an iceberg of enormous size, judging it to be about forty feet above the water, and on the other side, farther away, another one not

so high, but very long. Arrived at Greenwich the 5th of May, to Glasgow by rail and arrived at Zurich, Switzerland, the 9th. This was a little round about journey, but it did not cost any more than the other route, and as this steamer was just leaving in the proper time for me from New York, it saved me from staying a number of days to wait for another liner, and I was just fortunate to get a second cabin passage. There was again a happy welcome. And on the 23d day of May I preached in Bonstellen, three miles from my birthplace. Text: "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." Then I got some work there by a Mr. Meile, and on the Sabbath preached in his house.

Had a good congregation on June 6, on the 27th by my sister in Kappel where the battle was fought between the Catholics and the Zwingli reformers, where he was slain and burnt and his ashes scattered to the four winds. As the enemy found him leaning against a tree wounded, they held a crucifix before him to worship; he declining, shaking his head, they then speared him, and finding out it was Zwingli, burnt him. Here stands his tombstone.

In a short time I baptized a man and his wife from Bonstellen. Hunted up Bro. Thalman and we went together to visit some he was acquainted with; was kindly received by some and some not. Then I went to Schaffhausen, found a Mr. Bossard, who was also in Utah, but did not find things as represented, so went back to his own land; explained unto him the matter and he was glad to hear it, and in about two months I baptized him in the River Rhein—a noble man in every respect.

Wherever I heard of the Mormons I hunted them up, but their officers were very bitter, and counseled their members not to talk with me at all. Well, I labored and traveled,

preached wherever I had a chance and opportunity to talk. Persecution commenced to rage again, and now instead of saying I was banished from America, like the other time, they changed, saying I was a slave dealer, to entice people to go to America, and when I got them aboard the ship, I would have an agent there, who pays me a certain fixed sum for every person, then the agent takes them to the slave fields. "You can see that he don't work any to make a living; just look at his fine hands." At one time in the first hours of the night, I generally took care not to be out after dark, but this time I could not help it, I was waylaid by a lot of ruffians, who bombarded me with stones and sticks, and followed me clear to the house, where I stayed over night, and then bombarded the house; but I escaped unhurt. Another time they set a ladder against a house, where I was staying over night, sleeping upstairs, and tried to pry the window open, but the owner prevented them, and they had to give it up. This mob spirit did not prevail everywhere in such a violent manner; this place was generally known for this kind of business, and they were not esteemed as much civilized as in other towns and villages, but I had several members there and they were first-class, too.

I have to mention yet that in my former mission I wrote a pamphlet which I considered would be the most instructive and an eyeopener to all kinds of people, but not having the means to get it printed, I had to leave it just as a manuscript. The means at my disposal I had to earn generally by working out, which did not amount to much, but one man I worked for in haying time did not give me a cent, saying a preacher does not need any money; I sued him, but received an answer from the authorities that they could not attach any property, as he had deeded everything to his wife.

Now my postage alone did amount to quite a good deal of money. Just in this time of year I could reach a lot of people

with pen and ink when I could not reach them otherwise, the traveling expenses cost so much money as cheap as you can make it. Sometimes I could get a bite to eat and stay over night, but seldom. Anyone who is not familiar with the ways and customs of the continent of Europe is not fit to judge in these matters. The converts do all that is in their power, no matter how poor they are, for the welfare of the missionary, but converts have to be made first. Every beginning is hard, and especially where Utah Mormonism has spoiled it, consequently the lot of our missionaries is hard and can not be prosecuted with much success, unless upheld not only with empty prayers, but with prayers and means coupled together.

There was a widow woman here, whom I baptized on my former trip; her husband got killed a few years ago by the railroad cars, and I thought she would make a good companion and a good mother to my younger children, so I asked her to be my wife, she consented, and we got married. She helped me greatly to prosecute the mission, as I had a place to go to. She had a home and a little land, but mortgaged, but as long as she paid the interest on it, it was all right. So I helped her to attend to the land, to raise some breadstuff on it, and she was also weaving silk. She attended to my mail, when I was absent, and talked to many who visited her about the gospel; yea, she was a regular missionary in my absence.

Now I received from Brother Bierlein and the branch he belonged to in Wisconsin seventeen dollars, and having a few dollars yet myself, I had that pamphlet printed, five hundred copies for twenty dollars. One page at the end shows the difference between ours and the Utah Church, and the epitome of faith attached, making fifty-three printed pages, good strong paper and good print, so that the old people could read it. The title thereof is "The Church of Jesus Christ in the days of the Apostles, and the present churches, their doctrine

and authority”—this little book was the means of bringing John Bossard, of Thurgau, a colporter, a seller of Bibles and religious books for a missionary society. As he was canvassing he came into the house of my wife, when I was absent, and talked religion to her, but she turned it on him, and preached so effectually to him that he was astonished and bought one of the pamphlets, saying he would come again, as he wanted to see me. I was at home when he came, and we had a good talk together, and I baptized him. He was a noble man and assisted me much in visiting people he got acquainted with in his travels as colporter. He gave me a number of addresses of ministers of different denominations and of prominent people, where I sent by mail these pamphlets and letters; yea, to many countries in Germany, as Baden-Baden, Wurtemberg, Saxony, Hanover, Schliesien, and Berlin. Had correspondence with a colporter in Schliesien. I sent the word to a good many also in Switzerland, and sowed the gospel seed far and wide, a seed here and a seed there.

I also took a trip into Bavaria, a little south of Neurenburg, where there are Protestants. I had a number of these pamphlets along. I preached a few places in private houses to good congregations, the choir singing. One place I was advised to go to a certain man, where they thought I could preach in the evening, as he had a large room with a large choir, who did sing fine. I had good liberty. There was a lady there who asked me to come home with her, but arriving at her home I found she was the keeper of a hotel, and in the morning as I was going to leave I asked her, “What do I owe?” She told me and I paid it. I did not expect it, when she asked me to come home with her. I went in a good many houses; told them I was a traveling missionary; gave my pamphlets; very few gave me anything in return.

In one place they informed me it was against the law to

preach in private houses, and also to keep a stranger over night, only at the hotels, where he has to produce his papers. I left my address wherever I left a pamphlet; if they desired further information. So I retraced my steps, and having not money enough to pay car fare, I made it on foot, thirty-nine miles in one day with satchel and umbrella, and as it was a very warm day, I got as wet from sweating as if I had dipped myself in water. Stayed at a hotel that night without any supper, hardly able to get my clothes off. I then got such a chill that I had to hold myself on the bedstead to keep from falling over, till I was able to crawl on.

Next morning I resumed my journey till I reached Schaffhausen; labored there for a number of days. A family seemed very favorable, but his brother, a kind of minister of the Basil mission, opposed it, and would not let me preach in their hall, notwithstanding his brother urged him to let me have the hall. Still I could stay over night and the next day. I gave him the epitome of faith; he looked it over, and we talked about it, line upon line, but he considered it taught just outward ordinances, which are of no importance. His father, who was old and blind, listened very attentively, and said that I was right, and he just delighted in hearing me talk; the old mother liked it also, and I was satisfied they would have gladly joined if their son would not have opposed it, but he wanted to get rid of me and showed it plainly. His brother was also afraid of him, but sent me to another man, very well off, where he thought I could stay over night, so I went, taking his address, intending to write to him after a while. I found the place a fine mansion; the owner told me I could stay over night, as he was very busy, and had to go somewhere; next morning we will talk together. I was treated like a nobleman; never was treated so nice and well. Next day he brought one of their preachers with him and we had a short talk. I told them my

mission, and as Brighamism was well known everywhere I had to tell the difference, but the minister did not try to prove their faith and belief out of the Holy Writ, and would not accept anything that did not agree with their idea. I explained unto them the difference between ours and the Utah's, he said he did not care anything about that. He said, "Why, according to your own testimony, your church is split up also; then yours is no better than ours," and he did not want to hear any more. So it goes; the apostate church did more harm than we can imagine.

Then I resumed my journey for home, to get ready to face the Brighamites in the Canton of Berne, the city of Berne being the headquarters of their elders. Having heard that some of that church resided yet in different sections of the country, I decided to hunt them up. I found some and made an inroad into one of their big branches, preaching twice in their meetings; some opened their eyes while others preferred to have them shut. Brothers Stucki and Tausher and others visited several in their homes. Some got stirred up and began thinking; did not know what to do. The branch president, Schreir, got very much inclined to believe nothing more at all. Stucki and wife asked for baptism, which I attended to in the River Simmen. Tausher could not make up his mind yet, but had his name taken off the Brighamite records.

I helped Bro. Stucki a few days to get his potatoes out. I then went to New Berne, a suburb of the city of Berne. Stucki introduced me to some of them. Tausher also went there once and talked with them. They gave me the privilege of holding a meeting, several came, but the women did not want to hear anything, and those who were there went out into the kitchen to talk. Strange, but true, wherever I came in contact with the Utah doctrine I found the women more favorable to polygamy than the men, and they were more

opposed to our doctrine than their husbands. They would not listen to anything.

The spirit of emigration had got hold of nearly all their members. Sometimes it appeared that they were favorable to our faith, but they inquired if we had a place to gather to, and what prospects we could show to those who wanted to come over the great deep in temporal matters. I could not promise them like the Utah elders. We had no emigration fund, and no particular gathering place, and no land to give away like the other party told them they had. They did not want to hear any more. Well, in truth, such members would do the church no good. I could have got numbers of them if I had promised them a land flowing with milk and honey without money or sacrifice. I had no means of my own to contribute.

One item more about the virtues and practicability of polygamy. I visited a man whom I was informed favored this latter day work, to some extent, but still hesitated to join the Utah Church. In our conversation we came upon polygamy, I against and he for it; his main reason was this: "For instance," he said, "when a woman gets sick, what shall the man do?"

I answered, "Reverse that and say, And when a man gets sick what shall a woman do?"

He said, "That's so; I have not thought on that; you got me here," and surely he was caught, as he was just recovering from a long sickness.

I also found a well-to-do family up in the mountains intending to emigrate the next spring to Utah. Here the woman was on my side and she wished her husband would change his mind and not go to Utah; he also got kind of wavering. I stayed there over night and they asked me to come again. Then I went to the western part of the Canton, on the frontier

of Neurenburg, hunting the Brighamites, found some, but again the women were the more opposing element. I met also a Utah elder who spoke French, Italian and English, but he cursed me because I had spoken against the Lord's anointed, Brigham Young, and said if I did not repent speedily I would never have forgiveness in this world nor in the world to come. There was no use to fuss with him, he could have his Brigham and go to heaven (?) with him. There was a tailor and his wife somewhere in that village, Brighamites. She was a strong one in polygamy; he had never seen the revelation on polygamy and would like to see one. I not having one with me promised I would copy off one and send the copy to him, but he must send it back to me when through, as I might have use for it for others. I did this as soon as I got home, but it was never returned.

Well, I had to do something to live, so I started spinning silk to earn a little. I tell you it is very good if a person learns all he can in spiritual and temporal matters, when he is young, as he never knows what time may bring forth. I mentioned at the beginning of my narrative, how I learned to work in silk, in straw, in the woods, and in the fields, and got acquainted with histories of nations. Every Sunday I preached either in one village or another, and did write and write in the time I had to spare.

By and by I received word from Stucki and Tausher, of Berne, to come immediately, as two elders from Utah had come. They expected there would be a discussion so all could hear. I went without delay. One of them I knew before in Switzerland; the other, also a German Swiss, but I did not know him. As we went into the house where the preaching was to be, the same where I preached some weeks before, the women blocked the entrance, but they had to give way; then Stucki and Tausher wanted to get in and pushed me ahead.

The women tried all they could to prevent me from getting a seat, but they did not succeed. Then Snider, the one I did not know, made a short harangue about apostates and following false prophets, and so on, then gave way to Adler, who made a long talk how he embraced the gospel, and how he first opposed polygamy, but at last got converted, and now he knows that it is a true and a holy principle. They kept on till four, from half-past one, all on purpose to deprive me from saying anything; and closed the meeting. Then they went into another room and held council, reproved them that listened to me before, and who gave me addresses. Tausher demanded to give me a chance to discuss the doctrine, but they would not, so he told them to take his name off their book. Three times I sent word to them through Schreir, the branch president, and Tausher, and Eshler, the owner of the house, that I wished to have a talk with them, but always the same answer, they have nothing to talk with me.

But I was determined they should not escape me, and waited. At last when it commenced to be dark, I laid my hand on Adler's shoulder saying, "You give me a chance to defend my claims."

He answered, "You had the chance twice, and that is enough."

He then went away quick, to follow his brethren, but I challenged him for a public discussion, the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants being the standards.

He answered, "The books are all right, but we don't want to speak to you."

Well, I baptized three more. I went back to that family on the mountain, but those Utah elders were there in the meantime and got the man turned around again. She was all right, but he did not want to hear any more. Then I prepared a piece for the press on Utah Mormonism, and went to the

city of Berne to have it published, but the editors said they would not publish anything of a religious nature. Then I wrote a challenge to the Brighamite elders to discuss certain points of doctrine with me, which the editor of *Intelligencer* promised to print for the payment of two francs, ten centime (forty-two cents). But it was impossible to bring them out for open discussion.

I have to shorten my story, but would say that I had a busy time; I visited a good many towns and villages, gave away a lot of reading matter in tracts and pamphlets, sowed the seed of the gospel in hundreds of homes, and God did bless me abundantly with his Spirit. If that seed could have been watered and growing up tares removed, no doubt much fruit would have resulted thereby.

In my two missions in this country, I baptized in the following Cantons: Zurich 19, Berne 5, Thurgau 3, Schaffhausen 1. Financial conditions, and a desire to see my children, to gather them together again and take care of my little home, prompted me to make preparations for the journey. My wife sold what she had, and what was left, over the mortgage and other debts, just reached the payment for her journey. A twelve-year-old boy of hers came with us. I did notify the church authorities that I desired to be released and would start for home this spring, 1882. I had a little money which was coming to me from my former wife (some of it I spent for the mission), which enabled me to pay my passage.

We had a baby six weeks old when we started on our journey in the middle of March. Took the steamer at Havre, France, but my wife soon got sick, not regular seasickness. The child kept well through the whole journey; we fed it on condensed milk, which we had bought before we left. Landed safely at New York and took the train for the West, wife more sick on the cars than on the ship. Arriving at Agency

it happened an old neighbor of mine, Mr. Givings, was there with team ready to drive home, his wagon empty; would have to pass my house, so I asked him if he would not take us along, which was granted. Then he charged me \$1.25, and the distance was two and one half to three miles, costly accommodation. Next door neighbors, Mr. Reese and wife, came out to the road to greet us, and requested me to leave wife with them until she got better, and I got things fixed up at home. In two days she came home, did not want to stay there any longer, and the man charged me \$4. I found my home in a pitiful condition, the front door entirely open, the middle door in the house gone, the windows in the back room were taken out and gone, the fence on the front facing the road gone, renters burned it for fuel; chicken house which cost me fifty dollars used for pigs, rat proof chicken coop gone, and so forth. Then I got my children together, except the two oldest girls, who had good situations in town. The man I gave the place in charge of, and who had my oldest boy, lived two and one half miles away. He had rented the place for fifty dollars, which he gave me.

The April conference released me from the mission and the Bishop was authorized to pay my fare, which I received; so with this money and the fifty dollars mentioned, and the little I had left, I bought a team. Now what next. I had no farm implements whatever; no plow, no harrow, no hoe, neither ax nor saw, no seed, and nearly out of the necessities of life, and everything awfully high. I went to town, Saint Joseph, to try to get some potatoes to plant, and had to pay one dollar and eighty cents a bushel. It looked gloomy; was at a loss to know what to do. It happened that I met Bro. Foss on the street, and we were glad to see each other, we belonging to the same quorum. He asked me how I was getting along and I told him, I was in very straight circumstances, not

knowing what to do. He said, "Why don't you write to the Bishop? you are entitled to assistance." So I did. Brother Blakeslee was successor to Brother Rogers who resigned, and I explained to him, that Rogers paid me for the fare, but that we were in destitute condition, not knowing what to do. In a little while I received an answer, that he wrote to Bro. Rogers and he informed him that he paid me. It's very hard for some people to understand, no matter how plain you write or talk. I wrote him back something like this: "In my letter to you I mentioned that Rogers paid my fare; but that don't give me and my family support now, and may be you don't know what poverty is—never passed through the same; but never mind, I don't want to beg. I have still confidence in God, that he will not forsake us. If the church I serve as a representative will not help me, God will help me through some other channel." In a few days after this he sent me relief. I don't know how much it was, but it helped us out of the difficulties we were in a good deal. We labored hard and with a good will, and God prospered us, the boys working out sometimes when I could spare them. We raised good crops and by and by managed to get a cow. Robert, the twelve-year-old boy of wife, got a good place about two miles from us by a farmer, who treated him kindly. Whenever I had a few dollars to spare I sent it to the Bishop, as a freewill offering or tithing, whatever it may be called, so anyhow the church did not lose the money the Bishop sent me, as in this way I paid it back. In the spring of 1885 I bought twenty acres of wood and brush land joining mine. The man who owned it had to sell it to meet other obligations. I did not have a cent in the house and not a cent coming to me, and was afraid to burden myself with a mortgage; but I took the risk, and it was the best I could do. So I had to give a mortgage for four hundred and fifty dollars, payable in five years at seven per cent interest.

We now had plenty of work to do in chopping wood and grubbing brush, and God blessed us.

I did not forget my boyhood days when I read the Scriptures to the family, so I did the same as a married man. We always had our family worship, morning and night, and indeed, if it ever happened that for some cause or other it was neglected, something went wrong that day. It pays temporally and spiritually. Just as soon as we want to excuse ourselves, saying, "Well, it's late now, we have no more time, we will do it next time," it is just the beginning of real neglect; yea, it is better to get up a little earlier in the morning than to neglect and let it go. It is a duty we owe to God and ourselves. Now a few remarks more about this family worship. I don't think that any substitute can replace it. Where this is lacking, there is something wrong. Children can not be properly raised without it; they don't learn to show regard and respect to their parents, brothers and sisters. The family worship ought not only to be a prayer, but a portion of the Scriptures ought to be read too. No Sunday school, Religio, nor any other religious society ought to supercede or supplant the family worship. Young people very seldom teach younger ones to honor father and mother, or to respect older people in general. Therefore all things ought to go hand in hand; we do not want substitutes. At the family altar all ought to be there, the young ones as well as the older ones, and where this is lacking, there is no order, and order is the first law of heaven.

Well, to continue my history, we got along fairly well, everything considered. Saint Joseph was our nearest market place, ten miles. Raised different kinds of vegetables to take to market with butter and eggs and chickens. I hauled cordwood at five dollars a cord, but could not haul more than one half cord at a load, the roads being hilly. Raised a lot of tomatoes and hauled them to the canning factory in town. Sold navy beans at two dollars a bushel, hand picked, potatoes

and sweet potatoes, and so forth, and whenever I had a few dollars to spare I put it in the savings bank, never buying anything unless it was needed. Luxuries had no place in our house. We owed the four hundred and fifty dollars and this had to be paid first.

A MIRACLE.

I have to mention a remarkable incident, while our little girl was one and one half years old. It seemed one day that she was not quite well, but we did not take much notice of her. But in the morning, about eight, wife came from the bedroom into the regular room and said, "Lydia is dying."

"Oh, no," I answered, "that can not be."

She said, "Go and see."

Quickly I went into the chamber, and there she laid motionless, her eyes sunken in their sockets, the nose like one who is dead, her finger nails dark, her hands cold, so her face, no sign of breath, a deathlike form.

I called my wife: "Come quick! Come quick! Never mind the oil." I knelt down by her bedside and offered up a solemn prayer to God to spare her life, and life came back again, I could see how the eyes came back to their former position, the dark color disappearing, the nose commenced to lose its deathlike color, the finger nails commenced to be a rosy hue, warmth commenced to start on her body, and the pulse commenced to beat. Yea, she was dead and made alive again. So we sent up a prayer of thanks to our heavenly Father, for these marvelous manifestations of his healing power.

My oldest daughter, Barbara, who was married to Frank Whietlich February 28, 1886, died February 24, 1887, in DeKalb County, Missouri, buried in the German Cemetery, four miles north of Stewartsville.

In the spring of 1888 my boys left me and went to town to start for themselves. My wife got sick with bronchitis,

but recovered again after a few weeks, but the doctor warned her to be careful not to catch cold, or it might attack her lungs and turn into consumption.

Mr. Landis, one of our most influential neighbors, a Methodist, asked my assistance to establish a union Sunday school, to which I consented. He was chosen superintendent, myself to teach the Bible class, which consisted of men, and he had the women folks, all girls, but he could not do anything with them, there was nothing but laughing, giggling, and talking. Would not actually behave themselves to help sing a song. My class, the men folks, behaved themselves admirably. After we tried it about four Sundays we had to give it up.

My wife got sick again with bronchitis and it went down to the lungs, starting to consumption, as the doctor said it would, but she could not believe it, saying, "It is not in our family; none of us ever had consumption." Still I was satisfied that she had it. So I was again placed in a trying position. There I had three girls, the oldest one thirteen, the next ten, and the last eight years old; a sick wife and a mortgage of four hundred and fifty dollars on the place. But those girls stood by me nobly, and as my wife was a good mother to them, so they were good children, and Mary was an excellent housekeeper. They helped me in the field all they could, without grumbling. One fall and winter I hauled twenty cords of wood to town, some of it cut and split into stove wood, which made forty trips, besides what I had to go with produce extra. Yes, we worked from five in the morning till late in the night, none of us grumbled, all with good will (no eight hours for a day's work as now, and grumbling besides). The mortgage being due the first week in February, 1890, I had the money ready to pay, and still a little left in the bank. And besides, I did not owe a cent to anybody, and my wife was so glad and said, "Oh, how I wish to live with you a little longer, as our home is paid for now!"

I kept up correspondence with some of the Saints in Switzerland. Some went to the other shore, where we will meet one another in the sweet by and by. My cousin, Brother Schmidt, in Hedingen, Zurich, sent me a very interesting letter; he got acquainted about seven miles from there with some elderly people, man, wife and sister, being well off in this world's goods. He talked to them of the restored gospel, telling the difference between the Utah Church and this, and convinced them, so they desired baptism before they would be called to the other side. But nobody of our faith was there any more, authorized to baptize, as those who had the oversight of the flock very likely passed to the place beyond, being aged when I was there. He requested me solemnly that I should use all my influence with the church authorities that one be sent there again to baptize these people and carry on the work, and they would gladly sustain a missionary as much as lay in their power. Now these who were blessed with this world's goods would be the first to come into the church.

In this letter he requested me to come myself if possible; if not, to not fail to do my best, that some one be sent. I translated the letter into English and sent it to Joseph to publish it, which was done. I offered myself to go again, if no one else could be found to go, but would prefer some one else go; but there ought to be two. My wife was very much interested in the mission, she still believing she would get better again, and said, "If you go again, I will go with you. I can assist a good deal, and we will take the little girl with us."

I answered, "Yes, I think we could get along, if the church gives you a monthly allowance, like the other missionaries' wives have. We could rent a little room, and in my absence you could attend to my mail, and talk to visitors, hand them something to read, wash my shirts and mend them, and if

I had a place to go to, I could hold little meetings, inviting people to come and hear.”

But I had no faith in her recovery; still, sometimes she felt tolerably good (that's generally the way with consumptives); that inspired hope within her; then a reaction would set in. Well, she got worse and worse, and at last gave up hope and got reconciled to go; yet she lingered and wasted away. I could carry her easily on my arms. She desired and prayed for the end to come. On the morning of February 21, 1891, she passed away. She was a noble woman. May God grant that I may meet her on the morning of the first resurrection.

Bro. William Lewis came out with Bro. Mark Forscutt from Saint Joseph, who preached the funeral sermon, and notwithstanding the terrible muddy roads, people came from far and near to the funeral. The house could not hold them all, but they stayed close to the window, so they could hear, and all said that never in their life did they hear such a beautiful sermon. She was beloved by everybody who got acquainted with her. We buried her by the side of the other one, not far from the house.

Surely my life's journey is full of trouble and cares, and bitter the cups I had to drink; but still nearer, my God, to thee; nearer to thee. Not knowing what conference was going to do, which was held at Lamoni, about sending me to Europe again, or to another mission or none, I could not make any preparation, and so continued my farm labor. Then as I read the conference minutes in the *Herald*, I saw that I was appointed to the Ohio Valley. No one was sent to Switzerland, the mission was entirely dropped, as there was nothing more done for it. Myself and the children attended to the farm that summer, and made preparation to sell what could be sold, during the summer and fall.

Now the question rose in my mind again, how to get homes

for the girls, where they would be protected from the evil influences and surroundings of the world. My daughter Emily, who married Bro. John Heide, living in Collins, Iowa, requested me to bring Lillie to her. Now there was Mary and Lydia, the youngest one yet; so I wrote to Joseph and he answered me that there lived in Sonora, Illinois, a Bro. and Sr. Herbert; she being crippled from rheumatism, would like a good girl for doing housework, as they had a little store and the post office to attend to. They would pay her fair wages; he thinks they would take the younger girl also, for some compensation; then the sisters would be together, and he spoke highly of the Herberts. Now that's just the thing I thought. I wrote and so it was. The younger girl they would take for fifty dollars a year, and send her to school, whenever she could go. I wrote to the Bishop and he agreed. Late in the fall I had everything arranged, except to sell the cattle and team. I had a splendid, large mule team. The girls could handle them without fear. I had also some of the best and finest cows in the country, gentle, and good milkers. It was a hard trial for me to part with them and the team. Some of the neighbors would like some of the cows, yet did not try, and I heard that they were going to wait until I went away, thinking I would sell them then at any price. But I foiled their plans by selling the whole bunch to one man, very cheap; still I did better this way than otherwise. It was hard to sell the stock at the beginning of winter. Mary actually cried when the buyer came and drove the stock away; she was so attached to those cows, and they to her. The wagon I sold to a neighbor, he to get it when I was done with it. But nobody wanted the mules. They had no money to buy them, and on credit I would not sell. I paid one hundred and sixty dollars for those mules when I bought them, and now they were in fine condition, and one only five years old, the other ten. So a friend of mine (professed to be) said he would help

me to sell them. "We will drive to town together and go to those who keep those livery stables where they always buy and sell." So we went, but nobody wanted them, saying if it was spring they would gladly buy them, but now they would have to feed them all winter and feed so high, they could not do it. So we went home again in another dilemma. This man offered me fifty dollars and a watch for twenty-five dollars, which was not worth more than ten dollars. What else could I do, but take the offer? A watch I did need, having none. Now what a sacrifice! I lost one hundred dollars on the mules alone, and seventy-five dollars on the cattle, and on everything else. Well, I have to console myself with the words of the Psalmist: "Gather my Saints together unto me, those who have made a covenant with me by sacrifice."

I hauled my trunks and bedding to Saint Joseph and stored it at Bro. and Sr. Garlic's.

I wanted to give the farm under the care of the Bishop, he to rent it out and draw the money for the benefit of the church, but he would not agree to that. I could rent it out myself and he would draw the money. So I rented it for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, payable to William Lewis, bishop's agent at Saint Joseph, Missouri. I took my children with me to Collins, Iowa, left Lillie with Emily and went with the others to Sonora, Illinois, and left Mary and Lydia with Herberts, then started for Wheeling, West Virginia. Arriving there on November 27, I met Bro. Gomer Griffiths the following day.

[Here follows a detailed account of Elder Bear's ministerial work in Ohio, West Virginia, his return to General Conference at Independence, Missouri, in 1892. At this conference he was appointed to Michigan, where he did faithful labor, manifesting great patience, faith, and devotion. Quite a full account of this labor is recorded by Elder Bear. He returns to the General Conference at Lamoni, Iowa, in 1893,

when he is reappointed to Michigan. A full account of this year's labor is given. He was fully engaged in ministerial work and changing places so often that it was three weeks after the death of his daughter Emily—Mrs. John Heide, of Collins, Iowa, before he heard the sad news. On the 3d of March, 1894, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Henrietta A. Winans. Unlike the soldiers of Moses's time who were not required to go to war for one year after marriage, he preached the next day, and continued without interruption. Attended General Conference at Lamoni, Iowa, in April, 1894, and was returned to Michigan where he performed another year's faithful labor. During his ministry in Michigan many instances of God's power were experienced by him and others under his administration. He sums up his experience as follows]:

I was greatly blessed in this mission to Michigan. In this narrative I did not mention how many Saints' meetings I presided over, neither how many times I administered to the sick and assisted in the same, or assisted in holding services. I can not boast of having baptized many. If my labors would be judged in that way, it would look like I did very little, as the number was only twenty-four.

I wish to mention here another wonderful healing. On the 16th of December, 1893, arriving at Farwell from Coleman, about a mile or so from the village, I was going to call on a family of Saints, and as I knocked at the door a woman came out, and seeing me raised up her arms with joy in her countenance, saying: "Oh, Bro. Bear, surely God sent you here; my father is very sick, and there are no elders around here, and I did not know where to write for one. I did not know what to do. So I knelt down and prayed to the Lord to send us an elder, and now you have come, indeed, and the Lord answered my prayer." I administered to the seventy-year-old brother, and told him he must not go out, in stormy

weather, when he gets better till he gets stronger. I went a couple of miles further to Bro. Campbell's, where I stayed over night. Next morning I went to see how he was getting along, but he was not at home. It was snowing and blowing. I asked his daughter, "Where is your pa?" "Oh, he went down town; I could not keep him; he said he was perfectly well and strong, like he had never been sick." Well, reader, there was great hope in all of us, and our faith was not in vain, and to God be the praise, the honor, and the glory.

Now I considered it my duty to go back to my home again, and take my wife there and the younger children. The expenses were very heavy, but I did the best I could under the circumstances, expecting to take the field as soon as I had the house put up; but it went longer than I calculated and my health being rather poor, I had to defer it until the next year. I took my two youngest children home again. So I had another hard struggle to start again to make a home, as the money I had for the stock three and one half years ago did not reach far enough to start in. The rent for the first two years I gave to the church, and the third year I rented the place to my stepson for one hundred dollars. I had to pay out some money for repairing, so I had about eighty dollars. I bought a horse and a second hand spring wagon (was not able to buy a whole team any more) and had to borrow fifty dollars at the bank to pay off the carpenter. A cow I also bought on credit and rented out the plowland on shares. As I had contracted rheumatism in my right shoulder in Michigan, it was very difficult for me to do the work which had to be done. The farm was in a deplorable condition. The neighbors said to me: "Mr. Bear, your place is worth two hundred dollars less than when you left it."

I did not have the means to have the house plastered, as I had more debt on hand than I liked to have.

In 1896 I again took the mission field, as I was appointed

to labor in Missouri. But rheumatic pains in my legs made me unfit to travel much, with heavy satchel in hand, and I was needed at home very badly, so in the latter part of the year I quit the field. Well, I baptized my stepson and his wife. I had hard times; my right arm sometimes very lame, and my legs pained a good deal, and I had to scratch to get out of debt; but God blessed my labors anyhow, so that I could meet my obligations in the proper time and was again a free man.

The older girl went to town and hired out, so there were three of us left. Surely I felt very gloomy, and in the last week of May, 1897, being much depressed in spirit and sorely afflicted with rheumatism. I felt like weeping and forsaking God. I took my little missionary Bible and opened it, struck Psalm 42. (Please read it.) It did give my soul relief and strength.

One morning as I had to go to town, I wanted to turn a calf I had staked out in the meadow into a fresh place, so it would have plenty to eat until next day, but the stake was tight, and in pulling it out, I sprained or hurt my leg. Still I did not mind it much and went to town. When I got as far as the outskirts of the town my horse got scared at something, ran the wagon into a side bank, ran off and threw me out on the hard road. I got a little bruised. The horse got loose from the wagon and ran off, but I soon found him in a yard, as somebody had caught him and shut him up. I had to take the wagon to a shop to get it fixed, and when I got up town, the horse ran away again. Some one caught him. He never acted so before, still I got home all right. The next morning my leg was in a bad condition; I could not walk upon it at all, and it was swelled up very much. The swelling did not last over a few days, but for three days and nights I could neither sit down nor lie down. I could lean over the table a little while to nap a few minutes. Sometimes I could not move a step, and I had to stay till my wife arrived, as I hollered to her, to help

me into the house. In getting upstairs I had to crawl up, and in getting down I had to slide. This lasted a few weeks, and I am satisfied that pulling that stake was the cause of it. We got along again very fairly, though crippled in my arm and with a weak leg. I rented part of the ground on shares, but did not realize what I should have had, because those renters always did attend to theirs first at their own place, and afterwards to mine, when it was too late; and what I attended myself I had to hire some one to plow up for me. Then I had to wait till they finished theirs before they came, and instead of plowing deep, they just skimmed a little and consequently the crop was poor, and I had to pay good wages for bad work. So in the last two years I was on the farm I run backward.

Sister Herbert, of Senora, Illinois, wrote me. She wished I would send Lydia to help her along, as Mary got married, and she would pay her what was right. Mary also wished me to send her, so I asked Lydia what she thought about it. She said she was willing to go.

I took an active part in having a mail route established there. My name was the first of all the signers on the petition, and as matters went slow, I wrote to Washington about it and received by return mail a very favorable reply, that they would see to it as soon as possible, and in a week the route was established.

In the spring of 1904 I went around with a petition for the establishment of a parcels post, had seventy signers and sent it to Washington, and received the following reply:

House of Representatives United States.
Washington, D. C.

April 22, 1904.

J. L. BEAR, ESQ., AGENCY, MO.

Dear Mr. Bear: I have received the petition forwarded by you in reference to the parcels post legislation that has been proposed. I shall be pleased to give your views my most earnest and painstaking consideration.

Please advise all persons who signed the petition that you sent for-

ward that their wishes will be duly considered by me. Hoping that you will always call on me freely whenever I can be of service I am

Very truly yours,

JOHN DAUGHERTY.

Well, it was impossible for me to farm any more, and we considered it would be best to sell out, if we could get a chance, and move down to Independence and live on what we had. The farm was now again in excellent condition. There were a number of men who would have liked to buy, but did not have the means to do so, as they could not sell their own. So a neighbor bought it. Several of the neighbors there came around and said, "Mr. Bear, we are sorry you are going to leave us," and they all acknowledged that I was one of the best neighbors they ever had, and requested me to talk to them before I left, which I did, and the house was full. At the close they all shook hands with me and wished me to pay them a visit whenever I could. Yea, the business men at Agency expressed the same sentiments: "We do not like to lose you; why do you not come down here and put you up a little house instead of going away." Yea, Mr. Boone, who owned the gristmill there, and afterwards moved to Saint Joseph, meeting my eldest son John, once in their conversation, as John told me, said: "If there ever was a Christian, your father is one."

Well, the fifteenth we moved, stayed at her sister's in Sheffield till we had a house built in Independence, and moved there on the 15th of March, 1905. January, 1906, I had a severe sickness which lasted several months. In the same time wife got sick, and in four days she was a corpse, and I lingering between life and death for months. She died March 21, 1906, of hemorrhage of the lungs, so they said. Her age was sixty-five years, seven months, and eighteen days.

In August, 1907, I had another serious spell of sickness for three months, recovered a short time, then down again for another four months. Still my time has not come. When-

ever it does come I hope and trust that I will be ready for the change. My faith in this latter day work is strong as ever. God is at the helm, his plans and purposes can not fail, neither can they come to naught.

[This ends the autobiography of Elder John L. Bear. He still lives and is a resident of Independence, Missouri. In his old age he retains his faith in the "angel's message," and calmly awaits his reward for faithfulness throughout a long and peculiarly eventful life.]

IS IT PLEASANT TO BE OLD?

"Friend, is it pleasant to be old?
No, save only that the gates of gold
And pearly gates, they grow so near,
And jasper walls so bright and clear,
That like a picture they unfold;
In this 'tis pleasant to be old.

"'Tis pleasant, too, to think that life,
With all its tumult vast, and strife,
Its flimsy joys that fade so fast,
Its storms that bid us stand aghast,—
And other ills are almost told;
In this 'tis pleasant to be old.

"'Tis pleasant that in age we stand
With feet so near the border land;
That just beyond the sullen tide,
That's seldom very deep or wide,
We enter in the dear old fold;
In this 'tis pleasant to be old."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER CHARLES DERRY.

(Continued from volume 4, page 495.)

May my whole life be closed with a halo of purity, virtue, and integrity, brighter by far than can possibly illumine the present; then shall I know that I have not lived in vain. I realize that each day will demand a continued warfare against the evils of my own nature. My own heart is the great battleground in which the conflict between evil and good must be fought; but I also realize that so long as I follow the lead of my Great Commander, I can not be worsted in the battle. I pray that the seed of truth which I have sown in my native land and on my journey there and back, may bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of God; then I shall amply be repaid.

On the evening of the 7th Brother and Sister Brittain came into our cabin, and wife and daughter entertained us by singing some of the songs composed by Bro. David H. Smith, the sweet singer of latter day Israel. I wish to record that the house wife lived in during my absence was the property of Brother Brittain, who not only let her have it free of rent, but treated her with true Christian kindness and brotherly love. Sister Brittain also kindly administered to her wants and sought to make her feel at home.

On the 12th wife and I visited Samuel Badham, of Farm Creek, to deliver some things his sister had sent by me to him.

On the 13th we visited a sick man, Franklin Richards, and administered to him. He seemed desirous of being baptized, but he was too weak. I told him whether living or dying he was the Lord's. I felt it was the voice of the Spirit unto him. We were welcome guests at Sr. Lucy Beebe's. We visited a number of Saints, some the fruits of my earlier labors here. I preached in the schoolhouse at Wheeler's Grove. Bro. Calvin A. Beebe gave me ten dollars. From there we went to Mud

Creek and visited the Kelley and Cotton families, by whom we were kindly treated. On the 20th Brother Beebe brought us to Glenwood. I am far from being well, and being unable to travel I remained at home until the 3d of October, when I started to the fall General Conference, to be held at Gallands Grove on the 6th; distance, seventy-five miles. But when I got to the Union Branch on Hog Creek the Saints thought it was too bad for my wife to be left behind so soon after my return, so they sent a team by Bro. Rasmus Campbell and myself to fetch her. It was a wet journey, very dark, and the distance twelve miles. All were in bed, wife heard my whistle, which she was accustomed to hear when I returned home, and quickly arose to let us in, and the next day we started for conference again, with several families in company, and we men camped at night in our wagons and the sisters were kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Morris. We dined at Union Grove, among the Saints, and then went on to Six Mile Grove, where we stopped at Father Ellison's, and Father Baldwin and myself preached there.

On the 6th we arrived at Gallands Grove, Shelby County, Iowa. Went to conference, Pres. Joseph Smith in the chair, Riley Briggs and Nathan Lindsey, clerks. Riley Briggs, William H. Kelley, and President Smith spoke in the afternoon; good instructions were given. Riley was too abstruse to be clearly understood by the majority of the Saints. He seemed to try to display talent and learning, rather than to declare the plain gospel. William H. Kelley was more simple and childlike, and the Spirit of God attended his preaching. But Joseph was head and shoulders above all that I heard. He did not aim at grand, eloquent language. It was plain, simple, and very comprehensive. He used no redundancy of words, but every word was meat to the hungry soul. Truly the mantle of his father had rested upon him. We had a splendid prayer meeting

at night. Wife and I enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. Frank Reynolds and wife.

There I made the acquaintance of Father and Mother Whittinger, the parents of Sister Reynolds and Sr. John Swain. They had been Tunkers, or Dunkards, and seemed very devoted members.

Reports were given on the seventh which showed the work in a healthy state. This evening there was a prayer meeting, but Joseph requested John A. McIntosh, Hugh Lytle, William Anderson and myself to meet him in council, which we did and considered together the question of sending some one to take the place of Brother Briggs in England. But we could not decide upon anyone. Joseph said, "We have no one tall enough to fill his place," but he suggested that Thomas Revell be appointed until the April conference. He then hinted that I would have to return in the spring. I told him when I left England it was with the intention of never returning, unless God wanted me to go. He then asked me if I would go, if my family went with me. I told him I would not take my children there.

On the question of courts Joseph said, "A court of elders appointed to try a case is only a jury to find the guilt or innocence of the party tried, and it was the duty of the church to give the sentence, and all have a right to vote as they please."

On the 8th Joseph preached and showed from Chronicles 15: 23-29 that it was the duty of all to worship God in the beauty of holiness. The earth and all therein, except man, fills the measure of its creation. He urged all to be content in the sphere in which God called us. Every word he uttered seemed full of the light of truth, and I could not help thinking of the folly of those who called him a "dumb prophet"; they forget that a part of the burden laid upon him is to teach the revelations that have been given. They are anxious to receive

revelation, but slow to obey that which has already come forth.

William H. Kelley, Riley W. Briggs, and myself were appointed a committee to investigate trouble existing in Council Bluffs Branch, where the branch had been cut off for voting contrary to the decision of a certain court of elders. Bro. Joseph Gilbert, mentioned in a former page, whom I met on the plains on his way to Utah in 1859, now gave me five dollars as evidence of his gratitude because I had given him in answer to his question a true statement of affairs in Utah. He was glad to meet me again. I returned to Union Grove and preached there. Wife and I also visited the North Star Branch and were kindly treated. On the 13th, in company with Riley W. Briggs and William H. Kelley, I investigated the matter at Council Bluffs, and found that a majority of the members had been cut off, because they would not sustain the decision of the court to expel Elder John Clark for playing the violin at balls, the above majority of members believing the sentence too harsh for the crime. It now becomes our duty to report the result of our investigation to the next session of General Conference for its action.

I continued to labor in Mills and Pottawattamie Counties until the 22d. Wife and I visited Sister Armstone's; there I was taken violently sick from a bilious attack. The sister kindly furnished me with a mattress on which to ride home, as I could neither walk nor sit up. With God's blessing and my wife's care I was enabled to preach the next day.

On the 24th I baptized Mr. Cunningham, and by the kindness of Saints and from the sale of the potatoes wife had raised, I was able to buy me a new coat and pants, just in time for cold weather. We had a heavy snow.

Joseph had requested us to go and live at Nauvoo. The western Saints were opposed to our leaving them. Of this fact I informed Joseph at the conference. He asked me, "Who shall decide?" I told him he must. "Then I decide that you go to

Nauvoo," said he. Accordingly we made preparations, and on the 27th we packed up our few things and on the 28th we bade farewell to the Saints at Glenwood. Brother Brittain kindly, but reluctantly, taking us to Noah Green's, near Tabor, and when we parted with him he shed tears. He had always been our friend from our first acquaintance. Both he and all the Saints in western Iowa and Nebraska had treated us with kindness. I am pleased to say that my wife is held in the highest esteem by all who know her. When I thanked Brother Brittain for his many kindnesses he replied, "I have only done my duty." To him and his good wife I was indebted for a home for my family, and many comforts besides, while I was on my mission to England. On the 29th I wrote my mother a letter. Sister Green gave my Alice Amelia a new flannel dress which wife made up for her. On the 30th I preached in Father John Leeka's house, also on the 31st to crowded audiences.

November 1, we bade farewell to the Saints at Plum Hollow, who gave us substantial evidence of their love, and deep regret at our leaving. Father Leeka took us to Manti, where we were kindly received. I regretted leaving the Saints in the West, but felt it my duty to go to Nauvoo for the present. Bro. John Leeka returned home on the 2d, leaving ten dollars in my hand at parting.

The news has reached us that Bro. Alexander H. Smith is drafted for the war. May God preserve him. Wife has made me a vest. Bless her heart, she is always doing something for my comfort.

Bro. William Mathews took us as far as Bedford, in Taylor County; there his horses were taken sick and he could go no further. I am sorry for his loss and grateful for his kindness. I hired a man to take us to Pleasant Plains, Decatur County, cost \$14.75. Bro. and Sr. George Morey made us welcome to their home. I preached there during our stay.

A brother named Howd was stopping at Morey's. He was troubled with heart disease. He requested me to administer to him; I did so. He seemed relieved and expressed his faith in God. The next morning, soon after I arose, I saw him lying upon a lounge, apparently asleep. Some time after a little girl called my attention to him, saying he was dead. I went across the room to him; his eyes and mouth were open, but his spirit had departed; he had died in the night. It caused a shock through the whole household. This was on the 9th of November, 1864. He leaves a little boy, about ten or twelve years old, and a little girl of fourteen. The doctor thought a post-mortem examination was needless. He was buried on the 10th. I see by the *Saints' Herald* Jason W. Briggs had returned from England, and that a branch of fourteen members has been organized in Birmingham. Sister Morey, Eunice Morey, wife and myself visited Father Purdun. He gave me a fearful history of the state of things in Nauvoo after Joseph's death. I read a letter from his daughter who declared that in Utah, when her husband took another wife, he poisoned their little child and herself, but after long sickness she recovered. Terrible are the evils with which the church has been cursed. No wonder men and women grew weak in the faith. Brethren Morey and Moffitt bear similar testimony to the sad state of things in Nauvoo, after the Martyr's death, as Father Purdun. But I believe God has preserved a people who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

I continued preaching and visiting in this vicinity until the 25th. The Saints desired us to stay with them, but we thought best to go on to Nauvoo. I found some people who seemed to delight in maligning the character of the Martyr, claiming that he was a false prophet. He never made any claim to infallibility. A Brother Robertson agreed to take us to Nauvoo, so we bade farewell to the Saints at Little River and Pleasant Plains.

On the 26th we stopped near Centerville, at the house of one Maggin. Robertson and this man had been peddlers, and they exchanged experiences, and both confessed that to be a good peddler they must not be great sticklers for the truth. One had peddled clocks and the other Bibles, and in both their callings lying was more successful than unsullied truth. But what will the harvest be?

On the 27th we passed through Centerville and camped two miles east of Bloomfield, county seat of Davis County. It is said guerillas passed through here two weeks ago, killed several people, and committed robberies. At one place they shot a woman and child in attempting to kill the husband. At another place they made a woman count out eight hundred dollars, then met her husband and shot him, taking his horse and five hundred dollars and made the hired man count that out to them from his employer's pockets. The town of Bloomfield has a guard out all the time, for fear of guerillas. War brutalizes humanity and renders them strangers to mercy. The next day we traveled from Bloomfield to Possum Hollow, and stopped at a tavern in Missouri. I paid three dollars and seventy-five cents for our suppers, breakfast, bed, and horse feed. The guerillas have been here. The landlord had lost horses to the value of five hundred dollars. They would call men to the door and shoot them down.

On the 29th we traveled sixteen miles through Missouri and found ourselves at String Prairie, where we had free accommodation at Father Dungan's, a worthy family of Saints. We were glad to get out of Missouri. I found Brother Robertson a quick tempered man, but by letting him have his own way we got along fairly well. He is a rabid abolitionist, but detests the negro. There seems an inconsistency in that. The negro is the workmanship of God and an object of his care. I am for universal freedom and deny the right of man to enslave his fellow-man. This man Robertson told me that

he was once sent on a preaching tour with an elder. Robertson had never preached. An appointment was made, but the elder failed to appear. Robertson was there, and after waiting some time, expecting the elder every minute, he arose to announce there would be no preaching that night, as the elder had not come. The audience were surprised at his statement, and he was told he had been preaching two hours himself. Their announcement to him was the first he knew of his preaching, and he claimed to me that the Spirit had rested upon him and unconsciously he had been made to preach. If this be true, truth is indeed stranger than fiction!

On the 30th we arrived at Montrose, and were heartily welcomed by Brother and Sister Burley. I paid Brother Robertson nine dollars and twenty-five cents for bringing us. Brn. Alexander H. Smith and George Redfield fetched us over the river to Nauvoo. We were kindly entertained by Alexander and wife that night, and we attended prayer meeting, David H. Smith presiding. We had a pleasant time before the Lord.

On the 1st of December we visited a couple of our old Utah neighbors, Hans Miller and wife. Heavy rains to-day; the first since we left Pleasant Plains. Our means is meager. Things look gloomy. Wife feels dependent and despondent. We rented a room of Sister Chambers in the house once owned by Frederick G. Williams. We bought a stove and some other furniture. On the 3d I attended a council meeting over which David presided. The subject of tithing was presented. Joseph said it was not compulsory, but, like all the laws of God, must be voluntarily obeyed, if we were to receive the blessings. Other funds were spoken of; I asked if it was wisdom to introduce a variety of funds. Was it not our duty to pay tithing, and let the Bishop provide for the poor out of that? I thought if all paid their tithing the demands of the church would be met so far as finances were concerned. If people felt to give

more as freewill offerings, all right, but let us pay our tithing. After consideration a resolution to establish a poor fund aside from the tithing was rescinded. The bishop expressed his determination to aid the poor out of the tithing.

On the 4th I went to Montrose with Joseph, and I heard Joseph preach. We returned to Nauvoo and heard two excellent sermons there by Alexander and David. They made me feel my weakness as a gospel minister, but I was greatly refreshed by them.

On the 5th I received a letter from my old friend Withers, who had left England since I came away. I heard Reverend Smelley preach in Saints' Hall. He said the Christian Church had apostatized. He was looking for a loving ministry, and predicted that before the close of 1867 we should see wonderful events.

Bro. Henry Tyler sent me a letter, breathing the same spirit of kindness as before. He left England in August last. I attended a conference at Montrose, Joseph Smith in the chair, Alexander H. Smith and William Anderson clerks.

The following rules were stated by the chair: 1. If a transgressor will not hear the church he must be dealt with as a heathen and a publican. 2. Every branch should be reported in full to the district conference, and the district conference to the General Conference, and some person should be appointed to represent them. 3. The president of a meeting has no right to make any motion unless he vacates the chair for the time, but he may make suggestions for the guidance of conference. 4. It is not right for a branch president to rebuke an officer when speaking. Brn. Richard Lambert and Loren Babbit were appointed with me to investigate the case of Bro. John Simpson. We had a good conference until near the close, when a contentious spirit prevailed.

On the 6th Joseph told me he and I must travel together this winter. I told him that I would want the privilege of

listening. A meeting was appointed for Keokuk on New Year's Day, at the request of District President Thomas Dungan. At request of some of the brethren I opened a phonetic class. Our children started to school in Nauvoo. There is a great lack of proper training of children. Many parents are too lax; I confess I am too rigid. I acknowledged this to my family and asked their forgiveness, and it was lovingly given, and I pray for wisdom and self-government. Brn. John Lambert and Alexander H. Smith have manifested great kindness to us. George and I have been securing wood for the winter, and wife and I realize we must practice the closest economy, and are agreed to do so. She is very economical. Nauvoo is a poor place for poor people.

On the 21st I attended prayer meeting; David presided. I spoke of the advantages of trials. "They manifested our weakness, developed our strength, and led us to cling more closely to God." Prosperity often deadens our sensibilities, fills us with pride, and vain ideas of our greatness." At closing David called upon each one to stand and pray for such things as we individually need. We did and it was good to wait upon the Lord. I am pleased to learn there is a branch organized in Hanley, in the Potteries, England. There is trouble between the United States and England, growing out of the Rebellion. Three hundred thousand more troops have been called for by President Lincoln. A class formed for discussing gospel questions in order to improve the mind.

Famine stares the people of India in the face, and war utters its grim threats in various quarters. On Christmas my family and I were invited to dine at Henry Cuerdon's. Bro. Richard Lambert and one of his sons were with us. I am sorry to learn that doubt lingers in some minds as to Joseph's calling. Some think he must be ordained by Father Cutler, of Manti; another thinks he ought to build on Strang's foundation; others would have him go to Brigham for ordination.

Thus the darkening effects of the apostasy are manifest. I pray God to give all evidence of the divinity of his calling, that we may labor as one man for the building of God's kingdom.

On the 27th I went to Rock Creek. Delivered a lecture on phonography, and organized a class of five scholars. This is my first attempt at teaching this art. I have had no teacher, but I have studied Ben Pitman's works and found great help in understanding the English language. And I thought I might benefit myself and others by teaching it. My hand is too clumsy, however, to make a reporter.

On the 28th, after prayer meeting, Bishop Austin inquired if the Nauvoo Branch would support its own poor? Brother Alexander told him the tithing was for that purpose, and it was no disgrace, if the branch was not able to do it.

By letter from Brother Revell, in England, I learn that Bro. William Tyler is dead. There is no longer any branch in Wolverhampton or Westbromwich, as some have come to America and others are numbered with Birmingham Branch.

Bro. William Owens, the president of the last named, was about to resign his charge, when the power of God rested upon the Saints and Sister Fox spoke in tongues, and the interpretation was given, the burden of which was that Brother Owens should remain in his office of president of the branch. Owens also spoke in tongues, confirming the former tongue. He then confessed his error and asked the Saints to sustain him, which was unanimously agreed to. Thus God gives evidence of his watchcare over his people.

On the 28th wife was taken ill and I thought it my duty to stay and take care of her. Joseph and I administered to her and gave her some herb tea, which caused her to sweat, and by night she was much better.

On the 31st Joseph and I went to Keokuk.- I preached on the kingdom of God. Joseph told me that he had never heard

that subject presented in so connected a manner before. The glory is the Lord's.

I copied the following from the *Charlestown Mercury* in 1864:

A sensation was created in William Street on Tuesday morning by the appearance of a man with a long flowing beard and dressed in loose pantaloons, with a turban on his head. He carried in his hand a little manuscript Hebrew book, out of which he read to the crowd that gathered around him, he represented him as the veritable Wandering Jew; a learned rabbi was sent to converse with him, which he did in the Hebrew language and the stranger was found to be perfect in his knowledge of that most difficult tongue. The rabbi tested him in Arabic, Phoenician, and in the Sanskrit, but soon found that the aged stranger surpassed him in intimacy with them all. The rabbi invited him to his house; but said the stranger, "No, I can not stop. The crucified One has pronounced the edict, and I may not rest. I must move on, ever on." He was last seen on Tuesday, but to where he went, no one can tell.

The following was clipped from a paper in 1864.

In the year 1823 a boy fifteen years of age left some candles in a coal pit at Townley, England. The pit was laid in the next day. A few days ago the pit was reopened, and the man, now aged fifty-five, began work with his old candles, which he found behind a stone where he had left them.

I record the foregoing as curiosities. While Joseph and I were on our way to Keokuk, on foot, we had some talk on the subject of the resurrection. He stated that "all the dead will arise from the dead before they are judged, and the sons of perdition must come forth and be judged." Jason W. Briggs says, "The sons of perdition will not come forth out of their graves." He bases his argument partly upon Philippians 3: 11 of the King James Version, and Doctrine and Covenants 76: 4. I am persuaded that when the New Translation appears the word *just* will be found instead of the word *dead*. Joseph thought so too. Joseph and I slept at Bro. George Wilson's. Another year has closed, and I have much to be grateful for. God has preserved me by sea and land, and has helped me and greatly blessed me in my ministerial duties, and in many ways; may I ever be grateful!

1865. The New Year has dawned. The Infinite only knows the joys and sorrows in store for us. It will be well for us if our feet continue unfaltering in the path of duty. For some unknown cause I can find no record of the first six months of this year. But this I know, that I labored in connection with Joseph, while my family were in Nauvoo. We preached on String Prairie, Keokuk, Rock Creek, Montrose, Nauvoo, and other places. I remember preaching at Keokuk in company with Father Dungan. I had preached twice that day and was tired and I requested Father Dungan to preach that evening. There was quite an audience and the old gentleman was doing fairly well, but a man arose in the audience and in a commanding tone said, "Sit down. We came to hear a man that can preach." This upset the old man, and he turned very appealingly to me and requested me to preach. I rebuked the disturber; then he apologized, and began to flatter me, telling me that I was the man he wanted to hear. I told him he could not flatter me and abuse my brother, and if he did not behave himself I would drop him down those stairs. He replied, "That lets me out," and he sat down and observed perfect order while I preached. But I was sorry for Father Dungan. He was a noble old man, but his forte was not preaching; he was a good presiding officer. I remember a little circumstance that took place the time I met Uncle John A. McIntosh on String Prairie. We went to Brother Dungan's house. He brought us out a large tin pan full of apples and set them between us, telling us to help ourselves, which we were not slow to do, for apples were a great rarity with us in north-western Iowa. We made a clean sweep of the apples. Brother Dungan asked us if we would have any more. Uncle John began to scratch his head, then told a tale of a man going for a load of brick, got his load, then looked at the pile of bricks, then at his load, and finally concluded he could take on another brick; and then he said he thought we could take another

apple, and good old Father Dungan fetched us another pan of apples. However, we got satisfied and they were a great treat.

One day Joseph and I were hauling manure on his place, and we were steadily working at the pile, when Joseph spoke, saying: "Brother Derry, we have traveled together, counseled together, preached together, slept together, ate together, and and now we are hauling muck together." Joseph was always jovial and pleasant, and more conversational than myself. I often wished that I could make myself as agreeable in company as his happy nature enabled him to be. I found he was no ignoramus either in things temporal or spiritual, but a man of deep thought, far-seeing and ready-witted, and loved a joke; but I never knew him to condescend to vulgarity. He said one day: "Brother Derry, I hope you and I shall never quarrel, for if we do we are sure to fight." The more I saw of the man the more I loved him.

One day we went up to Fort Madison to preach. We went up in a skiff; the Mississippi was full of mush ice. I knew nothing of boating at all; had never lived by rivers, hence I could not handle the oars. So he did the rowing, and he was an expert at it, having lived by the Mississippi nearly all of his life. He had to row against the current all the way, Madison being about eight or ten miles up stream from Nauvoo. When we got there he was pretty well tired. A hall was prepared and some one had to preach, and Joseph called on me to perform that duty, but I was satisfied he was the preacher; however, I thought I would do my best. I occupied perhaps five minutes, when I was shut down, and as I never believed in "darkening counsel with words without knowledge" I sat down. Joseph arose and preached an excellent sermon. Of course I knew the people would conclude that I would do better to stay at home than to attempt to preach, and I have thought so many times, so I did not blame them for thinking so. Joseph preached some more there, but the last night he

told me I must preach. I did so, and the Lord blessed me with the Holy Spirit, and the countenances of the few Saints there wore a different aspect to what they did the first night. What are we when left to ourselves! and what can we not accomplish when God is on the lead!

It is astonishing how near we may be to the gates of death and not know it. Wife and I sat at our room window, looking over the icy river; this was toward the close of the winter of '64 and '65. We saw a woman cross on the ice and land on the Nauvoo shore. Within an hour from the time that woman landed, as much as five acres of ice floated down stream, right where she had crossed. Truly, "There is but a step between me and death," as one of old said.

One Sunday Joseph and I had been to Rock Creek to preach. We had Taddy and the buggy. This was in the winter. I do not remember much about the preaching, but I remember on our way home there was a wagon before us and the man drove very leisurely along and we tried to pass, but the man turned his horses across our road. Joseph then tried to cross on the other side, when he balked us again. Not a word was spoken. I saw Joseph's blood was up. We came near to a small bridge and there was strong ice on each side. Joseph made a feint to go to the left of the bridge. The man pulled his team across the way again. Quick as a flash Joseph touched Taddy with the whip, at the same instant pulling the rein to the opposite side, and away we went and left the man behind, and I gave vent to a yell of triumph and looked back. The wagon had run off the bridge while crossing, and had broken his axletree for his pains.

We had a conference in Nauvoo, and on Sunday night Bro. Zenos H. Gurley, sr., preached, but he had no liberty, and it hurt him, and on leaving the hall he was talking aloud to himself. An Irishman was coming up the street, and hearing Gurley speak, he thought he asked him a question, and the

Irishman said, "I don't know, sir!" It was very dark and I was just behind Gurley; a ridiculous thought came to my mind, so I carried it out by acting Irishman, and Gurley thought I was that Irishman, and I went to pass through the gate to Redfield's house. Gurley told me I could not stay there, they were full, but in my Irish brogue I told him I would stay. He insisted, and so did I; then he told Brother Redfield there was a drunken Irishman determined to stay at his house. Redfield took hold of one arm, and Gurley of the other, going to march me to the tavern, but I wiggled out of their hands, and got through, and then they discovered it was Brother Derry, and then a good laugh was in order; but they enjoyed the joke.

At a conference held in Nauvoo in March, 1865, Joseph decided it is necessary to use the words given in the Doctrine and Covenants when administering the sacrament. That when bread and wine were blessed it included all that was presented. If an officer refused to do his duty, he should be silenced. It was wrong to ordain a man to a higher office, who failed to perform his duty already assigned him. (*Saints' Herald*, volume 7, pages 138, 139.)

I continued my labors in connection with Brother Joseph until April. In the latter part of March, Brother Joseph came to my house and inquired if I was going to the April conference. I told him I could not go, as I had no means to go with. He replied, "If I think it of sufficient importance that you should go that I will pay your fare, will you go?" I replied, "Yes." He then gave me ten dollars. I made arrangements and went with him to conference at Plano. We met in conference April 6. Pres. Joseph Smith was called to the chair; Isaac Sheen and James W. Gillen, clerks; Charles Derry, reported.

Among the items of business the following was done. President Smith recommended the establishment of a church library, and urged the necessity of making the conferences representa-

tive bodies. I was appointed to the charge of the work in Iowa, west of the two eastern counties, also Kansas and Nebraska. The president appointed Zenos H. Gurley, William W. Blair, and Archibald M. Wilsey, a committee to select two men to fill the places of Daniel B. Rasey and David Newkirk in the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. After a season of prayer for the Holy Spirit's guidance, this committee presented the names of Josiah Ells and Charles Derry. It was unanimously resolved that Josiah Ells be ordained an apostle of Jesus Christ in the Quorum of the Twelve in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. It was also resolved that Charles Derry be ordained to the same office. They were ordained under the hands of Joseph Smith, Zenos H. Gurley, and James Blakeslee. See *Saints' Herald*, volume 7, pages 125, 126, 127.

About this time I wrote a tract of eight pages entitled "The gospel of the kingdom of God." Also a tract of four pages entitled, "The voice of the Good Shepherd," for the benefit of the church. On the first five days in May, 1865, the First Presidency and the Twelve met in council, President Smith in the chair, Charles Derry clerk. The following resolutions were considered and adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve declare to the church, that the doctrine of sealings as relating to marriage for eternity is a heresy and hence not taught or sanctioned by the law of God.

Resolved, The First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve reaffirm the article published in the *Herald* on the first of May, 1863, entitled the "Loyalty of the Saints."

Resolved, That the First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve declare that the choice seer spoken of in the Book of Mormon, second chapter of the second book of Nephi, is Joseph the Martyr.

In answer to prayer the revelation found in section 116 of Doctrine and Covenants was received by President Smith on the 4th of May. It was presented to the Quorum of Twelve in council, and by them unanimously accepted.

Resolved, That the 17th paragraph of section 17 of the new edition of the Doctrine and Covenants forbids the ordination of high priests except by the direction of the High Council or General Conference, which

words *General Conference* signify a conference of the general church authorities. Resolved, That any member of the Quorum of the Twelve is authorized to ordain men into the quorum of the seventies when the necessities of the church demand it.

Sunday schools were recommended by this council to be organized wherever practicable. On the 29th of April I purchased one thousand one hundred church pamphlets for use in my mission field. I went to Sandwich and stayed with Thomas Stafford. Things are not running smoothly in this branch, hence I must be on my guard, that I may not be drawn into the muddle; a wise head keeps a still tongue. Bigotry prevented a printer from publishing a notice of our meetings on the ground that "we were not orthodox." He feared to offend the brethren of his faith. He is not the first who has judged unrighteous judgment. I visited Bishop Rogers and met Elder Reuben Newkirk for the first time.

May, 1865. The first few days of this month were spent in council mentioned above. I forgot to say Bishop Rogers and Isaac Sheen met with us in that council.

On the 6th I left for Kewanee and on the 7th preached in a schoolhouse near Neponset. I visited my old friend, Robert Holt. He was glad to see me, but was not yet gathered into the fold. We reasoned together on the work, but the wounds which he received in Utah are not healed yet. "A wounded spirit, who can bear?" He loves the truth, and when convinced he will take hold with all his heart.

On the 8th of May I left for Burlington, Iowa. Visited with Father Dunham and Webster. Then I went on board the steamboat *New Boston*, on the Mississippi River; there I met Jerome Ruby for the first time. He is pilot. He gave me his bed in the cabin and otherwise treated me with kindness. I rode down to Fort Madison, there boarded a train for Montrose, from thence across the river to Nauvoo, and found wife and children sleeping. All were well, thank God, and glad to see me at home once more.

On the 13th I attended a two-day meeting at Rock Creek and preached twice. I preached in Nauvoo on the 16th, as did also James W. Gillen. Our preaching was not acceptable to some, but it was God's word. I was pleased to meet Brother Blair here, on his way to Saint Louis.

On the 17th, having made arrangements with Brother and Sister Redfield that Alice Amelia should remain with them for a year and go to school, and work for her board, she consenting to the same; we, wife, George Nephi, and myself left for western Iowa, and that night stayed with Brother Hills on String Prairie. I preached in the schoolhouse. Mr. Roberts agreed to take us to the West for two dollars a day, Bishop Austin having given me thirty-five dollars to pay expenses. We passed through Bloomfield, Centerville, and Corydon, and arrived at Father Morey's at Little River, near Pleasant Plains, on the 22d. We were cordially received. I wrote letters to Brn. Thomas Taylor, Thomas Revell, and Brother Petty, of England. We had a terrible cyclone, which destroyed many buildings in Pleasant Plains and badly shook Brother Morey's house. We sought our Father's protection, and it was not denied, for which we gave thanks.

On the 24th we passed through Mount Ayr and the next day continued our journey through Bedford and Clarinda, and on the 27th arrived at Manti, and found the Cutlerites loading up their wagons to start for Minnesota to escape the judgments. We were kindly received by the Manti Saints. I sent wife and son with Mr. Roberts to Plum Hollow, having paid Mr. Roberts for his trouble. I remained a day or two in Manti. I visited the Cutlerite camp. They removed their ensign of "Peace" which they had erected. They seem an honest people, but are misguided. Elder Baldwin preached an excellent discourse to them. I also addressed them. A good feeling prevailed. We bade them farewell.

I arrived at Father Leeka's on the 29th. Found wife and

George well. We were all well received by Brother and Sister Leeka. I met a Brother Fisher from Forest City, Missouri, in search of the truth. Bro. George Outhouse had stirred him up. He bore strong testimony of the blessings received in the early days of the church. I baptized him on the 2d day of June, and as conference convened this day he was ordained an elder, after confirmation. Conference convened in a grove. I was called to the chair, Elder Silas Wilcox clerk. Elder Baldwin was placed in charge of the Southwestern District of Iowa. Elder Jarius M. Putney was appointed to labor with me; Elder Samuel Ellis to labor under the direction of Elder Wheeler Baldwin. Elder William Litz released from the charge of the Southwestern District of Nebraska. It was resolved to comply with the request of the First Presidency and Bishopric, viz, to help on the work by our means. Sabbath schools were recommended wherever practicable. Elders Baldwin, Putney, and the president did the preaching. Peace and love prevailed. Moses Gaylord wanted George to work for him nights and mornings, with the privilege of going to school during the day. We left George in his care upon those conditions, though I would much rather have him at home. Wife found a pleasant home with Sister Putney, on Hog Creek, so we are all separated from each other. The sacrifice is keenly felt, but submitted for the truth's sake. I feel deeply the responsibility of my mission, and unfitness for it. I will do my best and trust in God. I went to Glenwood from Hog Creek. Horse thieves are raiding the country and when caught they are given a short shrift. One was hung at Glenwood and another at Council Bluffs lately. Brother Putney and myself started for the northern conference. We went to Bigler's Grove and were made welcome at Father Palmer's. Conference opened in Bigler's Grove on the 9th of June. Charles Derry called to preside, Dexter P. Hartwell and Samuel Ellis clerks.

Elder John A. McIntosh, president of Gallands Grove District, was sustained. Elder Hugh Lytle, of Little Sioux District, was sustained as president of said district. Samuel Ellis' ordination to the office of elder was declared illegal, because it was not voted on by the branch to which he belongs. Elders McIntosh, Sweet, and Derry preached. We had a very profitable prayer meeting, in which God spoke many precious things to the Saints through the gifts of the Spirit.

On the 12th Brother Putney and I went to Little Sioux, we both preaching, showing the covenant of God with Abraham. I felt the necessity of more light.

On the 13th we visited Preparation, once the gathering place of Charles B. Thompson and his people. He styled himself Baneemy. His people addressed him as Father. I preached to the people on the celestial law, showing it was the simple gospel of Jesus Christ—to which polygamy could never be attached, for the latter was a contradiction of the former. Elder Putney also preached. At night we had a prayer meeting. Here I saw an attempt on the part of Satan to destroy the young Saints. A tongue had been given, but no interpretation, this caused some to doubt. I tried to instruct them in regard to spiritual gifts, but I was misunderstood by some. How much we need the wisdom of God! I called a meeting for the next night. My words were well received and I believe good was done, for which I thank God.

Father Cobb was anxious to talk with us on transmigration of spirits, a doctrine taught by Thompson. We heard him, after which I told him it was not acknowledged by the church, neither was it from God. I trust we did good; a good spirit prevailed. We went to Raglan, but neither Brother Putney nor myself had liberty to talk to the people.

On the 15th we returned to Bigler's Grove, and preached in the schoolhouse. John N. Burton and a Brother Gibbs were there. Burton wanted an interview, and the next day he

visited me. He said, "I think you do not have much confidence in me." I told him, "Reports were not calculated to inspire confidence, but I determined to judge by your works, not by reports."

I assured him if his works merited my confidence he would have it. This man seeks to be a law to himself and is not willing to labor under the direction of anyone. I told him he was appointed to labor under Elder Wheeler Baldwin's direction, in Mills and Fremont Counties.

On the 17th attended conference in Gallands Grove. Elder John A. McIntosh in the chair, Nathan Lindsey clerk. There was a slackness among the brethren as to preaching. The president sought to stir them up to diligence. Elders Putney and Ingvert Hanson broke the bread of life to us.

On the 18th Elders Putney, John A. McIntosh, and myself preached. The conference was instructed to raise means for the spread of the truth, also for the Emigration Fund, as requested by the First Presidency. Sunday schools were shown to be good, and especially for the young; their establishment was urged upon the branches. Here I received evidence of the corruption of John N. Burton from President McIntosh, which led me to watch the man more closely. On the 19th Brother Putney and I went to Boomer and stayed with Father Joseph Wild; we were well received by all Saints. I heard good news from my mother. God bless her!

On the 20th we returned home to Brother Putney's. Our families were well and happy. I received a letter from Joseph requesting me to look after the Saints coming in from Utah, also requesting me to inquire into the cause of expelling Ebenezer Page and C. Perrin. Near this time Brother and Sister Putney were called to lose a foster babe, Julia, whom we all loved. This grief touched us all, but the Lord had taken her home. She died on the fifteenth anniversary of my Alice's birthday, June 29, 1865. I preached the little angel's funeral.

July 1. Storms have destroyed crops to a great extent. Brother Putney and wife, with myself and wife, went to Boomer. We visited and encouraged Saints on the way, and were well received. When at Boomer, we stayed at Bro. George Wright's.

On Sunday, the 2d, Mr. William Wood preached. I preached after noon. Bro. George Sweet also preached. There being some trouble, a branch council was called. The branch wanted a change in the presidency of the branch, giving reasons therefor; a change was made according to their request. Doubts were expressed as to a seventy presiding. It was shown from the law that seventies can legally preside when necessity demands it. Also, if one was a seventy under the first Joseph and had not forfeited his right, he was entitled to that office in the Reorganized Church. But it will be well for him to receive the sanction of the church.

One brother had been silenced for teaching that the books contradicted each other and were only a dead letter. He claimed to have said, "without the priesthood." He promised not to indulge in such talk, but would preach the truth. I found abundant evidence that John N. Burton would mix phrenology with his preaching. I warned him against such conduct. I told him his mission was to preach the gospel and nothing else. He would tell the people after he preached to them a while, that for fifty cents he would examine their heads, tell them what their characteristics were, and give them a chart. But he was most anxious to manipulate the heads of the sisters. I forbade him indulging in such conduct as a gospel minister. He promised to desist.

On the 6th I preached in Glenwood Branch. Elder Putney and I went to Plum Hollow, and I was pleased to see my little boy, and especially to know that he is loved by all. I pray God to give him grace always to do right. Sister Green in-

forms me that Burton's course is having a bad effect. We instructed the Saints; they are good people.

Sunday, July 9, we went to the Camp Creek Branch, in Nebraska. We found the branch in confusion. The petition requesting the release of William Litz from the presidency had come from a minority; the majority sustained him, hence he was reinstated as president of the district. The members promised to be content and live in union. I visited the Brighamite camp of emigrants and tried to talk with their leaders and it was in vain. They would not hear. I returned with Brother Putney to Plum Hollow. I met Burton. I found he had not kept his promise. I told him he must quit mingling phrenology with his preaching, or he must quit the ministry, for I would silence him if he persisted in his course. President Baldwin also complained of this man's course, and protested against his being in the ministry.

(To be continued.)

FINDING OUT GOD.

No matter how strong a mind may be, it can not find out God; no matter how weak it may be, God can reveal himself to it. He denies himself to scientists and reveals himself to babes and sucklings.

The basis of Christ's economy is conservation of life; the basis of the world's economy is accumulation of wealth. The two can never get together until the world relinquishes its basis or Christ abandons his.

I am glad to note that when men are driven to an extremity they will abandon their basis and accept that of Christ. All that they have will be relinquished to save the life of a dear one.

Why not make the sacrifice in the interests of a still higher life? Why not make it before we are driven to the extremity?

H. C. S.

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from volume 4, page 411.)

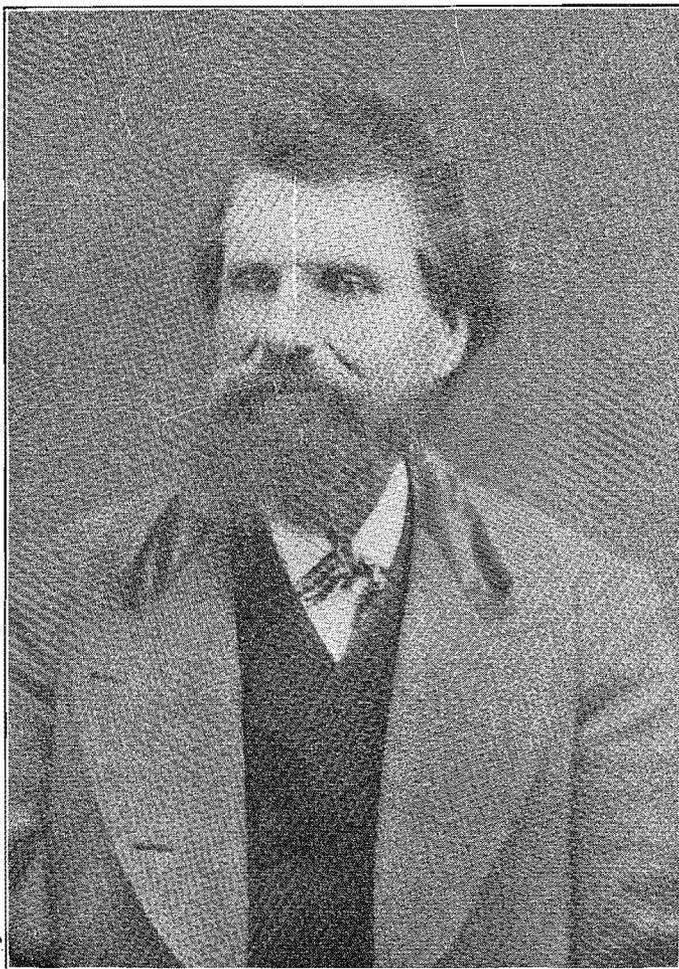
Upon arriving in Sacramento I was received with rejoicing, upon the part of the Saints, and for a time found a home at Bro. and Sr. Joseph Vernon's, who did everything in their power to make us comfortable. And now memory revives, and brings to mind some of the spiritual feasts we enjoyed in Sr. Anna Vernon's best room, where the Saints gathered for prayer from time to time.

We found the work in a sad state, because of the disaffection of George P. Dykes and his power to deceive and draw the Saints after him, and for a season our time was fully occupied in going from branch to branch, correcting and setting in order the errors taught by the dissatisfied ones.

I remember, as the rainy season drew near, we were desirous to visit a little branch in Amador County, up in the mountains, where George P. Dykes and E. C. Brand had labored and organized after their trouble and separation from the church, in the neighborhood of where Brother Brand resided. I wish here to do justice to the memory of Bro. E. C. Brand. Previous to our visit on this occasion, he came to me and desired rebaptism. I was impressed with the sincerity of his profession, and promised to let the issues of the past, so far as his disaffection and connection with George P. Dykes were concerned, alone, a dead issue. He would be silent upon it, and preach the gospel, pure and simple, and build up the kingdom, and no longer pull down.

Contrary to the ideas and opinions of some of my brethren, I baptized and ordained him an elder, and sent him out to preach. And he kept his promise to me, and was a fearless, untiring missionary for years, and died at his post of duty, literally with his armor on.

But to return to my story. We started for Amador County, three of us,—Bro. William Anderson, Bro. Brand, and myself. Much of the way had to be traveled by stage. Some rain had already fallen, but we did not think enough had fallen to yet interfere with travel; but we found the lagoons full of water, and many places we had to drive around, skirting bodies of water where ordinarily the road was dry and hard. In one place the roadbed had been washed out, and a deep pool of water remained. As the driver turned to drive around it, I thought he was quite too near the break, and was a little fearful. There were six Chinamen and two white men on the inside of the coach, and one of the brethren outside with the driver. Just as I was calculating the chances of an upset into deep water, the wheels nearest the water began to settle, and before the driver could turn onto solid ground we felt ourselves going over. The stage settled in the wet ground; the wheels sinking in, acted as a lever, and held us from going clear over in the water. The coach lay on its



JOSEPH VERNON.

These worthy people remained steadfast friends to father until their death.

side, two wheels in the air and two in the mud and water. Now I wish to say that it didn't take long for three white men and six Chinamen to get out of that coach. Had the coach turned a little further, or had the ground been less hard next the bank, the two under wheels would have been broken clear, and some one would have been drowned, for the water was very deep where the coach would have gone down.

We got the coach out and continued our journey, arriving at the foot of the grade up the mountains, after dark, stopping at a village for the night. The sky was dark and threatening, and it rained hard in the night.

In the morning it was still raining, and much doubt was expressed as to our being able to proceed, because the mountain streams were swollen; they were dangerous in crossing, and the road crossed them many times in making the ascent. However we got the teamster to try it, and away we went, in mud and water and rocks, so rough we could scarcely keep our seats. We climbed upward about ten miles, and met an increased volume of water, and our driver said he would go no farther. We had twelve miles yet to go. We held a council, and the three of us agreed to go on. We paid our teamster and he turned back, and we started on.

In the course of half a mile's tramp, we discovered we were forced to leave the road, and in fact were compelled to climb to the summit of a long ridge and keep on the ridge to avoid the streams which were now so swollen we could not cross them. The clouds settled down, and rain came down in torrents; and to make it more disagreeable, the wind began to blow, cold and raw. Being compelled to follow the ridge, of course we had to travel many miles out of the way; but there was now no help for it; we could not go back, we must go on. Without dinner, without supper, (of course you know that was a great cross for me,) we toiled on. Darkness came down, and such darkness; it seemed as if we could feel it.

Well, sometime along in the night, Brother Brand said, "Cheer up, boys, we are almost there"; and sure enough he soon led us stumbling into his front yard and rapped upon the door, and we were welcomed by a much frightened woman, Sister Brand. We had sent her word we were coming, and she felt sure we were on the mountains in the storm; but her fears soon passed away as she busied herself getting supper and dry clothes for three half-drowned and nearly frozen missionaries. Say, Saints, that supper was good. But oh, how it did storm on the mountain that day! When I pulled off my boots that night, there was something less than a quart of water in each. Thankful? Yes, we were; we gave thanks to God, and after supper we had songs and prayer; and oh, so tired we went to bed to gain much needed rest.

I think I shall never forget that long, cold, wet, tedious tramp, facing a fierce wind and driving rain, on the ridge of the mountain. I feel satisfied that God directed our course, for none of us had ever been over the route before, and only a general knowledge of the direction we should go was had by Bro. E. C. Brand, and we were led right into his front yard. Dark, oh so dark! but God is good; and cares for those who trust him.

At this point, Amador County, California, we found quite a nice little branch of Saints, who had organized under the teachings of Bro. Brand and George P. Dykes, when they were not recognized as having authority, or even having a membership. Brother Brand coming back to

them under the new regime, it was easy for us to explain and correct the erroneous teachings which they had imbibed, and I baptized fourteen, and Bro. Anderson three more, and organized them making a good branch, and after a very pleasant week, we journeyed toward the Golden Gate again.

On arriving at San Francisco we were desirous of getting rates on as many passenger transportation lines as possible, to aid us in traveling over our large field. We learned it was customary for transportation companies to favor ministers of the gospel; and while we were willing to travel on foot and without purse or scrip when absolutely necessary, we nevertheless believed that we had a right to travel by quick transit long distances, when the generosity of the Saints and the world made it possible. Hence we sought the offices of the transportation companies.

We were just in from the mountains in the rainy season, and we had a call to come to Los Angeles, five hundred miles south. We were travel stained and looked a little rough. When we made our wishes known over the office counters the clerks looked and seemed to take our measure by our looks. I knew right away there was trouble ahead.

"Where are your credentials, sir," came in stiff, cold words.

We had some difficulty, notwithstanding we had letters of appointment, in convincing them of our rights as clergymen. Finally we were told that we had better call next day.

As we left the office, I remarked to Bro. William Anderson: "Next time I come to ask favors of public conveyance companies, I will have a sleek hat, a black coat, a stand-up collar, a white necktie, and an umbrella; see?"

Well, next day we fixed up, and went down town and called on several companies. One look at our slick get-up was enough. They never once asked, "Where are your credentials?" We got what we wanted without trouble.

As we were sent out to prove the world, we considered it our duty to give transportation companies the opportunity to recognize us, and in some sense receive or reject our mission: we were at times treated with marked courtesy, and at others to insult and contumely.

Of their trip by water to the southern California field I find this pleasant little item:

On going aboard the steamship, I think it was the *Orizaba*, we were just a little anxious about being seasick, neither of us having traveled by sea. It was in the evening when we passed out of the Golden Gate; and as our vessel felt the inrush of the old Pacific at the heads, she began to toss and pitch and act like a bucking horse. Contrary to the predictions of many of my friends, I was not seasick. At first I felt a peculiar faint feeling at the pit of my stomach, something like the feeling one has in a swing, when swinging high, just as the swing starts

to descend; but that soon ceased, and in common parlance, I soon had my sea legs on, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

But where was William? I met him a few times, at first, as I promenaded on the upper deck, and then I missed him. When I sought him, after the shade of night had obscured the sight of land, I found him in his berth, carefully lying on his back, to prevent that terrible nauseating feeling called seasickness.

The first night on board was a revelation to me. The phosphorescent sparkle as the vessel broke the waters into eddying circles and left behind her a long, ribbonlike wake, was a new experience, and I never tired watching it. On the following morning the sea was smooth, William better, and all feeling well.

Sometime in the night, on the second night out, I was awakened by William who was in great agony with his teeth. He had caught cold and had the toothache. He wanted me to go to the steward's room and see if I could get him some mustard for a plaster. I wondered then, and have since, why he did not go himself; why he sent me! Of course I was on good terms with the steward, always am on shipboard. Well, I went in search of mustard, past midnight. Everybody except night-watch and crew were in bed. However, I found the mustard cruet and made a plaster.

I had never had any experience with mustard plasters, nor had William, but I made a plaster and put it on his face. He lay down, and in less time than it takes to tell it was fast asleep. Of course I didn't sit up to watch him sleep. I also went to sleep and it was sunup on the deep ere I awoke. I aroused William. We got up and went on deck. I asked him about his toothache. He said it didn't trouble him; but for several days I noticed him picking shreds of dead skin out of his whiskers.

The mustard had gotten in its work while he slept; and if it had not been for his thick beard, he would have had a bad face. As it was it gave him little trouble, and we both learned it was hardly proper to put mustard as a plaster next to the bare skin, even if it did stop the toothache.

We reached the port, San Pedro, in safety, at low tide, and were sent ashore in a small tug, or barge, having pointed out to us, by one of the passengers, a sort of tripod monument, set up to mark where a serious accident occurred some years before, in which several lives were lost by the bursting of a boiler on a small steamer used as was the one taking us ashore. There was no long pier then, no large warehouse on shore end of pier, no railroad, not even the convenience of a hotel to receive passengers, etc.

We were landed, and had to wait and watch and claim our baggage and contend for a seat in or on the stagecoach, for an eighteen mile drive across the mesa to Los Angeles.

From this city to San Bernardino, sixty miles, they went by stage; there they did a great work in building up the branch.

One can hardly estimate the inconveniences and trials of these young men as they journeyed through the Golden West. Each of them lived to see that beautiful land beribboned with railroads and dotted with beautiful stations where travelers might rest. One of them chose that distant land of California for his home and there lay down to the long rest. Of the work accomplished there in those busy months in the sixties I must speak further.

There were many old Saints in San Bernardino and her valley towns and some of them in darkness. For there were many familiar spirits abroad in this beautiful valley; and some had turned to infidelity; but some knew the old gospel sound and my father baptized thirteen in Warm Creek, and on the same day seven more in the city Zanja (or Water Ditch).

November 12, 1867, we find our young missionaries in San Francisco buying tickets for New York, and on the 15th the Saints on the wharf wave a good-bye to the vessel that carries them out of the day into the night—homeward bound. At the September conference, held in Watsonville, these men had presented an official farewell to the mission and the address of my father on that occasion follows:

Beloved Saints; Greeting: Whereas, I, being called on a mission to California, by a conference held at Plano, Illinois, April 6, 1866, did, on the 20th day of May, 1866, in company with Bro. William Anderson, take leave of my family and all home endearments, to cross the dreary plains, mountains, and deserts, in full faith believing God had called me, and in this faith I left all I held most dear on earth, in the hands of him who doeth all things well, and took my chance in the dangers incident to a land journey across this vast continent. My companion, Bro. William Anderson, and I, have endured many hardships, but we count them as jewels of worth, as every trial of our faith that we overcame, every temptation we resisted, every hardship we bore, will be as faithful witnesses in our behalf, in that day when we are called to render an account of our stewardship. We now have been laboring over twelve months in California, and you know with what spirit we have labored, and I believe none can say we have been slothful or negligent in our duties as missionaries. I have met the Saints in every phase of life, I have endeavored to teach the principles of love, charity, forbearance, hope, faith, and loyalty to God and his Son Jesus Christ. I have endeavored to share your sorrows, bear your

burdens, and lighten your trials; your griefs have been mine as well as your joys; I have prayed for you, have been sustained by your prayers, as well as the bounteous provisions for my own personal comfort. I have met you in joy, I have met you in trouble and shared the same. I have wept at parting, and rejoiced to meet you, and in all these scenes I have seen the workings of God's Holy Spirit, and I thank him for all his mercies to his choice people. I have tried to unite you in one in love and faith; how successful I have been you know best. You also know what Spirit I have brought into your midst, and that Spirit I endeavor to leave with you in our temporal separation, and I pray to God to continue that same Spirit with you, as I do know it brings "peace," "love," "joy," and confidence. But now the time draws nigh for my return to the bosom of my family, and I grieve to leave you, yet rejoice because of the anticipated joy of meeting mother, wife, children and brothers after so long a separation. It will be joy indeed to meet them once more, and now as I contemplate leaving your midst, I wish to leave with you some few words of exhortation. In view of the past troubles in which you have been mixed, let me say, the same cause will produce the same effects, and now I warn all Saints to beware of self-exaltation, and avoid being lifted up in your own estimation. If you are wise, give God the honor, nor boast of your wisdom and power, as God is the giver of all we have and are; and again; never let minor differences in opinion on doctrine separate brethren, nor set up your own construction of the law of God as supreme, for there is a possibility of your being mistaken, or deceived by a wrong spirit; and again, be diligent in watching, not your brother and neighbor, but yourselves, and see that you study to make yourselves approved workmen, minding your own business and letting others do the same. If you will do this, you will in the future avoid much trouble and vexation of spirit; and one more point, I wish you to notice, and that is, do not look for perfection in man till He who is perfect is come, even Jesus our Lord; never pin your faith to the sleeve of any man nor make the arm of flesh your trust, for as sure as you do, you will meet with disappointment, and a severe fall. Worship God, and have your faith firmly fixed in Jesus Christ, and you never will be shaken in time nor eternity.

I desire in this brief letter to the Saints, to express my gratitude for the love they have shown to me; I fear I can never repay them for all their kindness; I can only say I pray God to reward them fourfold, nay, tenfold, both spiritually and temporally, and in the future I ask you still to pray for me that I may prove faithful to the end of my days, and be saved in God's kingdom.

In the future should God call me to return to your midst, I shall feel sure of a welcome, for I know the faithful hearts that beat in the bosoms of the Saints of the Pacific slope; I know the fountains of love that abound in those true and faithful souls, obtain their supply at the fountain head, even God our Father, who art in heaven. Now you have the assurance that my prayers shall ascend in your behalf, and may

peace, joy, love, and union, be and abide with you, both now and for ever, in time and in eternity, is the constant prayer of your servant in the gospel of Christ our Lord.

ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA, September 22, 1867.

Always a lover of outdoor life and especially fond of the water, those few days on shipboard were pleasant indeed to him, for seasickness was a thing unknown to him. On Sunday they were invited to hold service in the cabin. The morning had been occupied by a Catholic, a Methodist, and a Spiritualist. As soon as Elder Anderson began speaking the Spiritualist began annoying him with questions until his impertinence was stopped by the captain; threatening irons if he did not keep order. On past the coast of Mexico they moved through pleasant sunny weather until November 27 they were awakened at one in the morning at the booming of the signal gun, and found the boat at anchor at San Juan Del Sur. With much danger and difficulty the landing was made and the trip of twelve miles on the back of a native pony quite across the mountains to Virgin Bay was found to be pleasant and agreeable. There a boat waited to carry them across Lake Nicaragua. The boat was small and crowded and the crossing was made in the night. At the landing the passengers change to another boat and start down the River San Juan. Through sunny, picturesque, and interesting spots they traveled; again they change boats, after walking around the rapids. Here two boats are waiting and they rest for the night. The trip for miles down the river was a succession of troublesome sand bars, from which the passengers often had to help lift the boats; the weather hot and murky. At last they reach after a clear night's run, Graytown, where they board the steamer *Santiago De Cuba* going to New York. It was raining when the ship set sail, but my father still escaped seasickness, so distressing to most of the passengers.

On December 4. Everyone felt better, for the sea ran calm,

and at night they sighted the lighthouse on Point Antonio, Island of Cuba. The items in the diary tell of the weather growing gradually colder until under date of December 8 they can not keep warm on deck, even with their heavy overcoats on.

December 9 they landed in New York—both well and happy. Every bit of the journey was interesting to my father. A hard journey, you say, but far easier than the weary overland trip by team across the continent. And now I find the final entry in the diary, and he is safe at home, thanking a “kind Providence governed by a merciful God.”

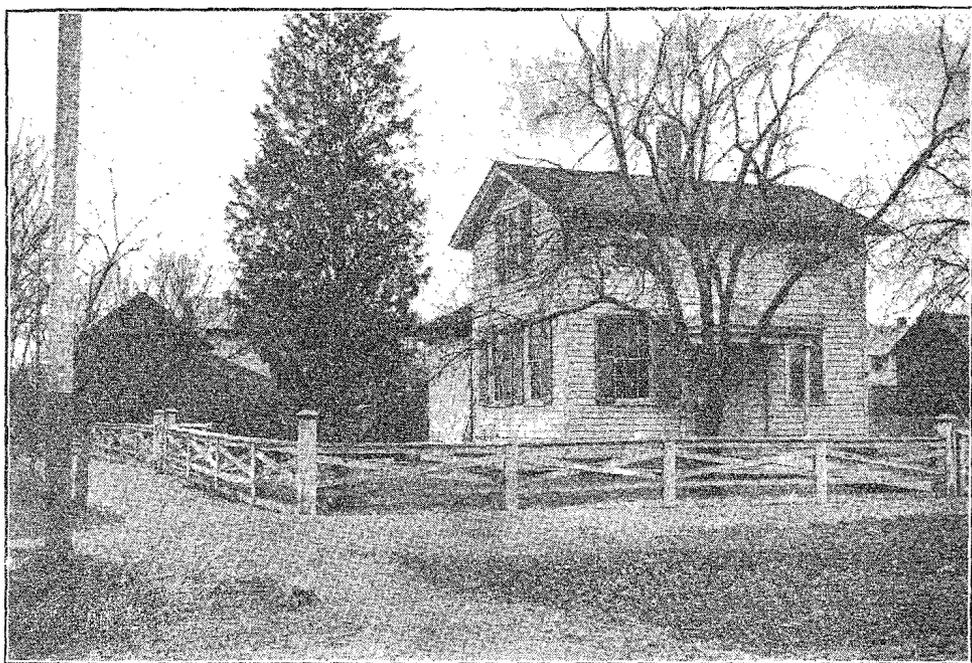
Months before he had dreamed that he went home and the tiny, flaxen-haired babe that had never yet seen him had put out her dimpled hands and immediately appeared to know and love him. As he neared the old home the dream kept recurring, and he wondered if she would. As the stage rolled along over the frozen river road that lay between Hamilton and Nauvoo he grew impatient. It was dark, and he knew that although he could not see them, familiar scenes were being passed. He fell to dreaming what they were doing at home. Ah! in the Mansion there were anxious hearts. They knew he had left San Francisco, but that was all. “Where is Aleck, do you suppose, mother?” the little wife had asked that evening, and the anxious face of the mother put on a look of assurance that her heart did not feel as she talked cheerfully and sensibly of the probabilities. The *possibilities* of the last nineteen months had been so terrible that she did not speak of them any more. She kissed the baby good-night, held the lighted lamp until the little woman with the baby had crossed the long dining room and called back, “All right, mother.” She saw her pass into the lighted hall to her own room, the sunny, southern family room, then she closed the door, drew her chair closer to the stove, in the big, comfortable kitchen, and who can say what she did. This woman who had for a life-

time stood over against anxiety, trouble, and unprecedented perplexities without one to lift the load, even for a little while. Suddenly there was bumping and banging outside the house, and the swaying rocking-chair in the south room stopped. A quick, springing step came down the hall; the little woman sprang to the door. She knew that step. The baby laughed and held out her tiny hands, and the wanderer gathered wife and baby into his arms, and through the long dining room came another,—she too had heard and knew,—what mother would not? The two sleeping children roused up, the boy shouting, “Papa,” the girl turning shyly away from the man. From the office came the “Major’s” (father’s step-father) voice, “I knew your voice, Aleck.” There until the first streak of dawn they sat around him and looked and listened, too happy to sleep. Mother and son crying for joy, and the little wife laughing joyfully. The little girl born in November after my father left in May and named by him Ina Inez, was as happy with him as though he had always been near. She was a sunny, sweet child anyway, and gave no sign in her happy nature of the sorry vigil through which her mother had passed, after she watched her husband go from her to what seemed to her a certain death. Outside the winter winds swept down the streets, cold with the breath of the river, and the old signboard creaked and groaned, and somewhere a loosened shutter banged dismally against the old house, but they heard it not as in past nights, long and dreary. Whatever this long, and at that time, dangerous journey cost my mother or grandmother, they counted it their sacrifice for the gospel, for which the older woman had given so much and the younger was yet to sacrifice. To my father it brought a degree of polish and self-composure. His highly impulsive and emotional nature had learned lessons of control and a smoothness of movement that made a change in the inner man not noted so much perhaps in his outer action, for he never lost his genial, cordial way of

greeting humanity, and the quick call of recognition to all friends and happy greeting to children, always ready and genuine. Soon after the return to Nauvoo he took up the matter of removing his family to a place where they would be nearer railroad facilities and the church center, choosing Plano, Illinois, as that place. In March, 1868, they located temporarily in three small rooms in the second floor of his brother Joseph's house. A lot was secured near the church and a house planned. In the April conference of that year the family were all together once more as the Mother of Blessed Comfort came to visit them and attend conference. There was at this conference an appointment to the Pacific Slope Mission consisting of W. W. Blair in charge, Alexander H. Smith assisting. In May Elder Blair started by way of New York to his mission, accompanied by Bro. Elijah Banta, the unsettled condition of my father's family making it impossible for him to go at once. During the summer he built a plain, neat little house on the new lot, and the meager supply of furniture was moved into it. The slightly built, quick moving young architect being carpenter, painter, and assistant mason. This was the first home my parents had ever owned and occupied alone. It was on the adjoining block to the Stone Church. And my father found time to lend a willing and anxious hand toward the building of this the first church of the Reorganization deeded to the Bishop. Dedicated November 15, 1868. In the fall father labored as he could locally, and in March a third little daughter, fair and plump, with bright blue eyes, came into the tidy little home and was blessed in the new Stone Church by Elder Isaac Sheen and Pres. Joseph Smith, with the beloved name of Emma, to which was added in honor of my mother's sister, that of Belle.

It was while still weak and too ill to leave the house that my mother suffered by the shock of the death of Aunt Emma, the wife of the president of the church.

At the annual conference in the month of April, 1869, my father was appointed a mission to the Pacific Slope, in company with his younger brother David. This appointment brought mingled feelings of gladness and regret. He knew, as he did not before, something of the inconvenience, sorrows, perplexities, and sacrifices of a missionary, but he had learned too the joy of sacrifice and the blessing of a service in his



Residence of Alexander H. Smith at Plano, Illinois, in 1863.

ministry; and now, too, the mode of travel was luxurious compared to that other trip. Cheered by the promises of brethren that his family should have their careful and faithful attention and want for nothing, he put the clinging arms of his little ones away, kissed the little wife, and started May 20, 1869. He knew that the brethren were abundantly able to keep their promise and he had faith in their integrity. Going first to

Nauvoo to bid his mother farewell and to look after some business, he preached at different places along the way, and we find him June 2, his thirty-first birthday, visiting with his mother, wandering from room to room in the old home, building a little fence, and eating a strawberry shortcake for the birthday honors, prepared with the inimitable skill of his first love among women, his mother. With many a tear the start was made from there. He and his brother David leaving Nauvoo one Friday morning, watching as long as in sight the dear old home scenes. They drove away from Montrose soon after dinner, going by wagon to String Prairie. Here they attended a conference. From this conference Elder John H. Lake was also starting on a long mission to Canada. At Vincennes they took train on the Des Moines Valley railroad, looking back in answer to the waving farewells from the group of Saints on the porch of Mrs. Nellie Griffith's home. At Farmington they stopped again for meeting, and on Tuesday morning started for Des Moines, which city they reached about five in the afternoon. Here they spent the night and part of Wednesday, then started on "towards the setting sun." Their next stop was at Council Bluffs, on June 10, 1869. From here they moved northward, meeting Bro. Edmund L. Kelley. A peculiar bond of union seemed to attach to this meeting, for David H. Smith and Edmund L. Kelley were born on the same day in the same year. On to Deloit, Gallands Grove, Six Mile Grove. Ah, who can tell the pleasures and profits of the sojourn of these faithful ones in these and other branches in this stronghold of the faithful? From Plum Creek they finally started west, taking train at Omaha, going over from the Bluffs by bus. How keenly the mind of each turned from the muddy, surly face of the Missouri to the memory of the dear old face of the Mississippi, so lately seen shining clear and blue in the summer sunlight. They traveled as far as Columbus, Nebraska, stopping here at the home of Henry J.

Hudson. There was in my father's mind almost constant comparison with a former journey over this same country. The welcome given by Elder Hudson to these two young men was warm and generous, and the July 11 services were indeed memorable to all, and full of comfort, even in history. The little branch came together with rejoicing and partook of the sacrament with the brethren, in the evening holding preaching meeting. The next morning they left the hospitable shelter of the Hudson home at Columbus. Columbus was thus one of the landmarks for the weary missionaries who traveled westward in the early days, a blessed landmark, although oftentimes sad scenes and sad memories came to the minds of these same missionaries as they rolled pleasantly along in the luxury of latter day railway train. For were they not bearing messages of hope and truth to the wanderers from the old-time religion of their fathers? While day lasted my father recounted little stories from his memorable trip over these plains made in a slowly moving covered wagon. Here he took a side trip on his pony; that point of mountain he saw at such a time, and he could hardly help a little feeling of homesickness for sight of some of the scenes they had witnessed in 1866, but not any of the delights of the change in mode of travel were lost to him. The thirty-five miles by stage that finished their journey to the door of the Salt Lake House in Salt Lake City was dusty and rough—and father told how he made the last stretch of his other journey into the city on the back of his pony, as though it were a pure delight in comparison.

One of the pleasant things connected with father's first mission to the West was the collecting of subscriptions for the publishing of the Inspired Translation. How eagerly the Saints hailed this blessing, promised to their fathers long years before. The rustle of the leaves of the first edition, now in the hands of the Saints was almost like the whisper of

angel voices echoing across the hills from New York. That Inspired Translation of the Scriptures seemed like the welding of a strong link in the chain that bound the Saints of the 30's to those of the 60's. Especially was it held precious to those contending against the plural wife doctrine, for in it they found proofs past denying, and cherished it accordingly.

It was on the start for this mission of 1869 that father received this little poem from the pen of Uncle Mark H. Forscutt.

“Onward, faithful, veteran soldier,
 Few more brave and wise than thou;
 Once I saw thee face the vaunter,
 Pluck the laurels from his brow;
 Now again I see thee enter
 In the lists, the foe to face;
 God protect and bless thee, brother,
 Guard from ill in every place.
 Thou hast borne the brunt of battle,
 Boldly like a champion stood,
 Unflinching 'gainst the priests of error,
 True to honor, true to God.

“Noble son of noble father,
 Living proof of mother's care;
 Happy those who entertain thee,
 Who thy company shall share.
 I have proved thee always faithful;
 Manly honor sits enshrined
 Upon thy brow; thou seek'st no honor
 Save in right, from humankind.
 Thy wife and babe God keep from harm;
 Freddie, Vida, Inez, too;
 Oh! The sacrifice is Christlike;
 Brother, dear, a fond adieu!”

(To be continued.)

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There are many kinds of love, as many kinds of light,
 And every kind of love makes a glory in the night.
 There is a love that stirs the heart and a love that gives it rest,
 But the love that leads life upward is the noblest and the best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from volume 4, page 475.)

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

“Well, the dear old home must go.”

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

“So I have. Thank the Lord.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Have you been asleep yet, Emma?”

“Since we were talking?”

“Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No," he said, "I did not sell it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Where did you stay last night?"

"In the schoolhouse," was the reply.

"Where did you get your breakfast?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The land on which the Saints had located, Elder Burton included, was then known as the strip of government land between the boundary lines of the Los Bolsas, and the Santa Ana grant. It had in years past been an overflow tract, from the Santa Ana River, and was considered as being of little value. But when the Saints bought out the thriftless squatters, cleared the land, built houses, planted gardens and small orchards, vineyards and alfalfa patches, and by testing the depths found that artesian wells could be had anywhere on the flat, and numbers of them were set to flowing; that tract of land came to be a place to be desired and the greedy millionaires who already owned immense tracts of land in southern California, overlapped that little green patch and numbered it with their broad acres. And the settlers were drawn into an expensive lawsuit. "Might" won instead of "right," and those who could not come forward with their "first payment" to the owners of the grant, for lands they had already paid for, lost their homes. Elder Burton bought the first five acres on which were his improvements at \$35 per acre, and made the first payment, intending to buy the rest as soon as he had made all the payments on that much, but before that time could come the Santa Ana Grant Company put in their claim for the disputed tract, causing a prolonged litigation between the two companies which did not end until the year 1839.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

LIFE'S MIRROR.

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

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

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

—Madeline S. Bridges.

GRACELAND COLLEGE.

BY INEZ SMITH.

Seek ye diligently, and teach one another words of wisdom; seek learning even by study, and also by faith.—Doctrine and Covenants 85: 36.

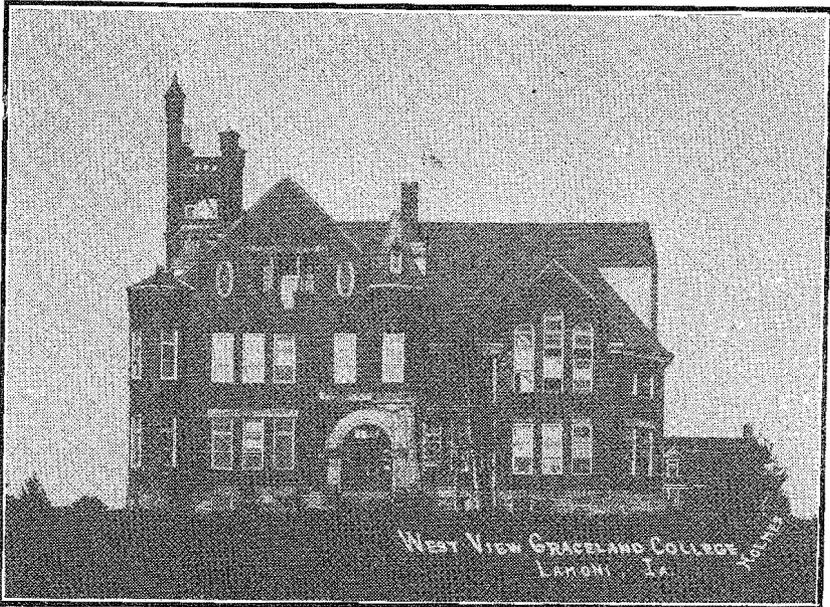
But to be learned is good, if they hearken unto the counsels of God.—Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi 6: 61.

And verily I say unto you, that it is my will that you should hasten . . . to obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion.—Doctrine and Covenants 90: 12.

For righteous masters seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire;
Showed me the high, white star of truth
That bade me gaze and then aspire.—Matthew Arnold.

Almost as old as the church itself is the dream of its wise men for the establishment of a house of learning. Graceland is the crystallization of that dream. They were not all—in fact, few of them were—educated men who built the church and sustained it in the olden days—they were not educated men who kept the sacred gospel message pure through the “dark and cloudy day,” but all were men who, even while they felt the Spirit’s power, still knew that an organized, systematic course of study and discipline would make them bigger men. Had not the Almighty himself spoken and urged this duty upon them? The Seer of Palmyra—an unlettered farmer boy, during the brief years of his activity in the world, in the midst of church—and city building, and in the midst of turmoil and confusion, still found time as he rested from flight by the dusty roadside, or in the home of a friend, to study his Greek or Hebrew lexicon. And our fathers who built the little city on the river shore had dreams that did not concern the boisterous Gentile hordes that stormed their gates and made defense first thought. In those dreams a university crowned the hill, and a learned

people populated the little city of Nauvoo. In all those days, through sedition within and pressure without, the people were rallied and supported by a love and trust in one man, for they said that God was with him. Why need they fear, when this one man, a man of almost unparalleled moral and physical courage, saw nothing to fear?



“One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him; what care I?
Aristocrat, Democrat, Autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.”

But there came a dark day when that one was gone; there were brave men left, there were true men left, but the blessing of God had gone from the little city for ever, and it with all its dreams lay in ruins. No, not that; for dreams are built of stronger stuff than stone and mortar, and they were still as substantial in the hearts of the strong men of Israel as they had been in the days of Nauvoo’s greatest glory.

The day came again when true men and strong gathered to the old standard, and still in the hearts of these were the potential possibilities that would have clothed the hills round old Nauvoo with Gothic spires.

In 1869 at a conference at Saint Louis, Missouri, after a lengthy preamble the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That this conference recommend for consideration of the Twelve and general church authorities, the feasibility and the advisability of establishing a school for the education of our own young men, with a view to the ministry; and that the question be brought up at the next sitting of the General Conference.

This was adopted. Accordingly it was called up at the semi-annual conference at Gallands Grove, Iowa, October 7, 1869, and after some discussion was deferred until the annual conference of 1870. April 8, 1870, at Plano, Illinois, the resolution was again taken up, and after much discussion, and efforts to amend, it was lost. The conference evidently thought that the School of the Prophets provided for in the law would meet the requirements sought, for immediately after the rejection of the resolution mentioned above the following was adopted: "Resolved that the School of the Prophets be organized at as early a time as practicable." The conference therefore did not intend to discourage the desire for education, but sought to provide for it in another way.

Nothing more was done for some time. The next attempt was an effort made by the formation of a joint stock company. At a regular meeting of the "Board of Trade of Lamoni, Iowa," held on the 31st day of December, 1888, Articles of Incorporation for a college in Lamoni were presented and read, and upon motion ordered printed; also Joseph Smith, David Dancer, George A. Blakeslee, William W. Blair, and Delos F. Nicholson were requested to act as a committee to secure subscriptions for the purpose of erecting the college. Another committee, David Dancer, of Lamoni, Iowa, and Edmund L. Kelley, of Kirtland, Ohio, and Robert Winning, of Saint Joseph,

Missouri, were appointed April 18, 1889, to "solicit stock, arrange and devise to put in operation the plan of the college." On May 25 the committee met and reported subscriptions received. In and around Lamoni \$4,300. Foreign list reported \$625. Israel L. Rogers, Sandwich, Illinois, \$5,000, Edmund L. Kelley, Kirtland, Ohio, \$50, Robert Winning, Saint Joseph, Missouri, \$1,000. The committee was continued, with the exception of David Dancer, who by his own request was released, and Asa S. Cochran was chosen in his place.

During the April conference, the following action was had by the conference:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this conference, the time has arrived when it may be expedient to establish an institution of learning under the control or influence of our church organization, and to this end there shall be a committee appointed (by the body) to receive propositions for a location and take such other preliminary measures as may be necessary; and said committee empowered after receiving such proposals to make all necessary arrangements for the establishment of such institution.

A committee consisting of seven, viz: George A. Blakeslee, Israel L. Rogers, Edmund L. Kelley, David Dancer, Robert Winning, Frederick G. Pitt, and John A. Robinson was appointed.

Upon the next day the committee reported in part as follows:

Resolved, That the committee take measures to secure a proper fund for the carrying into effect the resolution relative to the establishment of an institution of learning passed by the conference on yesterday, and to this end we open proper subscription books and arrange for a special fund to be known as the "College Fund," for this purpose.

That E. L. Kelley and Robert Winning be a committee to prepare the necessary subscription list and books.

That the personal canvass be under the direction of the Bishopric, they appointing suitable persons to solicit subscriptions.

That all authorized canvassers be instructed to report monthly to the secretary, whose duty it is to collect all moneys and to turn over same to treasurer, taking his receipt therefor.

That the secretary communicate with Lamoni College Committee and subscribers, and if possible secure the turning over to this committee of all cash and other subscriptions made. . . .

The joint stock plan failed, but the agitation of the college proposition still continued. In 1894 at a joint council of the Twelve and Bishopric held in the editorial room of the Herald Office on Friday, April 20, the following action was had:

Resolved, That we look with favor upon the effort to build a college at Lamoni to be controlled by the church. Resolved further, That we believe it should be a purely educational institution and free from sectarian influence or bias. Resolved further, That we give our hearty support to the present movement looking in the above direction.

Those present were Joseph Smith, William W. Blair of the Presidency, Alexander H. Smith, Edmund C. Briggs, James Caffall, William H. Kelley, John H. Lake, Joseph R. Lambert, Heman C. Smith, Joseph Luff, and Gomer T. Griffiths, of the Twelve; Edmund L. Kelley, George H. Hilliard and Edwin A. Blakeslee, of the Bishopric. The resolution was adopted without a dissenting vote.

By the time of the next conference (1895) the college committee was ready to report. Land had been donated by Sisters Marietta Walker and Minnie Wickes, and Bro. W. A. Hopkins for college purposes; also twenty-six acres had been purchased from Mr. Hopkins, making sixty-six acres in all.

The conference ordered the college committee to incorporate as provided under the laws of Iowa, and a board of directors was subsequently chosen. The former board was known as a board of trustees and was composed of the following: Edmund L. Kelley, Daniel Anderson, Robert Winning, Joseph Smith, William Anderson, Ellis Short, Edmund A. Blakeslee.

The Board of Directors consisted of Joseph Smith, Daniel F. Lambert, Parley P. Kelley, Edmund L. Kelley, John H. Hanson, James R. Smith, Alexander H. Smith, William W. Blair, and Edwin A. Blakeslee.

The Board of Trustees started the erection of the college building and its equipment. By them it was christened Graceland College, and the grounds the Graceland Addition to Lamoni. The streets were named—articles of incorporation filed

and adopted. Along the platted streets of the grounds the committee set out about eight hundred shade trees.

November 12, 1895, the corner stone of the building was laid with elaborate ceremonies.

The procession formed at the East Side public school and led by Lamoni's junior band, marched to the College, carrying the Stars and Stripes. College students led, followed by about four hundred students of the public schools, under direction of the faculty, and a throng of citizens.

Services were in charge of Bishop Edmund L. Kelley. Prayer was offered by Elder Henry A. Stebbins. Directed by Pres. Joseph Smith, the corner stone was lowered in place by L. J. Frink, L. B. Mitchell, and John Weedmark, and President Smith officially laid the corner stone. Speeches were made by William W. Scott, mayor of Lamoni; Pres. Joseph Smith; Hon. Zenos H. Gurley; Daniel F. Lambert, superintendent of public schools; and Alexander H. Smith, president of the Quorum of Twelve.

During Pres. Joseph Smith's speech he announced that the following articles were placed in the corner stone: viz, copies of *Chicago Chronicle*, *Chicago Times-Herald*, *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Saints' Herald*, *Autumn Leaves*, *Independent Patriot*, *College City Chronicle*, *Zion's Ensign*, Holy Scriptures, Book of Mormon, Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and Church Articles of Incorporation.

Before the winter of 1895-96 closed, the basement was completed and the walls up about as high as the second floor. The building was estimated to cost about ten thousand dollars, and some lots in Graceland Addition were sold with the hope of meeting the expense.

The first faculty consisted of Thomas J. Fitzpatrick, Joseph T. Pence, Jeremiah A. Gunsolley, and Nellie Davis. The first enrollment was thirty-five, and they began work September 17,

1895, in a rented building in the business part of Lamoni, known as the "France Block."

The college building itself was ready for dedication on January 1, 1897.

The dedication service was under the direction of the program committee, consisting of Edmund L. Kelley, Daniel Anderson, and Daniel F. Lambert. The opening prayer was by Rev. George Mitchell, of Davis City, Iowa. The dedicatory address was delivered by Pres. Joseph Smith. Speeches were made by Judge H. M. Towner, judge of the Third Judicial District of Iowa, and by Elder Joseph R. Lambert. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Prof. Mark H. Forscutt, dean of the faculty, and the dismissal prayer was offered by Elder Columbus Scott. An entertainment was given in the evening, and the day's exercises closed with a benediction by Elder Alexander H. Smith.

The fifty students in attendance were immediately transferred to the new building. In 1898 the trustees and directors were united in one board, to perform the duties of both.

Mr. Joseph T. Pence, first president, acted in that capacity until 1898, when Prof. Ernest Ritson Dewsnup, of Manchester, England, was secured. Professor Dewsnup acted until the end of the college year 1899, when he was succeeded by Prof. R. A. Harkness. In 1901, Prof. Herbert Spencer Salisbury, of Illinois, became president; following him C. O. Taylor acting president from 1902 to January, 1903; Charles Marr Barber, January, 1903, to June, 1903; Professor Dewsnup resumed the chair in 1903 and acted until June, 1905, when Prof. Rolland McLaren Stewart, of the University of Iowa, was called to the position. When Professor Stewart resigned, in 1908, Prof. David Allen Anderson, of Iowa University, became head of the college for one year, since which time, in the absence of an election to that office, Prof. Jeremiah Alden Gunsolley has acted in that capacity.

Many good and capable men and women have served on the faculty of Graceland in her history, and it is impossible in limited space to name them all. Almost without exception they have had the college and her interests at heart, and have helped in making Graceland what she is to-day—contributing not only in their official capacity to the life of the college, but sacrificing of their time and talents outside of their work to the college and community, and even at times giving material aid financially.

The library of the college early became an important factor. Mrs. Mina Cook Hart was the first to attempt getting it in condition, properly classified and cared for. She arranged the books according to the Dewey Decimal System of Classification. A few years later, however, the library lapsed into a condition of haphazard growth, and by the fall of 1908 was in a condition of decided chaos as far as library law and order were concerned. Prof. Thomas J. Fitzpatrick, who had been that year elected to the head of the department of mathematics, being himself a private librarian and collector of some note, took the library work in charge, since which the library has assumed a rather phenomenal growth. He has been helped in his work as librarian by donations from individuals, faculty members, funds donated by the Athenian Literary Society, Zion's Religio-Literary Society, and the General Sunday School Association. The library at its present rate of progress will soon comply with state requirements.

The museum, also an early attraction to college visitors, is now being well cared for, and will become more and more interesting and instructive. Professor Fitzpatrick is also in charge of the museum.

But in financial matters, in common with many other schools of her class, Graceland came near being grounded. There were those who expected to see her able to make her own way in the world, and there were those in the church who began to feel the

support of this child of their own adoption becoming a burden to them; so in the year 1904, in about the seventh year of her age, Graceland received what was at the time considered her deathblow, when at Kirtland, Ohio, the church in conference assembled passed, after a lengthy discussion, by a yea and nay vote of 851 for and 826 against, the following preambles and resolution:

Whereas the maintenance of Graceland College is proving to be a serious burden in a financial way and is likely to so continue, and,

Whereas there seems to be but a minority of the members of the church who favor its continuance; and,

Whereas the operation of a college of its character does not lie within the direct line of our appointed work as a church; therefore,

Resolved, That we favor a discontinuance of Graceland College after the close of its present term, and recommend that the property be turned over to other uses such as may be agreed upon by the Bishopric of the church and such other councils or persons as may be chosen by the General Conference until such time as the General Conference decides to reopen the college.

On May 12 the Bishopric and Board of Trustees took under advisement the carrying out of the resolution and decided upon the following action, which, whatever may be said about its legitimacy, we believe has proved a blessing to many of us, who had it not been for the open doors of Graceland College, would never have had the privilege of the little learning we have had. The report of the council was as follows:

On May 12, 1904, the Bishopric of the church and the Board of Trustees of Graceland College, to whom was referred the matter of the use and disposition of the property of Graceland College by resolution of the General Conference at Kirtland, held a joint meeting in the rooms of the Herald Publishing House, Lamoni, Iowa, and after due and careful consideration of their powers and duties in the premises adopted the following as a basis of work:

First: That the Board of Trustees of Graceland College was by the General Conference at its last session appointed a committee to act with the Bishopric in caring for the property of Graceland College as shown by minutes of said conference, pages 705 and 706, and following the passage of a resolution of said conference, page 698 of minutes, to wit:

Resolved, That we favor a discontinuance of Graceland College after the close of its present term, and recommend that the property be turned over to other uses such as may be agreed upon by the Bishopric of

the church and such other councils or persons as may be chosen by the General Conference until such a time as the General Conference decides to reopen the college.

Second: That the resolution favoring the discontinuance of Graceland College was acted upon without any notice whatever having been given that the same would be presented for action, as is required by the Articles of Incorporation of Graceland College, which reads as follows:

"These articles may be amended at any General Conference of said Reorganized Church, or at any meeting of the Board of Trustees herein named, providing sixty days' published notice of said amendment and the nature of the same be given through the *Saints' Herald* prior to the time of such annual conference or meeting."—Article 15 of Incorporation Act.

Third: That the resolution referred to of the General Conference can not properly be considered an order for the closing of Graceland College, for the same would be contrary to the Articles of Incorporation, and the former action of General Conference requiring sixty days' published notice before action upon such a resolution, and therefore absolutely void; but, that it was simply the expression of the sentiment of those present at the conference upon the question, without the authority of an action to close the college.

Fourth: That this council, after due consideration of the question of closing the college and diverting the property to other uses than that of a college, which is duly provided for in the Articles of Incorporation, believe that it will actually cost less to run the college the ensuing year than to discontinue the running of the same; besides, it will so disturb the educational work, already in operation at great sacrifice and expense, as to make it doubtful if the college could ever recover from the effects of so stopping it.

Therefore after a full and respectful consideration of the feeling and sentiment expressed in the resolution by the General Conference, it is the sense of this council that its members in their respective capacities and duties as members of the Bishopric of the Reorganized Church, and as trustees of Graceland College, use every legitimate effort practicable to solicit and collect the means to liquidate the full indebtedness now against the college, and, should the means be furnished, continue the running of the college according to its Articles of Incorporation, and the trust reposed by the church.

The Board of Trustees also took action as follows:

Whereas the conference in session at Kirtland, Ohio, took action favoring the closing of the college without regard to a provision in the Articles of Incorporation requiring sixty days' notice in case of change of said articles, thereby doing injustice to a number of students and to parties who had purchased scholarships and made donations, when a year's notice would seem none too long to take such action in a matter so important, and

Whereas the sacrifice made in closing the college at this time is entirely too great, both by losing the services of President Dewsnup by

reason of his educational standing; together with the extra expense of securing a president who, if his equal, would cost us several thousand dollars more for the term for which he has been engaged, and the discouragement it may cause to the many who have given their aid in many ways, and who have cause to fear the stability of the institution which may be closed with scarcely a moment's notice, and

Whereas, a resolution was presented later in the conference than the foregoing, by the Quorum of Twelve, favoring the running of the college as soon as the debt was paid, the board believing such to be the sentiment of the church membership generally, and that the closing of the college at the end of this year will present almost insurmountable obstacles to its reopening, and having an assurance from the Bishopric that active measures will be taken at once looking to the immediate liquidation of the debt,

Therefore be it resolved by the Board of Trustees of Graceland College in special session assembled on this twelfth day of May, 1904, that we immediately proceed with the work of procuring and electing members of the faculty, the distribution of catalogues, and the performing of such other duties as are prescribed by the Articles of Incorporation to continue the college in session for the next year; it is understood, however, that such action is to be taken contingent upon the debt against the college being paid.

The Bishopric also took action regarding the financial phase of the affair, and the whole was embodied in the report of the trustees to the General Conference of 1905. At the same time a minority report was brought in, and the subject of the legality of the action was discussed at length on the conference floor. As a good way out of the dilemma the conference finally decided to receive both reports and indorse neither. At the same conference the question of continuing the college was again broached, and the following resolutions relative to the matter, after having been adopted by a joint council of the Twelve, Presidency and Bishopric, were presented to the body and eventually adopted.

To the General Conference; Greeting: At a Joint Council of the First Presidency, Twelve, and Bishopric held this morning, the following was adopted and ordered presented to the conference:

First, that after due consideration of the question of continuing the running of the college, and the importance of the same in giving proper training and educational facilities to the youth of the church, and such others as may care to avail themselves of its benefits, together with the present status of the financial condition of the same, we are of the opinion that the college should continue; and whatever minor changes as to

courses of study and methods of development, if any, be left as provided by its Articles of Incorporation with the Board of Trustees, and such changes as may be made directly by the conference.

Second. We favor recommending to the conference that the expenses of running the college be met by voluntary contributions for the purpose, and that one day in each year be set apart, to be known as College Day,



MRS. M. WALKER.

upon which offerings, in the manner of collections, shall be taken up in all districts and branches of the church, to aid the college work, the same to be forwarded to the Bishop of the church to be devoted to such purposes.

Respectfully submitted,

HEMAN C. SMITH,

FRED'K M. SMITH,

Secretaries of Joint Council.

LAMONI, IOWA, April 7, 1905.

The school had opened the previous fall as usual, but with the tremendous handicap of public opinion throughout the church being against it. A fair number of students enrolled from various localities, ranging from Massachusetts on the

east, to Arizona on the west, Saskatchewan on the north and Texas on the south. It was at this perilous time that the advent of Pres. Rolland M. Stewart found college affairs in a dubious condition. In all Graceland history perhaps there never was a better loved, respected, and capable president than Professor Stewart. It is enough to say for him that, laboring under the prejudices above mentioned, he doubled the



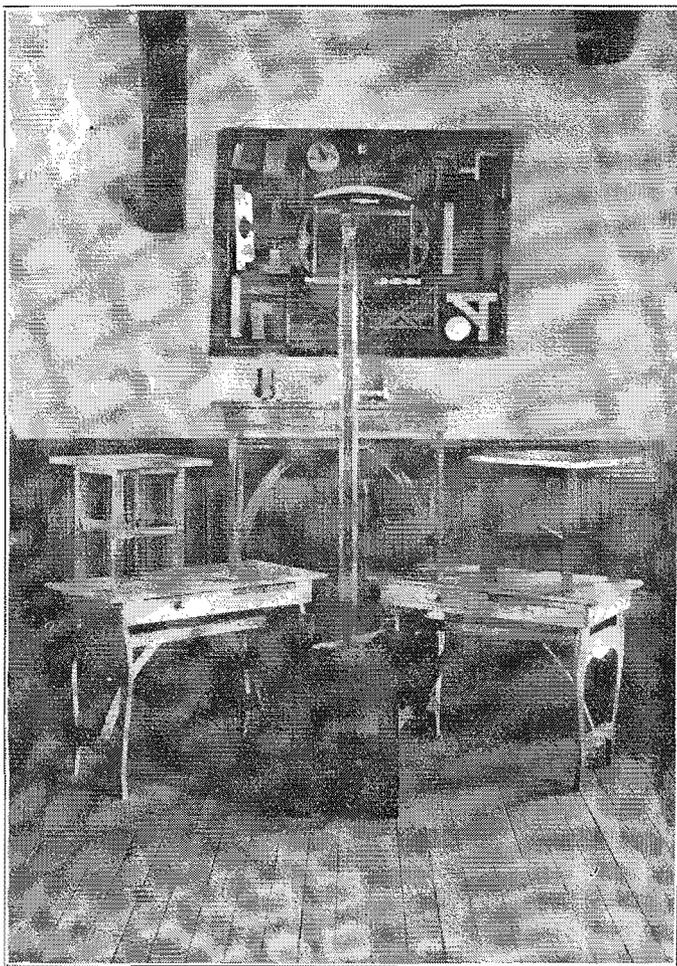
MARIETTA HALL.

enrollment during two years of his presidency. The year 1905 brought the first agitation for dormitories and industrial work. The first Sunday in each September was set apart as Graceland day throughout the church, for the taking of collections for the support of Graceland. The next year this was changed to first Sunday in October. The refunding of railway fare brought the college nearer to the door of the prospective students. The action of the 1905 conference brought new lease

of life, and once more Graceland faced her problems with renewed determination to make good.

In 1907 the Industrial Department, much planned and talked of, was begun in a small way. A dormitory for girls was built at a cost of \$3,100, and given the name of Marietta Hall, in honor of Mrs. Marietta Walker, a pioneer in church and college work. Mrs. Bettie B. Smith, a kind-hearted, motherly Saint, was put in charge of the dormitory, and kitchen and dining room in the basement of the college. It was a large family to cook for, and no one but "Aunt Bettie" could have done it. It was a small beginning, but by no means meager in memory to those who were there and visited there. The precious "first things" are always best, and the first days of dormitory life at Graceland were no exception. The boys and girls of those days could tell you the most interesting part of this history, for like most history, the best parts must for ever be the unwritten ones. But who has forgotten the strolls on the college campus, the informal "sings" in the chapel, the quarrelings and makings-up of college life in those days? If that crowd were once more gathered on the campus, I am sure that none would have forgotten how to play "three deep," or if they met in the basement kitchen would any fail to remember the right proportions of sugar and milk that would result in "dandy fudge." Even dish washing had a charm undreamed of in mother's kitchen. But the Industrial School has grown older, more staid and more sober now, and things move in a more dignified way than at first; but perhaps some of the students of later years can testify that none of the good times have been lost on the road.

The future of the Industrial School devolved upon Prof. Charles B. Woodstock, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, who has made a success of that phase of his work by his untiring effort. By this means many have gained an education, who, had it been otherwise, might never have had it. The kitchen and dining room work and part of the laundry work is done by student help.



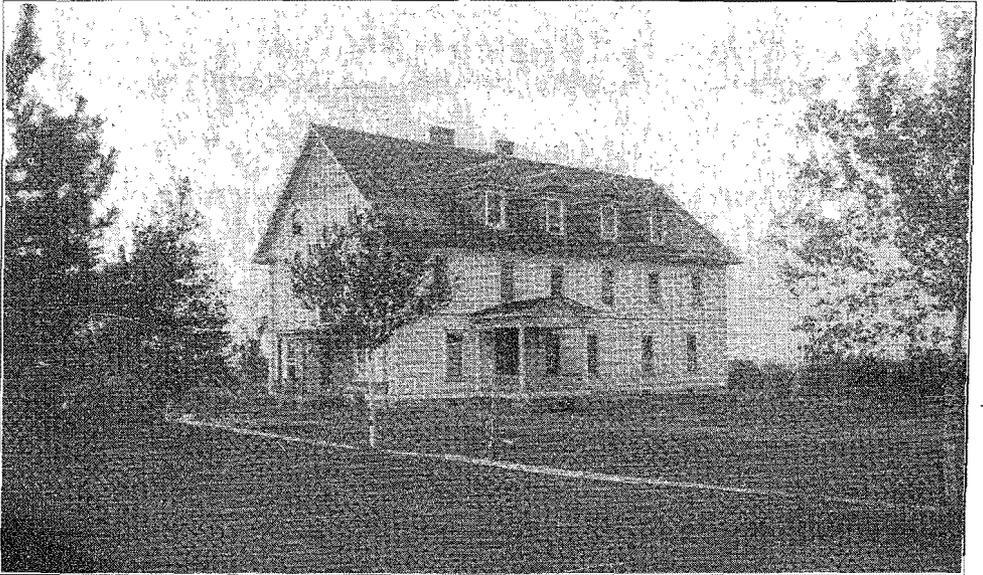
GRACELAND SHOP.

The farm and all out-door work is carried on by the men who are studying at the institution, as is also the janitor work, and in fact everything that student labor can do. The Graceland boys of several years ago, some of whom are now in the missionary field, who used to canvass the town in search of wood to saw, can best appreciate the better facilities for the man

who wants to help himself. Professor Woodstock is the head of the manual training course, a department of the industrial work, which is deservedly very popular, and needs no argument to prove its merits. The revival of interest in the arts and crafts has never needed a recommendation. We are beginning to realize that our "ten fingers are our best friends." Some very interesting work has been designed and put out by the Graceland shops. We expect Graceland to keep in the van of this movement.

In point of numbers of its devotees perhaps the business school exceeds all other departments in popularity, with a close second of the normal school. The short time that some students have to devote to college, limited finance, and the desire to get to work in the world and feel the joy of earning are some of the causes that crowd the business department. The normal department also has a deserving popularity, for the work of educating for the art of teaching has become more and more imperative. There was a time when almost any one could "teach school"; but that time has passed, and Graceland realizes with her contemporaries the true worth of the title "*Teacher*," and is making skillful the hand and the heart that must in some sense control the future citizenship. The Children's Home should in time furnish the students of the Normal Department the necessary "training school," and prove an advantage both to the home and the Normal Department. Too often the entrance of commercial and industrial courses side by side with the higher liberal studies results in the deterioration in interest of the latter. We hope that this has not been the case with Graceland. The desire expressed by some to make a commercial school of Graceland has never met with favor from those who rate a life higher than a living. The mad commercial spirit which insists on knowledge that "pays" and even philosophizes on the truth that all knowledge is useful, and distorts it into the idea that useful knowledge consists

only in those obvious and visible parts of truth, that mean dollars and cents. That spirit has reached us, as it has others, and the School of Liberal Arts can not be said to be as popular as others in the past. The time will come when the demands of the young people who come to Graceland will require the beginning of a movement for a greater Graceland in the things



PATRONESS HALL.

that count for true scholarship. We must comply with the weights and measures of education, that have been selected as standard, and then a "degree" from Gracland will be worthy of honor in the world of men. But in the meantime, while we are waiting to grow, Graceland is one of the small colleges which has not and will not refuse to do what she can for those who cling to the time-honored ideal of a liberal education.

The music department has been a prominent feature from the inception of the college until now. Miss Nellie Davis was the first head of this department, and she has been followed

by the best help available to the trustees from time to time.

The school of oratory was originally conducted by Mrs. Ruth Lyman Smith, and has since been presided over by Mrs. Evelyn Gurley Kane, Miss Alice Heathcote McElrath, Miss Zaida Gaines, and the present director, Miss Lena Lambert. There was a time when the school of oratory suffered a sort of decline, but it was brought into prominence again by Miss McElrath, whose own interest inspired everybody else, and soon made her the idol of the student body. It was Miss McElrath who planned, coached, and helped in the execution of the first annual Athenian play, in 1907. It was the old favorite, "Esmeralda," and it was such a signal triumph for the Athenians that the Athenian play has become an annual event.

The school has one literary society—the Athenian—it was organized almost at the beginning of the college and has been thriving ever since. The Athenian Society, besides their own literary improvement, have done things. The evidences of Athenian liberality in the matter of gifts to the college is not hard to find, and the list of them would be too long to enumerate. The Athenian Society has met representatives of other schools and colleges in several interschool debates and won her share of them.

The Athletic Associations have held wavering prominence in Graceland's history, but since the appearance in the faculty of Prof. Roy V. Hopkins, who is director of athletics, in addition to being professor of ancient languages in the college, athletics seem to have come into prominence to stay, and have created a college spirit that the old Graceland never knew—that spirit of loyalty to the gold and blue, the college and the team, that lives always.

The first dormitory descended to the boys, and the girls occupy a new one, built in 1909, and named Patroness Hall, after a society of loyal Lamoni matrons formed several years

ago for the purpose of helping Graceland. And they did help her, and helped the new dormitory so substantially that when it was finished, there was no choice, but to name it "Patroness Hall." There is a sunny, spacious dining hall in Patroness, and three times a day the people from both dormitories meet around the long tables there.



FARM HOUSE.

The students take pride in improving the school. Out of their private funds they have donated liberally for certain school projects, and the latest improvement was the decorating of the dining hall, which was achieved by a box social given by the girls after a week full of excited planning, crepe paper, ribbon, and all sorts of wonderful things.

Blair Hall is the farmhouse, and has at different times sheltered some of the students.

Every year the Booster Club furnishes to the public a

lecture course which makes a small profit for the college, and also helps the college in its work, with other college recitals, plays, and entertainments, the college calendar is quite full.

There is one honor scholarship conferred each year for the best oration. For the time the donor of the scholarship did not wish his name revealed, but somehow the scholarship has



VIEW OF GRACELAND, SHOWING PATRONESS HALL.

become universally spoken of as the "Pitt" scholarship, and everybody knows that the benefactor is Mr. William Pitt, of Independence, Missouri.

The history of Graceland is a little bit of a misnomer, for as yet she has not had a score of years in which to make history; the longest and best part of Graceland's history is in the future, still Graceland has lived long enough to earn many lifelong friends in the students whom her old brick walls have sheltered. That indefinable something that ties a man

to his school has bound us Gracelanders for ever to Graceland days and Graceland ways, however commonplace they may seem to others. There are some of us whom the memory of a violet-dotted campus and the songs of the meadow lark on the Graceland hills will follow all our lives; then how can we forswear allegiance? Like Goldwin Smith, who by the way was no sentimentalist, said of Magdalen College when at four-score he wrote, "My heart has often turned to its beauty, and often the sound of its sweet bells have come to me across the ocean—a little Eden in a world where there are none too many of them"; so will many of us say in the eventide of our lives, when we look back to our Graceland.

There are people—even of our own church—who doubt Graceland and her mission; that prejudice must be laid aside by those who go out from her walls. We will show them that Graceland does not send into the world mere intellectual deformities, but men and women ready for the world's struggles and triumphs, with broad, generous views of life, that will tend to make life better worth living—fitted intellectually, spiritually, and physically to cope with the world's problems.

Yet love will dream, and faith will trust.
 (Since he who knows our cause is just),
 That somehow, somewhere meet we must.
 Alas, for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress trees!
 Who hopeless lays his dead away,
 Nor looks to see the breaking day,
 Across the mournful marbles play;
 Who hath not learned in hours of faith
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown
 That life is ever lord of death
 And love can never lose its own.—Whittier.

LOCAL HISTORIANS AND THEIR WORK.

HISTORY OF EASTERN, WESTERN, CENTRAL AND NORTHERN
MICHIGAN DISTRICTS BY JOHN J. CORNISH.

(Continued from volume 4, page 507.)

1895.

Chapter 23.

This year opens up about as usual, much preaching has been done by the missionaries; the local brethren also assisting as they felt they were able during the winter months.

At the General Conference we were allowed about the same force as the previous year. Edmund C. Briggs in charge, Francis M. Cooper submissionary in charge of field, and James H. Peters president of Northern Michigan District, and bishop's agent. John A. Grant president of the Eastern Michigan District, Andrew Barr, bishop's agent.

January, 1895, a branch was organized at Inland, Benzie County, known as the Inland Branch, with one priest, one teacher, and one deacon. Organized by James H. Peters, with John J. Cornish assisting.

Some time in the summer of this year (1895) a branch was organized at Hillman, Montmorency County, by Elder Robert Davis. One priest and one teacher, with thirty-five members.

William Davis, John A. Grant, and Robert E. Grant, did effectual work in Bell River, North Branch, and Shabbona, baptizing some.

Elder David Smith was at work in Green Bush, Mikado, Whittemore, Mud Lake, West Branch, etc., baptizing some.

Elder Edward Delong worked in Flint, Vassar, Bay City, and Junita, Elder Francis C. Smith spent considerable time in the northwestern part of the State, at Burdickville, Lake Ann, Inland, Kingsley, etc., baptizing some. The once Northern and Eastern Michigan District Sunday school association divided

June 10, 1895, at Detroit, boundaries agreeing with the division boundaries of the Northern and Eastern districts. The following officers were chosen for the Eastern District, Mrs. Frone Shinnic, superintendent; Mrs. Mary Liddy, assistant superintendent; and Mrs. Alma B. Hanson, secretary and treasurer, and at the June conference of the Northern District, Henry J. Badder was appointed superintendent, and Harry Gerring, secretary.

About this time a man by the name of Joseph Musser, who came into the work about two years ago at Beaverton, and who had before lived a careless life, and was considered a worthless man, began to carouse again as in former years, and was finally expelled. He then began to lecture against the Saints, and endeavored to hinder the work in different parts of the State, both in the Eastern and Northern districts. Mr. Musser learned that he could get pretty fair pay for lecturing against our people, but our men made replies to his slanderous statements on several occasions. He seemed to be a success for a time; until the opposite parties found that many of their people who heard our reply to Mr. Musser began to get their eyes opened upon gospel topics, and by reason of this several united with us, and the enemy's work was thereafter a failure. When Mr. Musser could not get anyone to hire him to lecture against our people, he would go into a community where there were a few young members and talk against our books, Joseph Smith, and the work in general, and challenge and dare our men to discuss with him, etc. In some places we were forced to debate the question, to maintain our grounds. One of his methods, upon entering a community, was to retell one or more of the old, worn out stories that had been told and retold, applying it to the Latter Day Saint minister who happened to be preaching in the vicinity. In another vicinity he would tell the very same story of the minister who was preaching there. If, after telling one story,

Musser saw it did not please the people, he would drop the story telling, and proceed with his talk against the doctrine; but if he saw it did please them, he would proceed to tell something more ridiculous than ever.

After some time Mr. Musser would get drunk, and tell so many falsehoods against the Saints that the general public had no confidence in his truth and veracity.

Elder Edmund C. Briggs placed Willard J. Smith in charge of the city work in Detroit.

Two-day meetings were held at Five Lakes, Beaverton, and five or six other places; most all were largely attended and good was done.

The conferences were well attended; the good Spirit was present to bless the speakers, and the work was gaining.

At Hillman the Methodist and Presbyterians had Musser lecture against us, and as Musser had challenged our ministers, Bro. Francis M. Cooper held a discussion with him at that place, during the month of August; and after the debate was over, Bro. Cooper gave a broad challenge to ministers of both denominations to meet the issue, but they were unwilling to defend their own faiths.

Brn. John A. and Robert E. Grant and William Davis had to meet Musser at Bell River, Fargo, and other places.

At Boyne City, John J. Cornish met Mr. Musser, and replied to the many misstatements made in a paper published at that place called the *Citizen*, for July 4. *The Citizen* would not permit a reply, hence Cornish and Charles G. Lewis published a large paper in tract form in reply to Musser's statements, and caused it to be scattered all over the village and country.

Copies of both sides were sent to the *Saints' Herald*, and of it the editor says: "From what we read and from what we hear from Musser's effort, it appears that the brethren have a cinch on Mr. Musser."—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 42, p. 505.

In the fall of this year Fred H. Brooks was silenced for cause.

During the latter part of the year Bro. Francis M. Cooper met Elder Ellerthorp, a Baptist minister, in discussion, involving the claims of both churches. They were to debate eight sessions of two hours each, but when the third session came, Elder Ellerthorp was not there. So ended the discussion. The missionaries baptized about one hundred and thirty-two, besides some were baptized by the local brethren.

Elder James H. Peters asked to be released from the Northern Michigan district presidency as he thought he did not have sufficient time to put to it, and John J. Cornish was chosen in his stead.

Kingsley Branch was organized December 7, 1895, by John J. Cornish; Fred S. Brackenbury, priest; Edwin Lambkin, teacher; Martha B. Lambkin, secretary.

Thus ended the year 1895.

Chapter 24.

1896.

The year 1896, conference placed Bro. Edmund C. Briggs in charge of Michigan. And for missionaries Francis M. Cooper, Robert E. Grant, John J. Cornish, Willard J. Smith, Levi Phelps, John A. Grant, Andrew Barr, and William Davis.

James A. Carpenter was appointed to Southern Indiana, but on account of conditions at his home, arrangements were made for him to remain in Michigan, and he labored more or less in Northern Michigan District.

Francis C. Smith was taken out of his field and sent to Virginia; also Edward Delong sent to Southern Indiana, hence the loss of two from the Michigan districts. Robert E. Grant spent a lot of his time in Grand Rapids, Southern Michigan District.

James A. Carpenter, living in Beaverton, did a good work

there, and opened up the work north about twenty miles, at Butman. He also replied to Mr. Musser's lecture against the Saints. Bro. Carpenter also met the same man at Calkinsville, and replied there to his lectures.

Francis C. Smith did some effectual work at Calkinsville, before leaving for his field in Virginia.

James R. Beckley, living at Fork, Mecosta County, having been ordained a priest previously, did some local preaching in and around his home, and baptized some.

David Smith labored in and around Greenbush, Alcona, Mikado, Mud Lake and Tawas, baptizing some occasionally, and did a good work for the Master.

At Ludington, Bro. George D. Washburn, who had preached in that place previously, did some more preaching there occasionally.

On April 22, John J. Cornish and J. J. Maakested, a Lutheran minister, held a discussion on the doctrine of each church. The debate was held in the town hall, at Sutton's Bay. It only lasted three evenings. We had no members there, and no one seemed to know anything about the faith of the Saints in or around Sutton's Bay, and as Mr. Maakested had challenged, Elder Cornish thought it best to accept, and thus open up, and get the truth before others. Since that time we have several members in and around Sutton's Bay.

Francis M. Cooper and John A. Grant erected the tent in Fargo, and commenced preaching on the 16th day of May, interest fair.

About the middle of July, a tent was erected in Reed City, and preaching done in it by John J. Cornish, Joseph W. Shippy, Wellington D. Ellis, and James R. Beckley. About twenty were baptized.

Elder William Davis labored in the Eastern District, in Burnside and Smith's Corners, nearly all the summer alone.

Elder John A. Grant came to his assistance in the early part of September.

On September 29 and 30 Andrew Barr and John A. Grant conducted a two-day meeting at Shabbona. Had good meetings.

In September John J. Cornish, assisted by the local brethren, pitched tent in Kalkaska, Kalkaska County, having moved it from Reed City, where there was still good interest, and remained a few days in Kalkaska, with no interest; but few attended. He believed it was a mistake in leaving Reed City so soon, because later when he tried to do some preaching there again, there was no interest.

At the October conference of the Eastern District, Andrew Barr was chosen district president, and William Davis, secretary.

On November 4, a branch was organized at Reed City, by Robert E. Grant, assisted by John J. Cornish; and on November 6, a branch was organized at Brinton by Robert E. Grant, assisted by John J. Cornish.

Elder Levi Phelps having preached at Anderson and vicinity, and baptized thirteen, some of whom were members of the Methodist Church, some opposition was manifested by the Methodist Episcopal people, and they sent for Mr. Musser to debate. Elder Hyrum C. Bronson met Mr. Musser; Mr. Musser used much slang and abuse. It ended for good to our cause.

December 22, 1896, a branch was organized at Burdickville, Leelanau County, by Elder John J. Cornish, called the Kasson Branch; Peter Price, presiding priest; Elbert Welch, teacher; and Robert Nephew, clerk.

A little incident occurred which should be kept on record. During the preaching in Freesoil the Methodist Episcopal minister made quite a stir among the people, trying to persuade them not to attend our meetings, saying that we were Mormons, etc. Elder John J. Cornish made up his mind that if it

were possible he would meet the elder on some of his visits, and explain the difference to him between the people of the Reorganization and those of the Utah Church. One day he saw the Methodist Episcopal elder coming down the street, and thought that he would stop him on the street and talk with him; but before they met, the Methodist Episcopal elder turned into a house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, who were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and by the time Elder Cornish came up to the gate in front of the house he heard from within the word *Mormon*. He turned immediately, went in and said, "Good-day, sir. I heard the word *Mormon* mentioned as I was passing by, and thought I would come in and help you out a little." The lady of the house gave him a chair and the two ministers got right into a warm conversation. Among many things the elder, besides calling Cornish a *Mormon* and such names as he thought were mean, etc., he said, "I would like to get your picture." Elder Cornish said, "Well, I will send you one of my pictures." The elder said, "I don't mean a picture of your face, I want a picture of your inside,—of the blackness and corruptness,—that is the kind of picture I want!"

Elder Cornish would say, "Why, brother," etc.! The Methodist Episcopal elder would say in angry tones, "Don't you call me brother, sir!"

The sister said that the calmness with which Elder Cornish spoke and acted under these trying circumstances, assisted her to believe the work was true. Bro. and Sr. Tyler, with many others, shortly after obeyed the gospel.

In the fall of that year the Methodist Episcopal elder moved to Chase, Lake County, and took care of that charge, but only preached a very few sermons until he was taken sick, which illness was of a very peculiar nature. His body became cold, insomuch that it was impossible to keep him warm, even in the warmest days. In hot, sunny days he was seen on the

street with a large overcoat and woolen mittens on. This baffled the skill of the physicians who attended him, and after a few weeks the elder died.

During this time (December of 1895 and January of 1896) a debate was held in the skating rink at Boyne City for several evenings, between John J. Cornish and Joseph Musser, on doctrinal points; but Musser's principal talk was slang and abuse, endeavoring to prejudice the minds of the people against the Saints.

There was much excitement in Boyne City at that time, and much persecution against the Saints. Threats of mobbing, etc., were indulged in by the more vile and ignorant, whereupon the marshal (Mr. F. Jubinville) kept close guard, watching every move that might be made in that direction, being armed and determined that no personal harm should come to John J. Cornish if in his power to prevent it.

But all through these times of trials and persecutions, the Saints did their best to live their religion, and not offend any, and occasionally some were added to their number.

Among all of their persecutions the writer is of the opinion that the following should be kept as a matter of history.

In the trial and imprisonment of Bro. Charles Lusk, for certain things for which he was condemned, it was believed by all the members of the branch, and the majority of non-members, including the best and most influential business people of the place, that the brother was innocent; but the court decided that he should spend three years in Ionia prison. A young girl who was the principal witness in the trumped up case afterward became a cripple because of a fall, and physicians say she will be crippled for life. A Mrs. Chase, who was one of the principal ones in getting up the case against the brother, right after the case was settled, and after the brother had been sent away, began to be troubled with cancers, and underwent two operations, suffering much all of the time, and

in about fourteen months from the time of the trial she died.

The gentleman who prosecuted the case against Bro. Lusk, lost by death one of his brightest children, the oldest boy in the family.

The judge, R. L. Corbett, in about eight months after he rendered his decision, was by accident (as was supposed) shot by his own son.

Dr. Delacy, who swore out the complaint against the brother, and who was very anxious that Bro. Lusk should be sent over the road, had a warrant issued against him, but before it was served the doctor left the town, a fugitive from justice. Bro. Lusk served his time (less six months for good behavior) and returned in good health, and in the faith, honored and respected by all.

During the year the missionaries have baptized as follows: Robert E. Grant, 35; John A. Grant, 5; James A. Carpenter, 7; Andrew Barr, 10; David Smith, 24; Willard J. Smith, 17; John J. Cornish, 41; Francis C. Smith, who was only in the State a short time, 6; William Davis, 19; Edward Delong, 21; Levi Phelps, 26.

Chapter 25.

1897.

Elder Edmund C. Briggs in charge. Andrew Barr (field missionary for Eastern Michigan District), William Davis, John A. Grant, Robert E. Grant, John S. Keir, and John J. Cornish (field missionary for Northern Michigan), as missionaries for the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts.

John J. Cornish was president of the Northern Michigan District and also bishop's agent for the same.

Joseph Musser lectured against the Saints in the Corps schoolhouse; also at South Boardman. At the latter place he worked with the Baptists, endeavoring to revive a Sunday school. It worked well for a time, but finally fell through.

The Baptist people have not prospered in their work since pushing John J. Cornish out of their church. They do not have regular preaching, not being able to support a resident minister, and their work has been going down ever since.

Elder Edward Delong labored in Saginaw in February, being assisted one evening by the Baptist choir. A Mr. Mills, who owned two stores, offered the use of one free for the elder to preach in. The *Saginaw News* contained the following items:

The Latter Day Saints held a very interesting meeting last night at the home of Mrs. George Suyden, 641 Bundy Street. There was a large attendance and another meeting will be held this evening.

Bro. Charles L. Sessions, of Kalkaska, Kalkaska County, Michigan, wrote to the *Saints' Herald* of Mr. Musser's latest efforts there as follows:

At present he is preaching against every denomination. The Saints that were present at one of his meetings, were somewhat amused when two prominent in the Disciple or Christian Church, after walking two and one half miles to hear him speak, came in just as he was combing some of the tangles out of Discipleism. If the editor of the *Christian Herald* had been present he doubtless would have wished that he had not wasted so much energy in extolling Mr. Musser to such aerial heights."

Sr. Sarah Wexstaff, of Manistee, formerly a Strangite, writes of her life with the Strangites, and of her hope in the gospel of Christ as follows:

My father and mother came into the church under Strang; were baptized by John E. Page. We went to Voree, Wisconsin, then to Beaver Island. I was taught to believe that polygamy was the order of the church; that Christ came down through a long line of polygamists; that Mary and Martha were Christ's wives.

I saw Strang crowned king. My father, Royal Tucker, made the scepter that Strang had. It was made out of a knot of wood and finished up nicely. I can see it now in my mind.

Then again the Sabbath was restored, the earth was the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and we were his people and could take the spoils of the Gentiles, and consecrate them to the Lord.

My father's property never left the church; we could apostatize, but not our house and lot, or father's tools. Call that the church of Christ? No, never! But for all that we lived, and believe in the true gospel of Christ and his kingdom.

I have seen them married and sealed for time and eternity on the

Island; but for all of that I always believed that Joseph Smith was the leader of God's people. Sometimes I think we were led to Beaver Island to try our faith. Be that as it may, I stand firm as a rock in this latter day work.

My father and mother were baptized over again by Uncle William B. Smith and received the gifts and blessings that are given to the true church of Christ. They are both dead now; they died full in the faith of the latter day work. I joined the Reorganized Church some three years ago, and rejoice in the knowledge of the true church of Christ. Sometimes I am told that all are alike; that is, all three of the churches, Brigham Young's, J. J. Strang's, and the Reorganization; but I know better, for "by their fruits ye shall know them."

I am an old woman now—sixty years old. I see lots of names of people I used to know, in the *Ensign* and *Herald*. The honest in heart will be sifted out, and I hope to be one of them that will stand the test and be worthy to enter into the celestial kingdom.

Elder Edward Delong, of the Second Quorum of Seventy, died at his home near Vassar, Michigan, June 26, 1897, while on duty in his field. He leaves a wife and three sons. The funeral sermon was preached by Elder Levi Phelps.

John A. Grant and William Davis operated in the tent during the summer; they held meetings at Burnside, Valley Center, and Saint Clair.

A two-day meeting was held at Five Lakes on September 18 and 19.

The Eastern Michigan district conference convened with the Huron Center Branch, Huron County, June 12, 1897. Andrew Barr was sustained as president; William Davis, secretary; Andrew Barr was also sustained as bishop's agent for that district. On Sunday, the 13th, the church of Huron Center Branch was dedicated, Edmund C. Briggs preaching the dedicatory sermon, and John J. Cornish offering the dedicatory prayer.

Edgar H. Durand, of Detroit, was ordained an elder by Edmund C. Briggs and John J. Cornish, and did some preaching in the Eastern Michigan District.

The Northern Michigan district conference was held at Al-

pena June 19. John J. Cornish is still president of the district and bishop's agent; Charles B. Joice, secretary.

The Northern Michigan tent was operated by John J. Cornish and James Davis at Traverse City.

The branches of Gilmore, Fork, and Brinton united in a two-day meeting held in Brother Thomas MacGuire's grove, August 28 and 29, 1897, two and one-half miles south of Farwell, and had a grand good time.

Elder John A. Grant wrote from Armada, Michigan, on August 14, as follows:

Everything is moving nicely all along the lines of gospel tent work. Brother Durand is assisting the writer at present. Two were baptized last Sunday and three more on Wednesday, so the good work moves on. We are having fair audiences, good attention, and good liberty.

Bro. James A. Carpenter writes:

BEAVERTON, MICHIGAN.

Editors Herald: Since April conference I have been laboring in Northern Michigan District. I have made several new openings. When we first went to New Sanilac the officers closed the schoolhouse; but part of the people wanted to hear us, so they broke in the schoolhouse and we went in and preached. This was done three times before they gave up. One of the worst opposers was a leader in the Free Methodist Church. He opposed us in every way he could; he went so far that his own class brought him before the church and he was expelled. While preaching there the people came from another neighborhood and invited me to come and preach. I did so, and baptized two ladies, a mother and daughter. After that I was invited to another neighborhood to preach. I preached three times in their schoolhouse. A man there had a fine grove on his farm, which the Methodists and Baptists had leased to hold camp meetings and picnics. He said to me one day after meeting, you had better have meetings in my grove, so I appointed meeting, and the Methodists and Baptists notified him we could not have it, but we had it all the same.

On July 23 and 24 we held a two-day meeting, Elder John J. Bailey and the writer being the only elders present. We had a grand meeting. Very many are believing in the gospel there. It is an old settled community, and I am safe to say many of the people believe the gospel. I expect a large ingathering soon; several have said they were going to be baptized.

On July 3 and 4 I attended a picnic and meeting at Coleman; several Saints and some outsiders from Beaverton attended; among the number a Free Methodist preacher, Charles E. Irwin. He had been attending

our meetings at Beaverton some time before, but on the 4th I baptized him, and I believe he will be a good help to the cause.

On the 14th and 15th we held a two-day meeting at Butman. We did not have many out on the first day, the weather being somewhat rainy, but we had a good meeting. We expected Elder J. J. Bailey and some others to help us, who did not come; but with Brethren Walters, Burch, and Badder, we got along nicely. I baptized four, and several others said they were going to be baptized soon.

I have been in the church twenty years and I never saw such interest manifested as in these parts. There is work for a dozen ministers, that ought to be attended to at once. I am doing all I can to spread the glorious gospel, and the Lord is blessing me much in preaching his word; and I intend to keep doing all I can to advance the cause.

John J. Cornish, in his letter says:

CADILLAC, MICHIGAN, August 23.

Editors Herald: We spent over four weeks in Traverse City, doing the best we could in the tent, but the people there do not seem to be very religiously inclined as a rule—the most of them seem to be after fun and the pleasures of the world. Shows and opera plays, bicycling, pleasure resorting, etc., going on all the time. There seemed to be much prejudice against our people, as well by reason of Traverse City being near where the Strangites operated, and many stories were revived concerning consecration, etc.; much of which no doubt were true.

Captain Wood met Captain Kinney, one of the night police (who is an old time Latter Day Saint), one day, and asked why they allowed that tent in there. Captain Kinney talked to him, and persuaded him to come out and hear. Captain Wood did so, and followed it up, and finally asked for baptism. We visited the mayor, the editors, et al, and we feel sure we broke down much prejudice, and did much good, baptized four persons, and advised Captain Wood and some others to wait a little longer, and carefully study the matter over; and after a time if they felt fully satisfied with the work, and that they could live it, etc., that they would find some one to administer the ordinances of the gospel to them.

I left Bro. James Davis (son of old Bro. Robert Davis) and his wife with them. They were my helpers in the tent while there—a good brother and sister, whose hearts are in the good work; and no doubt Brother James will baptize five or six more before long. I moved the tent here and was joined by Bro. Wellington D. Ellis, who will assist me here; tent full every night.

The following was printed in the *Traverse City Eagle*:

CURED BY FAITH.

Believed and Was Baptized.

About ten days ago Mr. L. M. Thompkins, who lives on Cedar Street, had a severe attack of kidney trouble which confined him to his bed. Later he suffered greatly with a calomel sore mouth, and on Sunday was

suffering severely when Mr. Litney, a neighbor, called upon him. Soon after Mr. Litney went away the pain left him suddenly and he immediately arose from his bed, dressed himself, and went to the bay shore and joined a crowd of people gathered there to witness the ceremony of baptism, which was being administered by the Latter Day Saints, and was himself baptized, since which time he has been up and about. The Latter Day Saints have been holding a series of meetings in a tent on the corner of Division and Seventh Streets for several weeks, and Mr. Thompkins has attended some of the meetings and became somewhat interested in them.

The way Mr. Thompkins tells the matter is something like this: He was lying in bed Sunday, suffering with intense pain, when he saw from his window the crowd of people coming from the tent on their way past his house to the bay for the purpose of baptizing some of the converts. He groaned and somewhat involuntarily said: "O Lord, if I could be rid of this pain, I would get up and be baptized myself to-morrow." He kept thinking deeply and finally exclaimed: "O Lord, if I could get rid of this pain I would get up now and be baptized." He says the pain immediately left him and he arose, went to the bay, and was baptized as stated above.

Mr. Thompkins says he has been considerably inclined to infidelity for a long time, but this experience has convinced him of the truth of revelation. Another thing that tends to strengthen him in his faith is that he asked God, if it was his will that he should make public his experience that he should send a representative of the *Eagle* to call upon him, which request was apparently fulfilled when the reporter called this morning. Mr. Thompkins is an old resident of Grand Traverse, who has always stood well in the esteem of his neighbors, and whose word may be relied upon. The *Eagle* has tried to give only the facts in this case and its readers are left to draw their own conclusions.

September 18 and 19 a two-day meeting was held at Beaverton, in Gladwin County.

Bro. Wellington D. Ellis assisted Brother Cornish with tent work in Cadillac, a few days after which Bro. Peter Price, a young priest from Burdickville, assisted the balance of the time the tent was in Cadillac. John J. Cornish baptized nine there, Wellington D. Ellis baptized two. At the conclusion of tent work at Cadillac, Priest Peter J. Price accompanied John J. Cornish with the tent to Farwell, and continued meetings four weeks and two days, during which time ten were baptized.

The Northern Michigan district conference of October 30, which was held at South Boardman, was a grand one, during

which time George D. Washburn baptized six persons. The conference was enjoyed by those both in and out of the church.

Rudolph Etzenhouser labored in Detroit from June 23 to November 4, having charge of the work there for a while.

David Smith labored in Au Gres, Arenac County.

Preaching began at Mancelona, Antrim County, in 1897, by George Washburn, who came from Bellaire across to Mancelona, a distance of twelve miles. Brother Washburn, with the assistance of a young brother named John J. Steep (who was born and raised a Catholic, but who came into the church at Elmira, some few years previously), obtained the use of the town hall, which they occupied for about two weeks.

About one month later, Brother Washburn came again, and still later, Wellington D. Ellis; also John J. Cornish. On Brother Washburn's second visit, five persons were baptized; three of whom were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and who came out to hear the preaching partly out of curiosity, and partly because the Methodist Episcopal elder had warned them not to go. Brother Washburn kept up the preaching nearly every Sunday during the summer.

The following summer Brother Ellis came in with the district tent and did considerable preaching, being assisted by James R. Beckley and John J. Cornish. Bro. George D. Washburn assisted once or twice. During the week day evenings the congregations were not large, but they were fairly well attended upon the Sabbath evenings. The meetings were continued for about five weeks; during that time five more were baptized and confirmed.

The missionaries baptized as follows: John S. Keir, 1; Andrew Barr, 6; William Davis, 22; John A. Grant, 11; John J. Cornish, 37; David Smith, 15.

At the General Conference of 1897, the name of David Smith was recommended by the Presidents of Seventy for ordination to the office of seventy. The missionary in charge was requested to attend to that ordination, but the matter was not attended to during the year.

(To be continued.)

NECROLOGY.

ELDER JOHN KALER, a member of the First Quorum of Seventy, died at his home, Independence, Missouri, September 12, 1911.

Elder Kaler was born March 22, 1866, in Holmes County, Ohio. He was baptized in Knobnoster, Missouri, March 14, 1888, by Elder John C. Foss; ordained a priest at Knobnoster May 12, 1889, by Elder John A. Robinson; ordained an elder April 14, 1891, at Kirtland, Ohio, by Elders Frederick G. Pitt, and William W. Blair; and a seventy April 14, 1892, at Independence, Missouri, by Elders William H. Kelley and Duncan Campbell.

He entered the active ministry in 1890, being assigned that year to labor in the Independence District, to which field he was again appointed in 1891. In 1892 he was assigned to labor in Australasian Mission, and started for that field, but when in Colorado was counseled, by the First Presidency, to proceed no farther until further directed. He then spent the remainder of the year in Denver. In 1892 he was continued in Australasian Mission, to which field, after some time spent in preparation, he proceeded, and where he spent nine years. Then returning to America he labored in his native land as much as adverse circumstances admitted, until his death, occupying by appointment the following fields: Spring River District, Northeastern Missouri District, Central and Eastern Oregon, and Independence Stake. He was ever faithful and true and was fully relied upon, by the church, to act well his part. He was married to Mrs. Mary Healy June 13, 1893, one week before starting to Australia, to which field his wife accompanied him. For several years she has been an invalid, requiring his almost constant care and attention. The *Omaha World-Herald* in speaking of his death said: "He was

universally esteemed and trusted both at home and abroad. He leaves an invalid wife, and several children. Doubtless his devoted service to wife, children, and church brought about his decease while yet in the prime of vigorous manhood."

CURRENT EVENTS.

June 21, 1911. Debate begins at Hickey's Springs Settlement, New South Wales, between Reverend R. C. Stewart, Seventh Day Adventist, and Elder Edward F. Robertson.

June 22, 1911. King George V and Queen Mary, of the United Kingdom, are crowned in Westminster Abbey, London, England.

July 12, 1911. Governor Hoke Smith, Democrat, of Georgia, is elected United States Senator.

July 13, 1911. Edward, eldest son of King George, is invested as Prince of Wales, Carnarvon Castle, Carnarvon, Wales.

July 19, 1911. Reverend Doctor Caleb Cook Baldwin, translator of the Bible into the Chinese language and compiler of Chinese dictionary, dies aged 91 years.

July 20, 1911. Johann Martin Schleyer, inventor of the international language known as Volapük, dies, aged 80 years.

July 22, 1911. United States Senate passes Canadian Reciprocity Bill by a vote of 53 to 27.

July 26, 1911. Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is selected as the site for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915.

August 3, 1911. New Arbitration Treaty with England and France was signed at Washington, District of Columbia.

August 4, 1911. Admiral Togo, of Japan, arrived at New York City.

August 4, 1911. Expresident Simon leaves Haiti.

August 6, 1911. General Lecone is proclaimed president of Haiti.

August 8, 1911. William Pierce Fry, for thirty years United States Senator from Maine, dies, aged 79 years.

August 10, 1911. Zionist Congress opens at Basle, Switzerland.

August 15, 1911. President Taft vetoes bill of statehood for Arizona and New Mexico.

August 15, 1911. Formal opening of the Children's Home at Lamoni, Iowa; addresses by Sisters Benjamin C. Smith, Marietta Walker, and Bishop Edmund L. Kelley.

August 18, 1911. United States Senate adopts a new resolution, admitting Arizona and New Mexico to statehood. This is passed by the house the next day.

August 24, 1911. Manuel de Arriaga is elected first president of Portugal.

August 28, 1911. Debate begins at Santa Ana, California, between E. C. Love, of the Church of Christ, and Elder Paul M. Hanson.

September 1, 1911. General Emilio Estrada is inaugurated president of Ecuador.

September 2, 1911. Roger Quarles Mills, of Texas, former United States Senator, author of the Mills Tariff Bill of 1878, dies, aged 79 years.

September 9, 1911. The stake conference of Independence Stake accepted the recommendation of the First Presidency, giving the name of Richard Bullard to succeed Bishop Roderick May, whose resignation was accepted at the same meeting. Bishop Bullard chose as his counselors Buford J. Scott and Mark H. Siegfried and they were approved by the stake conference.

September 12, 1911. Elder John Kaler dies at Independence, Missouri. Funeral occurred next day.

September 17, 1911. Thomas H. Carter, twice United States Senator from Montana, dies, aged 56 years.

September 21, 1911. Canada rejects reciprocity agreement at the polls.

September 29, 1911. Italy declares war on Turkey.

October 1, 1911. Francisco I. Madero, junior, is elected president of Mexico.

October 2, 1911. Winfield Scott Schley drops dead in New York City.

October 5, 1911. William E. Curtis, correspondent and celebrated writer, dies at Philadelphia.

October 6, 1911. By the collapse of two big dams Black River Falls, Wisconsin, is flooded, causing the death of five persons and much destruction of property.

October 6, 1911. Sir Wilfrid Laurier resigns premiership of Canada and Robert L. Borden accepts the position.

October 9, 1911. Cornelius N. Bliss, Secretary of the Interior under President McKinley, dies, aged 78 years.

October 10, 1911. A special election in California extends the right of franchise to women.

October 13, 1911. John Henry Smith, counselor of Joseph F. Smith, president of the Mormon Church, dies, aged 63 years.

October 14, 1911. John Marshall Harlan, Associate Justice of United States Supreme Court, dies at Washington, District of Columbia, aged 78 years. He had honored a seat on the Supreme Bench since 1878.

November 6, 1911. Patriarch John Smith, of the Utah Mormon Church, dies at Salt Lake City.

REUNIONS.

June 23-July 5, 1911. Eastern Michigan district reunion convenes at Port Huron, Michigan.

June 24-July 4, 1911. Toronto, Canada, district reunion convenes at Lowbanks, Elder Richard C. Evans presiding.

July 1-July 8, 1911. Southern Indiana District holds its first reunion near Derby, Indiana, Elders Hyrum E. Moler and Jacob Halb presiding.

July 8-July 16, 1911. Reunion convenes at Milroy, North Dakota, Elders Frederick M. Smith and James S. Wagoner presiding.

July 15-July 24, 1911. Kentucky and Tennessee district reunion convenes with High Hill Branch, near Lynnville, Kentucky, Elder Hyrum E. Moler presiding.

July 27, 1911. Western Iowa and Eastern Nebraska Reunion Association met in Council Bluffs, Iowa, Elder James M. Baker presiding.

July 29-August 14, 1911. Reunion of the Massachusetts District convenes at Onset, Massachusetts, Elders Ulysses W. Greene, Calvin H. Rich, Daniel Macgregor, Hyrum O. Smith, and Arthur B. Phillips presiding.

August 4-August 13, 1911. Alabama district reunion is held near McKenzie, Alabama, Elders Francis M. Slover and Stephen S. Smith presiding.

August 4-August 13, 1911. Eastern Oklahoma district reunion, at Wilburton, Oklahoma, Elders Hudson R. Harder, James Frank Curtis, and Lee Quick presiding.

August 4, 1911. Annual reunion of the Southern California District begins at Hermosa Beach.

August 4-August 13, 1911. Fremont and Pottawattamie district reunion met at Thurman, Iowa, Elder Columbus Scott presiding.

August 5-August 13, 1911. Seattle and British Columbia District holds reunion at Centralia, Washington, Elder Francis M. Sheehy presiding.

Volume Five

Number Two

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APRIL, 1912

“Obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion.”

HEMAN C. SMITH, EDITOR.

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BISHOP PARTRIDGE.
(See page 180.)

INDEPENDENCE IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

With the introduction of the latter day dispensation there were two leading ideals presented to the minds of those who accepted the message, each of which in its development had application in some more or less direct way to the town of Independence.

First, that in a peculiar sense the American Indian, known in Book of Mormon parlance as the Lamanite, would be especially affected by the latter day message.

Second, the founding of a great city somewhere in the Western Hemisphere, where the Zion of God, the New Jerusalem, should be established; and where the temple of God upon which the glory of God should descend, and to which the Son of God should come before the consummation of all things decreed, should be builded.

As early as September, 1830, when the church was yet in its infancy, four young men, namely, Oliver Cowdery, Parley P. Pratt, Ziba Peterson, and Peter Whitmer, junior, were designated by the influence of the inspiration by which the church was organized and controlled to carry the message which they had so recently and gladly received to the red men of the forest. No special locality was pointed out to them, but for some reason not easy to explain, except on the hypothesis of divine guidance, they pushed their way far into the frontiers to a point a few miles west of Independence. Indian tribes were located in different directions from their starting point; indeed, they started from the country of the powerful tribes of the Iroquois, why did they not understand their commission to have reference to these so easy of access?

They made but short calls on the tribes in New York and

Ohio that were in the direct line of travel. Once in northern Ohio they called upon a former friend of Parley P. Pratt's, Mr. Sidney Rigdon, and preached with much success in the neighborhood, laying the foundation of a work that was to be one of the marvels of latter days. Then, with the addition to their numbers of one of the new converts, in the person of Doctor Frederick Granger Williams, they left their new found friends, as they had before left friends and loved ones in New York, and through much privation and suffering made their way on foot through trackless wilds to regions then but little known. If while en route they had any definite idea of their destination it has not been disclosed in their writings. It would appear from the circumstances that they, like the wise men of the east, followed some glittering star, visible or invisible, until it stood over the place to which they were being led.

However this may be, it is strangely true that they went on and on across the Father of Waters, on through the then new village of Independence into the borders of what is now Kansas, beyond the Missouri River, the region where the Government of the United States has subsequently tried to locate the eastern tribes of Indians, and there planted the banner and sought to rally the outcasts of Israel, visiting the Delawares and other tribes. They were at first well received. The speech of Oliver Cowdery in a meeting of the leading men of the Delawares, together with the reply of the chief, is almost classic in style, beautiful in rhetoric, and sublime in significance.

Aged Chief and Venerable Council of the Delaware Nation: We are glad of this opportunity to address you as our red brethren and friends. We have traveled a long distance from towards the rising sun to bring you glad news; we have traveled the wilderness, crossed the deep and wide rivers, and waded in the deep snows, and in the face of the storms of winter, to communicate to you great knowledge which has lately come to our ears and hearts; and which will do the red man good as well as the pale face.

Once the red men were many; they occupied the country from sea to sea—from the rising to the setting sun; the whole land was theirs; the Great Spirit gave it to them, and no pale faces dwelt among them. But now they are few in numbers; their possessions are small, and the pale faces are many.

Thousands of moons ago, when the red man's forefathers dwelt in peace and possessed this whole land, the Great Spirit talked with them, and revealed his law and his will, and much knowledge to their wise men and prophets. This they wrote in a book; together with their history, and the things which should befall their children in the latter days.

This book was written on plates of gold, and handed down from father to son for many ages and generations.

It was then that the people prospered, and were strong and mighty; they cultivated the earth; built buildings and cities, and abounded in all good things, as the pale faces now do.

But they became wicked; they killed one another and shed much blood; they killed their prophets and wise men, and sought to destroy the book. The Great Spirit became angry, and would speak to them no more; they had no more good and wise dreams; no more visions; no more angels sent among them by the Great Spirit; and the Lord commanded Mormon and Moroni, their last wise men and prophets, to hide the book in the earth, that it might be preserved in safety, and be found and made known in the latter day to the pale faces who should possess the land; that they might again make it known to the red man; in order to restore them to the knowledge of the will of the Great Spirit and to his favor. And if the red man would then receive this book and learn the things written in it, and do according thereunto, they should be restored to all their rights and privileges; should cease to fight and kill one another; should become one people; cultivate the earth in peace, in common with the pale faces, who were willing to believe and obey the same book, and be good men and live in peace.

Then should the red men become great, and have plenty to eat and good clothes to wear, and should be in favor with the Great Spirit and be his children, while he would be their Great Father, and talk with them, and raise up prophets and wise and good men amongst them again, who should teach them many things.

This book, which contained these things, was hid in the earth by Moroni, in a hill called by him, Cumorah, which hill is now in the State of New York, near the village of Palmyra, in Ontario County.

In that neighborhood there lived a young man named Joseph Smith, who prayed to the Great Spirit much, in order that he might know the truth; and the Great Spirit sent an angel to him, and told him where this book was hid by Moroni; and commanded him to go and get it. He accordingly went to the place and dug in the earth, and found the book written on golden plates.

But it was written in the language of the forefathers of the red

man; therefore this young man, being a pale face, could not understand it; but the angel told him and showed him, and gave him knowledge of the language, and how to interpret the book. So he interpreted it into the language of the pale faces, and wrote it on paper, and caused it to be printed, and published thousands of copies of it among them; and then sent us to the red men to bring some copies of it to them, and to tell them this news. So we have now come from him, and here is a copy of the book, which we now present to our red friend, the chief of the Delawares, and which we hope he will cause to be read and known among his tribe; it will do them good.

The chief made the following reply:

We feel truly thankful to our white friends who have come so far, and been at such pains to tell us good news, especially this new news concerning the book of our forefathers; it makes us glad in here (placing his hand on his heart).

It is now winter, we are new settlers in this place; the snow is deep, our cattle and horses are dying, our wigwams are poor, we have much to do in the spring—to build houses, and fence and make farms; but we will build a council house, and meet together, and you will read to us more concerning the book of our fathers and the will of the Great Spirit.

Notwithstanding this favorable prospect these missionaries were, in common with all reformers and those who have a message of good to men, doomed to fail of accomplishing all their enthusiasm led them to hope for. What may have been the effect of this message so grandly delivered, or of the book left with them for perusal, only eternity can disclose, but religious prejudice led ministers of other churches to take measures to have these young men banished from the reservations, and sadly they retreated to Independence, where four of them remained preaching to the people of the frontier while they dispatched Parley P. Pratt back to the church for instruction and supplies. Elder Pratt found the main body of the church removed to Kirtland, Ohio, where he and his companions planted the work while on their way west.

By this time the second ideal mentioned in this treatise, viz, the location of the city of Zion, was more intensified than before. In answer to this desire a revelation was given commanding several of the elders to take their journey by

different routes to the West and hold a conference in Missouri, with the promise that the place of the New Jerusalem would be revealed. The place in Missouri where they were to meet in conference was not mentioned in the instruction, but as they had four brethren already at Independence, and Parley P. Pratt, the returned missionary, was also in the second expedition, it was not strange that they all turned their faces towards Independence, where in due time they met to be received by their four brethren with rejoicing. Joseph Smith, who was among them, speaks of the meeting in touching and pathetic language.

He said, "The meeting of our brethren, who had long waited our arrival, was a glorious one and moistened with many tears. It seemed good and pleasant for brethren to meet together in unity." There were the five missionaries who had come to these western wilds with the message of peace to the red men, and now over twenty of their brethren had joined them in quest of the city of Zion. Imagine the anxiety and eagerness that this band of men must have felt as they met in the grand old native forests near Independence, and prayed to know where they should go to find the consecrated spot destined to be the New Jerusalem.

Perhaps they were not much attracted to the place where they were assembled, for their surroundings were not congenial, as we learn from the words of Joseph Smith. He said:

Our reflections were great, coming as we had from a highly cultivated state of society in the East, and standing now upon the confines or western limits of the United States, and looking into the vast wilderness of those that sat in darkness, how natural it was to observe the degradation, leanness of intellect, ferocity and jealousy, of a people that were nearly a century behind the times, and to feel for those who roamed about without the benefit of civilization, refinement, or religion! Yea, and exclaim in the language of the prophets, "When will the wilderness blossom as a rose? When will Zion be built up in her glory? and where will thy temple stand unto which all nations shall come in the last days?"

They, however, were willing and anxious to undertake the

work wherever and whenever the Lord should direct. They were not long left in doubt, for ere they left Independence their prayers were answered, doubt was removed, uncertainty vanished, as with glad hearts they heard the voice of inspiration saying:

Hearken, O ye elders of my church, saith the Lord your God, who have assembled yourselves together, according to my commandments, in this land which is the land of Missouri, which is the land which I have appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the Saints: wherefore this is the land of promise, and the place for the city of Zion. And thus saith the Lord, your God, if you will receive wisdom here is wisdom, Behold, the place which is now called Independence, is the center place, and the spot for the temple is lying westward upon a lot which is not far from the courthouse; wherefore it is wisdom that the land should be purchased by the Saints; and also every tract lying westward, even unto the line running directly between Jew and Gentile. And also every tract bordering by the prairies, inasmuch as my disciples are enabled to buy lands. Behold, this is wisdom, that they may obtain it for an everlasting inheritance.

From the standpoint of mortal wisdom this advice doubtless seemed faulty. In the tract lying between Independence, and the "line between Jew and Gentile" (now the Missouri and Kansas state line) there was nothing desirable from an agricultural point of view, and no mortal mind could then foresee its advantage as a railway center, for railroads were unknown, but with confidence in the words, "Behold this is wisdom," they gladly accepted the message, notwithstanding the uncongenial surroundings, and begun their settlements in this rugged, broken section of country; and by the eye of faith they exclaimed in the language of Joseph Smith, "It was a season of joy to those present, and afforded a glimpse of the future, which time will yet unfold to the satisfaction of the faithful." As with the eye of faith they saw the glittering spires of the New Jerusalem rise on the site of the straggling frontier village of Independence, then only four years old, the rugged hills and wild forests took on new aspects of beauty, and they saw the possibilities of this frontier country

as they had not seen it before, and as no one could have seen it until the perception was quickened by the touch of the mystic power of faith.

From their standpoint there was no exaggeration in the description when they wrote

Unlike the timbered States in the East, except upon the rivers and watercourses, which were verdantly dotted with trees, from one to three miles wide, as far as the eye can glance, the beautiful rolling prairies lay spread around like a sea of meadows. The timber is a mixture of oak, hickory, black walnut, elm, cherry, honey locust, mulberry, coffee bean, hackberry, box elder, and basswood, together with the addition of cottonwood, buttonwood, pecan, soft and hard maple, upon the bottoms. The shrubbery was beautiful, and consisted in part of plums, grapes, crab apples, and persimmons. The prairies were decorated with a growth of flowers that seemed as gorgeous and grand as the brilliancy of stars in the heavens, and exceed description. The soil is rich and fertile, from three to ten feet deep, and generally composed of rich black mold, intermingled with clay and sand. It produces in abundance, wheat, corn, and many other commodities, together with sweet potatoes and cotton. Horses, cattle, and hogs, though of an inferior breed, are tolerably plenty, and seem nearly to raise themselves by grazing in the vast prairie range in summer, and feeding upon the bottoms in winter. The wild game is less plenty where man has commenced the cultivation of the soil than it is a little distance farther in the wild prairies. Buffalo, elk, deer, bear, wolves, beaver, and many lesser animals roam at pleasure. Turkeys, swans, ducks, yea, a variety of the feathered race are among the rich abundance that graces the delightful regions of this goodly land of the heritage of the children of God. Nothing is more fruitful, or a richer stockholder in the blooming prairies, than the honey bee; honey is about twenty-five cents per gallon.

The season is mild and delightful nearly three quarters of the year, and as the land of Zion, situated at about equal distances from the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, as well as from the Allegheny and Rocky Mountains, in the thirty-ninth degree of north latitude, and between the tenth and seventeenth degrees of west longitude, it bids fair to become one of the most blessed places on the globe, when the curse is taken from the land, if not before. The winters are milder than in the Atlantic States, of the same parallel of latitude; and the weather is more agreeable, so that were the virtues of the inhabitants only equal to the blessings of the Lord, which he permits to crown the industry and efforts of those inhabitants, there would be a measure of the good things of life, for the benefit of the Saints, full, pressed down, and running over, even an hundred fold. The disadvantages here, like in all new countries, are self-evident, lack of mills and schools, together with the natural privations and inconveniences, which the hand of industry and the re-

finement of society with the polish of science overcome. But all these impediments vanish when it is recollected that the prophets have said concerning Zion in the last days how the glory of Lebanon is to come upon her; the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of his sanctuary, that he may make the place of his feet glorious; where for brass, he will bring gold, and for iron he will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron; and where the feast of fat things will be given to the just; yea, when the splendor of the Lord



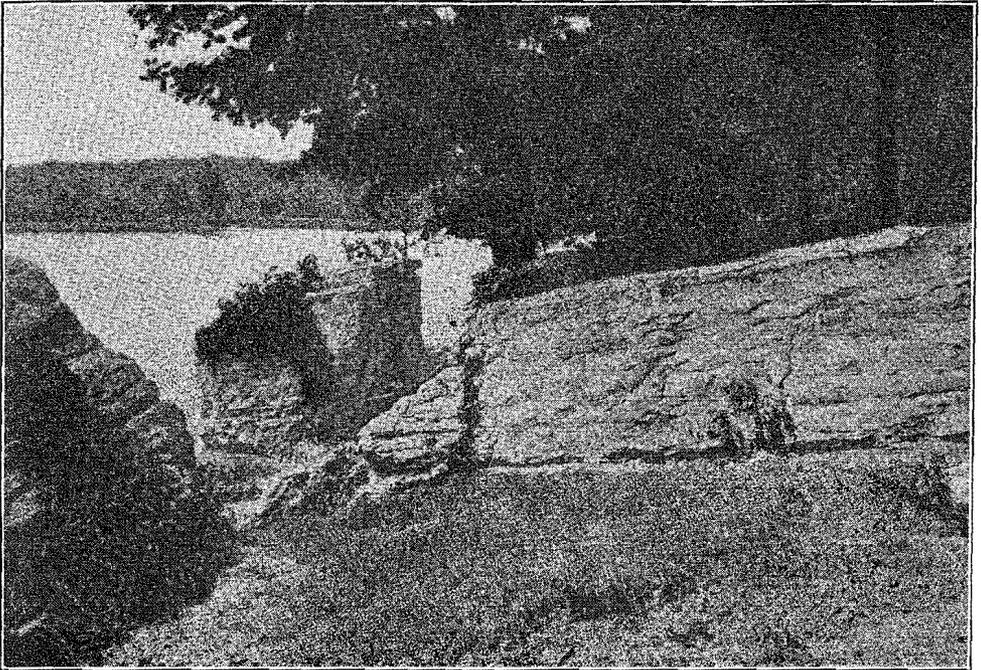
“Through Independence, to the Valley of the Big Blue.”

is brought to one consideration, for the good of his people; the calculations of men, and the vain glory of the world vanishes; and we exclaim: God will shine—the perfection of beauty out of Zion.

Faith in the promise that the place of the city was to be pointed out, and an earnest desire to be early on the ground, prompted some of the Saints in the East to follow closely on the tracks of the missionaries, and so the Coleville Branch

and others were at Independence only a few days after the arrival of the second band of missionaries.

These first settlers moved on through the village of Independence to the valley of the Big Blue, near what was subsequently called Westport. There on August 2, 1831, was the first log laid for the foundation of a house. This was



“Songs of Zion echoed through Rocky Glens.”

attended with imposing ceremonies, as twelve men in honor of the twelve tribes of Israel carried the log and located it in its resting place. At the same time the fervent and eloquent Sidney Rigdon led the devoted band in a prayer of inspiration dedicating the land of Zion for the gathering of the Saints. It was on this occasion that Joseph Smith used the words before quoted, “It was a season of joy to those

present, and afforded a glimpse of the future, which time will yet unfold to the satisfaction of the faithful." No wonder that as the songs of Zion reverberated through the groves that crowned the hill tops, and echoed through the rocky glens, that this consecrated land grew dear to their hearts, and they steadfastly refused to barter away their interest therein when subsequently dark clouds hung over them and obscured for a time their vision of Zion's rising glory.

August 3, 1831, eight devoted men stood upon the crown of the hill upon the lot which was "not far from the courthouse," and by the prayer of faith dedicated the spot for the Temple of God. Joseph Smith says, "The scene was solemn and impressive."

The next day the long-anticipated conference was held at the house of Joshua Lewis, west of Independence. The next Sunday, August 7, 1831, a revelation was given instructing the inhabitants of Zion how to live and making some cheering promises on conditions of obedience:

Behold, blessed, saith the Lord, are they who have come up unto this land with an eye single to my glory, according to my commandments; for them that live shall inherit the earth, and them that die shall rest from all their labors, and their works shall follow them, and they shall receive a crown in the mansions of my Father, which I have prepared for them; yea, blessed are they whose feet stand upon the land of Zion, who have obeyed my gospel, for they shall receive for their reward the good things of the earth; and it shall bring forth in its strength; and they shall also be crowned with blessings from above; yea, and with commandments not a few, and with revelations in their time; they that are faithful and diligent before me.

Wherefore I give unto them a commandment, saying thus: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy might, mind, and strength; and in the name of Jesus Christ thou shalt serve him. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Thou shalt not steal; neither commit adultery, nor kill, nor do anything like unto it. Thou shalt thank the Lord thy God in all things. Thou shalt offer a sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in righteousness; even that of a broken heart and a contrite spirit. And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day; for verily this is a day appointed to you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High;

nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days, and at all times, but remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations, and thy sacraments, unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren, and before the Lord.

And on this day thou shalt do none other thing; only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart, that thy fasting may be perfect; or in other words, that thy joy may be full. Verily this is fasting and prayer, or, in other words, rejoicing and prayer.

And inasmuch as ye do these things, with thanksgiving, with cheerful hearts, and countenances; not with much laughter, for this is sin, but with a glad heart and a cheerful countenance; verily, I say that inasmuch as ye do this the fullness of the earth is yours; the beasts of the fields, and the fowls of the air, and that which climbeth upon the trees, and walketh upon the earth; yea, and the herb and the good things that cometh of the earth, whether for food or for raiment, or for houses or for barns, or for orchards, or for gardens, or for vineyards; yea, all things which cometh of the earth, in the season thereof, are made for the benefit and the use of man, both to please the eye, and to gladden the heart; yea, for food and for raiment, for taste and for smell, to strengthen the body, and to enliven the soul.

And it pleaseth God that he hath given all these things unto man; for unto this end were they made, to be used with judgment, not to excess, neither by extortion: and in nothing doth man offend God, or against none is his wrath kindled, save those who confess not his hand in all things, and obey not his commandments. Behold, this is according to the law and the prophets; wherefore trouble me no more concerning this matter, but learn that he who doeth the works of righteousness, shall receive his reward, even peace in this world, and eternal life in the world to come. I, the Lord, have spoken it, and the Spirit beareth record. Amen.

As one reads these instructions he is impressed with the beauty and purity of a life influenced by these exalted precepts; and how the heart yearns to live with such a people and enjoy the pleasures and benefits to be bestowed upon them in such a land. Surely this would be "Zion, the pure in heart," and Zion, the land of the heritage of God's chosen people.

Their mission fulfilled, the missionaries left this to them hallowed spot, and embarking in canoes glided down the Missouri River on their return to the East. From this time the Saints gathered to Independence and vicinity entered land from the Government or bought the claims of those that preceded them until hundreds of acres were in their possession.

They builded houses, and opened farms, established a publishing house, and were preparing to build factories and shops, and enter into different pursuits of business. They were required by their tenets of faith to live in peace with all men, and to seek to impart spiritual light and joy to those who were in darkness.

It would not, however, be strange if in the exuberance of their joy they talked, sometimes indiscreetly, of the future glory of Zion and seemingly boasted of their future inheritance on the goodly land when the wicked and the evil, with their works of darkness, would be banished from the land consecrated for the pure in heart.

If this excited the jealousy of those who saw not the light so clear to them, we need not be surprised. When what they recognized as the word of God declared that it was not right that one man should be in bondage to another, it was but reasonable to expect that there would be friction and trouble with those who held to the doctrine of human slavery.

Thus was trouble engendered and their beautiful homes were laid in ashes, and their fields laden with the fruits of their industry laid waste, and they were driven, homeless wanderers, to seek rest among strangers. But this exodus from the homes and land they loved I leave for another hand to describe.

From the standpoint of the mortal mind, not quickened by the inspiration of faith and hope, another failure was witnessed. But not so to one who has caught the light of inspiration that flows from what John Wesley was pleased to call the latter day glory. The people then needed education, development, and preparation for important events, which in the economy of God was to follow, more than they needed the city of holiness of which they dreamed. They received the education through much tribulation, and for the city they can afford to wait, assured that Zion shall not be moved out

of her place, though her children be scattered, and in God's own time she will put on her beautiful garments, and out of Zion the perfection of beauty shall shine, when "the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob."

Then shall be fulfilled the saying of the prophet:

And the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee; for in my wrath I smote thee, but in my favor have I had mercy on thee.

Therefore thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night; that men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles, and that their kings may be brought.

For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish, yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious.

The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee; and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet; and they shall call thee, The City of the Lord, The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

On mountain tops the mount of God
In later days, shall rise,
Above the summit of the hills,
And draw the wand'ring eyes.

The rays that shine from Zion's hill,
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
Her King shall reign a thousand years,
And all the world command.

No war shall rage, no hostile band
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

Come then, O house of Jacob, come,
And worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God
With holy beauties shine.

—*The Evening and The Morning Star, Vol. 1, No. 2.*

INDEPENDENCE PUBLICATIONS.

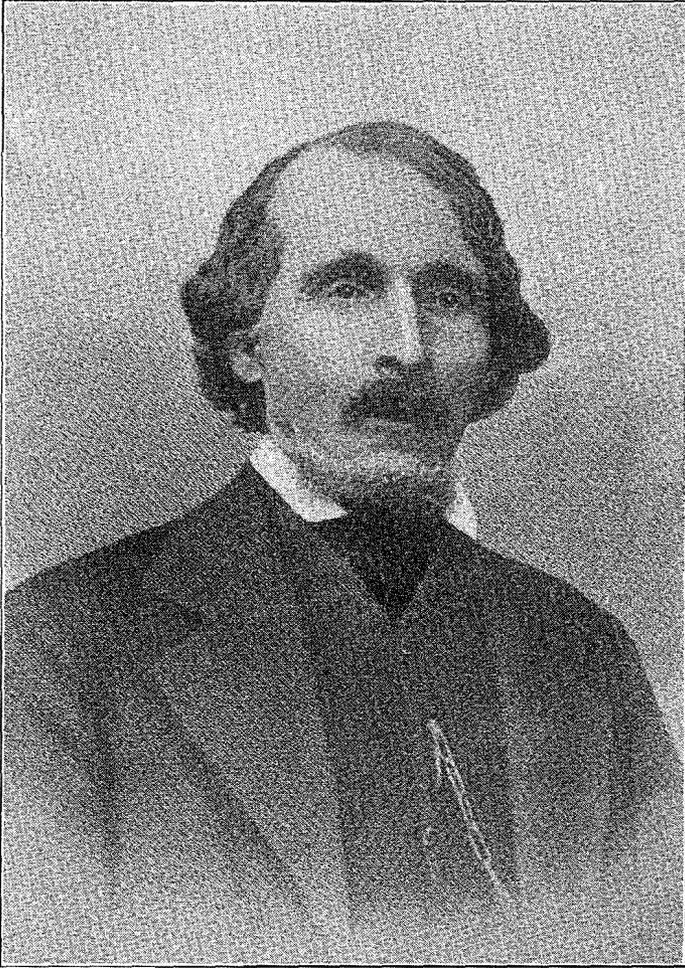
BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

At a very early day the authorities of the church recognized the necessity of an organ through which the position and doctrine of the church could be promulgated and defended; for the press had almost universally given its powerful influence to the opposition. Books and periodicals were distributed widely, all more or less unfair to the movement inaugurated through the instrumentality of Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, and others.

Hence it was that so soon as the place for the future city was determined steps were taken for the establishment of a printing press upon the consecrated spot. Almost immediately after those who engaged in the dedication of Zion had returned to Kirtland, a conference was held in which William W. Phelps was instructed to stop at Cincinnati, Ohio, on his way to Missouri and purchase a printing press and type for the purpose of establishing and publishing a monthly paper called "*The Evening and the Morning Star.*" This move was made necessary by instruction given in July before, while they were yet in the land of Zion, and in the same revelation in which the location of Zion was pointed out. It read as follows:

And again, verily I say unto you, Let my servant William W. Phelps be planted in this place, and be established as a printer unto the church; and lo, if the world receiveth his writings (behold, here is wisdom,) let him obtain whatsoever he can in righteousness, for the good of the Saints. And let my servant Oliver Cowdery assist him, even as I have commanded, in whatsoever place I shall appoint unto him, to copy, and to correct, and select, that all things may be right before me, as it shall be proved by the Spirit through him. And thus let those of whom I have spoken, be planted in the land of Zion, as speedily as can be, with their families, to do those things even as I have spoken.

In a very short time after Phelps had purchased the press



WILLIAM WINE PHELPS.

and taken it to Independence, it was decided in conference at Kirtland that Joseph Smith should prepare the revelations and send them by the hand of Oliver Cowdery to Independence, Missouri, to be printed.

So particular was it that these things should be preserved

in safety that the voice of inspiration directed that another should accompany Oliver Cowdery who would help him both to protect the writings and money entrusted to him, and assist in preparing material for publication. The instruction reads:

Hearken unto me, saith the Lord your God, for my servant Oliver Cowdery's sake; it is not wisdom in me that he should be entrusted with the commandments and the moneys which he shall carry unto the land of Zion, except one go with him who will be true and faithful: wherefore I, the Lord, willeth that my servant John Whitmer should go with my servant Oliver Cowdery; and also that he shall continue in writing and making a history of all the important things which he shall observe and know concerning my church; and also that he receive counsel and assistance from my servant Oliver Cowdery, and others.

May 1, a council held at Independence, Missouri, ordered that three thousand copies of the *Book of Commandments* be published as soon as possible and that William W. Phelps, Oliver Cowdery, and John Whitmer should review and prepare such revelations as should be deemed proper for publication for the press and that William W. Phelps should correct and print the hymns which had been selected by Emma Smith.

It will be seen that the new publishing house was very early accumulating work enough to keep it busy. The first issue of the *Evening and Morning Star* appeared under date of June, 1832, and in the first number the publication of the revelations began. In July the first issue reached Kirtland and of this event Joseph Smith wrote:

In July we received the first number of the *Evening and Morning Star*, which was a joyous treat to the saints. Delightful, indeed, was it to contemplate that the little band of brethren had become so large and grown so strong in so short a space as to be able to issue a paper of their own, which contained not only some of the revelations, but other information also, which would gratify and enlighten the humble inquirer after truth.

So embittered was the public mind against the truth that the press universally had been arrayed against us; and although many newspapers published the prospectus of our new paper, yet it appeared to have done more to calumniate the editor than give publicity to the sheet.

Editors thought to do us harm, while the Saints rejoiced that they could do nothing against the truth, but for it.

The purpose of this paper can be determined by reference to the following extract from the prospectus:

The Evening and the Morning Star, besides the secret of the Lord, which is now with them that fear him, and the everlasting gospel, which must go to all nations, before the Holy One shall stand upon the Mount of Olivet, and upon the mighty ocean, even the great deep, and upon the islands of the sea, and upon the land of Zion, to destroy the wicked with the brightness of his coming—will also contain whatever of truth or information that can benefit the saints of God, temporally as well as spiritually, in these last days, whether in prose or poetry, without interfering with politics, broils, or the gainsayings of the world. While some may say this paper is opposed to all combinations under whatever plausible character, others will know, that it is for an eternal union whose maker and supporter is God; thus all must be as they are, inasmuch as they that plow iniquity and sow wickedness reap the same; but wisdom is justified of her children.

From this press also, may be expected as soon as wisdom directs many sacred records, which have slept for ages.

This periodical was issued monthly until the first volume was completed in May, 1833; and two numbers on second volume, viz: June and July had appeared when it came suddenly to an end by mob violence. The printing office, and dwelling house of William W. Phelps, the editor, was razed to the ground, the press broken, the type pied, the book work, furniture, and other property destroyed on July 20, 1833.

The Evening and the Morning Star was then transferred to Kirtland, Ohio, where its publication was resumed on the December following by the firm of F. G. Williams and Company. The mob permitted *Davis and Kelley* to take the press. They moved it to Liberty, Clay County, and commenced the publication of a weekly paper called the "*Missouri Enquirer*."

Subsequently it was moved to Saint Joseph, Missouri, and the *Gazette* was printed on it for a time. Thence it was taken to Denver, Colorado, where probably its existence as a press terminated. *Davis and Kelley* paid to the attorneys of the Saints three hundred dollars, which was all they ever realized

from a property which cost about three or four thousand dollars.

The Book of Commandments was still in an unfinished condition when the press was destroyed, and with other papers the sheets were scattered in the streets. Some of these scattered sheets were gathered up by private parties and preserved, but the volumes are on account of these circumstances very scarce. These when compared with original manuscripts were found to be very faulty, and hence the book has never been republished nor indorsed by the church.

It was at first anticipated to have them ready for distribution earlier and July 2, 1833, instruction was given by the authorities at Kirtland to consign them to Newel K. Whitney and company, Kirtland, Ohio, care of Kelley and Walworth, Cleveland, Ohio. This instruction probably did not reach them until after the destruction, and if it had it would have found the work not ready for shipment. It was evident that the book was never completed, for the instruction was to close with the Appendix, which does not appear in any Book of Commandments which we have ever examined. The last revelation in the Book of Commandments is dated September, 1831, while the Appendix bears the date of November 3, 1831.

The last sentence in the Book of Commandments reads: "For verily I say that the rebellious are not of the blood of Ephraim." As this revelation was subsequently published in the Doctrine and Covenants the sentence read: "For verily I say that the rebellious are not of the blood of Ephraim, wherefore they shall be plucked out." So the Book of Commandments ends in the middle of a sentence.

The Evening and the Morning Star for May, 1833, contains the following upon which we base the above deductions:

Having given, in a previous number, the preface to the Book of Commandments now in press, we give below, the close, or as it has been

called, the Appendix. It affords us joy to lay before the Saints, an article fraught with so much heavenly intelligence, having previously published many from the same book for their instruction.

We hope that while they read it, they will remember, that it is a voice from him who spake as never man spake. We hope that while they are blessed with revelation upon revelation, with commandment upon commandment, and with precept upon precept, they will remember to do them. We hope that while they are thus blessed with the precious word of their Lord from heaven, in these last days, to fulfill that which was spoken in days of old, they will hearken to his counsels and lend an ear to all his precepts.

Indeed it is a source of joy to us, to know, that all the prophecies and promises which are contained in them, which have not been fulfilled, will come to pass. The Saints may lift up their heads and rejoice, for their redemption will soon be perfected. Soon the curtain of heaven will be unfolded, as a scroll is unfolded after it is rolled up, and they will see their Lord face to face. In view of these coming scenes, they may lift up their heads and rejoice, and praise his holy name, that they are permitted to live in the days when he returns to his people his everlasting covenant to prepare them for his presence.

The book from which this important revelation is taken, will be published in the course of the present year, at from twenty-five to fifty cents a copy. We regret that in consequence of circumstances not within our control, this book will not be offered to our brethren as soon as was anticipated. We beg their forbearance, and solicit an interest in their prayers, promising to use our exertions with all our means to accomplish the work.

It will be further seen from the above, written two months before the press was destroyed, that it was not then anticipated to publish the book so soon, as before expected. The promise was only made to publish it some time in the course of the year.

Prior to the destruction of the press, however, some of the sheets of the book, just how many we do not know, had been sent to Kirtland, Ohio, and had received some attention. In a letter signed by the First Presidency, dated June 25, 1833, occurs the following paragraph:

The following errors we have found in the commandments, as printed: Fortieth chapter, tenth verse, third line, instead of corruptible, put corrupted. Fourteenth verse of the same chapter, fifth line, instead of respecter to persons, put respecter of persons. Twenty-first verse, second line of the same chapter, instead of respecter to, put respecter of. Forty-fourth chapter, twelfth verse, last line, instead of hands, put heads.

It has been assumed that this is tantamount to an indorsement of, at least, all that preceded this in the Book of Commandments, for Joseph Smith would have made other corrections when these were made if the publication did not meet with his approval. This assumption is not safe. Everyone acquainted with printing knows that some mistakes are easily detected by a casual reading while others are only found by careful comparison. Sentences or even paragraphs might be added or omitted without detection while the substitution of one word for another would be detected at once. There is no reason to conclude that the person who made these corrections had original manuscript before him, but the contrary. Nor is there any evidence that Joseph Smith had read these printed sheets at the time the criticism was made. Though his name in connection with those of Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams is signed to the letter, it was Sidney Rigdon who wrote the letter. He said, "I, Sidney, who write this letter in behalf of the Presidency," etc. If Rigdon, after a casual reading made these criticisms, Joseph Smith, in reading over the letter would recognize the apparent correctness of his statements without reading the proofs and would sign the letter without further inquiry.

The criticisms made are of that character that one would make after a casual reading, especially one of Sidney Rigdon's temperament and training.

The following are the sentences criticized, with corrections in brackets: "Verily I say unto you, ye are clean but not all, and there is none else with whom I am well pleased, for all flesh is *corruptible* [corrupted] before me."

"All flesh is mine, and I am no respecter *to* [of] persons."

"For what man among you, having twelve sons, and is no respecter *to* [of] them."

"Again I say unto you, that it shall not be given to any

one to go forth to preach my gospel, or to build up my church, except he be ordained by some one who has the authority, and it is known to the church that he has authority, and has been regularly ordained by the *hands* [heads] of the church.”

This kind of errors is easily detected without reading by copy. It is further evident that Rigdon did not have copy, for his corrections are not all correct. When compared with the original it was found that he was correct in regard to the second and fourth instances cited above, but the first and third were found to agree with the originals. They therefore appear in Doctrine and Covenants of 1835 just as printed in the Book of Commandments. The criticisms of Rigdon did not reach Missouri in time to receive attention in the Book of Commandments, but subsequently the originals were obtained, and the corrections made by Rigdon, with others, were made in the 1835 edition so far as he was found to be correct.

These criticisms also bear internal marks of Rigdon's mind. Take for instance the first one, it will be conceded that the word *corruptible* is the best rendering, and more in harmony with the context, but those who have been students of Rigdon's productions in those days will agree that from his standpoint all flesh was corrupted, hence he made the mistake of thinking that it should read that way.

But the testimony of Oliver Cowdery, one of the committee to prepare the revelations for publication, and one of those engaged in the printing of the Book of Commandments, puts the matter entirely at rest, and justifies the church in setting the Book of Commandments aside as unreliable, because of being imperfect. The fourteen numbers of *The Evening and the Morning Star* printed at Independence, Missouri, were reprinted at Kirtland, Ohio, under the editorship of Oliver Cowdery. The revelations contained in the reprint differing

from the same revelations in the Book of Commandments, Oliver Cowdery made an explanation as follows:

On the revelations we merely say, that we were not a little surprised to find the previous print so different from the original. We have given them a careful comparison, assisted by individuals whose known integrity and ability is uncensurable. Thus saying we cast no reflections upon those who were entrusted with the responsibility of publishing them in Missouri, as our own labors were included in that important service to the church, and it was our unceasing endeavor to have them correspond with the copy furnished us. We believe they are now correct, if not in every word, at least in principle.—*The Evening and the Morning Star*, volume 1, p. 16, (reprint).

He further says:

We have again inserted the articles and covenants according to our promise in a previous number, for the benefit of our brethren abroad who have not the first number of the first volume. As there were some errors which had got into them by transcribing, we have since obtained the original copy and made the necessary corrections.—*The Evening and the Morning Star*, volume 2, p. 196, (reprint).

In speaking of the Book of Commandments and the first print of *The Evening and the Morning Star*, he says:

There are many typographical errors in both volumes, and especially in the last, which we shall endeavor carefully to correct, as well as principle, if we discover any. It is also proper for us to say, that in the first fourteen numbers, in the revelations, are many errors, typographical and others, occasioned by transcribing manuscripts, but as we shall have access to originals, we shall endeavor to make proper corrections.

The last quotation is from *The Evening and the Morning Star* for September, 1834. It doubtless voiced the universal sentiment of the church, for there was no objection of which there is any record. It is further apparent that it was the universal conviction that the Book of Commandments did not properly express the revelations of God to the church, for on the 24th day of this same month of September, a general assembly was called and by unanimous vote a committee consisting of Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams was appointed to arrange the items of doctrine of Jesus Christ for the government of his church.

This committee was instructed to compile these items from the Bible, Book of Mormon, and the revelations which had been given to the church, or should be given until the work was completed. The result of the work of this committee was the presentation of the Doctrine and Covenants to another General Assembly held at Kirtland, Ohio, August 17, 1835. This was presented first to the quorums severally, and then to the assembly, and every vote was unanimous in favor of accepting the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. It of course received the indorsement of the committee; Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams. This included the revelator through whom the revelations were received, and his two counselors, and one of the committee who arranged the revelations when published in the Book of Commandments. He was immediately followed by the other two members of that committee, William W. Phelps and John Whitmer, each testifying that the Book of Doctrine and Covenants was true.

John Smith, for the high council in Kirtland; Levi Jackman, for the high council in Missouri; Leonard Rich, for the seventy; Newel K. Whitney, for the bishopric in Kirtland; John Carroll, for the bishopric in Missouri; John Gould, for the elders; Ira Ames, for the priests; Erastus Babbitt, for the teachers; William Burgess, for the deacons; each bore record that the book was true, and reported a unanimous vote of the quorum he represented in its favor. The Quorum of Twelve Apostles not being present, sent their testimony in writing which was read to the assembly as follows:

The testimony of the witnesses to the Book of the Lord's commandments, which he gave to his church through Joseph Smith, jr., who was appointed by the voice of the church for this purpose: We therefore feel willing to bear testimony to all the world of mankind, to every creature upon the face of all the earth, and upon the islands of the sea, that the Lord has borne record to our souls, through the Holy Ghost shed forth upon us, that these commandments were given by inspiration

of God, and are profitable for all men, and are verily true. We give this testimony unto the world, the Lord being our helper, and it is through the grace of God, the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, that we are permitted to have this privilege of bearing this testimony unto the world, in the which we rejoice exceedingly, praying the Lord always that the children of men may be profited thereby.

Thomas Gates reported that the assistant presidents of the day, his associates John Young, William Cowdery, Andrew H. Aldrich, Job S. Lewis, and Oliver Higley, all men whose gray hairs told of the approaching end of earth life, had unanimously received the book as true, and he bore testimony of its truth. The version of the revelations as presented in the Doctrine and Covenants comes to us supported by this array of testimony; while to assume that the Book of Commandments contains the correct version of the revelations is to do so without a single witness to support us, and against the testimony of the very men who prepared and published it, and to further assume that all these men entered unanimously into a conspiracy to defraud, and that they all solemnly lied in the name of the Lord.

In 1833 there was published in *The Evening and the Morning Star* office at Independence, Missouri, a weekly paper called the *Upper Missouri Advertiser*. This also came to an end with the destruction of the office, July 20, 1833. We have never had the privilege of examining a copy of this paper, and hence know practically nothing about it, nor how long it had been published.

In January, 1891, another paper was established at Independence, Missouri, called *Zion's Ensign*. It was published by Frederick G. Pitt and John A. Robinson, in the interests of the church, though not owned by the church. It continued as a private enterprise for several years, though devoted to church advancement. It changed hands several times, but finally in November, 1898, it was acquired by the church, and

has since been operated under the direction of the Board of Publication.

It was at first a four page weekly paper, but has increased to double that size. It is still in existence and in flourishing condition. Mark H. Siegfried is editor and William Deam business manager. The church also issues many books and tracts through the Ensign Office.

In the fore part of the last month, about three hundred and sixty Indians, of the Kickapoos and Pottawattamies, pitched their tents on the east before this town, and tarried one night. They were on their way to the place assigned them for their inheritance, being gathered by the Government of the United States. . . .

Their idea of what is to come to pass in the last days, the resurrection of the righteous, and their living on earth with the Lord while wickedness ceases to trouble the saints, seems to be very correct as far as we could ascertain. They are very devout apparently, and pray night and morning; yea, even children and all. They have two flat sticks about one foot long, tied together, on which are several characters, which they say, the Great Father gave to their prophet, and mean as much as a large book. They say one of these sticks is for the old book that white man has, the other for the new book, white man has it written on paper, Great Father writes it in red man's heart.

They seem to pray from these sticks—and worship on the Sabbath with great solemnity, commencing with a salutation from the greatest or oldest to the least that can walk, and ending with the same token of friendship.—*The Evening and the Morning Star, June, 1833.*

THE FIRST CHURCH ROMANCE IN INDEPENDENCE.

BY VIDA ELIZABETH SMITH.

Back from the main road that ran through the wonderfully picturesque hill country of Seneca County, New York, sat an old-fashioned, large, story and a half log house. On all sides of it was evidence of prosperity, thrift, and order. A chilly, cloudy, spring day in 1829 was drawing to a close. From her position in the wide dooryard, a young girl could see the road—suddenly a voice sounded from the open door—“Elizabeth Ann!”

“Yes, mother,” called the soft voice of the girl, “I wanted to see the travelers; they are coming this way.” She turned reluctantly to follow lightly her safe-footed mother, who had come for a moment to her side. Some way she kept those travelers well in mind as she moved about her appointed household evening tasks in the wide, low-ceiled kitchen. For days the roads had been impassable except by horsemen. The March freeze stayed close to the heels of the April rains, and the work of the noonday sun only made matters worse by thawing the cold, wet surface of the soil. The well-defined highways were almost deserted and the full-banked creeks and rivers made cross country ventures very hazardous. So it was a matter of interest to the young to see men journeying on this cold spring evening.

Out in the barnyard where the men and boys were doing the evening work, the interest became greater, for the two horsemen had turned into the lane toward the hospitable-looking home.

A sturdy young man turned from the work near the barn and opened the old-fashioned gate, telling the men to ride in. From a low, log outbuilding, another youth came, carrying

corn,—he stopped and gave an exclamation of genuine pleasure as he hurried to clasp hands with the leading, and elder of the two men. “This,” said the traveler, “is Samuel Smith, and this Samuel, is the friend of whom I have so often spoken: David Whitmer.” The fine eyed open-faced German greeted the young man named Smith, who replied, “Mr. Cowdery gave me so much news of you people that I felt eager to be here.” Smilingly he met the earnest and quiet welcoming of this low-spoken, clean, German family, with their generous-hearted father, who said, “You are welcome, young man. We enjoyed your parents’ short stay with us. Come in to supper.”

As the men moved toward the house young Cowdery and his friend David lingered a little behind the rest, talking earnestly in low tones, Cowdery doing the most of the talking, the eyes more than the lips of his friend David questioning him now and then.

Inside the kitchen, wide and low, with rough-hewn rafters and deep, small-paned windows, a long table was spread with hearty, appetizing viands. Oliver Cowdery was greeted with every evidence of pleasure by the motherly, staid woman, whom the hearty father presented to Samuel Smith as his wife. There was no mistaking the warm-hearted welcome given to this young man, Oliver Cowdery, who moved with quick familiarity to the corner where wooden pegs, set orderly in the logs—made place for caps and coats. Already two damp buckskin coats hung there and three homemade caps of wool. Deftly lifting one cap from a certain peg to another lower down, young Cowdery remarked, “I believe this is my domain,” and hung his own mud-spattered coat and woolen cap on the preempted peg. A low voice spoke from the chimney corner, and there was a saucy note in the sound, “So it was *you* I saw riding on the muddy highway?”

And stooping the young man looked into the flushed face,

“And it was *you*, Miss Elizabeth Ann, that I saw watching for *me*.” She handed him a dish of smoking potatoes she had been taking from the ashes, and sprang to her feet—“Not watching for *you*; just thinking it might be Indians.”

The advent of travelers in this frontier man’s home seemed to occasion no flurry, no change in routine. The extra plate seemed always laid, the circle about the hearth was warm and elastic, widening for the passing guest, closing again affectionately for their beloved own people. There was grave and dignified demeanor at the table. The older people asking the young stranger of his honored parents, and the others telling pleasant bits of neighborhood news to the young friend, who had dwelt first in their midst as a teacher of a district school. Suddenly the elder Whitmer asked, “Your school closed, Oliver?”

“Yes, sir; yesterday. I am going now with Mr. Smith to visit his brother Joseph.”

“The highways are too bad for such a journey now—postpone for a time further travel, and visit with us.”

“It would be a pleasure to stay in this home for days, and to visit in the neighborhood, but I feel something urging me to hasten. I feel impatient at every delay. It is good to see you again, though.” Although he spoke easily and courteously to his host, his spirit seemed always near the quiet young friend called David, who sat at his side.

Suddenly his eyes rested for just a moment on the white, downcast lids of the demure little Elizabeth, giving such close attention to her plate, as suddenly she lifted her eyes and a swift smile crossed her fresh young face, and the grave face of Cowdery responded with as fleeting a smile. As the men moved away to the other end of the room to talk in little groups the women swiftly and without clatter or confusion cleared away the table and washed the dishes. One glance into the house and many indications of more than ordinary culture and

refinement in this family were displayed. The few books were of deep and refining nature, showing the readers to be students and thinkers. The conversation was chaste, earnest, simple, and pleasant, such as springs from pure and honest hearts. When at last the circle settled around the fireplace, they could hear the steady downpour of the April rain, and the young travelers were again importuned to bide over the next few days, or until the roads were better which, judging from the sounds on the roof, would not be soon.

Perhaps the young brother of Joseph Smith might have lingered here, but not so young Cowdery. His firm lips came together in a straight line as he murmured: "No; I must go on. There is something impelling me. I must go at once."

The frank eyes of the schoolgirl met the determined eyes above the stern line of lips and lingered there just a moment again, but it was long enough for the severity of the eyes to be melted and the line across the lips to break into soft curves. Then David and Oliver withdrew and talked long into the night.

It was a gray, chilly mist that waited for the young travelers next morning. As they sat at the wide table spread with plain, bounteous fare—young Oliver looked suddenly at Elizabeth and a puzzled expression crossed his face. The young schoolgirl had wrapped her braids about her head, and it gave her an unexpected, unexplainably changed look.

His eyes followed her, as in obedience to her mother's orders she moved quickly about in the dim morning light. He had not thought that putting up in smooth bands those long, girlish braids would give her *that* look. After he was mounted for the journey he turned back to the kitchen door where she stood, and bending toward her held out his hand with a little feeling of strangeness; but her face lifted to his with the old, swift smile, which he always answered. She laid her hand in his, and listened for him to say in the way no other one

ever had, "Elizabeth Ann," and "Good-bye." It was not long after that rainy springtime visit of Oliver Cowdery and Samuel Smith to the Whitmer home that the honest-eyed young David had a long letter from the young schoolteacher telling of the safe arrival of himself and Samuel Smith at the home of Joseph Smith. It was the meeting of two strangers looked upon from a conventional standpoint, but to the young men whose hands clasped in that first meeting it was the hour of destiny.

"I have been expecting you, for I was assured the Lord would send some one to me, and I know you are the man." The wide, blue eyes that always held something like a smile in their depths looked full into the calmness of the young teacher's. Six feet and more stood the young prophet—broad of shoulder, long of limb, and quick of movement as a panther, while his new friend stood more slender, not so tall, but straight and clean and dignified, a look of questioning in his eye:

"I have come to help do this work of the Lord. I felt it in my bones and told your mother, that I must help in this work that seems so mysterious, so wonderful."

A tall, slender, young woman came to the open door and greeted Samuel Smith with pleasant welcome and eager questions regarding Father and Mother Smith. With a quick, boyish movement the young prophet sprang up the steps, "Emma," and his voice had a peculiarly softened note, "here is the scribe. Come, Mr. Cowdery, meet my wife," and young Cowdery touched the slender hand extended to him, and looked into a pair of direct, dark-hazel eyes, which seemed to see his soul, without giving him any uneasiness. The voice that bade him welcome was low, clear, and had a little sound that made one feel like the thing she suggested was the proper thing to do. The little home he entered was neat and inviting. In its atmosphere one felt free, restful, and comfortable. The

meal waiting there was delicious in flavor and possessed what in people would be called individuality.

The journey had been hard, for a certain insistence in the character of Oliver Cowdery made him push any project hard to its finish; and in this case he was impelled by that distinct psychical force that made him feel he was needed immediately, and he wanted to fathom this thing for which he was needed. Immediately there was a pleasant flow of conversation. It was like the meeting of friends between whom the shadow of the world had laid since they were born, and in two days they were deep in the work of translating the wonderful plates and writing them into the beautiful history called the Book of Mormon.

Eager as was young Cowdery to do this work, he yet found time to write to his friend David Whitmer, at Fayette, New York. "Ah!" he writes, "these are days never to be forgotten. I know certainly that Joseph Smith has a record of people that inhabited this continent, and that the plates that we are translating from give a complete history of these people."

These letters were read to the assembled household at the Whitmer farm, and the matter of the golden plates and the angel's visit were discussed with gravity and seriousness due such things from these sober-minded, religiously trained people.

The summer was coming now; sweet June laid fingers warm and soft on long furrows and sweet, wet meadows, and life throbbed and sprang up at the touch. At the Whitmer farm there were busy scenes. A pile of plaster of paris stood waiting to be sown over the unfertilized field, and in another part of the farm the plowman had turned soft, loose folds of earth up in smooth, chocolate-colored ribbons until the plowshare shone with beauty from the caressing friction. It was standing between the plow handles, his homemade straw hat, plaited and shaped by his mother's hands pushed back from

his frank boyish face, that David Whitmer read a missive brought to him by the bright-eyed baby sister, Elizabeth Ann, one warm day. The girl hurried across the fields, for she also carried a cool, old-fashioned drink for the beloved brother.

As the young man read a puzzled look came into his eyes. Here was something unusual, the people were threatening to destroy the life of the young prophet, and take from him those wonderful treasures. They had not known this until entering upon their work one day, instead of seeing the words of the book before their waiting eyes, there appeared a command to write to this David Whitmer and have him come for them and carry them to Fayette, where the work of translating might be continued and concluded without disturbing features. Slowly Elizabeth walked across the field and meadow through the wood-lot to the house. There seemed such need for David to go. She wished he might at once. A new sort of feeling crept into her heart, a fear for the young school-teacher—what if—but the busy mother called, "Come, child; make haste; there is much to do." It was on the girl's tongue to tell her mother what David had read to her from the letter she had so cheerfully offered to carry to him, but a sudden shyness came to her tongue and she silently went to her work. It was in the evening that the matter was all made plain to the family, and the father, and other boys, tried to see the way clear to meet this demand.

Before the evening prayers were said even, it was decided that if the field waiting the sowing could be hurried David should go. The hours of toil that followed seemed under a charm. Like some marvelous legend, the story was ever afterward told of the field magically spread with fertilizer and the upturned loam of the field that lay warm and damp from the first black tuck to the last—not yet dry—and the field all plowed, and planted.

It was with a thankful heart that Elizabeth listened to the last faint sound of the departing wagon, and running swiftly to a hidden corner, she fell on her knees, and bending her face almost to the earth, she prayed for the happy and successful return of her brother and the guests. Not so the mother. Her hands were already weary, and as she thought of this further addition to her household she grew a little rebellious; but it was not for long. She knew not the meaning of the word *inhospitable*, and she had her blessing.

Ordinarily this trip across the line into Pennsylvania would take several days. Following part of the way the old road, once but an Indian trail, then rattling over the new road, the German youth left the rushing river far behind, and was well on his way before the sun was far above the hills; the roads lay smooth and grassy, not like the road that led along these same highways a few short weeks ago, when his friends traveled them.

It seemed pleasant and good now, but he felt a subcurrent of haste that he could not define, as choosing first this divergence then that from the old road, he hurried along. With the thrill of marvel, he met his friend Cowdery and Joseph Smith, who had come to meet him, knowing all the time just where he was at every stage of the way since he left home.

They drove up to the little Smith home, ready for the early dinner that awaited them, and then his friend said in his smooth, genial way—

“David, did you not know you cut the time almost in half? You made an extraordinary trip.”

Do you suspect that this eager-hearted, talented young teacher ever let the vision of the little schoolgirl cross his mind as he contemplated the return to that hospitable German home, set in the midst of the glorious hills of Seneca County? May be he did, but it was just as a part of the warm, pleasant

atmosphere of that home that his mind's eye beheld her sweet, fresh face, and soft, fine hair, woven into the picture as sunlight is part of an hour, or as a rose is part of a garden. Howbeit he was glad to go, and as they journeyed towards the lakes and hills there appeared a stranger by the roadside, a pleasant, kindly man with a small knapsack on his back. He greeted the travelers and was asked to ride, but he said, "No, I am going to Cumorah," and with some slight comment on the warmth of the day they separated. David saw a look pass between young Cowdery and the prophet, but not until later did he learn that this was the messenger to whom Joseph Smith had given up the plates, until he was again ready to translate from them. "And where is Cumorah?" he asked after a few moments' silence.

"The hill where the records or plates were kept," he was told, and that opened the way for further conversation, and he learned many things. The usual time was taken on the return trip, the travelers spending the nights at inns along the way. The days were beautiful and the company congenial, and the subject of converse new and full of interest, but there were relieved hearts in the comfortable story and a half log house in old Fayette the night they reached the farm. And some way the voice of the dear teacher didn't sound through the room half often enough for little Elizabeth, whose braids were decorously hanging in their schoolgirl place.

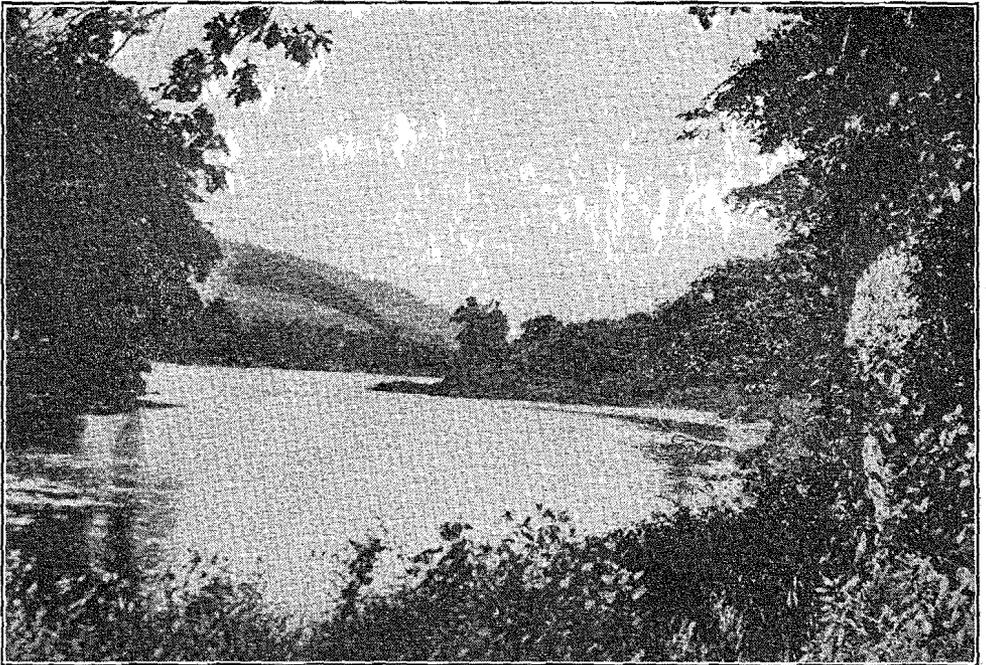
The days that followed were strangely wonderful. Up in the quiet loft room, whose window overlooked the glad, summer hills, a wonderful story was being unfolded. Silently the household routine moved on its well-ordered, ceaseless way. The sunny-hearted, cheery-voiced young prophet had won the love of these noble-minded, hospitable people, and now his tall, straight, young wife was also their guest, and her deft, young hands, with their tapering fingers, lent ready and capable

help to any branch of the household work, and her dignified and refined manners won an honored place in their midst. Some days the little upper chamber would seem very sacred indeed to the busy little girl, and sometimes when her brother went up the loft steps and took the pen and sat down to the little table she knew what would happen. The almost tireless scribe would rest. She was often down under the trees, busy with little household finger work, but she knew the crisp, even step on the grass, and waited to hear it moving her way.

"Tired?" she would ask, and with the wonder of this new dispensation still in his eyes, he would lie on the soft, warm earth, near to the busy girl, and tell over and over the wonderful scene in the wilderness when with the new-found friend Joseph he had prayed for understanding of the scripture with a vague uncertainty of ordinances and the powers of administration; then he would rise, and pacing slowly or quickly as his mood moved him, he would go over the marvelous visitation; that glorious meeting with John the Baptist; and into the listening ears of the girl he would pour the thrilling story of the touch of those angelic hands, when upon him was placed the right to administer the sacred things of God, and then, as the days went by, and new and yet more wonderful things opened to the visions of the workers in the loft of the old farmhouse, his heart sprang to his tongue, and without restraint his hopes and fears and longings were told to Elizabeth in tones unwontedly soft and deep, for when "the heart is on the tongue, ah then," "The world bows to the words of men." And when the gentle audience is one, always one, and that one with her "heart in her ears," there is but one sequel to the tale. Softly the summer lay around the busy farmhouse. Now and again the waters of the beautiful Lake Seneca were rippled by a baptism. In some of the wonderfully enchanting little coves on her shores, small bands of low-voiced, earnest-hearted people knelt in prayer and stood to sing praises.

Deep and still lay the waters of the lake that never froze over, and one day, somewhere upon the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna River south of the magnificent hills on whose bosom it slept, there came to Oliver Cowdery and Joseph Smith a higher, more wonderful priesthood.

In the schoolhouse near to the Whitmer farm, the gentle-



On the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna.

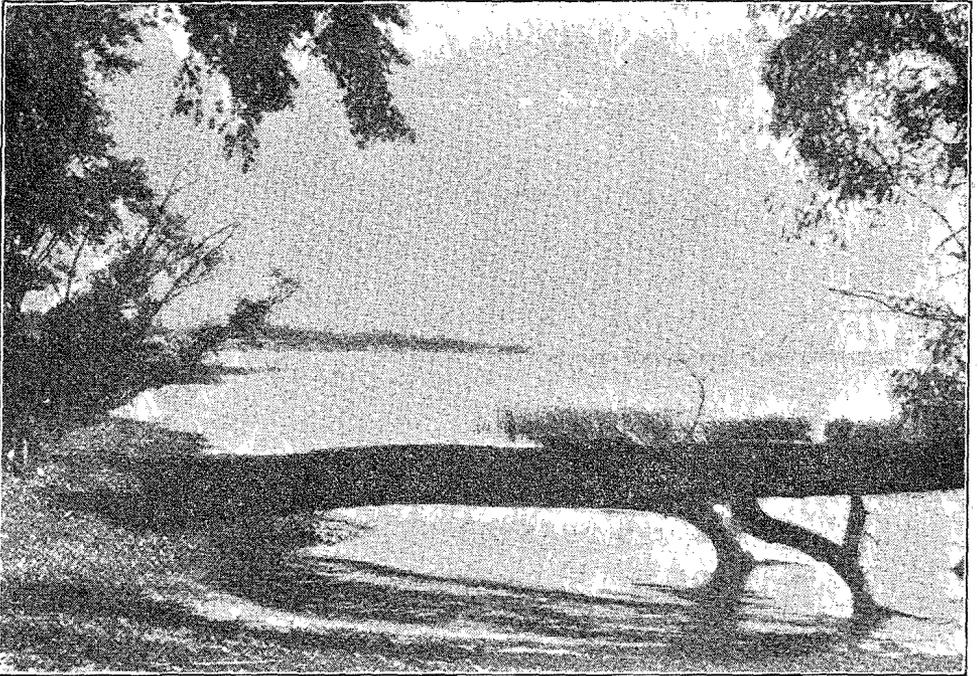
mannered man, who had mingled among this people as a pedagogue a few years ago, appeared now with the new-fledged powers of a minister and taught from the Scriptures old things that sounded strange to the ears of men. If his first sermon was more finished and more carefully rounded out than his friends had thought possible, on that day when the great living room at the Whitmer home held the congregation,

few guessed how often it had fallen on the still summer air as he talked with Elizabeth Ann. Maybe he was unconscious of the gracious training that came to him through the sympathetic listening of this grave, sweet child. Sometimes after the schoolhouse further away was opened to the telling of the old story of redemption and the new story of the Book of Mormon, he rode on her own horse with little Elizabeth, sitting back of him after the old-time way to and from the meeting. With the perfect freedom of friendship of childhood, she put one round arm across his side, and her brown, dimpled hand lay on his arm. Not once—in all the anxious weeks when his friends sat to hear and stood to counsel with him, did he find a more anxious listener, or more critical counselor than his schoolgirl.

From him *she* learned of baptism, and when he stood in the blue water of Seneca Lake baptizing, close by the picturesque little glen growing so familiar to those early ministers, there was a softer look in his glowing eyes, when Elizabeth, from her place by her father's side, came with down-cast lids and steady, even step to the water's edge.

He took the girlish hand and led her into the deep water, pausing to tuck the hem of the homespun, home-dyed dress into the softly lapping water. For miles the lake lay blue and majestic under the soft sky. Just once the girl lifted her eyes to the deep eyes above her, that was when the classic head of Cowdery bent close to hers and his hands clasped more firmly her soft, warm ones; then she looked into his eyes and smiled, and he smiled too ere he raised his slender, scholarly hand in solemn and soft-toned invocation for this beautiful and youthful offering to obedience. When the cool waters had been broken by the going down and coming up of the round young body, as he stood for a moment wiping the water from the smooth face and waiting for the trembling

limbs to be calm and sure, she lifted her eyes to his again, and again that fitting smile which his own grave face involuntarily answered. There was possibly no more beautiful ordinance than this one of baptism in these beautiful parts of God's great world, although a rare and more æsthetic charm lay in the solemn rite of confirmation. To many this ordinance



Seneca Lake.

“Lay blue and majestic under the soft sky.”

seemed new and mysterious, but to those who had longed and waited for this ancient order of holy rites, it was a long-cherished dream come true. The actuality of this hope long deferred, and the meeting together for this purpose of confirmation, by laying on of hands was a season of rich, deep, spiritual emotion. The glory of God was in their midst, and

their minds grew clear and their understandings were opened. Under such conditions they drew into closer friendships and the desire to tell the world of mankind of these glorious possibilities led them forth to speak of the marvelous work where-soever they could—but if it gave them fire for lights in the “*torch* of the messenger,” it gave also oil and fire in the *heart* of the messenger, and they grew in knowledge of all things whatsoever things were good and honorable.

Young Cowdery, with others, went forth from these scenes of joyful learning, a messenger to a sin-darkened people. That was a hazardous undertaking, into a far and wild country, but the prayers of a determined and unflinching people were buoyed and braced for its success. These were promoters of a rich and glorious system, based on an old and safe foundation. They were a people born of the blood of patriots and bred in New England’s hardening, purifying principles of truth and toil, and trust in God. If the heart of the little German lass lay heavy in her breast she was frank to pray, “God bless our missionaries to the Lamanites,” when the little band met for prayer meetings, and glad to testify in her low, fresh voice that God had blessed her too with his Spirit; but in her “silences apart” the full, even tenor of her public prayer was broken, and one name fell soft, almost as her tears, as she prayed for that mission to the Indians. She recalled the hours of steady writing, writing of the teacher; she recalled the long discussion of the earnest-voiced brethren; then came to her mind the wonderful day when Joseph Smith and Martin Harris, her beloved brother David, and “the teacher” had come back from that long four hours in the holy of holies in the wildwood. She liked that memory. How their faces glowed and how the voice of the Spirit filled the low, wide room as they told that they had seen the plates, seen the angel. She could see the glowing face of the prophet’s mother,

the gentle, calm face of his father. Her own mother had sat very near to her, but she felt her softly crying. She too had had her blessing.

Standing back near the door she saw yet the relieved look on the composed face of Emma Smith. She could never forget the sanctified look of her brother David's face, but etched into her brain like the deep cutting of a cameo, was the face of the teacher. His eyes were like deep wells of light, and she could hear yet the soft movement of paper and quill as the testimony of the three witnesses was being prepared; and then again came the sound of discussion and the constant search for the right, until all were satisfied. Nor could she forget that auspicious hour when the church was organized in her own home. She saw in fancy the departing guests with the manuscript of the wonderful book, and heard over and over the stories of persecution—the sworn efforts of men to rob the world of this wonderful treasure, and as she went to and fro about her daily toil with these things in her mind, she grew into ways of soberness and dignity and combed out the braided hair into soft waves over her pink ears, and fastened it securely with comb and pins.

She listened with tightly clasped hands to the letters that came from the missionaries. And then one day she traveled with her people away from the lakes and the hills of her childhood home to the place of rendezvous for the westward moving hosts—western Ohio. Perhaps the infrequent messages she had from the teacher, fluent and rich and beautiful in word and diction, would have led her long before to the west, but she could not. The spirit goes ever, ever far ahead of the body. If the onward moving forces of this great spiritual awakening to freedom and light was bearing on its current the love destinies of these two lives, they swept graciously on with the current and set no rudder against the waves.

How harmonious was the blending of life's beautiful and holy developments in these lives in these few short years. The missionary had returned to the headquarters of the church in the East, well and bounding with happiness and joy in the newly found light. But Oliver Cowdery found the eastern hills less lovely than of yore, and for some reason turned himself eagerly towards Missouri, accepting a church errand to that place again. Missouri, on whose brown hills the little German girl of old Fayette was soon to make her home. Here, close to Independence, then a small, new city of a few unpretentious houses, itself not yet past its first decade, Elizabeth stood in the morning light and dressed her hair in womanly ways, close to her girlish head, and here at twilight she looked away to the east, and dreamed of a wonderful, shining temple, yet to be, on a certain green knoll on the noblest, fairest spot in all Missouri. Nor was the spot less sanctified or less beloved because it had felt the light, firm step of her "teacher." Ah! somewhere, on this dedicated spot the soft earth had yielded to the touch of his bended knee, while his voice made hallowed the evening air with prayer. Ah! heart of hearts is the heart of seventeen; it pulsates to wonderful visions, and when the worship of the divine One holds within its all powerful sway the unalloyed love for the one chosen in youth from all humanity, "There falls no shadow in all the night that is not wrapped in love's white light."

It was to such a waiting heart that Oliver Cowdery bowed in this strange, new land, and it was in the simple, rudely built home on the Blue that he took his little friend of the hills of old Fayette, into his arms and she looked up into his eyes with that quaint, flitting smile as he spoke her name.

"Say it again," she said, and the stately, old-fashioned name seemed to melt on his lips as he alone had ever spoken it. "Elizabeth Ann. My Elizabeth Ann!"

And so they were married in beautiful Missouri—the first wedding in the church in Zion. The sweet early romance that had its root and growth in the early church, and the serene, young bride, not yet eighteen until January 22, 1833, did not



On the Blue.

go out of the church history then. From the *Saints' Herald* of February 27, 1892, I read as quoted from the *South West City Leader*:

On Tuesday morning, January 7, at four o'clock a. m., Mrs. Elizabeth Cowdery died at the home of Doctor Charles Johnson, in this city, at the advanced age of 77 years. She was born in New York State, and was a member of one of the early Mormon families, her maiden name being Whitmer. Her husband, Oliver Cowdery, was a man distinguished for his services to the church in the early days of that sect.

On Saturday morning, at 7.30 a. m., forty-eight hours after the death of her mother, Mrs. Doctor Charles Johnson passed away to that bourne whence no terrestrial traveler ever returns. She was born in Kirtland,

Ohio, on August 21, 1835, her maiden name being Maria Louise Cowdery, and came with her parents to Ray County, Missouri. In 1856 she was married to Doctor Charles Johnson, at Richmond, Ray County, and removed to this place with her husband ten years ago, where they have resided since. Mrs. Johnson, although being of retiring disposition, was a genial friend and neighbor to all who knew her, devoted to her husband and household, and to her manifold domestic affairs. She was a believer in the creed of the reformed Mormon church, which renounced polygamy at the time the Mormons went to Salt Lake City, and lived a consistent Christian life in accordance with the teachings that she had been reared in. Our community greatly deplore the loss of these two women whose peculiar qualities commend them to homeloving people everywhere.

Mrs. Johnson was the only living daughter, and the title of valuable lands in Independence and Kansas City were bound up in her during her time, but death has released her family's claim, as she died without issue.

Part of the lands referred to is the Temple Lot, which was long ago deeded to the Cowdery heirs by Bishop Partridge, and by Mrs. Johnson, the last remaining heir of Oliver Cowdery, deeded to the Reorganized Church.

Faithful to the first love of her heart, Elizabeth Ann Cowdery kept the love of the beloved church faith, long after her husband slept, the true, long sleep of all—even the true witness of the Book of Mormon.

Turning the leaves of the little morocco bound Book of Mormon that is highly prized by the Church Historian—I read the date of edition—1837, the printer's name, O. Cowdery and Co., and the testimony of the three witnesses therein with a feeling that it is a bit of actuality from the earliest romance in the Zion of Missouri—for on the dark morocco cover, in golden letters, is the name Elizabeth Ann Cowdery.

THE EXODUS FROM JACKSON COUNTY.

BY MARK H. SIEGFRIED.

One would likely inquire, did he know nothing about the causes of the exodus, why it was made. Naturally enough, without the explanation necessary to a proper revelation of the facts, at a glance at a title of the above kind, one would suppose that, in the land of America, where freedom is supposed to reign supreme in every sovereign State of the bright galaxy of our nation, a community of people sufficiently large to command the title of *exodus* as applied to their retirement from the county, should be leaving of their own free will, seeking a location more congenial to the propagation and the practice of the system of communal laws which they had espoused, be they religious or industrial.

But alas! such is not the case. These people,—Latter Day Saints according to their religion, American citizens by birth or by adoption—were compelled by the combined forces of unenforced, outraged, and unwritten law to leave lands which they had purchased and houses they had builded; hearthstones they had garnished, and altars they had consecrated to the service of God,—*their homes*, and flee to other quarters—for what?

Briefly, they had come to this country at what they had received as a command from God; and, strange indeed it would seem that these people, who knew no more about the goodness of Jackson County, as a location for them, from a natural point of view than we know about the frozen, icebound regions of northern Canada, should come here from Ohio in 1831 unless it were by such a command, for they had barely established the church in the East when they began to move toward Jackson County.

The facts as revealed in the subsequent history, of which

the title of this article is suggestive, are somewhat peculiar, in the light of the premonitions of the church officials who were in the East, as recorded by the pen of Joseph Smith the Prophet in a letter addressed to William W. Phelps as follows:

KIRTLAND, January 11, 1833.

I send you the Olive Leaf which we have plucked from the tree of paradise, the Lord's message of peace to us; for though our brethren in Zion indulge in feelings towards us which are not according to the requirements of the new covenant, yet we have the satisfaction of knowing that the Lord approves of us, and has accepted us, and established his name in Kirtland for the salvation of the nations; for the Lord will have a place from whence his word will go forth in these last days, in purity; for if Zion will not purify herself so as to be approved of in all things in his sight, he will seek another people; for his work will go on until Israel is gathered, and they who will not hear his voice, must expect to feel his wrath. Let me say unto you, Seek to purify yourselves, and also all the inhabitants of Zion, lest the Lord's anger be kindled to fierceness. Repent, repent is the voice of God to Zion, and yet, strange as it may appear, yet it is true, mankind will persist in self-justification until all their iniquity is exposed, and their character past being redeemed, and that which is treasured up in their hearts be exposed to the gaze of mankind. I say unto you, (and what I say to you, I say to all,) hear the warning voice of God, lest Zion fall, and the Lord swear in his wrath, "The inhabitants of Zion shall not enter into my rest."

As early as April, 1833, a series of persecutions began in Jackson County. If these outrages have an equal in the history of our civilization (confining it to the United States), we have yet to discover it. According to the above letter of Joseph Smith, the Saints were not wholly inexcusable but that their enemies *were* excusable, we can not for a moment believe.

We give a brief extract from the *Messenger and Advocate*, as written by Joseph Smith:

But to return to my subject: After having ascertained the very spot, and having the happiness of seeing quite a number of the families of my brethren comfortably situated upon the land, I took leave of them and journeyed back to Ohio, and used every influence and argument that lay in my power to get those who believed in the everlasting covenant, whose circumstances would admit and whose families were willing to remove to the place which I now designate to be the land of Zion. And thus the sound of the gathering, and of the doctrine, went abroad into the world; and many, we have reason to fear, having a zeal not

according to knowledge, not understanding the pure principles of the doctrine of the church, have no doubt, in the heat of enthusiasm, taught and said many things which are derogatory to the genuine character and principles of the church, and for these things we are heartily sorry, and would apologize if an apology would do any good.—Church History, vol. 1, pp. 289, 290.

The following from *Times and Seasons*, the official organ of the church in Nauvoo, whence the Saints went after being expelled from the State of Missouri, will throw some light upon the subject of the hostilities which began in Missouri in July, 1833:

July, which once dawned upon the virtue and independence of the United States, now dawned upon the savage barbarity and mobocracy of Missouri. Most of the clergy, acting as missionaries to the Indians, or to the frontier inhabitants, were among the most prominent characters that rose up and rushed on to destroy the rights of the church, as well as the lives of her members. One Pixley, who had been sent by the missionary society, to civilize and christianize the heathen of the West, was a black rod in the hand of Satan, as well as a poisoned shaft in the power of our foes, to spread lies and falsehoods.

He followed writing horrible accounts to the religious papers of the East, to sour the public mind from time to time, besides using his influence among Indians and whites to overthrow the church. On the first of July he wrote a slanderous article entitled, "Beware of false prophets," which he actually carried from house to house to incense the inhabitants against the church to mob them and drive them away.

The July number of the *Evening and Morning Star* pursued a mild and pacific course, the first article therein, entitled "Beware of false prophets," was calculated to disabuse the honest public mind from Pixley's falsehoods, and the caution against "Free people of color" settling in Missouri, was sufficient to silence the fears of every sober mind, yet it was all in vain; the hour of trial must come: and notwithstanding the constitution of Missouri, as published in the same paper, says:

"Article 4. That all men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences; and that no man can be compelled to erect, support, or attend any place of worship, or to maintain any minister of the gospel or teacher of religion; that no human authority can control or interfere with the rights of conscience; that no person can ever be hurt, molested, or restrained in his religious professions or sentiments, if he do not disturb others in their religious worship.

"5. That no person, on account of his religious opinions, can be rendered ineligible to any office of trust or profit under this State; that no preference can ever be given by law to any sect or mode of worship";

yet, because the Saints believed and taught differently from their neighbors, and according to the laws of heaven, in spiritual things, Satan said, "Let there be a mob," and a mob there was, and they drew up and published a manifesto, which will appear in its place.

In the July number of the *Evening and Morning Star*, the publication of the church in Independence, there appeared a lengthy article by the elders stationed here and addressed to the church abroad. This article is too lengthy for insertion, but so far as we are able to see, there is nothing in it to incite hostility, but everything to satisfy anyone who is willing to be satisfied with a plain statement of intentions regarding morals, religion, politics, and the question of servitude. We will, however, give one paragraph concerning possessing this land:

To suppose that we can come up here and take possession of this land by the shedding of blood, would be setting at naught the law of the glorious gospel, and also the word of our great Redeemer; and to suppose that we can take possession of this country, without making regular purchases of the same according to the laws of our nation, would be reproaching this great republic, in which the most of us were born, and under whose auspices we all have protection.

In the above it will be seen that the idea held and expressed by some is not true—that the Saints expected to drive the inhabitants out by force.

We believe the petition of the Saints sent to Governor Dunklin, (the resolutions of the citizens of Jackson County included), and the reply of the governor will be of interest in this connection, and will justly lead up to the exodus from the county. We take them from the Church History as they were copied from the *Evening and Morning Star*, pp. 226-231:

To his excellency, Daniel Dunklin, Governor of the State of Missouri. We, the undersigned, citizens of the Republic of the United States of America, inhabitants of the State of Missouri, and residents of Jackson County, members of the Church of Christ, (vulgarly called Mormons), believing in God, and worshiping him according to his revealed will contained in the Holy Bible, and the fullness of the gospel contained in the Book of Mormon, and the revelations and commandments of God through Jesus Christ, respectfully show:

That we your petitioners, having purchased lands of the United States, and of the State of Missouri, and of the inhabitants of said State, for the purpose of improving the same and peaceably enjoying our rights, privileges, immunities and religion, according to the Constitution and laws of the state and national governments, have suffered unjustly and unlawfully in property, in person, and in reputation, as follows: First, In the spring of 1832, some persons, in the deadly hours of the night, commenced stoning or brickbatting some of our houses and breaking in our windows, disturbing ourselves, our wives and our children; and also, some few days after, they called a county meeting to consult measures to remove us, but after some confusion among themselves, they dispersed with doing no more than threatening, on that day. In the fall of the same year, they or some one, burned a large quantity of hay in the stack; and soon after commenced shooting into some of our houses, and at many times insulting with abusive language.

Secondly, About the middle of July last, yea, in fact, previous, they commenced brickbatting our houses again, and breaking in our windows. At this time, July 18, the following document was in circulation:

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Jackson County, believing that an important crisis is at hand, as regards our civil society, in consequence of a pretended religious sect of people, that have settled and are still settling in our county, styling themselves Mormons, and intending, as we do to rid our society 'peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must' and believing as we do, that the arm of the civil law does not afford us a guarantee, or at least a sufficient one against the evils which are now inflicted upon us, and seem to be increasing by the said religious sect, deem it expedient, and of the highest importance to form ourselves into a company for the better and easier accomplishment of our purpose, a purpose which we deem it almost superfluous to say, is justified as well by the law of nature, as by the law of self-preservation.

"It is more than two years since the first of these fanatics, or knaves (for one or the other they undoubtedly are) made their first appearance amongst us, and pretending as they did, and now do to hold personal communication and converse face to face with the most high God; to receive communications and revelations direct from heaven; to heal the sick by the laying on of hands; and in short to perform all the wonder-working miracles wrought by the inspired apostles and prophets of old.

"We believed them deluded fanatics or weak and designing knaves, and that they and their pretensions would soon pass away; but in this we were deceived. The arts of a few designing leaders amongst them have thus far succeeded in holding them together as a society, and since the arrival of the first of them they have been daily increasing in numbers, and if they had been respectable citizens in society, and thus deluded they would have been entitled to our pity rather than our contempt and hatred; but from their appearance, from their manners, and from their conduct, since their coming among us, we have every reason to fear, that with but very few exceptions, they were of the very dregs

of that society from which they came, lazy, idle, and vicious. This we conceive is not idle assertion, but a fact susceptible of proof, for with these few exceptions above named, they brought into our county little or no property with them, and left less behind them, and we infer, that those only yoked themselves to the Mormon car who had nothing earthly or heavenly to lose by the change; and we fear that if some of the leaders amongst them had paid the forfeit due to crime, instead of being chosen ambassadors of the Most High, they would have been inmates of solitary cells. But their conduct here stamps their characters in their true colors. More than a year since it was ascertained that they had been tampering with our slaves and endeavoring to sow dissensions and raise seditions amongst them. Of this their Mormon leaders were informed, and they said they would deal with any of their members who should again in like case offend, but how specious are appearances, in a late number of the *Star*, published in Independence by the leaders of the sect, there is an article inviting free negroes and mulattoes from other States to become Mormons and remove and settle among us. This exhibits them in still more odious colors. It manifests a desire on the part of their society to inflict on our society an injury that they know would be to us entirely insupportable, and one of the surest means of driving us from the county; for it would require none of the supernatural gifts that they pretend to, to see that the introduction of such a caste amongst us would corrupt our blacks and instigate them to bloodshed.

“They openly blaspheme the most high God, and cast contempt on his holy religion by pretending to receive revelations direct from heaven, by pretending to speak unknown tongues by direct inspiration, and by divers pretenses derogatory of God and religion, and to the utter subversion of human reason.

“They declare openly that their God hath given them this county of land, and that sooner or later they must and will have the possession of our lands for an inheritance, and in fine they have conducted themselves on many other occasions in such a manner that we believe it a duty we owe ourselves, to our wives and children, to the cause of public morals, to remove them from among us, as we are not prepared to give up our pleasant places, and goodly possessions to them, or to receive into the bosom of our families, as fit companions for our wives and daughters the degraded and corrupted free negroes and mulattoes that are now invited to settle amongst us.

“Under such a state of things even our beautiful county would cease to be a desirable residence, and our situation intolerable! We, therefore, agree, that after timely warning, and receiving an adequate compensation for what little property they can not take with them, they refuse to leave us in peace, as they found us, we agree to use such means as may be sufficient to remove them, and to that we each pledge to each other our bodily powers, our lives, fortunes, and sacred honors.

“We will meet at the courthouse at the town of Independence, on Saturday next, 20th inst., to consult ulterior movements.”

Among the hundreds of names attached to the above document were: Lewis Franklin, jailer; Samuel C. Owens, clerk; Russel Hicks, deputy clerk; R. W. Cummins, Indian agent; Jones H. Flournoy, postmaster; S. D. Lucas, colonel and judge of the court; Henry Childs, attorney at law; N. K. Olmstead, M. D.; John Smith, J. P.; Samuel Weston, J. P.; William Brown, constable; Abner F. Staples, captain; Thomas Pitcher, deputy constable; Moses G. Wilson, and Thomas Wilson, merchants.

On Saturday, the 20th July last, according to the foregoing document, there assembled suddenly in the town of Independence at the courthouse, between four and five hundred persons who sent Robert Johnson, James Campbell, Moses Wilson, Joel F. Childs, Richard Bristoe, Abner F. Staples, Gan Johnson, Lewis Franklin, Russel Hicks, S. D. Lucas, Thomas Wilson, James H. Hunter, and Richard Simpson, to some of your petitioners; namely, Edward Partridge, A. S. Gilbert, John Corril, Isaac Morley, John Whitmer, and W. W. Phelps, and demanded that we should immediately stop the publication of the *Evening and Morning Star*, and close printing in Jackson County, and that we as elders of said church should agree to remove out of the county forthwith. We asked for three months, for consideration. They would not grant it. We asked for ten days. They would not grant it but said fifteen minutes was the longest, and refused to hear any reasons. Of course the conversation broke up.

The four or five hundred persons, as a mob, then proceeded to demolish or raze to the ground the printing office and dwelling house of W. W. Phelps and Co. Mrs. Phelps, with a sick infant child and the rest of her children, together with the furniture in the house, were thrown outdoors; the press was broken, the type pied, the book work, furniture, apparatus, property, &c., of the office were principally destroyed and the office thrown down, whereby seven hands were thrown out of employment and three families left destitute of the means of subsistence.

The loss of the whole office, including the stoppage of the *Evening and Morning Star*, a monthly paper, and the *Upper Missouri Advertiser*, a weekly paper, was about six thousand dollars, without the damages which must result in consequence of their suspension.

The mob then proceeded to demolish the storehouse and destroy the goods, of Gilbert, Whitney, and Co. but Mr. Gilbert assuring them that the goods should be packed by the 23d inst, they then stopped the destruction of property and proceeded to do personal violence. They took Edward Partridge, the bishop of the church, from his dwelling house by force, and a Mr. Allen, and stripping them of their coats, vests, and hats, or caused them to do it themselves, tarred and feathered them in the presence of the mob before the courthouse. They caught other members of the church to serve them in like manner, but they made their escape. With horrid yells and the most blasphemous epithets, they sought for other leading elders, but found them not. It being late, they adjourned until the 23d inst.

On the 23d inst., early in the day, the mob again assembled to the number of about five hundred, many of them armed with rifles, dirks, pistols, clubs, and whips; one or two companies riding into town bearing the red flag, raising again the *horrid yell*. They proceeded to take some of the leading elders by force, declaring it to be their intention to whip them from fifty to five hundred lashes apiece, to demolish their dwelling houses, and let their negroes loose to go through our plantations and lay open our fields for the destruction of our crops. Whereupon John Corrill, John Whitmer, W. W. Phelps, A. S. Gilbert, Edward Partridge, and Isaac Morley, made no resistance, but offered themselves a ransom for the church, willing to be scourged or die, if that would appease their anger toward the church, but being assured by the mob that every man, woman, and child would be whipped or scourged until they were driven out of the county, as the mob declared that they or the Mormons must leave the county, or they or the Mormons must die.

The mob then chose a new committee consisting of Samuel C. Owens, Leonidas Oldham, G. W. Simpson, M. L. Irvin, John Harris, Henry Childs, Harvey H. Younger, Hugh H. Brazeal, N. K. Olmstead, James C. Sadler, William Bowers, Benjamin Majors, Zachariah Waller, Harman Gregg, Aaron Overton and Samuel Weston, who with Edward Partridge, Isaac Morley, John Corrill, W. W. Phelps, A. S. Gilbert and John Whitmer entered into the following stipulation:

"Memorandum of agreement between the undersigned of the Mormon society, in Jackson County, Missouri, and a committee appointed by a public meeting of the citizens of said county, made the 23d day of July, 1833.

"It is understood that the undersigned members of the society, do give their solemn pledge each for himself, as follows to-wit:

"That Oliver Cowdery, W. W. Phelps, William E. McClellin, Edward Partridge, Lyman Wight, Simeon Carter, Peter and John Whitmer and Harvey Whitlock, shall remove with their families out of this county on or before the first day of January next, and that they, as well as the two hereinafter named, use all their influence to induce all the brethren now here to remove as soon as possible—one half, say, by the first of January next, and all by the first day of April next, advise and try all means in their power to stop any more of their sect from moving to this county, and as to those now on the road, they will use their influence to prevent their settling permanently in the county, but that they shall only make arrangements for temporary shelter, till a new location is agreed on for the society. John Corrill and A. S. Gilbert are allowed to remain as general agents to wind up the business of the society, so long as necessity shall require, and said Gilbert may sell out his merchandise now on hand, but is to make no new importations.

"*The Star* is not again to be published, nor a press set up by any of the society in this county.

"If the said Edward Partridge and W. W. Phelps move their families by the first day of January as aforesaid, that they themselves will be

allowed to go and come in order to transact and wind up their business.

"The committee pledge themselves to use all their influence to prevent any violence being used so long as a compliance with the foregoing terms is observed by the parties concerned." To which agreement is subscribed the names of the above-named committee, as also those of the Mormon brethren named in the report as having been present.

The damages, which your petitioners have sustained in consequence of this outrage and stipulation are, at present, incalculable. A great number of industrious inhabitants who were dependent on their labors for their support have been thrown out of employment and are kept so by the threatenings of those who composed the mob. [See their resolutions as published in the *Western Monitor*, numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.] In estimating the damages which have resulted from the beginning to this time from those illegal and inhuman proceedings against your poor and persecuted petitioners, were they to name many thousands of dollars, it would be short of remuneration. Most of the mechanics' shops have been closed, two pair of blacksmith's bellows have been cut in pieces. Our merchant, as you will see by the foregoing stipulation, has been forbidden to import or bring into the county any more goods, by which his business has been ruined. Soon after the above stipulation was made, some of your petitioners proceeded to make a new location in Van Buren County on the south, but the settlers in that county drew up an agreement among themselves to drive us from that county after we had commenced laboring there, they threatened to shoot our cattle and destroy our labor, and in fact, "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but we have not where to lay our heads"—we were obliged to return.

Since the stipulation was entered into some of our houses have been broken open and the inmates threatened to be shot if they stirred, and also, some of our houses have been stoned and brickbatted.

Also, that since some publications have appeared in the *Western Monitor* and other papers, censuring the conduct of the mob, the *leaders have begun to threaten life*, declaring that if any of the Mormons attempted to seek redress by law or otherwise, for character, person, or property, they would die!

Now therefore, for ourselves, as members of the church, we declare, with the exception of poverty, which has not yet become a crime, by the laws of the land, that the crimes charged against us (so far as we are acquainted) contained in the documents above written, and those in the proceedings of the mob, as published in the *Western Monitor* of August 2, *are not true*. In relation to inviting free people of color to emigrate to this section of country and other matters relative to our society, see the 109th, 10th, and 11th, pages of the *Evening and Morning Star*, and the *Extra* accompanying the same dated July 16, which are annexed to this petition. Our situation is a critical one; we are located upon the western limits of the State, and of the United States—where desperadoes can commit outrages and even murder, and escape, in a few minutes, beyond the reach of process where the most abandoned

of all classes from almost every State may too often pass to the Mexican States, or to the more remote regions of the Rocky Mountains to escape the grasp of justice where numerous tribes of Indians, located by the General Government amid the corrupting influence of midday mobs, might massacre our defenseless women and children with impunity.

Influenced by the precepts of our beloved Savior, when we have been smitten on the one cheek, we have turned the other also, when we have been sued at the law and our coats been taken, we have given them our cloak also, when they have compelled us to go with them a mile we have gone with them twain, we have borne the above outrages without murmuring: but we can not patiently bear them any longer: according to the laws of God and man, we have borne enough. Believing, with all honorable men, that whenever that fatal hour shall arrive that the poorest citizen's person, property, or rights and privileges, shall be trampled upon by a lawless mob with impunity, that moment a dagger is plunged into the heart of the Constitution, and the Union must tremble! Assuring ourselves that no republican will suffer the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, and the liberty of conscience, to be silenced by a mob, without raising a helping hand, to save his country from disgrace, we solicit assistance to obtain our rights; holding ourselves amenable to the laws of our country whenever we transgress them.

Knowing, as we do, that the threats of this mob, in most cases, have been put into execution, and knowing also, that every officer, civil and military, with a very few exceptions, has pledged his life and honor to force us from the county, dead or alive, and believing that civil process can not be served without the aid of the Executive; and not wishing to have the blood of our defenseless women and children to stain the *land* which has once been stained by the blood of our fathers to purchase our liberty; we appeal to the governor for aid, asking him by express proclamation, or otherwise, to raise a sufficient number of troops, who, with us, may be empowered to defend our rights, that we may sue for damages in the loss of property—for abuse, for defamation, as to ourselves, and if advisable to try for treason against the Government;—that the law of the land may not be defied nor nullified, but peace restored to our country:—And we will ever pray.

To this petition the governor, Danuel Dunklin, very shortly replied, declaring this to be a government of laws and that he thought himself unworthy the confidence that had been reposed in him in his election, if he did not use everything within his power to protect the petitioners from the calamities which they were threatened with, and recommending that they make a trial before the civil courts of their county and district for redress of wrongs. From the tenor of his reply it would be

thought he was sincere in believing the courts would mete out judgment to the wrongdoers, but it is nevertheless true that they suffered the wrongs and received no sign of assistance in bringing the wrongdoers to justice, nor in being recompensed for the loss of property.

It is true that the Saints as a body were unalterably opposed to slavery; but that they ever interfered with slaves who were held in servitude, we have not been able to discover. Individuals may have been unwise enough to give expression to their convictions on the questions, at times, when silence would have been golden indeed. It would have been strange if they had not spoken against the evils of slavery, being where it was practiced and seeing the evils of it, when, on general principles, they were opposed to it, say nothing of their religious convictions on the matter.

According to the agreement which we have quoted, certain persons of the Saints were to leave the county by a certain date and others were to follow by a stipulated time. In the same agreement the *other* citizens agreed to "use all their influence to prevent any violence being used so long as a compliance with the foregoing terms is observed by the parties concerned." But they violated their agreement and the very signers of the agreement were active participants in the mob violences—outrageous as they were—which followed in the month of October preceding January 1, the date set for the removal of the parties who were to leave first.

Of these outrages we will allow Parley P. Pratt, who was an eyewitness to the scenes enacted, to speak. We can not give the entire account, but will quote two paragraphs, as they appear in "Persecution of the Saints," page 31. He says:

It was believed by many of the Mormons that the leaders of the mob would not suffer so barefaced a violation of the agreement before the time therein set forth; but Thursday night, the 31st of October, gave them abundant proof that no pledge, verbal or written, was longer to be regarded, for on that night between forty and fifty, many of whom

were armed with guns, proceeded against a branch of the church, about eight miles west of town, and unroofed and partly demolished ten dwelling houses; and in the midst of the shrieks and screams of women and children, whipped and beat, in a savage manner, several of the men; and with their horrid threats frightened women and children into the wilderness. Such of the men as could escape fled for their lives; for very few of them had arms, neither were they embodied; and they were threatened



The Old Landing.

Affrighted and terror-stricken the Mormons crossed the river.

with death if they made any resistance. Such therefore as could not escape by flight received a pelting by rocks and a beating by guns and whips.

On Friday, the first of November, women and children sallied forth from their gloomy retreats to contemplate with heartrending anguish the ravages of a ruthless mob, in the mangled bodies of their husbands and the destruction of their homes and furniture. Houseless, and unprotected by the civil law in Jackson County, the dreary month of November staring taem in the face and loudly proclaiming a more inclement season at hand, the continual threats of the mob that they would drive

every Mormon from the county, and the inability of many to remove because of their poverty, caused an anguish of heart indescribable.

No matter if the Saints did make mistakes and in some cases did wrong, there surely was no human justice in the acts of this mob in violating their agreement and in mistreating their fellow humans as surely they did.

As a fitting close to this article we desire to quote from the pen of Burr Joyce, in the *Saint Louis Globe-Democrat* for November 24, 1887.

But October 30 the Jackson County Gentiles were again in arms and raiding the Saints. Ten houses of the Mormons, on the Big Blue, were demolished, and the inmates driven away. The following day a number of houses at Independence and in other parts of the county were plundered, and much Mormon property was forcibly taken and appropriated. Some of the scenes enacted are said to have been altogether disgraceful, rivaling, if not surpassing, the worst excesses of the Kansas jayhawkers and the Missouri bushwhackers during the Civil War.

In some instances the Mormons resisted. November 2, in a skirmish at Linwood, two miles southeast of Kansas City, in what was known as the Whitmer settlement, two Gentiles were killed and several wounded. At last the State militia, under Lieutenant Governor Boggs, was called out to "preserve the peace." The militia, however were anti-Mormon to a man, and the unhappy Saints, knowing this, realized that they were at the mercy of their enemies, saw that they had no alternative but to flee. It was absolutely perilous for a solitary Mormon to show himself in a town or village.

Affrighted and terror-stricken, the Mormons crossed the river and sought safety in Clay County. November 7 the crossing began. The weather was cold and rainy, and there was great discomfort and misery among the fugitives; the plundered, half-clad women and children, especially, suffered severely. But the people of Clay received the newcomers kindly. They allowed them to remain, rented them houses, furnished them provisions, and gave them employment. For this the Clay County people were long and intensely hated by their neighbors in Jackson. Some of the Mormons fled to Cass County (then Van Buren), but were again compelled to flee. In after years, during the Civil War, when the Counties of Cass and Jackson were among those depopulated and devastated by General Ewing's "Order No. 11," the Mormons declared it a divine judgment on those counties for their persecution of the "Saints" thirty years before.

The public authorities of the State, or some of them at least, were indignant at these lawless proceedings and sympathized with the efforts of the Mormons to obtain redress. The Attorney General, Honorable Robert W. Wells, wrote to them if they desired to be reestablished in their possessions in Jackson County, an adequate public force would be

sent for their protection. He also advised them to remain in the State and organize themselves into a regular company of militia, promising them a supply of the public arms if they should do so.

But the Mormons were averse to fighting or to taking any steps that should lead to further trouble with the citizens of Missouri whose good will they seemed anxious to secure in order that they might be allowed to remain in the State in peace. The Territory of Kansas then belonged to the Indians and was not open to white settlement; so they began to seek for new homes on the north side of the Missouri.

In June, 1834, Joe Smith visited them in Clay County and counseled them to make no violent attempt to recover the "New Jerusalem," to which he assured them, his church should be restored "in God's own time."

The most difficult of all the virtues to cultivate is the forgiving spirit. Revenge seems to be natural to the human heart; to want to get even with an enemy is a common sin. It has even been popular to boast of vindictiveness; it was once inscribed on a monument to a hero that he had repaid both friends and enemies more than he had received. This was not the Spirit of Christ. He taught forgiveness; and in that incomparable prayer which he left as a model for our petitions he made our willingness to forgive the measure by which we may claim forgiveness. He not only taught forgiveness, but he exemplified his teachings in his life. When those who persecuted him brought him to the most disgraceful of all deaths, his spirit of forgiveness rose above his sufferings and he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

But love is the foundation of Christ's creed. The world had known love before; parents had loved children, and children parents; husbands had loved wife, and wife husband; and friend had loved friend; but Jesus gave a new definition of love. His love was as boundless as the sea; its limits were so far-flung that even an enemy could not travel beyond it. Other teachers sought to regulate the lives of their followers by rule and formula, but Christ's plan was, first to purify the heart and then to leave love to direct the footsteps.—William J. Bryan.

ZION IN HER DESOLATION.

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

Though the Saints were not permitted to retain possession of their inheritance because they failed to keep the commandments, and treated lightly the things delivered unto them, those who despoiled Zion and distressed her children were not held guiltless, for it was foretold that destitution and sore distress awaited them.

Instruction was given the church as early as December, 1833, just after their expulsion from Jackson County, which was subsequently carried out, without receiving relief. It was this:

Let them importune at the feet of the judge; and if he heed them not, let them importune at the feet of the governor; and if the governor heed them not, let them importune at the feet of the President; and if the President heed them not, then will the Lord arise and come forth out of his hiding place, and in his fury vex the nation, and in his hot displeasure, and in his fierce anger, in his time, will cut off these wicked, unfaithful, and unjust stewards, and appoint them their portion among hypocrites and unbelievers; even in outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Pray ye, therefore, that their ears may be opened unto your cries, that I may be merciful unto them, that these things may not come upon them. What I have said unto you, must needs be, that all men may be left without excuse; that wise men and rulers may hear and know that which they have never considered; that I may proceed to bring to pass my act, my strange act, and perform my work, my strange work. That men may discern between the righteous and the wicked, saith your God.

A little later, February, 1834, more specific statements were made by the voice of inspiration indicating that God's displeasure would especially be manifest upon those who despoiled the members of the church, who had just been made to suffer in Jackson County, Missouri. The word was this:

Verily I say unto you, my friends, Behold, I will give unto you a revelation and commandment, that you may know how to act in the discharge of your duties concerning the salvation and redemption of

your brethren, who have been scattered on the land of Zion, being driven and smitten by the hands of mine enemies; on whom I will pour out my wrath without measure in mine own time; for I have suffered them thus far, that they might fill up the measures of their iniquities, that their cup might be full, and that those who call themselves after my name might be chastened for a little season, with a sore and grievous chastisement, because they did not hearken altogether unto the precepts and commandments which I gave unto them.

One of the chief causes of friction between the Saints and the people of Jackson County was the question of slavery. The Saints having come from the East and especially from Ohio, which was the chief center of the agitation of the slavery question at that time, and having also been instructed by revelation were strongly opposed to slavery. Abolitionists being at that time very unpopular on the western frontier, those who advocated the righteousness of human slavery viewed with alarm the gathering of a large colony of people who advocated that man should not be in bondage to his fellow man, therefore the religious views of this people, also unpopular, were used as a pretext to stay the rising tide of abolition by expelling the people from the county, and finally from the State. This movement, though apparently successful, did not stop the growth of the despised theory. In no place was the agitation stronger in the years that followed than along the borders of Missouri and Kansas. One of the fruitful sources of conditions that produced the War of the Rebellion was the question of human slavery. In this struggle Missouri found herself in a position to suffer from the hostilities, and no part of Missouri received more of its cursed results than did Jackson and adjoining counties.

The State of Missouri herself, after having accused the leading men of the church with treason, and having sustained her Executive in expelling the Saints from the State had to deal with treason within her borders perhaps to as great an extent as any State ever did. On September 26, 1861, Claibourne F. Jackson, who had been inaugurated governor of

Missouri the December previous, issued a call for a special session of the legislature. This call revealed a sentiment of treason against the Government easily discerned.

To the Members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the General Assembly of the State of Missouri:

The Constitution of the State of Missouri vests in me the power to convene by proclamation the General Assembly on extraordinary occasions, and requires me to state to them the purposes for which they are convened.

The present condition of the State makes it eminently proper that I should now exercise this power. The Federal authorities have for months past, in violation of the Constitution of the United States, waged a ruthless war upon the people of the State of Missouri, murdering our citizens, destroying our property, and as far as in their power lay, desolating our land. I have in vain endeavored to secure your constitutional rights by peaceful means, and have only resorted to war when it becomes necessary to repel the most cruel and long continued aggressions. War now exists between the State of Missouri and the Federal Government, and a state of war is incompatible with the continuance of our Union with that Government.

Therefore, for the purpose of giving to the representatives of the people of Missouri an opportunity of determining whether it be proper now to dissolve the constitutional bond which binds us to the Government of the United States, when all other bonds between us are broken, I, Claibourne F. Jackson, Governor of the State of Missouri, by authority in me vested, do proclaim that the members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Missouri shall convene at the Masonic Hall, in the town of Neosho, in the county of Newton, on the twenty-first day of October, 1861.

CLAIBOURNE F. JACKSON,
Governor of the State of Missouri.

Dated LEXINGTON, MISSOURI, September 26, 1861.

A part of the legislature responded, the number has not been definitely ascertained, and to this fractional legislature Governor Jackson delivered a message even more treasonable than the call. It read:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives of the General Assembly of the State of Missouri:

In pursuance of a power vested in me by the Constitution of the State of Missouri, I have convened you for the purpose of deliberating upon the relations of this State to the Government of the United States. About the close of your last session the authorities of the United States Government had manifested plainly, by a series of outrageous acts,

that they had lost all proper appreciation of the principles of free government, and were determined, regardless of the most sacred obligations, to trample upon our liberties, to violate our dearest constitutional rights, and, in every manner known to tyrants, to insult, injure, and afflict our people. The spectacle was for the first time presented of a Government whose boast had been its free institutions, and the attachment of its citizens to the Constitution and the laws, plunging at one bound from the most exalted eminence among nations into the deepest abyss of despotic and arbitrary power. Men, women, and children, in open day and in public thoroughfares, shot down and murdered by a brutal soldiery, with the connivance of government officers. Our citizen soldiers were arrested and imprisoned. State property was seized and confiscated without warrant of law; private citizens were insecure in their persons and property; the writ of habeas corpus had been nullified; and the brave judges who had attempted to protect by it the liberties of the citizens had been insulted and threatened, and a tyrant President, reveling in unbounded powers, had crowned all these acts of unconstitutional aggression by declaring war against a number of States composing the former Union. Since your adjournment these wrongs and injuries have ripened into a war against our people, waged with unusual and unrelenting ferocity, and on the largest scale.

It is in vain to hope for a restoration of amicable relations between Missouri and the other United States of America under the same government, and it is not desirable if it could be accomplished.

It is idle to speak of preserving the mere paper bonds of union with a Government whose licentious rulers have cut into shreds all other bonds between us. While insult and injury have been heaped upon us by the United States Government until they were no longer endurable, it gives me pleasure to call your attention to the sympathy manifested towards us by the Confederate States of America in the act of their Congress, a copy of which I herewith submit, and in the aid in men, arms, and munitions of war supplied by their President to the citizens of Missouri struggling for their liberties. In view of these facts, I beg leave to recommend to you the passage

1st. Of an ordinance dissolving all political connection between the State of Missouri and the United States of America.

2d. Of an act of provisional union with the Confederate States of America.

3d. The appointment of three commissioners to the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States of America.

4th. The passage of a law authorizing the Executive of the State to cause an election to be held for the election of senators and representatives to the Confederate States of America, as early as practicable after the State of Missouri shall be admitted as a member of said Confederate States, and providing in said law the mode and manner that the citizens of the State who may, at the time of such election, belong to the army, can cast their votes for representatives.

5th. The passage of an act empowering your Executive to cause to be engraved, and from time to time, to issue over his signature as Governor, bonds of the State of Missouri, not exceeding — dollars, in such sums and of such denominations as the public welfare may require.

Before closing this communication, gentlemen, I can not refrain from congratulating you and the people of our State upon the glorious victories which have crowned our arms since your last adjournment. At Carthage, at Springfield, at Fort Scott, and at Lexington the brave soldiers of Missouri, led on by gallant generals, met the well-appointed, well-armed hordes of the enemy, and gained signal victories.

Their deeds have crowned them with imperishable renown. No soldiers upon this continent rank above them.

With such soldiers and a just cause we can not fail of achieving our liberties.

In referring to our victories it is due to the brave men and gallant leaders of the Confederate and Arkansas army, to express our grateful acknowledgment of their gallant and efficient aid at the battle of Springfield.

No troops ever fought more gallantly, or with better success.

God's protecting providence has been over us all in our past struggles. Let us devoutly return thanks for his protection and fervently implore its continuance.

NEOSHO, MISSOURI, October 28, 1861. C. F. JACKSON, *Governor*.

The senate, among other treasonable acts did, on October 28, pass the following:

An act declaring the political ties heretofore existing between the State of Missouri and the United States of America dissolved.

Whereas, The Government of the United States, in the possession and under the control of a sectional party, has wantonly violated the compact originally made between said Government and the State of Missouri, by invading with hostile armies the soil of the State, attacking and making prisoners the militia whilst legally assembled under the state laws, forcibly occupying the state capital, and attempting, through the instrumentality of domestic traitors, to usurp the state government, seizing and destroying private property and murdering with fiendish malignity peaceable citizens, men, women, and children, together with other acts of atrocity, indicating a deep settled hostility towards the people of Missouri and their institutions, and,

Whereas, The present administration of the Government of the United States has utterly ignored the Constitution, subverted the Government as constructed and intended by its makers, and established a despotic and arbitrary power instead thereof; now, therefore, Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Missouri, as follows:

That all political ties of every character now existing between the Government of the United States of America, and the people and Government of the State of Missouri, are hereby dissolved, and the State

of Missouri, resuming the sovereignty granted by compact to the said United States upon the admission of said State into the Federal Union, does again take its place as a free and independent republic amongst the nations of the earth.

This act to take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Read first and second time and amended. Read third time and passed, October 28, 1861.

JOHN T. CRISP, *Secretary Senate.*

These sentiments were not indorsed by the whole people of Missouri, possibly not by a majority, and this act of secession could not be in force under the laws of Missouri until ratified at the polls. These acts were also by the opposition held to be illegal, for the reason that a state convention held at Jefferson City, July 31, had declared the seats of the governor and the legislature vacant.

The question of whether the convention had the authority to so declare or not was an open one. Some members recognized the authority of the convention to dismiss them, and some did not. Hence it was only, or principally, those who were in sympathy with Jackson that assembled, and they and their supporters were alone responsible for the act of secession. It never having been ratified by the people it can not be said that Missouri seceded. These sentiments and acts are not here presented as the legal acts or prevailing sentiment of the State of Missouri, but simply as an indication of how Missouri was honeycombed with treason after she had accused the Saints of treason and driven them from her borders, and it may be added that some who were foremost in opposition to the Saints were prominent in support of Jackson and his legislature.

It is too well known to require comment that Jackson and other counties on the borders were for many years infested with bands of guerillas and jayhawkers who filled the inhabitants with terror and fear. The climax of trouble came, however, during the Civil War, when on August 23, 1863,

General Thomas Ewing issued his famous order No. 11 which reads:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 11.

Headquarters District of the Border.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, August 25, 1863.

First. All persons living in Cass, Jackson, and Bates Counties, Missouri, and in that part of Vernon included in this district, except those living within one mile of the limits of Independence, Hickman's Mills, Pleasant Hill, and Harrisonville, and except those in that part of Kaw Township, Jackson County, north of Brush creek and west of the Big Blue, embracing Kansas City and Westport, are hereby ordered to remove from their present places of residence within fifteen days from the date hereof.

Those who, within that time, establish their loyalty to the satisfaction of the commanding officer of the military station nearest their present places of residence, will receive from him certificates stating the fact of their loyalty and the names of the witnesses by whom it can be shown. All who receive such certificates will be permitted to remove to any military station in this district, or to any part of the State of Kansas, except the counties on the eastern border of the State. All others shall remove out of this district.

Officers commanding companies and detachments serving in the counties named, will see that this paragraph is promptly obeyed.

Second. All grain and hay in the field, or under shelter, in the district from which the inhabitants are required to remove within reach of military stations, after the 9th day of September next, will be taken to such stations and turned over to the proper officers there; and report of the amount so turned over made to district headquarters, specifying the names of all loyal owners and the amount of such produce taken from them. All grain and hay found in such district after the 9th day of September next, not convenient to such stations, will be destroyed.

Third. The provisions of General Orders No. 10, from these headquarters, will be at once vigorously executed, by officers commanding in the parts of the district, and at the stations, not subject to the operations of paragraph First of this Order,—and especially in the towns of Independence, Westport, and Kansas City.

Fourth. Paragraph 3, General Orders No. 10 is revoked as to all who have born arms against the Government in this district since August 20, 1863.

H. HANNAHS, *Adjutant.*

By order of Brigadier General Ewing.—History of Missouri, by W. F. Switzler, page 4241.

We have seen no good reason why this particular territory was subject to this order when other territory was infested

as much by lawlessness as this. The reason given for it was that a border warfare had been raging there for two years and this order was to remove all means of sustenance from these marauders.

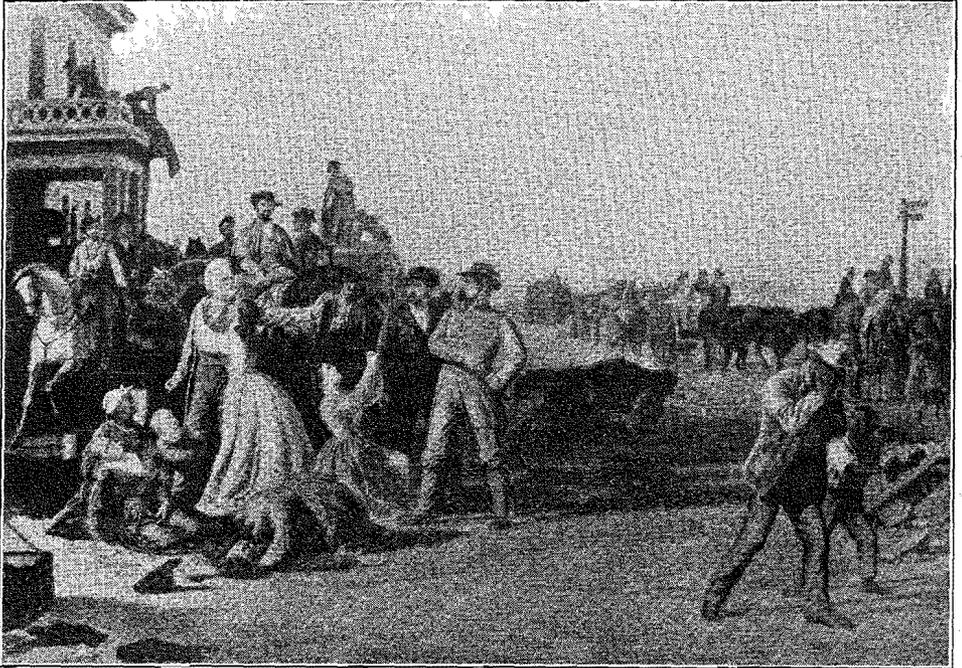
This was a very extraordinary means of meeting the emergency. It has been almost generally condemned by historians. Colonel Switzler says:

Never did an equal amount of words embody a greater amount of error. Never was a robbery so stupendous more cunningly devised or successfully accomplished, with less personal risk to the robbers. As an act of purely arbitrary power, directed against a disarmed and defenseless population, it was an exhibition of cowardice in its most odious and repulsive form. As outraging every principle of justice and doing violence to every generous and manly sentiment of the human heart, its title to be regarded as an act of humanity can only be recognized by wretches destitute of every quality usually embraced under that appellation. It did not bring a "disgraceful conflict to a summary close." It, indeed, put an end to the predatory raids of Kansas "red-legs and jayhawkers," by surrendering to them all that they coveted, leaving nothing that could further excite their cupidity; but gave up the country to the bushwhackers, who, until the close of the war, continued to stop the stages and rob the mails and passengers, and no one wearing the Federal uniform dared to risk his life within the isolated district.

Of the suffering which ensued Colonel Switzler quotes a Mr. Bingham, who was at the time in Kansas City as saying:

The sufferings of its unfortunate victims, in many instances, were such as would have elicited sympathy even from hearts of stone. Bare-footed and bareheaded women and children, stripped of every article of clothing, except a scant covering for their bodies, were exposed to the heat of an August sun and compelled to struggle through the dust on foot. It is well known that men were shot down in the very act of obeying the order, and their wagons and effects seized by their murderers. Large trains of wagons, extending over the prairies for miles in length, and moving Kansasward, were freighted with every description of household furniture and wearing apparel belonging to the exiled inhabitants. Dense columns of smoke arising in every direction marked the conflagration of dwellings, many of the evidences of which are yet to be seen in the remains of seared and blackened chimneys, standing as melancholy monuments of a ruthless military despotism which spared neither age, sex, character nor condition. There was neither aid nor protection offered to the banished inhabitants by the heartless authority which expelled them from their rightful possessions. They crowded by hundreds upon the banks of the Missouri

River, and were indebted to the charity of benevolent steamboat conductors for transportation to places of safety, where friendly aid could be extended to them without danger to those who ventured to contribute it. It was true, as represented by General Schofield, that a savage guerrilla warfare had been waged for two years in the counties embraced by the order, but it was not true that the counties were nearly depopulated by the guerrillas, or that the few remaining farmers were furnishers of supplies for these outlaws. The largest portion of those



“Shot down in the very act of obeying the order.”

engaged in this warfare were the well-known “jayhawkers and redlegs” of Kansas, acting under the authority of no law, military or civil, yet carrying on their nefarious operations under the protection and patronage of General Ewing and his predecessors from the State of Kansas. The others, constituting the more determined and desperate class, were chiefly outlawed Missourians, known as bushwhackers, and claiming to act under Confederate authority. Their numbers, however, were at all times insignificant in comparison with the Federal troops stationed in these counties. As the inhabitants had all been disarmed by Federal military authority, they were powerless to resist these outlaws, and, as General Schofield admits, were compelled to yield to their demands.

Yet they were not mere furnishers of supplies to these outlaws. On the contrary, the supplies furnished by them to the Federal forces, if properly estimated, would reach twenty, if not fifty times the amount forced from them by the bushwhackers. Yet the counties had not, at the date of the order, been nearly depopulated. The inhabitants possessed fertile and valuable lands. Many of them had become wealthy, and all possessed comfortable homes, from which neither the tyranny of their military rulers nor the frequent depredations of the Kansas "redlegs" and Confederate bushwhackers had succeeded in expelling them. The sweeping and indiscriminate order, therefore, operated in all its diabolical and ruinous force upon a population quite as numerous as then inhabited an equal number of other border counties of our State. General Schofield ungenerously attempts to make President Lincoln jointly responsible with himself and General Ewing for the execution of this order. It is evident, however, that the assent and approbation of the President were predicted solely on the representations of his General, and not upon the actual facts relating to the matter, of which he could have had no personal knowledge.

Surely this desolation was more far-reaching and fully as heart-rending as that which many of these despoiled people had visited upon the Saints in this territory thirty years before. Both of these outrages were committed under the color of military law. In 1833 the state militia was called out and the Latter Day Saints were treated as public enemies. In 1863 a brigadier-general of the Union Army calls out the force under his command to despoil and rob the very people of the very homes and farms that they had taken from the Saints, but of course, as has always been true, many innocent ones suffered with the guilty. In this order General Ewing received the indorsement of his superior officer, General Schofield, and presumably by misrepresentation, received the indorsement of President Lincoln. This makes even a stronger case than the one against the Saints, for when their case finally reached President Van Buren he conceded that the cause of the Saints was just. He remarked: "Gentlemen, your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you." In this connection the mind turns irresistibly to the prophetic statement

of Joseph Smith, in 1844. In a letter addressed to John C. Calhoun he said:

If the general Government has no power to reinstate expelled citizens to their rights, there is a monstrous hypocrite fed and fostered from the hard earnings of the people! a real "bull beggar" upheld by sycophants; and although you may wink to the priests, to stigmatize, wheedle the drunkards to swear, and raise the hue and cry of imposter, false prophet, . . . yet remember, if the Latter Day Saints are not restored to all their rights, and paid for all their losses, according to the known rules of justice and judgment, reciprocation, and common honesty among men, that God will come out of his hiding place and vex this nation with a sore vexation; yea, the consuming wrath of an offended God shall smoke through the nation with as much distress and woe as independence has blazed through with pleasure and delight.

Latter Day Saints are not alone in the conviction that in the events of the civil war and other calamities which followed the displeasure of God was made manifest. When in 1878 the scourge of yellow fever was desolating the Southern States some prominent citizens of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, among whom were ministers of popular churches signed the following and sent it to Rutherford B. Hayes, president of the United States.

PHILADELPHIA, September 16, 1878.

To His Excellency, the President of the United States,

The conviction grows deeper with thoughtful men that "the Lord has had a controversy with the inhabitants of the land." On the very threshold, as we had flattered ourselves, of returning prosperity, we find the whole country plunged into mourning, and the wished for revival of business seriously delayed by the alarming pestilence which ravages our southern borders. This is but the last of a long series of calamities which reaches back to the very beginning of our Civil War. That these facts attest the displeasure of the Supreme Ruler of the world against this nation we are profoundly convinced, and also that our only hope of escape from still sorer retribution lies in a diligent inquiry into the causes of God's anger, and in speedy and heartfelt repentance and reformation. That the mind of the people may be turned to these momentous considerations, and that united prayer for the grace of repentance and for the removal of his heavy judgments may ascend to the Father of mercies through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, we, citizens of Philadelphia and vicinity, respectfully ask you to

appoint, in your wisdom, an early and convenient day to be observed by the whole nation as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

JOHN Y. DOBBINS,

Secretary of the Methodist Episcopalian Preacher's meeting.

NATHAN B. DURELL,

Secretary of the preacher's meeting.

R. JOHNS,

Moderator Presbyterian Ministerial Association.

CHARLES BROWN,

Secretary Presbyterian Ministerial Association.

R. G. MOSES,

President Baptist Ministerial Conference.

J. NEWTON RITNER,

Secretary Baptist Ministerial Conference.

JOHN ALEXANDER,

Chairman Executive Committee Sabbath Alliance.

JAMES POLLOCK,

Superintendent United States Mint.

O. C. BOSBYSELL,

Coiner United States Mint.

J. C. BOOTH,

Melter and Refiner United States Mint.

WM. E. DUBOIS,

Assayer United States Mint.

GEORGE H. STUART.

JOSHUA BAILY,

AMOS R. LITTLE,

And many others.

Latter Day Saints, when they saw these troubles, remembered that the Lord had said, "Then will the Lord arise and come forth out of his hiding place, and in his fury vex the nation," etc. Others saw the hand of God's displeasure manifested but knew not the cause.

Surely here is a demonstration of the fulfillment of this prophecy right on the grounds where Saints, as expelled citizens, were deprived of their rights.

The following lines, written by one of the exiles of 1863 when he stole back to view his ruined home, are, though a crude production, touchingly expressive:

EXILE'S LAMENT.

Alone I've returned to the home whence expelled
 By "Order 11" from Kansas,
 But here in this home, by my feelings impelled,
 I sigh as I'm penning these stanzas.

In the home which I've buildd I sit alone quite,
 Or walk through its rooms in sad silence,
 And I think of the time when my skies were all bright,
 Ere the land had been covered with violence.

I look on my hearthstone, so cheerless and cold,
 And my eyes as I look become tearful,
 As I think of the past, and the happy household
 Who once met around it so cheerful.

In vain I may look for that household to-day,
 In vain search the orchard or wildwood;
 My motherless children are now far away
 From the scenes of their earliest childhood.

I look on the landscape so changed and defaced,
 And the farms all to ruin fast hastening;
 The fruits of my labors, abandoned in haste,
 I find now are wasted or wasting.

I look through my windows on farms lying waste,
 The homes of my once happy neighbors,
 Whose houses and orchards are torn and defaced,
 And spoiled are the "fruits of their labors."

But some of those neighbors I'll see here no more,
 I laid them in beds dark and gory,
 But when I have quitted this blood-crimsoned shore,
 I hope I shall meet them in glory.

Hard, hard is the fate of an exile from home,
 And hard is our lot among strangers;
 Wherever we wander, wherever we roam,
 We're looked on as Quantrall's bushrangers.

What though we have suffered at bushwhacker's hands,
 Or bled in the cause of the Union,
 Because from the haunt of the bushwhacking bands
 We're counted as if in communion.

But I must away now, and leave here with pain
This wreck of my earthly Elysian,
And when I have left it, perhaps ne'er again
Will this home greet my organs of vision.

When in 1875 the writer first visited Independence, having heard much regarding depredations of outlaws, he made some inquiry about the Jameses and Youngers, and was warned by a kind friend, Elder Adna C. Haldeman, to ask no questions, for said he, "The community is full of their friends and sympathizers who will report to them that a stranger is inquiring about them. You will at once be spotted as a detective, and then your fate will be sealed." It is needless to say that no extensive investigation was thought to be prudent.

This was truly Zion in her desolation, but though bands of outlaws terrorized her borders for many years after peace was declared, yet the exiles of 1833 kept faith in her future and looked forward with blessed hope to the time when the exiles from her borders would return, they and their children with songs of everlasting joy, to build up her waste places, no more to be thrown down. "For the Lord shall comfort Zion; he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody. Hearken unto me, my people; and give ear unto me, O my nation; for a law shall proceed from me, and I will make my judgment to rest for a light of the people. My righteousness is near; my salvation is gone forth, and mine arms shall judge the people; the isles shall wait upon me, and on mine arm shall they trust."—Isaiah 51: 3, 4, 5.

RETURN TO ZION.

The dream of Zion's glory and beauty did not vanish from the minds of her children, though dark clouds obscured the horizon, and tribulation and sorrow were their heritage; for had not the Lord promised, and would not he fulfill? The mother, as she pressed her tender babe to her breast, and felt that her own life must ebb away far from the land she loved, saw in the vision of hope the time when that little one would become a plant of renown in Zion's borders. The father laid down to die rejoicing in the assurance, born of faith in these promises, that his name would live in honor when Zion should be the joy of the whole earth.

They read with fond anticipation

I, the Lord, will contend with Zion and plead with her strong ones, and chasten her, until she overcomes and is clean before me; for she shall not be removed out of her place. I, the Lord have spoken it.

Therefore, let your hearts be comforted concerning Zion, for all flesh is in mine hands: be still, and know that I am God. Zion shall not be removed out of her place, notwithstanding her children are scattered, they that remain and are pure in heart shall return and come to their inheritances; they and their children, with songs of everlasting joy; to build up the waste places of Zion.

I have decreed that your brethren, which have been scattered, shall return to the land of their inheritances and build up the waste places of Zion; for after much tribulation, as I have said unto you in a former commandment, cometh the blessing. Behold, this is the blessing which I have promised after your tribulations, and the tribulations of your brethren; your redemption and the redemption of your brethren; even their restoration to the land of Zion, to be established, no more to be thrown down; nevertheless, if they pollute their inheritances, they shall be thrown down; for I will not spare them if they pollute their inheritances.

Later one of our poets who heard from afar the melody of Zion's harps caught the strain and sweetly sang:

Remember bleeding Zion,
 Our tears for her shall flow
 While time's unerring dial
 Points to one hour of woe;
 Give joy for all her sorrow
 And bid her light arise,
 Let peace and glory follow
 Whom wicked men despise.

Not only was this hope undimmed in the mind of the exile who left his cherished home in the hands of the ruthless despoiler, but it was born in the minds of his children, and around many a fireside have gathered those whose heads have grown white with the frosts of many winters, the younger men and women of mature years, and the lisping child, and the prayer of the one was as earnest and heartfelt as the other as they pleaded for the redemption of Zion. No matter how much they might differ upon the questions of ethics, morals, or doctrine, wherever they were scattered, on the islands of the northern lakes, amidst the spicy groves of the South, on the deserts of the western wilds, or in the regions round about the waste places of Zion, they turned their faces Zionward while they prayed that God would remember bleeding Zion, and assemble the outcasts of Israel.

Little wonder then, that as soon as the desolating war that brought such dire distress to the border States had spent its force, and the dove of peace began to hover over the land of Zion, that a few families of faithful Saints, willing to encounter the opposition of enraged foes, bravely entered the sacred, but forbidden precincts of Jackson County, and the era of return to Zion was inaugurated. In this connection the following from the pen of our local historian, Mrs. J. C. Nunn, will prove interesting.—EDITOR.

Returning to Zion! How the hearts of the patient Saints rejoiced at the thought! And yet "returning" under what conditions?

It was more than thirty years after the Saints had been

expelled before there is any account of their returning to Zion and the regions round about, for the stake records show that in the fall of 1867, Brother Albert W. Noble and family located about four miles northeast of Independence. And what welcome was extended to them? When it was known that a Latter Day Saint had located near the town a band of rough characters visited them and gave them due notice to leave the country within five days. But Brother Noble informed them that he had come to stay, and so he did, until removed by death, August 24, 1872.

This section of the country had not then recovered from the disturbing effect of the Civil War, and the same rough characters took delight in riding through the streets of Independence, giving a display of firearms. When these men made their appearance the merchants closed their store shutters and sought safety beneath the counters.

In the year 1869 two more families, those of Brethren Isaac Bailey and Frederick Campbell, located five miles southeast of Independence, and it was over two years before they knew that Brother Noble and family were residing northeast of town. Only three families of Latter Day Saints in all the regions round about, and they living miles apart.

There was little to encourage these brave pioneers—no branch, no preaching services, but brighter days were coming, as the following letter written by Brother Joseph S. Lee indicates:

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, May 16, 1871.

Last Sunday I preached to a large and attentive audience at the Rush Bottom Schoolhouse [Brother Noble lived near this place]. After meeting we went to the Missouri River and baptized Peter J. Hole and wife.

These were the first baptisms into the Reorganized Church in this vicinity. These families were soon followed by Henry Etzenhouser and family. George W. Pilgrim and wife were early accessions to the church and the Independence Branch.

Occasionally an elder came that way, or Saints moved in, but there was no branch organization until May 25, 1873, when at the conclusion of a series of meetings held by Edmund C. Brand and Joseph S. Lee in the courthouse, the brethren proposed to organize a branch to be known as the Independence Branch of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

The following members were present: Henry Etzenhouser and wife, his two sons, Daniel and Rudolph, Peter J. Hole, Mrs. Maria C. Noble, (her husband died before this date,) her sons Albert E. and Oswin S. and daughters Louisa and Lucinda, making in all ten souls. Brother Etzenhouser was ordained priest of the branch, and Brother Hole was ordained teacher, but during the first year of the organization there were many trials, and when the spring of 1874 came it was thought best to discontinue the meetings, because of the scattered condition of the members.

During October and November, 1874, Independence was visited by four elders, viz, Hugh Lytle, Curtis Styles, Benjamin B. Brackenbury, and Charles Herzing.

They reorganized the branch with sixteen members, a branch was also organized by them at Lees Summit, consisting of nineteen members. In January of 1875, Elder Heman C. Smith arrived at Independence and preached for a month or two in the vicinity, holding meetings in the neighborhoods of Sister Noble, on Rush Bottom, Brother Etzenhouser, east of town, at Brother Pilgrim's, on the Lexington road east of town, and in the town of Lees Summit. At that time there were no members of the Reorganized Church in Independence, but there were several of the people known as Hedrickites there by whom he was treated royally; and his first night in the historic city of Independence was spent at the hospitable home of Elder Adna C. Haldeman, a prominent official among that people.

Elder Haldeman then resided in the low cottage on West Short Street just in the rear of the residence of Mrs. Morris T. Short. In the winter of 1876-77, Elder Smith again visited Independence and preached at several points, as before.

During the spring of 1877 President Joseph Smith visited Independence and did some preaching and work needed at that time. Of this visit President Smith said:

We found a few Saints in charge of Brother George W. Pilgrim, the husband of a niece of John E. Page, one of the early apostles of the latter day work. We found Brethren Parker and Clow, with their families. We also found Hedrickite, Whitmerite, Framtonite, Morrisite, and Strangite brethren, all with the Josephites indulging a fond hope that the time for favoring Zion, the land of Zion, has fully come.

About the year 1882, Sister Johnson, now Mrs. B. C. Smith, opened a bookstore in the post office, which was then located in the Crisman-Sawyer Bank Building. Years afterward while preaching at the Stone Church, Elder Rudolph Etzenhouser referred to the days when the branch was small and how gladly the Saints welcomed those of like faith. "I wish I were able to express to my audience my feeling of gratitude when Sister Johnson opened her store and I was privileged to buy goods of a Latter Day Saint, for those who are living here to-day can not realize our lonesomeness in those days when we were but few in number, living among a prejudiced people."

About the year 1883 Brother Barbee opened a general store. Brother Thomas James owned a grocery, and later Brother Charles N. Mills became his partner.

In the year 1884, Elder Henry R. Mills opened a bookstore on the southwest corner of the public square.

The first meeting place of the Independence Branch was in a room in the courthouse. At that time the public building was a much smaller structure than the courthouse which occupies the square at the present date.

Next they held sessions in a hall over the Crisman-Sawyer

Bank. This was very near the spot where the *Evening and Morning Star* was published in 1832 and 1833.

Later on an effort was made to secure a building of their own. The following is quoted from a report of the building committee June 1, 1879: "We have decided to build a brick building forty by sixty feet, and have let the contract and the work will be pushed as fast as possible."

During the year 1879 the brick was burned and the building started. The dimensions of the proposed church were changed before the completion, so when finished it was thirty by forty-five with sixteen foot ceiling, with capacity to seat three hundred and fifty to four hundred persons. The final building committee which finished and prepared the building for dedication was composed of three members, viz, Joseph Luff, Frederick G. Pitt, and Adam Jessamin. This committee was effectually aided by the Sisters' Aid Society.

The church was dedicated July 6, 1884, President Joseph Smith preached the dedicatory sermon, Elder William H. Kelley offered the invocation, and Elder Mark H. Forscutt the dedicatory prayer. President Joseph Smith wrote editorially of the occasion as follows:

It was an important occasion. Difficulties of a serious character had been met and overcome in the erecting the building. Many, perhaps all, had done what they could to further it. Success had crowned their efforts; and now the people of God desired to present their work to him whom they served, for his acceptance. Past differences were merged in the triumph of the present. Strife, if there had been any, had given away to kindly thoughts. Bickerings, if they had occurred, were traced to anxiety and care, induced by troubles natural to the situation; these were as clouds of yesterday; and the halo of better determinations was obscuring their remembrance. Old-time memories, of joy in the word, of restful comfort in Christ, of sorrows and pains endured, of dangers passed through in the days of persecution, all rose in quick and vivid succession, while the profound peace of the time, the propitious hour, the renewed joy and peace in the Holy One of Israel, brought to the heart such a benison of blessing that we sat in heavenly places in very deed.

Miss Kate Field, the renowned journalist, was present at

this dedication, and interviewed several of the leading officials. This building was located in the eastern part of town, on East Lexington Street.

The membership at this time consisted of about one hundred and seventy-five souls. At a prayer meeting in this church a prophecy was given that the Saints would gather to Independence until the building would not be large enough to hold the people. By the year 1887 it was fulfilled; a larger building was needed. The branch held a business meeting January 3, 1887, and appointed a committee consisting of Frederick G. Pitt, Francis W. Barbee, Frederick C. Warnky, Charles A. Bishop, and Joseph Luff to select a new location, and empowered the committee with authority to sell the old church and build a larger one. The location was finally made on Electric Street, just across from the Temple Lot. As a result of these efforts the corner stone was laid for the Stone Church April 6, 1888. *The Saints' Herald* writes of this occasion as follows:

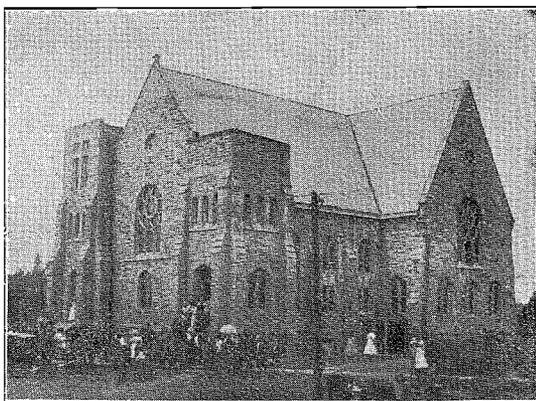
On the 6th of April last, it was the fortune of the Saints visiting Independence for the purpose of being present during conference, to assist in the service of laying the corner stone of the new church, now being erected by the branch there.

There were a good many present and much good feeling prevailed. There is no formula laid down in the church works to be observed upon such occasions other than the precedents of laying corner stones of the temples at Kirtland and Nauvoo, and these not being applicable to the occasion, we were under the necessity of proceeding upon the present dictation of propriety and circumstance.

The choir of the branch, under the charge of Brother F. W. Barbee, leader of the choir, and John T. Kinnaman, of Stewartsville, Missouri, sang an anthem, after which a number of speeches were made by Brethren E. C. Brand, E. L. Kelley, A. H. Smith, I. N. White, Reverend Palmore, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Independence, C. Derry, President Joseph Smith, and the prayer was offered by Brother W. W. Blair. The choir sang several excellent songs during the intervals between the speeches.

The mechanical work of laying the stone was superintended by Brethren A. Jessiman, J. A. Kennedy, and John Earnshaw. The stone when lowered to its bed contained a cavity in which a metal box was placed containing in deposit the following articles:

Holy Scriptures, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Saints' Harp, Joseph the Prophet (by Tullidge), Joseph the Seer (by Blair), Manuscript Found, Report of First Building Committee, *Herald, Hope, Autumn Leaves, Independence Gazette, Independence Daily Sentinel, Independence Weekly Sentinel, Kansas City Times, Kansas City Journal, Lamoni Gazette*; Photographs of Joseph the Seer, President Joseph Smith, W. W. Blair, G. A. Blakeslee, Israel L. Rogers, A. H. Smith, W. H. Kelley, John H. Lake, Heman C. Smith, G. T. Griffiths, R. J. Anthony, and of the building committee; a copper cent bearing date 1817, taken from the corner stone of Kirtland Temple, deposited by G. A. Blakeslee.



“Neath the skies that rise over the city ‘beautiful for situation.’”

The scene was impressive and suggestive. Many years ago a little handful of men hailing from the East, and far east gathered around a stone designed to mark the resting place of an altar to be erected to the worship of God, and there in the midst of dangers similar to those once pending where the Huguenots sung and prayed, dedicated the labor of their hands to God. How changed—a half century later. Sons of some of those men, with others whose fathers were made exiles on America’s free soil for religion’s sake and many who believed on Christ through their words, gathered in hundreds to place in its bed a stone marking a spot where Israel’s wandering and waiting children propose to raise an altar whereon the sons of Jacob might “offer an offering in righteousness.” The Lord had promised the men who had laid the first stone with their comrades, on Fishing River, fifty years ago, that if they would hearken to him, and do as he counseled them, they should find “grace and favor with the people.” The men to whom the promise was made failed in even trying to keep those last words of counsel, given them on Zion’s borders. Their children, taking these words as if ad-

dressed to them, have essayed to keep the counsel then given, and the Lord, mindful of the words that had "gone out of his mouth," has blessed them as he had covenanted to bless their fathers, and the assembly gathered on that April day 'neath the skies that rise over the city "beautiful for situation," bear witness to the keeping of God's word. In peace, by the common consent of the entire community where the Saints are dwelling, with the active cooperation of many, and the outspoken sympathy of many more, the people of the church once driven from the State, in open day, with the watchful guardians of the public safety careful that they were not disturbed and the spirit of American liberty again outraged, set up the stone designated to show where the "sanctuary and the true tabernacle had been pitched."

Devoted to the idea, almost as grand as that of the creation itself, that God had designed from the fall, to grant to the race a means of redemption, which was to result in the gathering "into one" all that was good and noble and grand in the universe, those whose labor on that day was to be crowned with success if prayer and toil and sacrifice could avail them, could see in the present event and the completion of their wishes an evidence that God had neither forgotten nor was neglectful of his design; and that in the gospel, the preaching, influence and spirit of which had brought them together was testified of as the means under Christ to accomplish the work.

We saw much after the conference at Independence closed to make us love the Saints of that city. We learned that the force of their precept and example had been felt; and that society was willing to concede so far, that the people were good citizens, and could be trusted in judgment and action where the interest and well-being of the community were concerned. If we saw anything that distressed, or annoyed, we shall not notice it here; we were visiting and courtesy demands that we do not spread abroad the shortcomings of those whose guests we were. The new church is progressing finely. It will be an imposing and beautiful structure worthy for Saints to occupy and bless to the community by the precept and example of a righteous people.

At the time the stake was organized (April 24, 1901,) the Independence District contained nine branches, with a total membership approximating two thousand five hundred members. The branch had grown rapidly, and though troubles were many and obstacles formidable, there was a constant increase during the years, and the organization of the stake was but the legitimate outgrowth of a developing organization.

MEMORIES OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

My first memory of Independence is a feeling like to one who treads on holy ground, for I was young and full of dreams, and everything I had heard of this city was clothed by my romance-loving nature in words of fire and set in a book of darkness, which some day the whole world should read. Then its sackcloth covering should be for ever removed and the ashes of its sorrow blown away. There was nothing to which I could compare it, for its story was unique, its future glorious, and when I stepped from the train into one of the springtime nights I caught my breath in long, eager draughts. The sweet, evasive fragrance of awakening nature came from glad, crisp grass, the nodding daffodils and hyacinths; the bursting bloom of fruit tree and early flowering shrubs. The streets were quiet and stretched with their white macadam away into a night full of stars and shadows. The shadowy knoll pointed out as the temple lot seemed to be standing apart from all else in a dignity of patient waiting. There was no reproach in its houseless condition. In its stately beauty it could brook nothing less than the magnificence and glory of its promised crown, the temple of the Most High. And so far to my mind it has ever held itself away, as having no intimate association with anything yet built by mortal hands.

Our way led along Lexington Street, away to the eastern end, where we met a welcome in the home of the lifelong friend of the family, Elder John W. Brackenbury. That first walk on the streets of Zion is for ever clear to me, and the morning that followed,—I could hardly wait for it to come so eager was I to see this city of sad history and splendid hope. The first day was rich in its wonderful visions that met

the eye everywhere. To the east and south lay a panorama of beauty and from the Temple Lot, that my feet were burning to touch, the eye was feasted with richly wooded hills where magnificent forest trees grew. In the strength of the luxurious hills they had laid their noble roots, and the spring-time sun was bringing out the glory of their unfolding verdure. Out of all this I wove a girlish daydream of a people returning by the thousands to inherit this goodly land.

We sought out our new home. The maple trees in front of it were hurrying their spring dresses and the song birds rejoiced in their branches. At the north stood two silver-leaved poplars, gray-barked and stately, and south of the house grew a large cedar. We had heard already that it was near to the square on the one side and a few blocks from the Temple Lot on the other. The square! The same old square where not many years ago our people had suffered such ignominious insult, and where six brave men, led by that true Saint of Saints, Edward Partridge, had offered themselves ransom to save their people, and to so little purpose. The square sitting in the midst of such beautiful surroundings. In the center of its four corners stood the courthouse; not the courthouse where our forefathers stood so long ago, nor the present fine edifice, but one built in 1872. Surrounded by fine trees and soft grasses. Facing the square park, stood the places of traffic and trade, and the streets were often busy as an old-fashioned market city can be. This is the square from which our forefathers in the faith went sadly and unwillingly away to remove their families from their clear-titled and legal homes. Many of them went by the glare of their burning homes to camps without cover and hearths without fire.

Beautiful Independence, how soon another edict went forth from a high power, that lit bonfires unholy and spread terror

and dismay in the midst of those who had driven an innocent, helpless people from your hill country. That fateful Order No. 11 that swept like a scourge through western Missouri, and the terror of bushwhackers and kindred bands that followed in its wake, spread swift terror and sorrow for a people who less than a quarter of a century before had, some of them,



The old Boggs Spring.

assisted in the consummation of a shameful scourging of the innocent. Had the mill of the gods been set to grind so soon?

But as we walked over some of those historic grounds we had strong hope that the thirst for blood and destruction had been satiated here, and this land so richly baptized was ready to receive its own.

Following to the south on the street where our new home

stood we found some interest in the old Boggs Spring and in speculating on the mysterious tragedy that occurred so long ago in the old house standing half way between Pleasant and Spring Streets, where the life of Lilburn W. Boggs came so near going out. And although political enemies were thick about him, his fearsome heart turned back to the people he had in unwarranted hate driven like wolves and worse, for *his* order of eviction had been only a little less merciless than that historic Order No. 11. Little wonder that he felt the lash of a coward's terrified conscience driving him to lay this thing at their door. From them for good reason he feared his own annihilation.

But they were too busy building homes and studying to bless mankind to turn back for revenge. They rested safe in the assurance, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." How often there touched on our ears names familiar in the history that kept our hearts burning for this city. But the sound of these names brought little bitterness. There was a something connected with them like the lingering sensations of a troubled dream.

Little events connected with people of importance come back to me like the dreary day when my little mother and myself sat in the low-ceiled, quaint, old home, on one of the busy *old* streets of Independence. In common with the majority of people who sat in that scrupulously neat little house we were there out of respect to the quick-moving, gentle-mannered little widow, who stood by the coffined dead of her husband, William E. McLellan. Some were there in sheer curiosity and some to pay a conventional duty to this citizen of such magnificent physical proportions; such powerful voice and peculiar temperament, who had come first into their city in the thirties with a band of Mormon missionaries, one who came later to make his home with them, when the fire of his early religious

zeal was burned out, and he was an alien from the gospel faith of his early manhood. A tall, dark, rather distinguished appearing man stood by the delicately formed little widow and called her mother. It was he that gravely handed his mother and mine into the carriage that followed the one-time apostle of Latter Day Saint doctrine to the open grave in that beautiful old cemetery. Ah! that was a beautiful place of rest; to me it was exquisitely peaceful. One of the enchanting things was the hills opposite and the serrated sides of them, where jagged layers of gray and dun-colored stone showed, mossy and grass-grown. It is not so now. No, the narrow homes crept up the hills and filled the place of peace to the gates.

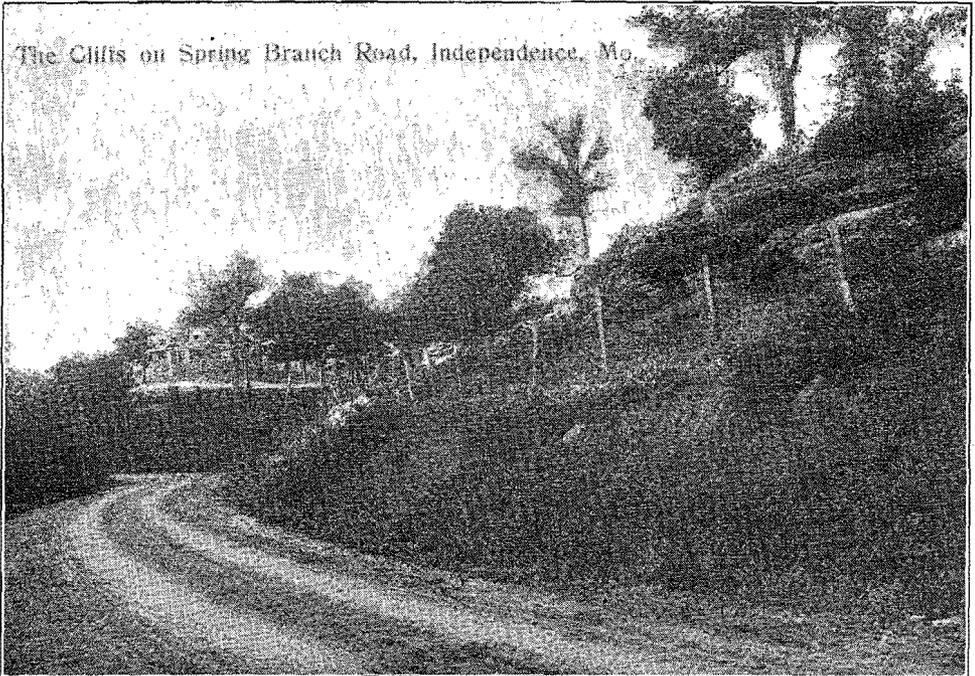
It was in Independence that William McLellin had loudly and with tremendous emphasis predicted the everlasting and unlimited smash of the church—but *he* was going to build a church that would stay for ever, and *he* was going to preach until he “would be heard for two miles.” There was a twinkle in the blue eyes of my father then, as he mildly admitted the possibility of the latter part of the boast.

In the quiet simplicity of our little parlor in Independence I first met what seemed to me a real potentate in the busy world, a person of renown and distinction to my youthful eyes, and to this day that picture of Kate Field is as plain to me as the scenes of an hour ago. Straight, tall, direct, and at times sparkling with animation, she paced the little room and said, “Gentlemen, *something must be done.*” And what was it that so distressed this gifted and busy writer?—what, but the conditions facing womanhood in Utah. There was something in her earnest, eager spirit that day that was to my waiting soul like a long delayed spark to waiting tinder; and the fire that her presence lighted leaps within my spirit yet, fed and fanned from that day on.

I recall meeting people of consideration in the humble home

of my father. There then occurred, too, the trials that came to us; but some way the beautiful and blest, I remember first and best.

It was here that the ignorance of myself and mother let us have some uneasiness and worry, started by the presence of



The Cliffs on Spring Branch Road, Independence, Mo.

“Past lovely spots to beautiful places.”

a mortgage. Father was in California, and we were in ignorance. Mother said, “You go and ask Lawyer Crysler for help,” and after getting my breath I donned my wraps and putting a great professional air over my timid but loudly beating heart passed down the corridor to the lawyer’s office, at that time on the second floor over the post office. Secretly I thought Mr. Crysler a handsome, intellectual looking man,

with his aristocratic and dignified manners, yet I dreaded to approach such greatness. As I was shown into his bare, simple office, he came quickly forward with the manner of a knight and greeted me. I looked straight into his eyes and said, "I was so afraid to come up here; but mother said I must see a lawyer, and you are the only one I knew." It really seemed to me that lawyers were very august personages. He smiled as he took a chair near me and in a moment I was telling our troubles. He did not treat me as though it were a foolish thing to be worried; he said, "That man knows better; tell your mother to be assured he can do nothing." Then he explained everything to me very simply and I rose to go. "If either you or your mother need any more help, let me know," and I returned home feeling that if he was a sample of the world's lawyers theirs was a kind, gentle, and manly profession, for my only other lawyer acquaintance was our own church lawyer, Brother Edmund L. Kelley, in whom my girlish opinion was verified.

The first church meeting I recall was in the old brick church, a small structure not yet finished. Why it was called old, can not be from age, but simply because of the stone church. The interior presented a most inhospitable and dreary appearance, and the exterior was still unpainted. My father, and Joseph F. Burton, then a guest with his wife in our home, assisted in putting on some casings and wainscoting. There was no organ in the building, and not many in the branch; but one day the branch bought one, and then the faith of some was tried. One said, "If that goes in the church, I will go out." Poor soul! that little squeaky, loose-jointed organ was a cross to more than one in the branch. When it was replaced by a better one, the cross was removed from some, but it led on, and broke virgin soil in Independence for the musical department.

There were several roads out of the old town and I traveled them with a glad, young heart. They were beautiful with fall daisies, or springtime violets, or made merry with the chime of happy voices in the short winter season.

I used to think that all roads out of Independence led past



“Through a tangle of wildwood.”

lovely spots to beautiful places, for springs gushed from the hills and the spirit of invitation lay over this “land with a story.”

Nearly everyone led to some hospitable shelter where hearts beat like our own to the jubilant songs of a returning people. The old road that led up from the landing on the banks of the untamed Missouri, where our early church people landed,

came through a tangle of wildwood in those old days. And walking along it in later years we felt the mystery of an old path and half listened to hear the call of men and the voices of women that sounded here so long ago.

The brick church, without beauty of itself, still seems in memory as it seemed then, a tabernacle in which to wait—a shrine in the midst of strangers that presaged an altar in the country of our forefathers. Here we worshiped the same Holy One of Israel and sung songs of Zion, and fought a good fight, for we had to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints. Our members were few, but the variety of opinions were great and exceedingly emphatic and firm, but the heart turns back to congenial and delightful committee meetings and the social gatherings at the homes of happy friends, where young and old and middle-aged joined in merriment and song. Not all was union, but the friends that mingled their voices with ours in those early days of Zion's renaissance are held for ever blest in memory.

Back to the scenes in the Brick, not the hard-wrought "entertainment" and trying "choir meetings." Nay, but the times when we sang softly to comfort the mourner, and when the gladness of song overflowed the building, when souls came into the Kingdom at the Gate—and little children were blessed, and just one of its weddings. Outside the summer clouds had dropped their garnered fullness down, and now it was the wedding hour. The summer day was almost done, as the man of God bent over the bowed heads of the white-robed girl and the man at her side, as his voice fell softer in the word of benediction, a glory shone from the west and the setting sun lay in long fingers of yellow light on the newly wedded ones who walked together out of the Old Brick Church. And far from those scenes to-night and all that connects me with them, I still look back to that beautiful city of dreams as it was—

and forward in fancy to its streets as I hope to be permitted to see them. Is this all I remember?

I have dreamed and not slept,
 And richer than this
 Are the things I have kept,
 And would I go back,
 Ah no—and ah nay,
 Not for the week, or an hour of the day
 But just for a dream.
 Why do I “look o’er these leveled gravestones”?
 “They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
 Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
 And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.”

FROM THE DYING TESTIMONY OF AN EXILED
 SAINT.

Gird up now the loins of your minds, beloved Saints, and put your entire trust in God, for the Lord will remember his people, and he will raise up a leader for them and bring back the scattered ones who are now dispersed over the face of the earth. Yea, he will bring them back, and they shall build again the waste places of Zion which have been thrown down, and with everlasting mercy he will comfort them. . . . I go to my rest, and my dying counsel to you is, “Hold fast to the rod of iron.” We have not followed any cunningly devised scheme of man, and our faith has not stood in man’s wisdom. Sorrow, dispersion and weeping may endure for a night, but the morning is near and healing is on her wings. . . . I leave you in a strange land, far from kindred and home, but the God who spake to me years ago concerning the coming forth of this work, the God who has led me all my life long, has given me assurance that he will be with you, and in his care I leave you. Be faithful in his service and he will never forsake you. I have seen the flock scattered as sheep without a shepherd, but God has his eye upon them and will gather them up, and “at eventime there will be light.” Fear not beloved Saints, put your trust in God. Fully realizing that I shall soon appear before him, I have longed with great desire to leave my dying testimony with you. This is God’s work. Be faithful to the end and he will reward you with everlasting life. Amen.
 Frances.

INDEPENDENCE STAKE.

BY WILLIAM H. GARRETT.

Possibly there may arise in the mind of some reader a query as to the meaning of the heading of this article, the term "stake," in association with ecclesiastical or church government, being unfamiliar to the average student; a few words in explanation may not, therefore, be inappropriate.

A stake represents a government on a limited scale patterned after the general or chief government in the church of Jesus Christ, or the kingdom of God. To make it more clear, we may compare it to a state organization under the Federal Government. Each State in the United States has an independent government so far as the functions of its officers and laws are concerned, acting in harmony with the laws of the United States. No State has the right to make or seek to enforce within its territory, any measure which would conflict with the laws of the General Government; nor the General Government with the procedure of any State except to regulate that which conflicts with its rights, and to restore or assist in restoring peace and harmony when, from any cause, the local government finds itself incapacitated to cope with the situation, unaided.

A stake consists of a number of counties in one or more states having a presidency of three high priests, (a president and two counselors); a high council of twelve high priests, presided over by this presidency; a bishopric of three, (a bishop and two counselors), in charge of the financial interests in the stake. Then there are the different officers of branches or churches within the territory working under the direction of the stake officers.

The functions of the high council of the stake are to sit on cases of appeal from the lower courts, and to assist the presi-

dency when called upon, relative to proper measures to be adopted for the development of stake work.

The purpose of a stake is to perfect and unify the work of the church.

The authority for the existence of the Independence Stake is found in instructions from the Lord, given through his servant Joseph Smith, at Independence, Missouri, April 15, 1901, published in Doctrine and Covenants 125: 10, and reads as follows:

My people are directed to establish two stakes: one at Independence, one at Lamoni, Iowa, organizing them after the pattern which is found in the law; a presiding high priest with counselors, a high council, and a bishop and his counselors. These stakes shall be made to comprise the boundaries of the districts as they now stand, the center at the towns and places named; and the majority of the councils that should be chosen should be residents of the places named, in order that there may ever be a sufficient body to transact the business required.

At the afternoon session of the General Conference, April 17, 1901, a resolution prevailed that the matter of the organization of the stakes referred to in the revelation, "be referred to the Presidency, and the Twelve, to complete."

On Wednesday, April 24, 1901, at two o'clock, p. m., this council met with a large congregation in the church at Independence, to organize the stake. President Joseph Smith and his counselors, Alexander H. Smith, and Edmund L. Kelley, were chosen to preside. Elder Richard S. Salyards, secretary of the church, was chosen secretary, and Mrs. Orville L. James, and Miss M. Eunice Winn were selected as stenographers.

The chairman made a few remarks relative to the officials to be selected and installed, stating that it was his understanding that the organization of the stake superseded the district organization; that the presidency of the stake would replace the district president, and so far as the Independence church presidency was concerned, the presidency of the stake should be the presidency of the Independence Branch.

A motion prevailed approving the action of the General Conference in authorizing the joint council of the Presidency and Twelve to provide for the organization of the Independence Stake.



ELDER GEORGE H. HULMES.

The chair read a communication from Elder William H. Garrett, tendering his resignation as president of the Independence Branch. Bishop Roderick May also presented his resignation as president of the Independence District. These were accepted with a vote of thanks for past services.

President Smith announced that he was authorized by the joint council to present the name of George H. Hulmes for president of the stake. Elder Hulmes stated his willingness to serve, and the nomination was unanimously endorsed by the body.

The chair then presented the recommendations of the joint council for seven high priests, who were to choose five others, making twelve, to form the high council of the stake, as fol-

lows: Henry R. Mills, William H. Garrett, William R. Pickering, James Moler, Alexander McCallum, John D. White, and Alonzo H. Parsons. If from these names the president of the stake chose his counselors; other names would be recommended to fill the vacancies. All of those named stated their willingness to accept the office, and were indorsed by the body.

The president announced that he was further authorized to present the names of Bishop Roderick May, and his counselors, William H. Pease, and Wallace N. Robinson, to be the bishopric of the stake, which nominations were on motion, unanimously ratified.

Elder Hulmes presented the names of William H. Garrett and John D. White as his counselors, which choice was ratified by the body, and the names of Buford J. Scott, to take the place of William H. Garrett, and George Hawley, to take the place of John D. White, were presented by the council and were indorsed by the body.

The resignation of D. Robert Winn, as secretary and treasurer of the Independence District was read and accepted, and he was instructed to account to the bishop of the stake for all funds of the district in his possession.

Those who had been approved were in impressive solemnity ordained in the following order: George H. Hulmes, president of stake, by Elders William H. Kelley and Frederick G. Pitt; William H. Garrett, first counselor to president of stake, by Edmund L. Kelley and Heman C. Smith; John D. White, second counselor to president of stake, by Heman C. Smith and Edmund L. Kelley; Henry R. Mills, high priest and high councilor, by Frederick G. Pitt and Edmund L. Kelley; William R. Pickering, high councilor, by William H. Kelley and Heman C. Smith; Alexander McCallum, high priest and high councilor, by Edmund L. Kelley and Frederick G. Pitt; James Moler, high councilor, by Heman C. Smith and William H. Kelley;

George Hawley, high priest and high councilor, by Frederick G. Pitt and Edmund L. Kelley; Alonzo H. Parsons, high councilor, by William H. Kelley and Heman C. Smith; Buford J. Scott, high priest and high councilor, by Edmund L. Kelley and Frederick G. Pitt.



BISHOP RODERICK MAY.

At the conclusion of the ordination service, an intermission was taken while those who had been ordained retired to make choice of the five remaining members of the High Council. These officials met in the primary room in the church, John D. White was chosen secretary, and after a season of earnest, solemn prayer for divine guidance, the following were nomi-

nated, and by separate vote approved: (1) Elder Frank Criley, (2) Elder Alfred White, (3) Elder Clayton G. Gould, (4) Priest William H. Williamson, (5) Elder C. Frederick Scarcliff.

The committee returned to the assembly room with their recommendations, and those named having given assurance of their willingness to serve, were ordained as follows: Frank Criley, high priest and high councilor, by William H. Kelley and Frederick G. Pitt; William H. Williamson, high priest and high councilor, by Heman C. Smith and Edmund L. Kelley; Alfred White, high priest and high councilor, by Frederick G. Pitt and William H. Kelley; Clayton G. Gould, high priest and high councilor, by William H. Kelley and Heman C. Smith; C. Frederick Scarcliff, high priest and high councilor, by Edmund L. Kelley and Heman C. Smith.

President Joseph Smith, on behalf of the joint council, then turned over the organization to the authorities of the stake as constituted, and the council stood adjourned to meet at Lamoni, Iowa, April 30, 1901, for the organization of the stake there.

At 7.30 p. m., the assembly was again in session, and D. Robert Winn was elected secretary of the stake. The remaining time of the session was occupied until nine o'clock, in seeking information from President Smith relative to proper procedure and the relative duties attaching to each branch of official work.

The presence of the Holy Spirit, so markedly manifest in the work of the organization, was a comforting assurance of the acceptance of that which has been done in harmony with the instructions of our heavenly Father, at the conference; and all rejoiced that they were permitted to occupy the advanced position so long anticipated.

There were present in this work of the joint council, Presi-

dents Joseph Smith, Alexander H. Smith, and Edmund L. Kelley; of the Quorum of Twelve, William H. Kelley, Heman C. Smith, Joseph Luff, Joseph R. Lambert, Isaac N. White, Richard C. Evans, John W. Wight, James Caffall, John H. Lake, Gomer T. Griffiths, Peter Anderson, and Edmund C. Briggs; of the Bishopric, Edmund L. Kelley, and George H. Hilliard; of the Standing High Council, Robert M. Elvin and John A. Robinson.

The record of the work of stakes in detail being very limited, those who had been placed in charge of the work in the Independence Stake felt it incumbent upon them to study the subject, and, so far as possible, acquaint themselves with its requirements, that intelligent service might be given. Accordingly, a joint council of the presidency, the bishopric, and high council of the stake was held at Independence, May 3, 1901, and resolutions were adopted defining the duties of the presidency of the stake, the Stake Bishopric, the Stake High Council; and defining the duties of members, regarding moving into the stake; instructing them to correspond with the bishop of the stake before doing so, and advising that they comply with the law pertaining to surplus property, tithing and consecration. They also defined the meaning of the word *surplus*, and resolved that all offerings, consecrations, and tithings should be by voluntary act.

The council expressed itself against locating, erecting or purchasing church property, except by approval of the bishopric, or if necessary, by direction of the High Council.

A lengthy epistle of the presidency of the stake was issued on May 24, containing instruction given in the endeavor to meet the requirements of conditions as they appeared to these men. Humility, prayerfulness, wisdom and diligence were enjoined in all duties and opportunities opened to the Saints. They pointed out that financial success could not be obtained

on theoretical lines only, but on the eminently practical ones of cleanness of thought and conduct, moderation, mildness, temperance, long-suffering, patience, and kindness. Instruction was also given regarding family prayer, education and instruction of children, in order to make them useful members of society and the church. Instruction to the priesthood regarding labor and reporting was treated upon in the epistle. The epistle advised the cultivation of musical talent, both instrumental and vocal, in families and branches. The administration of the sacrament of bread and wine received special consideration. This epistle was signed by George H. Hulmes, William H. Garrett, John D. White.

The passing of two prominent ministers during the month of April this year (1902) left vacancies deeply felt for years. The first to answer the summons was Elder Morris Trimble Short, one of the Quorum of Seventy, and a valiant defender of the faith. He had a sunny, cheerful temperament; his greatest delight was to tell the gospel story, and so long as his strength remained, he was never satisfied unless he was occupying in ministering in word, doctrine and ordinance. Shortly before his departure, suffering though he was, weakened and nervous from the effects of the disease which sapped his life,—diabetes and heart trouble—he expressed his continued and abiding faith in the love and wisdom of his heavenly Father, and looked forward with joyful anticipations to his release from suffering and the association with the blessed in the beautiful paradise of God. He was fruitful in beautiful imagery, and one of his utterances just before his passing evinced his supreme faith in his Lord and the happy life to which he looked forward with so much confidence: “The moment of this mortal ending is the triumphal arch and eternal gateway into the fair fields of immortality.” His death occurred April 8, after an illness of several months. The funeral

sermon, at his request, was delivered by Elder Joseph Luff, April 9. His ministry covered a period of about twenty-seven years. He was born in Lawrence County, Indiana, August 2, 1844. He united with the church at Galesburg, Missouri, in 1874, and was ordained an elder in 1875 by Elder James Caffall. Three years later at a General Conference at Plano, Illinois, he was ordained a seventy, by apostles William H. Kelley and Zenos H. Gurley. His wife, two daughters, and one son survive him.

Following swiftly upon the demise of Elder Short came that of another of nature's noblemen, High Priest John A. Robinson, of Independence, which occurred April 12, 1902, after an illness of several months' duration, borne with fortitude and submission. His life had been one of intense activity, both as a business man and a minister of the gospel. His geniality, quick wit, and kindly disposition made him a companionable associate who was welcomed everywhere in a wide circle of acquaintance. At home, on the train, in hotels, in towns, cities and villages, wherever his calling required his presence, he always sought opportunity to talk and preach the gospel of Christ. It was his delight to discuss the plan of salvation, and very many have heard the message in convincing plainness in this way, through his instrumentality. He had occupied as president of the Independence District, presiding elder of the Independence Branch, and at his death was an honored member of the standing High Council, the highest judicial body in the church. He was born in the county of Fermanagh, Ireland, December 1, 1840; his mother, an earnest and devoted Christian, had prayed for a son, and in the later years of her life her petition was granted. Like the mother of Samuel of old, she desired in her heart that he should live to be a preacher of the gospel, and this was her prayer to the Lord. She lived to be baptized into the church by her son.

He was baptized into the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Fort Madison, Lee County, Iowa, by Elder John H. Lake, August 14, 1871. March 19, 1875, he was ordained an elder by Elders Mark H. Forscutt and Hiram C. Bronson, and on April 15, 1890, at Lamoni, Iowa, was ordained a high priest, by John H. Lake and Charles Derry, later being ordained a member of the High Council, as noted above.

The funeral was held April 14, Elder Joseph Luff preaching the sermon. His wife, two daughters and two sons survive him.

The first break in the organization of the stake occurred in the early part of the year 1902 when Elder William H. Pease, counselor to the bishop of the stake, resigned on account of business engagements. At the stake conference held in the Saints' church at Armstrong, Kansas, March 8, 1902, Bishop May presented the name of Alonzo H. Parsons to fill the vacancy, which was ratified by the conference. Wednesday, May 14, of that year, he was ordained a counselor, under the hands of Apostles Joseph Luff, Isaac N. White, and Bishop Roderick May.

The summer of 1902 a lot was purchased, a chapel erected, and on August 10, a branch was organized at Argentine, Kansas. Elder James A. Gillen elected president; Herbert Creese, priest, and F. O. Thomason, teacher. The branch started with a membership of twenty.

In writing of the work in the Kansas Citys (Missouri and Kansas), August 17, Brother John C. Grainger says, "The Kansas City mission work is booming. There are four permanent missions established for preaching, and two tents in full operation every night, besides the meetings and auxiliaries of the six organized branches in the two Kansas Citys. Argentine church was completely equipped for branch work,

with a full corps of officers. The building is in a friendly neighborhood."

Tent services were also conducted during the summer months at Holden, Postoak, Warrensburg, Knobnoster, Lees Summit, and Lone Jack, Missouri, in the eastern part of the stake, by Elders Hulmes, Parsons, Warnky, and others.

In the month of December, 1902, Brother Arthur H. Mills, acting for the Hawthorne Society, composed of lady members of Independence Branch purchased a pipe organ for the church, to cost about two thousand five hundred dollars. This organ was completed and erected in the church the latter part of February of the following year. Besides supplying funds to pay for the organ, the Hawthorne Society have contributed eleven hundred dollars for the church building. The organ was used in regular worship the following Sunday, with Brethren Ralph G. Smith and Arthur H. Mills, as organists.

March 7, 1903, Priest Henry Etzenhouser, the first president of the Independence Branch when it was organized in 1873, departed this life at his home in Independence, aged seventy-nine years. He had lived an honorable and upright life, and was a firm advocate of the gospel of Christ.

The fiftieth General Conference held its sessions in this church April 6 to 14, preceded by the General Conventions of the Zion's Religio-Literary Society, and the General Sunday School Association.

Another break in the organization of the stake occurred during this summer by the removal from its boundaries of Elder Wallace N. Robinson, counselor of Bishop Roderick May. At the stake conference held at Independence, September 11, Bishop May presented the name of Elder Buford J. Scott, of Independence, to fill the vacancy, which received the unanimous ratification of the conference, and he was ordained Sunday, October 25, by President Joseph Smith, Apostle Joseph Luff, and Bishop Roderick May.

In the month of October of this year, upon the advice and instruction of Presiding Bishop E. L. Kelley, a tract of twenty acres of land was selected by Bishops George H. Hilliard and Roderick May, about one mile north of the city of Independence, to be used for a cemetery. Bishop May made the contract, and the land was secured and laid out in lots, the ground being dedicated later.

The passing of Priest Aaron E. Weidman, at his home in Knobnoster, Missouri, January 27, 1904, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, removed one of the pioneer workers in the Independence District, and Stake. He had occupied as president of the Knobnoster Branch for many years, and was an able, wise, spiritual leader. He with his excellent wife, and Mrs. Zuber, were the mainstays when the work was at a low ebb there. He was an educator, and for many years superintendent of the public schools there, highly respected for his integrity, though his faith was not popular. He was a genial, lovable man and brother. His wife, three sons, and two daughters were the bereaved of the immediate family.

The branch at Lamoni, Iowa, had long been the largest membership in the Reorganized Church, but the report of the recorder of the Independence Branch, submitted March 10, 1904, gave the membership at that date as 1332, while Lamoni reports showed a membership there of 1365. This comparison is given to illustrate the renewed interest in the "center place" since the organization of the stake in 1901.

At the stake conference held at Independence, March 12, 1904, a committee consisting of Elders George H. Hulmes, Roderick May, Ellis Short, and George H. Hilliard, was appointed to draft resolutions to the United States Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections; having under investigation the case of Senator Reed Smoot, from Utah, protesting against the statements of President Joseph F. Smith of the Utah Church, and others, that polygamy was an original tenet of the church,

under the presidency of Joseph Smith, the Seer. A resolution was also passed at this conference to petition the General Conference to include Cooper County, Missouri, in this stake. High Priest Robert Winning was ordained a member of the Stake High Council at this conference by Elders Isaac N. White, George H. Hulmes, and William H. Garrett, to fill a vacancy.

Wednesday afternoon, June 15, 1904, upon invitation of Bishop Roderick May, who had charge of the Mound Grove Cemetery, referred to before, Elders Isaac N. White, minister in charge, George H. Hulmes and William H. Garrett of the stake presidency, Henry R. Mills of the High Council, and Ammon White, of the missionary force in Kansas City, visited the cemetery for the purpose of consecrating it as a place of interment of the dead. Assembling under a large oak tree, Bishop May stated the purpose of the meeting and asked Elder Isaac N. White to take charge of the proceedings. As president of the stake, Elder Hulmes was asked to make the prayer of consecration which he did in an earnest invocation for the peace and blessing of God upon the land, that it might be consecrated for the purpose for which it had been purchased; that a marked peace might attend those who were called to mourn the separation from loved ones, as they were interred there, and that a sacred, peaceful influence might so pervade the place that even the stranger who came might realize its presence. Comforting assurances were felt of the acceptance of the work, and after the benediction by Bishop May, the party returned to their homes.

Tent services were held in Independence during the weeks of August 1 to 14, President Joseph Smith, Bishop Edmund L. Kelley, George H. Hilliard, George H. Hulmes occupying the pulpit. Reverend Doctor J. J. Martin, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, preached once, very acceptably.

The first reunion of this stake was held on the fair grounds

at Holden, Missouri, September 2 to 9, closing with the stake conference the 10th and 11th. It was a most enjoyable and profitable occasion. The minister in charge and the stake presidency were made presidents of the reunion. Elders Francis M. Slover, Silas J. Madden, Frederick C. Warnky, John D. White, James Moler, James R. Sutton, Arthur Allen, Ernest R. Dewsnup, Washington S. Macrae, Alonzo H. Parsons, Isaac N. White, John Kaler, George H. Hilliard, President Joseph Smith, and William Aylor, were the preachers. The stake conventions of the Religio and Sunday school held profitable sessions during the reunion.

The organization of the stakes seemed to arouse in the minds of many of the Saints a renewed interest in the "gathering," as foretold by the Lord, and designed by him for the comfort and blessing of his people, and numbers came to the Independence Stake during the years succeeding that in which it was constituted. Independence and Holden, Missouri, seemed to attract the majority of the newcomers, though Lees Summit, Postoak, Warrensburg, and Knobnoster also were chosen by some. At Holden the Saints were worshiping in a church building belonging to the Episcopal Church, which was about the year 1903, found to be wholly inadequate for the needs of the largely increased membership, and steps were taken to secure a lot on which to erect a new house of worship. The site at first chosen was not wholly satisfactory, and an exchange was made by which a fine lot in a good location was purchased, and in the month of March, 1905, the erection of a building forty by seventy-eight feet, with a twenty-eight foot ell, was begun under the direction of Elder Arthur Allen, a builder of long experience.

The work on this building was carried on with such earnestness and enthusiasm that on Sunday, August 13, 1905, it was formally opened for divine service, Elder Allen preaching the first sermon, Bishop Roderick May of Independence, being in

charge of the services. The labor on this building was all donated except about twenty-five dollars. Elder George H. Hulmes, president of the stake, preached at night.

August 20, 1905, Elder Frederick C. Warnky, who had been holding services in Kansas City, Missouri, and had baptized sixteen, organized a Sunday school of thirty-six members; Lewis A. Fowler, superintendent, Henry W. Goold, assistant superintendent, and Miss Lulu Bradley, secretary. This mission was later organized at the Fourth Kansas City, Missouri, Branch.

The next break in the organization of the stake occurred July 20, of this year, 1905, Elder George Hawley, of the Stake High Council, passing to the other side, at the home of his son Gideon, near Holden, Missouri, with whom he had made his home the previous ten or more years, at the age of about eighty-one years. He was born in Sangamon County, Illinois, September 24, 1824, ordained an elder by Lyman Wight in 1843, and a high priest, by Frederick G. Pitt and Edmund L. Kelley, April 24, 1901. He was baptized in Caldwell County, Missouri, November, 1838, and passed through the trying scenes there and in Nauvoo, Illinois. He was intimately acquainted with Joseph Smith, the Seer, and was always an ardent admirer and staunch defender of the character of that wonderful servant of the Lord. His testimony as to the purity and uprightness of the life of the prophet, was earnest and emphatic. He always assured his hearers that Joseph Smith had no connection with the doctrine of polygamy; charging Brigham Young, with whom he was intimately acquainted, with being the author of that infamous doctrine. At one time Brother Hawley resided in Utah, but on his return to the State of Iowa united with the Reorganization on his original baptism. He greatly delighted in "the pure principles of the gospel," as he so often expressed it in his testimony, and loved to study the scriptures as found in the

three books, the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants; and every Lord's day with remarkably few exceptions, found him in the house of the Lord, joining his brethren in earnest, devoted worship. His cheery smile and pleasant greetings witnessed the pleasure he found in the association with those of like precious faith. He had always been remarkably healthy, and up to a few weeks before his demise, had in all his life but three administrations of the gospel ordinance for the sick, and never had the services of a physician. He was only seriously ill about one week before his death. The funeral was held from his late home, July 21, Elder Alonzo H. Parsons being in charge of the services, Elder Hulmes preaching the sermon. Interment was in the cemetery at Holden.

(To be continued.)

NORTHWESTERN MISSOURI IN 1834.

[We have in our possession a few worn copies of the Latter Day Saints' *Messenger and Advocate*, published in Kirtland, Ohio, in 1834, and finding a series of letters descriptive of western Missouri, and thinking that people who know the country as it is now would like to see it as it appeared at that early day, we have decided to publish some extracts from these letters written by William W. Phelps, then an active member and minister of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Elder Phelps was a writer of good ability and, as will be seen, his descriptive powers are excellent. We indulge the hope that this will be interesting and profitable to the reader. Though this is not especially regarding Independence, it is descriptive of upper Missouri, including Independence, at the time when church history begun there. Writing from Liberty, Missouri, October 20, 1834, among other things he said] :

To begin my subject, I shall give a few sketches of the country often called Upper Missouri, situated in the borders of the vast prairies of the Great West. Very little difference is perceptible, in the upper counties of Missouri, in soil, productions, settlements, or society. If there be an exception, it must be in the position and soil of Jackson. The appearance, soil, and productions of Lafayette, Saline, Van Buren, Ray, Clinton, and Clay counties, are so near alike, that I can only say there may be a preference, but no difference. These counties, in general, have a tolerably rich soil, composed of clay, fine sand, and black mold, especially upon the prairies. The cultivated produce consists chiefly of small quantities of wheat, large quantities of corn, some oats, hemp, cattle, horses, a few sheep, hogs in scores, and a variety of vegetables, but not to any extent. Sweet potatoes, cotton, tobacco, and perhaps other plants, grow, in fair seasons, very well.

The face of the country is somewhat rolling, though not hilly, and owing to the great depth of soil, the branches, or brooks, are worked out and present ugly ravines from ten to fifty feet deep; one of the great causes why the Missouri is ever rily. Every rain starts the mud.

Unlike the martial-like wildernesses of the timbered States, except upon rivers and water courses, which are striped and specked with a rather small than sturdy growth of trees, as far as the eye can glance, swell peeps over swell, and prairie lies beyond prairie, till the spectator can almost imagine himself in the midst of an ocean of meadows.

The timber is mostly a mixture of several kinds of oak, hickory, black walnut, elm, ash, cherry, honey locust, mulberry, coffee bean, hackberry, basswood and box elder, with the addition upon the bottoms, of cottonwood, buttonwood, pecan, soft maple, with now and then a very small patch of sugar maple. The shrubbery, in part, is redbud, dogwood, hawthorn,

many berry, hazel, gooseberry, summer and winter grapes, pawpaw, persimmon, crab apple, etc.

The climate is mild and delightful nearly three quarters of the year; and, being situated about an equal distance from the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, as well as from the Allegheny and Rocky Mountains, in near thirty-nine degrees of north latitude, and between sixteen and seventeen degrees of west longitude, it certainly affords the pleasing hope of becoming as good a spot as there will be on the globe, when the wolf shall lie down with the lamb. The coldest weather comes in December and January, with hardly ever two days' sleighing, so that sleighs and bells are among the unmentionables of this great center of North America. February is not unfrequently a mild month, and March so much so that potatoes planted the latter part of it are sometimes diggable the last of May. April, though it has some frost, is the opening season for business, for gardens, for corn, and, in fact, for everything for summer crops, if you wish a good yield. The spring is often wet, and the summer warm and dry. The fall beautiful. As the October frosts change the green strength of summer into golden age, the Indians begin their fall hunt, and fire the prairies, till the western world becomes so full of smoke, that, as it eventually spreads by the fall winds, for all I know, it makes the "smoky days," or "Indian summer," throughout the continent. The wild game is an important link to the living of many in the West. In the inhabited sections, however, it grows "less plenty"; and where the hunter could once drop the huge buffalo, the surly bear, the stately elk, the sly beaver, and the proud swan, he can now find difficulty in bringing down the deer, the wolf, the fox, the turkey, the goose, the brant, the duck, etc., while the squirrels, rabbits, raccoons, and many other small animals sport as they please. Of the fish I will speak hereafter.

Besides some common birds to almost every State, the red finch, and the green-bodied, gold-headed paraquet, live and die as habitual settlers. The turkey buzzard makes this climate his summer house, and goes to other warmer quarters before winter. The crow, the raven, and in mild winters, the robin, stay here through cold weather, and mostly emigrate to the north with the return of spring.

The honey bee is a large stockholder in the flowers of the variegated prairies; so much so, that when they have not been used up by swarms of bee hunters, they yet form one great staple of the inland commerce of the west. Honey is frequently sold at twenty-five cents wholesale, and thirty-seven cents at retail, a gallon.

Among the serpents, the rattlesnake and the copperhead are the worst, though not very plenty. That bird, whose image, if not worshiped, has more adorers in this nation than the Lord of glory, for it stands alike in the golden eagle, and silver dollar, and perches as gracefully on the soldier's cap, as on the officer's hat, and appears larger upon the sign of the tavern than upon the seal of the United States,—I mean the American Eagle—is a commoner among the great ones of the West.

But, lest I become irksome on too many things at once, let me turn to some of the advantages and disadvantages, which are natural to the land as it is. It is great advantage to have land already cleared to your hands, as the prairies are; and there is no small disadvantage to lack timber for fencing, fuel, and buildings. Notwithstanding there are many good springs of water, yet there is a want upon the prairies in some places; and generally, water privileges for grist- and sawmills and carding machines and clothier's works are scarce. That patriotism, which results in good roads and bridges, labor-saving machines, and excellent mills, is yet dormant. I do not know of a clothier's works in the Upper or Lower country. It costs

one fourth or one fifth of our grain to grind it. Run-around horse mills, or those on the inclined plane order, for horses and oxen, are all the dependence at present. There is a small steam, saw, and gristmill, of about ten horse power engine, in Clay; a steam sawmill at Lexington and a flouring mill nearly finished, on the Little Blue, in Jackson. It may be supposed, in those States where negroes do the work, that they can saw boards with a whipsaw, and drive team to grind in an animal power mill.

Let it be remembered that the most of the land is free from stones, even too much so, for, excepting limestone, in some places, there are very few if any for use. But suffice it to be, that, with all the lacks and inconveniences, now extant, grain is raised so easy, that a man may live as well on three days' work in a week, here, as on six in some other distant places. It is not uncommon for wheat, when ripe, to be let to cut and thresh at the half. Corn at twenty cents per bushel, and wheat at forty, are, however, the lowest selling prices latterly; and I conclude, that from the great quantity of corn and wheat, or flour, necessary to supply the garrison, it will never be lower.—*Messenger and Advocate*, page 23.

[In a subsequent letter, dated at Liberty, Missouri, November 6, 1834, he wrote]:

I am one, but the world has many, and the many, so various and extensive that every mind and body may have its portion, and satisfaction, even of truth: wherefore I continue the sketches of the western wilds. And let me begin with that section of the land which lies between the Missouri River, and the northwestern counties of this State. This fine tract of territory embraces land enough for two or three counties, and contrary to the observation which I wrote you last August about it, there will be a further effort for annexation to this State, as soon as matters can move.

The appearance of this tract, as far as I know, is much the same, of the other contiguous country, as described in my last: Extensive prairies, fringed with timber upon the streams. The streams have generally a small assortment of fish, such as large cat, carp, buffalo-shad, hickory-shad, gars, and a few other small pan fish. About three or four miles west of the boundary line,¹ there is a beautiful creek of living water, pebble bottom, running northwardly and empties into the Little Platte. It is called "Todd's Creek," and is sufficient for light mills. Passing some dry branches, in dry times, the Little Platte comes next, and a fine looking river it is, too, about eight or ten rods wide, with a grand fall for mills, of say six or seven feet, at the ford and ferry. Like other western waters, however, it sometimes rises very high, (fifty or sixty feet,) on short notice; and to use it for mill privileges and purposes, would require a stamina and capital equal to what brought the grand canal, by an aqueduct cross the Genesee at Rochester, New York.

On the great garrison road, near five miles westerly of the Platte, is a precious rivulet, called "Clear Creek," along which the Indians camp, in hunting seasons, by scores. This route to the garrison,² from the Platte West, is through timber land, and has a fine appearance; in fact, from what I can learn, some of this section looks as rich and fertile as Jackson. At the distance of sixty or eighty rods from Clear Creek, as you come down upon the Missouri bottom, is a Jordan-like, deep, sluggish stream, bridged, named "Bee Creek," from the great quantities of bees that have been found in its woods. The Missouri bottom from this creek to the garrison, about three

¹The western boundary of the State of Missouri at that time was a line running directly north from the mouth of Kaw River and did not include the territory now included in the counties of Platte, Buchanan, Andrew, Nodaway, Holt, and Atchison.—EDITOR.

²Fort Leavenworth.

miles, is covered with an unparalleled phalanx of rushes, four or five feet high, presenting one of the stiffest pastures I ever beheld. The cattle live and fatten upon these rushes, year in and year out, without any other fodder. One Mr. Martin, who has a permit from the garrison, has the benefit of all this spontaneous feed, together with a farm and ferry at the Platte, a farm and ferry at the Missouri, opposite the garrison, and a boarding house in the garrison, or cantonment, more properly, an account of which will be given hereafter. This permission with the facilities, without money or price, gives him a chance to amass a fortune with little trouble, little competition, and in a little time.

But to my subject. The last Congress, if I am not mistaken, extended the limits, jurisdiction and laws, of the territory of Michigan, to all "the district of country north of the State of Missouri and west of the Mississippi," so that the "far west," of the western world of territory, laid down on some of the maps, as the Missouri Territory, is bounded, south by the Arkansas Territory, and Mexican States; west by the Rocky Mountains; north by the British line, as it shall be established according to the treaty of Ghent, cornering on the northeast, at the Lake of the Woods; and east by Michigan Territory, and the State of Missouri: comprising more land than did the old "Thirteen United States," and may emphatically be called the heart of North America. It is about nine hundred miles long and eight hundred miles broad, containing, at estimate, four hundred and sixty millions, and eight hundred thousand acres, spread over thirteen degrees of north latitude, and embracing all the beauty and variety of season and climate, that may be found from the south line of Virginia, to the Gulf of Saint Lawrence! It is a great place, and everything about it is GREAT. The Missouri, than which a larger or more dreadful river, (with its muddy face always scowling,) is not on

earth, gushes rapidly from near the forty-ninth to about the thirty-ninth degree of north latitude, hurrying along with it, its numerous relatives, and tributaries, from the vast prairies, that lay spread out like an empire, and passes into the State of Missouri, as the President of rivers.—*Messenger and Advocate*, page 33.

I should do injustice to the subject, were I to omit a notice of the Indians that inhabit the territory, of which I am writing. When I was at the garrison, I saw a noble looking, portly Indian, dressed and harnessed in fine style for hunting, and for the life of me I could not help composing the following lines for

THE RED MAN.

O stop and tell me, Red Man,
 Who are ye? why you roam?
 And how you get your living?
 Have you no God;—no home?

With stature straight and portly,
 And decked in native pride,
 With feathers, paints, and broaches,
 He willingly replied:

“I once was pleasant Ephraim,
 When Jacob for me pray’d;
 But oh! how blessings vanish,
 When man from God has stray’d!

“Before your nation knew us,
 Some thousand moons ago,
 Our fathers fell in darkness,
 And wandered to and fro.

“And long they’ve liv’d by hunting,
 Instead of work and arts,
 And so our race has dwindled
 To idle Indian hearts.

“Yet hope within us lingers,
 As if the Spirit spoke:
 He’ll come for your redemption,
 And break your Gentile yoke:

“And all your captive brothers,
 From every clime shall come,
 And quit their savage customs,
 To live with God at home.

“Then joy will fill our bosoms,
 And blessings crown our days,
 To live in pure religion,
 And sing our Maker’s praise.”

Now to my story again. Besides the Delawares, Shawnees, Kickapoos, Wyandots, Pottowattomies, Senecas, Osages, Choctaws, Cherokees, Kaskaskias, Kansas, etc., etc., which our nation and the missionaries are domesticating as they are gathered, upon the southern limits of the land of Israel, the Pawnees, the Sioux, the Rickarees, the Mandans, the Nesperces, the Blackfeet, the Sacs, the Foxes, and many other tribes, rove and hunt from prairie to prairie, from river to river, from hill to hill, and from mountain to mountain, and live, and are blessed before the face of heaven daily as well as their contemporary whites; and, perhaps I may add, are as justifiable before God, as any people on the globe, called heathens. No church bell from its elevated steeple, rings “Go to meeting; it is Sunday,” while a dozen lesser ones, for stages and steamboats, peal a ding dong “for parties of pleasure, as a holiday,” among these rude sons of the West. And it is a difficult matter to make one soul of them believe the Great Spirit ever said, “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,” while they know, that the majority of the white nation, use it for a holiday. No politicians boast of freedom and equal rights, while thousands are imprisoned for debt, or are in bondage: No; when the tribes are at peace, the Indian is free; his time is free, and all is free.—*Messenger and Advocate*, p. 34.

[In his third letter, dated at Liberty, Missouri, November 13, 1834, we find the following description of Fort Leavenworth, with other interesting remarks]:

Before I proceed to give a description of the garrison, let

me say a few words upon the sublime sight of seeing the burning prairies. When the grass and weeds are sufficiently dry, the Indians fire them, and generally in a ring, to catch deer; should the deer attempt to escape at the opposite course of the wind, they are instantly shot down: But the grandest part of the scene, is to see the fire keep speed or flight, with the wind, leaping or lapping over six or eight rods at a bound in frightful majesty, with a terrific roar, not unlike a whirlwind, while immense columns of smoke rise and roll off, in festoons and flounces, as independent as if the world was a coal-pit, and the sky a smokehouse. So the *smoke days* come. The Northern Lights sometimes appear beautifully grand, but never more so, than do the burning prairies in the evening, when the sky is hid by clouds, and the spectator near enough to observe. I slept one evening within half a mile of a prairie on fire, with little or no wind. The scene was magnificently grand, especially when the red coals, glaring all their various images upon the clouds, as clouds are reflected in water, died away in the deep gloom of midnight. At about this time, the dampness of the night generally quells the fire, and the scene, like one after a bloody battle, changes into solemn gloom. After the fire has left the ground black with horror, the prairie hens, a species of fowl of the grouse kind, nearly the size of common hens, begin to pass from their desolate regions to the woods, or cornfields, where they and the wild turkeys, are not unfrequently as bad as hogs in destroying the crop. But I must leave there for Cantonment Leavenworth.

About thirty miles westerly from Liberty; twenty from the boundary line; near three hundred from Saint Louis, and say twelve hundred from the city of Washington, upon a very handsome bluff on the west bank of the Missouri River, a few miles north of the thirty-ninth degree of north latitude, and between seventeen and eighteen degrees of west longitude,

stands Cantonment Leavenworth. It was established by, and named after Brigadier General H. Leavenworth, of the State of New York; late a compeer of General Erastus Root, but since the late war with Britain, one of the most efficient officers of the army. He died about one hundred and eighty miles west of Fort Gibson, Arkansas Territory, last summer, of a fever, and was buried at Cross Timbers.

This military post is the rendezvous of the troops that guard the western frontier of Missouri, and, at present, is the location of the three year's dragoons who patrol in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, among the various tribes, to protect the Indian fur trade, so extensively carried on by the American Fur Company, Northwest Fur Company, and a number of private companies, and other purposes. About two hundred dragoons, under the command of Colonel Dodge, a very worthy officer, as far as I have learned, especially, so far as relates to his excursions among the Comanches, Kioways, Pawnee-Picks, etc., last summer, have come into winter quarters at this garrison.

This town, for such is the appearance of Cantonment Leavenworth, after you rise the hill or bluff upon which it stands, consists of one stone block for colonel and staff; three blocks for company officers; four for company quarters, and a hospital for the sick, together with other appendages for other purposes. Though you may perceive, at first view, a few pieces of cannon, some sentry boxes, and sentinels, yet Cantonment Leavenworth is without walls; and while the thought may come into your mind that "men of war live here," yet when you see the fair faces of some of the officers' ladies, you will know that the western world, even as far off as the garrison, is not without *woman* to share in the glories and troubles of life, and set a sample for the fair, that regale in ease at the East, that women can wend their way to the West,

“with all their charms to soothe the Indian” and live and die, unknown to thousands.

Few places in North America present to the eye grander views than Cantonment Leavenworth. At from three to five miles westerly, peer up a flock of little mountains, Saul-like, a head and shoulders above the great army of prairies, that spread themselves, with here and there a streak or spot of timber, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Their bald-headed grandeur, however, is such a strong argument in favor of age that I am just credulous enough to believe that they have not changed their appearance much, since the crucifixion. Again, as you look around, the Missouri, old muddy face, in power, in might, and in dominion, not only as I said in my last, the President of rivers, but the Emperor of many waters, upon which steamboats may navigate two thousand miles, parts the great West into two countries, and passes into the Gulf of Mexico as speedily as time flies into eternity.

A word or two upon the worth or growing importance of this garrison may not be improper. It is the outermost civilized post of note in the West, and while the United States gathers the scattered remnants of the Indians, and locates them in this section, and keeps this post filled with troops to guard them, etc., an immense sum of money must be expended in the upper counties to furnish the troops, the Indians, and others, with provisions, fodder, and other necessaries. The bill for the subsistence of the garrison only, as advertised last summer, was as follows, viz: 270 barrels of pork; 560 barrels of fresh, superfine flour; 245 bushels of new white field beans; 3,960 pounds of good, hard soap; 1,800 pounds of good, hard tallow candles; 900 bushels of good, clean, dry salt; 1,000 gallons of good cider vinegar; and for the 200 horses, in addition, 2,800 barrels, or 14,000 bushels, of corn, and 500 tons of prairie hay; all of which cost between sixteen and seven-

teen thousand dollars, besides the pay of the men, much of which is expended in this region. I will also mention the fact that this place has a post office, which is very consequential, for the mail being obliged to be carried weekly, keeps open a communication, and a channel which will always distribute money as long as the United States station men, and pay them.

One great object of this garrison is to keep the various tribes of Indians in subjection, and to assist the Government in bringing them to terms of peace, and as far as is practicable, civilize them. Here can be learned a solemn lesson of the fallen greatness of one once powerful people, for the instruction of another that time may teach to "go and do likewise." Within four miles of this place, the Kickapoos have been located, and here they and their prophet are beginning to "light up a smile in the aspect of woe," "*that the Son of the Father will soon come and bless the red man, as well as the white man; that the red man's last days may be his best days, and that he, instead of being thought to be the worst man, will become the best man of the great Father's family.*" About twenty miles from this post, the Delawares and Shawnees sit in darkness, waiting patiently for a light to break forth out of obscurity, that they may know of their fathers, and of the great things to come. Still further, and southerly, among what may well be called the "Biscuit-loaf" hills, are the Kansas, or as they are generally termed, *the kaws*, included in unbelief, lingering away the time till a nation can be born in a day; and so of many other tribes.—*Messenger and Advocate*, pp. 49, 50.

CURRENT EVENTS.

February 20, 1911. Elder James R. McClain debates with D. N. Barnett (Christian) at Brookport, Illinois.

October 8, 1911. Church dedicated at Taberville, Missouri; George H. Hilliard preached dedicatory sermon and Washington S. Macrae dedicatory prayer. Cost of church, \$598.28.

October 15, 1911. Branch organized near Calumet, Oklahoma, by Hubert Case and Theodore P. Powell, to be known as Sunny Hill Branch. W. Connell ordained priest, and chosen priest of branch. J. E. Crandall was ordained teacher and chosen teacher of branch. Minnie Connell elected secretary.

November 14, 1911. Elder James R. McClain meets Elder J. F. Hight at Brookport, Illinois, in debate.

November 28, 1911. Debate begins near Eagleville, Missouri, between Elder Elmer E. Long and W. G. Roberts, of the Christian faith.

November 29, 1911. Debate commences at Wheeling, West Virginia, between Elder Francis J. Ebeling and Elder W. S. Langdon, of the Utah Church.

January 15, 1912. Debate begins at Santa Rosa, California, between Elder Paul M. Hanson and Earnest C. Love, of the Church of Christ.

February 6, 1912. Elder Leonard G. Holloway and W. G. Roberts, of the Church of Christ, meet in debate at Wauneta, Nebraska.

February 11, 1912. Branch organized at Wagoner, Oklahoma, consisting of twenty-seven members. Elder Marion L. Newland, president; Elder James N. Cato, priest of the branch; W. F. Reed, teacher; D. E. Bristow, deacon.

February 12, 1912. Elder Frank A. Russell meets L. S. Terry in debate at Ough, Nebraska.

February 12, 1912. Elder James E. Yates begins a debate at Seiling, Oklahoma, with Robert E. Grant, of Michigan.

February 29, 1912. Fort Madison Branch organized at Fort Madison, Iowa, by Elders George P. Lambert and Charles E. Harpe; James McKiernan elected president; William H. Gunn, deacon; Charles R. Gunn, secretary.

REUNIONS.

August 11-August 20, 1911. Eastern Iowa and Kewanee district reunion is held at Moline, Illinois, Elders Frederick A. Smith, Oral E. Sade, and Charles G. Dykes presiding.

August 11, 1911. Spring River district reunion convenes in Lincoln Park, Pittsburg, Kansas, Elders James Frank Curtis, John Arthur Davis, and Thomas W. Chatburn presiding.

August 17-August 27, 1911. Kirtland, Ohio, district reunion is held at Kirtland, Ohio.

August 17-August 26, 1911. Lamoni Stake reunion is held at Lamoni, Iowa, Elders John W. Wight, John Smith, and John F. Garver presiding.

August 18, 1911. Twelfth annual reunion of the Clinton, Missouri, District met in East Park, at Rich Hill, Missouri, Elders James Moler and James Frank Curtis presiding.

August 19, 1911. Northeastern Illinois reunion convenes at Plano, Illinois, Elders Charles H. Burr, Lester O. Wildermuth, and Joseph A. Tanner presiding.

August 25, 1911. Reunion of the Des Moines District meets at Colo, Iowa, Elders James F. Mintun, Orman Salisbury, and John W. Wight presiding.

August 25-September 3, 1911. Reunion of the Southern Nebraska District convenes in Eustis, Nebraska, Elders Walter M. Self and James E. Kelley presiding.

August 25-September 3, 1911. Southern Wisconsin district reunion is held near Madison, Wisconsin.

August 26-September 4, 1911. New York and Philadelphia District meets at Osborn's Point, near Manasquan, New Jer-

sey, Elder Ulysses W. Greene, assisted by Elders Walter W. Smith and William E. LaRue presiding.

August 25, 1911. Northwestern Kansas District convenes with the Twin Creek Branch, Elders John A. Teeters and Warren E. Peak presiding.

September 1-September 11, 1911. Little Sioux district reunion convenes at Magnolia, Iowa, Elders Sidney Pitt, James C. Crabb, and Heman C. Smith presiding.

September 4-September 14, 1911. Southwestern Texas conference and reunion meets at Jett Crossing, on the Medina River.

September 11, 1911. Reunion of the Northeastern Kansas District convenes in the church at Fanning, Kansas, Elders Frank G. Hedrick, Warren E. Peak, and James Frank Curtis presiding.

September 15-September 25, 1911. Northwestern Nebraska and the Black Hills reunion held at Bayard, Nebraska, Elders Charles W. Prettyman and Robert O. Self presiding.

CONFERENCES.

June 3, 1911. Nauvoo District convenes at Ottumwa, Iowa, Elder Charles Fry presiding.

June 3, 1911. Eastern Wales District convenes at Gloucester, Elders Ernest J. Trapp and Evan B. Morgan presiding.

June 4, 1911. New York District convenes at Niagara Falls, New York, Elders Ulysses W. Greene, Hyrum O. Smith, and Alma Booker presiding.

June 17, 1911. Eastern Maine District convenes at West Kennebec, Maine, Elder Uriah M. Kelley presiding.

July 1, 1911. Eastern Michigan District meets at Port Huron, Michigan, Elders Frederick A. Smith and William Grice presiding.

July 1, 1911. Nova Scotia District meets at Williamsdale, Nova Scotia, Elders Daniel Macgregor and John Sheehy presiding.

July 8, 1911. Sheffield District, England, convenes at Clay Cross, Elder Charles Cousins presiding.

July, 22, 1911. Northern Wisconsin convenes at Chetek, Wisconsin, Elder Frederick A. Smith presiding.

July 23, 1911. Southern Nebraska District convenes with Fairfield Branch, Elder Walter M. Self presiding.

August 5, 1911. Alabama District convenes at Pleasant Hill, Alabama, Elder James Harper and Jefferson J. Hawkins presiding.

August 5, 1911. Central Nebraska District convenes at Comstock, Nebraska, Elders William E. Kester and James C. Crabb presiding.

August 5, 1911. British Isles Mission convenes at Manchester, England, Elder Gomer T. Griffiths presiding.

August 26, 1911. Nodaway, Missouri, District convenes with Sweet Home Branch, near Ravenwood, Missouri, Elders Thomas A. Ivie and Arthur C. Silvers presiding.

August 26, 1911. Northwestern Kansas District convenes with Twin Creek Branch, Elders John A. Teeters and Warren E. Peak presiding.

September 2, 1911. Eastern Colorado District convenes at Denver, Colorado, Elder Jacob D. Curtis presiding.

September 2, 1911. New York and Philadelphia District convenes in conference at Manasquan, New Jersey, Elder Ulysses W. Greene presiding.

September 2, 1911. Southern Wisconsin District convenes at Madison, Wisconsin, Elder Willis A. McDowell presiding.

September 2, 1911. Florida District convenes at Santa Rosa church near Berrydale, Florida, Elders Francis M. Slover and Stephen S. Smith presiding.

September 2, 1911. Northeastern Missouri district conference convenes at Higbee, Missouri, Elders Swen Swenson and Frederick T. Mussell presiding.

September 3, 1911. Victoria District convenes at Geelong, Victoria, Elders Kippe, Butterworth, and Lewis presiding,

September 4, 1911. Conference at Irvington, California, Elders John M. Terry and Francis M. Sheehy presiding.

September 9, 1911. Independence Stake meets at Independence, Missouri, Elders George E. Harrington, William H. Garrett, Frederick M. Smith, and Isaac N. White presiding.

September 9, 1911. Northeastern Kansas District meets at Fanning, Kansas, Elders Frank G. Hedrick and Warren E. Peak presiding.

September 30, 1911. Birmingham District convenes at Leicester, England.

September 30, 1911. Pottawattamie district conference convenes at Crescent, Iowa.

September 30, 1911. The third annual conference of the Toronto District was held with the Garafraxa Branch in Grand Valley, Elders Shields, Taylor, and Leeder, with Frederick A. Smith, Richard C. Evans, and Robert C. Longhurst presiding.

October 7, 1911. Massachusetts District convenes at Fall River, Massachusetts, Elders Calvin H. Rich, Horatio W. Howlett, George H. A. Gates, and Hyrum O. Smith presiding.

October 7, 1911. Far West District convenes at Saint Joseph, Missouri, Elders Frederick M. Smith, T. J. Curtis and Temme T. Hinderks presiding.

October 7, 1911. New York District meets at Niagara Falls, New York, Elder William E. Stone presiding.

October 7, 1911. Kewanee District convenes with Twin City Branch in Moline, Illinois, Elders Oral E. Sade and E. J. Goodenough presiding.

October 7, 1911. Nauvoo District convenes at Rock Creek, Illinois, Charles E. Harpe presiding.

October 7, 1911. Sixtieth Conference of Clinton District convened at Taberville, Missouri, Elders George H. Hilliard and Washington S. Macrae presiding.

October 14, 1911. Eastern Iowa District meets at Davenport, Iowa.

October 14, 1911. Gallands Grove District meets at Cherokee, Iowa, Elders Charles J. Hunt and Leonard Butterworth presiding.

October 14, 1911. Montana District convenes at Deer Lodge, Montana, Elders John W. Rushton and Isaac M. Smith presiding.

October 14, 1911. Northern Michigan District convenes at Alpena, Michigan, Elder John C. Goodman in charge.

October 21, 1911. Southern Indiana District convenes at New Albany, Indiana, Elders Robert C. Russell and Jacob Halb presiding.

October 28, 1911. Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana District meets at Clear Lake, Indiana, Elder Frederick A. Smith presiding.

November 4, 1911. Lamoni Stake conference convenes at Hiteman, Iowa.

November 4, 1911. Southern Missouri District convenes with Thayer Branch, J. C. Chrestensen presiding.

November 4, 1911. Eastern Maine District meets at Jonesport, Maine, J. A. Koehler presiding.

December 9, 1911. Spokane District convenes at Spokane, Washington, Oscar Case and Thomas C. Kelley presiding.

December 30, 1911. Saskatchewan District convenes, Elders T. J. Jordan and Josh Dobson presiding.

December 30, 1911. Sheffield District convenes at Clay Cross, England, Elder Gomer T. Griffiths presiding.

December 30, 1911. New South Wales District convenes at Wallsend, New South Wales, Elders Butterworth, Pitt, and Jones presiding.

January 6, 1912. Southeastern Illinois District convenes at Springton, Illinois, Elder F. M. Davis presiding.

January 6, 1912. Idaho District convenes at Weiser, Idaho, Elders R. Owen and Andrew J. Layland presiding.

January 21, 1912. Southern Nebraska convenes at Lincoln, Nebraska, Walter M. Self presiding.

January 27, 1912. District conference convenes at Shenandoah, Iowa, Elder Frederick M. Smith presiding.

January 27, 1912. Eastern Oklahoma District convenes at Wilburton, Oklahoma, Elders J. Frank Curtis and Lee Quick presiding.

February 3, 1912. Central Nebraska conference convenes at Inman, Nebraska, Elder J. R. Sutton presiding.

February 3, 1912. Far West District convenes with Saint Joseph Branch, Elders Temme T. Hinderks, David E. Powell, and Benjamin J. Dice presiding.

February 3, 1912. Nodaway District convenes in Guilford, Missouri, Elder Thomas A. Ivie president.

NECROLOGY.

ELDER JOSEPH C. CLAPP was born in Caldwell County, Missouri, August 24, 1837, just prior to the perilous times in the exodus from Missouri under the cruel edict of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs. In his childhood he passed through these trying scenes, and while yet in boyhood again shared with his father's family the perils of the exodus from Nauvoo and the privations attending the journey across the plains. He was an eye and ear witness to many of the strange and thrilling events that made Utah famous. He united with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at Elmonte, California, June 6, 1864, being baptized by Elder Henry H. Morgan, and the next day was ordained an elder at San Bernardino, California, by Elders Morgan and Hiram Falk. From this time he entered zealously into the work of forwarding the interests of the church and ungrudgingly gave the remainder of his life and life interests to church service.

He was ordained a seventy April 12, 1873, at Plano, Illinois, by Joseph Smith, Josiah Ells, Jason W. Briggs, and Edmund C. Briggs.

He traveled extensively through the States and filled a mission to the Sandwich Islands. His principal missionary work, however, was in the Pacific Coast States and in the Southern States.

His generous large-heartedness can never be forgotten by those who have been his associate laborers.

He died at Independence, Missouri, January 31, 1912.

ELDER LUTHER R. DEVORE was born December 28, 1847, at Mastersville, Carroll County, Ohio, and united with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints June 29, 1874, at Graysville, Monroe County, Ohio, being baptized by Elder James Craig. He was ordained a priest at Washington, Ohio, September 27, 1874, by Elder James Craig, and an elder January 12, 1876, at West Wheeling, Belmont County, Ohio, by Elder James Craig. Ordained a seventy at Vales Mills, Vinton County, Ohio, by Elder William H. Kelley, September 13, 1886. He was ever a zealous member and an active officer. Entering the missionary field under General Conference appointment in 1833, he was constantly under appointment until 1910, when he was placed on the superannuated list. Perhaps the most important mission he filled was to the Society Islands, where he, with his faithful wife, Rebecca E. Sheldon Devore, remained five and one half years, suffering much privation and sacrifice.

In addition to his missionary work he served the church acceptably at different times, and in different places as district president and branch president, and always acquitted himself with credit. He died in his home at Holden, Missouri, February 10, 1912, and was buried from the Saints' church in that place. His last words, dictated to an amanuensis were: "Have opened up the work in many new places. My only regrets at going are leaving Ella [his wife] alone in the world. She has been such a solace in time of my ministerial work and trials. I leave all I have to dispose of as she sees fit."

R. S. SALYARDS

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JULY, 1912

“Obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion.”

HEMAN C. SMITH, EDITOR.

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ELDER GEORGE E. HARRINGTON.

(See page 331.)

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 68.)

The first call made in Utah was at the home of John Smith, son of Hyrum Smith, the Martyr. Here my father found a pleasant home on his visit three years before. The master of the home was absent, but his wife, known to all the family as "Cousin Helen," greeted them with a warm and kindly welcome. This lady was always a favorite with those of the family who were favored by knowing her, and her brave, fearless, generous, though modest character has made her a figure of importance and beauty in the story of our people in Utah. She insisted upon this occasion that the personal baggage of these travelers be brought to their home.

As my father and uncle passed up the street from this call they met their cousin John, who immediately insisted upon the same move as outlined by his wife, and he presently prevailed, and within that hospitable home they spent many pleasant hours. The first day was spent in visiting the Saints, and looking up places of interest, new to Uncle David. Beautiful under the sun of July lay the city, but the tumbling waters of crystal clearness pouring into the city creek from the great flume, the blue mountain, the cool shadows of the many trees, nor the silent waters of the great salt sea called to the heart of my nature-loving father that seventeenth day of July, like the souls of hundreds that seemed in a midnight bondage. In company with his brother David and cousins John and Samuel, George A. Smith and his son, John Henry, he went to have audience with the mightiest man in that great city—Brigham Young.

The meeting was preceded by a great deal of formality. Although President Young was receiving Senator Hopper's party, he excused himself to greet these sons of Joseph Smith and usher them into his office. Here they waited while the president returned to his guests of state in an adjoining room. The waiting proved long and awkward in its attendant circumstances. When at last they were called into the presence of Mr. Young they found awaiting there in the commodious and pleasantly appointed room, George Q. Cannon, John Taylor, Joseph F. Smith, Daniel H. Wells, Joseph Young, Phineas Young, Brigham Young, jr., and several others, besides President Young. These sat about on sofas and easy chairs, and took little part in the conference. The president received them almost graciously at first, but when they asked the use of the Tabernacle in which to preach, the atmosphere changed, and instead of cordiality there were heaped bitter and malicious words upon the character of Emma Smith, and these young men had great need of self-control. Writing of it later, my father said: "I have had many trials in my short life, of the power of control over my passionate temper, but never in that short life did I have need of strength more than I did yesterday" (July 17, 1869). On the wall near them hung fine paintings, one a portrait of the martyred father and the worshipful husband of the mother of these boys. The sensitive younger brother David remembered it when he wrote of the occurrence later. "Much was said on both sides, but I am happy to state that neither my brother nor myself exhibited any anger, neither did we, although we were tried severely, once lose control of our language or deportment, while the conference lasted"; and writes he "the upshot of it all was, we were refused the Tabernacle and went on our way rejoicing." Not satisfied to leave any "stone unturned" they went next day to call upon the Governor of Utah and told him their mission

and of their fruitless and trying conference with President Young. They were anxious that the territorial and judicial authorities should take cognizance of their presence. This call on Governor Durkee was very pleasant, and they received assurance from both the Governor and Judge Strickland of protection by the civil and judicial authorities; also their promise to cooperate in an effort to obtain a place in which to preach, if necessary. But this necessity was not realized, for the Walker Brothers, influential merchants, headed a movement in which some of the Gentile citizens of Salt Lake City joined and raised a fund of nearly two hundred dollars which was placed in the hands of the two "Smith boys" to be used in securing a place for preaching in the city. Independence Hall was engaged and the meetings opened with overflowing audiences. Then my father wrote: "Brigham did us a good turn when he refused us the Tabernacle, we do not want it now." He appreciated the earlier statement of his brother, "We went on our way rejoicing." But there were breakers ahead, and in their Sunday meeting Joseph F. Smith interrupted the preaching of Alexander H. Smith. The people were exasperated at this and cried, "Put him out," "Shame." The young preacher pursued his course and when he announced his intentions and desires to preach the pure gospel when and to whoever would listen, the people broke into loud applause. At the close of the meeting, the inspired song of the sixties, "Let us shake off the coals from our garments" was sung, its gifted author, David H. Smith, leading the praise, and then he proceeded to baptize eight souls into the Reorganized Church.

It was in the home of one of the faithful Saints, Sister Thimbleby, that these elders finally resolved to make their headquarters in the city. Their meetings received much favorable comment in the papers of the West, and the frank and uncompromising position that was taken against the evils of

the apostate church could not be misunderstood. The few Saints permitted to acquire a livelihood in Salt Lake City contributed to the comfort of these missionaries. Brother Horlick rented the place to them and Sister Thimbleby prepared in the pleasant upper rooms, their meals, while different Saints and friends supplied her with necessary flour, fruit, mountain trout, cheese, etc. Their sleeping place was a neat and comfortable room in the home of Mr. Browning.

At either place they found pleasant and inviting opportunity for study and the entertainment of callers. One pleasant trip, among many we will notice, when the Malad, Idaho, Saints invited them, indeed sent a messenger to bring them to their conference. How they enjoyed the trip! Writing of it, at the time, Uncle David says many beautiful things of the fresh, free breezes, lofty crags, and wide valleys, and the "impulsive kindness of the Josephites with whom we lodged made the trip doubly enjoyed." They held meetings there for a short time and the flowing pen of the younger brother wrote: "Alexander with his skill in the law, and freedom among revelations, makes error shake; the Saints here call him Paul and me Apollos." How affectionate was the bond of brotherhood and how blessed their labors together in the salt land.

One time, a little while prior to his death, Heber C. Kimball gave a prophecy and he gave it in his usual vigorous and unqualified manner thus: "At present the Prophet Joseph's boys lie apparently in a state of slumber, everything seems to be perfectly calm with them, but by and by God will wake them, and they will roar like the thunders of Mount Sinai." Peculiar that the followers of Brigham and believers of Heber C. Kimball, who delighted in heralding "a prophecy come true" did not shout from the mountain tops "Heber's words are true," for here were two of the Martyr's boys thundering the voice of a righteous recall to purity—here in the shadow of the

Tabernacle and near to the foundation of the great temple to be. Surely if ever a prophecy came true this one did. Closely associated with them was that dauntless and unique old soldier, Brother Edmund C. Brand, faithful and tireless at all times. Every week witnessed baptisms into the Reorganized Church, and in the apostate church there were many "cut off," while excitement ran high. A new literary pleasure came to these elders while in Salt Lake City, in the shape of the new paper for the children of the Reorganized Church. No wonder its name seemed so fitting to it, as they opened it in that land, especially sorry for little children, and read "*Zion's Hope*." No wonder they cried, "Good! God prosper it!"

They felt confident that not anywhere else could a conference awaken such interest as that one held in Independence Hall in Salt Lake City, where a well-dressed, orderly body of people were half-dazed by the freedom of these business meetings, where men spoke freely and without fear. It must not be supposed that all the preaching was along lines of the detested policies of the western church. Nay, the cardinal and fundamental principles of the doctrine of Christ were preached in power and in light, "but," wrote Uncle David, "when we do speak of polygamy we examine it fully and fearlessly and denounce it heartily, and especially in Alexander's case effectually."

The hardest of all their trials was the "low, mean" order of opposition that put forth slanderous and wickedly false stories of their mother. If there was ever a unity of loyalty between brothers it was manifest in the "Smith boys'" un-deviating devotion to their mother, and they had good and unimpeachable evidence that this trust was on a solid basis.

But the numbers of Josephites did not seem to gain in Utah, for as fast as possible they left the Territory, a train of as many as five hundred leaving Utah at one time. While

watching the military tactics of the Mormon militia one day, my father drew from his pocket his Bible and Book of Covenants and said, "Here are my sword and musket, and the Book of Mormon is a weapon of peculiar power and strength."

My father's pleasure at having the association of his younger brother with him was clouded by anxiety for his safety. The mother had weepingly opposed the appointment. The zeal of church councils to rescue the misled and betrayed members of the old church saw in the gentle, gifted young son of the Martyr—so dear to his people—a possible magnet to draw them back to the simple, virtuous paths of the gospel of the thirties. But the mother said, "They have Moses and the prophets; if they heed not those, how will they believe this man?" The older brothers were fearful, not for themselves, but for the delicate, poetical, highly sensitive child of sorrow; they shrank from the contact, but he went and in the diary written by my father in those times there appeared a note of anxiety and tenderness mingled with the words of love and pride as he speaks of him, and just as in childhood he had stood like a guardian over the adored boy, so on this mission he kept close watch and ward over health and company, for he had no faith in the cordiality of some of these western leaders. Sometimes at social gatherings they were warned not to partake of certain refreshments brought to them, and sometimes pleasure trips were suddenly abandoned, for the same quiet warnings would come. One can not estimate the anxiety and worry of my father during those months spent in Utah. The actual work was the best part of all.

He felt unseen powers working against the church he represented. If they could persuade David to commit himself in any possible manner to their plans, then they considered they had a powerful hold. The martyred Prophet, risen again in this beautifully gifted son to lead them. If he continued with

his brother against them, a long cherished hope was gone, and for ever. But his gentle, courteous, smiling defense was as firm and unmistakable as the bolder, fire flung bolts of my father's ringing denunciations. The laughing voice of Uncle David often came to him in after years as it sounded after one of those vigorous sermons in Utah, when he would throw his arms across his shoulders and say, "Oh, Alex. You dear old pill coated sugar."

And while these scenes were being enacted in that valley in the mountains where priestcraftly fear had laid a finger to many a pale lip, the mother watched for every scrap of tidings. "Ah," she said to my father, "I know those leaders. You will *never* turn them from their present ways. Think not you can lead them back, but be prepared to hear them speak evil of me. They hate me, and it will be as well that they do, but do not you be hurt by it." So the summer of 1869 passed, the autumn months came, and the snow fell on the Wasatch, and in December the Smith boys moved westward. Passage to the end of the route being made possible in this case, as in nearly all other of good fortunes in that mission by the kindness of the Gentiles and not by the boasted friends of their father, who well nigh worshiped his pictured face yet polluted his name and memory by perverting his holiest works to their unrighteous purposes. Speaking of his name brings back that scene with Brigham Young in the first days of the mission to Utah, as related by my father.

Some one said: "We love you boys for your father's sake." I said that made no impression upon me; I expected to live long enough to make for myself a name, and have the people of God love me for my own sake.

At this President Young arose to his feet, clenched his fists and shook them down by his side, raised upon his toes and came down on his heels repeatedly as he said, "*A name, a name, a name.* You have not got God enough about you to make a name. You are nothing at all like your

father. He was open and frank and outspoken, but you; there is something covered up, something hidden, calculated to deceive."

I told him time would tell.

This sentiment of my father's was often expressed, for he had not yielded quickly to church persuasion and when he at last came among the church people it was as "Brother Joseph's" or "Brother David's" brother. Although attaching great tenderness and loyalty to the bonds that bound him, he often said in phrasings marked by different times and circumstances, "I shall make a name for myself and win from the people a love of my own." Did he win? Ah, who shall dare say nay?

Truly he loved much, of this his own bear undeviating testimony. When the bonds of Brigham rule were seen to be breaking, my father's heart was full of rejoicing, but there was a sense of personal relief and safety when he found himself beside his brother, speeding away from the haunts of those who perverted and demoralized the faith of his father.

The journey overland at that time was an expensive one, and as these missionaries whirled along through the snow draped hills of winter, there arose from the heart of each a prayer of gratitude for the love that had prompted Leland A. Stanford, ex-governor of California and president of the great Overland Route, to give them the prized railway passes to the very edge of the Continent, and to a sunny land with different moral atmosphere, although their coming might occasion less excitement and smaller audiences, but where a calm and serene freedom blessed the people.

It was in the early part of December, 1869, that these missionaries entered the Pacific Slope Mission and were received by the Saints with confidence and delightful expressions of welcome. The peculiar and to them hateful shadows of Utah seemed to roll in a measure away from their mental sky, and the radiance of truth under the light of liberty pervaded

the spiritual atmosphere. Yet at times a cloud flitted across it, a cloud tinged with hope, yet full of sorrow for the wanderers in Utah. For a while they enjoyed the sunshine and flowers and friends of California and then Uncle David's health began to break, and in vain they moved about from place to place; now at Santa Cruz near the ocean, now back into the mountains, with times of renewed vitality and again returning weakness; each man preaching and working as he could.

Early in the spring of 1870 a message came to my father, calling him to the bedside of my mother lying near death with lung fever. Hurriedly starting for the little home that held so much that was precious and dear, my father could not but hope that the home-going would bring health and betterment to his beloved brother. The journey was probably the most trying of any ever taken in all the travels of this busy man. I find in dim penciling in an old diary a few thoughts of one of those nights, spent on the homeward way. The car, a day coach with its stove in one end, was crowded and cold. The brother had been fixed as comfortably as possible, with coats and wraps, and was sleeping. My father, seated on a woodbox, with closely buttoned coat, was scribbling as the train jolted on through the stormy darkness; the oil lamps were dim and flickering, and his heart was heavy as only the heart of tender and deep affection could be under such conditions. His mind traveled back and remembered the late word from Brother William W. Blair, now in Utah:

“Liberty of thought and speech is claimed and enjoyed to a greater degree than at any time hitherto in this (Utah) Territory. Brothers Alexander and David sounded the keynote of religious and civil freedom, and it met with a hearty response in the bosoms of many; and now a lofty, holy diapason is sweeping through the land, awakening Israel from their delusive dreams.” Had the work done been of suf-

ficient magnitude to warrant such a price as he feared was being paid? The long night dragged drearily along and his spirit seemed as gray and dreary as the first morning light. But hope springs eternal, and for my father it was fed by the wonderful fountain of good will and good works. On the second day of March, cold, blustery March, they reached home, at the quiet little city of Plano, and my father knelt by the side of his emaciated, fever bound little wife, who had babbled pitifully in the delirium of disease for days, begging for *him* and telling out pathetic little secrets of privations and want, kept close enough in health. No wonder the later system of provision for the elders' families seemed too munificent to some of them, for it provided at least the crust that kept away the wolf. It was only by the friendly visit of a hungry sister from another town that the true condition of my mother was discovered, for she was a proud-spirited, cheery soul, and when the good sister rushed in for just a bite, Sister Lizzie gave to her such as she had and such as had been their supply for more than one meal, potatoes and salt; ordinarily they had enough bread and molasses, and occasionally the donations of skim milk added to the bill of fare. The supply of fuel was limited, very limited. What wonder that the sister wrung enough from her to awaken a cry of indignation and alarm. Too late, a supply of food and fuel came into the little home. The naturally frail little woman with a baby at her breast was weakened by fast and cold, and had no vitality to meet the sharp chill of the lake winds that swept over the place in the spring, and she fell an easy victim to lung fever.

She did not blame anyone for the seeming neglect, for neglect it was. Should a woman go begging for bread, that her children's father might rescue men from religious bondage, and shall not a man care for his own household? That year's work was hard to face without bitterness of spirit and if my

father's confidence in men and brethren *was* weakened, the faith in God was made greater, for He gave back the mother of his children, and obeying advice, preparation was made to move her away from the path of the lake winds. Thus the petition of the lonely mother at Nauvoo was heeded, and the neat little home, so near the "pleasant church house" was offered for sale.

In April the annual conference convened in Plano and my father reported his share in the work in the Utah Mission.

The Conference Minutes read:

Brother A. H. Smith reported his share in the same mission last year. Never before had he been so blessed as upon this mission. He and his brother David had gone, trusting that God would preserve them, and it had been so. They had found a good welcome in Salt Lake City, and their cousins, John and Samuel, treated them as kindly as men could be treated. People wished them to preach in the Tabernacle, and they visited Brigham Young, and made the request for it, as agents of the Reorganized Church. Brigham wished him to take back what he had said two years ago, and put much abuse upon them that was very grievous, telling them that they were in no way guided by the Lord, but were actuated by the spirit of the Devil. They were denied the Tabernacle, and by favor of the Gentiles used Independence Hall. Had overflowing congregations and though opposed by the ruling powers, yet all opposition worked the greater good, and they and the cause constantly gained ground, for the more the people were told to stay away the more they came. The people came to them by night, though warned not to communicate with, or harbor them. He felt that now was the time to strike, and that great efforts ought to be put forth to save that people.

At this conference the effort was made to return Alexander H. Smith and David H. Smith to the Utah Mission, but objections brought forward by the former, and made to the president of the conference, resulted in a request that silenced the movement, but my father was appointed to that mission with Elder William W. Blair.

At this conference he was appointed on a committee of five to draft and present a memorial to Congress, embodying an epitome of church faith and especially setting forth the church views on government, church policies, and polygamy.

The other members of the committee being Joseph Smith, Josiah Ells, William W. Blair, and Mark H. Forscutt. No elder's wife should fail to know that this was a memorable conference, for at this time there was launched the proposed movement to make some determined provision for the elders' families, that they might not want in the absence of their natural provider. Already the efforts of their best workers had been crippled by failure to make this provision, and it was hardly a Christian spirit that could be filled and satisfied while women and children of their missionaries were even possibly fainting for food, nor was it a godly man that could sit comfortably warm at his fireside and not know that his missionaries' families were provided with warmth by fire and clothing. The children of these missionaries, as they stood by the frosty windows, hungry and cold, and watched the brethren go by warmly dressed and well groomed—what was to be the effect on them? Ah, this was a wonderful conference that sought to take the life of its women and children from the variable tide of charity and place them in the legitimate harbor of self-protection; for a regular stipend gives one an opportunity to defend oneself in a measure; so the men of this finance committee of 1870 were pioneers of freedom, in a sense, incalculable in its effects, but it was merely a start, for many things must be endured before men become brothers indeed.

It was in the following month (May 10) that Uncle David was married to Miss Clara C. Hartshorn, of Sandwich, Illinois. What a brave little woman she was to fearlessly enter a field where she had so lately seen an elder's wife almost go down under the fight with existing hardships. Truly love laughs at greater than locksmiths. During the summer of 1870 my father and mother moved back to the Old Mansion at Nauvoo. The old place seemed dear and restful, but with all

its happy and romantic associations the house was cold, and lacked the snugness and modern comforts of later architecture. Having been built for a public house it was a hard task with the small means at hand, to make it cozy and homelike for a family of young children. The dear old mother wept joyful tears of welcome, and the children gravitated quickly to her open arms and tender sympathies. Because of illness, and the return move to Nauvoo, there was necessity for ready money and my father found himself again at the carpenter's bench or on the builder's scaffold, working by the week in Keokuk and visiting home over Sunday. These earnings seemed like the riches of a king to the wife who had borne actual want during the past few years, and it was gratifying to my father to put the comforts of existence into his home. On the weekly Sabbath visits he often assisted in the meetings in Nauvoo, held at that time in the upper room of the Old Brick Store on the northwestern corner of the Homestead Block. The branch of the church in Nauvoo was still known as the Olive Leaf Branch, and Elder Thomas Revel, a sturdy, honest, earnest, English Saint, was the president. It was during the winter of 1870 and 1871 that my father and Uncle David labored together occasionally in the Nauvoo District. I read of long tramps by the former in snow almost to the boot tops, to fill appointments and keep up his work throughout the year 1871 and winter of 1872 as president of String Prairie and Nauvoo District. Every Sunday was filled with preaching jaunts, and the week days with physical labor.

In the spring of 1872 the meetings in the Old Brick Store at Nauvoo were still being held, but the average attendance was not over a dozen. So the work seemed to be slowly going out in old Nauvoo. At the district conference, June 1 and 2, 1872, held at String Prairie, my father resigned his presidency of the district.

During the years 1870 and 1871 Uncle David's merry-hearted young wife occupied part of the Old Mansion, and here their son Elbert A. was born. It was a big, airy place in which to make a nest for one wee child, but the association of the two "missionary widows" was happy and congenial, and they made merry as possible the loneliness and bareness of the old house. My father now had a family of five children, the latest a little son born in the Old Mansion and named Don Alvin. He was a nervous, delicate child, whose infant years were attended with sickness and a struggle for life.

There comes clearly to mind one Christmas spent by these two women alone in the old house. With few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of life, but merry-hearted and cheery of voice, they laughed at their own discomforts, though sometimes with tears in each pair of brown eyes, for they were young and the world had so many beautiful things in it, it did seem that they might be favored with some of them. The richest and rarest of earth's good things could not in any sense compensate for the presence of the husbands. For this there was no compensation.

At the General Conference of 1872 my father was appointed a mission to California, but matters beyond his control kept him out of that field. His time had been well used in the local field near his home and in it he formed some of the most sincere and highly esteemed friendships of his lifetime; among them was that of Elder James McKiernan, of Farmington, Iowa. At the General Conference of 1873, held in the stone church at Plano, Illinois, my father was acting as one of the clerks of the conference, and when a letter was presented from the Saints of California asking that he should be sent to them, he felt that reasons should be stated why he had not filled the mission assigned him the year previous. This President Joseph Smith did. This was a notable conference for my father,

for on the morning of the 10th of April he was called to the apostleship, and near the close of the same session was ordained to that office under the hands of Joseph Smith, William W. Blair, and Jason W. Briggs. At the same conference his brother David was called and ordained counselor to the First Elder of the church. Those called into the Quorum of Twelve contemporaneously with my father were William H. Kelley, Thomas W. Smith, James Caffall, John H. Lake, Zenos H. Gurley, and Joseph R. Lambert. With John H. Lake and Joseph R. Lambert he had been closely associated in the Nauvoo and String Prairie District. At the afternoon session of April 11 Elder James McKiernan was chosen a seventy, and on the same day ordained under the hands of Joseph Smith, Jason W. Briggs, Josiah Ells, and Edmund C. Briggs. On the morning of the 12th my father received his first appointment as an apostle. He had labored as teacher, priest, elder, and high priest, and now was sent to Utah and Pacific Slope Mission, an apostle. On the same day the following motion was made by Elder Thomas Revel: "Resolved, That Elder James McKiernan accompany Elder Alexander H. Smith on his mission, if practicable." This was adopted, and a new chapter in an already pleasant story of unbroken friendship was prefaced. From this conference the fifty Saints who had come up from Nauvoo, Vincennes, Montrose, Burlington, etc., started homeward, after first holding a prayer meeting. Brother Frank Reynolds had charge of this delegation and the trip was one of the pleasantest remembered, enlivened with song and full of happy memories. I can not pass unnoticed one sad incident of 1873 that deeply affected both my parents. On January 18 word came to them of the death of Sister William Anderson. The half frozen river lay between the homes, and my mother sadly grieved that she could not be with her friend. My father went through the storm to them, for his love for William Anderson was deep and strong. He preached

the funeral sermon with broken voice and streaming eyes, and never in after life did he refer to that time without tears filling his eyes, and his heart was always tender for the motherless children left that cold winter day. Always he felt that the deprivations endured by this good woman while her husband was on that memorable first mission, was the foundation for the disease that human power could not check in its ravages. She had endured uncomplainingly and cheerfully, unsuspected hardship, and the missionary husband never knew until told by others of her heroic struggle. So martyrs go unheralded to a sure and glorious reward. Who can count the price of souls?

Looking back through the years, my father often spoke of that other friend, whose feet still keep time to Zion's march and whose voice rings true and unfaltering as when in the early seventies he consented to become a seventy and was ordained in the Little Stone Church in Plano. Before me is a letter from this faithful friend and I know he will not object if I give it place in this my simply told tale of one of the disciples of Christ.

FARMINGTON, IOWA, July 21, 1911.

MRS. VIDA SMITH,

Lamoni, Iowa.

Dear Sister: I have been searching from time to time when at home for that old memorandum of mine in which was an account of the experience of your honored father and myself in the brief time we were together in 1873.

We had previously been associated together much in local district work and at the April conference of 1873 were appointed to the California Mission, and this is my account of the time we were together. If it supplies any missing link or additional item of information in your historical account of the life of one of God's noblemen, I count myself happy to have so done.

Your brother,

JAMES MCKIERNAN.

INTRODUCTION.

By letter Brother Alexander Smith had notified me to meet him at Farmington, Iowa, June 27, 1873, ready to proceed on our appointed mission.

I was then living at Croton, so without purse or scrip or money I started in the early morning to walk the five miles in time for the 9 o'clock train.

At the edge of the town a good sister gave me one dollar.

With sorrow at parting with loved ones but with faith in God, I arrived at the depot, to there find Brother Alexander and several Farmington Saints waiting for the train and my arrival.

Brother Alexander had arrived a day or so previous, having as my memory retains his account, been conveyed by team from Montrose to Brother James Newberry's and Brother Newberry conveying him to Farmington. The Saints at that place made us a donation of ten dollars. So we bought tickets to Lineville, then the nearest point we could get to the colony, now Lamoni.

Here the diary begins:

Friday, June 27, 1873, started on the trip west. Took train at Farmington in company with Brother A. H. Smith, arrived at Ashland (now Eldon) at 11.30 a. m. Here we had to change cars for Lineville. After waiting for some time we resumed our journey. After getting well on the way we were overtaken by a severe tornado which carried grass, leaves, and branches of trees eddy past the cars.

After a hard blow of half an hour a tremendous rain set in, which poured down almost in torrents; so dense was it that we could not for a time see fifteen feet from the car window. This storm of rain lasted for over an hour. We arrived at Lineville at 3.30 p. m., where all was calm and quiet as a summer morn. But a little wind and only a slight sprinkle of rain here. This was very fortunate for us.

We visited several stores in order to learn if there were any teams going out to Pleasant Plains (later called Pleasanton). None such to be found, we sought the livery man. He wanted five dollars to take us over—which we considered too much, taking into consideration the state of our finances. Finally he came down to four dollars. We offered three dollars, which was about all we had in stock. This he stated was no inducement. We thought we could make wages walking, so we slung our valises high on our shoulders and trudged along.

After traveling on about four miles we were overtaken by another wind and rainstorm and were forced to take shelter in a house near at hand. We went to the open door, but the inhabitants did not manifest any disposition to invite us in, so we walked in and the woman did manage to offer us seats after we had introduced ourselves. But the man of the house was very much interested in reading an almanac, and did not so much as take his eyes off the interesting work to give us a casual glance, but we made ourselves as welcome as we could and remained a short time. The storm abating somewhat, we concluded we would venture forth; but we merely got beyond the threshold when the rain came down with renewed vigor. This drove us back for shelter when we found the inmates of the house as sociable as they were before.

In the meantime the lady of the house had been setting the table for

supper. When it was nearly ready, the rain again ceased and we started on our journey, thanking the people for the shelter obtained, but without an invitation to remain for supper, which we did not regret very much, having witnessed the culinary arrangements. An incident occurred here that reminded us of the old saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." So this wind that forced us to take shelter, and not having an invitation to supper, put us on the road at the right time, as a wagon soon overtook us, which we hailed and got permission to ride in. This carried us some four miles on our journey. Arriving at the home of the driver and his wife, whom we had entertained with social converse and gospel talk on the way, we got out and sincerely thanked them for the ride. They gave us a cordial invitation to stay over night with them, said they had a spare bed and we were welcome to it. As it was near dark, looked like rain, and five miles of rough, obscure, and muddy road between there and the nearest Saint's residence, Brother Milton Bailey's, where we had any other assurance of supper and lodging, we concluded to stay. We were given a good supper and talked gospel till late bedtime. Had a good bed and an early breakfast.

28th. The man had to haul some wood that day, and as his timber was on our way to Brother Bailey's we rode on the running gear of his wagon nearly in sight of his (Brother Bailey's) home. There we resumed our walk, up hill and down dale, until we arrived at Milton Bailey's, where we found a warm welcome, and I remained the rest of the day to visit them as brother-in-law. Brother Alexander H. Smith went over to Brother Ebenezer Robinson's and Brother Moffet's.

Sunday, 29th. Attended meetings of Little River Branch, Brother A. H. Smith preaching at 11 a. m. We both took dinner at Brother Robinson's. Attended sacrament meeting in afternoon.

Monday, 30th. Brother Milton Bailey kindly had offered to convey us by team to Brother William Hopkins's place. We found a rough ride in a lumber wagon, but about the best that was available.

We arrived at Brother Hopkins's about 2 o'clock. I was feeling quite ill, but had a good night's rest. Arose in the morning, July 1, feeling much better in health, had quite a rain during forepart of day. Afternoon we went over to Brother Adams's where we met a kind reception and were made welcome to their home—remained over night with them.

Wednesday, July 2. Remained at Brother Adams's, not feeling strong, but during the day several of the brethren came to prepare the grove for the 4th of July picnic already appointed, Brother A. H. Smith and I doing our share of the work. In the afternoon we went over to Brother I. N. W. Cooper's and later to Brother Zenos H. Gurley's where we stayed all night.

On this visit Brother A. H. Smith talked much with Brother Gurley about his (Gurley's) late call to the Quorum of Twelve, who seemed much averse to accepting the place, leaving the impression in my mind that he thought the Lord ought to have consulted or notified him if he

(the Lord) was going to give a revelation to that effect, and was in a quandary as to accepting or rejecting the call.

Thursday, July 3. Returned to Brother Adams's and remained over night.

Friday, 4th. Attended the celebration and picnic in Brother Adams's grove where Saints from the surrounding colony attended. Brethren Zenos Gurley and A. H. Smith were the principal speakers, in the order named. Brother Cooper and I made remarks. In the evening we went to Brother Hopkins's and stayed over night.

Saturday, 5th. By the kindness of Brother Braby we were conveyed to Leon to attend a two-day meeting. I spoke to the Saints assembled at 11 o'clock a. m., and Brother Alexander spoke at night. Lodged over night with Brother Jennings. During the night a heavy thunder and rainstorm prevailed.

Sunday, July 6. Attended meeting during the day. Brother Alexander was the speaker at 11 a. m. I spoke in the evening, and this night we lodged at Brother Buckley's.

Monday, July 7. Weather rather gloomy; rained during the night; waited in suspense all day for a conveyance to take us to Osceola. This did not come as promised. At 5 o'clock p. m. we took train at Leon for Council Bluffs; arrived at Chariton about 8 p. m., and waited till 9.30 and took a train to Creston; arrived there 11.58 p. m. We lay down on the depot floor on newspapers until 3.15 a. m., then took another train for the "Bluffs," where we arrived at 10 a. m., Tuesday, the 8th, and received a kind welcome from the Saints, and were put under special obligation to Brethren A. Hall, Charles Jensen, Calvin Beebe and their respective homes for entertaining us.

We passed the week in visiting Saints, attended Wednesday night prayer meeting; we took part. Sunday, 13th, 11 a. m., Brother A. H. Smith preached. At 3 p. m. I preached; 7 p. m. Alexander H. Smith preached. Here it was decided that Brother Smith should take what funds had been raised for both, and what he could get from Bishop Gamet, and hasten on to California; I to labor in western Iowa until fall conference and then follow on.

Monday, 14th. In company with Brother John A. McIntosh I started for Gallands Grove, with feelings of deep regret. Scarcely restraining the tears I to-day parted company with Brother Alexander, he going by rail to San Francisco, being able to obtain means sufficient for one only.

I drop the diary here. It may be that you will find no item in it of any interest or value to you, but if there is one that will help you to fill out the history of the life of one I love as a father, I shall myself be amply repaid. And if you could read between the lines the scenes and incidents that fond memory brings to view as I copy them, it would make much better reading than words or pen can give.

Wherever you read "we" the name of your father is included.

JAMES MCKIERNAN.

I have wondered sometimes why the early missionaries to the West went by such slow and devious windings toward their fields of labor until they passed through districts round about the hills of western Iowa, when usually their trials seemed to end, and with all wants satisfied, they took the long train for the long trip to the end of the journey. But I do not wonder any more, for I have touched soul with some of these western Iowa people and I think the love of the early Saints of these parts is descending to their children, to the second and third generation. In this one case they failed, and then there was disappointment in the failure, for many who had hoped to profit by this union of forces, so potent in each man for mighty works.

(To be continued.)

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THE MARCH OF MEN.

If you could cast away the pain,
 The sorrows and the tears,
 And let the joys alone remain
 From all departed years;
 If you could quite forget the sighs
 And recollect the song—
 What think you: would you be as wise,
 As helpful, or as strong?

If you could lay the burden down
 That bows your head at whiles,
 Shun everything that wears a frown,
 And live a life of smiles—
 Be as happy as a child again,
 As free from thoughts of care—
 Would you appear to other men
 More noble or more fair?

Ah no! a man should do his part
 And carry all his load,
 Rejoiced to share with every heart
 The roughness of the road.
 Not given to thinking overmuch
 Of pains and griefs behind,
 But glad to be in fullest touch
 With all his human-kind.

—Charles Buxton Going.

BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 87.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They arrived home again October 24.

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

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

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

"And you are not satisfied?"

"Not exactly," he said, laughingly.

"Did you take anything with you?"

"No, I purposely did not take anything."

"And did you lack anything?"

"No."

"Who supplied your wants?"

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

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

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

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

"Yes; that was rather out of the ordinary."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Livingston seemed quite amused, but said farther,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yours truly,

“W. H. MILLS.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER CHARLES DERRY.

(Continued from page 53.)

Burton predicted that Jackson County would be redeemed in 1867 and that he was going to build up a branch of love.

July 16, 1865, I preached in North Star Branch and then went to Council Bluffs to try to settle the difficulty which the General Conference had placed in my hands. I labored with them until 1 a. m. I decided that the action of the court in cutting off the Saints because they would not vote to cut off Elder John Clark was illegal. As the prerogative of a court is only to find the guilt or innocence of the party accused, they may recommend as seems good to them, but the recommendation is not binding. The ones expelled by the court were reinstated by this decision, but I fear some are so badly wounded that they will not return to fellowship.

About this time I met John Lewis, from Utah, an old elder who succeeded me in the presidency of the Lincolnshire conference. He took pleasure in telling me that he had carried out the measures I had adopted in that conference. He had become disgusted with the Utah Church and had united with the Reorganized Church; so did his wife. I was glad to meet him.

On the 18th Brother Lewis and I went through the rain to preach in Council Bluffs.

On the 20th, learning that Davis Bays, who was given a mission to Decatur County, Iowa, had not gone, I wrote requesting him to go. He seems backward from some cause.

Brother Lewis and I went to Florence, Nebraska, and preached to the Saints. I find they have been imposed upon by some elders who love gain more than godliness. We visited Brother George Hatt, who is appointed on a mission to Eng-

land with Brother Lewis. We also visited the Desoto Saints. They seem full of zeal.

On the 22d wife and I and Brother Zachariah Martin went to Bell Creek to visit my mother. She was glad to see us. She had grown older in appearance, as well as in years, but is quite active for her years. She is seventy-one years old and rejoices in the restored gospel, and my heart is glad because of this. My brother and sister visited with us. It was a pleasant family reunion. Mother rejoiced to see her children; and we were glad to be with mother. We visited a family named Leach. They were old members. We presented the restoration before them and encouraged them to cling to the "rod of iron." My brother's wife was led into the church by a dream. She saw herself being baptized by a certain man whom she had never seen before. Sometime after Howard Smith and Henry Halliday went to their house in the night and she told Smith he was the one she had dreamed baptized her and she called him by name and told him he was the one to baptize her. He did so, and she rejoices in the truth. Wife and I slept at mother's.

On the 23d I preached in a sod schoolhouse. An infidel opposed the truth. I replied to him, to the satisfaction of the audience.

On the 24th mother, wife, George, Louisa, and myself went to George and Louisa's home on Maple Creek, Nebraska. It did seem good to be with each other once more, and all of us in the covenant of peace.

On the 25th we celebrated the thirty-ninth anniversary of my birth. Only one thing lacking to complete our joy, the presence of our children. May God bless them. My prayer is that God may strengthen us to live nearer to him every day of our lives. May we never turn back.

On the 26th we bade George and Louisa farewell and re-

turned to mother's. We bade mother farewell and went on to Desoto. I preached to the people, but a heavy storm caused them to disperse. We slept at Brother Zachariah Martin's.

On the 27th we went to Florence, and I preached in reply to an infidel who undertook to prove that the three records destroyed the agency of man.

On the 28th we returned to Glenwood, Brother Putney had removed there, and we made our home there. Wife and Sister Putney are like two sisters.

On the 29th Brother Putney and I started for Manti. On our way I called near Tabor. I had the pleasure of meeting my little boy. He is well and happy and is esteemed by the Gaylord family. This does me good.

On the 30th we arrived at Manti. I preached twice, had good liberty and a good audience. There is a difficulty and I have been requested to settle it. I called a church meeting for to-morrow.

On the 31st I baptized Mr. Leadingham and his wife and two sons, in the Nishnabotna River. They were confirmed August 1, 1865. I presided over general council of the branch. Elders Putney and Bays assisted in the investigation. An elder was charged with slander and rebellion. Slander was not proven, rebellion was. He made ample confession and was forgiven. Father Baldwin was released from the branch presidency that he might devote more time to the district. I preached this evening by request. Elder Putney repaired Father Baldwin's buggy which was badly used up. Father Baldwin appreciated this kindness.

On the 3d we started for Decatur County. Brother Bays with us. We distributed tracts on the way. We stayed for the night at Gardner's, five miles west of Bedford. Weather very wet and roads bad. We talked with people on the gospel. We arrived at Father Morey's on the 5th of August.

It is reported in the *Saints' Herald* that the Brighamites had killed some who were leaving Utah. If this be true, they are filling up their cup.

Sunday, 6th, Elders Putney and Bays preached this forenoon in Brother Moffet's barn. I preached in the afternoon. Audience large. There I met Ebenezer Robinson for the first time. The Saints here seem to love the truth, but they are not united. All treated us kindly. Brother Robinson claims he is led of the Lord to build a railroad to be called the Alexandra Railway. He is building it by subscriptions from the people. He claims it will play an important part in the redemption of Zion. He read me letters from various leading men of the church encouraging him. If it is of the Lord I want it to prosper, but I have no evidence. Later he wanted me to view the road so far as the work had been performed and report to the public and act as agent for raising subscriptions. I told him, "The Lord has sent me to build up his kingdom by preaching the gospel, not to build railroads." The Gentiles would build all necessary roads.

We preached again at Eldorado and instructed the Saints that Zion can not be built up only upon the principles of righteousness. One brother denied that baptism was for the remission of sins, or that it was at all essential to salvation. I reasoned with him from the Scriptures, but he would not acknowledge the truth. He either had not been instructed in the gospel, or had become blinded by the enemy. The Saints in this district agreed to sustain D. H. Bays in his ministry here. A good spirit prevailed in our council meetings.

On the 14th I baptized Mary Dunham in the river. She was confirmed by myself and J. M. Putney. I preached in the schoolhouse. We have done all we can to unite the Saints here and now leave them in the hands of God. They administered to us of their substance to help us on our journey. I

hope Brother Bays will have wisdom to direct them, that he may win souls to God.

On the 15th Brother Putney and I left for Leon. I preached in the courthouse. A terrible storm came up, the people got alarmed. I tried to dismiss their fears, but in vain. Lawyer Penny treated me kindly and spoke highly of the Saints in Fremont County.

The Saints are anxious for the gathering, and many are speculating as to when Zion will be redeemed. One brother thinks the gathering will begin in 1866. Others claim it is near at hand, and many refuse to buy land and make permanent improvements lest the cry, "To your tents, O Israel," shall be heard. Joseph advises them "to freeze to their homes and make improvements as if they were going to stay there for ever." Brother Kastor was ordained an elder by the voice of the Manti Branch and called to preside over the same. John Tuller was ordained a priest and called to act as priest of the branch. Brother Kastor kindly offered to give me ten acres of land, if I would come and live here. I appreciated the kind offer, but did not accept it.

On the 20th I preached at Manti and at night we were at Plum Hollow and our wives met us there, and my darling boy also. Wife brought letters from Alice. She was well and I thanked God for his kindness to us as a family.

The papers report the spread of cholera in the East. The black plague is among the cattle in England.

Samuel Ellis informs me that Burton is teaching and practicing free love in Biglers Grove. Investigation proves it true, but this man Ellis is tarred with the same brush. I felt it my duty to silence Burton and notify him to appear and answer to the charges. I silenced Ellis also. It is no time to tamper with these men while they are working all the ruin they can. We want good and true men to represent the church of Christ,

but it is a lamentable fact that the church in all ages has been cursed with such men. I notified the presidents of districts to see that he does not spread his poison among their flocks.

I asked the Saints of this mission to furnish me with a horse to ride on. My field is large and settlements far apart. They responded nobly and I bought a pony of Moses Nickerson for which I paid seventy dollars.

On the 26th I met with some who had returned from Utah; they were at the Nephi Branch. They seemed to have the spirit of the work. I find some few think I ought to travel on foot. I have done most of my traveling on foot, both in England and in this land, with wearied limbs, swollen and blistered feet, and never murmured, and if I had not so much territory to travel over would be content to do it now. I am thankful to know that the great majority of the Saints appreciate my services, as is manifested from their manifold kindnesses to me and mine.

I have sought divine wisdom to be able to regulate the affairs of the church committed to my care, and to enable me to walk circumspectly before all men. I realize my own inefficiency and I know that unless God helps my work will be a failure. It requires more than human wisdom to adjust difficulties between contending parties. I would rather preach exclusively to the world than have the responsibility of directing the affairs of the church in my department and settling difficulties among brethren; but this has largely been my work almost from the beginning of my ministry. We lack good men who are qualified to feed the flock of God, and hence the necessity, unqualified as I am, of my giving the most of my time to the districts and branches that have been placed under my charge by the wisdom of the body. All the Saints are kind to my family, and I am thankful they do not suffer for the common necessities of life. Luxuries we do not expect, nor do we desire them.

I presented the case of Elder George Sweet, who is giving his time and labor in the Pottawattamie District and is lacking the necessities of life, and after preaching in Nephi, Union, and North Star branches, I closed my labor for the month of August in Council Bluffs, where I am grieved to find charity is lacking among some, hence there is no bond of unity.

I commenced September, 1865, in the North Star Branch, thence to Union Branch. Brother Putney has gone to brick-making at Glenwood, hence I miss his valuable assistance in church work.

On the 3d I realized the truth of Paul's words: "When I would do good, evil is present with me," but I determined the enemy should not prevent me from doing my duty, and by the grace of God I conquered. May I ever gain the victory over the evils of my own heart.

I continued my preaching in North Star, Council Bluffs, Boomer, North Pigeon, Union Grove, Eight-mile Grove, Wheelers Grove, Mud Creek, Farm Creek, Glenwood, and Union branches during the month of September. Preaching the gospel, visiting Saints, trying to settle difficulties, presiding in courts where circumstances demanded, and in many instances I was greatly blessed of God spiritually, and the Saints generously aided me temporally, so that now I have a horse, saddle, and bridle, and can travel with greater ease than in the past. I find some of the young people love the pleasures of the ballroom and indulge therein. I counsel carefulness in dealing with them; the church's business is to save, not to destroy. Yet we can not countenance the ballroom pleasures; not that the dance of itself is an evil, but it becomes so fascinating there is danger of forgetting every duty, and neglecting the means of grace, besides the associations are not always as children of God should mingle in, and besides physical evils that extravagant exercise and exposures bring upon

the body, there are evils spiritually that are very apt to attach to the spiritual nature and corrupt the whole man. In the ballroom pride and ruin are engendered in the heart and thousands of young men and women can date their fall and ruin as beginning in the ballroom. I would to God the young would take warning: "Avoid the evil, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." I have tried to encourage Sunday schools where the young can be taught the way of the Lord, but I am sorry to say there is too much slackness in this. I try to show that in the Sunday school is the training for our future ministry, as well as membership in the church.

Adultery exhibits its filthy, lecherous head occasionally. One man in Council Bluffs was expelled for the crime, and proved to have been guilty seven times with the same woman. The paramour was expelled too. Some who are otherwise good men are slaves to the inebriating cup—duty to the cause demanded their silence. I have no right to shield even a friend when his course is detrimental to the church, but I pray God they may receive strength to overcome the body and soul-destroying habit.

I received letters from President Smith and Isaac Sheen respecting business to be attended to at the coming General Conference. Elder Edmund C. Briggs is released from his western mission. Brother Harvey Whitlock takes his place.

On Sunday, October 1, 1865, I united in matrimony Mr. Samuel Woods and Sarah Amanda Green, near Tabor. This is the first marriage ceremony I ever performed in the Reorganized Church.

Trouble exists in North Pigeon Branch on account of difference of opinions. Some claim that God is continually progressing in wisdom, knowledge, power, etc., others fear to denounce polygamy, "lest it prove to be true," and these discordant elements have to be molded and fashioned into perfect

harmony, before they can be fit for the kingdom of God! Truly God alone can do it! I have no fellowship with either view, and I am sure the church has not, and need more than human charity to enable me to bear with those who entertain those views.

On Friday, October 6, the semiannual conference convened at Park's Mills. President Joseph Smith in the chair. The district president reported the work in good condition. Brother Joseph requested the district presidents, with myself, to meet him in council at Brother Jonathan Heywood's, and in which the interest of the work was discussed. We had a good spiritual prayer meeting on the camp ground. Brother Joseph preached to a vast gathering, estimated at three thousand. Many outsiders were present. The writer preached in the afternoon on the faith of the church. Ten persons were baptized and confirmed. Conference continued until noon on Monday. David M. Gamet was ordained a high priest by President Smith and the writer, after which he was ordained a bishop by the same. Missions were appointed and I was sustained in my mission. My mother and brother and his wife were present and enjoyed the conference very much. They returned home on the 10th.

Brother Joseph Craven bought my boy a pair of shoes.

My pony threw George off three times and I traded it to William Martin for Black Fannie.

On the 12th Brother Joseph and my wife and myself started up north and both preached at Crescent, and slept on the floor at Father Hoskin's. We had spent a profitable time in conference.

On the 13th we started for Little Sioux where we stayed and preached over Sunday, holding the meetings in the school-house. From thence we went to Preparation. Joseph preached and showed the necessity of Saints acquiring land in western Iowa and improving it, and thus establishing them-

selves in decent homes; also of cultivating habits of cleanliness. He said, "The New Jerusalem was kept pure by each one keeping his own premises clean, and that would be the way in Zion, that if we were to build up Zion, we must be pure in heart and pure in body." In consequence of some teaching false doctrine, he advised the silencing of those who falsely taught, then report to the district presidents and the mission president.

On the 17th we visited Biglers Grove and investigated the case of John N. Burton and found a terrible stench from his free love teaching; but he being a member of the Union Grove Branch and having friends there, he had cunningly gone there and made a confession and they as a branch had accepted his confession and had to forgive him, and although his guilt was evident, Joseph decided we could not go back on the action of the branch; but he also decided that his license be withheld. I protested against his being retained as a member, but I told Joseph if he could not have his license, he would not be in the church three weeks. He had threatened to shoot me, I was told, if hindered from having his license. I told him plainly he could have no license to labor in my mission. His license was not restored, and inside of three weeks he denied the faith and denounced the church and was expelled. Two others who had submitted to his teaching and practiced it were expelled. But his conduct had left a stink that will require years of right living to overcome. It was the ruin of the branch eventually, and yet some remained true to the faith of Christ; but as a branch they became dissolved.

On the 18th Joseph and I preached at Union Branch and we were blessed in delivering the word. We traveled about forty miles this day. Wife and I stayed at Brother Joseph Craven's. This branch is increasing in numbers. May they increase in every good.

On the 20th we went to Glenwood and as Joseph had desired that my boy, George Nephi, go with him to Plano to the Herald Office, we consented to let him go and to-day with a sad heart he bade his mother farewell, and it was as hard for her to let him go; but we think it may be for his good. By letter from Alice Amelia I learn that Sister Redfield wants her to remain there and has pledged herself to Alice that she will see that no wrong comes to her. Alice assures me I need not be afraid, for she is determined not to be led into evil by anyone. Wife and I considered the matter and determined to let her stay. May God bless and guide them both in the ways of virtue all their lives. Joseph and George and I went to Plum Creek and Joseph preached there.

On the 22d we went to Manti and both preached. Brother Wilcox gave me five dollars. We visited Baldwins and slept at Brother Twist's.

On the 25th we were at Brother Morey's at Pleasanton. Here I must part with my boy. We went into a bedroom alone. I laid my hands upon him and dedicated him to the Lord, and prayed that God might raise up friends to him, and enable him to become fit for eternal life. It was hard to part with my son, but did I not realize that Joseph would be a father to him I would not let him go.

On the 26th our final parting took place; both wept, and I trust in God to shield him from evil.

On the 27th there was a severe snowstorm.

A Doctor Inman and his wife have denied the faith; brethren think he should be expelled. I urged the necessity of dealing with him according to law. There has been too much loose and hasty dealing with transgressors, and thereby we become transgressors ourselves.

I attended the conference in the Little River Branch. I find some not satisfied with Brother Morey as president, but

I believe all parties want to do right. I visited Eldorado and preached there twice, and on the 31st started for home aided by the Saints whose confidence I am glad to say I have. Thank God.

November 1, 1865, continued my journey homeward, where I arrived on the 3d and found wife not well, but nothing serious.

On the 4th we attended a conference at Plum Hollow. Brother and Sister Putney accompanied us. Wheeler Baldwin presided. James Kemp was ordained an elder and appointed to labor at Sidney. Jairus M. Putney and Joseph Cook were requested to visit the Saints on Elm Creek as often as convenient. Rufus Gunsolley was appointed to labor at Pacific City, and all elders were urged to preach wherever opportunities could be had without interfering with other men's labors. Elders Kemp and Baldwin instructed the people. The Kemp brothers, Henry, James, and George, with their families and other Saints had lately come from Utah. I met them for the first time in August, at the Nephi Branch. They seem fully alive to the work. They gave good instruction to the Saints.

It was resolved by the conference that a contribution from all the branches be given to assist Father Baldwin, as he is needy. I tried to encourage the Saints to faithfulness and diligence in the work of God.

Medical men are trying to account for the cholera and are devising means to stop it. It may originate in the slums of poverty and filth, but it is no respecter of persons. Rich and poor alike fall victims to its deadly ravages, and I believe it is permitted to come as one of the judgments of God, foretold by Christ and the prophets, both of former and latter days. It is the result of the wickedness of the world, as declared in the divine word, "If we sow to the flesh, we shall reap of the flesh corruption."

On the 8th of November wife and I left Brother and Sister Putney's and went to make our home with Sister Hartwell, in Carterville, near Council Bluffs. I pray God to bless Brother and Sister Putney for their unwearied kindness to us; this has been to us a pleasant home, and especially to my wife. Of course I have been absent, as duty required me to be, but it was always an oasis in a desert when I returned for a season of rest. We were kindly received by Sister Hartwell and family. I preached at Brother Craven's to-night.

The Fenian movement is agitating Great Britain, Ireland, and America. The Fenians would love to bring about a war between the United States and England.

Corruption seems to bear sway and it will require the utmost vigilance on the part of the Saints to keep clear of it. I need divine aid continually.

On the 12th I preached at North Star Branch, subject, "Save yourself from this untoward generation." About fifty members out of near two hundred were present, and only thirty partook of the sacrament. I urged the visiting officers to do their duty. In the evening I preached at Council Bluffs to a fair audience. Elder Henry Kemp was appointed president of the branch, the former president having left the city. I was the guest of Doctor Allison and wife, who are favorable to the work. Elder Levi Graybill, of Wheelers Grove, has been appointed to the Southern Mission, in place of Dexter P. Hartwell. I gave Brother Graybill a license to-day. I visited the Chambers brothers and urged them to live the religion of Jesus Christ. These men love the work, but they are slaves to intemperance.

On the 14th I visited Kemps and Harts. They became disgusted with the doings in Utah, and when they heard the missionaries of the Reorganized Church there, they had the moral courage to acknowledge the truth.

On the 17th of October I left home for Nebraska. Met with the Saints in the Florence Branch. The night being dark I fell into a deep ravine, which shook me up severely. I was thankful I was no worse injured. I visited Desoto from Florence.

A Campbellite preacher tried to prevent my getting the schoolhouse but did not succeed. God blessed me in my effort. The Saints seemed to be earnest and devoted, but the officials have an idol they worship, I believe to their detriment, spiritually and physically. That idol is tobacco.

On the 20th I visited my mother at Bell Creek. Her eyesight was failing and at first she did not recognize her boy, but she gladly received me with a mother's love. Hers, like mine, has been a checkered life, but she has lived a pure and honorable life, and is always highly honored by those who know her. She has always honored God to the best of her knowledge, and from the time she received the truth at my hands, she has been faithful to her covenant with God, and she rejoices in the work, though she stands alone, as her present husband is a bitter enemy of the cause. My interview with my stepfather was not a pleasant one, seeing that he was unable to successfully discuss the points of difference between our church and the Campbellites, he denounced the Saints. Mother was grieved at his conduct and requested my prayers that she might be able to bear up under her trials.

I returned to Desoto. Here I saw a sister who had been very ill and to whom Brother Martin and I had been called upon to administer a few days before. She was much improved in health. Sister Nancy Martin told a strange incident. A little while before Joseph and Hyrum were shot, she was sweeping her doorstep, when nine drops of blood came upon the doorstep. Her little son and daughter saw them, and the latter

nearly fainted at the sight. In a few days came the sad news that Joseph and Hyrum were murdered.

On the 22d I preached in Fort Calhoun and stayed with Father Runyan.

On the 23d I preached in Florence and was greatly blessed of God in showing that to us was committed the great duty of aiding in bringing about the great purposes of God, in preaching the gospel as the great means of preparation for the coming of Christ.

On the 24th I returned home, attended the next day the conference of the Pottawattamie District. Drunkenness was denounced as one of the great evils of the day. Brother John Clark was reinstated as a member of the church by vote of conference. I am pleased to see that the local ministry are diligent in preaching the gospel where they can on Sabbath days.

An old man was expelled for a horrible crime.

Some of the Saints object to being reported as baptized into the Reorganization, but wish to be reported as members from their original baptism. I decided that all who were baptized in the days of Joseph and had not forfeited their standing as members, their baptism should date from that time, but such as had not been baptized in his day, their membership should be dated from their baptism into the Reorganized Church. I preached in Council Bluffs this evening. Brethren Graybill and Fields started on their southern mission.

On the 27th I preached to Billington Branch. All is not right here. Here are some good people and some who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.

On the 28th I preached at North Pigeon. Some are on the verge of apostasy because Joseph preached against the idea that "God was eternally progressing in knowledge," etc. I sometimes think if God can mold a people fitted for celestial

glory out of this conglomerate mass of confusion and diversity of spirits, as found in the church, he will have done "a marvelous work and a wonder"! Yet this is the work to be accomplished in the dispensation of the fullness of times. "All things are to be gathered together in one in Christ Jesus." What boundless love! What infinite wisdom! What exhaustless patience and limitless mercy must be his; as well as infinite power, justice, and goodness! And if we are to be successful coworkers with him, we must be partakers of that love, wisdom, patience, mercy, justice, goodness, and power. These must be manifest in our lives and in all our dealings with our fellow men, or we shall mar the work we are called to bring to pass. How careful, studious, and diligent we should be to acquire and cultivate these excellences as the qualifications for work before us!

On visiting the Boomer Branch I found a similar state of feeling among them, and they complain that Joseph does not prophesy or use, "Thus saith the Lord enough," as though God's word were not as effective and binding when faithfully declared without that preface as with it. The fact is, that the leaven of Brighamism is not purged out of them, and these troublesome spirits are injuring the cause they profess to love.

On the 29th I preached at Union Grove. Men professing to represent Sidney Rigdon's claims are in the field, and thus we have to contend with all sorts of heresies.

On the 30th David Hall accompanied me to Six-mile Grove where I preached, and the next day we went to Gallands Grove. I found the Saints there had not built Brother McIntosh a new house or repaired his old one. Hamilton, a Rigdonite, had been here but had accomplished nothing.

On the 2d of December, 1865, I attended conference in the log schoolhouse and was called to preside. The elders had no

reports, having performed no labors in the ministry. I tried to show the necessity of all doing their duty and reporting to every quarterly conference of the district. It was shown from the book that the ordinations of high priests were legal only when done by the voice of a high council or general conference. I preached on the past and present history of the church.

On Sunday, the 3d, I was requested to preach again, when I tried to show the necessity for all to combine to roll on the work. God holds the church responsible for the preaching of the gospel to the world, and the church must hold the ministry responsible for the duties devolving upon them, and in order that the elders may be without excuse we must provide for their families. The district agreed to respond to the call of the bishop that men may be sustained in the field. We had a good time, the Lord was with us, and some said they never felt so well as at this time. The glory is the Lord's.

I was the guest of Brother and Sister Alexander McCord. The Saints kindly remembered me, the pilgrim. I also visited and stayed with Father Alexander Hunt, a member of many years' standing. He is blind and his dear old wife is lame, and their son, John B. Hunt, stays with them and takes good care of them. I stayed all night, and they rejoiced at the pleasure of having me with them, and it did me good to be able to comfort them.

Nearly everybody in the Grove lives in log cabins, hence their accommodation is not extensive, but such as they have are given with a free will. They are a generous-hearted people; if some have but one room and the stovepipe sticks out through the window. Of course conditions vary according to means.

On the 4th David Hall and I rode on horseback about thirty-five miles over the snow clad prairies to the Boomer Branch. It was a cold ride, but I was recompensed by finding my wife

at Brother George Wright's where she is sewing for Sister Wright.

I find one of the disaffected ones before referred to in this branch, still railing against the president. I have tried to keep him in the church, but I can not sustain him in wrongdoing. On the 7th I went to Biglers Grove, another cold journey of twenty-two miles. I was kindly entertained at Father Palmer's. There I find Burton with a few kindred spirits is doing all he can to utterly destroy the faith of the Saints. He is cunning and crafty, but there are those who are too deeply grounded in the love of righteousness to allow him to have any influence over them.

On the 8th I went to the Raglan Branch. Father Palmer offered me a building spot and all the firewood I needed if I would live in Biglers Grove. I appreciated his kindness, but I did not accept it. I preached in the Raglan Schoolhouse. I was blessed in preaching the word. Some men in the church are too lazy to provide for their families—their wives are energetic, but are bound down by poverty with such dead weights clinging to them. I was kindly entertained by Hosea Pierce and wife.

On the 9th I went to Little Sioux and visited the Saints, and next day I preached twice. Brethren Donald Maule, of Raglan, Amos Chase, and David M. Gamet kindly aided my family, and brother Gamet gave me an overcoat and a comforter.

One brother was charged with drunkenness, but for the lack of direct evidence he escaped the penalty. Another was charged with apostasy, but as he did not appear for trial, his case was postponed.

On the 12th I traveled twenty miles through the piercing cold, the wind blowing fiercely from the north, but no one came to meeting.

My little boy wrote me that he thought father had forgotten him. He feels lonely. He says, "I am tired of life." Poor boy!

I know he needs a father's and a mother's care. Alice writes me that she wants to come home, and it pains my heart to think that necessity should compel them to be away from home, and were it not for the gospel's sake, I would not allow them to be separated from me. Wealth in land, or gold, nor all the honors men could heap upon me could induce me to be separated from my family. But the cause of God demands the sacrifice and though my heart has bled a thousand times at the thought, I bow beneath the yoke, for the gospel's sake. I trust when spring comes I shall be able to fetch them both and let them know that neither father nor mother have forgotten the only earthly objects of their love.

The man that can allow himself to be separated from his family, thereby depriving them of his help and immediate and constant care without the deepest regret and heart-bleeding, is no man; he makes no sacrifice, even though he does it professedly for the gospel's sake! I thank God I have always had the deepest affection and constant anxiety for those whom God has given me, and I know that I have their sincerest love in return. Should these lines ever be read by others, some who have never made the sacrifice may think I am weak. To such I will simply say, I am human! I hold further that no man should be intrusted with the gospel message, whose wife and children are not all the world to him. Such a man would be a curse to the cause, and his path through life would be a stink in the nostrils of every virtuous man or woman.

On the 13th I returned to Boomer. Father Palmer begged me to stay with him, as the storm was very severe and the snow deep. He told me I would be frozen to death. I told him I had an appointment to preach and must fill it. My horse carried me safely through the storm, twenty-four miles, but it was too bad for the people to turn out. I had kept my pledge and had not suffered, but I found my wife sick at

Brother Wright's. We administered to her and applied bottles of hot water to her side, and she found relief.

On the 15th wife was so much improved I went to the Bluffs. I hear that some have been frozen to death in the storm.

On Sunday, the 17th, I returned to Boomer and preached. Wife is very much improved. Brother and Sister Wright have been kind to her, and paid her for her work. We shall always appreciate their kindness, and wife is always glad to find work among the Saints, and some are very kind in furnishing her with sewing for their families.

On the 19th Brother Wright took her to Council Bluffs, and we stayed at Brother Beebe's, from there we returned to our home at Sister Hartwell's. Brother and Sister Putney came and fetched us to spend Christmas with them. Brother Johnson, of Little Sioux Branch, brought us a sack of flour, and Brother Wright, of Boomer, brought us some pork. May God reward their kindness.

On the 24th I preached in the North Star Branch and also in Council Bluffs, and the Saints rejoiced and I was blessed of God.

On the 25th I went to Glenwood to spend Christmas with wife and Brother and Sister Putney. We had a pleasant time. These people seem like our own brother and sister, and have ever since we first met. I wrote my children, my mother, and my brother.

On the 27th I preached in Father Lidget's home. We also had a prayer and testimony meeting in which God visited us by his Spirit, to our rejoicing. Father Lidget thinks the angel of Revelation 4 and 6 will not come until after the millennium. I showed him he had already brought the gospel to prepare the world for the millennium, and that after the millennium he would also appear.

We visited among the Saints until December 31, when I

preached at Brother Brittain's. We spent the last night of the year with Brother and Sister Hyde.

The year has closed. We enjoyed many blessings, and have been tried in many ways. I would not dare to say I had not been found wanting, but I can say I have not wantonly done wrong. I have tried to do my duty. I may have erred in judgment. I make no claim to infallibility, but I trust in God for his mercies. God has given me power over corrupt men and false spirits and has blessed the work under my charge. I feel my weakness greatly; I see the need more and more of self-government, and to this end may God help me, that I may be better able to lead others into righteousness. May God bless my family and help us all to live to his glory. Amen!

The news from all quarters as given in the *Saints' Herald* shows that the work is progressing. There are at least eight branches reported from Utah, and it is hoped that the gospel leaven will continue to spread in those valleys until it has leavened all who desire truth and righteousness there. I am for thinking that all there are not willfully corrupt. Many have made great sacrifices for the truth in their native lands, and others in this land, but they have become blinded by men who once knew the truth, but have submitted to their lust of ambition for power and place, and have become a prey to their sensual desires, and the God of this world hath blinded their eyes and the blind are leading the blind, and unless they retrace their steps they must fall in the ditch.

(To be continued.)

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveler ever reached that blessed abode
Who found not thorns and briers on the road.

—Cowper.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW JOHNSON, OF MAGNOLIA, IOWA.

[We heard the following story while a guest at the home of Elder Johnson, in Magnolia, Iowa, and as it disclosed the power of truth to hold the interest of an honest soul through privation and trouble, and also its power to enable a devoted adherent to discern between the true and the false, we solicited its preservation in this form. Elder Alma M. Fyrando kindly donated his assistance in preparing the manuscript under the direction of Elder Johnson. We bespeak for this production an interested reading.—EDITOR.]

I was born February 18, 1827, at Christianstadt, Sweden, of parents who were poor in this world's goods, and in a thatched roof log cabin of two rooms with a sod floor. I was one of five children, three of whom died in infancy. My memory dates back to five years of age. My schooling consisted of six weeks in a school and three weeks under a private tutor. At the age of six I was very ill, and taken to a hospital. In 1834 my parents moved about one hundred English miles, where our home was of the same humble sort.

November 11, 1837, my mother died, when I was ten years, nine months old. Her age was forty-eight years. My father remained a widower five years, then married a widow having five children.

In 1843 I bade farewell to home, returned to my birthplace, and made my home for a time with my uncle. In 1844 I became a blacksmith's apprentice under a five-year contract.

In 1850 I worked for a time in the country. In 1852 I went to Copenhagen, Denmark, to work at my trade. Here I first heard the preaching of the "angel's message," but being a strong Lutheran I was well satisfied with that belief. In 1854 I made an extended trip into Germany, but had little success in finding work, sought the aid of the Swedish consul at Lebeck, Germany, and returned to Sweden penniless. Here

I remained at Ystad, Sweden, two years, working at my trade.

During this period a "Mormon" elder visited the wife of my "boss." She sent for me to assist in gainsaying anti-Christ. He especially dwelt on the last chapter of Malachi. In 1856 I worked in a wagon factory in Ystad. During the winter many became agitated, through the preaching at "Mormon meetings."

Tracts were freely distributed and I began anew the study of the Bible. I then became convinced that the Lord had indeed sent an angel to earth, again restoring the everlasting gospel. After some two months of investigation I was, on February 19, 1857, baptized by a Brother Peterson. Brother Magnus A. Fyrando preached that evening, he being about twenty years of age. At this service I was confirmed.

A month later I attended a conference at Malmo, Sweden. A large gathering of Saints and friends. While assembled three or four constables appeared and drove us out of the hall. We then went out into the country some two miles to the home of a brother and continued our conference sessions. Here I was ordained an elder and immediately thereafter assigned a mission in company with Brother Eric Lindholm. To this same Malmo conference word came to us, through the Saints in England, that orders had been received from Salt Lake City, that all were to be rebaptized and acknowledge Brigham Young as a prophet of the Lord.

I then went to Ystad to get my clothing, thence to Vexshua, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, where my father resided. Thence to Helmstadt, where I was to meet my co-laborer, Brother Lindholm. We went from place to place. Some received the word kindly, others with great prejudice, especially at Falkenburg, where others of our missionaries had been illtreated. We could not enter town until after dark for fear of being seen; but we had been observed by some and

word went out that Mormon missionaries had come. Some fifteen or twenty assembled about 9 p. m. to drive us out. They came with clubs, pounding on doors and windows. The brother at whose home we were inquired, "What is your business?"

They replied, "We want in." They kept up their incessant pounding until the good sister of the house advised us to go to the cellar, which we did, where we continued in prayer for protection from harm. Our persecutors gained entrance to the house, then the cellar, where three of the most violent of the mob found us.

The leader exclaimed, "Here are the devils." They forced us up, making a great uproar. The leaders demanded our books and papers. They feared to harm us until placed under arrest by those in authority. They took us to the home of the mob leader, but most dropped out by the way until only four remained, who were to watch over us through the night.

Being midnight they requested us to quietly retire to an adjoining room, which we did. We were given cold mush and sour milk to eat. After we retired we heard a heated discussion between husband and wife of the home, the wife objecting to our presence there; and they decided that on the morrow we must be taken to jail.

But early next morning the man of the house requested us to leave unseen, which we gladly did. He restored to us our papers and books. We fasted this day in gladness for our deliverance.

We then went to a small town near by where two of our members resided. We solicited their rebaptism, which they refused. Later we visited three others who received rebaptism. We found many good people. Were permitted to preach in a Lutheran church, where a minister visited us, carrying his Greek testament, contending that instead of the word *repent*, it should be *confess* and be baptized.

After completing the mission assigned us, Brother Lindholm and I separated, he going to Stockholm, I continuing where we previously labored. Some gave us a welcome, others forbade us entrance to their homes. One night I slept in the forest, with my Book of Mormon for a pillow; the next morning I knocked at a cabin, asking breakfast; was refused, but the lady of the house came out and proffered me victuals if I would eat in the barn, which I gladly did. She feared the neighbors if she consented to entertain me.

I then returned to the home of my father. Here I bore my testimony to the work to father, relatives, friends, and strangers. I baptized my half sister's husband, June, 1858. Later, in July she was baptized.

I baptized another lady, April, 1859, and another later, when I was transferred from the Malmo conference to that of Norkjoping jurisdiction, O. Nielson being district president. He, with a missionary direct from Utah's Zion, P. Beckstrom by name, came to see me in October, 1860, and gave us word that Zion's redemption was near at hand, when the faithful would be gathered. I was under necessity of seeking work at my trade, being without means. I asked Beckstrom how I should get to Zion, having no money. He said, "The overshadowing angel would conduct me there." While I engaged at my trade in Wexjo I baptized John Sederholm and wife.

I thus labored for eleven years in my native land. I had then had correspondence with my brother-in-law after his arrival in Utah's Zion. They were well satisfied and solicited my moving there. But knowing I had no money they sent me first \$80 and thereafter \$30 more, but not being enough for my family of wife and four children, my wife and I agreed that I should go alone, paying my full fare to Zion. As I wished counsel I went to Copenhagen and talked with the

Scandinavian mission president, C. Vederborg. He agreed to my going and was willing to give orders to Malmo's district president to that effect.

On the 30th of May, 1868, a letter was given me by P. T. Newstrom, president of Malmo conference, ordering me to Malmo, June 10, 1868, where the Swedish emigrants were to assemble. On the 9th I left wife and children in a poor condition. This \$110 was equal to 289 knoner. My fare would be 264 knoner, hence I had 25 knoner which I sent back to my wife. On June 13 we were assembled, eighty-four in number, going to Copenhagen, same day, where six hundred Danish Saints were also assembled, listed for sailing on the large steamboat, embarking as speedily as possible. This boat was to land us in Hull, England.

We embarked on steamship *Hansa*, Hamburg Line. Sunday, the 14th, on the North Sea we experienced great seasickness. On the 16th we saw land, landing at Liverpool, 12 o'clock midnight. On the 19th we embarked in a large sailship, this being the *Emerald Isle*, New York Line, being two stories high. There were also about two hundred English Saints along, making about nine hundred in all. C. Widerborg, Franklin Richards' councilor, was there. They gave a blessing for the people and ship into safety. On June 23 we received our provisions for eight days, I being assigned with a family of eight.

Our provisions were tea, sugar, rice, meal, oatmeal, peas, pepper, mustard and vinegar, meat, potatoes, bread and water. We were served in wards. On the 26th the water distiller broke. So we were necessitated to land at Queenstown for water. Rested on the 27th. Here the English Saints gave a concert. On the 28th, Sunday, we had preaching at 11 a. m., at 3 p. m. sacrament.

July 1 one person died on shipboard of measles. Measles then became prevalent. On July 6 another died.

On July 14 provisions were again given.

July 16 another death. On the 18th two. On the 19th one, amid a severe storm.

July 21 provisions again; two persons died this day.

On the 23d we saw a large iceberg.

On the 25th we met a fishing boat off Newfoundland. Again in a severe storm. One man broke his leg. Many fell over one another.

On the 26th another death. No meeting held this day, Sunday. On the 27th another death. Again on the 29th, on the 30th two.

August 1 a child born and one death. August 2, Sunday, three persons died, on the 3d four persons, on the 4th four more, on the fifth two more, on the 6th one, on the 7th six, on the 11th three more died.

We this day sighted America. On the morning of the 12th, the boat took us to the hospital in quarantine.

Here we remained three days. On August 13 another boat took us to Castle Garden. On the 15th we took train to Albany, New York. Changing, we arrived in Chicago, August 19. Thence by freight cars to Council Bluffs on the 21st, remaining over night. On the 22d by steamboat to the Union Pacific shops of Omaha and camped.

The train was to leave at 6 p. m., but so many came to see the immigrants. Here I observed two of my old Swedish acquaintances, Brother Magnus Fyrando and Brother A. Lundwall, they having returned from Utah as apostates of the church out West. I had now been ten weeks on my journey. These two men wished me well and advised me to stop in Omaha until I could get my family over. Here I was overwhelmed with conflicting emotions as to the best course; my clothing was stored aboard cars, and I could not obtain it. I strove hard to procure it. I was quite heartbroken, as all my

belongings were on my back. But as the train moved out at 6 p. m. I dropped from the car, without money or prospects, but had lost none of my faith or spiritual hope, but it seemed to increase in adversity. I saw hard times in the fall and winter.

There were many Scandinavian people in Omaha who had joined the Reorganization, but none gave me the desired testimony. I made some money and sent for my family. They came in 1869, their transportation costing \$195, but I borrowed a goodly portion of this of Brother Magnus Fyrando. In the spring of 1869 I was blessed with work in the Union Pacific Railroad shops.

On August 5 two or three hundred men were laid off, I being one of them. I was again poor, no work. But I was again sustained, so that September 7 I was ordered by the boss of the blacksmith department, a Mr. Gibson, to return to work. On October 27, my wife and three children came; one died in New York. My wife was greatly downcast, but our prospects were now good. We occasionally heard Morrisites, Josephites, Brighamites, and Spiritualists. The latter we attended on one occasion, seeing table tipping, but when I laid my hands on the table it refused to move.

We then heard of a meeting of the Latter Day Saints Reorganized on September 17, 1871. We attended to hear the president, the present Joseph Smith. My heart was made to rejoice to see and to hear the chosen seed of the Martyr. My feelings can not be described. The testimony then received, truly baptized me anew with the Holy Spirit, heaven born, giving me a witness of the Reorganized Church's acceptance. I then examined the Doctrine and Covenants more than before, sections 27, 34, 42, 107 giving me clearer sight, that if the Martyr Joseph was chosen, so too his wife, the "elect lady," then too their descendants were chosen by lineal descent.

On October 24, 1871, I was baptized by Brother John Chrestenson confirmed by Martin Lundwell. My wife followed April 22, 1872, baptized and confirmed by the same brethren, we being members of the Scandinavian Branch, of Omaha, having good meetings from house to house. I was ordained an elder in May, 1872, by John Chrestenson. Was chosen president of the branch two or three times, also well acquainted with the English brethren, such as Avondet, Broadbent, Ballinger, Hart, Medlock, Rumel, Edwards, and many others; also Robert C. Elvin and his son R. M. Elvin, and Mark H. Forscutt, of Nebraska City.

November 1, 1875, I had the gift of prophecy given me that Joseph Smith would soon go to Utah and let Brigham Young know that the latter could not lead the Saints to Zion.

This was fulfilled about nine months later. On July 24, 1876, Brother Joseph came to Omaha and preached. He and Brother James Caffall visited me and administered to our youngest son. He left on the 25th for California, and on his return he visited Brigham Young, returning December 14, 1876, by way of Omaha.

I am thankful that God has so wonderfully preserved my life, that I have been acquainted with the everlasting gospel and with his chosen servants, Joseph, Alexander, David, and their sons and daughters. Of these who have visited my home, whose words I have heard, not least Elbert A. Smith, William W. Blair, and his son Frederick B.

Since 1872 I have administered in the various ordinances of the elder's privilege.

November 7, 1904, I and my wife received our patriarchal blessing through Brother Charles Derry. The word given was that the Lord had looked upon me in love and seen my sacrifice, but through it all my heart had been made glad and his Spirit should be given. Being of Ephraim, beloved of God, with many precious promises, with my name recorded in the

Lamb's Book of Life. This being the history given in the Spirit of Truth, who shall separate my spirit and body? I believe that it will be my protecting angel, being commanded to guard those who are chosen of God, heirs of salvation, if so be. Has he not already given in a record to the records on high, if so be that my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, where goeth my spirit? since my record is made, for the throne of glory. I remember the Lord said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." I shall be glad if I get a little corner in one of those comfortable abodes.

I had a dream in Omaha: Wife and I were going on a narrow road, thickly brushed. Ere we knew where we were we came to a stone fence; after going some time, we saw a large, old house, like a church. Then we found much building material, but at the front entrance I looked up into the second story and the windows were so large I could quite see through and there were many working men. The room most beautiful in a glorified art, that none could describe; who can interpret? But my spiritual eyes have seen and heard these working men in this great glory-room. They are Joseph, Alexander, David, and their sons and families. Now what concerns the house? It was God's building; but having been near decay by corrupt powers, yet with abundant material at hand to repair the house.

December 15, 1873, I bought eighty acres of land near Magnolia, Iowa, of Brother Magnus Fyrando, as agent of J. M. Hardy. On June 19, 1880, I bought a residence in Magnolia. April 5, 1881, I moved my family from Omaha to Magnolia, having prospered fairly.

A good branch, and I have been blessed temporally and spiritually, and we old people have enjoyed good health and a long life, so that our marriage contract on February 3, 1912, has been in force fifty-one years, and February 18, 1912, I was eighty-five years of age, my wife nearly eighty-one. Magnolia won a great prize in its reunion, as manifest in the sessions of 1911.

INDEPENDENCE STAKE.

BY WILLIAM H. GARRETT.

(Continued from page 236.)

The last week in December of 1905, Elder George H. Hulmes, president of the stake, was attacked with pneumonia, which yielded to treatment temporarily, but was followed with what appeared to be an attack of asthma, which distressed him very much, and a change to the more rarified air of Colorado was thought to be advisable. On January 20, 1906, in company with his wife, her sister, Mrs. Edwin Hulmes, and his brother-in-law, William H. Garrett, the start was made for Rocky Ford, near which place Elder and Mrs. William T. Bozarth resided, and who had given a kind invitation for Elder Hulmes to be brought there. Elder Hulmes stood the trip well, and hopes were entertained that he would be benefited by the change. He did not seem to improve, and a physician was called who gave him a thorough examination which convinced him that he would get better in time. In spite of all that could be done, however, he failed to improve, but gradually failed, and on Wednesday morning, at 11.35, central time, he peacefully fell asleep in the Lord.

As quickly as possible preparations were made for the return to Independence, and at 2.40, on the morning of January 25, the start from La Junta was made, reaching Kansas City that evening at 8.05, and Independence about an hour later.

The funeral from the church Sunday afternoon, January 28, at 2 o'clock, was in charge of Elder Isaac N. White, prayer being offered by Elder Myron H. Bond. Elder Joseph Luff delivered the sermon, the audience filling the auditorium and galleries, quite a number from different branches in the stake being present. Bishop Kelley and the stake bishopric, together

with the stake high council, occupied seats in a body on the east wing of the platform, of whom Henry R. Mills, Myron H. Bond, Robert Winning, Alfred White, George E. Harrington, and William H. Williamson, were active pallbearers. The choir of about fifty voices sang "Lead, kindly light," and after prayer, "He giveth his beloved sleep." The remains repose in the family vault in Mound Grove Cemetery.

George Henry Hulmes was born in Manchester, England, November 10, 1851. In his second year, his parents, Elder Uriah and Mrs. Mary Hulmes, removed to the United States, locating finally in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where the deceased grew to manhood. His father died while the subject of our sketch was quite small, leaving the burden and care of a family of five children to the mother. She faithfully filled that obligation, rearing them all to maturity ere she was called to rest. She made a noble mother, a faithful, quiet, sweet-living Saint, impressing the excellent traits of her character upon her children, diligently training them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Elder Hulmes was baptized in Allegheny, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, opposite Pittsburg, November 5, 1864, by Elder Joseph Parsons, being confirmed by Elder Josiah Ells. In due time he was ordained an elder, and later an high priest, and was for seventeen years president of the branch at Pittsburg, removing to Independence, some eight years previous to his demise.

When the Independence Stake was organized in 1901, he was chosen as its president, in which work he was greatly blessed, gaining the universal love and respect of the Saints, as well as the high esteem of many outside the church. He was a pure-minded, humble, devoted Saint, whose greatest pleasure was found in active work for the Master.

July 25, 1876, at Pittsburg, he was joined in marriage to Miss Alice J. Smith, daughter of Matthew and Eve J. Smith,

Elder William W. Blair officiating. Five children were given them, of whom Edwin, an infant, Ralph, aged seven, and Bessie, aged eighteen, preceded him to paradise. Two sons, grown to manhood, George Howard, and Alfred Willard, are left to comfort the bereaved wife and mother. One brother, Benjamin F. Hulmes, of Kirtland, Ohio, and two sisters, Mrs. William H. Garrett, of Independence, Missouri, and Mrs. William C. George, of Kirtland, are the members of his father's family, surviving him. The demise of the only daughter, Bessie, the light and comfort of the home, but a little over four months previous, made this bereavement doubly hard to the family.

The following excerpts from resolutions of condolence following the departure of Elder Hulmes will serve to show the esteem in which he was held, among his fellow laborers and others. From one signed by the Presiding Bishop, Edmund L. Kelley, Ellis Short, bishop of Spring River District, Roderick May and Alonzo H. Parsons, of the Independence stake bishopric, and Myron H. Bond, of the high council, we quote, "While standing for his convictions, yet so gentle, courteous and kind, had succeeded in challenging the admiration, confidence, and universal respect of all whose good fortune it was to be associated with him." From resolutions passed at the stake conference at Holden, Missouri, March 10, 1906: "Resolved, That we, his brethren and sisters, coworkers in Christ, in stake conference assembled, do hereby express our great sorrow and regret in our brother's departure, realizing that we have lost a good counselor, an efficient officer, and a dear, faithful friend."

The following expression from the Law Enforcement League of Independence, of which Elder Hulmes was an active member, indicates his standing among those of other religious convictions.

“RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE,

“Adopted at a meeting held February 2, 1906.

“Whereas, our brother and fellow worker, George H. Hulmes, has ceased from his labors here, and gone to join the invisible and innumerable hosts beyond the veil; therefore be it

“Resolved, First, that in his going we as an organization have lost a faithful and efficient helper; second, that the community has lost a worthy citizen, and a friend of law and righteousness; third, that we are saddened by his death, and do now extend to his bereaved and sorrowing family our sincere sympathy, praying the comfort of the Father upon them.

(Signed) “THE LAW ENFORCEMENT LEAGUE,

“CHARLES H. HILL, *President.*

“GEORGE N. CHRICHTON, *Secretary.*

“L. J. MARSHALL,

“O. M. RICKMAN, *Committee on Resolutions.*”

Reverend L. J. Marshall was at that time pastor of the Christian Church in Independence, and Reverend O. M. Rickman was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The purpose of this league was the enforcement of the law regarding the sale of intoxicants and gambling, and to work for the abolition of the traffic in intoxicants.

In the latter part of 1905, Elder Myron H. Bond was ordained a member of the high council, to fill a vacancy.

The annual General Conference of the church was held at Independence in the year 1906, when a command of the Lord to build a Sanitarium at Independence was given. The instructions were that it should be done as soon as it is found to be practicable, and without unnecessary delay, the Presiding Bishop and his counselors, and the bishopric of the Independence Stake taking counsel together in its location and establishment. It was also declared to be expedient that Doctor Joseph Luff should assist the committee named by his advice

and counsel, and that he be placed in charge as medical director and physician to the church, that he might be an assistant to those who seek the aid of this institution of the church in his spiritual office and his calling as a physician, with those who from time to time might be called to administer in laying hands upon the afflicted and sick, where they might be removed from the influences and environments unfavorable to the exercise of proper faith unto the healing of the sick.

A special conference of the Independence Stake was held at Independence, Thursday, April 19, 1906, the purpose of which was to elect and install a new presidency of the stake, made necessary by the death of Elder Hulmes. President Joseph Smith was invited to take charge, Elder William S. Brown, secretary of the stake, acting as secretary, Mrs. A. Morgan stenographer. A motion for the completion of the organization and the receiving of the nomination made by the First Presidency and Twelve, having carried, President Smith presented the name of Elder George E. Harrington, to be president of the stake. This nomination was unanimously ratified by the assembly, and Brother Harrington was declared the choice of the body. President Smith then stated that he was authorized to present the name of William H. Garrett as counselor, chosen by Elder Harrington and approved by the First Presidency and the Twelve. This was also ratified by the body. The president then stated that he had been authorized to present the name of Elder Myron H. Bond, as counselor, chosen by the president elect and approved as above. This choice was duly indorsed by the body. Those nominated were then ordained by Elders William H. Kelley, Joseph Luff, and Gomer T. Griffiths, of the Twelve, Elder Luff being spokesman for Elder Harrington, Elder Kelley for Elder Garrett, and Elder Griffiths for Elder Bond.

The selection of Elders Harrington and Bond for these offices made two vacancies in the high council of the stake, and to

fill these, members of the general high council, who were present, and of the stake high council, were on motion instructed to retire and make selections to fill these vacancies. When they returned they presented the names of Elder William Hands, president of the Northeast Kansas City Branch, and John W. Layton, presiding priest of the Independence Branch. These nominations receiving the indorsement of the body, Brother Layton was ordained by Apostles Joseph Luff and William H. Kelley. Elder Hands having retired, provisions were made for his ordination, and with benediction by President Smith, the conference stood adjourned. Elder Hands was ordained the following Sunday, April 22, at the morning service, by Apostles Kelley and Luff, making the stake organization again complete.

The third annual reunion of this stake was held in a fine grove near Mount Washington, on the Kansas City-Independence electric line, about three miles west of Independence, beginning Monday, September 3, 1906. The stake presidency, and minister in charge Isaac N. White, were by vote made the presiding officers, Mrs. Merrill A. Etzenhouser secretary, Arthur H. Mills chorister, Ralph G. Smith organist with power to choose assistants. Sixty tents were on the ground and occupied. The speakers during the reunion were Presidents Joseph and Frederick M. Smith, Samuel A. Burgess, Silas W. L. Scott, Jeremiah A. Gunsolley, Frederick A. Smith, Patriarch Alexander H. Smith, Bishop Edmund L. Kelley, the stake presidency and bishopric. The Sunday school and Religio associations of the stake held profitable sessions, in charge of general and stake officers. Normal work was also conducted by Elder Gunsolley. The Daughters of Zion occupied one afternoon in the explication of their important work. The morning prayer meetings at nine o'clock were all spiritual and enjoyable. There were four baptisms during the reunion.

A mission was inaugurated on Central Avenue, near Tenth

Street, Kansas City, Kansas, September 30, of this year, Elder Garrett preaching at the first services, morning and evening. The name of Grandview was given the mission, services to be held every Sunday in Grandview Hall; Wednesday evening prayer services to be held at residences. About thirty members compose the mission, mostly members of the Armstrong Branch.

A mission was inaugurated on Central Avenue, near Tenth in Rosedale, Kansas, adjoining Kansas City, Kansas. A successful Sunday school having been conducted there for some time in the past by Brethren Theodore Grabske and family, and John J. Schimmel and family, and others.

A Sunday school and mission established at Englewood, about one mile west of Independence, has also been successful, holding regular services each Lord's Day.

1907.

Continued activity and development of the work in the stake, with a steady increase in membership by baptism and removals from other parts of the world, marked the introduction of this year. On Sunday, January 13, the mission at Ivanhoe, Kansas City, Missouri, was organized into a branch, by minister in charge Isaac N. White, and the president of the stake. Hugh W. Goold, a priest, was called to the eldership, ordained by Elders White and Harrington, and chosen president of the branch; Priest Louis A. Fowler was chosen presiding priest, and George A. Kern ordained and chosen teacher, and William McLaughlin ordained and chosen deacon, Miss Cora Harrison chosen secretary. There were thirty-three charter members, received mostly from the First Kansas City Branch, which has been the parent of the lively Second Kansas City Branch at Twenty-third and Holley, the Northeast (Third Kansas City), and now the Fourth. The new branch continued for a time to meet in Walsman Hall, Thirty-eighth and Woodland.

At a prayer meeting in Independence, Wednesday evening, January 16, ten young men, previously called to the ministry, were ordained by Elders Buford J. Scott, Frank Criley, Hyrum O. Smith, and William H. Garrett. They were, John Lentell, J. Charles May, G. Leonard Harrington, James L. Gray, and George H. Hulmes, priests; George W. Eastwood, Edmund C. Harrington, and George Tryon, deacons. Two of these have since entered the mission field, John Lentell, in the Eastern Mission, and J. Charles May, the Society Islands Mission in the Pacific; they are doing successful work. The others are doing good work locally.

A mission was opened on the south side, Independence, this year, regular services held each Sunday. The preaching at the Market Place, Kansas City, Missouri, has been continued, Elders Harry W. Hattey, Charles E. Guinand, John A. Dowker; Priest Jesse A. Roberts, and others assisting in the work. Some baptisms resulted.

The church building at Knobnoster, Missouri, sixty-six miles east of Independence, had become too small to answer the demands of the work. The need of better accommodations being so pressing, the membership took action looking to a change of location and larger building, and in consultation with the bishopric of the stake selected and purchased a lot on one of the main streets of the town, in a very central location. This they paid for, and had some means on hand for the erection of a church building.

The membership of the Second Kansas City Branch, who had been worshipping in a basement until it had become too small to meet their requirements, had made arrangements to build on the same site, Twenty-third and Holley. The old rock edifice was torn down, and the foundation for the new building was completed in March of this year, being literally laid on a rock. They were fortunate in being able to obtain all the rock they needed for the entire superstructure from the

lot on which the church was to stand when completed. The ceremonies connected with the laying of the corner stone were conducted Sunday afternoon at 2.30, May 12, and were largely attended, Bishop May being in charge. A song service preceded the exercises, after which Elder Isaac N. White offered prayer. Elder William S. Brown, pastor of the branch, made a statement as to the origin of the branch, Bishop May following with a statement regarding the financial progress made. President Joseph Smith was the principal speaker, who spoke with good liberty about twenty minutes. Elders Harrington, Garrett, and Bond followed with a few remarks, and Elder Thomas W. Chatburn, of the missionary force, made a short address. The corner stone was then swung into place, and with a list of the membership of the branch and Religio, the following were placed in it: Inspired Version of the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, copies of the *Saints' Herald*, *Zion's Ensign*, and *Zion's Hope*. The stone was then cemented, and Elder John W. Wight pronounced the benediction. The branch was organized in 1896, with ten members. At this time there are two hundred on the record. Soon after the organization, a lot was purchased for six hundred and fifty dollars and in 1900 a stone basement was erected on it, which had given way to the present proposed structure. The cost with stone basement twenty-five by forty-eight feet, is estimated at four thousand dollars. Much of the labor was donated, reducing the cost materially.

The mission at Chelsea Park had been organized into a branch, and early this year they purchased from the Congregational Church there, a church building, repaired it with a new roof, repainted it and added other needed conveniences, and on Sunday, May 19, it was dedicated, President Joseph Smith preaching the sermon, and Bishop Edmund L. Kelley offering the dedicatory prayer, Stake Bishop Roderick May being in charge of the services.

The importance that some of the chief representatives of the church residing at other places should have residence in the "center stake of Zion," was felt soon after the organization of the stake, and preparations looking to that end were gradually made. Bishop Edmund L. Kelley, Presiding Bishop of the church, and his family were the first to make the change, coming from Lamoni, Iowa, September 14, 1905, and occupying the residence formerly owned by George Bartholomew, sr.; his first counselor, Elder George H. Hilliard, had been a resident of that city for ten years, removing there from Illinois, July, 1895. The Bishop still maintained his office at Lamoni, Iowa, his chief accountant, Elder David J. Krahl, and family coming in July of 1907.

Elder Frederick M. Smith, of the First Presidency, began the erection of a residence at 630 South Chrysler Street, Independence, early in the summer of 1906, and President Joseph Smith, having purchased a residence at 1214 West Short Street, in the early part of the year, removed with his family from Lamoni, Iowa, August 8, 1906, President Frederick M. Smith's family following on the completion of their new home.

Nineteen acres were purchased by the Bishop, five acres of which, at a cost of six thousand dollars, were selected for the Sanitarium, the balance platted and sold for residences. Ground was broken August 16 for the building of the Sanitarium. The first load of brick from the Independence Shale Brick Company was delivered ready for use in the building, August 2.

The statistical report of the Independence Branch for the first six months of 1907, showed the membership 1,816, with 45 baptisms, 5 received on certificates of baptism, and 61 by letter.

Sunday, August 25, a Sunday school was organized at Centropolis, a suburb of Kansas City, Missouri, with Elder Henry L. Ashbaugh, superintendent; Teacher John D. Jackson, as-

sistant superintendent; Miss Dunbar, secretary and organist; George L. Dries, chorister; and Miss Dries, librarian. A mission was established shortly after, for preaching, and regular services were held each Lord's Day, eventuating in the organization of a branch, now known as the Bennington Heights Branch, of which Elder David F. Winn is president; Christopher A. Selbe, priest; John D. Jackson, teacher; and George Cleveland, deacon. A lot was purchased, and an abandoned church building secured and moved upon it, so that they have a comfortable place to worship, at the corner of Bennington Avenue and Thirteenth Street, in Kansas City.

A mission was opened at East Independence, about three miles east of the city, Elder George Shearer and others preaching each Sunday. A number of the members of the church resided there. Elder Daniel S. Crawley has also held street meetings on the square in Independence each Saturday afternoon when the weather was favorable.

The annual reunion of the stake was held on the Fair Grounds at Holden, Missouri, some forty miles east of Independence, beginning Monday, September 15. The First Presidency, upon their arrival, the ministers in charge, and the stake presidency were placed in charge; Mrs. John A. Gardner, secretary; Miss Dora Young, chorister; and Mrs. Ruth Resch, organist. Elder Heman C. Smith was present the first two days, preaching twice, and delivering one lecture. The other speakers during this reunion were Presidents Joseph and Frederick M. Smith, and Richard C. Evans; Isaac N. White, Myron H. Bond, and Patriarch Alexander H. Smith. Mrs. Merrill A. Etzenhouser conducted normal class work and Mrs. Benjamin C. Smith, the Daughters of Zion work. Much profit was had from the preaching and other exercises, and the reunion closed, leaving those who participated strengthened and joyful in the service.

Tuesday, October 1, President Joseph Smith departed for

San Francisco, California, en route to Honolulu, to dedicate a church there, the first to be built in that place by the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ. He returned to Independence in November.

At an election held in Independence, December 3, 1907, in an effort to establish local option, it was defeated by a majority of 356. In reporting the result the *Kansas City Times* for December 4, stated: "Of the four wards of the city, only one, the fourth, cast a dry majority. This is attributed to the Latter Day Saints, who are very numerous in that ward, and are strongly against the liquor traffic."

1908.

On January 15, 1908, an advance step of importance to the work in the Kansas Citys, was taken in the purchase of church property in a central location in Kansas City, Missouri, comprising a good sized church and two dwelling houses, the price paid being \$21,750.00. The First Church, of Kansas City, were invited to occupy in Central Church, and had abandoned their building on Wabash, near Twenty-fourth. At the opening service, Sunday morning, March 1, President Frederick M. Smith was in charge, and President Joseph Smith preached the discourse. Those occupying as pastors have been: Frederick M. Smith, of the First Presidency, who was succeeded by Myron H. Bond, of the stake presidency, followed by William E. LaRue, then Thomas W. Williams, and now (1912) Elder Evan A. Davies. There has been a gratifying increase in membership and in the auxiliaries, since the acquisition of this property.

On Wednesday, January 8, 1908, the new church of the Second Kansas City, Missouri, Branch, having been completed, the first service, a prayer service, was held there. The church, built entirely of stone quarried from the lot on which the building stands, is a credit to the church in general, and to the

enterprise of the membership of that branch, which numbered, at that date, 214. The semiannual convention of the stake Sunday School Association held its sessions there, Friday, March 13, followed by the stake conference the 14th and 15th. The membership of the stake at that time was reported as 3,623, a gain of 226 over the previous report, six months before.

Wednesday evening, May 6, 1908, President Frederick M. Smith, assisted by Elders Harrington and Garrett, of the stake presidency, organized a branch at Grandview, Kansas City, Kansas. The membership chose the name of Grandview for the branch. Elder William H. Pease was chosen president; Henry W. Loosemore, presiding priest; Milton Richards, presiding teacher; John J. Harvey, sr., deacon; Frederick C. Harvey, clerk; Hattie Harvey, chorister; and Bessie Armstrong, organist.

The annual reunion of the stake was held August 6 to 16, 1908, in a grove at Saint Clair Station. The ministers in charge, Elders William H. Kelley and Heman C. Smith, and the presidency of the stake were in charge, by choice of the body; Grace Kelley and Mrs. John A. Gardner, secretaries. The principal speakers during the sessions were Elder Heman C. Smith, Patriarch Alexander H. Smith, Bishop Edmund L. Kelley, Elder Russell Archibald. Lectures were given on different subjects in the afternoons by Elders Heman C. Smith, William H. Garrett, Jeremiah A. Gunsolley, David A. Anderson, and by William Pitt and John A. Koehler. The Bishopric also occupied one day, and the auxiliaries, Zion's Religio-Literary Society, Sunday school, and Daughters of Zion, occupied sessions of the reunion. A business session affirmed a resolution for a reunion for 1909.

A mission which had been carried on in a tent at a place called Orchard Home, adjoining Independence on the east, manifested such interest and promise for good, that those in-

terested in its success residing in the neighborhood took steps to erect a building, sufficient ground being donated. Sufficient money was collected to purchase the lumber, and labor was donated, and during the first week in December work was begun and pushed to completion, so that by the middle of the month services were held there in charge of Elder Worden W. Whiting. Priest George Edwards inaugurated the mission there, and continued it for some time, until the more permanent stage had been reached, when he asked that some one of the eldership relieve him.

At the semiannual conference of the stake, held in Central Church (First Kansas City, Missouri, Branch), the Third Kansas City Branch was declared disorganized, the membership having moved to other parts of the city on account of losses and other annoyances by floods from the Missouri River. The building was subsequently removed to Thirteenth and Bennington Avenue, and is now occupied by the Bennington Heights Branch. The statistical report from thirteen of the fourteen branches in the stake gave the membership as 3,939, there were eighty baptisms, and one hundred thirty additions by letter, the previous six months. Independence Branch reported a membership of 2,076, a net gain of 63.

On May 23, 1909, the Malvern Hill Mission at Rosedale, Kansas, was organized into a branch, to be known as the Malvern Hill Branch, Elder Herbert J. Bootman being chosen president, Priest Theodore Grabske, priest; John J. Schimmel, ordained and chosen as teacher; and Clark Tannehill as presiding deacon. Elders Isaac N. White, Harrington and Bond, and Bishop Roderick May assisted in the organization. They began with a membership of twenty, which was increased as soon as others obtained their letters. Later this branch secured a lot, and erected a creditable building in which they now hold services.

In a Fourth of July address at Holden, Missouri, in 1909,

the mayor of the city, Mr. O. G. Boisseau, referred to the residents of that city and vicinity who are members of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ, as follows:

I am very glad to be at a celebration of this character, and especially so because it is in charge of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Latter Day Saints' Church. When I located in Holden in August, 1900, there was but a small band of followers of that belief. I think there were about one half dozen families, but they possessed the spirit of righteousness and faith in the justice of their cause.

That little band of workers found in this city a fertile field for their efforts. They found religious toleration and that freedom from persecution guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. They found a hospitable people who would aid and encourage them in every worthy and lofty purpose, and it has been my privilege to watch the growth of that little band of workers until now it has a membership of probably four hundred.

My audience will bear with me if I digress from my theme to extend to that membership a hearty welcome to our midst and hope that their material and spiritual prosperity will continue in the future as in the past.

My position as mayor of this city brings me in close contact with the criminal element, and I can truthfully say, and think it my duty to state on this occasion, that no criminal offense has ever been committed by any of your membership in good standing, to my knowledge.

I have found your people to be sober, thrifty, industrious, frugal, and painstaking, and are making splendid citizens, in whose hands our liberties are safe, and who will ever stand for law and order and uphold the Constitution of the United States and the State of Missouri.

There being quite a number of the membership residing in what is termed the South Side, of Independence, who have long felt the need of more convenient accommodations than are afforded by the Stone Church, which is quite a distance from them, tent services were held while the weather was favorable, which proved so enjoyable and profitable that systematic arrangements were made towards the securing of a lot and the erection of a church home in that vicinity. At a business meeting August 3, 1909, over five hundred dollars were raised towards the building of a church. On September 21, at a special business meeting of the Independence Branch, a committee was appointed, consisting of John T. Curtis, John A.

Koehler, George E. Harrington, William Clow, and George W. Eastwood, associated with the stake bishopric. The basement was completed in March, 1910, and on March 6 of that year Elder Alonzo H. Parsons, superintendent of the Independence Stake Sunday School Association, organized the Zion's Hope Sunday school with seven officers and fifty charter members. Elder Earl Corthell was selected as superintendent; John T. Curtis, assistant superintendent; and Miss Saydie Bailey, secretary. A Religio local was organized March 10. A branch organization was effected by Elders Isaac N. White, George E. Harrington, and Roderick May, June 12, 1910, Elder Hugh W. Goold being chosen president; John T. Curtis, ordained and chosen priest; Pliny A. Sherman, ordained and chosen teacher; and Deacon William Rossen, chosen deacon of the branch; Miss Saydie Bailey, secretary. There were 88 charter members, which by July, 1911, had increased to more than double that number, and at present (1912) is 234.

The corner stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies, September 18, 1910, President Harrington in charge. Addresses were made by Presidents Joseph Smith, Frederick M. Smith, Apostle Isaac N. White, Bishop Alonzo H. Parsons, and Elder Myron H. Bond, of the stake presidency.

The building was completed July 19, 1911, and the first meeting in the main auditorium was held July 23. Dedication exercises were conducted September 24, 1911, the sermon being by President Frederick M. Smith, and the dedicatory prayer was offered by Presiding Bishop Edmund L. Kelley. It is designated the Second Independence Branch.

The statistical report of the Independence Branch for the six months ending September 1, 1909, gave the membership as 2,214, a net gain over the previous six months of 138.

The stake conference was held at Independence, September 11 and 12, 1909, at which the membership of the stake was given as 4,281, a gain of 313 during the previous six months.

This in September, 1910, was increased to 4,562, and in September of the following year it was 4,870.

At this conference, the following resolutions of condolence on demise of Patriarch Alexander H. Smith, at Nauvoo, Illinois, August 12, 1909, were adopted:

Whereas, It pleased God to remove from earth life our dear and beloved patriarch, Alexander Hale Smith, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Saints and delegates of the Independence Stake, in conference assembled, do hereby express to the family and relatives of the deceased, our condolence. We recognize that a great man in Israel has fallen. Standing as he did, as the son of the martyred Prophet, his life and work have been stamped indelibly upon the character of the church at large. Of him it has been fittingly said that "a truer man never lived."

After a long life fraught with unique experiences, he has laid off the toils of earthly conflict and entered into the rest prepared for the people of God.

As a father to the church he was a father indeed, and while we mourn our loss we rejoice in his gain, and bow to the divine will of the eternal One; and pray that God will bless and console the bereaved ones in this their hour of trial. May we emulate his godly life, and fight the good fight, and run the course, and keep the faith until the end, as he did.

The Sanitarium, to which reference has been made previously, was completed and furnished in 1909, and on Wednesday, December 15, the formal opening was held. A large audience was present to hear the addresses, and inspect the building. Bishop Edmund L. Kelley was the first and principal speaker, as arranged by the Board of Directors; Mr. Lewellyn Jones, mayor of the city, was the next speaker; followed by Elder Heman C. Smith, Church Historian; Elder Joseph Luff then offered the dedicatory prayer, and President Elbert A. Smith was presented; he was followed by Doctor Joseph Luff, Doctor N. P. Wood, and Doctor Joseph Mather, Mr. William Southern, jr., editor of the *Daily and Weekly Examiner*, made the concluding address. The program was interspersed with singing by the Saints' choir. The addresses were all excellent, and a fine spirit prevailed throughout the exercises.

The building is of brick, three stories and basement, as nearly fireproof as a building of that character can be made.

The floors are of a fibroid material, and everything about the construction has been with a view of conserving the health, from both a sanitary and safety consideration. The building is heated by steam, and in the most severe winter weather has been kept at a summer heat, comfortable and healthful. The furnishings are sanitary, and the operating room equipped with the latest appliances for successful surgery. There are three ward rooms, one accommodating four patients, and the other two having seven beds in each. The dining room and kitchen are on the top floor, so that no odors will reach the patients. There are twenty-one individual rooms, besides hygiene kitchen, nurses' study, toilets and baths, reception and business offices. Large roomy porches extend in front and around both sides, nearly half way of the building, on the first and second stories so that patients have a pleasant, shady, and cool resort in summer. The building fronts on the main thoroughfare between Independence and Kansas City, a rock road, presenting a scene far from monotonous, with the numerous pleasure and business cars and other vehicles passing, yet far enough removed to obviate annoyance by noise. Chapel exercises are held daily, and regular prayer services every Wednesday evening and Sunday afternoon; communion services the first Sunday of each month.

The first patient brought to the Sanitarium, was Monday, December 20, a Mr. Marion Crawford, of 1121 Cherry Street, Kansas City, Missouri, who had been injured at Cement City, about three miles from Independence, while trying to board a moving train. Doctor Elmer Twyman, of Independence, amputated the limb below the knee. The patient went to his home December 23. Since that time the Sanitarium has proved of inestimable benefit, both to those within and without the church, and a great deal of appreciation is felt by the citizens of Independence and vicinity that there is so noble an institution within their midst.

The board of directors consists of Joseph Luff, Roderick May, George H. Hilliard, Ellis Short, George E. Harrington, Frederick M. Smith, and Edmund L. Kelley. Frederick M. Smith is chairman; George E. Harrington, secretary; Joseph Luff, M. D., physician in charge; William E. Messenger, M. D., house physician and business manager. Miss Jennie Weed was matron and chief nurse until about February 1, 1912, when she resigned, and Miss M. E. Weise succeeded her.

The church also has two homes in Independence for the care of the aged and infirm; of the one called "Bonheim," Mrs. Maud Trumble is matron; of the other, adjoining the Sanitarium, Mrs. William Rudd is matron. Both are situated on Blue Avenue, and are comfortable, airy, and pleasant homes.

The First Quorum of Elders has been organized in Independence, under the direction of President Frederick M. Smith; John A. Gardner was chosen president, who chose William O. Skinner and Hosea B. Sterrett as counselors. The First Quorum of Priests was also organized in Independence, of which Bishop Richard Bullard is president, Jerome W. Gunsolley and James L. Gray, counselors. The First Quorum of Teachers is presided over by Charles D. Carson, president, and Wellington H. Callin and James A. Goodrich, counselors. The First Quorum of Deacons is presided over by Benjamin C. Smith, president, and Horace B. Roberts and William L. Crull, counselors. The Third Quorum of Deacons, also organized in Independence, is presided over by George W. Eastwood as president, and Herbert L. Barto and Clarence Resch counselors.

Four town lots have been donated by Mr. Hartley Lingo for a church building at Postoak, Missouri.

The mission at Quindaro, in Kansas City, Kansas, in charge of Elder George H. Shearer, developed with the efficient tract-ing work of Mrs. John Tucker and Mrs. A. M. Lewis, with the successful Sunday school work under the superintendency

of Mr. John Tucker, that a branch was organized there Sunday, February 19, 1911, by Apostle James F. Curtis, assisted by Elders George E. Harrington, Myron H. Bond, Roderick May, and George H. Shearer, with 22 charter members. Elder D. E. Hough was chosen president; John Tucker, priest; E. A. Johnson, teacher; Zeno Eason, deacon; Lester Weaver, clerk. They continued to hold services in a hall on Quindaro Boulevard, until sometime during the summer of the same year, when they decided to build a church. With characteristic energy they went to work and secured a good lot, upon which they erected a very creditable and commodious building, in which they are now worshipping.

The membership interested in the mission in the southeastern part of Independence, finding their tent in which they had been holding Sunday school and preaching services during the summer months becoming too small and uncomfortable, decided to build a chapel. Several meetings were held to canvass the situation, which finally resulted in the offer of Priest Welton Wood to donate the use of a part of his residence lot for the purpose, until better arrangements could be made. This was accepted, and lumber secured for the building, which was soon erected, and is now regularly in use Sundays, and for prayer services. It has a seating capacity of about one hundred.

The branch at Grandview was disorganized at the conference of March 12, 1910. Some time in 1911, at the solicitation of members residing in that neighborhood, a mission was reopened there, and at a business meeting, a committee was appointed to locate a suitable lot, on which to erect a tabernacle for temporary use.

Mission work had been performed at a point about five miles north of Independence, adjoining a town called Courtney, by Elders John Kaler, Ammon White, John C. Foss, Hiram H.

Robinson, and others, until the accommodations in private houses became inadequate, when members and others in consultation determined upon better facilities. Subscriptions were taken, social entertainments given, and enough means were secured to justify undertaking to erect a chapel. Mr. Ed Allison donated the use of sufficient ground, lumber was secured, and about the first of December, 1911, Elder Hiram H. Robinson, of Independence, preached the first sermon in it. The building is eighteen by thirty feet in size.

For the first time in the history of the stake, the Independence Branch showed a loss in membership, when the report of the recorder for the previous six months was made at the business meeting March 4, 1912. There had been a gain of 75, and a loss of 76, the heaviest drain being in the organization of the Second Independence Branch, during the last year. The main branch now numbers 2,411.

Continual progress and development are being made toward the mark of the high calling in Christ, set before the people of God. In most of the branches the need for better facilities for work is felt. In Independence, the resources are taxed. The Sunday school has an enrollment of over one thousand. A large hall annex, erected several years ago for a dining hall, costing with the kitchen furnishings, about four thousand dollars, is used for the first primary department, for young people's prayer services, and at other times for the Ladies' Aid department of the Woman's Auxiliary, and for a gymnasium for young men.

"This world that we're livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet."

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF IDA ETZENHOUSER.

[Autobiographical sketch of Mrs. Ida Etzenhouser, wife of M. A. Etzenhouser, Independence, Missouri. The simple, childlike faith exercised by the writer, followed by marvelous results will, we feel sure, be faith-promoting and faith-confirming.

We heard a part of the story related in a social meeting and solicited that it be presented in this form. Mrs. Etzenhouser reluctantly consented, and we now take pleasure in presenting the narrative to our readers.—EDITOR.]

A few introductory words on one's nationality and parentage are sometimes necessary that a better understanding of the characteristics of those whom we wish to introduce may obtain, and we feel it necessary in this case.

As far back as we have any knowledge of our family we are English. Our mother's father fought in the Battle of Waterloo, and our father, John Pearson, joined the British army when he was but eighteen years old, and saw twenty-three years of active service. He was a sergeant and one of the survivors of the "Six Hundred" made immortal by Alfred Tennyson in his poem, "The charge of the Light Brigade." Queen Victoria, of England, presented him with the Victoria Cross and the war department decorated him with four other medals; one for the Indian Mutiny in Central India, two for the Crimean War, one of which bore two clasps engraved with the words "Battle of Sevastapol" and "Charge of Balaklava." The fourth medal was awarded for "Meritorious service." At the time of my birth father had charge of the recruiting station in Halifax, Yorkshire. One might think from the above sketch that he was of a very warlike nature, but this was not so. He was very gentle, a lover of peace, and always his children's hero.

Mother was of a positive nature. The early part of their married life, father had been away from home, months and sometimes over a year at a time, so the government of the home

had fallen into her hands, and she held undisputed sway. There had been ten children; I was the ninth, but four of these died in early infancy. Each of us had been christened (sprinkled) in the Episcopal Church, and mother being of a religious turn of mind had early taught us to pray and ever look for guidance to our heavenly Father.

When I was but a small child father received a letter from an old comrade living in Canada in which he told us of the money to be made there and the much better opportunities for a man with a growing family. We were very comfortable where we were, as we had a large home paid for and some money invested, but the accounts of the western country were so glowing that we sold what we had and set sail for the wonderful land of America, locating about thirty miles from Toronto, where my father's comrade lived. Father had no experience whatever as a farmer, having always lived in a city—only when he was in the active service. Needless to say that in a very few years we had the experience and they had our money. Such is the way of the world. And now I come to the real beginning of this sketch.

With what little was saved from the wreck we moved to Bruce County, where land was cheaper, and bought a hundred acres on the peninsula running out between the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. This had been a timber country, but the lumber men had been through it and taken the best of the timber, so that now wherever the land was the most fertile and free of stones farms were being cultivated. All along the shores of the bay was what was known as the "Burn." Years before there had been a great forest fire that swept over this stretch of country, burning not only the trees, but licking up with its fiery breath the soil, which was mostly decomposed vegetable matter, and leaving nothing but the bare rocks in many places. This was still government land, the best of the timber being gone. As the soil was too shallow for cultivation it had never

been taken up, and was left entirely to Dame Nature, who had spread a mantle of ferns and mosses, wild roses and Johnny-jump-ups wherever they could get foothold, among the rocks. She had also tried to retrieve her loss by a second growth of timber and many wild berry bushes and strawberry vines.

Directly opposite our little farm lived a family by the name of Johnston, who owned a sawmill and considerable property. We could look out of our front windows and see the busy men around the mill and hear the buzz of the machinery. Next to us lived the Brooksses, a married daughter of Mr. Johnston; both families were very hospitable people, and the young folks used to gather there almost every evening to play games and sing the popular songs of the day. These people were of good repute and stood high in our little community.

After we were settled in our new home, and I had been there about a month, I went to Toronto, staying about a year. Upon my return, mother said to me: "Now Ida, I want you to be very careful and have nothing more to do with either the Johnston family or the Brooksses than is absolutely necessary; of course I wish you to treat them kindly and be polite, but do not encourage a further acquaintance." I was very much surprised at this, as they were really the only people in the neighborhood that I had particularly cared for. Mother then told me that they had joined the "Mormons"; then turning to father said, "I can not understand how as intelligent a woman as Mrs. Brooks could possibly do such a thing; she is one of the brightest women I ever knew." It seemed that a great many things had happened while I was gone, which I will now relate as they were told me.

Mr. James A. McIntosh, an elder in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ had come to the peninsula to visit his stepson, Mr. Samuel Brooks, our neighbor. Like all good Latter Day Saint elders, he had hardly arrived before he began looking around for a place to declare the "glad message." He obtained

the schoolhouse, but soon the cry of "Mormon" was raised and the doors were closed against him. Nothing daunted he preached from the platform outside of the building; then the "hoodlums" gathered, bringing rotten eggs with them, and he and his friends had to beat a retreat through the woods. Elder McIntosh and one of his friends were together when they went through the woods, and the missiles and stale eggs were flying through the air after them. Elder McIntosh was quietly pursuing his way, but his friend would stop every once in a while to remonstrate in rather strong language with their pursuers. Mr. McIntosh urged him not to do that, but just quietly go home, but he would not listen to him. When they arrived home the friend (my informant) was rotten eggs and mud from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He turned to look at Elder McIntosh, and what was his surprise to see that the man of God was clean, not having been struck once.

Friends to the cause were made, homes were opened for preaching, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, some of the members of the Johnston family, and a few others handed in their names for baptism. When the ordinance of baptism was to be administered a few of the faithful would quietly gather on the shores of the Little Pike Bay to witness it with as little publicity as possible, otherwise the services would be disturbed. They obeyed the divine injunction, he that is warned, let him warn his neighbor, tracts were distributed, and invitations extended all over the neighborhood to come and hear the restored gospel declared. My parents received invitations with the others. Mother went twice to the home of one of the neighbors to hear Elder McIntosh; but seeing that the new sect was held in disrepute, would not go again. Father stayed at home not in any way interesting himself in the excitement caused by the advent of Elder McIntosh.

Mr. McIntosh stayed in our little community, preaching the

word amidst bitter persecution until he felt that all were gathered in that would come, then he shook the dust off his feet as a testimony against those that had acted in such an unchristianlike manner, and departed.

The truth of Christ's saying, "I come not to bring peace but a sword," was early demonstrated, and homes once peaceful were now divided; "fathers' hands were turned against their children. The family of Mr. Johnston was disrupted. Mrs. Johnston and those of her family that had been baptized had gone to Saint Joseph, Missouri, because of the opposition and bitterness against the latter day work shown in their home. Mr. Brooks had also gone to Saint Joseph to make a new home for his wife and family, who expected to follow as soon as he got work and everything in readiness for them. Mrs. Brooks was now keeping house for her father, brother Will, and younger sister Ida, in the Johnston home across the road from us. All of these things had transpired during my absence.

No wonder that mother wished to avert that which had caused division in our neighbors' families, and warned me to keep away from the Johnstons and Brookses.

Mrs. Brooks often came over, bringing her Bible and tracts. Surely there is truth in that quotation from scripture, "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Never had I met her equal in explaining the Bible, and she would not be in our home more than three minutes before her Bible was opened and the good work started. In my mind I can see her before me as she was then, sitting in a chair in our living room, her body leaning forward, one hand on the open Bible, the other stretched forth emphasizing the different points, her face glowing with interest in the subject. Mother sitting in her chair, gently tapping the floor with her foot, and trying with all her will power not to listen to one word Mrs. Brooks would say, glancing out of the window, and wishing in her heart that she would go home and never come again, but too polite

to show it in any way. Mrs. Brooks would turn to me, saying, "Ida, get your Bible; turn to Revelation; read for yourself about the gospel that was to be restored in the latter days by the angel," and I obediently would do as asked and read the quotations called for, though it was a source of wonder to mother that they were in our Bible. Then Mrs. Brooks would go home, leaving a tract behind; mother would breathe a sigh of relief, pick the tract up, merely touching it with her finger and thumb, and holding it well out from her body, so that she would not become contaminated with its touch, and drop it in the stove.

In a few days Mrs. Brooks would make us another visit, explaining further in reference to the restored gospel; mother would answer yes or no to whatever was asked, and close her ears so as not to take in any more than she could possibly help of the conversation. I became interested and would look up the scriptural references and ask questions. Mrs. Brooks would read and explain about the church going into the wilderness, the need of a restoration, the fundamental principles of the gospel, the authority of the priesthood, church organization, gifts of the gospel to follow the believer, and the different glories. Mother would say, "What about those good Christian people like my own mother that lived before this 'new-fangled' religion? that knew nothing about your prophets and apostles and gifts of the gospel, etc.? What was good enough for them is good enough for me." Then she would be answered by an explanation of scripture about Christ preaching to the spirits in prison, baptism for the dead, etc. Our arguments were like so many nine pins set up, merely to be bowled over; as fast as mother would set a pin up, over it would go in a second by some more convincing scripture.

I was filled with a vague unrest, because I knew that I was being won over. I would think of what I had heard explained, by night and by day it would stay with me. Father, mother,

and I were the only ones home; all of my brothers and sisters were married except Albert, who was next to the oldest child, and he was working in Toronto. Absolute unquestioning obedience was the law of our home, and the more I thought of the latter day work, the more I was troubled. Father being busy with his work was not usually present when Mrs. Brooks made her visits. He was not nearly so strict as mother. In fact, when we were small children and had been naughty, with a child's instinct, we knew if we could tell father about it first the punishment could perhaps be averted. He would take us on his knee, and stroke the hair back from our flushed faces, and looking right through our eyes to our hearts (at least it seemed that way), would say, "You must never do that again; promise me that you will try to remember." And we would promise. He would then kiss us and let us go. So I felt now, as when I was a child, father would understand. Nothing could ever come between father and I; but with mother I felt different. Not but what I loved my mother, but my love was touched with a kind of awe; she must be looked up to and obeyed; I must always show due reverence and speak respectfully in her presence, so that the tie of love was tinged with fear. Father and I were good comrades, understood each other, and had good times together. I had been born on his birthday, and mother often told me how much like him I was in disposition and ways. Nothing could please me as a child more than to be told that. Now, as a woman, understanding the sterling worth of that dear mother of mine, I would that I had inherited more of her many good qualities.

Prior to this time I had never positively asserted myself, but now this strange feeling of unrest, this reaching out after knowledge, this desire to know more of myself and of the great beyond. I could not understand that I "was but standing on the brink, where womanhood and childhood meet," and that it was but natural for me to begin and think for myself, that

what I had always taken for granted, now I wanted to know a reason for. In other words, I was "awakening," and so I was filled with a vague unrest and was troubled. Mother had taught us always to pray, and so I took my troubles to our heavenly Father, and still did not get peace of mind; the heaven was working. I thought it all over, counted the cost, and came to the decision I would take my stand in defense of that which I felt to be right whenever the opportunity was offered.

A short time after this, mother was looking out of the window and she exclaimed: "Well! If Mrs. Brooks isn't coming again; I declare I will become distracted if I hear any more of it. Come Ida, we will go out the back way, so as not to be at home when she gets to the house."

Now here was my opportunity. I could hear my heart thumping, but I had made up my mind, and so I answered, "No, mother; I am going to stay and listen to her. I am interested and believe what she has been teaching us is the truth. Mother, I am getting to be a woman now, and must think for myself." It was out at last, and I felt much relieved, but I shall never forget the expression on my dear mother's face when she realized what I meant. She sank into a chair almost overcome. I glanced out of the window and could see Mrs. Brooks tripping by our home with her Bible under her arm on her way to convert some other of her neighbors, and I was thankful that she did not come in, for I knew that a crisis had been reached, and that a sword had entered another home, instead of peace.

The Presbyterian minister called at our home, inviting us to join his church. They were making special efforts to increase their membership, and those that wished to unite with them were to hand in their names on the following Sunday. He talked with me, trying to get my consent to join with them, but I firmly refused without giving any reason. Mother and I

did not speak of our differences, but there was a reserve between us that had not existed before.

Sunday came; mother went to church, and I went over to see Mrs. Brooks. We fixed up a lunch, and taking the children went to the beautiful "burn" and worshiped in a "temple not made with hands," with God all about us. Not a house or human being in sight, with the smell of the hemlock, cedar, and pine; nothing to be heard but the rustling of the leaves as they were stirred by the breeze, the singing of the birds, the gentle washing of the waves of our little bay as they swished back and forth on the beach, and now and again the faint tinkle of a distant cow bell; surely this was indeed "God's temple." Here, without reserve we talked; I asking questions, she answering and explaining, and my heart was full of peace and love, for we could feel the gentle, soothing influence of the Spirit, according to the promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there shall I be also, and that to bless." Mrs. Brooks broke forth in song, and my ears for the first time heard the Latter Day Saint hymn,

"The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;
The latter day glory begins to come forth;
The visions and blessings of old are returning;
The angels are coming to visit the earth.

"We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of heaven:
Hosanna, hosanna, to God and the Lamb!
Let glory to them in the highest be given,
Henceforth and for ever: Amen and amen."

And I believe that the angels were very near us that day.

I had always attended Sunday school and was used to such songs as, "Pull for the shore, sailor," "Gates ajar for me," "Sweet Beulah land," etc. I do not know as I can make you understand how I felt when I heard the above song for the first time, sung in such a place and with the Spirit and under-

standing. Elder McIntosh had given Mrs. Brooks a "Saints' Harp," and so other songs were sung, and one more I remember particularly:

"A church without apostles, or prophets or the gifts,
Is like a ship at ocean that with the current drifts;
Without a chart or compass, or rudder to direct,
Soon on the shoals and breakers she hopelessly is wrecked."

How significant the words of the dear, inspiring songs, and how meaningless seemed "Pull for the shore, sailor," compared with them. Evening was coming on, and it was with certain forebodings that I turned homeward.

Mother questioned me as to where I had spent the afternoon, and I told her. Then she told me that she had given in my name with hers to the minister, and that the next Sunday we must both be in attendance at the church, so as to partake of the communion with the other new members. Father tried to help me out by saying: "Now do let the child alone; if she does not wish to join the Presbyterian Church, why do you try to force her? I can not see but what she is all right as she is."

Mother answered that she must not be interfered with in her duty to me. I am satisfied that she meant only to do her duty, seeing that I was interested in my soul's salvation, and thinking that one church was good as another (with the exception of the Latter Day Saint Church). To save me from thus disgracing myself (as she thought) she acted as seemed best to her.

The following Sunday came, and we both were dressing, when mother hurrying me said, "We will be late if you do not hurry." I told her that I was not going to church, but that I was going over to see Mrs. Brooks again.

Mother turning to me said, "Do you really mean that you are not going with me to church, and that when your name is called out that you will not be there to respond?" I told

her that it had been handed in without my consent, therefore I was not to blame; so mother went her way, and I mine, and we spent another beautiful day in the woods.

We talked matters over at home. If I persisted in being interested in that "abominable church" I could not stay at home. Mrs. Brooks had received word from her husband to come as soon as she could get ready, and so was very busy sewing for the children. I offered my services to help her, and she accepted; so I went over to their house. Every day I would go home, but as I went in the front door, mother would go out the back, and so I would sit in the empty house for a while, then return to Mrs. Brooks. Father and I would meet and have good long talks. He would try and encourage me in thinking that all would be well in a few days and for me to have patience, never reproving, but always assuring me of his love.

I had occasion to go to the village on an errand one afternoon, and as I often did, I waited until school was out, so that the school-teacher and I could walk home together. We tripped through the fields, chatting gayly, and when we came to the farmhouse where she boarded, she invited me in to take tea with her. This I had done before and had been cordially welcomed by the good housewife. When we entered the house, instead of greeting me as was usual, she looked at me as if I was some monster of iniquity, took her two children by the hand and left the room without a word. I was so astonished that I could hardly speak; then I made an excuse to my friend and went home, realizing that the time had come for me to take up my cross.

Another time Mrs. Brooks's brother and I drove to the village; it was almost dark when we got through with our trading, and when we left the store we found the buggy standing where we had left it, but no horse. We looked all around but could not see it; then we heard it whinny away down the

road, and following the sound we found it behind some shrubbery, but its harness was gone. Such a hunt as we did have, but we finally located it up a tree. We hitched up and were not further molested.

The time had come when I was brought face to face with the proposition of my future; my home was closed against me. I still went over every day but mother would not be there. My brothers and sisters were married and living in places where there would not be any possibility of my getting employment. Mrs. Brooks would leave in a few days, and it seemed to me that all avenues were closed. We talked it over and Mrs. Brooks urged me to go with her. I consented, but wished to talk it over with the home folks. I went over home again with that purpose in view, but again the house was empty. Then I went to the village to make some necessary purchases and when coming home was followed through one of the fields by a small boy, calling "Mormon, Mormon; going to Utah to be some Mormon's seventh wife?" I took no notice of him and he soon got tired and turned back.

Again I went over home, and this time found both father and mother there. They had heard of the contemplated move, and agreed that it was best for me to go away, but they did not wish me to go with Mrs. Brooks. Mother wished me to go to Toronto, but I knew no one there, and in my mind I knew that my sole object in going with Mrs. Brooks was so that I might be baptized and be where there were Saints. They gave me money toward my fare, and I packed my trunk, intending to come again to see them and say good-bye. Mother left the room without further argument, and father gathered me in his arms, kissing me while his tears fell on my face and saying, "My child, my child; may God ever bless and keep you from all harm, and always remember, come what may, your father loves you."

I had a little money of my own to add to that which my

parents had given me, but still was short of enough to pay my fare, and so the old mill run overtime to make up the deficit, they trying to make me believe that the little help I had been to Mrs. Brooks was worth the amount I was short.

The time for saying good-bye came all too soon, and I started over home to see my parents. I had told them when we should start. What was my surprise as I got to our gate to see my trunk out on the road, and the gate shut. I looked toward the house, but no one was in sight, and the door was closed; so with a full heart I returned without going in. We all climbed into the wagon; there were seven of us. Mrs. Brooks and her four children, Will, Mabel, Jeanette, and Jim; Mrs. Brooks's sister Ida, a girl just a little younger than I, and myself; Will Johnston went with us as far as Wiarton to see that we got started right. When we drove to the top of the first hill we stopped while all of us took a last look at the old familiar scenes. I straining my eyes to see if I could see the dear folks at home. Yes, there he was, standing on a raised piece of ground waving a farewell; but he was alone. We waved to each other as long as we could see, then he passed out of my sight for ever.

Father was sixty-five years old, and the strenuous life in the army and the disappointments of his later years were beginning to tell on him. His tall, erect form, with its military bearing, that used to be the pride of my childish heart as he, dressed in his regimentals, his medals on his breast would walk down the streets of our English town holding me by the hand, was now bent and worn, and he was far from well. Mother was sixty, a little woman just about five feet tall, full of energy and ambition, with more push in her than was in any of the rest of us, and with a pride that the ups and downs of life could not crush; always well and hearty, and always ready to try again. I was seventeen, and had been considered the

delicate one of the family; not that I had ever been seriously ill, but that I was very pale and thin.

We arrived at Wiarnton without any mishap, bade good-bye to our dear friend and brother Will, and so sped on toward our destination. Before we arrived at Chicago we had to take an excursion train that was so crowded we could not get seats. My left foot began to pain badly, so that I could not bear any weight on it; the car was so crowded that I could not examine it to see what was the matter. Mrs. Brooks was very busy seeing to the baggage, the changing of our money into United States coin, and Ida and I were taking care of the children.

When we got to Chicago we found we would have to wait some time for the next train, so Mrs. Brooks said, "Now we will see what is the matter with your foot." As soon as the shoe and stocking were removed, it puffed up, so that one could just see the ends of the toes, the swelling was so bad. We could get neither the stocking nor shoe on again, so just wrapped it in white cloth and again took the train, which was not so crowded, and I could be more comfortable with my foot on the opposite seat. It did not hurt so badly when it was up, as then the blood could not course through it.

Our long journey was over at last, and we arrived at Saint Joseph, Missouri, and were met by Mrs. Johnston. It was a joyful meeting. She had not seen her daughters and grandchildren for some time, and there was much to tell. I, not being one of the family, stood aloof, thinking of another mother, that I would have given all I possessed to see at that moment. Mrs. Johnston turning, noticed me for the first time, and speaking to her daughter, asked, "Who have we got here?" Mrs. Brooks introduced us with a few words of explanation; she took my extended hand saying, "I do not know you, but I know your mother, and I will give you a kiss for your mother's sake." I was almost overcome with longing

and homesickness, and it took all of my will power to keep the tears back.

Mrs. Johnston lived but a few blocks from the depot, so the bundles, baskets, telescopes, etc., were distributed between us, even the children carrying their share, and we started out. It had fallen to my share to carry a telescope, one of those extensive affairs so convenient to a family like ours, as you can always put a little more in it. Its bulging sides gave evidence of this qualification, as they were extended to the limit. In the excitement of meeting their loved ones, my sore foot was overlooked. Mother and daughters trotted on ahead, busily chatting, while I followed, my foot still wrapped in the white cloth, every step an agony, the heavy load I was carrying bumping against my sore limb, and my heart crying out for my mother. I would walk a few steps, then put down my load and cry awhile, then pick it up and go just as fast as I could, so as to keep them in sight, then rest again. The children would come dancing back, telling me to hurry up, or I would get lost, but we finally got there.

They received me kindly and everything was done for me that they could think of. I knew it to be erysipelas, as I had had it once before, so we painted my foot with iodine and I refrained from putting it to the floor, lying in bed most of the time, until it began to get better. I could not help but be thankful to my heavenly Father that I was in the hands of Saints of God instead of being with strangers as I would have been if I had gone to Toronto.

If one thing more than another had been impressed upon our minds as children, by our mother, it was never to eat the bread of idleness, and while my foot was getting well I had plenty of time to think over my future. What could I do for a livelihood? that was the question that would not down. Like many young people brought face to face with that proposition, I had a smattering of knowledge of a good many things but

could not do any of them well. I had always wished to be a school-teacher, but that hope had been crushed by the lack of means to finish the necessary education. I could not cook, I couldn't sew, I was not strong enough to stand on my feet all day, so had to give up the idea of clerking.

Just about a block from us was a large factory that employed hundreds of girls, and I determined to make application there. My foot was yet too swollen to wear my shoe, so I tied one of Mr. Brooks's rubbers on and hobbled over there. While I was talking to the superintendent I kept my sore foot tucked under my skirts, thinking perhaps he would not notice it. He said, "You do not look strong enough to work." I told him that I was lots stronger than I looked. Then he happened to notice that I was standing on one foot, so he came out of his office and walked around me, asking what was the matter with my foot. I told him that I had had erysipelas, but that it was almost well now. Then he asked rather sharply "Where are your parents?" I told him that they were in Canada. He wanted to know if I had any brothers or sisters. I answered that they also were in Canada, and imagining that all of my chances for employment were slipping away, I broke out with, "and I must have work." He answered, "Child! you shall have work. Follow me."

Upstairs we went to the work room, and after he had talked to the forewoman I was taken to a machine, a low chair with a cushion was placed for me to rest my sore foot on, and I ran the machine with the other foot, the forewoman staying with me to show me how to do the work. In a few minutes other business called her away, and the girl working next to me asked what was the matter with my foot. I told her, then I noticed her whispering with other girls around her, and several of them got up and left the room. I was too busy with my new work to pay much attention to what was going on around me.

I had been working there some time and my foot was entirely well. I was getting along nicely with the work and was beginning to feel more at home in my new surroundings. The girl next to me asked me one day if I had noticed them leaving the room after asking me what was the matter with my foot. I told her I believed I remembered it. Well, she said, they had gone down to the superintendent to tell him that I had erysipelas, which was contagious, and that if I was permitted to work there, they would quit. He told them it was not contagious, and furthermore, "You may all quit if you wish to; but one thing is certain, that little girl is going to have work"; and so dismissed them. And so I was made to realize that He who holds the destiny of men and of nations in the hollow of his hands, was watching over me.

How I enjoyed the grand sermons by Brother Forscutt, and the songs of Zion. The Bible seemed a new book to me, and God, who before had reigned "beyond the realm of time and space," seemed very near to me; but yet I lacked the courage to step out and obey. I had written home as soon as we arrived in Saint Joseph and had heard from father, but mother was still holding out, and I felt that I could not be baptized until she would write to me, telling me it was all right.

One evening we attended the Young People's Society, that was held at the home of one of the Saints. Uncle Mark (Mark H. Forscutt) was the president, and during the opening prayer I silently was praying that God might direct me and lead me aright. At the close of the opening exercises Uncle Mark arose and told us that during the opening prayer it had been shown to him that there was one in our midst that was earnestly seeking for light, and if they would step out and obey the truth, and live faithful, those that were now fighting against it would be led to see their error, and they with others of the family should be brought into the fold. He also added that he would not even look at the one who was shown

to him, but God would speak to their heart by his Spirit and convince them of its truth.

I could hardly wait until the meeting was over to hand in my name for baptism, I had such a burning in my heart and such an assurance that my prayers were answered. After the benediction was pronounced I hurried over to tell Uncle Mark. He took both of my hands and smilingly said, "I know it, my child; may God ever bless you and keep you, giving you strength to overcome and remain faithful to the end, for his promises are sure." Then he added, "You are to be the first one baptized in our new church."

Arrangements were made for the baptism; I believe there were about thirteen or fourteen names handed in. The church was not finished and so the font was put in temporarily, boards laid down for us to stand on, and I was the first one led down into the waters of baptism in the Saint Joseph church.

It was a rather cool day in December, and I had never seen anyone baptized, but I had no fear. As I stepped down into the water and Uncle Mark was offering the prayer, I seemed to feel two hands under my body, and instead of the sensation of going under the water, I felt like I was being raised higher and higher in the air, and the next thing I realized was that it was over and I was again standing on the brink of the "watery grave." Everybody standing around had coats on, as the building was not heated except in the dressing room, but I did not feel the cold, as I stood waiting for the baptismal service to close. Brother Winning, who stood directly behind me, took off his overcoat and put it around me.

At the evening services we were confirmed and again the promise was given that if faithful others of my family would be led into the light. Brother Forscutt and Brother John M. Terry confirmed me, and as their hands were on my head I could feel them tremble, then a thrill similar to a light electrical shock would vibrate through my being, receding, then coming

again. In his word he had said, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." I had tried to be worthy and now he acknowledged me as his child.

Brother and Sister Brooks had taken me with them when they located in their new home, and in every way treated me as one of the family, counseling and advising me as they saw I needed it. I was now filled with the missionary spirit and at every opportunity would tell those with whom I was brought in contact, of the glad message that I had received. I was working down town in a small tailoring establishment for a while, and one noon hour two of the workmen were discussing some point of scripture. One of them called me over to ask my opinion on the point in question. I explained as best I could. The other man turned to me, asking what church I belonged to, and I told him. He turned to his fellow workman and said, "It is a peculiar thing about those Latter Day Saints, as they call themselves; I have met them before. I declare they can take a twelve-year-old child, and dip them in the water, and they will come up quoting scripture." Here was the evidence from an outsider that the Holy Spirit was fulfilling its mission of bringing to our remembrance those things that it would be needful for us to say.

The next spring I was taken ill with typhoid fever. We did not call in a doctor, but sent for the elders, who administered to me several times, giving relief, but I was not healed. During my illness I had taken cold and pleurisy set in, and I suffered a great deal. Mrs. Brooks was feeling far from well, and I could not help but feel what an added burden I was to them, when she already had so many cares and family duties. This evening everything was fixed for my comfort, as usual, a bowl of water placed on a chair by my bed that I might reach out and dip my fingers into it to moisten my parched lips, and the family had retired to their much needed rest. I could not rest for the pain, and I moaned so that Sister Brooks

got up and came to me to see if she could relieve me, trying in every way to soothe and comfort me, but nothing seemed to bring relief. She promised to send for Uncle Mark to come and administer to me as soon as it was morning, and as there was nothing more to be done, retired again to rest.

I was in such pain that in agony I called to my heavenly Father, "Oh, my God, wilt thou not make it known to your servant how sorely I am in need, that I might get relief?" I had scarcely breathed this prayer before I sank into a sweet, refreshing sleep, all the pain being gone. The last thing I remembered was hearing the clock strike two. I was awakened by the opening of my bedroom door; I opened my eyes, and there in the doorway stood Uncle Mark. Remembering my prayer, I exclaimed, "Oh, Uncle Mark, did God send you to me?" He came and sat down by my bedside, and asked me, "Did you need me in the night?" and I told him how much I had needed him. Then he told me that in the night he had been awakened with the feeling that I needed him, but he tried to put the thought away, as he had made inquiry during the day and had been told that I was getting along nicely; but he could not sleep, so he arose and earnestly prayed the Father that if I was in need that I might be relieved. He added that he looked at his watch and it was just two o'clock when he again retired to his bed and slept soundly until morning. I told him that the last thing I could remember was the clock striking two, and so we had a time of rejoicing together. Sister Brooks, true to her promise, had sent Willie after him as soon as it was light and he had come. What a dear, kind shepherd he was; such a tie of love existed between him and his flock that he seemed to feel our every need and was always ready to minister comfort to the lambs, as well as to the sheep of the fold. He administered to me and I gained strength from that time on.

The Saints were very good to me, bringing fruit and dain-

ties that they thought would help build up my strength, and I shall never forget their kindness. Across the street from us lived a good neighbor, not a member of the church, who used to come over almost every day to bathe me and bring something that she thought might tempt my appetite. When I was well enough to sit up, she would stay and visit us, and Sister Brooks told her the "sweet gospel story." We invited her to go to church with us, but she seemed quite satisfied to stay a Methodist. One Sunday we asked her again to go with us, and she answered, "I will put this stick up, if it falls your way I will go to your church, if it falls the other way I will attend my own church." So the stick was put up and it fell towards us, so she attended our church, became interested, joined the church, and afterward married Elder Ebenezer Keeler, now a patriarch in Oregon, I believe. By such little things as these the whole line of our life is sometimes changed.

After I recovered from the fever I became stronger than ever before. My hair all came out and I had to wear a cap for a while, but it soon came in again. Two of the children took the fever, and it was some time before our little family could gather, an unbroken family circle. Nothing but the grace of God could have given Sister Brooks strength to bear up under such trying times.

Weeks had passed into months and months into more than a year, but still mother did not write. Once in a great while I would hear from father, but he only wrote as opportunity was afforded, or in other words, when mother happened to be out. I studied and prayed and had faith, knowing the only *if* contained in the promise lay with myself. "If faithful" they shall be brought into the fold. My letters were sermonettes. Sister Brooks would help me with suitable passages of scripture, but no response had come so far. Many an evening I sat on the doorstep looking up into the skies, remembering the same moon and stars were shining over the dear old home,

with its beloved occupants, and the same loving Father watched over all, and I tried to have patience to wait his own good time, though I often cried myself to sleep from homesickness.

And so two years passed away before I received my first letter from mother, and it was but a short note telling me that father was very ill. It was followed in a few days by a letter saying that my father was dead. I will pass over my feelings when I realized that I should never feel my dear father's arms around me again, or see his kind, patient face. One can not express such grief in words.

I wrote mother, asking her to come and make her home with me, and she consented if I would promise two things. First, that I would not mention the church to her; and second, that I should stay with her as long as she lived. I told her the second request was easy to promise and as to the first one I felt that I could promise that so long as the subject was disagreeable to her I would refrain from mentioning it, and so she and my brother Albert came to Saint Joseph, and I left my dear friends, the Brookses, and we set up our own little home.

Now they were with me, I could see the beginning of the fulfillment of the promise. Still it was a problem in my mind how to get her interested. Albert went to church with me, but mother of course never offered to go with us; in fact used her influence with Albert to keep him from going, but as he said, there was nowhere else to go, and so with me he went. After giving the subject much thought I decided there was nothing to keep others from visiting her and talking along gospel lines because it was a forbidden subject between us. So I told Sister Gardner (mother of Mrs. Krahl and John Gardner) all about it, and asked her to visit mother, inviting her out, etc. So Sister Gardner and Sister Terry would visit her, inviting her to their prayer union, and whenever I would meet

Sister Gardner, she would report her progress. Finally mother went to prayer union with them, and as Sister Gardner told me afterward, just sat straight up in the chair, not even closing her eyes when they prayed, but watching every move that was made. She thought we were a dangerous people, and she was not to be caught napping. Many a quiet little laugh Sister Gardner and I had over these reports. When I got home of a Thursday evening I would say, "Well, mother; what have you been doing to-day?" She would answer, "Just about the same as usual," while I knew that she had been to prayer union. But the dear soul did not know that I knew this and would not have admitted it for the world. She always left before it was over, for fear I might get home a little earlier than usual, and everything always looked just as if she had been home all day.

Under the melting influence of the Spirit the icy reserve was soon melted away, and gladness was brought to my heart one Sunday morning when she asked where I was going. I told her to church, and she answered, "I believe I will go with you." When we walked into church together, I could see more than one face light up with pleasure, for we were all like one family in our little branch, and many of them knew just what the conditions had been.

I was still working at McDonald's and had been made inspector. My duties were to inspect the garments that were made in our department; to see that they were well made and to teach the new girls how to make them. I had been anxious for some time to take a course in a business college, to prepare for something better, but sickness had kept my funds rather low; but now I had got caught up again and I started to night school to learn bookkeeping.

One evening as I was leaving work I met the superintendent at the door. He told me he wished to have a talk with me, so we walked down the street together. He told me that he had

been watching me ever since I had first come to work there, and that he would like to see me doing something better. He added that he did not know whether I realized it or not, but "you have a great influence over others, and with your ability should be doing something better than working in a factory." He stated that if there was any way that he could be of help to me, by giving me a recommendation or using his influence, for me not to forget to let him know and he would be more than pleased to do whatever he could. I told him that I was attending a business college to prepare for other work; he seemed pleased at that, and added that he did not want me to think that he did not want me in his factory, because "as long as I am superintendent you can get work here any time, because your work has been entirely satisfactory, but I want to see you doing something better." I thanked him for his kindly interest and we parted.

Mother continued to attend church with us, and it was not long until she was baptized. A few weeks after she had joined the church brother and I were going to choir practice, when I noticed him rather lagging behind, and asked him what was the matter. He answered that he was getting so tired of it. With a little coaxing I got him to tell me what was troubling him. He told me that before he and mother left Canada she had tried to get him to promise that he would not go to church with me, telling him that she could see by my letters that I could almost "prove that black was white." He said that he would not promise because he knew that he could not be talked into any church that he did not believe in and now he added, "She is the first one to join the church, and I get gospel for breakfast, gospel for dinner, and gospel for supper, and I am getting tired of it." I told him that I would talk to mother so that he would not be worried about it longer, but I could hardly keep from smiling.

So mother had turned preacher! I told her how Albert felt,

and it was quite a trial for her to keep still when she was so full of it all, and many a time I had to shake my head and try to change the subject when I saw that he was becoming irritated by too much talking. I had added a little wisdom to my zeal and now knew one should sow the seed and leave God to send the sunshine and the rain that it might grow, and that we often do more harm than good when we keep agitating the matter. It is something like sowing seed in the garden; if we hoe around it, keep disturbing the seed before it can take root, it will die, so we should do our part and leave the rest with God.

Before I had finished the business course, one day as I was at work I received a note from mother saying that I was to go to the Burlington transfer office at once, as they had sent for me to come and work for them. When I went in the office, Brethren David H. Blair and John Burlington introduced themselves and after talking over the matter I was engaged, Brother Blair showing me how to keep the books, etc., and so I found myself installed in my first office position. As I did not remember ever having met either of these brethren before, after I had been there a short while, I asked how they happened to send for me, and Brother Blair said that Sister Blair and he had been talking over the matter, wondering who they could get, when my name was suggested to their mind and so they sent for me.

It was while working at the Burlington Transfer office that brother Albert joined the church, and like the rest of us he was filled with the missionary spirit. He married about this time and now it was his turn to serve gospel with each meal. His wife was a stanch Methodist, and was not at all favorable, though she did not oppose him in any way. Albert would talk the matter over with me and would exclaim, "I just can not understand how it is that Fannie can't see it when it is so very plain." Then I reminded him of mother's experience

with himself, and he laughed, saying, "That is right, I had forgotten all about that."

Sister Mary and her husband left Canada and located in Saint Joseph. From the very first they seemed favorable, and attended church with mother and me every Sunday. We sent the *Ensign* to my other sister that was living in Canada, and were very much pleased with the letters we would receive, showing the interest she was taking in the sermons printed therein. Surely the Lord's promise was being fulfilled.

Our financial condition was not of the best, though all of our needs were supplied. The widow of a British soldier did not draw a pension (that law has been changed since), though there was a fund from which the widows of the survivors of the "Six Hundred" could be maintained if they were dependent. Some of our friends in Canada wished to take this matter up with the Government, in fact they were working on it, and had everything in readiness when mother found it out and would not permit it. Our little farm was rented, but as is often the case when one is at a distance from their property, when the rent was due, we would receive a letter telling of the fences and buildings needing repairs, and declaring that they would have to deduct a certain amount from the rent to make these repairs, and after they made their deductions there was but little left.

Brother Albert getting married made quite a difference with us, as it threw all of the burden upon me and my salary was small. By the time the rent, fuel, and grocery bills were paid there was little left, but mother and I had the best of health and contented minds, and that is true riches.

If I remember rightly, it was Brother Hilliard that visited Saint Joseph about this time, and preached us a rousing sermon on tithing and consecration, and the sermon stayed right with me. I felt somewhat under condemnation, as I had never paid tithing. The speaker had emphasized the point that, if

one had a permanent position that paid a salary that a little more than covered our needs (not our wants), so that we had a little laid by, we should consecrate that amount as the beginning of tithing.

There had been a change made in our office, and we now had a new manager, not a member of the church, but as far as I knew I was to be retained, though nothing had been said to me about it. I had saved five dollars toward the proverbial "rainy day," and the question with me was, ought I to consecrate my five dollars? After careful consideration I decided to do that. In less than a week afterwards, the new manager told me that a friend of his had asked him to give employment to his nephew, and he had decided to let me go, and hire this young man, as he could attend to collections and other outside work, as well as do the office work. In a moment Satan whispered to me, "Don't you wish you had your five dollars back?" and I can honestly say for a few minutes I certainly did wish I had it back.

I was quite discouraged, and wondered how mother would take it, and what should we do. I told mother, but she smiled and told me not to worry, that everything would come out all right. "All things work together for good to them that serve God, and we are doing the best we know how, besides David has said, 'Never have I seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread.'"

Mother had more faith than anyone I ever met, and was such a source of comfort to me, always cheery, always loving and kind. The only thing I could get was a few days' work in a wholesale house, addressing envelopes. In fact, I would not have gotten that if it had not been for Sister Blair who had asked Brother Winning if he did not have something that I could do. He told me that they needed girls for a few days in the advertising department to address envelopes. Sister Blair said to me, "The thing is to get in a big house like that,

where there is some chance for promotion; perhaps after you get through with that department there may be an opening in some other department."

I determined if hard work would give me a chance to get permanent employment, after we were through addressing envelopes, I certainly would be "right there." The other girls were working for a little pin money. I was working to support that dear mother of mine, and love is one of the strongest motives. I scarcely took the time to eat, and when we were all through I was called into the office and given work checking invoices. The next season I figured, trimmed hats, and kept the books for the trimming room. When the season was closed I was transferred to the office and made cashier, working under Brother David J. Krahl, who had charge of the office. So again it was proven, that "All things work together for good to them that serve God."

While I was working at this place, my brother's wife was baptized, also sister Mary and her husband, and we had received a letter from my sister in Canada that she was convinced and had gone to Toronto to be baptized.

At the time the promise was given to me, there were not any two of us children living in the same town, and not one of them had ever heard a sermon; mother had heard two sermons but was prejudiced against the latter day work. Within six years from the time of the promise, mother, Albert and wife, Mary and her husband, and my sister Selena, besides myself, had received the truth and had been baptized. What had seemed impossible to man had been performed by God, and again we are assured that "God's promises are sure."

CURRENT EVENTS.

BY INEZ SMITH.

March 2, 1912. The nomination of Mahlon Pitney to be Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court was confirmed.

April 2, 1912. Sixteenth annual convention of the Zion's Religio-Literary Society convenes at Independence, Missouri.

April 4, 1912. Twenty-first convention of the General Sunday School Association of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints convenes at Independence, Missouri.

April 6, 1912. The Fifty-ninth annual conference of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints convenes at Independence, Missouri.

April 9, 1912. Elder Albert Warr and Reverend C. Petty, of the Christian faith commence a three-night debate at Bay Minette, Alabama.

April 12, 1912. Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross Society, dies at the age of 90.

April 15, 1912. The steamer *Titanic*, 1,150 miles east of New York, founders four hours after striking an iceberg, carrying 1,595 persons down with her; 745 of the passengers and crew, all that the lifeboats would hold, are afterward picked up by the *Carpathia*, which had been summoned by wireless.

April 15, 1912. William Thomas Stead, the noted English journalist; David Francis Millet, the noted artist; John Jacob Astor, the capitalist, and many other noted men die at the sinking of the *Titanic*.

CONFERENCES.

January 20, 1912. Conference of Northeastern Illinois District convenes at Chicago, Elders Charles H. Burr and Lester Wildermuth presiding.

February 3, 1912. Nauvoo District convenes at Burlington, Iowa, Elder Charles Harpe presiding.

February 3, 1912. Spring River District convenes at Pittsburg, Kansas, Elders Thomas W. Chatburn, J. Arthur Davies, and Ellis Short presiding.

February 3, 1912. Eastern Wales District convenes at Nantyglo, Wales, Elders Gomer T. Griffiths, Roderick May, and Ernest J. Trapp presiding.

February 3, 1912. Little Sioux District convenes at Logan, Iowa, Elders Sidney Pitt and Sylvester B. Kibler presiding.

February 9, 1912. Southwestern Texas District convenes at San Antonio, Texas, Elder William C. Carl, presiding.

February 10, 1912. Seattle and British Columbia District convenes at Seattle, Washington, Elder Parley W. Premo presiding.

February 10, 1912. New York and Philadelphia District convenes at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Elders Archibald D. Angus, Frederick M. Smith, and Ulysses W. Greene presiding.

February 10, 1912. Northern Wisconsin District convenes at Valley Junction.

February 11, 1912. Western Wales District convenes at Aberaman, John G. Jenkins, Gomer T. Griffiths, and Roderick May presiding.

February 17, 1912. Northeastern Missouri District convenes at Bevier, Missouri, Elders Frederick T. Mussell and Swen Swenson presiding.

February 17, 1912. Winnipeg District convenes at Winni-

peg Branch, Elders Elmer E. Long, Nelson Wilson, and Thomas R. Seaton presiding.

February 24, 1912. Portland District convenes at Portland, Oregon, Elders Marcus H. Cook and Nephi T. Chapman presiding.

February 24, 1912. The sixty-first conference of the Clinton District convenes at Nevada, Missouri, Elders James Moler and Washington S. Macrae presiding.

February 24, 1912. Central Texas District convenes with the Texas Central Branch, Elder Samuel R. Hay presiding.

February 24, 1912. Southwestern Oregon District convenes at Myrtle Point, Oregon, Elder Henry J. Thurman presiding.

February 24, 1912. Northeastern Kansas convenes at Atchison, Kansas, Elders Frank G. Hedrick and Warren E. Peak presiding.

February 24, 1912. District conference of Pottawattamie District, Elders John A. Hanson and James M. Baker presiding, was held at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

February 24, 1912. Southern California district conference was held at Garden Grove, California.

March 2, 1912. Lamoni stake conference was held at Lamoni, Iowa, the stake presidency presiding.

March 2, 1912. Kentucky and Tennessee District convenes at Paris, Tennessee, Elder James R. McClain presiding.

March 2, 1912. Eastern Colorado District convenes at Wray, Colorado, Elder Edward F. Shupe presiding.

March 2, 1912. North Dakota District convenes at Fargo, North Dakota, Elders Jerome E. Wildermuth and James C. Page presiding.

March 2, 1912. Montana District convenes at Bozeman, Montana, Elder Amos J. Moore presiding.

March 2, 1912. Western Oklahoma District convenes with Sunny Hill Branch, near Calumet, Oklahoma, Elders Hubert Case, James E. Yates, and Edgar H. Smith presiding.

March 2, 1912. Southwestern Missouri convenes at Springfield, Missouri, Elders James C. Christenson presiding.

March 2, 1912. Northern California District convenes at Oakland, California, Elders Francis M. Sheehy and John M. Terry presiding.

March 9, 1912. Kirtland District convenes at Akron, Ohio, Elders Robert C. Russell, Francis J. Ebeling, and C. Ed Miller presiding.

March 9, 1912. Independence Stake convenes at Central Church, Elder John W. Rushton and stake presidency presiding.

April 6, 1912. Annual conference of Birmingham District convenes at Priestly Road, Elder Ecclestone presiding.

April 6, 1912. Manchester District convenes at Manchester, Elder Roderick May presiding.

JOY MULTIPLIED.

Full rich is he who, seeing gracious flowers
 Like scattered incense at another's feet
 Can royally and with high heart rejoice,
 Though not for him, can deem the blossoms sweet.

And nature has made the fairest gifts to him,
 Who finds a sweetness in another's cup,
 And hungers less, because his brother feasts
 Though at the banquet board he may not sup.

Though in the dusty highway he may tread,
 Unmeasured wealth has he, and all untold,
 For he has felt the touch of brotherhood.
 His joy is multiplied a thousand fold.

—Cora Lapham Hazard.

NECROLOGY.

ELIZABETH J. DOTY was born in Newark, New Jersey, April 13, 1832. Her mother and grandparents were Presbyterians, but she never united with any church until after her marriage to William Wallace Blair, which occurred when she was but eighteen years of age. About two years after marriage she and her husband united with the organization under William B. Smith, brother of the Prophet. She relates that while in this organization they received testimony of the truth of the gospel, but soon entertained doubts of the calling of William Smith to the prophetic office. In 1856 they were visited by representatives of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in the persons of Samuel H. Gurley and Edmund C. Briggs. Soon after this they became identified with the church, and from that time followed its fortunes with undeviating faith and unwavering courage. Her husband soon became one of the leading men and pillars of the church, and the duties of his position and calling required great sacrifice and sometimes suffering, in which he was nobly seconded and encouraged by his devoted and faithful wife. He served for several years as a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, and later as counselor to the president of the church, discharging his duties with credit to himself, but as can be said of every good husband of a true wife, he represented the work of both, and when final accounts are rendered and final rewards given she will know that what she did without selfish purpose will redound to her good.

Mrs. Blair was also noted for her good works in Sunday school and other organizations for good in the church, and after her husband's death her labors did not cease, but so long as life and strength remained she was at her post doing what she could. She died at Kansas City, Missouri, June 8, 1912, and her remains were brought to Lamoni, Iowa, and laid by the side of her honored husband in Rose Hill Cemetery.

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Number Four

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OCTOBER, 1912

“Obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion.”

HEMAN C. SMITH, EDITOR.

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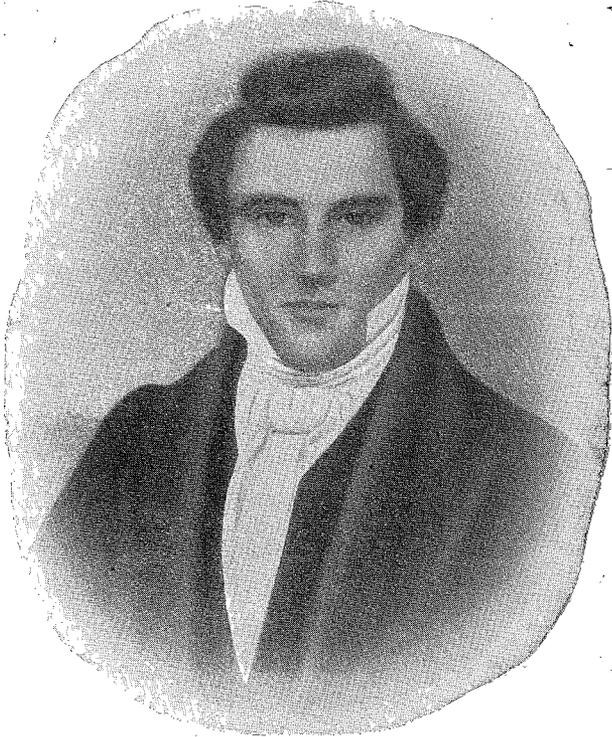
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JOSEPH SMITH THE MARTYR.

ANCESTRY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

[The author of the following article, Heman Hale Smith, is a great-grandson of Joseph Smith, generally known as the Mormon Prophet, who being often confronted with the claim that his ancestry were of low character, and mean origin, entered into an extensive investigation, which has taken several years of research, to ascertain if the allegation were true. This article is the result of his careful and painstaking research. It will prove interesting to many who, having believed that Joseph Smith was a man of good character are met with this assertion. The investigator of history and genealogy who reads for the sake of information, without reference to its application to any special person, will also find it interesting and profitable.—Editor.]

I. INTRODUCTION.

The object of the following article shall be twofold. In the first place, it may be a matter of some historical interest to know something of the people from whom Joseph Smith sprang; in the second place, all of us are believers in the doctrine of heredity, differing only in our opinions as to its relative value in comparison with environment; so it may be a matter of biological interest to know some of the hereditary interests which went to make up the character of Joseph Smith.

It is a common way of thinking to assume that the great part of our hereditary traits descend from father to son. This is due to the subordination of women in the early history of the race. In England estates descend from father to eldest son. Estates have taken no account of the women of the race. The old records of Scotch families do not even record the births and deaths of the women.

Now as a matter of fact Charles Darwin as well as other biologists hold to the theory that character is more a bequest from the mother than from the father. We think perhaps of William Jones, let us say, as having a great deal in his makeup of the character of some ancestor by the name of Jones, liv-

ing five hundred years ago, but in these five hundred years this William Jones has inherited qualities from about 31,699 people, all of whom have handed down their characteristics through one or more women, and each of whom has probably had more to do with the character of our William Jones than the Mr. Jones of 1412.

It has been said of the genealogist that he is like the potato, all the good is underground, and yet I doubt if there is anyone who is not secretly pleased with the discovery that his forbears were good men and women.

Of course everybody with whom we talk is descended from some king or queen of England or Scotland, so he tells us. Now a little mathematics will prove some rather extravagant things as to the people from whom we are descended. We will say that thirty-three and a third years make up the average generation, counting from birth of father to birth of son, making three generations to a century. Each person has four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, etc. At this rate each of us at the time of the founding of Jamestown had five hundred twelve ancestors. At the time of the Crusaders, only eight hundred years ago, we each had nineteen million two hundred thousand ancestors. Now if our ancestry was purely English there were not over a million people in England at this time; if it were Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English, there would not be enough people, even when we make the most liberal allowance for common ancestors along several different lines. Therefore, it is easy to see that a very reasonable inference is that everyone living, who has English ancestors, is probably descended from English royalty, from English peasantry, also from everyone else that was living in the year 1000 in England who had any descendants to speak of. I do not intend this to discount family pride, only to show how foolish it is to claim any

particular superiority for any one family because it is "of royal descent."

This should not detract from our interest nor from our love of family: like begets like. There is a family trait which passes from generation to generation to become finally a racial trait. It is what Weisman calls "the continuity of the germ-plasm." I do not mean by this to advocate the inheritance of characteristics, strictly speaking. I believe sociologists are agreed that we inherit only capacities for characteristics. But these capacities are deep cut in certain families.

It is a pleasure then to point to the ancestry of Joseph Smith as at least disproving some of the "family" arguments that have been made against his character. In looking up the ancestry of Joseph Smith my principal aid has been Lucy Smith's *Joseph Smith and His Progenitors*, to which I shall frequently refer. I hope, however, that I have added some data to the information given there. There has been so much written about the life of Joseph Smith, however, that I shall deal principally with the men and women who lived before him.

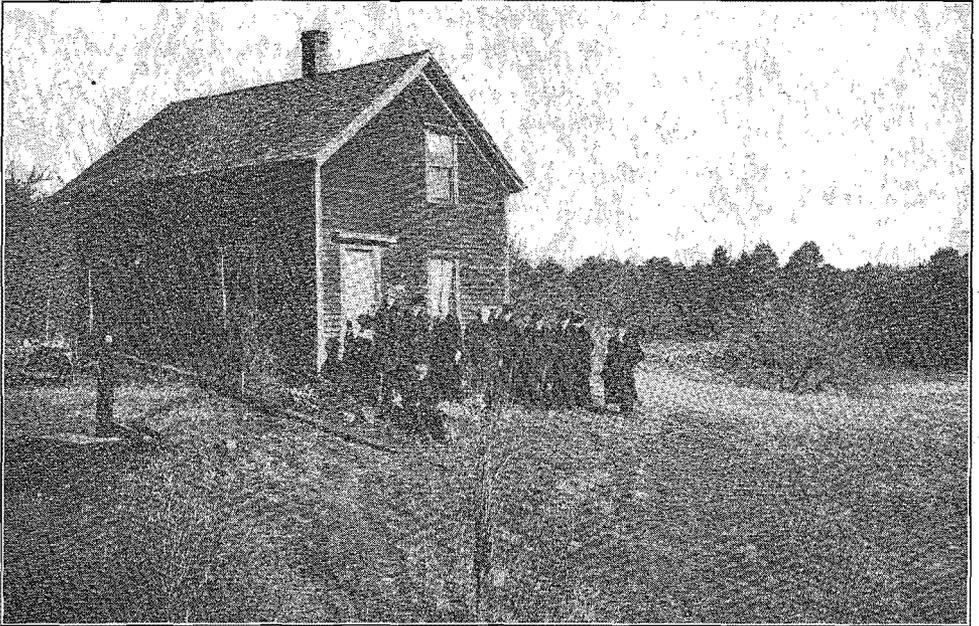
THE SMITH FAMILY.

The first ancestor of Joseph Smith, by this name, of whom we find any record was Robert Smith, who emigrated from England to Boxford, Essex County, Massachusetts, in 1638. He early moved to Rowley, then to Topsfield, in the same county. Topsfield was the ancestral home of the Smith family. The old homestead descended from father to son for at least five generations. Robert Smith married Mary French, the daughter of Thomas and Freedom French.

Thomas French emigrated from England to America and settled at Ipswich, Massachusetts, where he died August 8, 1680. In his will is found a legacy to one of his sons as follows: "one cow, which is to make up the full summe of thirty

pounds, which I had formerly promised as his share of the estate." (See Topsfield Historical Collections, vol. 13, p. 153.)

Not much is known of Robert Smith except that he was known first as a tailor. He died in Topsfield in 1698 (Topsfield Historical Collections, vol. 8, p. 87).



The Old Smith Homestead at Topsfield.

Among his children was Samuel Smith, born January 26, 1666, in Topsfield. This Samuel was referred to in the records as "Gentleman Samuel Smith." (See New England Genealogical Record, vol. 54.) Samuel Smith married Rebecca Curtis, daughter of John Curtis, January 25, 1707, and had the following children:

NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Phebe,	January 8, 1708,	Steph. Averel,	
1st Mary,	August 14, 1711,	Amos Towne,	
Samuel,	January 26, 1714,	Priscilla Gould,	November 14, 1785.
[This an error. He was born January 3, 1714.]			
Rebecca,	October 1, 1715,	John Batch,	
Elizabeth,	July 8, 1718,	Elizer Gould,	March, 1753.
Hephzibah,	May 12, 1722,	William Gallop,	November 15, 1774.
Robert,	April 25, 1724,		
Susanna,	May 2, 1726,		May 5, 1741.
Hannah,	April 5, 1729,	John Peabody,	August 17, 1764.

Samuel Smith died July 12, 1748, and his wife March 2, 1753, both in Topsfield.—Lucy Smith's Joseph Smith, page 31.

John Curtis, father of Rebecca, was an emigrant from England to Topsfield, and married December 4, 1672, Sarah Locke, a distant cousin of the philosopher John Locke, who drew up the grand model of the Carolina Colony. (See Savage's Genealogical Dictionary of New England, vol. 1, p. 486.)

The Priscilla Gould above mentioned as having married Samuel Smith, junior, the son of Samuel and Rebecca Curtis Smith, was a daughter of Zaccheus Gould, of Topsfield. She was born August 4, 1707. A fuller account of the Goulds will appear later in this article.

The children of the second Samuel and Priscilla were as follows:

NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.
Priscilla,	September 26, 1735,	Jacob Kimball, September 15, 1765.
Samuel,	October 28, 1737,	Rebecca Towne, January 2, 1760.
Vasta,	October 5, 1739,	Solomon Curtis, September 15, 1763
S		Jacob Hobbs, 1767.
Susanna,	January 24, 1742,	Isaac Hobbs, 1767.
Asael,	March 1, 1744,	Mary Duty, February 12, 1761.

—Lucy Smith's Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, page 32.

Priscilla died September 25, 1744, and Samuel married again October 8, 1745, another Priscilla Gould, cousin of his first wife. (See Topsfield Historical Collections, vol. 9, p. 150.) This Samuel, as well as his father, was often spoken of as gentleman. He was quite prominent in Essex County

affairs during the stirring times of the Revolution. He was a juryman in 1760, a road supervisor in 1770, on the Committee of Safety first organized through the efforts of James Otis and Samuel Adams, from 1771 to 1777; he was chairman of the local tea committee which enforced the boycott on the English tea in 1773. He served as representative of Topsfield to the general court in the following years: 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1772, 1777, 1778, and 1781. He was also a delegate to the Provincial Congress which met at Concord October 11, 1774, and again January 19, 1775. In 1782 he held the office of assessor and selectman; for the six years from 1777 to 1783 he was recognizer of debts. He was called Captain Smith because of the office he held in the militia, although he did not see actual service in the army. His service to his country and to the cause of American freedom is, however, amply proved by the above record. He died November 14, 1785. The *Salem Gazette* of November 22, 1785, in giving his obituary paid the following tribute to his character: "He was a sincere friend to the liberties of his country and a strenuous advocate for the doctrine of Christianity. . . . An amiable and worthy character." Among other things mentioned in his will is a silver watch left to his son Samuel, and shoe buckles to his son Asael. (See *Topsfield Historical Collections*, vol. 8, pp. 87 to 89.)

Asael, the son of Samuel, was the grandfather of the Prophet Joseph Smith. His boyhood was passed under the influence of his stepmother Priscilla. He was married February 12, 1767, to Mary Duty, and moved to Windham, New Hampshire, in 1772. From there he moved to Dunbarton, New Hampshire, and from there to Derryfield, now Manchester, New Hampshire. The records of the Sons of the American Revolution show him as a captain of a company of troops raised at Stoughton, Massachusetts, who marched



Monument to Samuel H. Smith.

at the alarm of April 19, 1775, and helped fortify Dorchester Heights. (See Sons of American Revolution Record No. —, showing qualification for membership of Herbert S. Salisbury, of Ferris, Illinois, also Records of Massachusetts Soldiers and

Sailors of the Revolution.) After the death of his father in 1785 he returned to Topsfield, but removed in 1791 to Tunbridge, Vermont. He was often spoken of as "Crook-necked Smith," due to a peculiar habit of carrying his head on one side. He was a very eccentric man in his time and somewhat noted for his peculiar habit of putting his thoughts into rhyme. One specimen of his poetry reads as follows:

"I have two poles thu' one is poor
 I have three cows & want five more
 I have no horse, But fifteen sheep,
 No more than these this year I keep,
 Stears, that's two years old, one pair,
 Two calves, I have, all over hair,
 Three heffers two years old, I own
 One heffer calf that's poorly grone,
 My land is acres Eighty two
 Which search the record youle find true,
 And this is all I have in store,
 I thank you if youle tax no more."

—Asael Smith, Topsfield Historical Collections, vol. 8, pp. 90, 91.

The following is an extract from one of his letters written during the administration of George Washington:

For my part I am so willing to trust the government of the world in the hands of the Supreme Ruler of Universal nature, that I do not at present wish to try to wrest it out of His hands, and I have so much confidence in His abilities to teach our Senators wisdom that I do not think it worth while for me to interpose with the little stock of knowledge that He has favored me with, in the affair, either one way or the other. He has conducted us through a glorious Revolution and has brought us into the promised land of peace and liberty; and I believe that He is about to bring all the world in the same beautitude in His own time and way; which, although His way may appear never so inconsistent to our blind reason, yet may be perfectly consistent with His designs. And I believe that the stone is now cut out of the mountain, without hands, spoken of by Daniel, and has smitten the image upon his feet, by which the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver and the gold (viz.) all the monarchical and the ecclesiastical tyranny will be broken to pieces and become as the chaff of the summer thrashing floor; the wind shall carry them away, and there shall be no place found for them.—Topsfield Historical Collections, vol. 8, p. 91.

He died October 31, 1830, at Kirtland, Ohio. (See Tops-

field Historical Collections, vol. 8, pp. 87-96, for account of Asael Smith.)

Of his wife, Mary Duty, little is known.¹ The following item is found in the Record of Topsfield Marriages, Topsfield Historical Collections, vol. 9, p. 138:

Duty, Mary, of Wenham (Windham), New Hampshire, and Asael Smith February 12, 1767.

It will be noticed that this date does not agree with that given by Lucy Smith in year, being 1767 instead of 1761. I believe Lucy Smith was wrong here and the record right, as her date would have made Asael married before he was seventeen; also it will be noticed that Asael's first child was born in 1768. The children of Asael Smith and Mary Duty were as follows:

NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Jesse,	April 20, 1768,	Hannah Peabody, January 20, 1792.	
Priscilla,	October 27, 1769,	John C. Waller. August 24, 1796.	
Joseph,	July 12, 1771,	Lucy Mack, Jan- uary 24, 1796.	September 14, 1840.
Asael,	May 21, 1773,	Betsy Schillinger, March 21, 1802.	
Mary, Samuel, Silas,	June 4, 1775, September 15, 1777. October 1, 1779,	Israel Pierce.	
		Ruth Stevens, January 29, 1805, the second time Mary Atkins, March 4, 1828.	
John,	July 16, 1781,	Clarissa Lyman, Sept. 11, 1815.	
Susanna, Stephen, Sarah,	May 18, 1783. April 17, 1785, May 17, 1789,		July 25, 1802.
		Joseph Sanford, October 15, 1809.	May 27, 1824.

—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, page 32.

¹ Since this article was written, Miss Edith Smith, of Salt Lake City, Utah, a great-great-granddaughter of Asael Smith, has told me that the father and mother of Mary Duty were Moses and Mary, and were formerly of Rowley, Massachusetts. H. H. S.



LUCY MACK SMITH.

Mary Duty Smith was born in 1743 and died in 1836 at the age of 93.

The Joseph Smith mentioned in the table above was the father of Joseph Smith the Prophet, and was the first patri-

arch of the Latter Day Saints' Church. He was called by the revelation of 1840 to that position and continued in it until his death. The story of his life is so intimately interwoven with that of the early church that it needs no repetition here. I will, however, give his wife's, Lucy Mack, account of his early married life.

Soon after I was married, I went with my husband to see my parents, and as we were about setting out on this visit, my Brother Stephen, and his partner in business, John Mudget, were making some remarks in regard to my leaving them, and the conversation presently turned upon the subject of giving me a marriage present. "Well," said Mr. Mudget, "Lucy ought to have something worth naming, and I will give her just as much as you will."

"Done," said my brother, "I will give her five hundred dollars in cash."

"Good," said the other, "and I will give her five hundred dollars more."

So they wrote a check on their bankers for one thousand dollars, and presented me with the same. This check I laid aside, as I had other means by me sufficient to purchase my housekeeping furniture. Having visited my father and mother, we returned again to Tunbridge, where my companion owned a handsome farm, upon which we settled ourselves, and began to cultivate the soil. We lived on this place about six years, tilling the earth for a livelihood.

In 1802 we rented our farm in Tunbridge, and moved to the town of Randolph, where we opened a mercantile establishment. When we came to this place we had two children, Alvin and Hyrum.—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, pages 38, 39.

My husband, as before stated, followed merchandising for a short period in the town of Randolph. Soon after he commenced business in this place, he ascertained that crystallized ginseng root sold very high in China, being used as a remedy for the plague, which was then raging there.

He therefore concluded to embark in a traffic of this article and consequently made an investment of all the means which he commanded, in that way and manner which was necessary to carry on a business of this kind, viz, crystallizing and exporting the root. When he had obtained a quantity of the same, a merchant by the name of Stevens, of Royalton, offered him three thousand dollars for what he had; but my husband refused his offer, as it was only about two thirds of its real value, and told the gentleman that he would rather venture shipping it himself.

My husband, in a short time, went to the city of New York, with a view of shipping his ginseng, and finding a vessel in port which was soon to set sail, he made arrangements with the captain to this effect—that

he was to sell the ginseng in China, and return the avails thereof to my husband; and this the captain bound himself to do, in a written obligation.

Mr. Stevens, hearing that Mr. Smith was making arrangements to ship his ginseng, repaired immediately to New York, and, by taking some pains, he ascertained the vessel on board of which Mr. Smith had shipped his ginseng; and having some of the same article on hand himself, he made arrangements with the captain to take his also, and he was to send his son on board the vessel to take charge of it.

It appears, from circumstances that afterwards transpired, that the ginseng was taken to China, and sold there to good advantage, or at a high price, but not to much advantage to us, for we never received anything, except a small chest of tea, of the avails arising from this adventure.

When the vessel returned, Stevens the younger also returned with it, and when my husband became apprised of his arrival, he went immediately to him and made inquiry respecting the success of the captain in selling his ginseng. Mr. Stevens told him quite a plausible tale, the particulars of which I have forgotten; but the amount of it was; that the sale had been a perfect failure, and the only thing which had been brought for Mr. Smith from China was a small chest of tea, which chest had been delivered into his care for my husband.

In a short time after this young Stevens hired a house of Major Mack, and employed eight or ten hands, and commenced the business of crystallizing ginseng. Soon after engaging in this business, when he had got fairly at work, my brother, Major Mack, went to see him, and, as it happened, he found him considerably intoxicated. When my brother came into his presence, he spoke to him thus: "Well, Mr. Stevens, you are doing a fine business; you will soon be ready for another trip to China." Then observed again, in a quite indifferent manner, "Oh, Mr. Stevens, how much did Brother Smith's adventure bring?" Being under the influence of liquor, he was not on his guard, and took my brother by the hand and led him to a trunk; then opening it, he observed, "There, sir, are the proceeds of Mr. Smith's ginseng!" exhibiting a large amount of silver and gold.

My brother was much astounded at this; however, he disguised his feelings, and conversed with him a short time upon different subjects, then returned home, and about ten o'clock the same night he started for Randolph, to see my husband.

When Mr. Stevens had overcome his intoxication, he began to reflect upon what he had done, and making some inquiry concerning my brother, he ascertained that he had gone to Randolph. Mr. Stevens, conjecturing his business—that he had gone to see my husband respecting the ginseng adventure, went immediately to his establishment, dismissed his hands, called his carriage, and fled with his cash for Canada, and I have never heard anything concerning him since.

My husband pursued him awhile, but finding pursuit vain, returned

home much dispirited at the state of his affairs. He then went to work to overhaul his accounts, in order to see how he stood with the world; upon which he discovered that, in addition to the loss sustained by the China adventure, he had lost about two thousand dollars in bad debts. At the time he sent his venture to China he was owing eighteen hundred dollars in the city of Boston, for store goods, and he expected to discharge the debt at the return of the China expedition; but, having invested almost all his means in ginseng, the loss which he suffered in this article rendered it impossible for him to pay his debts with the property which remained in his hands. The principal dependence left him in the shape of property, was the farm at Tunbridge, upon which we were then living, having moved back to this place immediately after his venture was sent to China. This farm, which was worth about fifteen hundred dollars, my husband sold for eight hundred dollars, in order to make a speedy payment on the Boston debt; and, as I had not used the check of one thousand dollars, which my brother and Mr. Mudgett gave me, I added it to the eight hundred dollars obtained for the farm, and by this means the whole debt was liquidated.—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, pages 43-47.

After selling the farm at Tunbridge, we moved only a short distance, to the town of Royalton. Here we resided a few months, then moved again to Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. In the latter place, my husband rented a farm of my father, which he cultivated in the summer, teaching school in the winter. In this way my husband continued laboring for a few years, during which time our circumstances gradually improved, until we found ourselves quite comfortable again.

In the meantime we had a son, whom we called Joseph, after the name of his father; he was born December 23, 1805. I shall speak of him more particularly by and by.

We moved thence to Tunbridge. Here we had another son, whom we named Samuel Harrison, born March 13, 1808. We lived in this place a short time, then moved to Royalton, where Ephraim was born, March 13, 1810. We continued here until we had another son, born March 13, 1811, whom we called William.—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, page 53.

It was at this place and at Lebanon, New Hampshire, where Joseph Smith, senior, received the visions related in Lucy Smith's History. It was at Lebanon that the family was seized with what was then called typhus fever; Lucy Smith's account of the trouble that followed is:

When health returned to us, as one would naturally suppose, it found us in quite low circumstances. We were compelled to strain every energy to provide for our present necessities, instead of making arrangements for the future, as we had previously contemplated.

Shortly after sickness left our family, we moved to Norwich, in the

State of Vermont. In this place we established ourselves on a farm belonging to one Esquire Moredock. The first year our crops failed; yet, by selling fruit which grew on the place, we succeeded in obtaining bread for the family, and by making considerable exertion, we were enabled to sustain ourselves.

The crops the second year were as the year before—a perfect failure. Mr. Smith now determined to plant once more, and if he should meet with no better success than he had the two preceding years, he would then go to the State of New York, where wheat was raised in abundance.

The next year an untimely frost destroyed the crops, and being the third year in succession in which the crops had failed, it almost caused a famine. This was enough; my husband was now altogether decided upon going to New York. He came in, one day, in quite a thoughtful mood, and sat down; after meditating some time, he observed that, could he so arrange his affairs, he would be glad to start soon for New York with a Mr. Howard, who was going to Palmyra. He further remarked, that he could not leave consistently, as the situation of the family would not admit of his absence; besides, he was owing some money that must first be paid.

I told him it was my opinion that he might get both his creditors and debtors together, and arrange matters between them in such a way as to give satisfaction to all parties concerned; and, in relation to the family, I thought I could make every necessary preparation to follow as soon as he would be ready for us. He accordingly called upon all with whom he had any dealings, and settled up his accounts with them. There were, however, some who, in the time of settlement, neglected to bring forward their books, consequently they were not balanced, or there were no entries made in them to show the settlement, but in cases of this kind he called witnesses, that there might be evidence of the fact.

Having thus arranged his business, Mr. Smith set out for Palmyra, in company with Mr. Howard. After his departure, I and those of the family who were of much size, toiled faithfully, until we considered ourselves fully prepared to leave at a moment's warning. We shortly received a communication from Mr. Smith, requesting us to make ourselves ready to take up a journey for Palmyra. In a short time after this, a team came for us. As we were about starting on this journey, several of those gentlemen who had withheld their books in the time of settlement now brought them forth, and claimed the accounts which had been settled, and which they had, in the presence of witnesses, agreed to erase. We were all ready for the journey, and the teams were waiting on expense. Under these circumstances I concluded it would be more to our advantage to pay their unjust claims than to hazard a lawsuit. Therefore, by making considerable exertion I raised the required sum, which was one hundred and fifty dollars, and liquidated the demand.

A gentleman by the name of Flog, a wealthy settler, living in the town of Hanover, also a Mr. Howard, who resided in Norwich, were both

acquainted with the circumstances mentioned above. They were very indignant at it and requested me to give them a sufficient time to get the witnesses together, and they would endeavor to recover that which had been taken from me by fraud. I told them I could not do so, for my husband had sent teams for me, which were on expense; moreover, there was an uncertainty in getting the money back again, and in case of failure, I should not be able to raise the means necessary to take the family where we contemplated moving.

They then proposed raising some money by subscription, saying, "We know the people feel as we do concerning this matter, and if you will receive it we will make you a handsome present." This I utterly refused. The idea of receiving assistance in such a way as this was indeed very repulsive to my feelings, and I rejected their offer.—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, pages 66-69.

Joseph Smith followed the fortunes of his son until his death at Nauvoo, Illinois, September 14, 1840. A table of the family of Joseph and Lucy Mack Smith follows:

NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Alvin, Hyrum,	Feb. 11, 1799, February 9, 1800, Tunbridge, Ver- mont,	Jerusha Barden, Nov. 2, 1826, Mary Fielding, 1837,	November 19, 1824. June 27, 1844.
Sophronia,	May 18, 1883, Tunbridge, Ver- mont,	Calvin Stoddard, December 2, 1827, [Second marriage —— McClay. Died July 22, 1876]	
Joseph,	Dec. 23, 1805, Sharon, Vermont,	Emma Hale, Jan- uary 18, 1827.	June 27, 1844.
Samuel,	March 13, 1808, Tunbridge, Ver- mont,	Mary Bailey, August 13, 1834, Levira Clark, April 29, 1842,	July 30, 1844.
Ephraim, William,	March 13, 1810, March 13, 1811,	Caroline Grant, Feb. 14, 1833,	March 24, 1810. [Nov. 13, 1893]
Catherine,	July 8, 1812, Leb- anon, N. H.	Wilkins J. Salis- bury, Jan. 8, 1831,	[Feb. 2, 1900]
Don Carlos,	March 25, 1816,	Agnes Coolbrith, July 30, 1835,	August 7, 1841.
Lucy,	July 18, 1821.	Arthur Millikin, June 4, 1840,	[Dec. 9, 1882]

—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, pages 33, 34.

THE GOULD FAMILY.

The earliest known ancestor of the American family of Gould was Thomas Gould of Bovington, Hertfordshire, England, born in 1455, died 1520, married Joan —.

His son Richard, also of Bovington, was born 1478, died 1531, likewise married a Joan —.

Thomas, son of Richard and Joan, born 1500, died 1546, married Alice —.

Richard Gould, son of Thomas and Alice, born about 1530.

Richard Gould, son of Richard, born 1553.

Zaccheus Gould, son of Richard, was born in 1589, in Bovington, lived in Hemel Hempstead and Great Messenden. He came to New England in 1638 with Robert Smith, and having married settled at Topsfield. His wife's name was Phoebe. Zaccheus Gould had at one time over three thousand acres of land. He died about 1670.

John Gould, son of Zaccheus and Phoebe Gould, was the only son of Zaccheus and inherited his estate. He seemed to be of a rebellious disposition, as evidenced by his arrest at one time for nonattendance at church on the Sabbath. His defense was that he had met for worship with two other men and these three formed a congregation of the Lord. In 1686 he was arrested for high treason, an account of which follows:

CASE OF JOHN GOULD CHARGED WITH TREASON.

The jurors of our Sovereign Lord, the King, do upon their oaths present that John Gould, Senior, otherwise called Lieutenant Gould of Topsfield in the County of Essex, husbandman, by force and arms, between the 20th and the 30th day of May in the 2nd year of the reign of our sovereign Lord, being evelly affected against our most sacred Lord, the King aforesaid, his supreme and natural lord, and devising with all his might to disturb the peace and common tranquillity of this his Majesty's Territory and Dominion of New England, as the same is now settled by His Majesty's Royal Commission under his Great Seal of England, and the introducing again of the late government, dissolved by law at a Riotous Muster of armed men, gathered together by him, that the aforesaid John Gould as their protective officer at Tops-

field aforesaid in the County aforesaid, in the year aforesaid, he the said John Gould, aforesaid, then and there, being, did against the duty of his allégiance, and in terror of his Majesties Liege Protection maliciously, wickedly, seditiously, treasonally and advisedly speak and utter these malicious, treasonable and seditious speeches following, viz; If the Country was of his mind, they would keep Salem Court with the former majistrates, and if the country would go the rounds, he would make the first and go and keep Salem court and would lead his army to do it, and further he the said John Gould on or about the 11th day of July at Topsfield aforesaid, in the year aforesaid, maliciously, advisedly, and treasonably did say and utter the malicious, treasonable, and seditious words following, viz; That he was under another government and had sworn to another government and did not know of this government, and this in manifest contempt of His Majesty's law and government, in New England to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like case offending and against the peace of our said sovereign Lord, the King, His Crown and dignity.

John Wild	} Witnesses
John Howe	
Isaac Cummings	
Ephraim Howe	

—Massachusetts Historical Collections, Series '3, vol. 7, pp. 150, 151.

Later he applied for a permit to walk in the prison yard, being "heartily sorry for the idle words" he had uttered. Upon payment of twenty pounds he was finally pardoned. His reason for asking pardon was that "his fortune was very inconsiderable and that encumbered and he being incapable of getting a penny toward the support of his wife and eight children."—Massachusetts Historical Collections, Series 3, vol. 7, p. 154. The governor of Massachusetts at this time was the famous Sir Edmund Andros, sent over by James II.

He was married October 4, 1660, to Sarah, the daughter of John Baker, of Topsfield. She was born March 9, 1641, at Ipswich, and died January 20, 1709, at Topsfield; her father, John Baker, was born in 1598 in England. At the age of eighteen he was apprenticed for twelve years to a grocer in Norwich, England. He came to Boston in 1637 with his wife Elizabeth, who was born in 1606. They settled at Ipswich, where they kept a tavern. John was given a license to sell

wine in 1644, and again in 1647. In 1652 he obtained the right to sell beer also. He kept his inn at Ipswich until 1670, when he bought an extensive grant of land in Topsfield where he died before 1690. (See *Essex Antiquarian*, vol. 5, p. 158.)

The son of John Gould was Zaccheus Gould, who married January 21, 1702, Elizabeth Curtis, the daughter of John Curtis of Topsfield and sister of Rebecca Curtis, who married Samuel Smith, sr.

The daughter of Zaccheus and Elizabeth Gould was Priscilla Gould, who married Samuel Smith, jr., her first cousin, both being grandchildren of John Curtis. (See Smith family in this article.)

The records show a constant intermarriage between the four leading families of Topsfield through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These families were the Curtises, the Goulds, the Townes, and Smiths.

For complete genealogy of Gould family in America, see Historical Collections of Essex County page 115 and following.

THE MACK FAMILY.

As is well known, the mother of Joseph Smith the Prophet was Lucy Mack Smith, the author of *Joseph Smith and His Progenitors*. Of her father, Solomon Mack, her grandfather, Ebenezer Mack, and her brothers and sisters she tells us something in this work, but goes no further back with the family record than the mention of her grandfather, who lived at Lyme, Connecticut.

First of the Macks in America was John Mack, who was of Scotch parentage, born at Inverness, Scotland, in 1653. At the age of sixteen he landed at Boston, but moved early to Salisbury, Massachusetts, from there to Lyme, Connecticut, a little village at the mouth of the Connecticut River, which became for several generations the home of the Macks. (Mack Genealogy, page 1.)

There is an old family tradition that John Mack's real name was MacDonald, or some other Highland name with prefix Mac, and getting into trouble he came to the New World, having dropped the last part of his name. But the name Mack seems to be of sufficient importance in Scotch heraldry to have a coat of arms. The motto of this family, as found upon this coat of arms was, "I pass through life in hope and labor." How significant this motto becomes in the life of the descendant of the old Scotch Highland Mack, who gave his life in the cause of the most remarkable religious movement of the nineteenth century.

John Mack married Sarah Bagley, of Boston, the daughter of Orlando Bagley, one of the founders of Amesbury, Massachusetts. She was born March 2, 1663. Orlando Bagley was born in 1620 in England and came to Massachusetts about 1642. He married March 6, 1653, Sarah Colby, and settled in Amesbury, Massachusetts, the following year (for Colby Family, see later in this article). He was constable there and at one time during the excitement of Salem witchcraft, "apprehended one Susanna Martin for a witch." His son Orlando was the schoolmaster of the town. (See Mack Genealogy, page 17, also page 1372.)

Among the children of John Mack and Sarah Bagley was Ebenezer, who was born December 8, 1697, at Lyme, Connecticut. He married April 30, 1728, Hannah Huntley.

Hannah Huntley was the daughter of Aaron Huntley and was born in 1708 at Lyme (see Mack Genealogy, vol. 1, p. 881).

Aaron Huntley, born April 15, 1654, in Boston, was the son of John and Jane Huntley, who came from England in 1652, moved to Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1659, and thence to Lyme, Connecticut, being among the first settlers of that town. (See Savage's Genealogical Dictionary of New England, vol. 2, p. 504.)

Lucy Smith describes her grandfather as follows:

His [Solomon Mack's] father, Ebenezer Mack, was a man of considerable property, and lived in good style, commanding all the attention and respect which are ever shown to those who live in fine circumstances, and habits of strict morality. For a length of time he fully enjoyed the fruits of his industry. But this state of things did not always continue, for a series of misfortunes visited my grandparents, by which they were reduced to that extremity, that a once happy and flourishing family were compelled to disperse, and throw themselves upon the charity of a cold, unfeeling world.—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, page 1.

Ebenezer Mack died in 1777 from the result of overstrain in carrying a back log into the old Mack Homestead.

Lucy Smith gives the date of birth of her father, Solomon Mack, as September 26, 1735, but the Mack genealogy gives it September 15, 1732. Again I think the mistake crept in by inaccurate copying of Lucy Smith's manuscript. The difference in days is easily explained by the difference in days, eleven, between the Old Julian and the new Gregorian time. When England and her colonies made the change from the old to the new time in 1752, it was necessary to omit in the calendar just eleven days to catch up with the rest of the world. The date 1732 agrees with the rest of Lucy Smith's account much better than the date 1735.

Solomon Mack was a soldier in both the French and Indian, and Revolutionary wars. At the time of the misfortune of his family he was taken into the family of a neighbor where he remained until he was twenty-one, at which time he was enlisted as a continental soldier. From this time on I quote his journal as given by Lucy Smith.

At the age of twenty-one years, I left my master. Shortly after which, I enlisted in the services of my country, under the command of Captain Henry, and was annexed to the regiment commanded by Colonel Whiting.

From Connecticut, we marched to Fort Edwards, in the State of New York. We were in a severe battle, fought at Half-way Brook, in 1755. During the expedition, I caught a heavy cold, which rendered me unfit for business until the return of warm weather. I was carried the ensuing spring to Albany.

In the spring of 1757, I had two teams in the king's service, which were employed in carrying the general's baggage. While thus engaged I went one morning as usual to yoke my team, but three of my oxen were missing. When this came to the knowledge of the officer, he was very angry, and drawing his sword, threatened to run it through me. He then ordered me to get three other oxen, which I accordingly did, and proceeded with the baggage to Fort Edwards, and the next day I returned in order to find my missing oxen.

While I was performing this trip, the following circumstances occurred: About half way from Stillwater to Fort Edwards, I espied four Indians nearly thirty rods distant, coming out of the woods; they were armed with scalping knives, tomahawks, and guns. I was alone, but about twenty rods behind me was a man by the name of Webster. I saw my danger, and that there was no way to escape, unless I could do it by stratagem; so I rushed upon them, calling in the meantime at the top of my voice, "Rush on! Rush on, my boys! We'll have the devils." The only weapon I had was a walking staff, yet I ran toward them, and as the other man appeared just at that instant it gave them a terrible fright and I saw no more of them.

I hastened to Stillwater the next day, as aforementioned, and finding my oxen soon after I arrived there, I returned the same night to Fort Edwards, a distance of seven miles, the whole of which was a dense forest.

In 1758 I enlisted under Major Spenser, and went immediately over Lake George, with a company who crossed in boats, to the western side, where we had a bloody and hot engagement with the enemy, in which Lord Howe fell at the onset of the battle. His bowels were taken out and buried, but his body was embalmed and carried to England.

The next day we marched to the breastworks, but were unsuccessful, being compelled to retreat with a loss of five hundred men killed, and as many more wounded.

In this contest I narrowly escaped—a musket ball passed under my chin, within a half an inch of my neck. The army then returned to Lake George, and, on its way thither, a large scouting party of the enemy came round by Skeensborough, and, at the Half-way Brook, destroyed a large number of both men and teams. Upon this, one thousand of our men were detached to repair immediately to Skeensborough in pursuit of them; but, when we arrived at South Bay, the enemy were entirely out of our reach.

The enemy then marched to Ticonderoga, New York, in order to procure supplies, after which they immediately pursued us, but we eluded them by hastening to Wood Creek, and thence to Fort Ann, where we arrived on the thirteenth day of the month. We had but just reached this place when the sentry gave information that the enemy were all around us, in consequence of which we were suddenly called to arms. Major Putnam led the company, and Major Rogers brought up the rear, we marched but three quarters of a mile, when we came suddenly upon

a company of Indians that were lying in ambush. Major Putnam marched his men through their ranks, whereupon the Indians fired, which threw our men into some confusion. Major Putnam was captured by them, and would have been killed by an Indian had he not been rescued by a French lieutenant.

The enemy rose like a cloud and fired a whole volley upon us, and, as I was in the foremost rank, the retreat of my company brought me to the rear, and the tomahawks and bullets flew around me like hailstones. As I was running, I saw not far before me a windfall, which was so high that it appeared to me insurmountable; however, by making great exertions I succeeded in getting over it. Running a little farther, I observed a man who had in this last conflict been badly wounded, and the Indians were close upon him; nevertheless I turned aside for the purpose of assisting him, and succeeded in getting him into the midst of our army in safety.

In this encounter a man named Gersham Bowley had nine bullets shot through his clothes, but received no personal injury. Ensign Worcester received nine wounds, was scalped and tomahawked, notwithstanding which he lived and finally recovered.

The above engagement commenced early in the morning, and continued until about three o'clock in the afternoon, in which half of our men were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. In consequence of this tremendous slaughter we were compelled to send to Fort Edwards for men, in order to assist in carrying our wounded, which were about eighty in number.

The distance we had to carry them was nearly fourteen miles. To carry so many thus far was truly very fatiguing, insomuch that, when we arrived at the place of destination, my strength was about exhausted.

I proceeded immediately to Albany, for the purpose of getting supplies, and returned again to the army as soon as circumstances would admit. Autumn having now arrived I went home, where I tarried the ensuing winter.

In the spring of 1759, the army marched to Crownpoint, where I received my discharge. In the same year I became acquainted with an accomplished young woman, a school-teacher, by the name of Lydia Gates. She was the daughter of Nathan Gates, who was a man of wealth, living in the town of East Haddam, Connecticut. To this young woman I was married shortly after becoming acquainted with her.

Having received a large amount of money for my services in the army, and deeming it prudent to make an investment of the same in real estate, I contracted for the whole town of Granville, in the State of New York. On the execution of the deed, I paid all the money that was required in the stipulation, which stipulation also called for the building of a number of log houses. I accordingly went to work to fulfill this part of the contract, but after laboring a short time, I had the misfortune to cut my leg, which subjected me, during that season, to the care of the physician. I hired a man to do the work, and paid him

in advance, in order to fulfill my part of the contract; but he ran away with the money, without performing the labor, and the consequence was, I lost the land altogether.

In 1761 we moved to the town of Marlow, where we remained until we had four children. When we moved there, it was no other than a desolate and dreary wilderness. Only four families resided within forty miles. Here I was thrown into a situation to appreciate more fully the talents and virtues of my excellent wife; for, as our children were deprived of schools, she assumed the charge of their education, and performed the duties of an instructress as none, save a mother, is capable of. Precepts accompanied with examples such as hers, were calculated to make impressions on the minds of the young, never to be forgotten.

She, besides instructing them in the various branches of an ordinary education, was in the habit of calling them together both morning and evening, and teaching them to pray; meanwhile urging upon them the necessity of love towards each other, as well as devotional feelings toward Him who made them.

In this manner my first children became confirmed in habits of piety, gentleness, and reflection, which afforded great assistance in guiding those who came after them, in the same happy channel. The education of my children would have been a more difficult task, if they had not inherited much of their mother's excellent disposition.

In 1776 I enlisted in the service of my country, and was for a considerable length of time in the land forces, after which I went with my two sons, Jason and Stephen, on a privateering expedition, commanded by Captain Havens. Soon after we set sail, we were driven upon Horseneck. We succeeded; however, in getting some of our guns on shore, and bringing them to bear upon the enemy, so as to exchange many shots with them; yet they cut away our rigging, and left our vessel much shattered.

We then hauled off, and cast anchor; but in a short time we espied two row-gallies, two sloops, and two schooners. We quickly weighed anchor, and hauled to shore again, and had barely time to post four cannon in a position in which they could be used, before a sanguinary contest commenced. The balls from the enemy's guns tore up the ground, cutting asunder the saplings in every direction. One of the row-gallies went around a point of land with the view of hemming us in, but we killed forty of their men, with our small arms, which caused the enemy to abandon their purpose.

My son Stephen, in company with the cabin boys, was sent to a house not far from the shore with a wounded man. Just as they entered the house an eighteen-pounder followed them. A woman was engaged in frying cakes at the time, and being somewhat alarmed, she concluded to retire to the cellar, saying, as she left, that the boys might have the cakes, she was going below.

The boys were highly delighted at this, and they went to work cooking,

and feasting upon the lady's sweet cakes, while the artillery of the contending armies was thundering in their ears, dealing out death and destruction on every hand. At the head of this party of boys was Stephen Mack, my second son, a bold and fearless stripling of fourteen.

In this contest the enemy was far superior to us in point of numbers, yet we maintained our ground with such valor that they thought it better to leave us, and accordingly did so. Soon after which we hoisted sail and made for New London.

When hostilities had ceased, and peace and tranquility were again restored, we freighted a vessel for Liverpool. Selling both ship and cargo in this place, we embarked on board Captain Foster's vessel, which I afterwards purchased; but, in consequence of storms and wrecks, I was compelled to sell her, and was left completely destitute.

I struggled a little longer to obtain property, in making adventures, then returned to my family, after an absence of four years, about penniless. After this, I determined to follow phantoms no longer, but to devote the rest of my life to the service of God and my family.—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, pages 2-9.

The following table of the Mack family is given by Lucy Smith:

The following are the names of the children of 1st Solomon and Lydia Mack; which Solomon was the son of Ebenezer and Hannah Mack.

Jason Mack,	Lovisa Mack,
Stephen Mack,	Lovina Mack,
Daniel Mack,	Lydia Mack,
2d Solomon Mack,	Lucy Mack.

—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, page 37.

The Lucy Mack mentioned in the above table tells of her early life in the following words:

I shall now introduce the history of my own life. I was born in the town of Gilsum, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, on the 8th of July, 1776.

When I arrived at the age of eight years, my mother had a severe fit of sickness. She was so low that she, as well as her friends, entirely despaired of her recovery. During this sickness she called her children around her bed, and, after exhorting them always to remember the instructions which she had given them—to fear God and walk uprightly before him, she gave me to my brother Stephen, requesting him to take care of me and bring me up as his own child, then bade each of us farewell.

This my brother promised to do; but, as my mother shortly recovered it was not necessary, and I consequently remained at my father's house until my sister Lovisa was married. Sometime after this event I went to South Hadley to pay Lovisa, who was living there, a visit.

I returned home to my parents in about six months, and remained with them in Gilsum until the death of Lovina, soon after which my brother Stephen, who was living at Tunbridge, Vermont, came to my father's on a visit; and insisted so earnestly on my accompanying him home that my parents consented. The grief occasioned by the death of Lovina was preying upon my health and threatened my constitution with serious injury, and they hoped that to accompany my brother home might serve to divert my mind and thus prove a benefit to me. For I was pensive and melancholy, and often in my reflections I thought that life was not worth possessing.

In the midst of this anxiety of mind I determined to obtain that which I had heard spoken of so much from the pulpit—a change of heart.

To accomplish this I spent much of my time in reading the Bible and praying; but, notwithstanding my great anxiety to experience a change of heart, another matter would always interpose in all my meditations: If I remain a member of no church all religious people will say I am of the world; and, if I join some one of the different denominations, all the rest will say I am in error. No church will admit that I am right, except the one with which I am associated. This makes them witnesses against each other; and how can I decide in such a case as this, seeing they are all unlike the church of Christ, as it existed in former days!

While I remained at Tunbridge, I became acquainted with a young man by the name of Joseph Smith, to whom I was subsequently married.

I continued with my brother one year, then went home. I was at home but a short time when my brother came after me again and insisted so hard upon my returning with him, that I concluded to do so. At this time I remained with him until I was married, which took place the next January.—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, pages 29, 30.

One of the saddest romances of this interesting family is that of Lucy's brother Jason:

Jason, my oldest brother, was a studious and manly boy. Before he had attained his sixteenth year he became what was then called a Seeker, and believing that by prayer and faith the gifts of the gospel, which were enjoyed by the ancient disciples of Christ, might be attained, he labored almost incessantly to convert others to the same faith. He was also of the opinion that God would, at some subsequent period, manifest his power as he had anciently done—in signs and wonders.

At the age of twenty he became a preacher of the gospel. And in a short time after this he formed an acquaintance with Esther Bruce, from the State of New Hampshire, of wealthy parentage. She was the pride of the place in which she resided, not so much on account of her splendid appearance, as the soundness of her mind, and her stately deportment, joined with an unaffected mildness of disposition, and a condescension of manners, which were admirably suited to the tastes and principles of my brother. Jason became deeply in love with her,

insomuch that his heart was completely hers, and it would have been as easy to convince him that he could exist without his head, as that he could live and enjoy life, without being united with her in marriage. These feelings, I believe, were mutual, and Jason and she entered into an engagement to be married, but, as they were making arrangements for the solemnization of their nuptials, my father received a letter from Liverpool, containing information that a large amount of money was collected for him, and that it was ready for his reception.

On account of this intelligence it was agreed that the marriage of my brother, as my father desired that he should accompany him to Liverpool, should be deferred until their return. Accordingly, my brother left his affianced bride, with a heavy heart, and with this promise, that he would write to her and his sister conjointly, at least once in three months during his absence. In three months after his departure according to agreement, a letter arrived, which indeed met with a very warm reception, but was never followed by another from him. A young man who kept the post office where she received her letters formed in his heart a determination to thwart my brother, if possible, in his matrimonial prospects, in order to obtain the prize himself. He commenced by using the most persuasive arguments against her marrying my brother; but, not succeeding in this, he next detained his letters, and then reproached him for neglecting her. Being still unsuccessful, he forged letters purporting to be from a friend of Jason, which stated that he (Jason Mack) was dead and his friends might cease to expect him. He then urged his suit again, but she still rejected him and continued to do so until within four months of Jason's return, when she concluded that she had wronged the young man, and that he was really more worthy than she had expected. The time also which Jason was to be absent having expired without his return, she believed that the reports concerning his death must be true. So she accepted the hand of this young man, and they were united in the bonds of matrimony.

As soon as Jason arrived he repaired immediately to her father's house. When he got there she was gone to her brother's funeral; he went in, and seated himself in the same room where he had once paid his addresses to her. In a short time she came home; when she first saw him she did not know him, and when she got a full view of his countenance she recognized him and instantly fainted. From this time forward she never recovered her health, but, lingering for two years died, the victim of disappointment.

Jason remained in the neighborhood a short time, and then went to sea, but he did not follow the sea a great while. He soon left the main, and commenced preaching, which he continued until his death.—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, pages 9-11.

Another brother, Stephen, held the position of major in the War of 1812. Lucy Smith tells of his entering the revolutionary service as follows:

A recruiting officer came in the neighborhood to draft soldiers for the Revolutionary War, and he called out a company of militia to which my brother belonged, in order to take therefrom such as were best qualified to do military duty. My brother, being very anxious to go into the army at this time, was so fearful that he would be passed by on account of his age, that the sweat stood in large drops on his face, and he shook like an aspen leaf. Fortunately, the officer made choice of him among others, and he entered the army, and continued in the service of his country until he was seventeen. During this time he was in many battles, both on land and sea, and several times narrowly escaped death by famine; but, according to his own account, whenever he was brought into a situation to fully realize his entire dependence upon God, the hand of Providence was always manifested in his deliverance.—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, page 21.

Major Mack was in Detroit in 1812 when Hull surrendered the territory to the British and was so indignant at the surrender that he broke his sword across his knee and threw it into the lake and exclaimed, "that he would never submit to such a disgraceful compromise while the blood of an American flowed in his veins." A Mr. Stanley quoted in Lucy Smith's History, writes of him afterwards as follows:

At the surrender of Detroit, not having as yet moved his family hither, Major Mack had an elderly lady, by the name of Trotwine keeping house for him. The old lady took in some of the most distinguished British officers as boarders. She justified them in their course of conduct towards the Yankee, and by her shrewdness and tact, she gained the esteem of the officers, and thus secured through them the good will of the soldiery, so far as to prevent their burning (what they supposed to be) her store and dwelling, both of which were splendid buildings.

The major never forgot this service done him by the old lady, for he ever afterwards supported her handsomely.—Joseph Smith and His Progenitors, page 24.

Stephen Mack continued in the lumber business in Rochester, New York. At the time of his death he left an estate valued at fifty thousand dollars.

Lucy Smith, speaking of another brother, Daniel Mack, says:

He was rather worldly-minded, yet he was not vicious, and if he had any peculiar trait of character, it was this—he possessed a very daring and philanthropic spirit, which led him to reach forth his hand

to the assistance of those whose lives were exposed to danger, even to the hazard of his own life.

Joseph Smith and Lucy Mack were married January 24, 1796. An extended account of them has already been given. Lucy Smith, long known as the Mother of the Church, outlived her husband and martyred sons, dying at Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1855, at the age of 79.

THE COLBY FAMILY.

Another historical family in the ancestry of Joseph Smith is that of Colby. The ancient town of Colby is about twenty miles north of the city of Norwich, England, and in the twelfth century belonged to the town of Cawston. Under the old feudal system a town and its manors, or beriwicks, was really owned by three different people, the king, who claimed everything, the noble who held it under the crown and received the rental, and the knight who held it in fief and lived on the premises. Each was in turn a vassal of the man above him. The following pedigree appeared in some old court records of the town of Cawston:

Robert De Colebi, time of King John, 1199-1216.

Hugh; William; John.

John; William; Clement; time of Edward I.

Henry; the defendant; Ralph, the plaintiff.

—History of the Colby Family, page 18.

It is presumed by the author of the book above quoted that the first of this line, Robert of Colebi, was a crusader and received this estate as payment for his services. His son Hugh married Margaret Frank, the daughter of William Frank, of Felmingham.

The wife of Hugh's son John was an heir to Oldstead Hall, an old manor house frequently mentioned in early English history. This John lived in the time of Edward I, 1272-1307. From John the property descended to Henry de Coleby who married Beatrice, the daughter and heiress of Nicholas de Rappes.

The mother of Beatrice was Avelina, the daughter of William Baldwin, from whom she inherited Ingworth Castle. This castle was given to Sir William Baldwin by King Edward I. In 1285 Henry de Coleby received what was called a charter of free warren in the county. This was the right to hunt in the royal forests.

The oldest son of Henry and Beatrice was Sir John Coleby, who served in the Hundred Years War. In 1327, King Edward III had a general survey of his kingdom made, from which we give the following extract:

“Evidentae Extractae De Rationabili Auxiljo. Regi Edw. tertio anno regni sui vicesimo concesso ad primogenitum filium suum militem faciendum.

Norfolcia.

Hundredum de Southerpyngham.

Jurati:

Johannes de Colby tenet in Ingworth dimidium feodi militis do domina Clare et eadem de rege quod quondam Anesme de Reppes.”

The gist of all this: Evidence gathered from Credible Sources, is that Edward III, gives to his eldest son in the twentieth year of his reign an account of stock, in which it is sworn that, among the rest, John de Colby holds in Ingworth under Lady Clare and from the king half a knight's fee, which was formerly held by Anselm de Reppes.—History of Colby Family, page 26.

John afterwards became sheriff of County of Norfolk and was knighted of the king. He later sold most of his estates to his brother Ralph, the rector of Brampton, and moved to the New Manor of Swarson.

Besides Ralph, Sir John had two brothers by the names of Simon and William, one of whom was the father of Sir John Colby of Swarson, who inherited the estate from his uncle presumably, as the latter Sir John Colby died a victim of black plague, leaving no children. A memorial window was erected in a chapel in Norfolk to fifty Norfolk gentry, who were victims of the Black Plague and in the list was the name and arms of Sir John de Colby. (See Colby Family, Preface, page 2.)

John of Swarson inherited the manor of Swarson in 1392. He married Ursula Spencer, a niece and coheir of Earl Spencer. The Colby family in England from this time on was divided into two main branches, those remaining in Norfolk and those living in Suffolk. Joseph Smith's ancestors were among the Suffolk branch. John and Ursula's son John became the founder of the Colby line in Brandon Banham, Suffolk County, England. He married Avelyn Pelham, and died in 1459. He left as his oldest son, another John, who married Isabel Ives.

They had for a son, a fifth John Colby, who married Alice Brewse and died in 1540. At the death of this John the estate descended to his son Thomas. This Thomas married first the Lady Brend, whom Colby mentions as a widow "by trade, pursuit, or profession." Her maiden name was Ursula Rede. Her former husbands were in order, Thomas Garneys of Beccles, Thomas Brown, gentleman, Sir Edward Croftes, Sir John Brend, Knight, and finally Thomas Colby, Esquire. Thomas of Brundish outlived her. She had come into possession of old Roos Hall of Beccles by her first marriage.

One traveler said: "I do not know a more sleepy, middle-aged, pleasant town than Beccles in Suffolk. The town is about a hundred miles northeast of London on the North Sea." Another writer says: "Beccles churchyard affords one of the finest prospects in all Europe." Of Roos Hall Longfellow has written:

ROOS HALL.

I ask myself is this a dream?
 Will it all vanish into air?
 Is there a house of such supreme
 And perfect beauty anywhere?

After the death of his much married wife Thomas married Beatrix, daughter of Sir Thomas Felton, of Playfort, Suffolk.

Her mother was Mary, a daughter of Sir Thomas Gernon, Knight.

Thomas and Beatrix built a new Roos Hall and the marks T. C. and B. C., 1583, are still seen on the leaden water pipes leading from the roof, just as first scratched by Thomas and Beatrix.

Colby gives the following description of Roos Hall:

It is a fine old house of red brick, located in low grounds as the custom was, so as to keep the protecting moat full of water. But this unhealthy ditch has been filled up. The turrets and chimneys are distinguished by richly molded brickwork, and the entire pile is imposing and well constructed. Within is a wonderful staircase, each step a long, deep block of solid oak; and there are some good and lofty apartments. One of the lower rooms retains its huge and pedimented mantel; and several of the chambers have paneled walls, these oaken squares taking the place of older-style tapestry hangings.—History of the Colby Family, page 42.

Thomas Colby died about 1600. Sometime before, he had lost Roos Hall to Thomas Gresham. Of twelve children of Thomas and Beatrix, Anthony Colby was the only one who left Suffolk. He was born at Beccles, Suffolk, 1590, came to the New World with Governor Winthrop in 1630, and married in 1632 Susanna —. This was the first marriage performed in the Boston First Church.

Anthony Colby lived at Cambridge 1631, Ipswich 1637, Salisbury 1640, and was one of the founders of Amesbury, Massachusetts, in 1644. (See History of the Colby Family, pages 57-68.) The old Colby house of Amesbury was still standing in 1895 and occupied by Anthony Colby's direct descendants. The full description is given in the History of the Colby Family, page 66.

The house is still standing and occupied by Anthony's direct descendants,—was originally a two-story frame, perhaps 20 by 25 feet. The lower story was one room, with an entry and a huge fireplace. This was living room, workshop, and sometimes sleeping room. At each end of the fireplace were benches where on winter evenings the women and children worked and played, while the men used the room as their workshop, all by the light of a pine knot stuck into a socket in the back of

the fireplace. The attic was parted off by board divisions, or perhaps by coverlets into sleeping rooms.

As necessities arose and means increased, such houses were enlarged by a back lean-to, and by lengthening the main house into two rooms, developing into the Queen Ann style, which raged after 1700.

Anthony died in 1661. The following inventory of his estate will be found interesting:

Wearing apparel £2: 10. Beds and bedding, 3 cotton rugs & payre coarse shetts 4:15. Old warming pan 3-4d. 10 lb. hoppes 6-8. An other feather bed, bolster & pillows, & cotton rug 4.10. An iron pot, pot hooks, iron skillet 6-8. Mortar & pestle, brass skillet 3-4d. A tray and other dug ware 15s. A handiron, gridiron, frying pan, old cob iron 5s. Old pewter, 4 scythes 11-4. An old saddle and a pillion 10s. Old lumber 10s. A cross cut saw & a half a one £1. A broad how, forke, and rakes, 2 axes & iron spade 1: 2. Half a timber chain, an old long cart, & and old payre irons 15s 2 canoes and half a canoe 3.15. 6 cows 27.0-0. 23 yr old steers 7.0-0. 2 yearlings 3. 2 calves 1. Seven swine 5. 5. 8 sheep 4. 1 mare colt 20. 1 horse 10. A dwelling house and barn, and 14 acres of tillage in upland 70. 359. 19-0. He owed Orlando Bagley 5.19. John had 1 acre at his house. Samuel had one yoke of oxen, 13 acres pasture. Isaac had marsh at Hall's Farm, piggletree lot, and part of saw mill, 2 yearling heifers. Sarah had 1 cow, 1 3yr old steere, young horse, and £10. Rebecca had 1 cow, 1 steere, mare colt, 2 calves, 1 bed and bolster. There were also two younger children.

Thomas Barnard, Admr.

—History of the Colby Family, pages 71, 72.

The children of Anthony Colby are given as follows:

John, born Boston, lived in Amesbury, married Frances Hoyt, killed 1675.

Samuel, born at Rowley, lived in Haverhill & Rowley, married Elizabeth Sargent, public house, Amesbury 1678; member General Court, '89.

Isaac, born at Salisbury, lived in Haverhill, married Martha, died at Rowley before 1691.

Thomas, born at Salisbury married Hannah Amos.

Mary married Willi Sargent jr had Wm, Philip, Chas, Elizabeth, Jacob. Rebecca lived and died in Haverhill married John Williams had Sarah, Mary, Susanna, Rebecca.

Sarah, married Orlando Bagley; had Orlando, Sarah.—History of Colby Family, Appendix, Pedigree of American Family, page 1.

The daughter of Sarah Colby and Orlando Bagley above mentioned, was the Sarah Bagley who became the wife of John Mack (see Mack Family). For further history of Colby family see History of the Colby Family, by James W. Colby.

THE GATES LINE.

It will be remembered that the mother of Lucy Mack was Lydia Gates, who lived in East Haddam, Connecticut. In an old history of the towns of Haddam and East Haddam, written by David D. Field, Congregationalist pastor of the church in Haddam, and published in 1814, we learn that the town of Haddam, Connecticut, was purchased from the Indians in 1662 for thirty coats. The purchase was to extend six miles east and six miles west of the river and for a considerable distance down the Connecticut. There were twenty-eight of the founders of the town; among the leaders were Joseph Arnold, ancestor of Benedict Arnold, Daniel Brainerd, William Clark, George Gates, Esquire, Gerard Spencer, John Spencer, and Daniel Cone.—Field, page 5.

This George Gates moved to Haddam from Hartford, Connecticut. He married Sarah Olmstead. Sarah Olmstead was born about 1644 at Hartford and died at East Haddam in 1709 (see Savage, vol. 3, p. 312). She was the daughter of Nicholas Olmstead and granddaughter of James Olmstead, one of the original proprietors of Hartford, Connecticut.

The Olmsteads of England lived at Great Leighs, Essex County. There John Olmstead, who was born in 1470, married Alice Hankley, born 1473, died 1533. Their son, James Olmstead, was born in 1496, the son of James was Thomas, born 1520, the son of Thomas was James Olmstead, born in 1560, died December 2, 1595, married Jane Bristow. Their son James baptized December 4, 1580, was married at Great Leighs, October 26, 1605, to Joyce Cornish (see the Loomis Family, page 126).

This James was the proprietor of Hartford. He came to Boston on the *Lion* in 1632, and was made a freeman September 6, same year. In 1636 the Reverend Thomas Hooker led a party of emigrants from the Boston settlements to the far

western Connecticut Valley. Massachusetts Bay was getting too crowded for these adventurous spirits. One of the reasons given for the emigration from Massachusetts is that they might have more room for pasture for their cattle. See Montgomery's History of the United States. One of this band of emigrants was James Olmstead, who became a proprietor of the new colony "with large lots of land." He died in 1640. His will provided for his children, also for his servant, William Corby (Savage, vol. 3, p. 311).

Nicholas Olmstead was the son of James. He was born in England. Came to Boston, then to Hartford with his father. He was a soldier in the Pequot War and again in the King Philip's War, when he was made captain. It is said of him that "After sowing his wild oats he became a good citizen." He was a representative of the colony in 1672. He married September 18, 1640, Sarah, daughter of Joseph Loomis of Windsor. She was born in 1617, died in August, 1684 (see Savage, vol. 3, p. 312, also Loomis Family, page 126).

The Loomis family of England, originally spelled Lummys, was of the great middle class of England, and originated at Bolton, near Salford, Lancaster County, some time before the Norman conquest. A Thomas Lummys of this family removed to Braintree, Essex County, where he died in 1551. His son John married Kyster Pasfield, and died in 1557. Their son was John Loomis, of Braintree, baptized April, 1562, died 1619. (See Loomis Family, pages 1-100.)

The son of John Loomis was Joseph, the father of Sarah Loomis. He was born about 1590 at Braintree, and was a woolen draper. He married June 30, 1614, in Messing County, England, Mary White, the daughter of Robert White, of Messing. The mother of Mary White was Bridget Allgar, of Stalford, Essex County. (See Stile's History of Windsor, Connecticut, page 432, also The Loomis Family, pages 121-123.)

Joseph Loomis and his wife arrived in Boston in the *Susan and Ellen* in 1638, and immediately joined the Reverend Ephraim Huett, who led a band of settlers to Windsor. Mary died in 1652, Joseph in 1658 (see Stile's History of Windsor, Connecticut, pages 432, 433, also Savage, vol. 3, p. 112.)

Nicholas Olmstead died August 31, 1684. His daughter, Sarah Olmstead, we have already mentioned. The George Gates whom she married was the first captain of the military company formed in Haddam. We also notice that George Gates and Daniel Brainerd were early magistrates of the town (see Field, page 21). Another office held by five of the Gates family, of Haddam, was that of deacon (Field, page 33). Concerning the settlement of the town of East Haddam we find the following: "About the year 1685 a settlement was begun at East Haddam at the Creek row. Thither all the Gates removed, most of the Cones, and some of the Bates and Brainerds" (Field, page 6).

Concerning the Gates family, of East Haddam, the following account appears in a table of genealogies given in the appendix to Field's History of Haddam.

George Gates, Esquire, removed in his old age to East Haddam, and lived with his sons; these were Joseph, Thomas, Esquire, John (had no male descendants living in Haddam in 1814), George died unmarried, Daniel and Samuel.—Field, page 45.

Thomas, the second son of George Gates and Sarah Olmstead, was born January 21, 1765, at Haddam, Connecticut. He was married about 1692 to Hannah Brainerd, the daughter of Daniel Brainerd, above mentioned. He was town clerk, captain of the militia before 1700, a deacon in 1704, a representative to the legislature in 1725. He died April 20, 1734, and his wife September 7, 1750, both at East Haddam. (See Savage, vol. 2, pp. 235, 236; Field, p. 33.)

Daniel Brainerd, father of Hannah, was born at Braintree, Essex County, England. He was brought at the age of eight to Hartford, where he lived with a Willis family till of age. The early spelling of his name may have been Brainwood, as his mother, in a letter to him from England, signed her name Elizabeth Brainwood. As before mentioned, he was one of the first settlers of Haddam in 1662. He became the largest landholder in the town. Was the first deacon of the church at that place, also one of the first justices. He married in 1665, Hannah Spencer, daughter of Gerard Spencer, another of the first comers. He died April 1, 1715, at East Haddam. His grave is a few yards east of the old courthouse. (See The Brainerd Family, pages 9, 10, and Field, pages 30, 34.)

The Spencer family traces its lineage back to Sir John Spencer, who lived in South Myless, Bedfordshire, in the time of Edward IV. His son was Robert Spencer, gentleman, who married Anna Pecke, Robert's son, John Spencer, gentleman, also of South Myless married Christian Baker, their son was John Spencer of Saint George's Parish, Edworth, Bedfordshire, who married Ann ——. He died June 9, 1558; his wife June 16, 1560. One of the sons of John and Ann was Michael Spencer, whose second wife was Elizabeth. Their son was Gerat Spencer, baptized May 20, 1576, in Saint Mary's Parish, Stotford, Bedfordshire, died before 1645. His son Gerat, or Gerard, was baptized April 25, 1614, at Saint Mary's Parish, and emigrated to New England in 1630, with his brothers Thomas, William, and Michael. He was in Cambridge in 1637, moved from there to Lynn, then to Hartford 1660, and to Haddam 1662. He was once ensign of the Lynn trained band. He was a deputy from Haddam to the General Court from 1674, to 1680. His will was probated in 1685. (The Spencer Family, pages 13, 14, 18, 19, 20, also Preface.)

Two of the daughters of Gerard Spencer were great-grand-

mothers of Lydia Gates. They were twins, Hannah and Mehitabel, born 1640, at Lynn, Massachusetts. Hannah married Daniel Brainerd, Mehitabel married Daniel Cone (see Spencer Family, page 20.)

Sons of Thomas Gates and Hannah Brainerd were Thomas, Daniel, Jeremiah, George and Joshua (see Field, page 45). Daniel Gates, the second son, was born May 26, 1695, at East Haddam, Connecticut. He married Sarah Cone, daughter of Daniel Cone, granddaughter of George Gates, great-granddaughter of Gerard Spencer, so that she and her husband were both first and second cousins. Lucy Mack speaks of her grandfather as Nathan Gates, says of him that he was a man of wealth (Lucy Smith, page 12), but there was no Nathan Gates in East Haddam (see Field, page 45). For proof that Daniel Gates was the father of Lydia Gates and grandfather of Lucy, see Treman and Pool's Five Colonial Families, page 346. Daniel died June 24, 1759, at East Haddam (Savage, vol. 2, p. 236; Field, p. 45; Cone Family, p. 14).

Daniel Cone, grandfather of Sarah Gates, was born in England in 1626. The first mention of him in America is found in a letter of Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, to Governor Peter Stuyvesant, of New Netherlands, asking for the return of one John Cockrill, who had escaped to New Netherlands. The requisition was asked by Daniel Cone of Hartford, who was bondsman to the amount of fifteen pounds for Cockrill. He was one of the original proprietors of Haddam, 1662, his allotment consisting of four acres. He was commissioner of the town in 1669 and died there in 1706. His wife, as already mentioned, was Mehitabel Spencer (see Cone Family, pages 11-15).

Daniel Cone, the son of Daniel and Mehitabel, was born January 21, 1666. He was married in East Haddam, February 14, 1693, to Mary Gates, the daughter of George and

Sarah Gates, and a sister to Thomas Gates. She was born in Haddam March 6, 1674, and died in East Haddam May 12, 1742. Daniel Cone was justice of the peace and was in 1704 elected to the office of deacon, which office he held for twenty years. He died in East Haddam June 15, 1725, leaving a large estate (see Cone Family, page 13, and Field, page 44).

Sarah, the daughter of Daniel and Mary, was born June 27, 1697. As before mentioned she and her husband, Daniel Gates, were twice cousins. Their daughter was Lydia Gates, born September 3, 1735. She was a woman of superior accomplishments and a school-teacher at the time of her marriage to Solomon Mack. Later, on the frontier of New York, she became the school-teacher of her eight children, among whom was the mother of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Of the experiences of Solomon and Lydia Gates Mack we have written a full account in the history of the Mack family in this article.

THE HALE FAMILY.

I have given an account of two families on the paternal side of Joseph Smith's ancestry, the Smiths and the Goulds, and those of his maternal grandparents, Solomon Mack and Daniel Gates. It may not be out of place to end this article with a brief mention of the family into which Joseph Smith married, that of Isaac Hale, of Harmony, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania.

Isaac Hale was descended from Samuel Hale 1610-1693, early settler of Weathersfield, Connecticut, through the following line of descent: 1. Samuel Hale; 2. John Hale married Hannah Nott; 3. Ebenezer Hale married Ruth Curtis; 4. Gideon Hale born 1712, married Sarah Watts and was the father of Isaac Hale, who was born at Waterbury, Connecticut, March 21, 1763. (New England Genealogical Register, vol. 42, pp. 177, 178, 179, 182; Stile's History of Weathersfield, Connecticut, pages 405-407.) The following account

of the Hales appears in Blackman's History of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania:

Isaac Hale and Nathaniel Lewis lived near each other, on the north side of the river, as early as 1791. Afterwards Mr. Lewis bought a place on the south side, and resided there for many years. The one he vacated was purchased by Samuel Treadwell. It is now owned by L. P. Hinds, Esquire. Here Jason, youngest son of Samuel Treadwell afterwards hung on conviction of the murder of Oliver Harper, lived until his marriage, when he moved into Great Bend Township. The father, prior to residing here, had been located ten or twelve years opposite Red Rock.

Isaac Hale was born March 21, 1763, in Waterbury, Connecticut. When a boy he was taken by his grandfather to Vermont. He stayed there through the Revolutionary War. After having worked one summer in Connecticut, he concluded to try "the West." At Ouaquago (now Windsor, New York, he found Major Daniel Buck, afterwards "Priest" Buck, with whom he boarded. His son David says:

"He was to furnish the meat, and the major the breadstuff—frost-bitten corn—to be pounded in a mortar, as there were then no mills in the country. The first day he went into the woods, he brought home a deer. They shortly after moved down the river to the Great Bend, which, as near as I can make out (there is no infallibility in the traditions of the elders,) was in the fall of 1787, or thereabout.

"After exploring the country, and getting acquainted with the oldest settlers, viz, Moses Comstock, Jonathan Bennett, Deacon Jedediah Adams, etc., he went back to Vermont, and married Elizabeth Lewis, sister of Nathaniel Lewis, who married about the same time Sarah Cole, whose sister, Lorana Cole, afterwards married Timothy Pickering, jr.

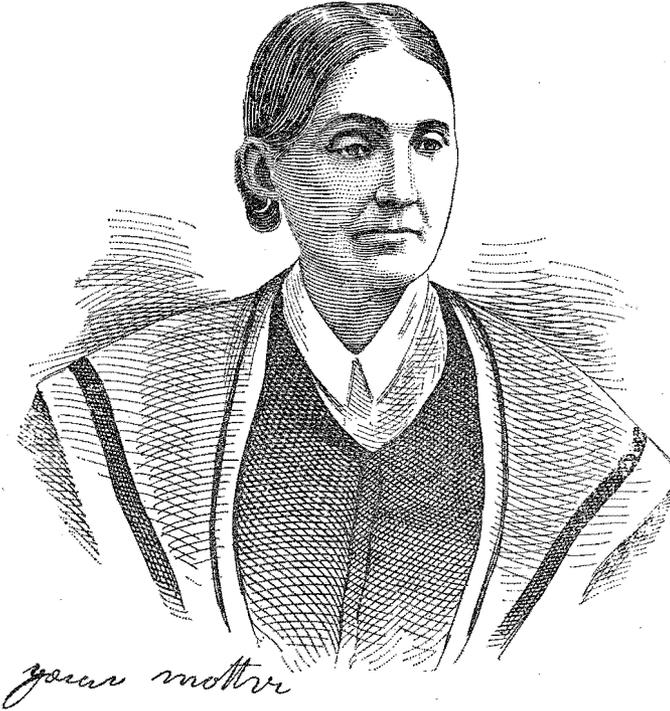
"Well, now for the emigrant train, Isaac Hale and Nathaniel Lewis, with their wives Elizabeth and Sarah. Nathaniel Lewis had a yoke of steers and a cart, on which to carry all their plunder (baggage), a distance of about two hundred and twenty miles from Wells, Rutland County, Vermont, to Willingborough, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania. After writing those long names, please let me make a digression. Two hundred and twenty miles—a short distance in the present time—not so then—a small company, but void of fear. They had heard Ethan Allen swear, so were not afraid of bears. They went through to Pennsylvania, as near as I can make it, in 1790.

"Isaac Hale bought an improvement of Jonathan Bennett. The land he afterwards bought of Robert H. Rose, the same place on which I was raised, and on which he lived when I left my native place, and where he was buried."

This place is now occupied by James M. Tillman, in Oakland.

In the summer of 1793, Isaac Hale was one of the viewers of the first roads laid out in Willingborough. He was a great hunter and made his living principally by procuring game. His sons, also were hunters.

His wife was for fifty years, a consistent member of the Methodist Church. A lady now living in Lanesborough, who knew her well, says: "I never visited her, but I thought I had learned something useful." Her death occurred in 1842, in her seventy-fifth year. Their daughter Emma was intelligent, and, that she should marry Joseph Smith, jr., the Mormon leader, can only be accounted for by supposing "he had bewitched her," as he afterwards bewitched the masses.



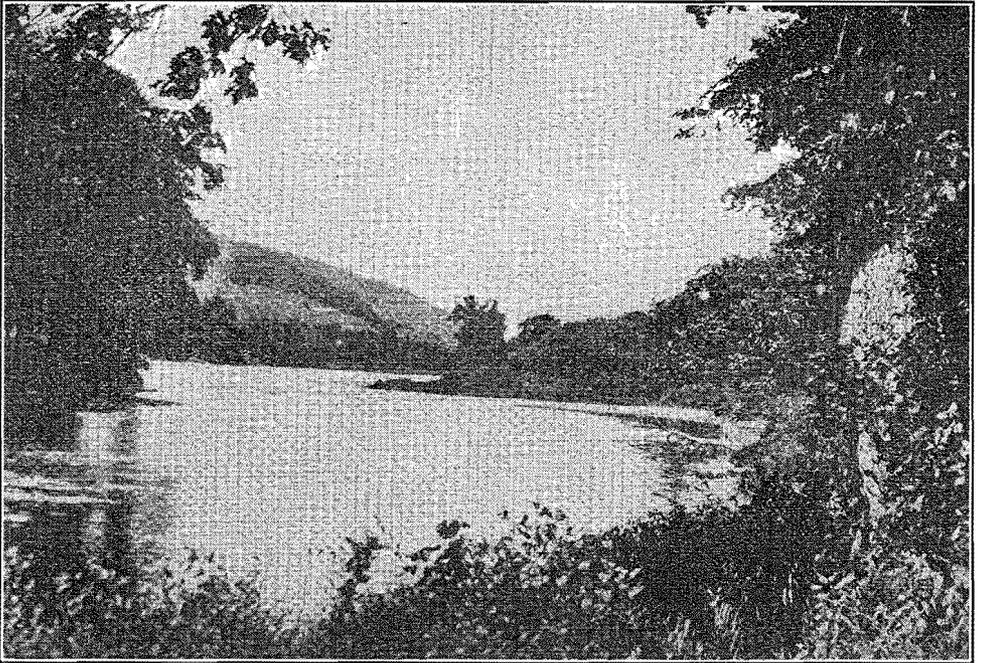
Emma Smith

(From a photograph taken in her seventieth year.)

He [Isaac Hale] was a man of forethought and generosity. He would kill the elk, up the Starucca in the fall, when it was the fattest; make troughs of birch or maple, to hold it when cut up; carry salt on his back, salt the meat and cover it with bark, held down with heavy stones, and then leave it until the snow came, when he could easily bring it

down. The fruit of his labor was sometimes exchanged for assistance on his farm, but perhaps as often found its way, unheralded, to the tables of others, when the occupants of the house were out of sight; and to them the gift seemed almost miraculous.

For many years there stood at Mr. Hale's door a stump mortar and heavy wooden pestle, worked by a spring pole, and his boys were obliged to leave work an hour or two before dark, to grind out meal enough



The Susquehanna River.

for mush for their supper. The handmill afterward took the place of the mortar and pestle, and could grind half a bushel in a day—a great improvement.

His sons were: Jesse, David, Alvah, Isaac Ward, and Reuben. The last named “assisted Joe Smith to fix up some characters such as Smith pretended were engraved on his book of plates.” To David Hale, however, “it always appeared like humbug.”

Jesse and David were drafted in 1814, and marched in Captain Frederick Bailey's company to Danville.

The following statements are also from the pen of David Hale:

“Brother Jesse Hale was a man of business, fifty years ago. His height was six feet in his mocassins, and his common weight one hundred and eighty pounds. He had learned to hunt panthers with our father, Isaac Hale.

“At one time he was following a panther through a thicket of laurels, when the dog sprang over a log into a nest of young panthers. The dog seized one, one ran to Brother Jesse, who caught it in his hands; it was about the size of a common housecat. He could have tied it fast but he thought, ‘If the old one hears this fuss, she’ll soon be here!’ So he whipped it against a beech saplings, and helped the dog dispatch his; then hunted up the other, which was not far off, and killed it.

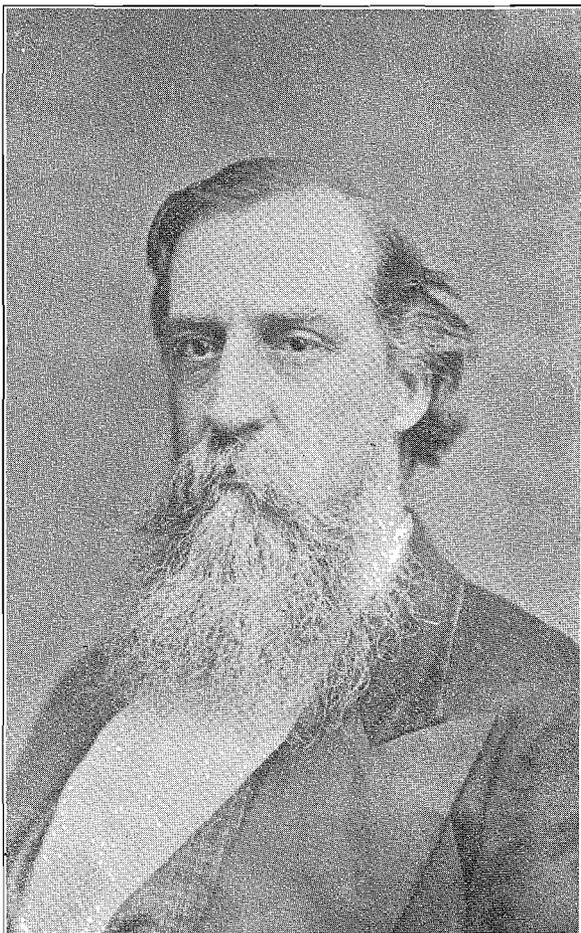


“The old one did not come, so he stuffed the three young ones into his pack, and went to the camp. The next day he returned, and found the old panther had been back, and, not finding her young ones, had put off, so he started after her. In the course of the day, he came up with and killed her, and packed her to camp.

“After that, he came across two more that he took the same way; and these, with one wolf and about twenty deer, made out his winter’s hunt, fifty-five years ago.

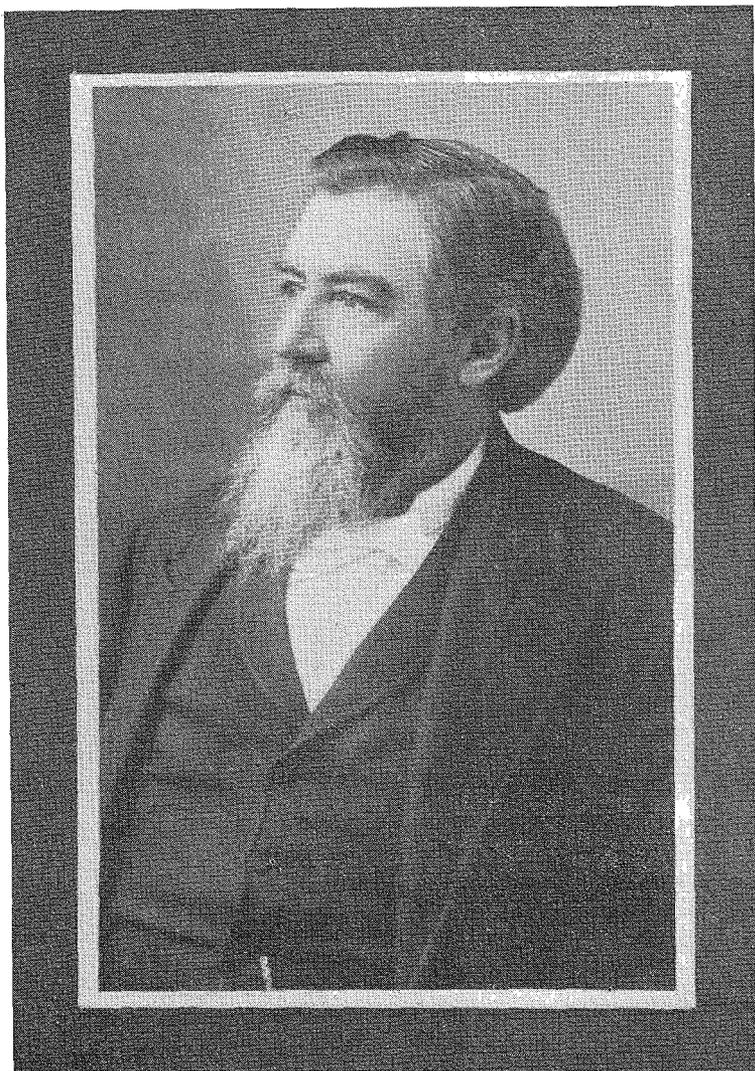
“Jesse Hale raised a large family, viz, six sons and four daughters. He had three sons killed by rebels. They were the younger three, viz, Captain Joab T., who fell at Fort Donelson; Sergeant Frank, who fell at Corinth; and Captain Robert, who fell at Marietta, Georgia.

“His sons now living are Silas, Julius, and Charles, all men of property.”



JOSEPH SMITH.

Harmony was on the east bank of the Susquehanna River and is now called Oakland. Emma Hale was born here July 10, 1804. She married Joseph Smith at South Bainbridge, New York, January 18, 1827. After the death of her first husband she again married, this time to Louis Bidamon, and lived at Nauvoo until her death April 30, 1879. (See *Saints'*



ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

Herald, July 15, 1879.) An interesting sketch of Emma Smith, written by her great-granddaughter, Inez Smith, may be found in *Autumn Leaves*, vol. 23, pp. 530-543.

CONCLUSION.

These are a few of the factors that contributed to the character of Joseph Smith. Whatever part of his character was due to heredity has some of its well springs in the men and women here mentioned. There is a great deal of investigation which may still be done in regard to the ancestry of Joseph Smith. To those who love to delve among old records and live again with the fathers of New England we hope this article may prove an incentive to an ever inviting field.



DAVID H. SMITH.

The life and ancestry of Joseph Smith is of some interest to students of Iowa history, not only because of the old Mormon trails which, diverging at the historic city of Nauvoo, stretched across the plains of Iowa, but because three of the sons of the "Mormon" Prophet have left children and grandchildren in Iowa. The oldest son, Joseph, born November 6, 1832, at Kirtland, Ohio, came to Lamoni, Iowa, from Plano, Illinois, in 1881, where for many years he was editor of the *Saints'*

Herald. At present he lives in Independence, Missouri, and has been President of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints since 1860.

The third son of Joseph Smith, Alexander Hale, born June 2, 1838, came to Lamoni, Iowa, about 1890 from Harrison

County, Missouri. He died August 12, 1909, at Nauvoo, Illinois, and was buried at Lamoni, Iowa. He was presiding patriarch of the church.

The fifth son, David H., born November 18, 1844, at Nauvoo, Illinois, and died August 29, 1904, at Elgin, Illinois, and was buried at Lamoni, Iowa. He was for several years counselor to his brother, the president of the church.

Among the descendants of Joseph Smith the Prophet, not one ever followed Brigham Young to Utah, or has had any connection with the Utah Mormon Church. All of them who are members of any church belong to the Reorganized Latter Day Saints.

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And this to fill us with regard to man,
With apprehension of his passing worth,
Desire to work his proper nature out,
And ascertain his rank and final place;
For these things tend still upward—progress is
The law of life—man's self is not yet man!
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows; while the host
Is out at once to the despair of night
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
I say begins man's general infancy!
For wherefore make account of feverish starts
Of restless members of a dormant whole—
Impatient nerves which quiver while the body
Slumbers as in a grave?—Robert Browning.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER CHARLES DERRY.

(Continued from page 321.)

January 1, 1866, we spent the first part of the day at Brother Edmund Hyde's at Glenwood, but dined at Brother Joseph Craven's of Union Branch, and this evening I preached to a good audience. The next day Brother Craven and I returned to Glenwood to a Thanksgiving party. Wife remained at Craven's. Our meeting was at Father Lidget's. We spent a pleasant, social time, singing hymns, relating experiences, and expressing our feelings, and thus encouraging each other in the good cause of truth. Brother Craven related a dream in which he saw the Savior, who told him "he was created, born, baptized, and ordained to be an example in his church, and he would hold him responsible for that example." A brother who had been guilty of drunkenness, confessed his guilt, and sought forgiveness of his brothers and sisters. I suggested to Brother Brittain that if this man came before the branch in a meek and humble spirit and promised to do better, to give him a chance, as our mission is to save and not to destroy.

About this time Sister Martin's daughter by a former husband, Mary Morrow, went into trances, or saw visions that were strange in their nature. She was a young girl, about thirteen years old. She claimed to have seen her father—that he told her that he had been in close confinement since his death until now, he having determined to obey the gospel was released partially. He told her she had obeyed the true gospel and exhorted her to be faithful to the same. Her parents place great confidence in these manifestations. I doubt their genuineness. Her stepfather, Abner Martin, tells me "she is very devout. Prays and exhorts the children to be

good." She is just such an instrument as Satan would seek to use to overthrow the faith of God's people. He could not work so effectually through an avowedly reprobate power, old or young.

On the night of the 4th Brother Craven and myself were called up about midnight by her stepfather, as she was in one of her visions, and had a message, she said, from the Savior to Brother Craven, and she wanted me to see that she was no hypocrite. We went and on the way my mind was greatly exercised in prayer to God that I might have discernment to know the source from whence this influence came, and at the same time that if it came from a false spirit I might be able to make it plain to her parents and all concerned without destroying their faith in God's work. On our way Brother Craven asked me if a person could be a hypocrite and not know it. I told him it was impossible, but we might be wrought upon by a false influence without understanding the nature of that influence, and thus unwittingly be used as a tool in the hands of the enemy. When we arrived there, she said: "The Savior told her Craven did not believe her message and unless he repented he would be taken away by death in less than six months, and that the Savior had told her she was his dear little angel and that she should not be imposed upon, and that if the Saints did not believe her message they should be punished, and Craven, Gladwin, and Lyman Campbell were to die within six months."

After hearing the message I told her parents "It was not from God; that God did not work in that way," and I rebuked the evil influence in the name of Jesus Christ, and prayed for her deliverance from the satanic power. This ended her manifestations at this time, and none suffered in consequence, nor did these brethren die as she foretold.

Various influences are seeking to overthrow the work of

God. One brother is teaching that the gospel is not the celestial law but the telestial, and that after a thousand years' schooling we shall receive the terrestrial, and after that the celestial law. He told me he received that doctrine by revelation. I read the 85th section of Doctrine and Covenants, showing that God had now given the celestial and that by it we must be sanctified. He also said: "It was shown to him that the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire would not be given until after the millennium." Also, he claimed that "mankind must undergo three changes before entering into the celestial glory," citing the three Nephites as evidence, claiming that Christ rendered them immortal when he left them, and at Christ's coming they would undergo a second change, and a final change after the millennium. I showed him that the three Nephites were not rendered immortal at that time. But he did promise them that "Ye shall never endure the pains of death; but when I shall come in my glory, ye shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye, from mortality to immortality; and then shall ye be blessed in the kingdom of my Father." How could they be changed at his coming from mortality to immortality if they were already immortal before his coming? So far as being delivered from the pains of death, God says of his people, "Death shall be sweet unto them." Hence they have no pains. I told him the word of God did not teach any change of the body after the resurrection. This man is very visionary, but I can not accept his views. Moses says, "That which is revealed belongs to us, that which is not revealed belongs to God," and when we try to soar aloft or delve beneath for things which God has not revealed we render ourselves liable to be imposed upon by the arch enemy.

On the 5th I visited Father and Mother Campbell, where in 1861 I met for the first time the elders of the Reorganized Church. They received me with gladness. Rasmus Camp-

bell has organized a Sunday school for Sunday evenings. I wish every branch would have one. I have long advised it, but some are afraid of imitating sectarians.

On the 6th I preached at Brother Craven's on the operation of false spirits. God blessed me with the spirit of instruction, both morning and evening. By letters from my children I learn they are well and happy. George Nephi says, "Two Brighamites had been at Nauvoo to convert the Saints," but he says, "Joseph gave them what Paddy gave the drum."

The United States Government has refused to recognize the Empire of Maximilian in Mexico. The report of the Secretary of War shows that 2,341,816 men were mustered into the Union armies during the late rebellion, and that a total of 525,000 have fallen in the two contending armies. The world is greatly disturbed, Mexico hangs in the scale, and the result to the world is uncertain.

I left my wife sewing for Sister Bullard and started for Columbus in Nebraska. I stopped at Florence, was received in kindness, instructed the Saints in their duties. They seemed a united band; when any are sick they call for the elders, fast and pray for recovery, and they tell me they are never denied the blessing. I wish all the Saints would exercise such faith and brotherly love. It is a very cold and stormy time, so that I am compelled to postpone going to Columbus till the weather is milder. Thank God I am sheltered, but I think of those exposed to the blizzard. I visited Brother Shoebridge; he inclines to Brighamism and longs for the fleshpots of Egypt. I found that to urge the truth upon him was like casting pearls before swine.

The 19th I visited Stephen Butler, in the Desoto Branch. This man and his wife are in the work with their whole hearts. What a pleasure to strike hands with a true Latter Day Saint! Some wanted to retaliate upon the Methodists, who had kept them out of the schoolhouse. I told them we

must set a better example by "doing as we would wish to be done unto." One evil abounds among the Saints here, that is the exorbitant use of tobacco. I believe the officials are more addicted to its use than the members. I preached in the schoolhouse. I am happy to find that some who were seeking the truth during my former visit are now staunch members of the church.

Proper training of children in the way of righteousness is neglected, and the result is they are wild and wayward, and instead of seeking after God, they seek only after the pleasures and follies of the world. Brother Martin and I were sent for to administer to a sick man out of the church. I explained the nature of the ordinance and the necessity of faith in God, we were blessed in administering, but the man died. I preached his funeral on the 25th. A large audience and two Methodist Episcopalian preachers were present. I had great liberty given me of God.

The House of Representatives has passed a bill to punish those who practice polygamy. Sister Martin desired to present me with a beautiful gold ring. I told her I had no use for it, but if she was willing that I should give it to my wife, I would accept it on her behalf. She consented and wife wears the ring. I never thought my hands needed rings to adorn them.

On the 27th of January, 1866, I preached twice in Desoto. Elder Swyhart, of the Disciple Church, challenged me for a debate. I accepted the challenge. Swyhart drew up the propositions and I accepted them. The first was, "Resolved, That the Church of Latter Day Saints is not the church of Christ, but only a sect." Swyhart affirmed. Second; "Resolved, That the Bible is the only rule of faith God has given to man, and that it is all-sufficient for our guide." Swyhart affirmed. I had quite an easy task, and Swyhart had to resort to the usual methods of villifying and slander. I simply presented the

New Testament order of Christ and compared the Reorganized Church with that order, and showed that not only was its organization the same, but the faith and doctrine were the same; and on the second proposition that the Bible was not all that God had given, and that he had promised more if we would seek unto him, poor Swyhart became a laughing stock for the people, who with few exceptions acknowledged that we had sustained our point.

A man came seventeen miles over the bald prairie through the cold for me to administer to a man named Leach. I told the man if he had faith to come all that distance through the cold, I had faith to go with him to administer to the sick. Thomas J. Smith went with me, the traveling was very bad. We found a very sick man and when he saw us his feelings were so overcome that he turned his face to the wall and wept. We administered to him and spent a pleasant afternoon with him, and again administered to him. The next day we administered again and left him in a fair way for recovery.

On the 3d of February I attended a quarterly conference in Florence, Zachariah S. Martin in the chair. There are three branches in this district. Sixty members, besides scattered members. Zachariah S. Martin was sustained as president, Thomas J. Smith as traveling missionary, and John Taylor was ordained an elder. We held a prayer meeting in Van Buren Smith's house. God heard our prayer, and the gifts of the Holy Spirit were manifest. It was told us that if "the elders and Saints would do their duty, they would be preserved while the judgments of God were passing by." I was greatly blessed in declaring the word, and the Saints were comforted. Elder Joseph Gilbert and Robert Shackelton were with us. Missions were given under the direction of the district president. I bade farewell to the Saints, feeling that I had their love and confidence. May I ever prove worthy, for it is more precious than rubies.

I returned to Sister Hartwell's at Cartersville, where I found wife all right. Thank God. Letters from the children cheered my heart. They were happy. Letters from Alexander and David Smith breathed the true spirit of godliness and did me good. Sister Revell also wrote a kind letter, saying that Stephen Post had been at Nauvoo preaching Rigdonism, had sought to cut off Joseph from replying, but Joseph replied to him in a masterly manner, refuting his claims entirely. Joseph Gilbert wrote me that he had rented a room in Omaha and wanted me to go and preach in it. I wrote I would be there. Uncle John A. McIntosh wrote me he could not attend conference for lack of means and clothing.

On the 8th I wrote a number of letters. Father Henry Shaw requested a mission. I referred him to Zachariah S. Martin and gave him a letter of introduction.

On the 9th, Father Shaw being sick, he was administered to by Dexter P. Hartwell and myself. He was blessed of God.

On the 11th I preached in Omaha. Father Hans Hanson also preached in Danish. He is a good man.

February 12 Brother George Sweet came to see me. We had a pleasant talk about the work in his district. He thinks the work is prospering except in the North Pigeon and Boomer branches. I advised him to request the president of the North Pigeon Branch to resign and then by vote of the branch put in one who is acceptable.

On the 13th I received a letter from Alexander H. Smith, from Nauvoo. He says: "Alice Amelia is well. You have a jewel in that girl that father and mother may be proud of." I am thankful it is so, and none can appreciate it more than I do.

Stephen Post has preached there. Joseph replied to him and offered to pay his board for a week if he would continue, with Joseph having the privilege to reply every night; but

Post found it was not a paying business for him. Sister Revell says Post was the worst whipped man she ever saw.

They had a grand time at the String Prairie conference. The Holy Ghost was poured out upon them richly. Thus the Lord blesses his people when they live aright. Brother Putney informs me they had a good conference at Plum Hollow on the 2d and 3d of this month. Seven people gave in their names for baptism in Council Bluffs.

On the 16th Elder Dexter P. Hartwell went with me to Union Branch. We met Howard Smith, Wallace Wood, and Daniel K. Dodson there. I was led to preach on the celestial law, the gospel as restored in these last days, showing that was the only celestial law that God ever revealed. Brother Howard Smith arose and confessed that he had been in error on that subject. Wallace and Dodson gave a favorable account of their mission to Cass County.

Two of my former pupils in phonography, Joseph and Daniel F. Lambert, wrote in that style from Rock Creek, Illinois. They tell me a Methodist preacher named Ward is opposing the work. William Anderson has taken up the gauntlet in defense.

On the 20th I preached at Crescent. Had quite a congregation. I stayed with Father Hoskins. We saw the beautiful "aurora borealis." It was a grand sight. I went from Crescent to Raglan to investigate a difficulty about the organization of the branch. I found it was properly organized, but a certain man had failed to be chosen again, and although he had voted for Donald Maule he allowed himself to be overcome with jealousy. The district president had seen the necessity for a change, and with consent of the members had made it and the branch was satisfied.

On the 23d I went to North Pigeon Branch. A meeting was called. Brother Bybee resigned as president and Elder Jeremiah Thomas was chosen by vote of the branch. Elder

Sweet, president of the district, was present and took part in the proceedings. Truthfully, I assisted him in the work, as he was president of the district. We had but little difficulty in all of the proceedings. Brother Sweet and I went to Brother William McEwen's.

On the 24th Elders Sweet, Dodson, and myself went to a quarterly conference at the North Star Branch. Brother George Sweet was called to preside. Howard Smith, Daniel K. Dodson, and Wallace Wood reported their work in Cass County. Smith and Wood desired to return, but Smith and Dodson were appointed again to that mission. Brother Sweet offered his resignation, as his family needed his labors at home, but the district resolved to sustain him by monthly collections in the branches. They gave him eleven dollars to buy him some clothing, and Dexter P. Hartwell promised him help. I am glad my appeal has been productive of good. Conference requested General Conference to return me to this pastorate. I am thankful for their confidence.

By letters from my boy I find he is not well, the confinement and printers' ink are injurious to him. By letter from Sister Blair to my wife I learn that Brother Blair is teaching school for a while. I am glad he is well.

On the 3d of March the pastorate conference met in Babbitt's Hall, Council Bluffs. I was called to the chair; George M. Rush and Dexter P. Hartwell clerks. I was not well, but managed to discharge my duties. I showed the necessity of organizing Sunday schools in every branch. District presidents report a lack of duty in the eldership. This conference requested General Conference to return me to this pastorate. While I appreciate their kindness, I do not believe in hampering the authorities with these requests, but the brethren chose to present their request. I never dictate where I shall labor, nor solicit any special field. Elder John A. McIntosh was released from the presidency of the Gallands Grove District,

that he might be free to assist in the pastorate duties. Elder George M. Rush was elected secretary of the Iowa and Nebraska pastorate, also to labor under the direction of President Wheeler Baldwin in the Fremont District. The several district presidents were sustained. Elder McIntosh and myself preached. We had a crowded hall. I am worn down by excessive labor.

On the 7th of March I and wife started east, she to Nauvoo and I to Plano. Went to Union Branch, attended prayer meeting with the Saints there.

On the 8th to Glenwood. Dined with Brother and Sister Putney, thence to the Nephi Branch.

Brother and Sister Philip Gatross, of North Star Branch, are worthy of everlasting gratitude from us for their kindness. Nor will they be forgotten by him who will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me."

On the 8th, while at Nephi Branch, I was called to administer to Sister Breastman, but without any apparent relief. I feel greatly the necessity of a more abiding faith in God. It is not enough to believe that this is God's work; we must manifest our faith by our works and accept his promises with the simplicity of childhood, and also believe that he knows what is best for us and will render accordingly.

On the 9th George Kemp loaned us his wagon for our trip. Brother John Lewis had also loaned us his pony, which with mine makes quite a nice team. We went to Plum Hollow. Stephen Post is advocating Rigdon's claim; I heard him. He says the only fault Joseph found with Rigdon's pretensions was "They run against a snag." The snag being the truth, the objection is valid. On the Sunday I preached, Post was present. I showed the order of the priesthood as it had come down through the ages, through the channel chosen of God unto the Prophet in the last days. Mr. Post complimented (?)

me, telling me I may yet make a useful man. Post preached in the afternoon. I replied to him. He is very cunning in covering up the truth, but, thank, God, the truth will not "down"! He intimates that Father Morey and Brother Moffet are in favor of Rigdon; thus he misrepresents wherever he goes, thinking to weaken the faith of the Saints.

On the 12th of March Father Leeka, my wife and myself started for the East, Sister Leeka having fixed up provisions for the journey. We arrived at Manti. Here we found that Post had been telling the people that Joseph got drunk. While here Brother Wilcox gave me five dollars to aid us on the way.

We arrived at Little River on the 16th, where we were kindly received by Brother and Sister Morey. I am sorry to learn that Brother Davis H. Bays is neglecting his duty. Brother Alfred Moffet has lost two children by spotted fever and two more are not expected to live. May God give comfort here. I find Post's statements have no foundation. Both Morey and Moffet express their abiding faith in the work.

I preached on the 18th. Briggs Alden spoke in favor of Rigdon, and referring to myself he said: "The champion preacher of the Reorganized Church could not refute it." I told him I was not aware that I held that honor. "Yes, siree," he said, "you are acknowledged to be the champion preacher." I was amused, for I had thought I was one of the weakest of the traveling ministry, and had never heard of a championship in Christ's ministry.

On the 19th we pursued our journey. Talked with people where we stayed on gospel themes, and felt that good was being done in places. We arrived at Benton's Port. Here Father Leeka left us to visit friends. He gave me twenty dollars, saying that it was his "part of the traveling expenses," whereas our entire expense to Nauvoo only amounted to \$13.65; but John Leeka's hand is wide open where he thinks

it is needed. The Des Moines River was blocked with ice, and blocks of ice ten or twelve feet high, long and wide, were piled on the river banks. We never saw such a sight. There must have been thousands of tons. The people said the river rose ten feet in as many minutes and fell as rapidly, leaving these great blocks stranded.

We crossed in safety and camped near Farmington. The roads had been very bad, and have tested the grit of our pony team, but they have never failed us. The next day we traveled through a heavy snowstorm and arrived safely at Nauvoo. Here we were well repaid to meet our darling Alice, and she was overjoyed to see us. I can not but feel that God has been better to us than we deserve. May I live to be more worthy of his loving, fatherly care.

On Sunday, March 25, we had the pleasure of hearing Alexander Smith and Father Redfield preach. On Monday I secured places for the ponies at Rock Creek; one at Father Lambert's and one at Father Pitt's. I slept at Father Lambert's. They have ten children, and I never remember to have seen a better regulated family. They all seem orderly and kindly disposed towards each other, and to their parents. Truly, "How good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

Our time was spent in visiting among the Saints while in Nauvoo, which afforded a great deal of pleasure; and on the 29th left on the steamboat *Canada* for Burlington, and was the guest of Brother Dwight Webster and wife. Brother Morton and wife were there also, and we had a very agreeable visit. I passed on to Plano, and was glad to meet my boy. I stayed with him at President Smith's, where I was a welcome guest. George took pleasure in showing the letters he had received from home and Alice. Alice's letters were always filled with loving counsel, worthy of a sage. May God bless them both.

On the 1st of April President Smith and I walked to Sandwich, where he preached. Brother David was here and manifested the same loving spirit as ever. There I became acquainted with Sister Marietta Faulkner,¹ a writer in the *Herald*. She seems a pleasant and intelligent sister. Joseph and I stopped at Thomas Stafford's.

Brother Stafford related a vision in which he saw bins, "Some were full of corn, others of wheat, and others of other produce, and some were empty." Joseph interpreted it to refer to the order of the bishopric, whose duty it was to look after the temporal interests of the church, and permit me to add that while the full bins showed there was means within the limits of church membership, the empty ones showed the necessity of our placing our means at the disposal of the church, that the bishop might have plenty at his disposal to meet the demands of the work. I am not sure that Joseph did not add the substance of that last statement.

We had a prayer meeting at Brother Banta's, in which Joseph requested each one to stand up and pray for that which they most desired. I prayed "Lord, I ask thee in the name of Jesus Christ, thy Son, that thou wouldst reveal unto me the knowledge of thy truth, that I may be a witness to thy truth, and for thee and of thy salvation unto the ends of the earth."

There was some talk about the President of the United States offering President Joseph Smith the governorship of the Territory of Utah. Joseph asked my views respecting the propriety of his accepting that position in case it was offered. I did not feel competent to give intelligent advice in that case.

On the 2d a number of the Twelve had gathered in. There is a good and holy influence surrounding us that makes me

¹Now Sister Marietta Walker.

feel my littleness. I pray that I may have more of the Spirit of God, that I may be a blessing and a light for ever.

On the 3d Joseph and I went to Fox River and met the brethren in council and about 1.30 p. m. Joseph was called to the chair and I was appointed clerk. Six of the quorum were present.

The following resolutions were considered: 1st. Resolved, That a person having been received into the church in a legal manner, can be expelled from the church at his own request. Lost.

2d. Resolved, That the Author of life and salvation does not discriminate among his rational creatures on the basis of color, neither does the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Carried.

3d. Resolved, That a persistent, aggravating request to be expelled from the church is sufficient reason why the person should be expelled. Carried.

4th. Resolved, That the church ought as speedily as possible publish the translation of the Scriptures by Joseph Smith. Carried.

Elder James W. Gillen and I visited Brother Blair. We found him very low. Our visit overcame him; he wept like a child. I bade him be of good cheer "there were better times coming for him." I felt the truth of that statement.

On the 4th we met in general council. The publishing of the Inspired Translation was before us. I was led to say that "when it is published it will be proof that God has preserved the record in the hands of that family whom he had chosen from before the foundation of the world, and that many would flock to the church from beyond the Rocky Mountains, and from other lands, and the 'cable chain' of iniquity that now held in bondage should be broken, and that the only true cable chain of the church was the truth of God." Having thus spoken I saw the whole house in tears; and I sat down,

wondering at the cause, for I had only uttered what seemed to me the natural sequence of the work contemplated. Then I asked myself, "Have I been prophesying?" When we left the house I asked Brother Gillen what was the cause of the weeping. He said, clearly the Spirit of God was there. But I had no idea of prophesying. Yet it has been partially fulfilled at the date of this writing.

April 5 the quorum met in council at Brother Blair's at the call of President Briggs. We received a communication from the First Presidency, which was entertained. It was resolved, That any member of this church having been lawfully married, and having put away his companion except for the cause of adultery, is not worthy of the fellowship of this church.

Elder Edmund C. Briggs was called upon to report his mission to the West. He gave the various details of his journey from Nauvoo, through the branches in Iowa,—over the plains—his work and incidents in Utah, thence on to California—his trouble with Elder George P. Dykes and minutia of his labors there, which altogether occupied at least two hours. It seemed a justification of his whole course. At the close of his report, it was moved and seconded to receive the report. Now at that time the receiving of a report meant the approval of it. Brother Briggs had been called home because of the complaints from California, and the high council of the church had been called to investigate the matter, and while I did not think the missionary had been guilty of any wrong more than that of ordaining high priests contrary to law, I thought it premature for us to sanction his doings until the matter had been thoroughly investigated by the standing high council of the church. And I told my brethren I was sorry to oppose any measure approved by them, but I could not vote to receive and thus express our approval of the report until it had been passed upon by the high council. It was afterward suggested

that we appoint Elder Briggs in connection with Alexander H. Smith. I opposed this on the above grounds, because I saw it was only another form of approving of the missionary's work. I am sorry Brother Blair was not able to be with us at this time, so I had to stand alone, but I have never regretted doing so. My brethren may have been as honest as I dare be, but I could not see from their standpoint. I had no feelings of opposition to the man; it was the principle I was contending for.

On the 6th of April we met in conference in Plano, Presidents Smith and Marks presiding; Isaac Sheen and James W. Gillen, clerks. Members were nominated for the high council of the church, and set apart for the same. Conference decided that when a General Conference had ordered a man to be set apart to the high priesthood, he being absent at the time, such General Conference could authorize the authorities of said district holding that office, to ordain him to the office of high priest. On the whole we had a good conference.

On the 14th of April, George and myself left Plano for home. His health is not good; the printer's ink and the confinement are too much for him. Joseph and Emma regretted his having to leave. Sister Emma and her little daughter Emma were much grieved at his leaving. I was pleased to see the kindly affection manifested toward him.

We stopped at Kewanee at Brother Whitehouse's, a man who had defended me when surrounded by a mob in my early ministry in England, and whom I afterward baptized, as mentioned in a former part of this history. I met Thomas Angel, whom I visited in England when on my late mission. He is not yet ready to accept the work. I preached to the people here. Brother John D. Jones requested the Saints to aid me on my way. They did, for which I am grateful. But times are hard with them now. We slept at Brother Whitehouse's.

On the 16th George and I went to Burlington, and visited

Father Dunham, and at 10 p. m. went on board the steamboat, *New Boston*. Brother Jerome Ruby was the pilot: he kindly gave up his bed for us. His mother also was on board. About 4 a. m. we left the boat for the railway train, and arrived at Montrose about 5 a. m. From there we crossed the river to Nauvoo.

My daughter had been troubled with strabismus, so Brother Redfield went with me to Doctor Hamilton, who recommended us to go to Doctor Hughes, of Keokuk. On the 20th George Redfield took Alice and myself to Keokuk. Doctor Hamilton rode down on his pony and introduced us to Doctor Hughes. The wind was so furious we could not cross the river that day. We crossed on the 21st and Doctor Hughes straightened the eye by cutting the ligament that held the eye from its proper place. It was a severe operation, but she did not flinch. The doctor said she was a brave little soldier, that he never saw one undergo such an operation as patiently as she had done. I prayed very earnestly for her. Sister Boden kindly offered to hold her, but Alice thought no one could hold her like father. We returned to Nauvoo. I bathed her eye with cold water all the way.

It is passing strange that anyone should cling to a system that they have to build up and uphold by falsehood, and that, too, when they know it. Such the defenders of Rigdonism are doing; but then, error can not be promulgated any other way, and yet there is no system of religion so ridiculous and absurd but what can find followers, and the further they are from the truth the more numerous will be the followers. But it is stranger still that some who claim to be Latter Day Saints will suffer themselves to be deceived by them. Stephen Post is circulating his falsehoods throughout the country, and he knows they are false, because he manufactures them out of whole cloth.

On Sunday I preached in Montrose twice. John Lake

preached and baptized two. They were confirmed. I was the guest of Brother Borley and wife. I visited the Saints in Rock Creek.

On the 26th wife, children, Tryphena Redfield and myself, left Nauvoo for Keokuk, where we were kindly entertained by the Saints in Keokuk.

I learn that a blind man named Jackson has been among the branches teaching the elders they must preach exclusively from the Book of Mormon and the Book of Covenants, whereas God has commanded us to teach the gospel as found in the three records. He also insinuates that the church teaches that Joseph is our God, which is a palpable falsehood, for the church declares, "One God and Father, one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Redeemer, and one Holy Ghost as our guide and Comforter." The church holds the prophet simply as the mouthpiece of God unto man, as all the prophets were.

We were kindly entertained by the Saints in Keokuk, and one day as we were listening and drinking in the sweet strains of their music as they rendered the songs of Zion, a little colored boy passed by the window, and being charmed by the sweet symphonies as they reached his ears, he paused to listen, and his little soul seemed charmed. I thought this little boy may be a Paganini undeveloped.

On the 28th we went to String Prairie. I preached on the necessity of the Saints being united as the family of God. There was a holy feeling, every eye sparkled with tears of love and joy. We were the guests of James Newberry and wife, and were kindly entertained by them.

Father Duty Griffith, known to all as an honorable man, and whose race is nearly run, told us of the following remarkable incident. In the neighborhood where he formerly lived, a Methodist preacher predicted that within seven years from the time of his prediction, God would raise up a man who should establish the kingdom of God upon the earth, and

preach the ancient order of things, and that the people who received his teaching should enjoy a part of the ancient gospel and then there should be an epoch and after that the Saints should have the great power of God. Father Griffith declared that Joseph Smith came forth in just seven years from the time of the prediction. The old man, standing on the verge of the grave, could have no object in deceiving us by a falsehood.

On Sunday, the 29th of April, I preached twice in String Prairie; also on the 30th I preached and wrote several letters on church business to various brethren in my field. Some object to priests presiding in the absence of the presiding elder. Some aspiring spirits are envious if they are not honored as they think is their due. One evil-minded person in a branch can keep the whole branch in confusion if they will listen to his surmisings.

May 3, I returned to Nauvoo. Here I had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Rogers and President Marks, and Elder William W. Blair. It did me good to see them. The local bishop was released. Bishop Rogers informed us that Bishop David M. Gamet would look after the temporal interests of the work in Iowa; and that it was our duty to fit out the Utah and California missionaries. I told Bishop Rogers I had spent all these years in the ministry without a settled home for my family, and that I felt it my duty to settle them in a permanent home. He approved of my purpose, but said he thought the Saints in Iowa could furnish my family with a home if all would do a little.

I slept with Brother Blair. He thought with me that there was a spirit manifested to cover up evils and arrogant power on the part of some, and to bind to some extent the hands of the First Presidency. But we both determined to stand by the presidency and uphold them in their duties, and resist all encroachments, and protect the weak against the strong as the law of God demands.

I continued to labor in the String Prairie District, settling difficulties between church members, preaching, and confirming some who united with the church during my labors. Brother John Lake assisted and baptized.

I preached in Farmington in company with Brother Lake. A Mr. Nelson treated us kindly as his guests while there. A Doctor Shogg is interested in the work, and I think a good work will be done here. We returned to String Prairie. Brother Parrish resigned the presidency of the branch that he might devote more time to preaching in other places. Brother Hill was chosen to preside. One brother did not like the choice, but we had no right to dictate to members how they should vote. My feelings were wounded and insulted, but we may expect that even from brethren if we stand up for the right. I pray God to help the brother to see the right.

On May 16, 1866, wife and I and children left for western Iowa. It is just twelve months since wife, George and I left Nauvoo. The Saints on String Prairie furnished us with provisions for the journey. May God reward them.

Wife and Alice slept in the wagon and George and I under it. On the 17th we traveled three miles, wife not feeling well, so I secured her a bed in a house, and I secured a stable for the ponies.

The spirit of murder is rife in the land.

On the 18th our wagon wheel ran off, having lost the lynch pin, but I found it, and we went on with a broken skein on the axle.

On the 19th we got the skein fixed and traveled forty-five miles and seeing a storm coming up we stopped before it reached us, and obtained shelter for the night. The children have a good time but wife is very weary. We were glad to find the hospitable shelter of Father and Mother Morey, at Little River.

Here we met the blind man Jackson before mentioned. I preached at Morey's. Jackson also preached on the Book of Mormon—a very fair discourse. I was requested to stay and preach a funeral sermon for the four departed children of Brother and Sister Moffet. I did stay.

I find Jackson only accepts a part of the Doctrine and Covenants and thinks Joseph was killed because of transgression.

(To be continued.)

THE GATHERING PLACE.

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;

At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.

But in the afterward of years

It is a more familiar place—

A home unhurt by sighs or tears,
Where waiteth many a well-known face,
With pressing months it comes more near;
It grows more real day by day.

Not strange or cold, but very dear—

The glad homeland not far away,
Where none are sick, or poor, or lone;
The place where we shall find our own,
Where they have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 300.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now it must not be supposed that because Elder Burton

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 278.)

The President of the church wrote my father to hasten into the field of the West and attended to certain ordinations, arranged by the April conference. Father borrowed, on his own personal note, the money necessary for traveling expenses to the slope, Brother Calvin A. Beebe making the loan to him, and reluctantly and sadly he parted from Elder McKiernan. This loan was later met by the Saints of the San Bernardino Branch in the kind and loving spirit moving men whose fires are touched by the love of Christ.

A strange thing is this gospel love, when men become strongly imbued with it; no sacrifice is too great, no hope too wonderful. It was thus with Elder McKiernan and father; they had planned many things for the time they had hoped to spend together; now they clasped hands and parted with tear-dimmed eyes, one faring forth alone to his mission, one turning a brave face to the work lying nearest. With cheery voice and heart of hope Elder McKiernan found work in the literal harvest fields of western Iowa, preaching with gladness on the Sabbath and storing the "hire for the reaper" against the day when he should be permitted to fulfill his mission. If there is anything harder than a real lonely, hard mission, it is to find oneself barred from work and the world to which the mind has been set and the soul attuned. From a letter written by father I find corroboration of Elder McKiernan's letter and also catch a glimpse of his musings as he journeys from the place of separation.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, August 9, 1873.

Brother Joseph: I have frequently been asked to write to the HERALD, and thus give the Saints the privilege of knowing where I am and what I am doing.

On my leaving home for this field of labor, I intended to pass through the State of Iowa and visit the Saints of that State, leisurely working my way west until I should arrive on my own ground of appointment, doing what good I could do, and as little harm on my way as possible; and give you at times an account of the interesting events of my journey for publication. With this intent, on the 24th of June I left home, passed down the river to the city of Keokuk, on board the steamer *Cricket*. The Saints of that place met me with kindness, and Brethren Durfee and Hughes kindly furnished me a conveyance up to Vincennes, Brother Hughes leaving his work and going with me thus far. Here we met Brother John H. Lake, Cheeny and others, and enjoyed a night's hospitality at Brother Duty Griffiths', who made me a present of a new hat, provided I would get my hair cut, as he thought it was rather long for a missionary. Of course I got my hair cut, also got the hat, which had a thermometer in the top of it to warn me to keep cool.

I passed by rail to Farmington. Here I met that live and whole-hearted Saint, Brother Frank Reynolds, who hitched up his one-horse wagon and took me down to Croton to see Brother James McKiernan, and have him journey with me westward. I found James ready; in fact I believe he is a minute man, always ready. On this trip to Croton the sun poured his fiery beams down on our devoted heads seemingly without mercy, the thermometer in my hat stood at one time at 120 degrees. We were warned by this to seek the shade. This evening at the Saints' meeting, by request I spoke. After meeting I repaired to the house of Father Warnock, where I was entertained as only a father and mother could care for a loved son. May the peace of God's Holy Spirit abide in their dwelling for ever.

Bidding the Saints good-bye, I met Brother James at the depot, and we were soon on board the cars and speeding onward to the West again. Changed cars at Ashland Crossing, took lunch while waiting for the train, after lunch on the train, and off again, i. e., towards Lineville. Between Ashland Crossing and Lineville we were overtaken by, and witnessed, a fearfully threatening storm. The sky to the north of us was very black, and the clouds seemed to be coming immediately across our track, the wind shifted and the storm and the train ran side by side for some distance. The storm crossed the track behind us, and came on and overtook us. In an instant the car was filled with dust; in the air were leaves and small limbs of trees; for a few moments this continued, then a few drops of rain, then began such a fall of water as I never witnessed before. We journeyed on, however, and in an hour's time we came out of the storm, and all was fair, dry, and bright. At Lineville we alighted from the cars, and learned that it was twelve miles to the Little River Branch. We tried to get a conveyance; we could get one for the sum of five dollars; and as we were young, strong, and able-bodied men, we concluded to foot it; so on we trudged. After a four-mile walk, a storm arose, and we sought shelter by the wayside in a farmhouse. Remained here till the rain slacked up, and then took to the road again.

As we got on the road we met a team going the same way we were, the driver kindly gave us a ride, and thus four more miles were gotten over. And I must say that the farmers along these four miles possess one advantage over the general farming district through which we passed. I think with care they can farm both sides of their land, as the most of it certainly sets up on edge. The night was so forbidding and the storm seemed ready to burst upon us, we accepted the invitation of the farmer who gave us a ride and stayed with him all night. I think his name was Charles Barr. May he be blessed for his kindness to us. After breakfast we journeyed on, found after much inquiry Brother Milton Bailey's residence. Here we rested. I walked over to Brother Ebenezer Robinson's; from his place I went to see Brother Moffet. We remained in this neighborhood over Sunday, and had a good time meeting the Saints in worship in the grove near Brother Moffet's.

Monday morning Brother Bailey, with us in his wagon, drove over to Lamoni, where Brother William Hopkins's family received us kindly, administering to our wants. My object in coming here was, that I might see the land of the First United Order of Enoch, and thus from personal observation be able to answer many questions asked by the Saints concerning it. Brother Hopkins favored us with a ride, and showed us the land, with some of the new houses built thereon this season. Brother Charles Jones lives on one of the order's farms, and he told me there had been twelve hundred acres of fresh breaking done, and teams still breaking. Crops all look fine; oats, wheat, and corn. The land is as handsome, rolling prairie as anyone would wish to see; covered, where it is not broken up by the plow, with a splendid growth of wild grass. Here I learned that the order did not want any idlers on the land, as their leases only extend one year, with the privilege, if faithfully farmed, of a longer lease. Crop rent is paid, the old-time one third rate, and where oats or other small grain is raised, corn is taken in its stead, as corn can be more easily cribbed by the order. We enjoyed the hospitality of Brother George Adams, of California, whose estimable lady made us welcome as a mother could have done. We visited Brother Zenos H. Gurley also; had a nice visit with Brother Cooper; we like him very much. We spent the glorious Fourth of July in a grove near Brother Adams's, and were made painfully aware of the fact that we were not a success as a Fourth of July orator. On the morning of the fifth, in company with Brother George Braby, we started for Leon, to attend a two-day meeting to be held there. Arrived in time. Here we met Brother Moffet, president of the district, again: were received and entertained by Brother F. A. Jennings. Our meetings passed off pleasantly, notwithstanding a severe storm raged nearly all night Saturday night. Monday evening, we take our leave and ship on board the cars again. We changed at Chariton, and also at Creston; arrived at Council Bluffs, and met Brother Charles Jensen, who made us welcome and provided refreshments for the outward man. Brother James and I were content to rest here awhile, having traveled all night. Everywhere

we met kindness; God's blessing has been over us; our hearts render thanks to him. More anon. I remain as ever,

ALEX H. SMITH.

One summer day we drove over some of the country mentioned in the letter by Brother McKiernan and this one of father's, over the same country in fact, but by different roads. No doubt they crossed acres of open prairie, following the ridges and fording the small streams that flowed through the virgin prairie land; about them lay unfenced acres of native blue grass; the hills were dotted with wild flowers and groves of hazel brush. Now, we rode along the smoothly dragged and well-kept section roads, smooth as a boulevard for the farmers' chugging autos. On all sides of us were well-tilled farms, the air was heavy with fragrance from the clover meadows ripening under a June sun and every checkered corn field was being cultivated easily and splendidly. The farmer riding his cultivator at ease through the green rows, his slick horses leading the way. Here and there willow-fringed, artificial lakes gleamed in the sunlight, and garden and orchard thrive and prospered. A sadder part was the occasional scene of some of those same hospitable homes of 1873, abandoned, the windows boarded up, the garden walk overgrown and the rose bush choked out by neglect. These are the evidences of concentrated ownership, where once the farm was for the many, it is now the property and home of the few; where every forty once meant a home, it now means but a small part of some wise man's capital. So it is with some of the old colony lands of Decatur County. We drove to the Adams house, now the Garland farm. The old, low-built, rambling Adams house burned down years ago, but on the site stands a comfortable, two-story farmhouse; across the road are the barn lots and buildings just as of yore, but the thrifty "young orchard" planted by Brother Adams between the barn lots and the creek bottom with its sheltering belt of timber, grew

old and died and now corn and watermelons flourish on its grave. The timber lands, once so beautiful with wide-armed oak and elms, is most of it cut away, and the picnic party of that Fourth of July, 1873, would have to move a mile up the stream to the Evergreen picnic grounds for half so fine a picnicking place as they had in those early times. There is less of underbrush and wild berries now. There is a newer orchard on the north side of the road, back of the house. The country near here is still picturesque and a little broken, but progress marks the land for its own. The memory of its grassy hills and timbered creek lands returned to my father often, and often as it recurred he dreamed of a farm of his own in this new hope of the Saints. For then there was a great spiritual desire among all the people to gather, to be associated in work and pleasure with those of their own faith, and this new opening, not far from Pleasant Plains, was calling to hearts from the East to the West, and from Michigan to Texas. This land and the Far West country seemed inviting with strong voice the whole church, and as my father noted the exhilarating, bustling spirit of this broad, free prairie he involuntarily compared it with the slow moving, sleepy, although romantic old town where his family of growing children were spending their childhood. True enough, the school there was good, but the social problem was beginning to take on proportions of importance, as well as the question of employment for his eldest son, who was nearing the border land of that period of every boy's life, most perplexing and disturbing,—his early teens.

One cherished incident broke the monotony of this trip. As he neared the city of Columbus, Nebraska, he fell to thinking of the Saints in the place, and past blessings enjoyed with them, and as the train ran into the city he stepped to the platform and greeted the never-failing friend, Elder Henry J. Hudson, and a cheery, comforting company of the Saints.

How it cheered and comforted him as the chariot bore him away into the darkness and loneliness of a long journey, companionless.

In the July heat and dust he came to the end of that long ride at the Vernon home in Sacramento, where he rested for the night, then on to San Francisco to meet the missionaries appointed to the Australian Mission and hasten their departure. While waiting for these men to come in from their fields of labor in California, and for the necessary gathering of money for sending them to that distant land, he worked with local forces in Petaluma, Santa Rosa, and Healdsburg.

The Saints of California had at this time a regular Australian Mission Fund, and raised by contribution nearly all the money used for passage of both Elders Rodger and Wandell. The ordination of these elders to the office of seventy, by the apostle, occupying for the first time in his office, gave father a sense of great responsibility and humility; accordingly he turned from it, with renewed vigor and fire, to the expounding of doctrine to the peculiarly mixed population of California, compounded so greatly of adventurers, speculators, and fortune hunters, with a sprinkling of Mormons grown sick with a religion perverted and gross as the product of Utah. Buoyant, happy, and eager, father enjoyed the companionship of such men as Hervey Green, "grand old soldier," Daniel S. Mills, John R. Cook, Roswell R. Dana and many others of the ministry as clean-souled, courageous, and full of earnest purpose. The new branch at San Benito had been organized that summer and later the Jefferson and Long Valley branches, all destined to furnish noble workers in the gospel work. Indeed some of the most distinguished and brilliant minds of the church are products of these conversions.

Wherever father went he found encouragement and bright prospects, and the evidence of work done by Elders Rodger,

Wandell, Davison, and others, and he rejoiced in it all by reason of comparison with a dark day, and consequent sorrow, such as comes to men sometimes, in which he had suffered a heavy trial because of false brethren. And when the light had been turned on and he knew, what to his fearless soul seemed almost unbelievable, that one or two were striking as a coward might, under cover and at his back, he set himself to untangle it all; it was from such a siege as this that he was answering the call of kind and truthful souls in return to his mission and all the blessings were heaven-sent seasons to him. He had learned the great lesson that no man can escape trials, among which is catalogued false brethren; and the lesson, though severe, brought refining fire and greater love for truth and honor.

Before me lies a letter dearly prized by father because of the trust and love established by it, and a similar one from his brother Joseph was as dear; these two letters, written when the smoke of battle had cleared, and read by him after days of bitterness and uncalled for suffering, poured healing balm into his big warm heart and helped to heal the wound given by others with whom he afterwards mingled in gospel work and held neither grudge nor hardness.

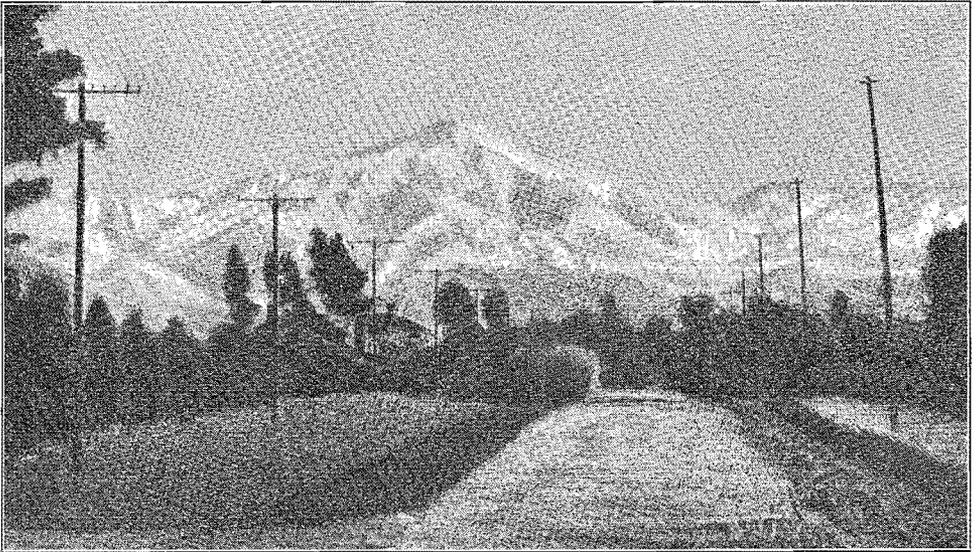
Busy and eager was he in California while the semiannual conference was in session near Council Bluffs in the fall of 1873. From that conference Elder McKiernan was sent into other fields and the conference sent the companion of early ministerial days to help on the slope—so it was that Elder William Anderson, of Montrose, Iowa, broken in health, yet full of zeal, set his face again toward the golden West.

At the semiannual conference of the Pacific Slope, held in the G. A. R. Hall in San Francisco, October 5, 1873, the State was redistricted and presidents for each district elected with the exception of the San Bernardino District. The appointment of a president for this district was left to the president

of the mission, when he should become acquainted with conditions existing there. This would necessitate a trip to the southern portion of the State.

At this conference much more interest was manifested in the Australian Mission. The regular fund was recorded and more offerings of money received and a few weeks after, Elders Rodger and Wandell left the wharf at San Francisco bound for that far-off land. Soon after this conference my father prepared to go to San Bernardino, as he said with the firm faith that all difficulties could be satisfactorily settled, and peace would then reign in all the districts in California. About the middle of November, Elder Anderson arrived in California and began his labors in the old city of San Bernardino among the beautiful mountains. One who has visited the city must recall its peculiar location in the deep basin of these beautiful, low, green hills, with majestic, snow-capped mountains guarding it on every side. No wonder Helen Hunt loved these glorious peaks and rich, picturesque valleys, and wove them into her Indian romance. No wonder the old-time Mormons chose this for a city, choosing the lowly bowl of the valley because the water came down, warm and soft, from the one mountain spring; icy cold and refreshing from another, just around the spur of the mountain. Now men build villas and cities on the hills and high plateaus and say to the mountain streams, "Come up!" and they come. San Bernardino had reported a membership of more than two hundred, but it was a very active branch in those days in some ways, for there was always something happening to keep things lively. Elder Anderson called it jealousy, plain, and simple, after he had joined my father there, for even father's sanguine hopes fell before the outlook that he gradually came into after the conference of the 8th and 9th of November, at which he presided and made an effort to execute the commission given at the conference in San Francisco, the previous month.

The meeting of these two souls in that semitropical city was very pleasant. Although Elder Anderson had suffered great bereavement and my father had passed through suffering known only to large souls and true, warm-hearted men, when a comrade in the big fight turns traitor to him and their common interests of right and truth. For he was open and



Majestic snow-capped mountains guarding it on every side.

frank and fearless, and a blow struck from the rear and in the dark was to him cowardly and base. So when he had beaten about in the dark until the soul cried, "here," he turned away from him and rested in such presence as dictated these letters of love and trust. But this thing had also helped in the making of his character. He learned tolerance and caution, and became more conservative, and so these two men sat in the pleasant places of this southern city and exchanged warm confidences, or walked together beneath the trees where mocking birds sang, so absorbed in theme and

companionship that hours passed uncounted. And then began a union of forces to get peace among the members in place of wrangling and mistrust; but it was slow work. While located here at San Bernardino father joined company with a band of brethren going to Gospel Swamp, about seventy miles distant, near the ocean, on a hunting expedition.

It was splendid to him, this prospect of long, wet tramps and leaping camp fires and fresh wild game. Elder Anderson did not care for out-of-door revelries with gun and frying pan and high boots, so he did not accompany them.

One day late in the afternoon father returned from a hunt, wet, hungry, and needing a shave, and found an invitation to preach in the schoolhouse at early candle light that evening. He gladly accepted and occupied. Having no Bible with him he proceeded without. At the close of the address some one asked him a question. He borrowed a Testament of a man in the audience and read from it what the man did not believe could possibly be there. From this incident he was led into his first public religious discussion. Later others built up a splendid branch where this discussion was held.

Leaving Elder Anderson in the south, father moved northward through the slow and trying stages consequent upon the heavy rains of winter, but through flower-crested hills.

Southern California held charms for these brethren, but duty called to other places, and early in February, 1874, he was laboring with Elder Daniel S. Mills in the central part of the State. From a business trip to San Francisco he accompanied Elder Mills to Watsonville, Santa Cruz, and the new branches at San Benito, San Juan, and Jefferson. How he did enjoy those weeks of activity! From day to day the company of Saints went with them from house to house, singing and counseling by the way, along the bubbling creeks and through the low, pleasant hills of the San Benito country. The people were eager to hear, the elders joyful in the telling

of the gospel of Christ. Splendid friendships were made for my father that he is no doubt enjoying in eternity with such men as Burton, Carmichael, Cook, and many others.

J. Henry Lawn with team carried them much of the way, finally down the valley to sleepy old San Juan, with its quaint old adobe houses and brown and silent old Spanish church, where the Twitchels lived and entertained the ministry.

Here let me diverge to add a memory of my own. In the late summer of 1886, while passing through the State, I accompanied my husband and a small band of Saints to this little town of San Juan to assist in the funeral service of an aged church member, Sister Eunice Ursula Twitchel. As I sat at the organ in that cool, quiet church, and the low, soft strains melted into the silence around us, I thought I had never felt such perfect repose as lay over the dusty, sun-baked little town, half asleep and far from the modern world and all its bustle and traffic. This woman, buried that day, was one of the converts baptized by Elder Cook and confirmed by Wandell in their memorable campaign in that country in the fall of 1873. It was her son who drove to Watsonville with Elder Mills and my father thirteen years before, over these same hills, then green and brilliant with springtime verdure.

From this extraordinary little mission through central California father viewed the world of work before him with a feeling of discouragement. So many calls for preaching coming and so few to answer them. He wrote to the church authorities again, urging the division of the mission. Utah, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, and Nevada were included in this mission. Utah was better manned than any of the rest of those named. It was wonderful the way California met the elders in those days with crowded houses and attentive ears. Small wonder that men's hearts glowed with the fire of consecration and quickened impulses for preaching. Sometimes men sat learning until the midnight hour was gone, and sometimes until it was

gray dawn they questioned and counseled and prayed together.

At the General Conference of the church at Plano, Illinois, in April of the year 1874 father was continued in his mission and the mission was divided, although it seemed unwise to some, because it was difficult to find capable men willing to



Stone Church, at Plano, Illinois.

take charge of the divisions and stay with them any length of time. However Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado were taken from the Pacific Slope Mission and constituted another mission.

While the general church conference was in session in the Stone Church in Plano, the Pacific Slope Mission was holding at Sacramento, California, where beside the lay members, thirty officers of the church took part in business and social service. Among the reports I clip this from my father's:

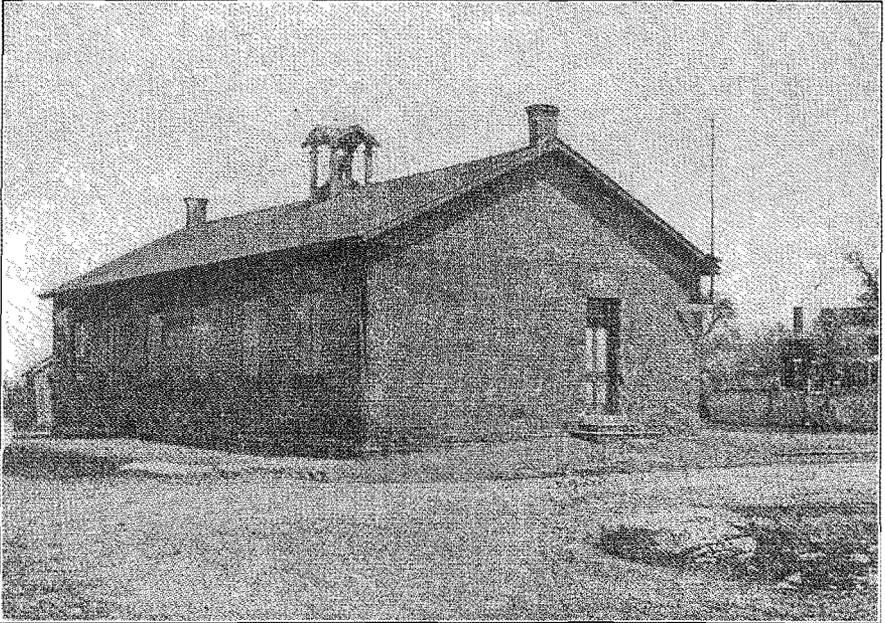
Labored a long time in [San Bernardino] to reconcile matters, of which there appeared but little hope; tried to show charity, so that none might be cut off, that all might be reclaimed; labored alone till Brother Anderson came, and held meetings to get life among the brethren; labored six weeks; five of them held meetings every night, three meetings every Sunday; at the expiration of that time discovered some hope, but clouds still hung over; I thought to go elsewhere and leave Brother Anderson. Before leaving concluded to have sacrament meeting, but did not know who would partake of it. When the meeting was opened the Spirit of God was present; strong men were melted to tears, and most all partook of the sacrament. Came away satisfied and believe that the Saints will continue; there may be some heart burning; some hard feelings, but believe they will pass away; expected to be there three weeks, but was there three months. While down at Gospel Swamp, had meeting in the schoolhouse; preached first principles, felt happy, and full of the Spirit; at close of meeting, a Campbellite minister arose and asked some questions, then challenged me to a discussion; we met and the adversary was confounded to the praise of God; a good feeling was manifested, everywhere, and the call comes from every direction, "Come and preach to us." Brother Brush was president of San Bernardino District, and is now. Left there, and went to Brother Mills' district with him, and never saw a greater manifestation of the Spirit than at San Benito. I return thanks to the brethren for their kindness to me, and the glory to God for his goodness.

The action of the conference in seeking to establish some means of providing for the elders' families will show how times have improved and loosened the hands and feet of those who are best calculated to run with the tidings of great joy. A copy of the resolution adopted by this conference may best show the spirit moving upon these people.

Resolved, That the presidents of the various branches of the Pacific Slope be directed by this conference to ascertain and collect the amount that each member of said branch over which he presides will give quarterly for the support of the families of the elders who are actively engaged in the work of the ministry; and said presidents to forward the same to Elder John Roberts, San Francisco, by him to be expended for the support of such families, and we urge the necessity of prompt action in this matter.

From this conference, which lasted for eight days, father went with the enthusiastic local force again into the field, and on May 1 met with the Saints in a conference of four days duration at Tres Pinos (Three Rivers), in the Santa Cruz Dis-

trict, in San Benito County. It was at this conference that he, assisted by others, ordained Joseph F. Burton an elder; an incident that he always reviewed with his eyes brimming with happy tears. For a man loves manly goodness in man, and in his touch with this man he found many cherished ideals, char-



Seventy's Hall, Nauvoo, Illinois.

acterized and well developed, both in physique and spirit. From this good time at San Benito he moved on with Elder Mills. The embodiment of active and enthusiastic spiritual zeal was this man, with his big frame and ill health. To Watsonville and then on to the "courthouse services" in the pleasant windmill city of Stockton; then on to Sacramento and into Nevada. At the May Conference the first fruits of the resolution on provision for families was reaped, my father receiving as his share forty dollars for his family, now six children in it,

some of them of school age and so requiring more means for a livelihood. Already three of them were attending school in the first ward in Nauvoo.

Sometimes in fancy he saw them, one boy, two girls, going up the grassy old Main Street, turning the corner north of Argast's saloon and Wetzel's little white store, down Parley to the familiar old structure built many years ago by the Mormons for a Seventy's Hall. They had built it two stories high and on the main road to the ferry landing. The upper story had been removed and it stood bare and unshaded by the road. To the west and north stretched a sodden area known as the "hundred acres," but not that much land lay thus undrained and untilled for many years. Near it stood the old homes of old-time Mormons—many of them empty and going to decay. These often furnished places for wild games of hide and seek to his children and playmates, as they had to his own youth.

Often he drew mental contrast with the inertia and ruin of the beloved home town and the bustling, progressive western cities; not that Nauvoo had not its cultivated and progressive people, but they were in the minority. He began to long very deeply to place his family in surroundings less deadening. To get them where some employment beside fishing, and less dangerous sport than they found on the river, and companions of their own faith and hope.

While crossing the beautiful Iowa prairies there had come a flash of the future of her towns and rolling hills and what they might be in coming years, and over and over he turned the question, "Where shall I reside, that I may serve best the interests of my family and the church?"

He spent his thirty-sixth birthday in Nevada, where he labored for six weeks. Upon his return to San Francisco father found letters intimating the probable necessity of his returning to Nauvoo to assist in the care of his brother David, then at Nauvoo, resting but not improving as had been hoped

by his brother Joseph. He had his plans laid for the work of months, and although expressing himself as willing to do the best he could wherever placed and whatever the work, he still felt loath to separate himself at this time from the work on the slope. He had the matter in hand better than ever before, and was growing in generalship of the whole situation.

At the slope conference, held in the Saints' chapel at Washington Corners, Alameda County, September 3, 1874, the following resolution was presented:

Resolved, That we, the Saints of the Pacific Slope Mission, do most earnestly pray the brethren in General Conference to be assembled at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the 19th inst., to return as speedily as possible our beloved president, Alexander H. Smith, with his family, on a permanent mission to this coast. Adopted unanimously.

That this conference deem it prudent for the better working of the ministry in this mission, that a suitable residence be leased or purchased by this church, located in a central part of California, for the use of the president of the Pacific Slope Mission; and we earnestly commend this to the consideration of the General Conference of this church.

At this conference Jane, the eldest daughter of Elder Glaud Rodger, was married to Brother Chauncey Butterfield. These were two excellent young people, and although Sister Janie went away to paradise long ago, a beautiful family of sons and daughters live to do honor to her memory and comfort the father. Elder Mills performed the ceremony.

At this time there was not anywhere a more popular man in church circles than Elder Mills. His genial, free-hearted manner won old and young, for he loved men, not money nor rank. Speaking of him a decade later a companion said: "I could labor in unity with him for a thousand years." His generous spirit knew no jealousy, no envy, and no self-exaltation, and behind him stood the self-sacrificing, energetic, free-hearted woman who reared his family and kept her firm hand hard with constant ministrations to her own and others' needs.

The wife and three remaining children of Elder Glaud Rodger accompanied father to the conference at Council

Bluffs, and after conference journeyed on to the colony at Lamoni, Iowa.

The semiannual conference this year experienced a new phase of the weather. For fourteen years the sun had smiled down upon the tented city of the Saints in their convening; smiled his warm, dreamy smile of autumn's season; but at this conference, beginning September 20, it rained a cold, drizzly rain, and nowhere was it very comfortable, but the people stayed in their chosen place of camp and hurried along every business measure.

Of course people expected rain in spring at the Annual Conference, but in the fall at the camp, sunshine was due. The gloom finally broke and comfort came in part. The stop at conference was not a delight to father. Once he had resolved to go home, all things that lay between himself and that dear spot were but difficulties to be surmounted, and the cause of his homecoming was made more appealing to him when the details had been disclosed. The love and solicitation of the California people had followed him in a petition for his return, and that for a permanent residence, the mission to create a mission house and prepare the home. The conference returned the man of California's choice in charge of the mission, and left the matter of home and permanency of presidency with the mission.

This seemed like an answer to father's prayers, and the solving of the problems vexing him. He hurried away from the conference grounds before its final adjournment, and where dreamy glories of autumn laid over its face and its islands he once more came to his beloved river, and speedily to the little woman, and the children who had grown so fast that he could cry about it. Their childhood was passing and he had no part in it. A year and a half makes many changes in growing children, and the shyness of these little people, and their half strange greetings made his heart sore, and when the

little woman quietly laid a little of the responsibility onto him, he liked it, yet he was crushed with his own strangeness with his own children, and the overtures of the warm-hearted, trusting California people seemed more than ever a veritable godsend, to keep him more in touch with his own family, while at the same time filling the office of his priestly calling in his appointed place.

He presented the plan with all its numerous advantages to the little wife, and she listened, and the people in the West, some of whom she was already in correspondence with, sent her warm and pressing invitations to come to the hospitable welcome they held in store for her. Priesthood and laity joined in these kindly urgings. They were to make for her a home all ready; several hundred dollars had been subscribed toward this home, but the location not yet decided upon. Finally the little woman consented. These last months she had enjoyed the comforts of many things, long needed, and she knew it was by reason of the forethought and business-like arrangements of these same good people that such comfort was possible. Her independent spirit felt a shrinking from being a drifting object of charity, however generous and kindly the benefactors, and she consented to move with her little family into the Mission Home *when it was ready*, and with a very resolute look she vowed *not before*. She could not think of going into other homes, with her half dozen small children, a guest for an indefinite period, and so it was settled and the Old Mansion and its "bit garden" was put in shape by that "gude mon" for another year's absence. My mother had received from father's mission during his absence of a year and a half about two hundred and seventy-five dollars for herself and six children. In addition to this there was a small income from father's share of the family farm, and her lot was far better than many others of the missionaries of those times, though not so good by far as a few others.

It was the inequalities of the life by gift that the wise sought to eliminate, that there might be an equalization or at least a basis from which to work to the end that all should share equally. While the nicety of an even balance might never be gained, it might be approximated. All these things have been slowly working out in the church, and like the weaver in the ancient legend, those who were weaving and those who are still weaving do not see the beauty of the work they are doing, for the finished pattern is visible only on the other side.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
 From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.
 Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care,
 And while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.
 They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver;
 He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.
 It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is tossed and turned,
 And he sees his real handiwork, that his marvelous skill is learned.
 Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all its cost,
 No rarer and daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.
 Thus the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praises as well,
 But how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God let down from the place of the sun,
 Wherein we are weaving always, till the mystic web is done.
 Weaving kindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate,
 We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait,
 But looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need to fear,
 Only let him look clear into Heaven—the perfect pattern is there.
 If he keeps the feet of the Savior for ever and always in sight,
 His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right;
 And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
 He shall hear the voice of the Master; it shall say to him, "Well done!"
 And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear him thence shall come
 down.

And God shall give him gold for his hire, not coin, but a fadeless crown.

(To be continued.)

LOCAL HISTORIANS AND THEIR WORK.

HISTORY OF EASTERN, WESTERN, CENTRAL AND NORTHERN
MICHIGAN DISTRICTS, BY J. J. CORNISH.

(Continued from page 123.)

Chapter 26.

1898.

The General Conference of this year reappointed Elder Edmund C. Briggs in charge of Michigan, and the following missionaries were also appointed: David Smith, James A. Carpenter, John A. Grant, John R. Beckley, John J. Cornish, John S. Keir, Andrew Barr, and William Davis.

James M. Baggerly, who was appointed to Michigan and Northern Indiana, spent a few days in Detroit, Michigan, preaching a few sermons only in the latter part of January.

In the early part of January Brother Edmund C. Briggs left Michigan for Englewood, Illinois, returning to attend the Northern and Eastern Michigan district conferences. Did not do much labor in Michigan during the year.

Brother David Smith labored in Mikado, West Harrisville, Greenbush, Au Gres, and Whittemore, preaching and baptizing some.

Brother Henry J. DeVries did some labor in Freesoil, Mason County, and in Joyfield, Benzie County, as well as other points in Western Michigan.

Elder John A. Grant labored in Bay City in the early portion of the year, also in Imlay City. While at Bay City he met some of the Utah elders, conversing with them frequently, hoping to arrange with them for a discussion on the differences between the two churches. Of this he says in *Saints' Herald*:

There are four Utah elders in Saginaw and four in Bay City distributing tracts and preaching occasionally. Those in Bay City came

to my meetings quite regularly for a time, and occasionally one from Saginaw. I was in hopes of getting them in discussion as they seemed very brave, at first, but they declined all fair propositions. I think Brother Edmund C. Briggs gave them a fright in the two lectures he delivered for their especial good, on the works of Mr. Young and his coadjutors. However, they still came to our meetings; we had more or less talk with them each time they came; they finally said they would occupy alternate nights with me; and with the consent of our people I agreed to meet them that way, as they would not enter into joint debate. But pending the time we were to start, those of Bay City, assisted by Elder Miller, of the Saginaw force, held a meeting at Brother Petie's house; of course I was on hand, and at the close of their meeting, by permission of Brother Petie, I cut loose on them with the books in contrast to what Brigham taught, and lo they have not appeared at one of our meetings since. I saw them sometime after, and I inquired why they did not come and occupy according to agreement. They said they had concluded unless we could give them control of the church for several evenings they wouldn't have anything to do with us, and of course we were not built that way. They are not injuring us in the least, but rather doing us good, for people say, Now we know there is a difference.

Elder Robert E. Grant, during the middle of February, held a discussion at Lansing with Moses Hull, of Chicago, who is a leader among the Spiritualists. Of the discussion Elder Grant writes in the *Saints' Herald*:

LANSING, MICHIGAN, February 19.

Editors Herald: Last night closed the discussion between Moses Hull, of Chicago, Illinois, and the writer. Mr. Hull claims to represent twenty-one millions of people known as Spiritualists; he is a foxy, cunning debater, and when cornered will turn to scouting rather than yield the point.

The proposition was, "Resolved, That the Bible teaches spiritualism is of the Devil, and tends to evil."

The King James, or Authorized Version of the Bible to be the standard of argument. I contrasted Spiritualism with Christianity from a biblical standpoint, and the result was my opponent pitched into the Bible, which was to be our measuring line, and tried his best to destroy it. He always quoted himself as being the best authority he knew anything about.

When asked what good Spiritualism had done for humanity, he answered by telling how a man had been delivered from a beaver trap, after being caught in it, through the guidance of spirits; on another occasion the spirits had helped him hunt up a lost boy, but not until the boy's mother had given him one hundred dollars in money; and besides all that, by it he was convinced of the immortality of the soul.

He frankly admitted he himself did not believe one quarter of the things coming from the spirit world; also said a man who was a liar here would be a liar in the spirit world, and when he came from the spirit world to this to direct mediums, would still be a liar. Said the same was true of a murderer or any other bad character.

When asked why spirits that had power to materialize a body and come back to this world did not stay here, as it was much easier to retain a position than to gain it, he answered by saying that they did not want to stay out of heaven. Of course he had forgotten then that just a few moments before he had said to the audience that he himself was now as much in heaven as he would be in the spirit world, claiming heaven to be a condition and not a place.

When asked how Spiritualism stood on the marriage law, as they were accused of wanting to override all law, and especially the law of marriage, he explained by saying that he did not like the marriage law Michigan once had, as it would allow the husband to whip his wife, providing he did not use a stick larger than his finger. He said he and Mrs. Hull, when they were ready to become husband and wife, simply called in a few friends and agreed between themselves to be husband and wife; but forgot to explain how the law would protect Mrs. Hull as his wife any more from being whipped under that mode of procedure than a legal marriage. Mrs. Hull being his wife would be subject to any and all points of law that another wife was, and if she was not his wife then she was living in crime and ought to be corrected.

I am sure there were a majority of the hearers on our side of the question after the first night. All goes well.

Elder James A. Carpenter labored at Butman, Beaverton, and vicinities.

John J. Cornish was busy in Beaverton, Coleman, South Boardman, Beulah, Central Lake, and elsewhere.

Charges against Elder Robert E. Grant having been previously made, at the General Conference of 1898 he dropped from the ministry pending the investigation of those charges.

By reason of persecution brought about by Joseph Musser, the Corps Schoolhouse had been closed against the Saints, whereupon the brethren brought the matter before the courts of justice. In the latter part of November, the president and secretary of the Northern Michigan District made a call on the Eastern and Northern districts requesting them to assist financially in prosecuting the lawsuit pending.

The brethren assisted a little in the suit, and after going

before the supreme court of the State, it was decided that the district could exclude any denomination, and permit others to use the house.

The supreme court decision, or document handed to us, reads as follows :

SUPREME COURT.

George Eckhardt, et al.,

vs.

James A. Darby, et al.

Per Curiam. The writ of *certiorara* is denied. The voters of the district at a meeting properly called and held voted not to permit relators the use of the schoolhouse for the purpose of holding meetings.

The action was regular and authorized by the law.

The Richland Branch, which was organized some years ago near Whittemore, was declared disorganized by act of district conference held at Coleman, June 25.

Two-day meetings were held at Boyne City, Charlevoix County, July 16 and 17; a few miles west of Carsonville, Sanilac County, July 30 and 31; near Deanville, Lapeer County, August 6 and 7; at Grindstone City, Huron County, August 13 and 14; at Minden City, Sanilac County, August 20 and 21; and at Fork, Mecosta County, August 27 and 28.

J. R. Beckley was busy in the different parts of Northern Michigan District. Brother George D. Washburn was also laboring in a local way, occasionally assisting the brethren in the tent. Brother Beckley also opened up the work at Temple last winter.

During the month of July John J. Cornish, in company with Charles G. Lewis, of the local force, went to the upper peninsula and commenced preaching at Escanaba, Delta County, and Ford River, same county. The interest not being good, and other conditions not favorable, Charles G. Lewis returned to his home after a few days, John J. Cornish continuing his efforts nearly three months in Munsing, Wetmore, and Grand Marais, all in Alger County; also Gulliver and Whitedale,

Schoolcraft County, preaching in all these places, finding here and there two or three members, administering the sacrament to all, baptizing four at Gulliver, blessing their children and administering to their necessities generally, also receiving from different ones over forty dollars as tithing.

Andrew Barr was continued as president and bishop's agent for the Eastern Michigan District; William Davis, secretary. John J. Cornish continued as president and bishop's agent for the Northern Michigan District; Charles B. Joice, secretary.

The church at Boyne City, purchased from the Methodist people sometime ago, was now all paid for, and on the 28th day of November, 1898, it was dedicated by John J. Cornish, John A. Grant offering the dedicatorial prayer. John J. Cornish continued preaching for a few evenings afterward.

The Ladies' Aid did the largest part of the work of raising the money to liquidate the debt.

Brother John Schreur was ordained to the office of elder by John J. Cornish and Jacob Kaplinger on November 13, 1898.

During the summer of this year Elder Robert Davis died at Tawas City, Brother David Smith preaching the funeral sermon.

At the Northern Michigan district conference at Whittemore Brother Edwin A. Goodwin was called and ordained to the office of priest, Brother Amos Berve, priest, was previously called to the office of elder, by vote of the conference, and provision made for his ordination.

At the General Conference of 1897 David Smith was recommended for office of seventy, by the Presidents of Seventy, and the missionary in charge requested to ordain him; this not being attended to, the quorum again requested this year (1898) that the missionary in charge attend to his ordination, which was done sometime later.

Chapter 26.

1899.

We continued this year without any change of officers, there being no General Conference for the year, as per resolution of the last conference, and nearly all continued to labor as they had for the previous year.

The districts and their officers continued as before. Local ministers doing some work locally as they found the way opened before them.

Raymont B. Campbell, of Farwell, Clare County, Michigan, did some preaching in and around his home, as circumstances permitted.

Brother Archie McKenzie also did some preaching in and around Juniata, Tuscola County, and at Burt, Saginaw County. He was opposed by the Methodists and Adventists in this last named place.

William D. Ellis was now superintendent of the Sunday School Association; Charles B. Joice, secretary. Brother Ellis did some preaching at different points near his home.

Elder Andrew Barr was still president of the Eastern Michigan District, also bishop's agent; William Davis, secretary of district.

William Hartnell was now superintendent of the Eastern Michigan District. Association of Sunday schools Thomas H. O'Brien, assistant superintendent; Grace McInnis, secretary.

At the conference held at Freesoil, Mason County, June 17, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas the people of Utah have elected to represent them in the Congress of the United States, Brigham H. Roberts, a man who is an avowed advocate of polygamy, and who was at the time of his election, and still is, in open defiance of the laws of the United States in general, and of the State of Utah in particular, cohabiting with at least three women; we believing that it is unquestionably unconstitutional for a lawbreaker to be a lawmaker, and that his course in general is greatly

detrimental to the morals of the people, and that if he is recognized by Congress as worthy of a place in our Government, it will lower the position we occupy among the civilized nations of the world. Be it therefore resolved, That this conference of Northern Michigan District of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, assembled at Freesoil, Michigan, do hereby earnestly protest against the said B. H. Roberts being permitted to take his seat in the Congress of the United States.

The above resolution was published in the *Reed City Clarion* and in the *Osceola County Democrat*, both printed at Reed City, Osceola County, also in the *Grand Rapids Herald*, and in the Bay City and Saginaw papers. A similar resolution was passed in the Eastern Michigan District on June 25, and published in various papers in that district.

Brother Thomas Rawson, of Harbor Beach, was ordained an elder September 20, 1899, under the hand of Elder Andrew Barr.

About the first of March, 1899, Lloyd Stanley Trescott, five-year-old son of Alexander and Amelia Trescott, was taken sick with what the doctors called Bright's Disease, and though attended at first by Doctor A. H. Tucker, then by Doctor C. B. McKenzie for about five weeks, he continued to grow worse until the doctor said he could not get better. On April 4 Andrew Barr, of Applegate, was sent for, and on the 5th administered to him when he began to grow better immediately until he regained his usual health, to the astonishment of the doctor; yet to-day he is still a healthy boy.

The above is an extract from a personal letter written to John J. Cornish by Thomas Rawson.

Elder Edmund C. Briggs was relieved from his charge of Michigan and Indiana, and Brother Heman C. Smith requested to take charge. Of this Joseph Smith says:

Notice is hereby given, that because of a temporary release of Brother Edmund C. Briggs from labor in the Michigan and Indiana mission, Brother Heman C. Smith is requested to look after such mission during Brother Briggs's absence from it.

Those laboring in the mission will, after the present month, report to Brother Heman C. Smith, whose home address is Lamoni, Iowa. Should he establish a mission address he will give due notice.

JOSEPH SMITH, *President*.

—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 26, p. 664.

Heman C. Smith went immediately to this field and spent some time in regulating and directing.

The missionaries opened up some new places, and local men did some work in and around their respective branches.

Two-day meetings were held at Minden City, July 29 and 30; Cash, August 5 and 6; Deanville, August 12 and 13; Riley Center, August 19 and 20; and Shabbona, August 26 and 27; all being in the Eastern Michigan District. All were fairly attended, the elders preaching good sermons, and apparently good was done.

Brother Francis C. Smith left South Arm with his family and started for his missionary field in Ohio and Virginia, preaching by the way at Kingsley, Boyne City, Farwell, Coleman, Bayport, etc., encouraging and assisting the Saints.

Brother William Davis erected the tent in Uibly, having good attendance there. Some are believing.

Good two-day meeting was held at Whittemore and also at at Mores Junction early in September; Elder James A. Carpenter in charge.

Brother Edwin A. Goodwin, a young man residing at Whittemore, Iosco County, Michigan, who became a member of the church sometime ago, was ordained a priest, and did some effectual preaching.

Brother Peter Price also assisted as a priest in and around his home.

Priest James Davis, of South Boardman, also did a good work wherever he chanced to call on the Saints, assisting by way of teaching and encouraging them.

Brother Edmund L. Kelley made a "flying visit" through Michigan, visiting the following named places: Reed City, Freesoil, Cadillac, Hersey, Farwell, Coleman, and Bay City, all in Northern Michigan District, John J. Cornish accompany-

ing him to all places save the last named. Brother Kelley did much good among the Saints in all the above named places.

Elder Weeks, of the Seventh-Day Adventists, with whom John J. Cornish debated some time ago in the Tanner Schoolhouse, in Isabella County, being somewhat aroused by reason of the discussion, circulated some stories and made assertions that were not true.

A branch was organized at Port Huron, November 27, 1899, by Elder Andrew Barr; Charles C. Whitford, presiding priest, and Lyman D. Whitford, presiding teacher, known as the Port Huron Branch.

A German branch called Cash was also organized at Cash by Elder Barr (date not given). Otto Fetting, priest; Dora Stark, secretary.

Preaching commenced in Belle River, Saint Clair County, January 17, 1895, by William Davis and John A. Grant, others assisting later, Davis doing the most of the work of preaching.

On November 20, 1899, a branch was organized at Belle River by Andrew Barr; Brother William O. Harrison having been ordained to the office of priest, was chosen to preside; number of members at time of organization, twenty-two; branch named Belle River.

During the fall and winter of 1898, Brother Osro J. Hawn, who was then residing at Flint, did some good preaching, and visited the Saints, baptizing occasionally.

Brother Edmund C. Briggs visited Flint and spoke a few times; and on August 31, 1899, he organized a branch with sixteen members. Brother Osro J. Hawn, who was previously a priest, was ordained to the office of elder, and chosen president of the branch, and Brother William Collins was called and ordained priest, and made the presiding priest of the branch. The branch was called Flint Branch; Sister Berta Johnson was chosen secretary of the branch.

In Saint Clair, July 18, 1899, a branch was organized, known as the Saint Clair Branch, by John J. Cornish, Andrew Barr, and William Davis, with eighteen members. Brother George H. Skinner having been called to the office of priest, was ordained by John J. Cornish, Andrew Barr, and William Davis.

Altogether we think the cause has been advanced and the church built up, and its members strengthened in the faith of the gospel. Thus ends the year 1899.

(To be continued.)

MY BEST.

When twilight sets the stars a-dreaming,
 And all the tasks of day are o'er,
 Some plans unfinished stand, and some
 Lie scattered fragments on the floor—
 Oh, may this be my comfort then,
 As fast as the day dies down the west,
 "Since morn to noon, from noon to night,
 My heart, I've tried to do my best."

When life's brief, fitful day is waning,
 And from my palsied hands I drop
 The tools of life, and downward pass
 To where my earthly journeys stop—
 Oh, may this be my comfort then,
 As a bird I fly to rest
 And leave my unwrought plans behind,
 My heart, I've tried to do my best.

CURRENT EVENTS.

PREPARED BY INEZ SMITH.

May 17, 1912. The Socialist National Convention at Indianapolis, Indiana, nominates Eugene Victor Debs, of Indiana, for president, and Emil Seidel, of Wisconsin, for vice president.

May — to 31, 1912. Debate at Higbee, Missouri, between R. G. Edwards of the nonprogressive Christian Church, and Elder William Aylor.

June 3, 1912. Margaret Elizabeth Sangster, the noted author and editor, dies at the age of 74.

June 10, 1912. Elder Paul M. Hanson and Eugene Burr (Campbellite) hold a debate at Fallbrook, California, to last sixteen nights.

June 22, 1912. William Howard Taft and James Schoolcraft Sherman are renominated for president and vice president, respectively, in the Republican National Convention at Chicago, Illinois.

June 22, 1912. Michigan Quorum of Elders organized at Port Huron, Michigan; Elders William Grice, George Burt, and John W. McKnight chosen to preside.

July 2, 1912. Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, is nominated for president on the forty-sixth ballot in the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore, Maryland; Governor Thomas Riley Marshall, of Indiana, is chosen for vice president.

July 8, 1912. Debate between E. C. Fuqua of the Church of Christ and Elder Leonard B. Holloway begins at Bellevue, Colorado.

July 8, 1912. The trial of the Camorrist leaders at Viterbo, Italy, comes to an end, having lasted seventeen months,

eight of the men are sentenced to thirty years solitary confinement, and the others to shorter terms.

July 12, 1912. The Prohibition National Party nominated Eugene W. Chafin for president, and Aaron S. Watkins for vice president, at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

July 12-14, 1912. The fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Deloit Branch was celebrated at Deloit, Iowa.

July 13, 1912. The Senate at the close of a three days' speech by Mr. Lorimer, Republican, of Illinois, in his own defense, declares his election invalid by reason of corrupt methods and practices employed in his election.

August 7, 1912. A new political party, called the Progressive Party, at Chicago, Illinois, nominated Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, for president, and Hiram W. Johnson, of California, for vice president.

CONFERENCES.

March 2, 1912. Pittsburg district conference convenes at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, Elders Robert Clark Russell and Charles Fry presiding.

March 23, 1912. Alabama District convenes with the Lone Star Branch, Elders James R. Harper and Francis M. Slover presiding.

March 23, 1912. Northwestern Kansas District convenes at Alexander, Kansas, Elder John A. Teeters presiding.

April 6, 1912. South Sea Islands conference convenes at Avatoru, Rairoa, Elders J. Charles May and Harry W. Savage presiding.

May 18, 1912. Southern Indiana District convenes with Louisville, Kentucky, Branch, at Highland Park, Hiram E. Moler and John Zahnd presiding.

May 24, 1912. Western Maine District convenes with Ston-

ington Branch, Elders Ulysses W. Greene, George Knowlton, and Henry Eaton presiding.

May 25, 1912. Eastern Wales District convenes at Gloucester, Elders Earnest J. Trapp and Alfred Jones presiding.

May 25, 1912. Pottawattamie District convenes at Carson, Iowa, Elders John A. Hanson and Nelson V. Sheldon presiding.

May 25, 1912. Clinton District convenes at Wheatland, Missouri, Elders James Moler and Washington S. Macrae presiding.

May 25, 1912. Western Wales District convenes with Skewen Branch, Elder James G. Jenkins presiding.

June 1, 1912. Southeastern Illinois District convenes with Tunnel Hill Branch, Elders Francis M. Davis and J. Frank Curtis presiding.

June 1, 1912. Des Moines District convenes at Des Moines, Iowa.

June 1, 1912. Kentucky and Tennessee District convenes at Foundry Hill Branch, Elders James R. McClain and Hiram E. Moler presiding.

June 1, 1912. Little Sioux District convenes at Sioux City, Iowa, Elders John W. Wight, Sidney Pitt, and Sylvester B. Kibler presiding.

June 1, 1912. Northwestern Missouri District convenes at Higbee, Missouri, Elders Daniel E. Tucker and Frederick T. Mussell presiding.

June 1, 1912. Kewanee District convenes at Millersburg, Illinois, Elders Oral E. Sade and Frederick A. Smith presiding.

June 1, 1912. Nodaway District convenes with the Ross Grove Branch, Elders Thomas A. Ivie and Peter Anderson presiding.

June 8, 1912. Gallands Grove District convenes at Coalville, Iowa, Elder John W. Wight and district presidency presiding.

June 8, 1912. Utah District convenes at Malad City, Idaho, Elders John W. Rushton, Milton F. Gowell, and Richard Bullard presiding.

June 8, 1912. New York conference held at Niagara Falls, New York, Elders Stone and Booker presiding.

June 8, 1912. Northern Nebraska District convenes at Decatur, Nebraska.

June 8, 1912. Central Illinois District convenes at Beardstown, Illinois, Elders J. Frank Curtis and Jesse W. Paxton presiding.

June 8, 1912. Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana District convenes with Galien Branch, Frederick A. Smith and district presidency presiding.

June 8, 1912. Spokane District conference convenes at Sagle, Idaho, Elders Oscar Case, George Thorburn, and Thomas C. Kelley presiding.

June 15, 1912. Eastern Iowa District convenes at Muscatine, Iowa, Elders Jephtha B. Wildermuth and James McKiernan presiding.

June 22, 1912. Far West District convenes at Stewartsville, Missouri, Elders Temme T. Hinderks and Frederick M. Smith presiding.

June 22, 1912. Saint Louis District convenes at Lansdowne Branch, Elder J. Frank Curtis presiding.

June 22, 1912. Mobile District convenes at Theodore, Alabama, Elder Francis M. Slover and district presidency presiding.

June 22, 1912. Fremont district conference convenes at Tabor, Iowa, Elders Thomas A. Hougas and Nathan L. Mortimore presiding.

June 29, 1912. Twenty-third annual conference of Nova Scotia District convenes at Glenville, Nova Scotia, Elders Ulysses W. Greene and Anderson presiding.

June 29, 1912. Minnesota District convenes at Clitherall, Minnesota, Elders John W. Wight, Leon A. Gould, and Alonzo Whiting, presiding.

July 6, 1912. Idaho district conference met at Hagerman, Idaho, John Davis and New Madden presiding.

July 20, 1912. Saskatchewan district conference convenes at Disley, Saskatchewan, Elders John W. Wight and Gomer T. Griffiths presiding.

REUNIONS.

June 15, 1912. Reunion of Eastern Michigan District begins at Port Huron, Michigan, Elders Frederick A. Smith, Arthur Allen, Willis A. McDowell, and William Grice presiding.

June 20, 1912. Reunion of Northern Wisconsin District begins at Chetek, Wisconsin.

June 28, 1912. Reunion convenes at Millet, Alberta, Elders Gomer T. Griffiths, Elmer E. Long, and Thomas J. Jordan presiding.

July 6, 1912. North Dakota District convenes at Logan, North Dakota, Elders Jerome E. Wildermuth, William Sparling, and James S. Wagener presiding.

NECROLOGY.

EBENEZER KEELER was born at Elkhart, Indiana, March 28, 1835. He united with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints August 17, 1870, at Pleasant View, Crawford County, Kansas, being baptized by Bradford V. Springer; was ordained an elder September 4, 1887, at Sherwin, Cherokee County, Kansas, by Richard H. Davis and Daniel S. Crawley, and a patriarch August 1, 1906, at Seattle, King County, Washington, by Gomer T. Griffiths. He died suddenly August 13, 1912, at the Southern California Reunion at Convention Park, near Hermosa Beach.

Funeral services were held at Los Angeles, California, August 15. Elbert A. Smith preached the funeral sermon.

Brother Keeler was for many years one of the most active and enthusiastic of the missionary force, pushing out into new fields and laboring untiringly in the work of his choice. Since 1906 he has occupied in the office of patriarch.

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